

Sixth 401

Chapter 401: Life Energy

Herag didn't expect the old man to be so fragile; with just one slap, his head flew off.

He could sense from the magic fluctuations on the old man that he was a Crystalization Wizard.

Originally, he just intended to approach quickly and then heavily injure the old man.

Who would have thought that the old man was already exhausted and extremely weak.

The old man's quill wasn't just using blood as ink; it also contained his own life energy.

When he finished the drawing, his Fire of Life was about to extinguish.

"What does it matter if you kill me? The passage has already been opened, and you can't stop it." The old man's head, lying aside, continued speaking, eyes fixed on Herag.

Having dealt with Abyssal Cultists numerous times, Herag wasn't surprised, knowing that the old man must be maintaining life energy through the power of demons.

He turned his head to look at the large fat worm and David within the witch array.

The large fat worm was deflating like a punctured balloon.

After observing for a while, Herag realized that the large fat worm seemed to store a vast amount of life energy.

This life energy gushed out from its body, absorbed entirely by the witch array below, with not a drop wasted.

Herag quickly realized something; this life energy was one of the energy sources to activate the witch array.

He certainly couldn't just watch as the witch array absorbed all the worm's life energy, otherwise something very bad would occur.

But as the life energy poured out, it seemed there were no good means to stop it.

Such things are intangible, and probably only a Wizard specializing in Necromancy would have some methods to handle it.

Herag thought for a moment, suddenly recalling the Desolate Plague talent within his absorbed bloodline.

This talent could absorb the life energy of other living beings, thereby enhancing one's own life energy.

So far, Herag hadn't used it because it was clearly a power from the Abyss Plane, and he didn't want to use it lightly.

But here in the polluted area it didn't matter, and David was one of his own.

More importantly, the situation was urgent, and he couldn't delay any further. If the witch array fully absorbed the life energy, who knew what would happen?

"I prepared for years, finally gathering enough life energy in this way. It's hard to kill so many in one go; even Franz failed after planning for so long."

"But I'm different; I keep accumulating life energy, as long as I finally gather enough, it's fine. Now, everything is ready!"

The old man seemed very pleased, looking quite satisfied with his plan, wearing a smug expression.

Herag paid him no mind, in a flash appearing within the witch array, then grabbing the large fat worm.

Seeing this, the old man sneered, "It's useless, you can't kill it. Killing it will only make its life energy pour out faster."

Herag ignored the old man's words, grabbing the large fat worm and immediately using the Desolate Plague talent ability.

Instantly, Herag felt an incredibly pure life energy continuously transferred from the large fat worm's body.

Seeing some effect, he immediately increased the intensity of absorption, the speed of absorbing life energy accelerating rapidly.

The large fat worm was already shriveling quickly; with Herag's absorption, the withering speed increased dramatically.

The witch array on the ground was also drawing life energy, and Herag was too, both sides seemingly competing, vying for the worm's life energy.

The Desolate Plague talent was even stronger than Herag imagined; his speed in absorbing life energy far surpassed that of the witch array beneath his feet.

In just a matter of seconds, Herag absorbed sixty percent of the remaining life energy within the large fat worm, with the other forty percent absorbed by the witch array below.

This absorbed life energy diffused into various parts of Herag's body.

Herag didn't feel much now, other than an overwhelming sensation of vigor.

He knew that his lifespan should have increased considerably, though how much exactly was uncertain.

With such a vast amount of life energy, it's unclear how many people this old man had harmed.

The old man, seeing this, gasped in surprise, "How... how did you do that?"

Life energy isn't something just anyone can absorb, aside from some necromantic spells, the vast majority can't do it.

Normal life energy has a limit, just that much.

A Level 1 Wizard only has a lifespan of about three hundred years, not even comparable to many stronger demons.

Human life energy pales in comparison to many species.

So seeing Herag absorb life energy without restraint left the old man puzzled.

Herag didn't respond to the old man because once the life energy within the large fat worm was fully drained, the old man would gradually die as well.

What he needed to do now was immediately leave this place with David.

Since the witch array hadn't absorbed enough life energy, it was instinctively absorbing Herag and David's life energy standing on it.

Herag walked over swiftly, picked up David, and quickly left the witch array zone.

Though David was quite burly, compared to the over four meters tall Herag, he seemed as small as a chick.

Herag retrieved some healing magic potions from his space ring and gave them to David to prevent his injuries from worsening.

"Herag, why are you here?" David, a bit tongue-tied, hesitated for a long time before asking.

"I heard there was an airship crash here, and you were on it, so I came to find you. I couldn't just let you die, right?" Herag said with a smile.

David felt very grateful inside, although he had a lot to say, he knew now wasn't the time for reminiscing.

After Herag briefly treated David's injuries, he prepared to leave with him.

He glanced at the nearby witch array.

Though it didn't absorb enough life energy, the life energy it had absorbed was already sufficient to activate it.

The black vortex above the witch array had grown quite large, with a crack faintly visible within.

Herag sensed the aura emanating from the crack, an aura from the Abyss Plane.

Such small cracks would generally be automatically repaired by the plane's power without sufficient energy support.

However, if someone on the other side of the small crack was actively expanding it, it's a different story.

The witch array on this side was still operating, coordinating forces with the crack, gradually enlarging the small crack.

Herag conjured a few fireballs attempting to destroy the witch array on the ground, but it was ineffective.

This witch array was fully formed, and the only way to destroy it was through analysis of its structure and subsequent disassembly.

Chapter 402: Plane Rift

But now Herag doesn't have much time to slowly unravel it, it's already too late.

This small rift is akin to a wound on human skin; if left alone, it will naturally heal slowly.

This witch array is similar to a virus in the body that hinders the wound from healing.

And the force on the other side of the rift is like someone pulling the wound open.

Even if Herag can destroy the witch array, he's only solving the internal factors.

He has no way to address the problems from the Abyss Plane.

Originally, with the World Will's power, it was hard to tear open this gap, but this time the witch array on our side helped, making it slightly easier to tear open.

Herag sensed that the aura coming from that side was extremely powerful, unaware of what kind of existence it was.

If this thing really comes here, it would be a disaster.

As it is, this small rift is certainly not enough to support such a powerful presence descending, and the other party wouldn't dare force their way in.

For an existence of this level to descend, it can only be done through a developed plane passageway, similar to how the Wizard Plane invades the Elf Plane.

After establishing a stable plane passageway, entering another plane wouldn't cause them to be oppressed to death by its World Will.

Although the current small rift is still expanding, it's clearly not enough to become a plane passage, and strong entities certainly can't pass through.

Herag was relieved that he absorbed most of the life energy, preventing the witch array from fully activating.

Otherwise, if a plane passageway were to really be established here, the entire Land of Dawn would be in trouble.

Just thinking about it made Herag feel scared; here he is just a regular Level 1 Crystalization Wizard, without the same power he had on the Abyss Plane.

If some powerful entity were to come out, he would have no chance of winning.

Unless he escaped in reverse, directly through the passage to the Abyss Plane, and activate the bloodline mark, he might have some ability to protect himself.

The premise is not to die on the way through the passage.

Herag looked at the slowly expanding small rift, pulled out the World Tree Bow, and shot an arrow at the rift.

The arrow flew out and instantly disappeared, then was gone.

Herag knew this arrow had probably flown straight to the Abyss Plane through the small rift.

After shooting the arrow, he put away the World Tree Bow, grabbed David, and turned to run.

Now the rift has just appeared, not enough for those demons to pass through, except for some extremely weak little demons.

But as the rift continues to grow, stronger demons will definitely appear.

Herag is unable to prevent the rift from expanding, the only thing he can do is run quickly, return to Crystal City, and immediately notify Serlandir about the situation here.

Matters of this magnitude must be reported up, as they concern the safety of the entire Land of Dawn.

Herag sensed the location of the stars, identified the direction, and then sped towards Crystal City.

He felt the Abyssal Aura behind him growing stronger, prompting him to quicken his pace.

Herag came here by scent, as the old man had a strong Abyss Plane aura on him.

This aura was very noticeable in the pollution area because, although there were also Abyss Plane demons there, the aura of those demons was somewhat different.

These demons had been breeding in the pollution area for so many years that their aura had already changed somewhat.

So when Herag sensed this purely Abyss Plane aura, he followed the direction of the aura.

When he arrived, he saw the scene that just occurred.

If he had come a bit later, David would surely have died, and a plane passage would have appeared.

If it weren't for the fact that talisman stones couldn't be used in the polluted area, Herag would have already notified Serlandir by now.

A rift in the plane is something that must be addressed quickly; if delayed, it might be too late.

"Have you advanced to crystalization?" David asked after sensing the magic energy on Herag.

Herag nodded: "Just advanced not long ago."

David sighed: "You're really impressive, there are very few talents like you in the Land of Dawn."

"Genius or whatever doesn't matter; what counts is how far you can go, the road is long."

Herag has seen many powerful beings, knowing how weak he is, he would never be arrogant or self-satisfied.

The title of genius is of no use; every wizard counts as a genius of some sort.

Herag carried David, and the two chatted idly while hurrying on their journey, getting a rough understanding of David's situation over the past few years.

David had traveled to many places with the East Source Commerce Association's caravan, becoming familiar with several business procedures.

Due to his honest and diligent work ethic, David was quite appreciated by the management of the East Source Commerce Association.

This was partly due to David's background; he was introduced through Pries, and the East Source Commerce Association would give some face for that.

Herag had wandered the pollution area for two days before finding David.

Returning is expected to take about a day, even faster at full speed.

But now Herag is not alone; he's carrying David.

David is injured and needs to stop occasionally to rest; otherwise, traveling continuously would worsen the injury.

David insisted that Herag not worry about him, but Herag still occasionally stopped, allowing for some rest time.

By around noon the next day, Herag finally saw the silhouette of Crystal City.

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Due to his Titan Power form, Herag appeared as a small giant.

A giant clad in dark gold armor, holding someone, approached the gates of Crystal City, naturally attracting attention instantly.

"Who goes there!" On top of the high wall above the gate, a few wizards in robes watched Herag and David warily and called out.

The magic power surged on their bodies, clearly prepared to act at any moment.

Herag didn't continue moving forward, wary of provoking an attack from the guards.

In public, he didn't want to shed his Titan Power form, especially with two ladies above watching.

Herag produced a talisman stone and said, "I am Herag, an official member of Serlandir, this is my talisman stone."

Those on the high wall were skeptical and looked at Herag, then took out a talisman stone to check something.

The leader was a red-haired female witch, the Head of Security at Crystal City, who indeed found a person named Herag in the talisman stone.

After some thought, she led the three individuals behind her down the wall, walking towards Herag.

Herag placed David lightly on the ground and then said, "This is my talisman stone, and this is my attendant David. He fled into the pollution area after an airship crash a while ago, and I specifically went to rescue him this time."

Chapter 403: Irina

Herag explained the cause and effect of the situation clearly. Since there were no acquaintances in Silver Moon City, he had to be a bit careful.

The red-haired witch in front of him had a hot figure, but her aura was that of a Level 2 Wizard, definitely not someone to mess with.

"Let me see the Talisman Stone," the red-haired witch said.

Herag obediently handed over the Talisman Stone, moving slowly because of his large size, to avoid any misunderstanding that he intended to attack.

The red-haired witch took the Talisman Stone, checked the wizard's identity information, and found no issues.

"My name is Irina, the head of the security defense department of Crystal City. I've checked your Talisman Stone, and there are indeed no issues. But what's with your current form?" Irina asked.

Herag indeed didn't quite look like a normal human now; if he had any demon aura on him, Irina would have already made her move.

"This is a magic I developed myself; it allows for relatively strong physical power," Herag explained, without giving much detail.

"Developed yourself?" Irina looked at Herag with some suspicion.

She then said, "Switch back from this form; I need to verify your original appearance."

Naturally, Irina couldn't allow such a big guy to enter the city; while the Talisman Stone's identity information was correct, it didn't mean that Herag as a person was without issues.

She needed Herag to revert to his original appearance and conduct an inspection before allowing him entry.

Herag said with some difficulty, "If I revert, then..."

"You'll just be naked. I'm older than your grandmother. What's a big man like you being shy about?" Irina said with a frown, impatiently.

Herag smiled helplessly. Since she didn't mind, there was no other way.

With a thought, he lifted the Titan Power form, his body quickly reverting to its original appearance.

The only problem was that he was completely naked, exposed in front of Irina and the three others.

Irina's gaze drifted down, the corner of her mouth lifted: "Didn't expect there to be a little something."

Herag had already taken out a robe from the Space Ring and put it on directly.

He noticed Irina's gaze and expression, always feeling like her gaze was akin to that of a lecherous wolf eyeing a young lady.

After putting on his robe, Herag glanced at Irina. This witch had shoulder-length red hair and a shapely figure.

Even though she wore a robe, the prominent parts were still very evident.

Just by looking at the shape, one could imagine its grand posture.

At least in this regard, one couldn't determine Irina's age from her appearance.

Irina noticed Herag's glance sweeping past; she didn't expect this Level 1 Wizard to be so bold, daring to look at her.

Her two wizards behind her took out two tubes of reagents and sprayed Herag and another person to check for any contamination sources.

After finishing these inspections, entry into the city was permitted.

"No more issues, you can go in. By the way, add me on Talisman Stone," Irina said looking at Herag.

Herag, though uncertain why she added him, couldn't refuse since she was a Level 2 Wizard.

After adding Irina as a friend, he said, "Lady Irina, I have something important to report. I discovered a dimensional rift in the contamination area."

Herag hadn't forgotten the main purpose of this trip, explained it straightforwardly.

Irina was watching Herag, contemplating something. Hearing his words, her expression immediately turned serious: "Dimensional rift? What's going on?"

"When I went to find David, I discovered an Abyssal Cultist performing a ritual, trying to open a portal to the Abyss Plane. Although I intervened to stop it in time, it was too late, and a small dimensional rift appeared," Herag explained.

"Take me to see," Irina immediately said.

Only Herag and David knew the exact location of the dimensional rift. With David injured, only Herag could lead the way.

"Alright," Herag nodded.

Irina took out a Talisman Stone, seemingly contacting someone, and sent many messages.

Afterward, David was assisted into Crystal City by Irina's people, where they arranged for treatment and other matters.

Herag, on the other hand, led Irina to the contamination area to check the situation of the dimensional rift.

Irina emitted a strong wave of magic power, and her shoulder-length red hair's ends instantly ignited with flames, with flames also appearing on her fair calves and arms.

"Which direction?" Irina asked.

"That way," Herag pointed south.

"Let's go."

Irina moved decisively, transforming into a ball of flame and appearing far away in the blink of an eye, nearly at the edge of Herag's visual range.

Herag quickly entered the Titan Power form, speeding up to chase after her.

However, Irina's speed was too fast to catch up with.

"Hurry up," Irina's voice came from ahead.

Herag took a deep breath and accelerated again.

After a while, without seeing Irina's trace, he heard her urging: "Faster!"

"I'm already fast enough," Herag replied helplessly.

The next moment, a red light flashed, and Irina appeared in front of him: "At this speed, when will we ever arrive?"

Herag had no solution; he relied on physical strength for running while Irina flew with magical power, not at the same level of speed.

Irina thought for a moment and said: "Transform back to your original form, I'll carry you."

Herag knew this was the only way; otherwise, at his speed, it would take over a day to arrive.

With Irina being so impatient, clearly, she wouldn't wait that long.

Herag promptly lifted the Titan Power form, and the next second, he felt his head nestled into a soft spot.

When he came to his senses, he found himself being held in Irina's arms, with the surrounding scenery rapidly receding.

"Wait, I'm not dressed,"

Herag felt a bit embarrassed; he hadn't had time to put on clothes after lifting the form before being taken flying.

Irina had one hand pressing his head in her embrace, saying: "No one else is here, no one cares if you're naked. No more nonsense, just navigate."

Herag had no grounds to resist, nor did he want to resist, in fact, he felt quite comfortable.

He began focusing on his surroundings, identifying the terrain.

With Irina's speed, Herag had to concentrate fully to see the surroundings clearly.

Two hours later.

"Off course, a bit to the left," Herag corrected Irina's direction in time.

Irina looked over there and said: "I can feel it, it's over there."

Chapter 404: Magma Giant

As a Level 2 Wizard, Irina naturally couldn't be unaware of the existence of the planar rift.

When a planar rift forms, it creates noticeable space fluctuations around it.

Irina's perception was sharp, and she sensed the presence of space fluctuations from afar.

She held Herag as she approached in that direction, a fiery streak of light cutting through the sky, leaving a trail behind.

Herag wasn't completely lost in tenderness; instead, he was observing Irina's method of flight.

He couldn't quite understand what magic Irina was using, but he could only speculate it was some Second-level Spell related to rules.

From Irina's performance, she should be a Wizard specializing in the Fire Element, with her grasp of rules likely also being fire-related.

Herag speculated that this magic of hers must be utilizing the fire element rules, allowing her to possess a power similar to elementalization, achieving such flight speed.

He couldn't help but feel envious. These spells utilizing rule power were far stronger than Level 1 Spells, not even in the same world.

Herag was just about to turn his head to check out the situation at the space rift, but Irina pressed him down with one hand, making it hard for him to breathe.

"Don't move," Irina said.

The wind howled around, and if Herag wasn't in good shape, being blown like this without clothes would certainly make him sick.

"We're here."

As soon as Irina spoke, the two of them landed on the ground.

Just as Herag steadied himself, he retrieved a robe from his space ring and put it on.

Even though there weren't many people around, he really wasn't in the habit of running around naked.

After Irina landed, she seriously observed the black vortex in front and the line of the planar rift.

After dressing, Herag also observed the planar rift.

The planar rift had increased a bit in length and width compared to when he left.

The increase wasn't much, but it was indeed gradually growing larger.

This wasn't a good sign; it indicated that the world will's self-repair alone couldn't heal this planar rift automatically.

If left unchecked, this planar rift would be made larger by the existence on the Abyss Plane side.

Irina took a red stone from her space ring, placed it in her palm, and recited a few strange syllables. Magic Power and Fire Energy Particles gathered around the stone.

"Magma Giant."

Irina released the stone, and it floated out, rapidly forming into a six-meter-tall Magma Giant before her.

The Magma Giant was entirely made of stone, with magma flowing between the stones.

"Guard here, kill any targets that emerge from that rift," Irina commanded.

The Magma Giant let out a low, resonant roar, turning and lumbering towards the planar rift, leaving scorched marks wherever it passed.

"Let's go, we need to hurry back."

Irina couldn't repair the planar rift; she was merely using her speed advantage to quickly investigate the situation for reporting back.

This Magma Giant, in terms of strength and defense, could rival a Level 2 Wizard.

Irina was mainly worried that during their absence, demons might crawl out through the planar rift.

With the Magma Giant here, there shouldn't be any problems handling ordinary demons.

After confirming the situation, Irina casually tossed two red crystals onto the ground.

As soon as the red crystals hit the ground, they sank directly into the earth. Herag speculated they were tools for positioning.

Not everyone could accurately navigate in the contaminated area like he could; other wizards had to rely on different means.

After throwing the two red crystals into the ground, the ends of Irina's hair turned into burning flames again.

Seeing this, Herag expected what was going to happen next.

Sure enough, his head was again pressed into softness, almost suffocating him.

In this painful yet joyful process, Herag was carried flying rapidly and soon returned to Crystal City.

"Come with me to see the City Lord, this matter is very important," Irina said to Herag.

Herag nodded, understanding the gravity of the situation, and followed Irina towards a tall Wizard Tower.

This tower was obviously much taller and more robust than other towers in the city, particularly conspicuous.

Irina led Herag inside, and her presence reduced the number of questioning steps, and the guards at the entrance let them pass directly.

Upon entering the Wizard Tower with Irina, Herag discovered that the first level space seemed much larger than it appeared from outside.

It was a place similar to a living room, with a very large area.

In the center of the living room was a circle of leather sofas, and Herag immediately noticed across one wall hung an enormous oil painting depicting a black goat's head, looking quite bizarre.

Shouldn't a normal home's oil painting be a portrait of the owner? Why was there a black goat's head here?

Herag felt puzzled inside, but didn't ask any more questions.

"Irina, I know about what you mentioned. I've already contacted Master Mot from the Witch Array Master Association. Once he arrives, we'll head out," a younger man dressed in a black suit said, holding a glass of red wine.

"Lord Dome, this is Herag. He's the one who discovered the situation there," Irina introduced.

Dome turned to Herag and smiled, "You're one of Parker's men, right? Well done, you've contributed greatly this time. If you hadn't discovered the planar rift there in time, the consequences could have been unimaginable."

"It's what I should do," Herag said courteously.

On the way here, he had already inquired that Dome was the City Lord of Crystal City and also a Level 3 Wizard.

Not every city lord was a Level 3 Wizard; most might just be Level 2 Wizards.

Wizards like Parker who could create a Floating City didn't exist much throughout the Land of Dawn.

Dome smiled and said, "I will report your involvement, and you'll surely receive the contribution points you deserve."

"Thank you, Lord Dome, and thank you, Ms. Irina," Herag expressed his gratitude.

Irina glanced at him and said with a captivating air, "What a pity, if it weren't for the urgency of the matter, I'd love to have a good time with you."

Herag smiled wryly, unsure of what to say.

Dome simply smiled while sipping his red wine, apparently not at all surprised by Irina's behavior, well accustomed to it.

"My friend is injured and still being treated, so I'll take my leave to check on him," Herag quickly said.

Dome naturally had no objection; their focus was now on resolving the planar rift issue.

In this regard, Herag couldn't be of much help, as even traveling was a burden, needing Irina to carry him.

Chapter 405: Going Home

Now that Dome, a Level 3 Wizard, is paying attention, that small plane rift is no longer a big problem.

This kind of small plane rift has just appeared, and there's still time for repair.

After leaving Dome's Wizard Tower, Herag followed the location Irina gave him to find David.

After some treatment, David was settled in a hotel.

Herag looked at the address on the Talisman Stone, hailed a carriage by the roadside, told the driver the destination, and then set off.

Riding in the carriage, Herag observed the surrounding scenery; it was his first time visiting Crystal City.

The main structure of Crystal City is similar to Silver Moon City, only the internal style is a bit different.

Buildings on the street sides are adorned with various crystals, which serve not only decorative purposes but also have a faint effect of gathering Free Energy Particles.

It's said that Crystal City was built on a massive crystal vein, hence the name Crystal City.

After getting off the carriage, Herag looked up at the name of the hotel, Desert Wind.

The hotel's sign was wooden but used crystals for decoration, fitting the local style well.

As he entered the hotel, a skinny young man approached and said with a smile, "Sir, do you need a room?"

"I'm here to find someone named David," Herag replied.

"Oh, the guest arranged by Lady Irina, right? He's on the second floor, please follow me." The young man led the way after speaking.

The young man led Herag to a room in the corner on the second floor and knocked on the door, which was opened by a woman with a delicate face.

"What is it?" the woman asked.

"Miss Lela, this gentleman is here to see Mr. David," the young man explained.

Upon hearing this, Lela stepped out and looked at Herag, asking, "Are you Mr. Herag?"

"Yes, that's me," Herag nodded, not knowing who Lela was or why she was here.

Lela said, "I was arranged by Lady Irina to ensure Mr. David's safety. Since you're here, I shall take my leave."

"Thank you, Miss Lela, for your care," Herag politely responded.

Lela gave a shy smile and trotted down the stairs in her high heels.

After watching her leave, Herag walked inside and saw David lying on the bed.

David's limbs were bandaged, and a medicinal scent lingered, clearly indicating some medicine was applied to his wounds.

Herag noticed that the bandages on David's limbs were neatly and regularly tied, showing the attention and care of the person who did it.

David was sleeping soundly; hearing Herag's footsteps, he gradually awoke.

Upon seeing Herag, David smiled foolishly and then glanced around the room.

"Don't look around, she's gone," Herag said with a smile.

David seemed a bit disappointed: "Miss Lela left?"

"You want her to stay with you? I can tell Irina," Herag pretended to take out the Talisman Stone.

"No no no!" David immediately panicked, stammering as he spoke.

If he could move, he might have jumped up from the bed.

Herag chuckled, put away the Talisman Stone, understanding everything.

"Did you add Miss Lela's Talisman Stone?" Herag asked.

David said awkwardly, "I... I didn't dare to ask."

"I'll ask for you." Herag took out the Talisman Stone and sent a message to Irina.

Not long after, Irina replied: "Did you fancy Lela?"

Herag replied in a bad mood: "It's not me who fancies Lela, it's David."

"Who is David?" Irina inquired.

"He's my attendant, didn't you arrange for Lela to take care of him?" Herag explained.

"Oh, I don't have much of an impression. Here's Lela's Talisman Stone number," Irina immediately sent over Lela's Talisman Stone number.

She had completely no impression of David; her attention was all on Herag outside the city.

If Herag hadn't mentioned him, she might have forgotten his existence.

Herag then forwarded Lela's Talisman Stone number to David, saying, "Add her when you can move."

David seemed troubled: "I... If I add her, I wouldn't know what to say, better not."

"What do you say? Just invite her out for a meal," Herag said.

"Huh? I, better not, don't disturb her," David said timidly.

"She took care of you, shouldn't you treat her to a meal?" Herag asked.

David thought this made sense and nodded, saying, "I'll give it a try."

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

Although David's injuries hadn't fully healed over the past few days, he could move freely.

There was still no news from Irina's side, indicating that dealing with that plane rift would take some time.

David initially wanted to return to East Source Commerce Association, planning to continue working after a few days.

Herag persuaded him to return to Silver Moon City and rest for a month, as it had been quite some time since he'd been back.

David was initially reluctant to return, feeling embarrassed about having achieved nothing significant.

Herag just patted his shoulder, "At home, no one cares about these things, as long as you're safe."

David listened and silently nodded, no longer insisting on going back to East Source Commerce Association.

When they landed in Silver Moon City and returned to King Street, to the familiar courtyard, David saw the familiar scene unchanged since he left, as if he had never left.

Reese felt relieved seeing Herag safely bring David back.

She was wearing an apron and holding a spatula crafted by an artisan at Herag's request, smiling: "I'll go cook, you two rest."

"You actually learned to cook?" David's eyes widened in disbelief.

"I've learned quite a bit these days," Reese boasted proudly.

The three of them ate dinner together as they used to.

The only difference now was that all the dishes were cooked by Reese alone.

David's room was still there, with the furnishings unchanged, allowing him to recuperate over this period.

Having been working tirelessly for the past few years, returning suddenly allowed David to relax, feeling like everything he went through was just a dream.

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Outside Crystal City, in the contaminated area.

At the plane rift area, Dome, Irina, Mot, and four other wizards were gathered around.

These seven were at least Level 2 Wizards, with Dome being a Level 3 Wizard.

The plane rift had disappeared, and the black vortex was gone too.

Yet, Dome and the others still wore serious expressions, Dome said solemnly, "Although the plane rift has been repaired, I feel something has happened."

Dome had a lingering feeling that this particular plane rift might have caused some unforeseen effects that none could anticipate.

Chapter 406: Plane Hierarchies

Dome couldn't quite tell what kind of influence it was, these were just some of his intuitions.

Wizards are people with very keen senses, and at Dome's level, intuitions are almost always accurate.

Dome and the wizards here had checked many times, and the plane crack had indeed been completely repaired, leaving no hidden dangers.

But Dome always felt that something was not quite right, just temporarily unable to discover what was wrong.

"Irina, from now on, arrange for personnel to patrol this vicinity regularly. I just feel a bit uneasy," Dome said after a long thought.

Irina nodded and said, "Understood."

As the Minister of Security and Defense of Crystal City, Irina could naturally arrange such patrol tasks.

Previously, only areas near Crystal City had patrols; this was the first patrol so deep into the polluted area.

Irina didn't have Dome's intuition; although she didn't know the reason, she still followed the order and carried it out.

Dome looked at the empty pile of rubble in front of him. A gust of wind blew by, and he looked up at the sky, lost in thought.

...

Herag sat in the Meditation Room, with a phantom of a star appearing in his mind.

As usual, he used the Starry Sky Meditation Technique for meditation practice.

Herag looked at the star phantom in his mind and then at the Spiritual Crystal, suddenly recalling the icy feeling transmitted from the Bloodline Mark during his crystallization promotion.

That energy came from the Divine Core and was very helpful for the growth of spiritual power.

Herag suddenly thought of whether he could actively draw out this energy during meditation to aid his meditation practice.

He immediately began to try, and with a thought, a cool feeling flowed from the Bloodline Mark.

This was a very pure energy, which reached directly to his mind and then infused into the star phantom.

After the energy from the Divine Core was infused, the star's phantom suddenly solidified a lot.

In just this moment, he achieved the equivalent of ten days of Herag's meditation.

Seeing that it actually worked, Herag was surprised; previously, the energy would come out automatically, and he never thought to actively call upon it.

After successfully trying, Herag continued to draw the energy from the Divine Core to assist in his meditation practice.

This star was already close to solidifying, and after multiple inputs of energy from the Divine Core, it completely solidified.

This was the first star of the third Array Map and the first star Herag successfully meditated on after his crystallization promotion.

As he succeeded in meditating on this star, Herag felt some subtle changes occurring in the Spiritual Crystal.

These changes were very slight; Herag just had a feeling but couldn't find any changes upon careful inspection.

Herag knew very well that adding a bit of spiritual power would not make the Spiritual Crystal visibly change. Only a quantitative change would lead to a qualitative one.

Herag was unclear about how much energy from the Divine Core remained in the Bloodline Mark. Judging from the current usage rate, he was worried it would soon be depleted.

But considering the situation at hand, he couldn't think too much; he had to use every means to improve his strength as quickly as possible.

The energy from the Divine Core might have other uses, but if Herag didn't use it, it would just be left there, so he decided to use it to aid his meditation practice.

With the aid of energy, the speed of meditation increasing spiritual power could be significantly boosted, enabling him to reach the limit state of a Crystalization Wizard sooner.

Herag was determined to cultivate his spiritual power to the utmost; whatever level it could increase to, he would let it increase to that extent.

After finishing meditation, he stood up, took out the Talisman Stone, and checked it, finding a message from Pries.

"I'm not sure if you're interested in something, but there's a great opportunity," Pries said.

Seeing this message, Herag felt it must be something good since Pries mentioned it was a worthy opportunity.

"What is it?" Herag asked.

"I'll come to find you, right near King Street," Pries said.

Just as he received this message, Herag heard a knock at the door.

He was speechless: "Wasn't he already at the door."

Herag was now even more curious, not knowing what Pries wanted to discuss.

It was obvious that he came directly for him, finding his way to the doorstep.

Moreover, the message was sent while he was meditating, indicating that Pries waited outside for a while.

Pries, after all, was a Level 2 Wizard, the Minister of Security and Defense of Silver Moon City, yet he waited outside for Herag's reply.

While Herag was feeling puzzled, Reese had already gone to open the door, leading Pries in.

David had left a few days earlier, unable to sit still after resting for over twenty days, saying he wanted to return to the East Source Commerce Association to continue working.

The East Source Commerce Association seemed to have assigned him to Crystal City to handle some matters for the association. The last airship he took was to take up the post in Crystal City, and unexpectedly, there was an accident halfway there.

"Mr. Pries, what matter requires you to personally come and find me?" Herag asked curiously.

After pouring a cup of hot coffee for both of them, Reese went upstairs, leaving them to their conversation.

Pries smiled and said, "Herag, do you know what level the Wizard Plane belongs to?"

"What level? What exactly do you mean?" Herag was unsure of Pries's question intent.

Pries said, "Our Wizard Plane is just one among countless planes. Besides the Wizard Plane, there are many other planes, like the Elf Plane you've been to."

"Generally, planes are divided into three levels: High-tier World, Middle-tier World, Low-tier World."

It was the first time Herag learned that planes could be classified into levels; he had never had the opportunity to learn this information before.

He asked, "What are the criteria for the classification? And which level does the Wizard Plane belong to?"

"The level of the plane is determined by the level of the strongest being it can accommodate. A Low-tier World can only accommodate a presence with the strength of up to a Level 3 Wizard, a Middle-tier World can accommodate beings with the strength of a Sixth Ring Wizard, while a High-tier World can reportedly accommodate legendary Level 8 beings, or even higher."

"The Wizard Plane is a Middle-tier World, which can accommodate the strongest being being a Sixth Ring Wizard."

After Pries explained further, Herag understood.

Each world's level is different, and the level of powerful individuals it can support is naturally different as well.

If it's a Low-tier World, a Level 4 Wizard entering might potentially cause massive destruction to the world, as the Low-tier World cannot bear such a powerful presence.

Likewise, with the Wizard Plane, if a Level 8 being suddenly appeared, merely a casual breath could start fracturing the whole world.

Therefore, the world will of each plane will instinctively repel powerful beings from other planes entering their own plane, with the stronger their power, the stronger the repulsion.

Chapter 407: Low-tier World

So if an individual with powerful strength wants to enter other planes, forcing their way in is nearly impossible.

Because they would face a strong repulsion from the World Will.

Unless you are strong enough to break through the world directly, then you can carve out a path for yourself.

But even for a low-tier world, ordinary Level 5 or Level 6 Wizard powers aren't strong enough to break through.

An existence capable of breaking through a plane must be far, far more powerful than that plane by countless levels.

For such existences, it depends on their mood; they might just destroy a plane they dislike with a single slap, while the creatures within can only suffer this unwarranted disaster.

Because they are too weak, they have no chance of controlling their destiny.

Generally, the way to enter another plane is to find the plane's coordinates, establish a plane channel, and then reach other planes through this channel.

Just like the Wizard Plane invading the Elf Plane, Parker, a Level 3 Wizard, successfully reached the Elf Plane through the plane channel.

Their power is somewhat suppressed, but at least they can enter.

Herag also learned that the Elf Plane is a Middle-tier Plane.

In terms of plane levels, it is on the same level as the Wizard Plane.

Herag recalled his Bloodline Mark, which contains the Bloodline Power of the Thunder God Ancestor.

He is unable to use the Ancestral Bloodline Power in either the Wizard Plane or the Elf Plane.

After contemplating for a while, Herag understood what was going on; the Ancestral Bloodline is the bloodline power of the highest existence.

This level of power would inevitably be subject to the strongest repulsion and suppression from the World Will.

Herag guessed that the Ancestral Bloodline should be at least Level 8, and might even be a Level 9 existence's bloodline.

And both the Wizard Plane and the Elf Plane are Middle-tier Worlds, which can only accommodate the strongest being of Level 6.

For these planes, such bloodline power poses a severe threat to the plane, and it's impossible to allow such power to appear within.

Since Herag usually does not activate the bloodline power, he is not affected.

However, whenever he tries to activate the bloodline power, he faces strong suppression, making the Ancestral Bloodline Power within the Bloodline Mark unusable.

This is also because his own power is too weak, completely lacking the ability to resist the World Will.

Herag knows that to somewhat resist the suppression from the World Will, he must become strong enough.

He needs to have sufficiently powerful and complete Rule Power to qualify for resisting the World Will.

By that time, at least he would be able to activate the Bloodline Mark and unleash some of the Ancestral Bloodline Power.

Though his power will be somewhat suppressed, it wouldn't be to the extent of being completely unable to activate it, suppressed to death.

"Is the Abyss Plane a High-tier World?" Herag suddenly asked.

Pries nodded: "That's right, the Abyss Plane has many top-level beings, which is why they are so powerful."

Herag was aware of this, but he wanted confirmation.

After learning this information, Herag grew increasingly worried about the situation in the Wizard Plane.

The strongest entity the Wizard Plane can accommodate is a Sixth Ring Wizard, which indicates that the upper limit has been blocked.

It's impossible for you to improve further, as the upper limit of this plane is here; no matter how hard you try, you can't advance further.

Herag may be very weak now, but his goal is not just the Sixth Ring Wizard level.

Looking at the situation now, he needs to consider future paths and cannot be confined to the Level 6 tier.

However, these are still too distant for him; thinking about them now is useless, and it's not something at his level that should be considered.

Currently, the strongest being in the Land of Dawn is only a Level 4 Wizard, which is far inferior compared to its past peak times.

Should the Abyss Plane establish a channel to the Wizard Plane, Herag could already foresee the situation.

Previously, the Sixth Ring Tower's Sixth Ring Wizards could resist a bit, repelling enemies.

Now the strongest is only Level 4, how can they fight?

If it actually comes to that, Herag feels he would need to consider how to escape.

No wonder the Wizard Plane has been constantly invading other planes, trying their best to enhance their plane's strength.

Ultimately, strength is fundamental; otherwise, you never know when you might be invaded by a strong plane and face annihilation.

After Herag and Pries learned some knowledge about planes, they had a general understanding in their minds, then asked: "Why did you seek me out today, why are you telling me this?"

Pries said: "This time, I came to find you because of a matter regarding a Low-tier World. To be precise, it is about a Low-tier World that has just formed from a Plane Fragment, extremely fragile. If a Level 2 Wizard enters and uses some Rule Power, it could damage that Low-tier World."

"Can Plane Fragments form a world?" Herag asked.

"That's right, Plane Fragments are basically just parts of a complete plane. Sometimes, if certain planes are destroyed and shattered, numerous Plane Fragments are formed. These Plane Fragments contain the Rule Power necessary to form a world, and as long as they are given enough time, these Plane Fragments can form new worlds."

"However, out of so many Plane Fragments, very few ultimately reach the step of forming a world; most cannot form a new world due to various reasons."

"These Plane Fragments are like seeds floating in the Endless World. If a fragment is very lucky and reaches the step of forming a new world, it starts as a Rising World and slowly becomes a Middle-tier World, possibly even a High-tier World."

"Recently, the Wizards from the Land of Dawn discovered a Low-tier World formed by Plane Fragments. This Low-tier World is unclaimed, but the Land of Dawn has six Wizard Organizations. Everyone wants this Low-tier World, but cannot fight each other to death."

"Therefore, after a Round Table Council discussion, each Wizard Organization will send Level 1 Wizards into that Low-tier World. Whichever organization captures control of the Low-tier World first will own that world. Everyone agreed with this; they would rely on their skills, confident they could win."

Pries said, smiling as he looked at Herag.

Seeing his smile, Herag instantly understood.

This is like recruiting soldiers by force.

No wonder Pries came personally; it seems he wants me to participate in this action.

Since the newly formed Low-tier World is too fragile, even a Level 2 Wizard could cause damage, which is why Level 1 Wizards are being sent in.

Chapter 408: The Fragile World Will

Since they're sending in a Level 1 Wizard, naturally, it's the most powerful Crystalization Wizard they're sending in.

Because of Herag's previous outstanding performance, he caught the attention of those above him, so choosing him is quite normal.

However, there are bound to be risks involved; although the opponents are all Crystalization Wizards, once you enter the Low-tier World, no one can say for sure what might happen.

Herag didn't rush to refuse; he asked about the benefits first. Many issues arise from insufficient benefits.

As long as the benefits are adequate, everything can be negotiated.

Herag asked, "What benefits are there for participating in this operation?"

Pries laughed and said, "There are plenty of benefits, of course. If you're willing to participate, the minimum reward is a thousand contribution points. If, and I'm saying if you successfully seize control of the Low-tier World, I won't even mention the contribution points; you're sure to receive a medal reward."

"Medal reward? What is that?" Herag asked with curiosity.

"Medal rewards are provided by Serlandir for members who make outstanding contributions. Even the lowest First-Class Medal represents ten thousand contribution points. For an operation of this level, like seizing a Low-tier World, there will certainly be a medal reward," Pries explained.

"But I'm afraid I don't have the ability. I have no idea how to seize control of a world," Herag said.

He was now just a Junior Wizard who recently advanced to Crystalization; how could it suddenly involve seizing control of a world?

Herag always thought things like that should be far from his concern, something he shouldn't have to think about.

Pries said, "This is one of the implicit rewards I wanted to mention. You're surely preparing to advance to a Level 2 Wizard, right? What's most important for advancing to a Level 2 Wizard?"

"The Key of Rules?" Herag responded tentatively.

"No, the Key of Rules is merely a tool. What's most important for advancing to a Level 2 Wizard is that you can perceive the existence of rules, and the Key of Rules is just a tool to assist you in perceiving them."

"That Low-tier World has just been born, and many rules have just emerged. This is the perfect time for you to enter and comprehend them. Even if you do nothing there, just attempting to perceive the rules is a great gain."

"You needn't worry about seizing world control; special Witchcraft Artifacts will be provided for that. If you successfully seize world control, you will temporarily become the Master of the World."

Seeing Herag's puzzled look, Pries continued to explain, "The Master of the World is an entity capable of controlling the entire world, generally a dominator of each plane, able to mobilize all Rule Power of that world."

"Once you become the Master of that Low-tier World, you will be invincible there, which also means our Serlandir has successfully seized that world."

"Personally, the moment you become the Master of the World is the most important, for you can clearly see the entire world's Rule Power. This is extremely beneficial for your future advancement to Level 2 Wizard; that's the main point. Those medal rewards are secondary."

Herag listened intently as Pries explained, gaining a rough understanding of the operation.

For Crystalization Wizards preparing to advance to Level 2 Wizards, the most important step is perceiving the existence of Rule Powers.

This is a critical step, and the so-called Key of Rules is merely an auxiliary tool to help you perceive the Rule Power.

For Wizards without the Key of Rules, relying solely on themselves to perceive Rule Power is almost impossible.

But having the Key of Rules only increases the probability of success slightly.

Herag pondered, realizing that if he could become the Master of the World in the Low-tier World, then rules would be within reach.

Even if it's only temporary, it would greatly benefit future perceptions of the Rule Power.

Herag had to seriously consider if success would indeed aid his advancement to a Level 2 Wizard.

Seeing Herag's hesitation, Pries continued, "I have faith in your strength and adaptability. You're not alone; all entering are Level 1 Crystalization Wizards, nothing is as dangerous as polluted areas. If you could survive there, this operation shouldn't be a big issue."

"The World Will of that Low-tier World is also very weak, barely suppressing ability, so you can rest assured."

Herag suddenly looked up, "You just said the World Will is weak, and it doesn't impose any suppression?"

Pries didn't quite understand why Herag was so focused on this point, but nodded, "Exactly, that world has just formed, and the World Will is very weak, so it won't suppress your abilities. But also because of this, Level 2 Wizards aren't allowed in, as even slight use of Rule Power could significantly affect that world."

"Then if, and I'm saying if, one's physical power reached the Level 2 Wizard level, would that have an impact?" Herag asked.

"Physical power? That should not be a problem; no matter how strong you are physically, you can't punch through the ground, right? Its mountains and rivers are there just like ours. As long as you don't use Rule Power, you won't have any effect," Pries said.

Herag pretended to think for a moment, "I've considered it; I can participate in this operation."

"Really? That's a promise then. Don't worry, I'll make sure your name goes through," Pries smiled.

"How many people will each Wizard Organization send in?" Herag asked.

"Thirty people. Because it's a random transmission, it'll be difficult for you to group up. The specifics will be told to you then," Pries said, pulling out a Talisman Stone to begin contacting.

Herag's reason for agreeing to enter was simple: since the World Will there was so weak, it wouldn't suppress his Bloodline Mark.

As long as he could use the power of his Bloodline Mark, who among the Level 1 Wizards could defeat him?

Herag's only concern was handling it appropriately, fighting solely with physical power.

He also had to be cautious when acting, not revealing the existence of Thunder God Ancestral Bloodline Power.

Those were his concerns, while surviving should be for his competitors to worry about.

Pries looked up and said, "I've submitted your name, and there will be a review process. Many have applied, but there are only thirty slots, selecting the best among the best. But rest assured, you'll make it."

"I'm not confident about being selected, but thank you for going out of your way," Herag smiled.

Pries said, "These are rewards earned through your actions and performance. No one pays attention to you for no reason. It's because you're worth investing in that you draw attention."

Chapter 409: Under-the-Table Manipulation

Each wizard organization has thirty people, which makes a total of one hundred and eighty people for the six wizard organizations.

Those selected to enter the low-tier world must undoubtedly be outstanding talents from various wizard organizations, with certainly formidable strength.

If Herag didn't know that the World Will would not suppress his bloodline power there, he would really have to consider whether to participate.

As long as he can use his bloodline power, Herag believes that self-preservation is not a problem.

However, even so, Herag will not be careless and certainly won't underestimate any opponent.

It's impossible for Herag to let himself fail miserably; wizards naturally have many methods, some of which are very troublesome.

He has backup plans, as naturally do others.

Of course, Herag is willing to participate in this action, mainly for the future.

This action is indeed an excellent opportunity for many Level 1 Wizards and is very helpful for advancing to a Level 2 Wizard.

Many people signing up, as Pries said, shows that it is indeed a great opportunity for Level 1 Wizards; otherwise, it wouldn't be so competitive.

Herag was a bit puzzled about how Pries could be sure that he would be selected with so many outstanding wizards in Serlandir.

He felt there might be some behind-the-scenes manipulation, with many spots likely predetermined by those with backgrounds and power.

"Why are you more confident than I am? I feel that among the Level 1 Wizards in Serlandir, I shouldn't count for much and don't have any background," Herag said.

Pries laughed, "You are under Lord Parker's command, that's your background. You have achieved crystallization wizard status at such a young age, which is strength, far surpassing most people."

"With both background and strength, these two points are enough for you to be selected."

Herag felt he underestimated Parker's influence, and Pries's confidence was mostly because Parker was backing him.

"What's the specific start time?" Herag asked.

Pries pondered, "The specific time hasn't been set yet; now, each side is still selecting suitable people. It should start soon once everyone is selected. As for the location, it's expected to be in the Central Region."

"Central Region..." Herag pondered.

He had never been to the Central Region after arriving at the Land of Dawn. It is the public area of the Land of Dawn, not belonging to any wizard organization, and is jointly managed by the Six Great Wizard Organizations.

Generally, many public affairs of the Land of Dawn are discussed and handled in the Central Region.

"If you have any questions, just ask." Pries said.

Herag thought for a moment and said, "The main goal of this operation is to seize control of that low-tier world, but what I don't understand is even with auxiliary witchcraft artifacts, how do you seize control of the world?"

This is something Herag couldn't understand; a low-tier world isn't some machine that you can control with a remote.

"The rules of a nascent world are just forming, and the World Will is the collection of these powers of rule. Once there, you need to capture the trail of World Will, find its position, and then use the witchcraft artifacts provided to capture the World Will and thus become the Master of the World."

"This is also a test for you. Although the rules of a nascent world are relatively easy to sense, there is also a high level of difficulty. As long as you can capture some traces of rules, there is a chance to follow the clues to find the World Will," Pries explained.

Herag frowned, thinking, while finding Pries's explanation a little mysterious and couldn't fully grasp the meaning.

Seeing Herag's furrowed brow, Pries chuckled and patted his shoulder, "It's okay, don't feel pressured. You might understand what I mean once you're there. I can illustrate simply, for those without wizard qualifications, they can't sense the existence of free energy particles."

"For Level 1 Wizards, they can't sense the power of rules. The significance of advancing to a Level 2 Wizard is to help you open 'your eyes' to see a new world, like seeing those free energy particles."

Herag nodded silently, having a vague understanding of what Pries said.

There was no way for Pries to let Herag have firsthand experience on such matters; he could only explore and understand it himself.

"I need to prepare well during this time; the pressure is great," Herag said with a sigh.

Pries laughed, "Prepare well; you are the most hopeful on Lord Parker's side."

Herag smiled wryly; this only added more pressure on himself.

...

After Pries left, Herag took out a talisman stone to check related information.

He glanced at the talisman stone and discovered that many people were already discussing the matter, and this action to seize the nascent plane was called "Cradle Action."

Herag had been in seclusion, focusing on cultivation, and hadn't paid much attention to the news at the tavern.

If Pries hadn't come to find him, he wouldn't have known about this for a while.

Herag realized this was a problem too; it seems that even during closed cultivation, he needs to occasionally pay attention to external news to avoid missing opportunities.

Maintaining smooth information flow is very important and will affect many decision-making issues.

After checking the discussions in the tavern, Herag found that the registration process had already started in all major wizard organizations, and only official members could sign up to participate.

Those who were not official members could only watch helplessly, with no means even if eager.

This is the advantage of being an official member of a wizard organization, with many opportunities.

After reviewing these registration processes, Herag realized that he seemed to be one of the people benefiting from behind-the-scenes manipulation.

According to the registration process, all official members should be able to participate, then the organization selects, and those who signed up wait for notification.

But Pries directly came to Herag to ask if he wanted to participate, which is obviously a behind-the-scenes manipulation.

Each wizard organization has thirty spots, which seems like many, but the spots available to ordinary wizards are probably few.

Nonetheless, Herag could understand that for any wizard organization, the Cradle Action is very important.

A low-tier world, once in hand, reaps enormous benefits.

Having control over a world is a fallback, a retreat available in case the wizard plane is destroyed.

Moreover, the resources of a world are innumerable and can be continuously regenerated.

The registration lasted for a month before ending. During this time, besides continuing meditation practice, Herag was also preparing for entering the low-tier world.

Chapter 410: Wildfire Tent

Herag sat in the Meditation Room, a Secret Technique Book lay open before him.

His fingers swiftly moved across the pages, Magic Power condensed into one rune after another, imprinting into the Secret Technique Book as a Level 1 Witch Array slowly formed and completed.

This Level 1 Witch Array was named Wildfire Tent, belonging to the category of Defensive Witch Arrays.

It's generally used as a temporary residence point in the wild; once activated, the Wildfire Tent can adapt to the surrounding environment with light and shadow changes, achieving the effect of blending in and hiding itself.

The Wildfire Tent is a common array used by wizards during their journeys in the wild, offering a relatively safe and concealed place to rest peacefully.

Although it is only a Level 1 Witch Array, its defensive performance is formidable, making it not easy for even a Level 2 Wizard to break through.

Herag hadn't prepared something like this before, as he never imagined he would end up in a contaminated area.

Last time was purely an accident, and if he had a Wildfire Tent then, it would have provided considerable safety.

Now that Herag knew he would enter a Low-tier World this time, he naturally needed to prepare thoroughly in advance.

He prepared three Wildfire Tent Witch Arrays, although normally one would suffice, Herag prepared a spare one, and a spare for the spare.

If Level 2 and Level 3 Witch Arrays weren't so expensive, beyond his budget, Herag would have directly opted for them.

He glanced at his wallet, feeling that sticking to Level 1 Witch Arrays, which he could make himself, was more economical.

It's not that he couldn't afford a Level 2 Witch Array, but the Wildfire Tent is more cost-effective.

Herag's fingers quickly moved, condensing the final rune into the Secret Technique Book, then withdrew his hand.

A ripple of Magic Power spread around the Secret Technique Book, gradually calming down.

The Level 1 Witch Array, Wildfire Tent, was completed.

After finishing, Herag picked up the Secret Technique Book and headed to the courtyard.

Every time he completed one, he would bring it out for inspection to check for any issues, essentially a quality check.

These were things he would need later, and it was necessary to ensure there were no quality issues.

Herag loosened his grip on the Secret Technique Book, and it floated out on its own.

Subsequently, the Secret Technique Book magically opened as if blown by the wind, a wave of Magic Power spreading out.

An invisible shield enveloped the area around the Secret Technique Book, approximately covering thirty square meters.

Roughly the size of a bedroom, small as it might be, it's sufficient for outdoor living.

From inside, there were no obstructions to sight; the outside was clearly visible.

However, from the outside looking in, it looked different. The courtyard appeared empty, just like any ordinary courtyard.

Yet Herag stood inside it, hidden by the Wildfire Tent.

Using Shenlan's environment detection, Herag confirmed there were no issues after checking from various directions, then put away the Wildfire Tent.

He hadn't been idle lately. Besides the Wildfire Tent, he also created a bucket.

The main function of this bucket was to purify water, with a witch array designed by Shenlan for purification of nearly all problematic water sources.

For those engaging in outdoor activities, water safety is a major concern.

Herag knew finding clean water everywhere was impossible, so this was quite necessary.

Aside from this, plenty of drinking water, food, and Magic Potions were prepared; Herag always came well-prepared.

Especially this time, uncertain about how long he'd stay, Herag prepared even more.

...

While Herag was preparing, other wizards participating in the Cradle Action were also preparing.

Eye of the Storm, Hibert City.

Marco stood before a massive blood pool, watching the blood inside boil and bubble.

He had performed outstandingly in the war against the Elf Plane, his ruthless methods catching the eye of Fran, a Level 3 Wizard at the Eye of the Storm, who took him as a disciple.

Marco thus successfully entered the Land of Dawn, becoming an official member of the Eye of the Storm, as well as a Level 3 Wizard's disciple.

This identity was prestigious, representing a bright future.

Marco himself was highly talented, already a Crystalization Wizard before entering the Land of Dawn.

To him, what was lacking were the conditions for promotion to Level 2 Wizard, as there was no Key of Rules in the Barren Land.

At the Eye of the Storm, with all resources granted by Fran, his power increased swiftly, now reaching the limit of a Crystalization Wizard.

For him, it was just a matter of time before undergoing the Level 2 Wizard promotion process.

But Marco wasn't in a rush, as Fran had informed him of an opportunity.

Which was the Cradle Action, where Marco could gain control of the World, and in that period, perceive the existence of various Rule Powers.

Once this step was completed, promotion to Level 2 Wizard would be a certainty.

Though Marco had always been arrogant and dismissive of others, he chose to heed his teacher's advice on this matter.

As it was indeed beneficial for him, Marco began preparing for the Cradle Action.

Blood in the pool continued to bubble and steam, with constant rolling.

This pool of blood alone showed that Marco had at least violated hundreds of rules in the Land of Dawn.

Only he knew the extent of his atrocities against human norms.

Any single act was enough to sentence a wizard to death.

But Marco didn't care, all these acts were done with Fran's tacit approval.

With a Level 3 Wizard as his backing, no one dared to speak out, nor did many know about it.

Even if someone knew, out of respect for Fran, they would turn a blind eye.

Specializing in Necromancy, Marco found no fault in his actions.

The things he did in the Barren Land were far wilder than these, unlike here where everything had to be well-hidden, even the lab had to be in this basement.

Marco watched the blood pool's condition, and seeing that the time was right, extended his hand, channeled Magic Power into the blood pool, and quickly chanted some syllables.

Magic Power entered the pool, causing it to surge, gradually forming a swirling vortex.

The blood rapidly rotated and gathered, forming a blood tornado.

The spacious pool gradually emptied, all the blood condensed into a blood sphere, levitating above the pool.

Marco looked at the blood sphere, a manic expression crossing his face, seemingly thrilled.

"With this, no one can beat me there." Marco couldn't help but laugh aloud.