

## **Sixth 411**

### Chapter 411: Malcolm

As Malcolm's body trembled uncontrollably with ecstasy, the blood sphere slowly floated closer to him.

Malcolm gazed at the blood sphere, opened his mouth, and completely absorbed it into his body.

His expression remained unchanged, and then a wave of magic power rippled from within.

In the blink of an eye, Malcolm transformed entirely into a blood-red figure, his surface covered with fresh red flesh, resembling a skinned person.

He glanced at the pool before him, crossed his arms over his chest, and with a flicker, appeared floating above the blood pool.

Malcolm extended his right hand, clenched it into a fist, and struck the ground with a punch.

Instantly, the pool beneath him shattered, and the ground cracked like a spider's web, causing the whole basement to shake, emphasizing the immense power of this punch.

A terrifying smile appeared on Malcolm's face: "Excellent."

This was a spell Malcolm had prepared for a long time, which originally required more time to succeed.

Conveniently, he needed to participate in the Cradle Operation this time, so he spent some extra time researching it in advance.

This was a spell Malcolm studied on his own, using countless pieces of flesh containing negative emotions like resentment, hatred, and fear to condense the current blood-red skin.

This blood-red skin endowed Malcolm with unmatched speed and strength, making ordinary Level 1 Wizards impossible to be his match.

More importantly, this blood-red skin also had the effect of absorbing spell magic power.

Many spells, instead of harming him, would actually replenish his magic power when they hit him.

Malcolm was very satisfied with the spell's effect; with such physical power combined with his spell power, he was already contemplating which rule power to choose for advancing to a Level 2 Wizard.

In his eyes, it was impossible for anyone to be his opponent anymore.

Participants in the Cradle Operation were at most those at the limit stage of Crystalization Wizard. Unless someone had advanced to Level 2 Wizard, there would be no qualitative change, and Malcolm didn't think anyone could threaten him.

Before possessing the blood-red skin, Malcolm was already a strong figure among Crystalization Wizards; now he had taken it to another level, naturally, he was very confident.

Suddenly, Malcolm seemed to sense something and turned to see a middle-aged man with a Mediterranean look behind him.

"Teacher," Malcolm said respectfully.

Fran nodded, looking at Malcolm with satisfaction: "Very good, you have exceptional talent to research such a powerful spell by yourself. You should have no problem with the Cradle Operation this time, just be mindful to keep a low profile when you're outside."

"Especially since your spells tend to attract criticism. While the teacher isn't afraid of these things, dealing with them can be troublesome, so try to give me less trouble."

Malcolm said disdainfully: "Why should the teacher care about those people's words? In my opinion, those with insufficient strength are just experimental materials, not much different from pigs and dogs. Occasionally killing some ordinary people and the weak for experiments, is it such a strong reaction?"

Fran laughed, walked over, and said, "You're just too young; there are some things you can do but shouldn't openly admit. Keeping a low profile is always beneficial to you."

Malcolm didn't speak, clearly disagreeing with Fran's view.

Fran knew he wouldn't listen to these words and didn't say much, otherwise Malcolm would find it annoying again.

For this student, he had both love and hate: exceptionally talented, arguably the most gifted Wizard Fran had seen over the years, truly a prodigy.

But this student was too arrogant, dismissing everyone, including Fran.

Although Malcolm was a little more respectful in front of Fran, Fran knew that this student looked down on everyone.

But Fran didn't care either; young people, it's normal to have a bit of sharpness, geniuses are like this.

Fran laughed and said, "Prepare well. When you return from that low-tier world, I have a surprise for you, I've prepared a very nice gift."

After speaking, his figure slowly faded away, leaving only Malcolm in the basement.

Malcolm glanced at the empty blood pool: "When I return, I'll need to replenish it."

After the blood-red skin dissipated from his body, it revealed a face full of freckles.

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Silver Moon City, Northern Pier.

"Wait for me at home."

Herag smiled, embraced Reese briefly, and then turned to board the airship.

Reese watched him leave, reluctant to look away even as the airship disappeared into the distance.

Four months later, the Cradle Operation would begin, and Herag needed to depart early for the Central Region.

Silver Moon City was located farthest south, too far from the Central Region; it would take three months by airship.

To avoid any unforeseen delays, Herag set off four months in advance.

This time, Herag was traveling alone; only he from Silver Moon City was chosen.

Thirty spots, distributed among so many cities and forces in Serlandir, were quite limited.

Many cities didn't even have a single spot; Herag's was arranged by Parker personally from this side.

Parker was still in the Elf Plane; Plane Wars don't end quickly.

Though still over there, Parker occasionally checked on the situation on the Wizard Plane; it was just a matter of him saying a word.

Pries, due to being responsible for Silver Moon City's security, couldn't accompany Herag either.

Herag didn't need anyone to accompany him anyway; once he reached the Central Region, someone would naturally receive him.

This time, Herag was still staying in the most luxurious suite; as he represented Serlandir, it was on a public trip without his own expense.

This luxury suite on the airship was identical to the one he had before; Herag found that the interior structures of these large airships were all the same, seeming to be one model.

With the experience from last time, Herag casually started brewing a pot of coffee, opened the window, and watched the scenery outside.

After a bath, Herag sat on the bed and began meditation.

A star's shadow in his mind was about to solidify, marking the second star since advancing to Crystalization.

At the Crystalization Wizard stage, the meditation speed visibly slowed compared to before.

It's known that Crystalization Wizards have a limit state, where, at that point, spiritual power can hardly increase further.

Before that state, the growth of spiritual power already became increasingly slow.

The higher the spiritual power, the more difficult it became to continue its growth, slowing down the star's success rate in meditation.

However, Herag's speed now seemed unchanged from before, completely relying on the energy stored in the Divine Core within his Bloodline Mark.

Chapter 412: The Taylor Family

A month and a half passed, the airship passed through many cities, with passengers leaving constantly, and new ones coming aboard.

This period was relatively calm, with no unexpected incidents encountered on the way.

Ever since the airship crash incident over in Crystal City, all airships in the Land of Dawn have strengthened their security measures, increasing the number of personnel patrolling around the airship.

The identity verification of passengers boarding and disembarking from the airship has also become stricter, with any slight anomaly prompting further questions.

It's said that the current airships have added monitoring and sensing witch arrays; any change in situation can be detected immediately.

With this in place, it has become significantly more challenging for the Abyssal Cultists to cause trouble on the airship, with no incidents occurring currently at least.

Herag's life has been very monotonous during this period, consisting almost entirely of meditation practice, studying, eating, and sleeping.

The airship's passengers are varied and mixed, so he tries not to go out in order not to bring trouble to himself.

The airship is heading towards the direction of the Central Region, and along the way, Herag has sensed the presence of several powerful magic power auras from wizards boarding and disembarking from the airship.

These wizards come from various cities in Serlandir, belonging to different factions, with various allegiances.

Herag's direct superior, Parker, is a subordinate of Dawn Mage Mike.

Dawn Mage Mike is one of the three Level 4 Wizards in Serlandir, yet his influence only covers about a third of Serlandir.

The different factions aren't exactly amicable towards each other; the internal strife is no less fierce than the external conflicts, even more intense sometimes.

Herag has been cautious and kept a low profile along this journey, precisely because he understands this point.

He is indeed a subordinate to Parker, but others' backgrounds aren't shabby either; in an actual conflict, such a background doesn't amount to much.

Herag glanced at the window; it was already night outside, pitch black.

At this moment, someone suddenly knocked on the door, and Herag sensed it was a waiter and a blond young man outside the door.

He glanced and saw these two were strangers to him, not knowing why they had come to see him.

After opening the door, Herag asked, "Is there something you need?"

The waiter was about to speak when the blond man stepped forward with a smile, "Are you Mr. Herag? I'm Medel Taylor, and I've come specifically to invite you to tonight's ball."

"Medel Taylor..."

Herag pondered for a moment and asked, "Is Mr. Medel from the Taylor Family over in Heart of the Sea?"

"Indeed, I didn't expect that Mr. Herag would also know about our far-off Taylor Family." Medel replied with a smile.

Herag chuckled, "The Taylor Family isn't some remote family; Red Witch Aria is your ancestor. Based on that alone, the Taylor Family is a top-notch family in the entire Land of Dawn."

Red Witch Aria, one of Serlandir's three Level 4 Wizards, she originates from the Taylor Family.

To be precise, it's because of Aria that the Taylor Family is as prosperous and flourishing as it is now.

Heart of the Sea is the name of a city located in central Serlandir, very developed, and a bustling city where the Red Witch resides.

Herag took another look at the young blond man; he didn't expect a descendant of the Red Witch to come looking for him.

This Medel is truly from a wizard family, and the Taylor Family has sustained its prosperity for countless generations.

As long as Aria is around, the Taylor Family is the absolute powerhouse in the Land of Dawn.

Other wizards might be Second or Third Generation Wizards; this Medel could be several dozens of generations down the line.

Herag sensed Medel's strength, which is that of a Level 1 Crystalization Wizard.

He then thought that Medel is likely also a participant in the Cradle Action.

Medel smiled and said, "Thank you, Mr. Herag, for praising our Taylor Family, though it's precisely due to the excellence of our ancestors that we younger generations must strive harder. Even a slight slackening feels like a disgrace to the family."

"Had Mr. Medel heard of me before?" Herag asked.

He was somewhat puzzled because Heart of the Sea is one of the top mega-cities in Serlandir, and Silver Moon City is just a small city on the southern edge.

How would Medel, such a Super Second Generation Wizard, specifically come to invite him to a ball?

Medel looked at Herag earnestly and said, "During the Silver Moon City slum incident, I took notice of Mr. Herag, and later learned more about you. I found that you are truly an exceptional wizard, especially since you've come this far from the Barren Land, a place so scarce in resources, which is really not easy."

"So I've been secretly admiring Mr. Herag for a long time. Since I also need to participate in the Cradle Action this time and heard that you are also on the airship, I couldn't help but take the liberty to get to know you. If I've disturbed you, I truly apologize."

Herag, seeing Medel speak with such confidence, though not entirely convinced, didn't express it. Instead, he politely replied, "How could it be an inconvenience? It's my honor to meet someone like Mr. Medel. Though I usually don't fancy balls and prefer quiet, since Mr. Medel personally invited me, I have no reason not to attend."

Herag was well aware that when dealing with these people, regardless of what they truly think, one must at least maintain appearances well.

The saying goes, 'One doesn't hit a smiling face', so saying a few nice words won't hurt.

Medel beamed with joy, "Then let's quickly go to the ball; it should have already started. If we're late, the beautiful ladies might all have partners."

Herag nodded, closed the door, and walked to the ball venue with Medel, chatting along the way.

"Mr. Herag, actually there's something you might not know. The main reason I came looking for you this time is to ask for your help." Medel showed a slightly worried expression.

"Oh? I wonder in what way I could be of assistance to Mr. Medel. I'm just a junior wizard." Herag replied.

Medel said solemnly, "This time the Taylor Family is determined to win control over that Low-tier World. If I can successfully seize control over that world, my status within the family is bound to rise significantly, and my elders' evaluation of me will undoubtedly improve greatly."

"Herag, to be honest with you, the Taylor Family is indeed very powerful and has many outstanding wizard descendants. But precisely because of this, we younger generations are under great pressure. Resources are limited; if you perform poorly, the resources allocated to you will be much less."

"This Cradle Action is really important to me, so I wish to invite you, Mr. Herag, to be my ally and help me seize control of the Low-tier World."

#### Chapter 413: Invitation

Medel appeared very sincere, smiling at Herag, waiting for Herag's response.

After listening, a strong sense of crisis immediately arose in Herag's heart.

Medel seemed kind and sincere, with a very good attitude.

But this invitation made Herag feel a certain deadly sense of danger.

It was absolutely impossible for Herag to help others seize world control; he had to seize world control himself and become the Master of the World.

Helping this Medel might only gain some goodwill and benefits that may or may not exist.

Simply put, Medel was drawing a pie for Herag to eat.

With his status, many would be willing to eat such a pie.

Even if they couldn't get the actual pie in a short time, many people would be willing to wait, because of Medel's status.

However, Herag never believed in these illusory things; relying on others is never as good as relying on oneself, and only by becoming stronger oneself is truly reliable.

The opportunity to become the Master of the World is not something to be given to others.

Let alone help others become the Master of the World and actively give up on oneself.

Herag would also never believe in things that depend on others; for someone like Medel, when you are no longer useful, you can be discarded.

But now the problem is, if Herag rejects directly, it will undoubtedly anger Medel.

Medel is a direct descendant of the Taylor Family, a background too profound for Herag to provoke at this time.

Now Herag is somewhat in a dilemma, neither wanting to agree nor able to refuse.

Temporarily agreeing is also out of the question, as agreeing means expressing allegiance to Medel, becoming part of his faction from then on.

This is not just about cradle action; dealing with such large families and forces is not as simple as doing a business deal.

Medel clearly wants to gain a higher position within the family, so he urgently needs various talents.

Herag's past experience is indeed too dazzling—a Witch Array Master, Alchemist, Crystalization Wizard in his twenties—these labels on a person naturally attract Medel's attention.

For Medel, Herag is undoubtedly a wizard with great potential.

Now at a time when there is a shortage of people, recruiting Herag would naturally be excellent, which is why Medel personally came to invite him.

Attending the dance party is just a surface reason, in fact, he wants Herag to join his side and work for him.

Herag thought about it and did not directly answer yes or no, but said: "As far as I know, entering that Low-tier World is random teleportation, so we might hardly have the chance to be teleported together. After all, there are only a hundred and eighty people, and the world is so vast."

"Teleportation is indeed random, and we probably won't meet at first. But by the time of the struggle for world control, most people will be in the same area. What I need is for you to help me seize world control at that time," Medel explained.

Herag scratched the back of his head, smiling: "Mr. Medel thinks too highly of me. My main purpose this time is to comprehend the Rule Power in this nascent world. The matter of seizing world control is too high a difficulty for me and not something a small figure like me can participate in. I just recently advanced to Crystalization Wizard, so I might find it difficult to help Mr. Medel."

Herag tried to be tactful, indicating his lack of ability. It's not that he doesn't want to help, but that he's too weak to participate in the struggle for world control.

Medel smiled warmly: "In that case, I won't insist. It's a great thing to get to know Mr. Herag. Look, the dance party has already begun."

Medel's expression seemed unchanged, but he smiled gently as he looked at the dance floor.

The dance party was already filled with melodious music played by a full band using various instruments.

Many people were gracefully dancing in the center of the dance floor with their partners.

The scene, although crowded with people, was not noisy; those speaking intentionally lowered their voices to avoid disturbing others.

Since Medel arrived, although the lights focused on the dance floor, most people's gaze turned to Medel.

He was the protagonist of this dance party.

For the wizards here, gaining Medel's favor and clinging to the Taylor Family's big tree would be a tremendous fortune.

Most of the time, people of Medel's noble status are not easy to approach.

This dance party was held on an airship; anyone willing to attend could come.

Upon hearing that the dance party was hosted by Medel of the Taylor Family, many came over hoping for a chance to meet Medel.

When Medel was not there, these people went about the dance party's normal routine.

Now that Medel was here, all eyes were on him, with everyone thinking about how to find an opportunity to introduce themselves.

After the dance finished, those in the dance floor consciously dispersed, leaving the stage to Medel.

Medel walked to the center of the crowd and smiled warmly: "Welcome everyone to this dance party. Many might not know me yet. Let me introduce myself again, I am Medel Taylor. I have been practicing diligently within the family, and participating in the Cradle Action this time signifies my official step out of the family, coming to..."

Medel stood in the center of the dance floor, surrounded by people.

Herag watched people around him continuously surge over, and not wanting to jostle in the crowd, he moved to a side table to start eating.

The food quality at this dance party was good, offering Herag a chance to improve his meals.

He glanced at the crowd where Medel was speaking with those around, feeling a bit more wary of this person inside.

Herag felt that he probably already offended Medel; his indirect refusal was indeed a rejection.

For someone like Medel, personally inviting only to be turned down is undoubtedly disrespectful.

Medel, though outwardly silent, would at least carry some grudges inside.

Of course, it's also possible he was magnanimous and didn't mind.

But Herag couldn't think that way; it's essential to be guarded, preparing from the start for the worst outcome.

One must exercise caution in everything; otherwise, one may end up helping others count money after being sold.

He didn't rush to leave, as it was Medel who had invited him to the dance party.

Herag spent the entire time at the fringes, eating and drinking, without actively greeting others, remaining rather inconspicuous.

Chapter 414: The Megacity

No one noticed Herag at the moment. These people were here for Medel; they wouldn't care about an ordinary-looking outsider.

Herag was happy to be left alone. He found a corner sofa to sit by himself and eat and drink.

He glanced over at the crowd. Medel was chatting animatedly with others, effortlessly managing to engage so many people at once.

A few wizards spoke with Medel for a while, looking excited as if they thought they had already latched onto the Taylor Family's coattails.

Seeing this, Herag felt that Medel truly needed people and was expanding his team.

Now, it was impossible for him to join such a large wizard family, as the restrictions were strict. Just like in the Moonlight Forest, you had to sign a contract.

Loyalty is very important to a wizard family, and most require you to sign a contract.

Herag managed to stay in the Cheqi Family without signing a contract entirely because of Mr. Larry's influence.

He initially joined the Cheqi Family because he had nowhere else to go at the time and needed a place to settle for a while.

The Cheqi Family, not being very strong itself, saw that Herag had great potential and agreed to not have him sign a contract, treating it as an investment.

A top wizard family like the Taylor Family would inevitably have means to control you; otherwise, they wouldn't feel secure using you.

Herag didn't look down upon those wizards who curry favor. He understood how difficult this path was for ordinary wizards, so it was normal for them to flatter Medel.

He just didn't want to do such things himself. Making friends is fine, but becoming someone's subordinate was unacceptable.

Once you become someone's subordinate, many things are out of your control.

The ball lasted for four or five hours, and the crowd gradually dispersed.

Herag got up, ready to inform Medel that he was leaving.

Unexpectedly, Medel approached first, smiling, "I apologize for not being able to greet Mr. Herag earlier; I was too busy. So, did you meet any ladies you liked?"

Herag shook his head with a smile, "I can't dance. I just nibbled on some food. Now that the ball is nearly over, I should head back. Thank you, Mr. Medel, for the invite."

"Not being able to dance won't do. I often hold such balls during my travels. In a few days, I'll find a teacher to teach you how to dance. You'll encounter many such balls in the future, and it's best to learn sooner rather than later." Medel smiled.

"Thank you, Mr. Medel, but that won't be necessary. I prefer peace. Besides, as the Cradle Operation draws near, I am weak and need to focus on meditation practice every day," Herag said with a bitter smile.

Initially, no one noticed Herag, but when Medel personally walked over to chat, he attracted countless eyes.

Hearing Medel's attitude towards Herag shocked people even more. Who could be worth Medel providing a dance teacher for?

The most surprising part was that Herag actually refused, saying he needed time for his meditation practice instead.

Is this guy meditating himself silly? Refusing such a golden opportunity.

Herag didn't care about those gazes; he never cared about others' opinions.

He remained as low-key and unassuming as possible, knowing the dangers of standing out too much.

Medel smiled and said, "Mr. Herag is indeed an excellent wizard, and very disciplined. I heard you rarely leave your room on the airship, spending all your time on meditation practice. Your discipline is truly something I admire."

"Given the circumstances, I'm delighted you accepted my invitation to this ball. Rest assured, I won't disturb you in the future. But if you ever feel bored, just let me know anytime."

They then exchanged Talisman Stone contacts to keep in touch.

After bidding farewell to Medel, Herag left the ball amidst numerous complex gazes.

Medel watched Herag's back as he left, smiling silently.

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Back in his room, Herag quietly brewed a pot of coffee, contemplating the series of events that had just unfolded.

Regularly attending balls was certainly out of the question; he genuinely needed to focus on meditation practice, with no time to waste on such frivolous activities.

The essence of a ball was socializing and expanding one's connections.

But Herag didn't need these at the moment — he needed to enhance his abilities.

After that, Medel did not disturb Herag again, allowing him to return to his peaceful meditation practice.

A month and a half later.

Herag rarely left his room but ventured onto the deck to glimpse the majestic grand city on the horizon.

This grand city was known as the Central Region, the largest city in the Land of Dawn.

In other regions of the Land of Dawn, each city was isolated by polluted zones, making them independent of each other.

The so-called Central Region occupies an area equivalent to twenty or thirty cities, but it is a single entity, just this one city.

Located at the center of the entire Land of Dawn, surrounded by the Six Great Wizard Organizations.

This was the last retreat the Six Great Wizard Organizations left for themselves, establishing an unprecedented giant city to ensure its safety against pollution.

Such a colossal city was awe-inspiring, even from a distance, for Herag.

The airship queued outside for a while, waiting some time before landing at the dock.

There were many airships here, constantly taking off and landing.

Herag had come to the deck early, intending to leave the airship immediately once it docked.

He wanted to minimize his entanglements with Medel, that second-generation wizard — associating too much with someone with such deep and complex backgrounds brought too many troubles.

Once the airship docked, Herag activated the Feather of Flight attached to the back of his hand and flew down.

After presenting his Talisman Stone to verify his identity at a checkpoint, he formally entered the majestic city.

As soon as Herag stepped into the square by the dock, numerous people approached him.

"Does the gentleman need accommodation? We have excellent facilities and special services; you know what I mean."

"Sir, do you need to hire workers? I have many brothers who can do anything."

"Do you need a guide, sir?"

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A throng of people, seeing Herag walking out alone, surrounded him, pushing their services, making his head spin.

Herag's magical aura flowed, and with a cold glance at these people, they quickly quieted down, retreating without anyone daring to get too close.

Chapter 415: Central Region

After Herag intimidated these people, the surroundings quieted down, and he walked straight out.

He waved at the roadside, and a coachman drove a carriage over. The coachman got off and respectfully asked, "Where would you like to go, sir?"

"To the Rose Inn," Herag said before getting into the carriage and sitting down.

Hearing that it was the Rose Inn, the coachman happily sat at the front and began to drive.

The reason was simple, the Rose Inn was a bit far, and it would take at least four or five hours to reach.

This trip would earn him quite a bit of money.

The coachman wasn't worried about Herag refusing to pay; Herag looked like someone who wasn't short on money.

Moreover, the Rose Inn was a very high-end place, and those who stayed there weren't ordinary people.

Herag naturally did his homework before coming and had some understanding of the Central Region's situation.

This place was managed by an organization called the Wizard Alliance, the people of which were from the Six Great Wizard Organizations.

The Wizard Alliance was parliamentary, and every time there was an important thing in the Land of Dawn, it was decided after a Round Table Council meeting.

However, it was only for important matters that a Round Table Council was convened for discussions.

For many detailed issues in the Central Region, the Wizard Alliance typically didn't handle them.

The Central Region was managed jointly by the Six Great Wizard Organizations, which might make it sound like the management here should be excellent.

After all, a place governed together by the Six Great Wizard Organizations shouldn't have problems.

However, quite the opposite was true; the Central Region was actually a very chaotic place with particularly poor law enforcement.

In the Central Region, petty scams and thefts were small matters, while murder and robbery were quite common.

Herag was puzzled when he first learned about it; why didn't the Wizard Alliance intervene in such chaos?

Later, after learning more, he understood that it wasn't that the Wizard Alliance didn't care, but that they didn't handle such minor issues.

Matters like one or two deaths were considered small unless the deceased was someone of special status, which the Wizard Alliance wouldn't bother with.

Unless you were engaged in malicious indiscriminate killing, the Wizard Alliance would strike down on such acts.

But if it was just personal grudges, the Wizard Alliance wouldn't intervene.

Because the personnel composition of the Central Region was too complicated, not only were there people from the Six Great Wizard Organizations, but also from various factions of the Land of Dawn.

A lot of matters were not because the Wizard Alliance didn't want to manage, but because they couldn't.

For instance, if people from Serlandir fought with those from the Eye of the Storm, the Wizard Alliance would have to convene a Round Table Council to discuss how to resolve it.

If it were a large-scale conflict, it could indeed be mediated in this way to maintain stability and avoid a result with mass casualties.

But if it was just a minor dispute between two or three people, calling for a Round Table Council would mean that people from the Six Great Wizard Organizations would be doing nothing but attending meetings every day.

Although the Wizard Alliance also had a Law Enforcement Team responsible for managing security, they generally wouldn't attend to just anything.

As long as you didn't affect the normal operation of the city order, the Law Enforcement Team wouldn't actively intervene.

Unless you encountered an issue and sought help yourself, they might assist in solving the problem.

But in most cases, many issues were personal enmities, which were settled among themselves.

Pitiful scams and such were conducted by local strongmen, who had some background.

Those unfamiliar with the Central Region often got scammed by these locals once before learning how to survive here.

Herag had just stepped off the airship, and those who surrounded him mostly had ulterior motives, wanting to extort him heavily.

Because anyone familiar with this place seldom came here alone; those with backgrounds would have companions.

Herag, coming alone, was immediately marked as a novice who understood nothing by these people.

To their surprise, Herag was capable of defending himself; these people only bullied the weak and stayed away from tough nuts like him.

Herag had already learned about such situations from the tavern forum, so he left the square immediately to call for a carriage outside.

Even the carriages waiting outside had their tricks, but they chose their targets carefully.

Hearing Herag ask to go to the Rose Inn, the driver naturally understood, and he typically wouldn't mess around.

The force behind the Rose Inn was Serlandir, but it didn't only accommodate Serlandir members; it generally hosted wizards, and ordinary people rarely stayed there.

As an official member of Serlandir, Herag himself enjoyed an 80% discount as a perk.

This time, representing Serlandir in the Cradle Action, everything was free of charge.

Herag sat inside the carriage, observing the scenery outside.

This place really was different from other parts of the Land of Dawn; Herag's most direct impression from his ride was the place's disorderliness.

The personnel were very mixed, consisting of all kinds of people, businessmen, wizards, knights.

These people existed in other cities too, but here, a notable difference was that nearly everyone carried weapons with them.

In cities like Silver Moon City and Crystal City, few people carried swords or weapons.

Because the security in those cities was pretty decent, and people rarely encountered dangers on a daily basis.

Herag clearly felt that the aura of these individuals was different from those in other places, as if each was a well-experienced adventurer.

The range of roadside shops was extensive, selling all kinds of things.

Herag saw a shop trading slaves, with several cages placed in front, containing creatures such as elves and red-skinned half-beastmen.

Herag had never seen this kind of half-beastman before; it wasn't a race from the Wizard Plane, most likely plundered from other planes.

After observing for over two hours, Herag felt that the place had a 'simple and honest' folk style.

He had seen an untold number of times where street confrontations turned into battles without even a word, often resulting in death or life battles.

Heads fell, and blood flowed like streams.

More crucially, the surrounding people at most just looked, and then continued their conversations as if nothing had happened.

This seemed to be the rule here, handling grievances by themselves without affecting others.

That's why those people could continue chatting without changing expressions; because it had nothing to do with them, they wouldn't be involved.

As for theft, robbery, brawling, Herag had seen so much it became visually exhausting; it seemed these occurrences were just everyday events in the Central Region.

Herag so far hadn't witnessed battles between official wizards; it was mostly knights, great knights, or wizard apprentices.

Even when wizard apprentices fought, they didn't use magic that would affect others, they were very disciplined in their actions.

Chapter 416: Bannings

Official Wizards generally don't fight on the street; Level 1 Spells can easily affect others.

Moreover, those who become Official Wizards usually belong to various factions, even if they're not from the Six Great Wizard Organizations, they are from some Wizard Families.

For these people, even if there are conflicts, they can be resolved through other means.

Of course, from time to time, battles between Official Wizards do happen, often attracting members of the Law Enforcement Team.

On the way, Herag saw a group of people wearing uniform robes, with an emblem of a staff on them, indicating they were members of the Central Region's Law Enforcement Team.

He had only seen such a Law Enforcement Team once along the way.

Probably because the Central Region is so vast and the Law Enforcement Team is understaffed, they can't manage it all.

A team can only be responsible for a small area, and places further away are left unattended.

Herag couldn't find the exact number of the population in this gigantic city.

He feels that it's because there are too many people and the city is too vast, making it impossible for the Wizard Alliance to manage the entire city.

Or you could say, the Wizard Alliance doesn't have the energy to focus on these daily management tasks.

If it really comes to a special time, with the power of the Wizard Alliance, it's still easy to manage as long as there's enough strength.

The Wizard Alliance probably considered this point, which is why they usually take a laissez-faire attitude towards these daily management tasks.

As long as they maintain overall order, if any significant trouble arises, the Wizard Alliance is confident they can resolve it.

...

Two hours later, the carriage arrived at the Rose Inn.

Herag found that this area was distinctly different from the dock. The pedestrians here looked similar to those in places like Silver Moon City, just like ordinary city residents.

The number of Official Wizards here increased sharply, and many of those coming and going were of the Official Wizard Level.

Herag tossed a small bag of Silver Coins to the coachman, which counted as the fare; there were about seventy to eighty Silver Coins inside.

The coachman eagerly peered into the pouch and, immediately delighted, bowed and said, "Thank you, sir!"

Herag didn't turn back and walked straight into the inn.

He reached the front desk, where a girl who appeared to be only sixteen or seventeen was standing behind it; the name tag on her chest read Airen.

"Please check me in. I'm Herag Merlin; there should be a reservation," Herag said, taking out his Talisman Stone and placing it on the counter.

Airen respectfully took the Talisman Stone to check the information and then glanced at the information on her Talisman Stone and said, "Mr. Herag, your room is on the second floor, room number seven. Here is your key."

She took out an ancient bronze key from the safe behind the counter, which emanated some strange glow, clearly enchanted, indicating the key was for unlocking a Magic Lock.

Herag nodded and took the key; it was the first time he had seen a hotel room using Magic Locks.

In places like Silver Moon City, only very important rooms are protected by Magic Locks.

After obtaining the key, Herag began to climb the stairs; the interior of the Rose Inn was very quiet, with a faint fragrance lingering in the air, which was quite pleasant.

The inn's decor was also elegant and understated, with some renowned oil paintings hanging on the walls.

The number of rooms here was very limited, with only nine rooms on the second floor, each of significant size, even larger than the luxury suites on an airship.

After unlocking the Magic Lock with the key, Herag found that the interior decoration was also in an elegant and understated style.

After familiarizing himself with the environment, Herag took out the Talisman Stone and began to send messages to Reese, Pries, and others, informing them that he had arrived and settled at the Rose Inn.

The Cradle Action would start in a month, so there was still some time left.

Herag didn't plan to wander around during this period as it was too chaotic here.

Although this area seemed calmer, it was only because no one was fighting with knives on the street; no one knew what was happening in the dark.

This time, those attending the Cradle Action were outstanding Wizards from various factions, and although Herag had only encountered Medel so far, others would undoubtedly be equally formidable.

People from Augustus Academy were naturally also participating, and Herag had previously asked Lillian, who mentioned some very strong Crystalization Wizards.

Augustus Academy seemed to be treating this Cradle Action as a project task, with participating Wizards all having assessment indicators.

Currently, Lillian was still a Liquidation Wizard, a long way from Crystalization, which was why she couldn't participate in this Cradle Action.

After resting at the inn for a night, Herag set out the next morning to head to the Wizard Alliance Hall.

As a participant in the Cradle Action, Herag needed to register upon arrival to indicate his preparedness.

The Wizard Alliance Hall appeared like a temple from the outside, very solemn with a row of stout and tall pillars that seemed to support the heavens and earth.

Outside the hall were long stairs; Herag initially intended to activate the Feather of Flight to fly directly up, but discovered there was a magic-suppressing Witch Array, so he had to walk up instead of flying.

Helplessly, Herag could only walk up the stairs obediently.

He had barely approached the entrance when he noticed a somewhat familiar person, who also looked over at him.

This person wore a tall hat with a monocle over his left eye.

"Lord Bannings?" Herag recognized the person after a while.

Bannings was a member of the Land of Dawn's Expedition Team; he was the one in charge during the selection process for entering the Elf Plane during the Barren Land's expedition.

At that time, Bannings allowed those who wished to leave to do so voluntarily, but no one did.

Herag hadn't seen Bannings since entering the Elf Plane and was surprised to meet him again here.

Bannings sensed Herag's gaze and looked over; after a while, he smiled and said, "You're the one from the Barren Land... Herag, right?"

Despite needing a moment, Bannings recalling Herag's name was quite surprising.

"Lord Bannings, I didn't expect you to still remember me," Herag said with a smile.

Bannings replied, "Since only thirteen people passed the selection process for the opening war, I naturally have some impression of you. How have you been in Serlandir? Oh, you're already a Crystalization Wizard, very impressive talent!"

He was somewhat surprised, having noticed Herag's magical aura, and applauded Herag for advancing to a Crystalization Wizard so quickly.

"Only thirteen..." Herag recalled the hall was fully packed back then, yet only thirteen people entered the Land of Dawn ultimately.

He himself accounted for three people, meaning only ten others passed the selection.

...

#### Chapter 417: World X-617

After Herag entered the Land of Dawn, he didn't pay attention to the happenings over at the opening war in the Elf Plane, not expecting the difficulty to be so high.

Upon thinking carefully, he understood that apart from Malcolm, who was a Crystalization Wizard, the rest were basically Wizards in the Gaseous or Liquid Stage.

With age restrictions under sixty, this is considered young among Wizards, and most people haven't built sufficient strength.

At least in the realm of plane wars, even a Level 1 Wizard is considered quite weak.

In the Barren Land, advancing to an Official Wizard is already challenging, let alone becoming a Crystalization Wizard before sixty.

Those Wizards who participated in the selection either probably perished in the Elf Plane or their performance was insufficient to meet the passing requirements.

"Is Mr. Bannings not over at the Elf Plane?" Herag asked.

Bannings adjusted his monocle and said, "Last time, I only organized the selection in the Barren Land, but didn't actually participate in the opening war in the Elf Plane."

"I see," Herag nodded.

Bannings glanced at Herag and suddenly said, "I didn't expect you to advance to a Crystalization Wizard so quickly. Are you here to participate in the cradle operation?"

"That's right, I just came here to participate in the cradle operation," Herag said.

Bannings chuckled, "What a coincidence, I am also responsible for organizing this cradle operation. Since there's nothing else at the moment, let me take you to handle the procedures."

"Thank you, Lord Bannings," Herag said.

The first floor of the Wizard Alliance Hall was no different from other offices, particularly spacious, with various windows handling different affairs.

The registration procedure for the cradle operation was simple, only needing to present a Talisman Stone for a simple registration, then it was just a wait of a month before the official start.

While registering, Herag also looked through some related materials on the cradle operation.

These materials were more detailed, describing some situations of the X-617 world.

X-617 is the world number, converted from spatial coordinates through some calculations, having a unique nature.

This world was discovered by the exploration personnel of the Wizard Alliance Expedition Team and determined to be a world with life, habitable, and utilizable after exploration.

After rating the world and measuring various data, it was confirmed as a Low-tier World.

Regarding the ownership of this world, it was decided after a round table meeting and thus this cradle operation was initiated.

According to the time calculation of the Wizard Plane, the X-617 world has existed for 3.5 billion years, various life forms have appeared, but there is currently no highly intelligent civilized race.

Since there is no highly intelligent race, conquest poses no difficulty, merely needing to control the World Will.

So, the Wizard Alliance is in no hurry, directly using this cradle operation as a trial for potential young Wizards.

After completing the procedures with Herag, Bannings smiled and asked, "Have you considered joining our expedition team in the future?"

"Can I join? I'm currently just a Crystalization Wizard, and I also don't really understand what the expedition team specifically does," Herag pondered.

He knew little about the expedition team, having only had brief contact in the Barren Land, and had not really been in touch with Bannings and those from the expedition team.

"Of course you can. For a Wizard like you, advancing to a Level 2 Wizard is just a matter of time. Moreover, even a Crystalization Wizard is enough to become a member of the expedition team. Our expedition team is an organization under the Wizard Alliance, mainly aiming to discover and conquer other planes, and acquire resources," Bannings said.

Herag began to seriously consider this issue, knowing that he would need more and more resources in the future.

Currently, his most reliable way to obtain resources is to earn Contribution Points and exchange them for resources through Serlandir's channels.

But the problem is that the ordinary way to earn Contribution Points is too slow, likely not enough to support future resource needs.

Joining the expedition team is indeed a very good choice, albeit more dangerous, but the rewards are also very rich.

Once he advances to a Level 2 Wizard, participating in plane expeditions would be relatively safer.

Born cautious, Herag felt he needed enough understanding before making a decision.

Seeing him pondering, Bannings smiled, "No need to rush your decision, I'm just asking. When you've made up your mind, you can contact me anytime through the Talisman Stone."

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

...

After saying goodbye to Bannings, Herag left the alliance hall while Bannings still had some expedition team affairs to handle there.

The street outside the Wizard Alliance Hall was empty, with no carriages, as it seemed carriages were not allowed to linger idly there.

Herag then intended to walk to the adjacent street to see if he could find a carriage.

There was a narrow, dim alleyway connecting the two streets.

As Herag walked into the alley, he suddenly stopped halfway through.

A person appeared ahead, a boy with a face full of freckles.

Herag looked up and recognized the person: "Malcolm."

He didn't expect to encounter Malcolm here.

Malcolm flashed a simple smile, looking like a young boy, and said, "What a coincidence, meeting you again. I didn't expect you to already be a Crystalization Wizard, it seems there must be some secret about you. Last time, you were lucky to escape, otherwise, I would have had a very interesting test subject."

"This time, however, I won't let you escape."

Magic Power surged from Malcolm, clearly ready to make a move.

Herag showed no fear, his expression unchanged while looking at Malcolm, as now he was no longer helpless against Malcolm.

Last time when facing Malcolm, if not for Batty's timely arrival, Herag would have perished at Malcolm's hands.

But now, everything was different.

Although Malcolm knew that Herag had become a Crystalization Wizard, he still didn't regard him seriously.

As he was about to make a move, a voice came from behind Herag: "Malcolm, if you lay a hand on Herag, I have the right to revoke your cradle operation qualification."

Herag turned around and saw it was Bannings.

Bannings walked over calmly, patted Herag's shoulder with a smile, and then looked at Malcolm, "You are both participants in the cradle operation, you cannot attack one another, at least not now."

"Your luck sure is good." Malcolm dared not act rashly in front of Bannings, gave Herag a cold look, then withdrew the surge of Magic Power and turned away.

Chapter 418: The Banquet

Herag watched Malcolm's departing figure, thinking to himself, "I wonder whose luck will turn out better..."

Nonetheless, he still said gratefully, "Thank you, Lord Bannings."

"No worries, I just happened to be passing by. Be careful with Malcolm though; once you enter the X-617 world, remember that we don't prohibit you from fighting each other," Bannings said.

"Rest assured, Lord Bannings. Even if he doesn't trouble me, there are some scores I need to settle with him," Herag said with a carefree smile.

Bannings chuckled, "Since you feel confident in handling it, that's the best. Good luck!"

Then the two walked and chatted until Herag got into the carriage before Bannings left.

Sitting inside the carriage, Herag recalled the earlier event.

Judging from the magical aura on Malcolm, he was already at the limit stage of a Crystalization Wizard, poised to advance to a Level 2 Wizard.

Herag had just asked Bannings; Malcolm was an official member of the Eye of the Storm, and a disciple of the Level 3 Wizard Fran.

From this point, one must consider the possibility that Malcolm possesses powerful witchcraft artifacts.

Being the disciple of a Level 3 Wizard, good items on him are certainly not lacking.

Herag suspected Malcolm intended to seize this opportunity, and after becoming Master of the World, would complete the process of advancing to a Level 2 Wizard upon returning to the Wizard Plane.

Herag was still quite a long way from advancing to a Level 2 Wizard, and once Malcolm became a Level 2 Wizard, the gap between them would widen again.

He pondered for a while, realizing that the X-617 world was the best opportunity to kill Malcolm.

Currently, the gap in strength between them was the smallest, and inside the X-617 world, he also had the capability to kill Malcolm.

Herag silently made up his mind; he couldn't let Malcolm leave the X-617 world alive.

Malcolm, with his potential threat, was someone Herag had to eliminate, and now was the prime time.

Once Malcolm became a Level 2 Wizard, it would be difficult to eliminate him whether considering the strength gap or opportunities.

Herag quietly closed his eyes, images of Emil and Melissa flashed through his mind...

...

"My lord, we've arrived." The driver's voice came from the front.

Herag got off the carriage and saw a luxuriously decorated carriage parked at the entrance of the Rose Inn.

Next to the carriage stood a middle-aged man with whitening hair, dressed like a butler from a noble family.

When Herag got off the carriage, the middle-aged man looked over, and as Herag approached, the man tentatively asked, "Mr. Herag?"

"That's me. You are?" Herag asked somewhat perplexed.

"Oh, Mr. Herag, hello, I am Kuka, Medel's butler. I'm here to specially invite you to attend the banquet hosted by Lord Medel. You must attend," Kuka said in a calm tone.

His attitude made Herag feel something different; the butlers he usually encountered wouldn't have such an equal dialogue attitude. It seemed the butlers of the Taylor Family were a cut above.

Herag naturally wasn't inclined to go, but being invited directly made it hard to refuse.

Refusing such an invitation without any apparent conflict would mean tearing the face.

Currently, he and Medel, at least on the surface, had no resentment, and Herag didn't want to escalate trouble, so he said, "Lead the way then."

"Please." Kuka stood beside the carriage, lifted the curtain for Herag to step up first.

In terms of these etiquettes, Kuka still showed the demeanor fitting a grand family.

After Herag got on the carriage, Kuka quickly followed, and the driver immediately snapped the whip, driving the carriage away.

Kuka sat upright and proper after getting on the carriage, not initiating any conversation with Herag.

Herag, naturally, had no interest in talking to him either, sighing inwardly, feeling Medel was like an unshakable adhesive patch.

He came all this way alone, yet he was still sought out.

"Why does this person love hosting banquets and dances so much..." Herag said in exasperation.

Medel was using his background to expand his network.

The banquet venue was a grand hotel, presumably rented out by Medel, with people in charge of greeting guests at the entrance.

Led by Kuka, Herag entered the banquet site.

It was crowded here, everyone dressed impressively.

As Herag hadn't prepared beforehand, he was still in his daily attire, just a regular wizard robe casually thrown on, not caring about appearances.

When Reese was around, she'd help him with his outfit.

On his own, he wore whatever clothing was convenient.

Scanning the crowd, Herag immediately spotted Medel talking animatedly with a brown-haired man.

And that brown-haired man turned out to be Malcolm.

Herag was somewhat surprised Medel invited Malcolm but on second thought, being the disciple of the Level 3 Wizard Fran, inviting him made sense.

Since Medel wanted to strengthen his network, he wouldn't pass up Malcolm.

While Herag watched these two, they both sensed the gaze and looked over.

Medel saw Herag and smiled, "Herag, you've arrived. Let me introduce you..."

"No need, we've long known each other." Malcolm said with a simple smile.

Medel seemed to realize something, understanding suddenly, "You both come from the Barren Land, so it's only natural you know each other, something I didn't know."

Herag glanced at Malcolm, smiled without saying anything.

Medel perceptively noticed the abnormality between them, realizing the two might have some conflict, he changed the topic, "Tonight there are fifteen participants in the cradle operation, everyone can get acquainted, resulting in some support within the X-617 world."

Herag said nothing, knowing that these participants were all rivals.

If they don't fight after entering the X-617 world, that would be considered good; how could they possibly support each other?

At this point, a man appearing in his forties or fifties approached and said to Medel, "Mr. Medel, my Apia will definitely help you succeed in seizing control of the world."

"Mr. Medel, me too, lending you a hand." A blonde woman also approached and said.

Not only that, but two more Crystalization Wizards came forward expressing willingness to help Medel.

Herag observed and realized these four people probably wanted to cling to the Taylor Family's stronghold.

They might not be very strong themselves, having a low probability of seizing world control, hence they directly joined Medel's camp.

#### Chapter 419: Assassination

These people had already been drawn in by Medel, so coming over to cooperate at this moment was also to showcase Medel's strength, thereby attracting more people to join.

After all, not every participant in the Cradle Operation can seize control of the world, many have a clear understanding of their own abilities.

Among the people sent out by each Wizard Organization, there are only a few seed players, while the rest are foils.

These people will naturally maximize the use of this opportunity to strive for more benefits for themselves.

Herag stayed to the side drinking red wine, saying nothing, and trying to minimize his presence.

In his view, no matter how many of these people there were, it would be useless.

In the face of absolute power, numbers are meaningless.

After this banquet, two more people had a pleasant conversation with Medel, and it seemed they joined Medel as well.

Herag remained silent throughout, without showing any reaction.

Medel did not take the initiative to find him either, just looked at Herag's departing figure when he left.

...

After the banquet dispersed.

Herag sat in the carriage returning to the Rose Inn, with some traces of alcohol on him, but he was not drunk at all.

By this time, there weren't many people moving about on the street, and since this wasn't a commercial street, it was rare to see anyone at night.

The coachman sitting in the coachman's seat yawned, preparing to return home for sleep after dropping off his carriage customer, having had a tiring day.

The carriage moved along the street, traveling slightly faster than usual, the sound of clattering hoofbeats echoing around.

The coachman, familiar with the surroundings here, guided the carriage into an alleyway, which would allow them to reach the Rose Inn faster.

Herag, who had been meditating with his eyes closed, suddenly sensed something and opened his eyes.

A man wrapped entirely in a black robe, holding a foil, suddenly appeared from the empty alley wall, leaping downwards, the foil aimed directly at Herag's head inside the carriage.

The entire process was silent, without even a whisper of wind.

The black-robed man seemed to barely exist, making no noise whatsoever.

The foil approached the top of the carriage noiselessly, smoothly piercing into the wood without any resistance.

The black-robed man's eyes were fixed on the foil, maintaining steady breathing.

Just as the foil pierced through the top of the carriage, about to enter Herag's head.

Herag opened his eyes, his whole body rapidly swelling in size, with dark gold armor covering his body.

Simultaneously, his suddenly enlarged body caused the entire carriage to burst apart.

Herag extended his hand, catching the toothpick-like foil between two fingers.

In comparison to his now enormous body, the foil truly seemed as insignificant as a toothpick.

The black-robed man attempted to pull the foil back with force but couldn't budge it, feeling as if Herag's fingers clamped the foil like iron pincers, making it impossible to retrieve.

As the man was about to release his grip and abandoning the foil, Herag reached out and seized his head.

With Herag's current arm length, he could reach the black-robed man standing in place without any trouble.

Herag's enormous hand completely enveloped the black-robed man's head, then he suddenly exerted a mighty force into it.

However, the anticipated scene did not occur; the black-robed man turned into a cloud of black mist, and a black puppet dropped into Herag's palm.

Herag looked at the black puppet before him: "Casting material, it seems to be a clone."

The black-robed man had been merely a kind of assassination magic used by some wizard; it looked like Shadow Magic.

If it were an ordinary wizard without high alertness, they might indeed have been successfully assassinated.

This magic made no noise at all throughout, and there wasn't even a trace of magic power fluctuation.

The black-robed man relied on Shadow Magic to hide his aura, which couldn't be detected without specific probing skills.

Herag was able to discover him because he used Shenlan's environmental detection to notice the black-robed man instantly.

The moment the black-robed man's figure appeared, Herag felt a surge of crisis.

Thus, the scene unfolded as it did just now.

The black-robed man was merely a magic after all, using the black wooden puppet as casting material.

It seemed to be purely assassination magic with almost no defensive capability.

Herag immediately checked his surroundings but found no suspicious people.

Shenlan's environmental detection didn't spot anyone unusual, which suggested it was likely a remote magic.

"Who would come to assassinate me?"

Herag couldn't help but ponder this question.

Medel?

He hadn't joined Medel, so provoking Medel to make a move on him was possible.

However, it might not be; it could possibly be the Abyssal Cultist, or even the Eye of the Storm.

Judging from the ambush location, it seemed like someone was watching him.

Since he hadn't sensed being watched, it indicated that the other party's method was quite special.

Herag put away the black puppet; it was used casting material, of no further use.

However, keeping it might be a clue, useful someday.

Herag stopped pondering who came to assassinate him, as it was hard to figure out without concrete evidence at the moment.

He glanced at the petrified coachman, who huddled in a corner, not daring to move.

The carriage was completely ruined, and the horse pulling it had fled, its whereabouts unknown.

Herag thought for a moment, then took out a bag filled with dozens of Gold Coins from his Space Ring, tossing it to the coachman.

"This is compensation for your carriage."

The coachman looked at the bag of money in front of him, not daring to pick it up until Herag walked away.

He then quickly went and picked up the money bag.

He glanced in the direction the horse had run and hurriedly pursued it.

Feeling the heavy bag of Gold Coins in his arms, the coachman's fear began to diminish significantly.

He initially thought he was finished, legs having gone weak from the fright of the sudden appearance of the Dark Gold Armor Giant, unable to run.

Watching the horse flee helplessly, unable to get up to chase it.

Unexpectedly, the giant was just the carriage guest, and the Gold Coins were more than sufficient to cover the loss.

If he managed to retrieve the horse, it would have been a great profit.

...

After returning to the Rose Inn, Herag once again looked at the black puppet, checking that it was called an Ashen Puppet, a Tier One casting material for Shadow Magic.

Just from this item, it was impossible to infer who was behind it, so Herag decided to put it aside for the time being.

After this incident, Herag planned not to leave the inn for the next month.

Anything needed could be handled by the inn's staff, errands and such, without requiring him to go out.

The Rose Inn was still quite safe, as it was specially provided for wizards to stay in, and was equipped with adequate Witch Arrays, among others.

#### Chapter 420: Twilight Temple

A month quickly passed, and Herag had been meditating in the inn for a month, going nowhere, finally waiting for the day of the start of the Cradle Operation.

The Wizard Alliance's carriage arrived early at the entrance of the Rose Inn, specifically to take Herag to a place called the Twilight Temple.

The Twilight Temple is a very famous place in the Central Region, and Herag had heard of it long before.

When the Expedition Team discovers a Plane worth conquering and invading, they record the Plane's coordinates.

If the target Plane is a Middle Plane, or a well-developed Lower Plane, a stable space channel needs to be established.

Once a stable space channel is built, a transmission point is set up, connecting the transmission point with the space channel.

After the connection is made, people can enter the target Plane through the transmission point.

And the Twilight Temple is where the transmission points for many Planes are located.

The name of the Twilight Temple derives from the fact that it is really an ancient temple.

To be precise, the entire Central Region was actually established centered around the Twilight Temple.

The Twilight Temple came first, then the Central Region, and then the Land of Dawn.

Long before the Land of Dawn appeared, the Twilight Temple had already been standing in this place.

No one knows what the Twilight Temple was used for in the past, and to this day, no one has been able to figure it out.

There is no historical documentation from that era, and most exist in the form of murals, making it extremely difficult to investigate.

However, Wizards discovered that the Twilight Temple is incredibly strong.

The entire Twilight Temple is built from a kind of gray-white stone, which no one in the entire Wizard Plane has found elsewhere.

This gray-white stone is extremely hard and sturdy, and ordinary Level 1 Spells can't cause even a scratch on it.

Only with the use of Power of Rules is it possible to cause any damage to it.

This is the reason the Twilight Temple has stood tall for so many years up to now.

It is now protected by the Wizard Alliance; idle people can't get near it, let alone damage it.

The Twilight Temple has a specific trait: the Plane transmission points built inside it are extremely stable, reinforcing the transmission points.

The most feared aspect of space transmission points is instability.

If instability occurs, ordinary Level 1 and Level 2 Wizards almost have no chance of surviving.

Level 3 Wizards have some chance of surviving, but it depends on luck.

After discovering this trait of the Twilight Temple, the Wizards of the Land of Dawn began setting many Plane transmission points here.

The Twilight Temple has contributed significantly to the plane-conquest wars of the Land of Dawn; without this place, the plane-conquest wars wouldn't have proceeded so smoothly.

When Herag got off the carriage, he immediately saw the majestic and magnificent Twilight Temple ahead.

The main structure of the Twilight Temple is very simple, even primitive.

The whole thing is built from giant stone blocks, with some stone pillars that require hundreds of people to embrace.

Just from the architectural style, Herag could feel an ancient aura, instantly knowing it was constructed by people from long ago.

In front of the Twilight Temple, there is a field with many people.

Approaching the area, Herag found it was a place for identity verification; everyone entering the Twilight Temple must have their identity checked.

After Herag presented his Talisman Stone, he quickly passed the verification and was allowed to proceed.

After entering, when he arrived at the entrance of the Twilight Temple, he felt the sheer size of the temple.

Standing next to a stone pillar, Herag looked like an ant from afar.

He looked up at the large door of the Twilight Temple, and its proportions seemed not designed for humans.

The door is over a thousand meters high, as if it was designed for the Gods to use a temple.

When Herag reached the entrance, he felt like he had stumbled into the Giant Realm, where everything around was magnified countless times.

The interior of the temple is naturally extremely vast for humans; it can't even be described as a palace—it is practically a plain.

However, Wizards have built many facilities here, dividing it into many zones, and Herag's vision couldn't reach the end before being obstructed.

Within the detectable range, there were facilities for space transmission or where the transmission points are located.

"You made it," Bannings noticed Herag who just stepped through the door and said with a smile.

Herag nodded and approached, discovering Medel, Malcolm, and others were also present.

There were at least several hundred people here, but because the space was so vast, it seemed not many people were around, rather sparse.

Not far away, Medel was surrounded by a few people, all of whom were his subordinates and participants in this Cradle Operation.

Opposite Medel was a middle-aged man with a bearded face, speaking to Medel: "Medel, you are an excellent descendant of our Taylor Family. In this Cradle Operation, you must succeed. And everyone, please assist as much as you can once inside. If successful, our Taylor Family will richly reward you."

"Mr. Reece, rest assured, we will do our best to support Lord Medel in becoming the Master of the World."

Reece is Medel's biological father, a Level 2 Wizard, and a key figure in the Taylor Family.

These people usually have no chance to interact with such high-level figures, so naturally, they pounded their chests, ensuring their utmost efforts for Medel, even if it costs their lives.

Herag looked for a moment before retracting his gaze, glancing at Malcolm not far away.

At that moment, Malcolm also glanced over, making a slicing motion across his neck, his meaning unmistakable.

Herag chuckled, "Fine, I'll oblige you by chopping your head right off at this spot."

His voice, wrapped in magic power, was transmitted directly to Malcolm's ear.

Malcolm, upon hearing Herag's words, laughed angrily as if mocking Herag's ignorance.

At this moment, Bannings spoke to everyone, "Now that everyone is here, I'll go over some important points. The Cradle Operation is about to begin, with no time limit, ending only when someone seizes world control. In World X-617, you can at any time activate the witchcraft artifacts that will be distributed to you shortly. Once activated, you will be transported back."

"So, if you find yourself in danger or severely injured, please activate the witchcraft artifact immediately to return."

"And the most important thing, what I have here is called the World Staff, a Tier Two Witchcraft Artifact, capable of controlling weaker World Wills."

In Bannings' hand, a flash of light revealed a wooden staff, about twenty centimeters long.