

## Sixth 421

### Chapter 421: Operation Cradle Begins

Bannings continued, "What you need to do is go in, find the location of the World Will, and then use this World Staff to control it, and everything will be over."

Although he spoke lightly, as if it were simple, everyone knew it wasn't an easy task.

The World Will is an elusive entity. Everyone present is a Level 1 Wizard and has never even encountered the Power of Rules, making this task anything but simple.

Herag glanced at the World Staff in Bannings' hand, which looked like just an ordinary wooden short staff, nothing special.

He roughly understood why only 180 people were allowed to enter the X-617 World; this number is small for the entire Land of Dawn, likely because there aren't enough World Staffs.

Level 2 Witchcraft Artifacts is no small number.

Although the Wizard Alliance invests heavily in plane warfare, resources are not limitless; there's only so much.

After Bannings introduced the World Staff, he brought out a ring embedded with black jade: "This is a Teleportation Ring, containing the coordinates of teleportation points here. Once activated, you can leave the X-617 World and return here. Use it as the situation warrants."

A World Staff and a Teleportation Ring were distributed to everyone participating in the Cradle Action.

Herag put the Teleportation Ring on his finger, ready to activate it at any moment.

The World Staff was stored in the Space Ring, as it wouldn't be useful right away, but only when the time came.

Once everything was distributed, the next phase was entering the world through teleportation.

X-617 World's teleportation point is a small altar, only about ten square meters, considered a micro altar compared to other teleportation points.

Teleportation is initiated by stepping onto the altar, where a nearby Wizard is responsible for activating the altar to start the teleportation.

The sequence of teleportation follows the order of Talisman Stone numbers, where those with earlier numbers go first.

Because the altar can only teleport one person at a time, a queue is necessary.

Herag was speechless; according to the sequence, his Talisman Stone number was the last.

Among these people, only he and Malcolm were from the Barren Land, so their numbers were last.

The others were originally residents of the Land of Dawn and already had Talisman Stones.

Herag was tempted to ask why the order wasn't based on the first letter of the surname, but he held back, knowing it was not his place to speak.

Medel was the first to teleport since his Talisman Stone number was the highest among these people.

Being first offered significant advantages, as he wouldn't have to worry about being ambushed and could familiarize himself with the environment faster.

Those entering afterward, like Herag, must be cautious of potential ambushes upon arrival, varying the overall risk.

Herag watched as the others entered one by one without impatience.

Although he was starting off at a disadvantage, a bit of time wouldn't make a significant difference.

Malcolm appeared calm as well, staring at the altar, lost in thought.

Herag waited several hours for his turn; by then, the site was deserted.

Malcolm stepped onto the altar, turned to look at Herag, and squinted with a smile; then the altar flashed, and Malcolm disappeared.

The white-bearded Wizard handling the teleportation waited for the altar to calm down before calling out: "Next, Herag Merlin."

Herag went over, stepped onto the altar, and upon turning, saw Bannings delivering an encouraging gaze.

Herag returned a smile, then regulated his breathing, preparing for teleportation.

The white-bearded Wizard extended his hand, gathering Magic Power, and infused it into the altar.

The altar began vibrating subtly, and then with a flash of light, Herag vanished from the spot.

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Herag sensed the familiar spatial fluctuations, similar to previous space transmissions, with which he was well-acquainted.

As the altar activated, the surrounding scenery vanished instantly, replaced by distorted, multicolored swirling arcs.

This scene lasted only a moment before the surroundings brightened again.

Herag's pupils contracted slightly, adjusting to the sudden increase in brightness.

"The sound of waves..."

Herag instantly heard the sound of waves crashing against the beach, and upon closer inspection, found himself on a sandy shore, with an endless ocean stretching out ahead.

Behind him lay a dense jungle, filled with tall, sturdy trees.

"Titan Power."

"Absolute Defense."

Without hesitation, Herag equipped himself fully to ensure he could respond in peak condition to any sudden situations.

He immediately initiated an environment scan, discovering some unfamiliar flora and fauna but no traces of other Wizards.

He observed the animals; all were ordinary, lacking high energy levels and not classified as Extraordinary Creatures.

A constant wave sound echoed from the coast while behind, the jungle resonated with birdsong and occasional prolonged beast growls.

Herag glanced at pieces of torn clothing on the ground, using Magic Power to collect them all.

It wasn't for the purpose of environmental protection but to leave no trace or clues.

After ensuring there was no immediate threat, Herag attempted to activate his Bloodline Mark.

Electric light began flickering across his skin, and beneath the Dark Gold Armor, his skin gradually revealed dark golden tones.

Once confirmed that the Bloodline Mark could be activated, Herag ceased further activation.

The power of the Bloodline Mark should be reserved for crucial moments since it's a Bloodline Power from the Abyss Plane.

Herag wasn't certain if the Wizard Alliance on the other side could sense the situation here, so he acted more cautiously.

Should they be observing him through a Crystal Ball, transforming right then could spell doom.

Herag decided against fully activating the Bloodline Mark in this plane; the presence created by a complete form is too overwhelming.

Using it might require the elimination of all witnesses afterward, which complicates explanations post-mission, especially if someone is surveilling.

Another concern for Herag was whether fully activating the Bloodline Mark could be sustained by this plane.

He's unsure of the complete form's power level—whether it's at Level 3 Wizard strength, manageable within this world's limits.

However, if the strength reached Level 4 Wizard, it could lead to severe consequences.

Herag speculated partial activation of the Bloodline Mark's power, boosting physical prowess, should suffice for the Cradle Action.

Chapter 422: Primal

If he truly encounters an urgent and dangerous situation, he can also activate more Bloodline Power.

But for now, it seems unlikely there will be any situation that forces him to use all his Bloodline Power.

The strongest among the others is just a Crystalization Wizard, and without reaching Level 2 Wizard, there's no qualitative change.

Herag swiftly traverses the jungle, documenting unfamiliar plants and animals to enrich the database of Shenlan.

Although the flora and fauna here differ from those in Wizard Plane areas, their biological categories are generally similar.

Most creatures can be observed briefly to discern their characteristics.

From these signs, Herag deduced that the Plane Fragment evolving into the X-617 World likely originates from a world similar to the Wizard Plane.

While flying over a small river, Herag noticed a group of creatures resembling Saber-toothed Tigers drinking by the riverbank.

Due to concealing his aura, these Saber-toothed Tigers were completely unaware of Herag's presence, oblivious to his flight overhead.

Herag's current objective is to find someone, locate Malcolm, and then kill him.

According to previously gathered information, the X-617 World presently consists of a single piece of land, not divided into several continents.

Therefore, there's no concern about Malcolm escaping to another continent and remaining beyond reach across the vast ocean.

However, the problem lies in this enormous landmass, nearly three times the size of the Kala Continent.

Finding someone by chance is akin to searching for a needle in a haystack; Herag knows aimlessly wandering in haste won't work.

He explored most of this region, while Shenlan recorded the topographical maps.

While navigating through the jungle, Herag suddenly felt a breeze blowing past.

This wind was unlike normal winds, enveloped by Wind Attribute Energy Particles instead.

Upon noticing this phenomenon, Herag followed the breeze, quickly discovering an unusual plant.

This is a green plant with broad leaves, underneath which fluffy seeds grow, resembling dandelions.

Once the breeze passed through, those fluffy seeds floated and drifted away with the wind.

Moreover, the roots and stems of this plant accumulated some Wind Attribute Energy Particles.

Herag took out a professional herb shovel and uprooted the plant intact.

He realized this plant seemed innately capable of manipulating Wind Energy Particles.

Although the use of Energy Particles is simple, it already counts as Extraordinary Creatures.

Herag speculated that given more time for this plant to evolve, it would surely develop stronger abilities; currently, it's a primitive application of Energy Particles.

At this thought, he suddenly realized that since the world's rules are just forming, many creatures' use of Energy Particles is quite primitive.

Thus, he simply needs to head to places with high Energy Particle concentration, as those places might have a higher chance of containing Power of Rules.

One manifestation of Power of Rules is actually Energy Particles; different types of Power of Rules possess different attributes of Energy Particles.

Although Herag cannot feel the presence of Power of Rules, he can sense the concentration of Energy Particles.

The World Will is a collection of all types of Power of Rules, and by finding places with high Energy Particle concentration, he might chance upon clues of the World Will.

Although the probability is low, it's better than blindly wandering like a headless fly.

Once Herag made up his mind, he potted the uprooted plant into a flowerpot.

He didn't know whether it would survive, but it's best if it does; even if it wilts, it holds certain research value.

Herag closed his eyes, beginning to sense the movement of Free Energy Particles around him.

Free Energy Particles flow, akin to wind.

After a brief moment of sensing, he opened his eyes, with some electric light shimmering on his body.

In a flash, a trail of electric light flickered in the air, while Herag's figure had vanished.

Herag activated part of his Bloodline Mark's Power, significantly enhancing his speed.

The Thunder God Ancestral Bloodline Power contains the ability to command lightning, but this part of the ability remains locked, unavailable for Herag's inheritance.

Thunder Power symbolizes destruction and obliteration, and its might is undisputed.

Temporarily, Herag cannot unleash the annihilative power of the bloodline inheritance, as it's not simply calling upon Thunder Attribute Energy Particles; it involves Rule Power.

Nonetheless, he still possesses some innate Bloodline Power: by absorbing Thunder Attribute Energy Particles, his strength, agility, and constitution receive major boosts.

This is possible only because Herag's physique is sufficiently robust, achieving such effects without harming his own body.

This counts as one of the Talent Abilities within the Bloodline Mark.

Using this ability, Herag's speed increased more than tenfold, significantly hastening his journey.

From above, a large, dark-golden figure shimmers with electric light, appearing hundreds of meters away in a flash, as if teleporting.

Herag isn't afraid of being seen rushing in this manner; after all, wizards being adept at Thunder Attribute Magic is quite normal.

Throughout this journey, he travels at incredible speed, pausing only when encountering creatures that could wield Extraordinary Power to study and document them.

The Extraordinary Creatures he has encountered so far remain in a primal stage of Free Energy Particle usage, without developing more advanced abilities.

While observing these Extraordinary Creatures, Herag mainly focuses on how they call upon Energy Particles.

He finds this process simple, with the techniques of these Extraordinary Creatures being rudimentary.

Yet Herag realizes, this is essentially the essence of many spells.

Ultimately, all spells render their effects through Free Energy Particles.

Herag couldn't help but ponder, perhaps this is the essence of rules as well.

Rule Power isn't as complex or elusive as he imagined; rules are inherently the operating principles and fundamental laws of everything.

Numerous scenes flashed through Herag's mind, as if he was about to grasp something, only for the sensation to vanish quickly.

He tried to recall that sensation but couldn't find it again.

Herag didn't rush and continued his journey as such matters cannot be forced; urgency won't help.

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Seven days later, Herag finally met the first person upon entering this world.

This person was somewhat familiar, having met once before.

Chapter 423: Storm Giant Shield

Herag arrived at a swampland and saw a young man with glasses making a campfire under a tree.

As he appeared, the young man also looked over.

When Herag saw this person, he remembered where he had seen him before.

Back when he was surrounded by several people from the Eye of the Storm in the polluted area, this glasses-wearing young man was behind him, blocking his path.

Herag remembered this clearly, not expecting to encounter him here.

Sean, who was resting, looked over immediately when Herag appeared.

Upon seeing this large figure, Sean recognized him as the wizard who escaped when the Great Demon appeared.

Though three years had passed, Herag's form was so memorable it was hard to forget.

Herag looked at Sean and said, "Lucky meeting."

He had recognized this man when he was waiting for teleportation earlier, but he couldn't do anything at that time.

And in the Twilight Temple, Sean didn't recognize Herag at all because he had only seen Herag in his Titan Power form.

This time, after they met, Sean recognized him.

Sean said in surprise, "I didn't expect you to still be alive."

"I should be the one saying that. How did you guys escape from the Great Demon back then?" Herag asked curiously.

To him, it was normal for that Level 2 Wizard to escape, but he didn't expect the others could escape as well.

Back then, after Herag jumped into the canyon, he was also monitoring the situation behind, and no one else jumped down to evade.

If they were atop the canyon, it would have been very difficult to survive the ordeal with the Great Demon.

"The Great Demon was just strong, lacking wisdom. With Bawei there, we couldn't defeat the Great Demon, but escaping together wasn't a problem," Sean said.

Herag nodded, "Oh..."

He hadn't finished his sentence when he suddenly leaped up; a flash of lightning streaked through the air, and his figure appeared in front of Sean in an instant.

Herag clenched his right fist, which was still flickering with lightning.

Sean's expression remained unchanged, completely unaware.

By the time he reacted, the fist was already in front of him.

The next moment, a spray of blood erupted, and a headless corpse fell powerlessly to the ground.

Sean didn't even have time to activate his Teleportation Ring, with no reaction time, he was instantly killed.

He was actually prepared all along, ready to act at any time.

But what he didn't expect was that Herag's speed was completely beyond his imagination.

Herag took the two rings from Sean's hand; after recognizing Sean, he hadn't intended to let this person live.

When Sean was cornering him back then, they hadn't planned on letting Herag live, even destroying his Talisman Stone.

If the Great Demon hadn't appeared suddenly, Herag might have already been permanently laid to rest in the polluted area.

Herag remembered this debt, and now that he had the chance to repay it, he wouldn't miss the opportunity.

Herag didn't take action at first only to ensure he could kill with one blow.

Due to the presence of the Teleportation Ring, if he couldn't kill instantly, the opponent would have time to react.

If Sean escaped, then the opportunity would be lost.

Herag checked Sean's Space Ring and found a lot of good items inside.

There were heaps of Magic Potions, Magic Potion Materials, and many books and notes related to Magic Potions, suggesting Sean was an Alchemist himself.

In addition to these items, there was plenty of food and water as routine supplies, just not as much as Herag had.

Herag also discovered a shield in the Space Ring. Upon examining it, he found that it was a Level 2 Witchcraft Artifact.

He equipped the shield on his left hand and found that compared to his size, the shield was a bit too small.

Herag focused his mind and infused a trace of Magic Power into the shield, causing it to automatically enlarge to fit his proportions perfectly.

This shield had extremely strong defense against physical attacks, practically indestructible. It also had high resistance to magic, being able to block most Level 1 Spells, as long as they were cast by a Level 1 Wizard.

If the spells were cast by a Level 2 Wizard or stronger, it would be another story.

The name of the shield was inscribed at the bottom: Storm Giant Shield.

In addition to its defensive capabilities, the Storm Giant Shield possessed a self-healing ability.

If some damage appeared on its surface, like scratches or dents, they could slowly heal over time until completely restored.

The Storm Giant Shield was mounted on the left forearm and didn't hinder normal use of the left hand.

Herag fiddled with it a bit and found that the shield could shrink down to the size of a badge, looking like an arm decoration.

When needed, it could enlarge in an instant.

However, it couldn't enlarge indefinitely; the largest it could get was the current size, just fitting Herag's physique.

If Herag's size increased again in the future, the shield might seem small.

Herag glanced at the shield on his left hand, feeling quite satisfied.

With this shield, his defense capabilities were significantly enhanced.

He wore a full-body dark gold Armor, complemented with the Level 2 Witchcraft Artifact Storm Giant Shield, and an Absolute Defense shield, maximizing his defense.

Sean clearly underestimated Herag's speed and power, failing to take out the Storm Giant Shield to defend himself in time.

If Sean had used the Storm Giant Shield for cover, Herag might not have been able to kill him instantly.

Sean probably thought that, as a Crystalization Wizard, he wouldn't be instantly killed.

That's usually the case for ordinary wizards, but Herag takes the unconventional path, relying on physical strength and speed.

In the Space Ring, there was also a World Staff; aside from that, just some trinkets of little value.

Herag stored the World Staff in the Space Ring as well.

He suddenly thought that when he returned to the Wizard Plane, whether or not he seized world control, the World Staff would have to be returned; it couldn't be indefinitely given away as a Level 2 Witchcraft Artifact.

Herag was pondering, if he had an extra World Staff, whether he could keep it for himself.

Unless someone kept an eye on this side all the time, there would be no way to know he had an extra World Staff.

Herag figured, as long as no one asked, he wouldn't tell.

After all, he picked it up himself, and the Expedition Team didn't mention any rules about this.

Herag searched the corpse once more, and not finding anything else of value, he used the Fireball Technique to burn the body.

After handling the scene simply, Herag's body flickered with electricity and he disappeared from the spot in an instant.

#### Chapter 424: Child of the Plane

In the X-617 World, a valley was shrouded in thick fog.

Medel sat beside a campfire roasting a chicken that had been marinated.

This chicken wasn't hunted here but was prepared in Medel's space ring beforehand.

He knew the food wouldn't be great here, so he prepared in advance.

Beside the fire were two other people, a man and a woman. The man looked older, around fifty, named Wade.

The woman appeared younger, around her twenties, with blonde hair, named Tessa.

These two were the ones who had previously agreed to help Medel seize control of the world, both formal members of the Serlandir organization.

However, even among formal members, there are differences. Most people neither have a background like Medel's nor potential like Herag's to be valued.

For those people, they occupy a middle-ground position, making advancement difficult.

The management style of the Serlandir wizard organization is quite lax.

For instance, if Herag, though belonging to Parker's faction, had average skills and showed no potential, no one would care about him.

In such a scenario, if Herag wanted to join Medel or the Taylor Family, Parker wouldn't mind nor pay any attention.

Such individuals lack significant value and naturally aren't worthy of higher-up attention.

However, Herag is different. If he wanted to rely on Medel, Parker would definitely question it.

This is partly why Herag has never agreed before, thinking staying under Parker is much better than joining Medel.

Medel valued Herag's potential and sought to win him over.

With the backing of the Taylor Family, Medel wasn't afraid of Parker and dared to court Herag's allegiance.

Wade and Tessa, however, had some qualifications but not much. They have potential; otherwise, they wouldn't be chosen for the cradle action.

But their potential isn't very high and hasn't caught the attention of any significant figures.

So, when Medel extended an olive branch, they naturally seized it tightly, clinging to him.

Tessa sat by the fire, carefully turning the roasting chicken to prevent it from burning.

With the warmth from the fire, Medel finally felt a bit warmer.

Their gathering wasn't luck but rather a minor manipulation by Medel using his background, allowing them to teleport to a nearby area.

Upon entering this world, they quickly regrouped.

The three set off together, significantly increasing their safety.

Everyone here was a Crystalization Wizard; naturally, it's hard for anyone to face three alone.

Unless others grouped as well, they would likely suffer against them.

Moreover, Medel didn't only have these two loyal followers. It's just that these two were the only ones who could teleport to the same area as him for now; sooner or later, the others would meet.

There were already six people pledging allegiance to him, and once they were all united, they would be nearly invincible in this world.

Thinking about it, Medel couldn't help but smile. This was the influence and appeal of the Taylor Family; what did others have to compete with him?

"Master, it should be done. You can eat now," Tessa said, checking the chicken.

Medel nodded, took out a dagger, and sliced off a piece of chicken to eat.

"Master, how should we control the World Will? We have no clue," Tessa tentatively asked.

Wade also looked up. He, like Tessa, didn't know the specifics.

"Do you know the Plane Guardians?" Medel asked, feigning depth.

Wade and Tessa were confused and shook their heads.

"Every plane actually has its Plane Guardian. The World Will selects some potential individuals, aiding in their growth to give them enough strength. Since their growth is closely tied to the World Will, these individuals will stand out to resolve crises when the plane faces one," Medel explained.

"But isn't the World Will supposed to be strong? It should handle crises on its own, right?" Tessa asked.

Medel shook his head: "It's not like that. The World Will is a collection of rules, so it is also bound by the rules. It operates by adhering to rules and can't just do whatever it pleases. The World Will is limited in many ways, unable to do many things conveniently, or even at all."

"This is precisely why the World Will chooses some individuals worth nurturing, giving them enough power. Such people are commonly called chosen ones or Children of the Plane."

Wade and Tessa pondered, digesting this information.

They had never heard of such matters; this information was inaccessible to them through their channels.

"Master, but what does this have to do with our cradle action? According to the data, this world doesn't have higher intelligent species, so there shouldn't be a Child of the Plane, right?" Wade asked after considering.

"No, there is. This world must have a Child of the Plane, but it may not be of a highly intelligent species; we just haven't discovered them yet. So our next target is to find the Child of the Plane and then kill him," Medel stated.

"Kill him?" Tessa was surprised.

Medel nodded: "Yes, the Child of the Plane is favored by the World Will. As long as we attempt to kill him, the World Will will certainly appear and will help the Child in some form to overcome difficulties. The World Will doesn't know tricks; it will definitely act to help the Child in its capable way whenever they face danger. When it shows up, that's our chance to control it."

"Ah, I see now. It seems Master has already planned everything," Tessa praised.

Wade and Tessa finally understood, no longer confused.

Hidden in the distant shadows, Herag also realized, "So that's what it is."

Herag had discovered Medel and his team before sunset but didn't reveal himself, using the shadowy corner magic to hide.

After spotting Medel and the team, he decided to follow them.

Coming from the Taylor Family, Medel would undoubtedly know much information—following him could likely lead to discovering signs of the World Will.

Herag didn't expect to obtain so much intelligence just by eavesdropping from afar for a while.

He had been pondering over how to control the World Will, with numerous doubts. But now, he finally had some understanding.

#### Chapter 425: Lone Traveler

Upon learning about the concept of the Child of the Plane, Herag suddenly thought of the World Tree and the Elf Race from the Elf Plane.

The World Tree and the Elf Race both seem very much like the Children of the Plane for the Elf Plane.

The World Tree is the largest entity in the Elf Plane, with roots spread throughout the entire plane and countless branches forming small World Trees.

The Elf Race relies on the World Tree to grow and strengthen, becoming the most dominant race in the Elf Plane.

Whether it is the World Tree or the Elf Race, they are clearly favored by the World Will of the Elf Plane.

Comparing it with the world of X-617, Herag speculated that the World Tree might have initially been just an ordinary tree, slowly growing into the World Tree under various favors of the World Will.

The Elf Race probably started as an ordinary race, mutually dependent on the World Tree and growing stronger with the help of the World Will.

The ancestors of the Elf Race must have been the Children of the Plane. Herag could imagine them paving the way and founding the Elf Race, which naturally involved the favor of the World Will.

A Child of the Plane is not just a single person, nor would there be only one.

Throughout the long history of the Elf Race, there must have been many Children of the Plane chosen by the World Will.

Those renowned figures in the history of the Elf Race might all have been Children of the Plane.

Herag then wondered, who is the Child of the Plane in the Wizard Plane?

Undoubtedly, the strongest in the Wizard Plane is the group of Wizards, but there are many powerful individuals in this group.

Being powerful doesn't necessarily make one a Child of the Plane; it is difficult to determine this.

Herag suddenly remembered a Light Knight he encountered a long time ago in Dragon Ridge Highland.

He felt that this Light Knight named Kaleem was very much like a Child of the Plane, able to resurrect on the spot even after death.

But upon further thought, Herag felt it might not be the case.

Because high-end combat power in the Wizard Plane is dominated by Wizards, even a Great Knight would only serve as an attendant.

However, at that time, Kaleem was called a Light Knight, and perhaps there are higher realms on the Knight's path that Herag was unaware of.

Herag shook his head and stopped pondering over it since it had nothing to do with him.

His current goal was to follow Medel, who knew more than he did.

Once the World Will shows signs, he would seize the opportunity to control it.

This process might inevitably offend Medel, but Herag had no choice; some things couldn't be compromised.

If Medel caused trouble for him later, the only solution would be to get rid of him.

Otherwise, given Medel's background, he would eventually become a serious threat.

If he had a choice, Herag wouldn't want to provoke the Taylor Family either.

The Taylor Family was a powerful force, and he didn't have the capability to root them out.

Even the Red Witch Aria alone was beyond the level he could currently deal with.

While observing Medel's movements, Herag distanced himself from the valley.

Once he reached a distance of about a thousand meters, Herag took out the Wildfire Tent and set it up in a secluded corner.

After activating the Wildfire Tent, Herag's figure was instantly hidden, and the area now appeared as a large rock from the outside.

Herag laid out a moisture-proof magic carpet on the ground, then sat on it, eating some rations and drinking some water.

To avoid detection, he didn't light a campfire.

Although it's possible to light a fire inside the Wildfire Tent, Herag decided it was better not to do so unless necessary, preferring to be cautious.

At this distance, Herag was monitoring Medel and his two companions without much chance of being discovered.

They were separated by mountains, forests, and rivers, and normally, no one could monitor another person over such a long distance without magical means.

Medel also wasn't worried about the possibility of being watched, as they were inside a Level 3 Witch Array.

This Level 3 Witch Array, called Shelter, was typically used by Pioneers in polluted areas.

The Shelter Witch Array was beyond valuation and was very limited in quantity, usually only in the hands of powerful forces.

Medel had acquired one through family channels specifically for this Cradle operation.

In a scenario where participants were all Crystalization Wizards, this Level 3 Witch Array was an absolutely invincible shell, at least as Medel saw it.

Inside the Shelter, there were also two tents for Medel and the two others to rest.

Tessa didn't take out her tent, her intention was quite clear.

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The next morning, after Wade went out to scout and returned, he said, "Sir, nothing unusual was discovered."

Medel nodded and then stored the Level 3 Witch Array Shelter into a Space Ring.

"Sir, which direction should we go?" Wade asked.

Medel looked around and casually pointed in a direction: "That way."

Actually, he didn't have much information, since no one knew where the Child of the Plane might be; they could only try their luck.

Noticing they were preparing to set off, Herag also packed up the Wildfire Tent, using the Shadowy Corner to hide, trailing them from afar.

This world was indeed vast, and just like that, half a month passed by.

Throughout this half month, Medel and his companions did not encounter anyone else; the journey was quite peaceful.

Herag followed them patiently, traveling during the day, collecting various unfamiliar plants, and recording information.

At night, he meditated and practiced inside the Wildfire Tent.

The positions and distribution of stars here were naturally different but moved in a regular pattern.

Herag silently recorded these celestial positions and distributions, thinking they might be useful someday.

During his meditation practice, he discovered that the concentration of energy particles in this world was much lower than in the Wizard Plane, resulting in slower meditation speeds.

However, with the assistance of the Divine Core's energy, the impact on his meditation speed was minimal.

Medel and his companions had been traveling for more than half a month without encountering anyone, and the search for the Child of the Plane made little progress.

Medel naturally felt a bit frustrated, but there was nothing he could do; the place was simply too vast.

On this day, as they proceeded as usual in search, they finally encountered another Cradle operation participant, a solitary young man appearing to be in his twenties.

"Medel!" The young man noticed the commotion, turned around, and immediately recognized Medel.

Seeing that Medel was moving in a group of three, he became instantly wary and slightly panicked.

"You know me? Great, then. How about joining my team?" Medel invited him with a smile.

The young man's eyes flickered, and he shook his head, saying, "I'll pass. I prefer to act alone."

## Chapter 426: Refusal

Medel smiled and said, "Well that won't do. If you don't join our team, then I'll have to consider you a competitor, and I won't be polite about it. Either you die here, or you activate the Teleportation Ring and return now."

The young man naturally didn't want to activate the Teleportation Ring to go back; he had worked hard to get here and wasn't about to give up the hard-earned spot so easily.

However, it seems that the situation at hand wasn't something he could decide. Wade and Tessa had already come in from both sides, ready to make a move at any time.

"Don't fight, I am willing to join your team." The young man judged the situation and felt it was better to superficially submit than to be forced to withdraw.

After all, he thought he could find an opportunity to escape later; he didn't believe these three could watch him all the time.

Medel spread out his hands and smiled, "Very well, my friend, welcome to join us. By the way, what's your name?"

"Mata." The young man said.

Medel leaned forward and asked, "Oh, excuse me, my friend. I didn't quite catch that; what is your name again?"

"Mata." Mata repeated.

At this moment, Wade and Tessa stopped approaching further, seemingly not intending to make a move against him.

Seeing this, Mata felt a slight relief in his heart.

He had worked hard to get here; he didn't want things to end so easily.

The Teleportation Ring wasn't something he would use unless absolutely necessary.

At this moment, a feeling of unease suddenly surged in Mata's heart.

He looked up and saw Medel holding a worn parchment, on which were written the two words, Mata.

Medel smiled and said, "Mata, my friend, I dislike being refused."

Mata knew things were not going well and was preparing to activate the Teleportation Ring, only to find that the magic power throughout his body was extremely sluggish, unable to function normally.

Moreover, he found that his body couldn't move, and even his breathing and heartbeat had stopped.

"Curse!"

Mata was also a knowledgeable Crystalization Wizard and quickly realized that he had been cursed.

This must be a kind of curse that temporarily binds oneself. Although the duration won't be long, it is fatal, especially now.

Puff!

As soon as Mata felt the binding fade away, a red claw had already pierced through his chest, gripping his heart, then instantly crushed it.

"All those who refuse me must die."

Medel whispered smilingly in Mata's ear, his face covered in the splattered fresh blood.

Wade and Tessa saw this scene and heard Medel's words, a chill ran through them internally, and they bowed their heads in silent submission.

After dealing with Mata, Medel took out a clean handkerchief, wiped his hands, and then tossed the handkerchief on the ground.

"Let's keep going." Medel said with a smile.

Wade and Tessa exchanged a look and quickly followed along.

When passing by Mata's corpse, Wade casually slipped off the ring from Mata's hand.

Medel sensed this but simply smiled without saying anything.

...

After a while, a black shadow swiftly passed through the forest, and stopped briefly upon passing Mata's corpse, then continued forward.

Herag had observed the entire process just now and also heard Medel's words.

Having heard what Medel said, he thought to himself that he not only rejected his invitation but rejected it repeatedly.

This shows that, although Medel's surface demeanor is friendly, he likely harbored resentment against him for a while.

Herag originally entered the X-617 World intending to kill Malcolm, but now it seems he might have to add Medel to the list.

However, Medel poses some trouble, having two people by his side, making him harder to kill.

With Witchcraft Artifacts likely on him, it would be hard to quickly take him down.

If Medel gets an opportunity to activate the Space Ring to return, it would be problematic.

Therefore, Herag had to wait for the perfect opportunity and couldn't rashly act against Medel.

Medel uses a Level 3 Witch Array to rest at night, offering no chance to act against him.

Herag can only continue to bide his time and wait for a chance.

If no opportunity arises, it won't be possible to forcefully act, as Herag suspects Medel likely has many hidden methods at his disposal.

In Serlandir's Secret Vault, there's even the Substitute Death Grassman; he doesn't believe Medel doesn't have similar means.

Herag thought it was quite tricky, as dealing with people like him was indeed troublesome.

He felt that it might be hard to find a chance to kill Medel this time in the X-671 World.

The existence of the Teleportation Ring significantly lowered Herag's margin for error.

More importantly, he knew too little about Medel's strength and was unaware of the means he possessed.

The parchment he saw just now was one of Medel's witchcraft artifacts. Its effect seems to be, after writing the target's name on the parchment, calling out to them; if they respond, they will be temporarily bound.

Herag had just seen this parchment hovering behind Medel, and Medel used magic power to write Mata's name on it.

Mata's attention, however, was on guarding against Wade and Tessa, and he unintentionally fell into a trap.

Herag silently remembered the parchment and continued to trail Medel's party from afar.

A month later.

"There, I see it!"

The three of Medel suddenly heard shouting from ahead, and judging from the voices, more than one person, many people were ahead.

The three of them immediately quickened their pace, rushing forward.

A group of people scattered throughout the forest, searching for something all over the place.

Medel immediately spotted a familiar face, a strong man loyal to him named Alimu.

He shouted at the person below, "Alimu!"

Alimu was looking towards the front of the forest for something; hearing the voice, he turned around, recognized Medel, and promptly ran over.

"Master, it's great to see you." Alimu said with a smile.

Medel smiled and nodded, "Great, our team has grown a bit stronger. By the way, what are you all doing here?"

"We discovered a White Deer, and that White Deer is particularly strange. It's incredibly fast and can't be caught. It's like it doesn't exist in this space at all, impossible to touch it. I've been chasing it for half a month now, pursued it to here, and recently thinking about how to capture it." Alimu explained truthfully.

"White Deer." Medel fell into thought.

He soon realized that this White Deer might not be an ordinary demon but likely the Child of the Plane.

Most Extraordinary Life in this World is still at a very primitive stage, and judging by Alimu's description, that White Deer clearly has mastered certain Spatial Rules and can freely wield them.

This White Deer is remarkably advanced compared to other Extraordinary Life, quite unusual.

Chapter 427: The Blacksmith's Shop

This world is still in a very primitive stage. The appearance of such a life form as the White Deer at this time can basically confirm that it is blessed by the World Will, also known as the Child of the Plane.

Medel quickly said, "Lead the way, we must catch that White Deer!"

Alimu nodded and said, "My lord, the White Deer just disappeared, and we're not sure which direction it went."

"Then start searching," Medel smiled.

This smile looked inexplicably fearful to Alimu, and he lowered his head, "My lord, I will go and search right away."

Alimu's figure flashed, appearing in front and diving into the forest to begin searching.

Medel then said, "Let's go, we will search too. By the way, both of you stay close to me and act together with me."

"Understood," Wade and Tessa lowered their heads and said.

"White Deer..."

Herag hid in the rear and clearly heard the conversation between the people.

Alimu didn't know where the White Deer was, but Herag did. He saw the position where the White Deer flashed by through Shenlan's environmental detection.

Although it was just a moment, and it quickly went beyond the range of the environmental detection, at least the direction was clear.

Herag glanced at Medel and the other two searching in another direction, then glanced in the direction of the White Deer.

He focused his thoughts, releasing the Shadowy Corner magic, and entered the Titan Power state.

Herag entered this state simply to travel at the fastest speed; the Shadowy Corner was only suitable for stealth, and was much slower in terms of speed.

Herag took out the Storm Giant Shield, equipping it on his left hand, then shrunk the Storm Giant Shield so it wouldn't be too large and affect his speed.

An electric light flashed across his body, and he disappeared from where he was.

Herag's current way of traveling was like long-range flashing—it was completely impossible to see the intermediate moving process, the speed was too fast.

Such a rapid traveling speed naturally caught the attention of other Wizards.

But now, with his large stature and somewhat intimidating aura, other Wizards instinctively kept their distance.

Herag's perception and reaction were specifically sharp now, and after activating a small portion of the Thunder God Ancestral Bloodline Power, not only was his speed enhanced.

His processing speed for various information also became much faster, and the volume of information he could receive at the same time increased significantly, allowing him to observe every corner around him while moving at high speed.

At the top of a tall tree, a giant wearing dark gold armor suddenly appeared.

Herag stood at the treetop tip, probing the surroundings through Shenlan's environmental detection.

Except for some Wizards running around, he temporarily did not see the shadow of the White Deer.

"Hmm?"

Herag suddenly saw through environmental detection that on the other side of the opposite mountain peak, at the foot of the mountain, a White Deer emitting a white glow suddenly appeared.

The White Deer glanced around, and finding no enemies, it lowered its head to munch on some newly grown tender grass.

After capturing the White Deer's movement, Herag flashed away from the treetop.

After a few flickers, Herag's figure appeared on the slope not far from the White Deer.

The White Deer seemed to notice something, turning its head around to look over.

Just in the moment it turned its head, Herag had already gotten in front of the White Deer.

He reached out his hand to grab at the White Deer's neck. By the looks of it, he was sure he could catch it.

But surprisingly, he caught nothing; his hand passed right through the White Deer's neck.

"An illusion? No." Herag was a bit puzzled that he couldn't catch it.

The startled White Deer let out a gentle bleat, then leaped away and disappeared.

In Herag's perception, the White Deer reappeared 800 meters away.

After sensing the White Deer's location, Herag followed once more.

But this time, he didn't continue approaching. Instead, he hid and observed.

Herag could confirm that the White Deer wasn't an illusion; the tender grass on the ground had indeed been nibbled by this White Deer.

This indicated that the White Deer had a physical body, yet it seemed to have some rule power on it, making it untouchable by him.

Herag was uncertain whether this was the White Deer's own ability or if the World Will was covertly aiding it.

He planned to observe the White Deer for a while to find some patterns, as brute force likely wouldn't work.

...

While the Cradle Action was taking place, in the Central Region, within a small alley, there was a shabby little store.

The store was called Alannis' Blacksmith Shop. Although it was named a blacksmith shop, it was actually a store for making and selling witchcraft artifacts.

The owner of the store was named Alannis, a famous Master of Witchcraft.

Alannis had never studied Wizardry before the age of twenty. He worked as an apprentice blacksmith, doing very ordinary blacksmith work.

Until later, when he was accidentally discovered to have high Wizard qualifications, he was guided onto the path of Wizardry.

However, due to his age, Alannis, despite his high qualifications, used too much of Amanda's Potion when advancing to an Official Wizard, causing his lifespan to burn out.

Normally, exhausting one's lifespan during the advancement process would result in death.

Yet, miraculously, Alannis survived and successfully advanced to become an Official Wizard.

Though he managed to become an Official Wizard, the excessive use of Amanda's Potion left him with serious hidden dangers.

After advancing to a Crystalization Wizard, Alannis could no longer progress further.

With his qualifications, he had a hopeful prospect of advancing to Level 2 Wizard, but alas, he was stalled at this point for life.

Alannis subsequently began researching the creation of witchcraft artifacts. He discovered that he also had a talent for this field and thus delved into it wholeheartedly.

After many years, Alannis had become a renowned Master of Witchcraft.

He opened a witchcraft artifact store, naming it a blacksmith shop in memory of his earlier life as a blacksmith.

The shop's location was very remote, and the storefront was shabby, yet no one dared to look down on it.

Generally, ordinary Wizards were not qualified to commission Alannis to create witchcraft artifacts; it depended on his mood, and connections had to be made.

Alannis had grown very old these years, nearing the end of his life.

Recently, he completed a big order to make a batch of teleportation rings for the Expedition Team.

After finishing this batch of teleportation rings, Alannis smiled and said to the members of the Expedition Team, "These are the last witchcraft artifacts I'll make in this lifetime. I'm old and need to rest."

He didn't charge any fee for this batch of artifacts and firmly refused to let the Team deposit any Magic Stones into his account, saying he no longer needed them.

Alannis stayed in the dim room, lying on his favorite rocking chair.

The rocking chair swayed gently, and he drowsily mumbled to himself, "Great Gods, this is the last thing I can do for you... it's time I come to meet you too..."

Chapter 428: Black Space

Herag had been tracking the White Deer for eight days, during which time several other wizards had also joined the pursuit.

Upon seeing Herag's massive stature and feeling the pressure he exuded, none of them dared to get too close to Herag.

These wizards discovered that Herag always managed to pinpoint the White Deer's location with precision.

Originally, it had been quite difficult for them to locate the White Deer, but now it was much easier—just follow Herag.

Herag was so large and easy to spot, much more so than the White Deer.

Herag was slightly speechless, as these people kept sticking to him, and there wasn't much he could do about it.

Since they were merely following and not actually attacking him, Herag had no reason to make enemies without cause.

Another reason was that there were at least a dozen wizards following him.

If they all decided to attack him together, it would be quite troublesome.

Seeing as there was no apparent way to handle the White Deer and he couldn't just let it get away, all he could do was keep following it.

In the meantime, the wizards behind him were also discussing how to capture the White Deer, but no effective method had yet been devised.

Herag stood on a branch, watching the White Deer leisurely strolling on a meadow ahead.

As the voices of the wizards behind him grew louder, the White Deer glanced back and with a leap, vanished from its spot, reappearing in a distant woodland.

Upon seeing this, Herag immediately chased after where the White Deer reappeared.

Once he moved, the wizards behind him also pursued, sticking to him like glue.

Herag flashed onto a large rock, standing on the rock and looking into the distance at the White Deer.

Based on his observations during this time, he could almost conclude that the White Deer possessed talent abilities related to spatial rules.

All of them, as Level 1 Wizards, hadn't yet the ability to contact rule power, making them quite powerless against this White Deer.

"I can only rely on witchcraft artifacts..."

Herag didn't have any spatial type artifacts on him, but maybe the others did.

Even if others had them, there was no way they'd share them with him, so it had nothing to do with him.

While looking ahead, Herag suddenly sensed something and disappeared in a flash.

Immediately after, a blood-red claw descended from the sky, crashing onto the spot where he had just been standing.

Herag looked up and saw Malcolm riding a Night Steed in the distance.

Malcolm, riding the Night Steed, approached him, looking down from above and said, "This spell on you is interesting. I'll study it slowly after I've dealt with you. Since you haven't activated the Teleportation

Ring yet, it shows you have some confidence. Great, I hope you never activate that ring, or it would be far too boring."

"Malcolm of the Eye of the Storm!" someone among the wizards behind Herag recognized Malcolm and showed a hint of fear on their faces.

Malcolm's reputation had preceded him; in others' eyes, he was a powerful madman.

Nobody liked to deal with madmen, especially powerful ones.

Looking at Malcolm, Herag laughed, "Before I became an official wizard, you couldn't kill me. Now, I'm a Crystalization Wizard just like you. Do you still think you have a chance?"

"I admit your progress is fast, but there are still differences between Crystalization Wizards," said Malcolm coldly.

"Indeed, there is a difference." Herag nodded approvingly.

Malcolm extended his hand, revealing a black sphere which he threw downwards.

The black sphere rapidly expanded and instantly absorbed both Herag and Malcolm.

Once it had taken them in, the black sphere rapidly shrank and vanished.

"Spatial type witchcraft artifact..."

The wizards behind whispered to themselves, seeing what happened.

...

When the black sphere appeared, Herag sensed the spatial pull within it, which was similar to teleportation but not quite the same.

At the time, he had the option to activate the Teleportation Ring and abort the current hunt, thus avoiding being pulled in by the black sphere.

Herag hesitated for a moment but ultimately chose not to activate the Teleportation Ring.

Because he noticed the black sphere was also drawing Malcolm in, he immediately realized Malcolm didn't want him to escape.

After a brief moment of darkness, light returned.

Herag warily looked around and found himself standing on barren land, with the starry sky visible overhead.

"A Level 3 Witchcraft, the Black Space—it's made from a small plane fragment. Here, you can't use your Space Ring. If you had been more decisive and teleported away before being sucked in, you might have survived."

Malcolm's voice came from behind, and as Herag turned, he saw Malcolm smiling innocuously at him.

Malcolm smiled and said, "You have nowhere to run now."

Herag sensed his surroundings; it felt like a separate plane but somewhat different, missing something.

"Do you remember Baron Buck?" Herag suddenly asked.

"Baron Buck? Never heard of him." Malcolm paused, not recalling anyone of this name.

He wasn't in a hurry to attack, knowing well that Herag couldn't escape this place.

"Back when you came to the Coleson Continent and used the Bloodline Curse to kill Baron Buck's entire family, I was just an ordinary person not even a wizard apprentice," Herag recounted slowly.

"Coleson Continent... Bloodline Curse..."

Malcolm started piecing together the memories upon hearing these terms.

He wouldn't normally remember minor matters like the massacre of Baron Buck's family, viewing it as nothing out of the ordinary.

Initially, nothing Herag said rang a bell with him.

But upon hearing Coleson Continent and Bloodline Curse, Malcolm remembered.

Back then, in order to research the Bloodline Curse spell, he had traveled a great distance to the Coleson Continent, leaving a deep impression.

The Bloodline Curse spell was his own Level 1 Spell creation and one of his finest pieces, so he remembered it clearly.

"You were there at the time?" Malcolm asked, puzzled, as he had no memory of Herag being present.

Herag nodded and said, "Of course. Baron Buck treated me well, and Emil, Melissa treated me nicely too. Now that I have the opportunity and the power, naturally, I want to settle this account. Your head will be mine, as a tribute for the Baron's family in the future."

Malcolm chuckled silently, unable to understand where Herag's confidence came from, thinking that advancing to crystalization made them equals.

Chapter 429: Flesh and Blood Earth

With a wave of his hand, Malcolm instantly summoned two gigantic bone spears beside him.

Once the two bone spears took shape, they shot towards Herag at incredible speed.

With a flash of electric light, Herag's figure vanished, and the bone spears struck the spot where he stood, piercing deep into the ground.

If these two bone spears had hit him, Herag felt that even the Titan Power armor on his body might not have been able to withstand it.

The speed of these two bone spears was also beyond Herag's expectations; his current speed was far greater than usual, but he had only just managed to dodge.

In his normal form, he might have found it very hard to evade.

Malcolm looked at the two bone spears that had missed, then glanced at the electric light flickering on Herag, pondering something unknown.

With a thought, Herag's storm's giant shield in his left hand immediately enlarged.

Soon after, the electric light on his body flickered more and more intensely, concentrating all the Power in his right fist.

He was no longer the same as before, no longer needing to flee with his head covered.

Malcolm sensed the aura emanating from Herag, and his expression gradually turned serious.

Suddenly, Herag's figure vanished, but Malcolm heard no sound nor sensed any aura fluctuation.

The next moment, a loud noise came from behind, the sound of a fist tearing through the air at incredible speed.

By the time Malcolm reacted, it was too late; Herag's speed was too fast.

Even though he sensed it just before the fist arrived, there was no time to react.

There was no time to move his body or mobilize his magic power.

Herag's huge figure appeared behind Malcolm, his massive fist crackled with electric light, striking Malcolm's neck with immense force.

The unstoppable force of the punch passed unimpeded through Malcolm's neck, and his head rolled to the ground.

This was even when Herag controlled his strength a bit; he wanted to keep Malcolm's head intact.

Otherwise, the body near the fist would have been smashed into minced meat.

Malcolm's headless body crashed down, blood pooling over the ground, the air thick with a pungent smell.

Herag looked at the corpse, carefully observing.

He remained vigilant, cautious of not having killed completely.

After observing for a while and finding no anomalies, Herag prepared to strike again, intending to use a Fireball Technique to burn it after dealing another blow.

At this moment, the headless corpse began to change, turning into a mound of flesh.

This mound of flesh quickly surged forward, coagulating into a humanoid form on the spot.

As the face gradually became clear, Herag recognized Malcolm.

Malcolm quickly recomposed himself into his original form, a layer of blood-red skin covering him, and said in a deep voice, "Very good, you cost me a life. If not for the Heart of Fear taking the hit for me, I would have been dead by your hands."

"Heart of Fear..."

Herag didn't know what it was but could only guess it served a similar function to a Substitute Death Grassman artifact.

Once covered in blood-red skin, Malcolm's entire demeanor changed, his magic power aura surging wildly.

In just a moment, his magical aura far exceeded that of an ordinary Crystalization Wizard.

Herag even felt this magical aura was comparable to that of a Level 2 Wizard.

As Malcolm stepped on the ground, the area beneath him turned blood-red.

Upon closer inspection, the ground had transformed into writhing flesh.

"Turning earth into flesh, what kind of magic is this?" After observing this phenomenon, Herag noticed that the blood-red ground was continually expanding.

Although he didn't know what this magic did or its purpose, he knew he couldn't let it spread unchecked, or the consequences might be dire.

Herag charged forward against Malcolm once more with a kick of his feet.

Malcolm casually released countless bone spears and blood-red claws to hinder Herag's advance.

But Herag's current speed was too fast, and although large in size, he moved nimbly, weaving easily through the gaps between the bone spears and blood claws.

In the blink of an eye, Herag appeared before Malcolm, and a massive fist punched towards Malcolm's head once more.

After being covered in blood-red skin, Malcolm's speed and strength had significantly increased.

Yet even so, he couldn't dodge Herag's punch; their speeds were on entirely different levels.

Herag's fist swept through, and Malcolm's blood-red body exploded, scattering flesh in all directions.

This time, Herag left no room, nor did he intend to keep Malcolm's head intact.

Herag believed that dealing with such a troublesome person like Malcolm required complete eradication, leaving no chance.

After blasting Malcolm's body into powder, Herag still frowned, feeling Malcolm was not yet dead.

He glanced down, observing the blood-flesh ground had already spread out and was still expanding.

The blood-flesh seemed to breathe, rhythmically rising and falling.

At this moment, Malcolm's voice came from the surrounding ground, "You can't kill me; this battle was destined from the start, you will lose. You can kill a person, but not a stretch of land."

Malcolm's voice was filled with pride and triumph; this blood-flesh land was clearly another of his magical creations.

Herag quickly examined the blood-flesh land beneath his feet, which spanned roughly two thousand square meters and was about seventy to eighty meters deep.

This flesh appeared to be part of Malcolm's body, harboring great magical power within.

Herag, after pondering briefly, concluded that the land was Malcolm, and to kill him he must destroy the entire mass of flesh, leaving not a single strand of flesh behind.

Herag raised his hand, delivering a powerful punch to the ground.

When the fist struck the blood-flesh surface, much of the force was absorbed and cushioned by the flesh.

However, the sheer force of the punch still created a massive crater.

Herag stared at the pit, frowning as he noticed the flesh he had shattered was slowly reabsorbed into the ground, soon restored to its original state.

Much of the flesh had been pulverized into powder or shredded, yet it would still meld back into the ground.

Herag now understood why Malcolm claimed he couldn't be killed, unless Herag could make such a large area of flesh disappear all at once.

Otherwise, even if just a scrap remained, Malcolm wouldn't die.

As Herag pondered, countless bone spears and blood claws were forming around him, numbering at least in the hundreds.

Chapter 430: Power of Desolation

These bone spears and blood claws gathered around Herag's body, tightly encircling him.

"I told you, this battle is destined for you to lose," Malcolm's voice echoed again in the surroundings.

Once the bone spears and blood claws took shape, they immediately attacked, and Herag quickly dodged.

Due to their large numbers, there was always an attack coming his way that he couldn't avoid, despite his speed.

However, Herag still held a Storm Giant Shield, using it to easily deflect the bone spears and blood claws.

The bone spears left some marks on the surface of the Storm Giant Shield, but the blood claws couldn't leave any marks at all.

After a round of attacks, Herag stood unharmed, holding the massive Storm Giant Shield, standing on the blood-red ground, surrounded by fallen bone spears.

"I forgot to mention, in this state, my magic power is nearly infinite. I want to see how long you can last. I have all the time to play with you," Malcolm's arrogant, frenzied voice echoed around.

Herag remained calm outwardly but thought inwardly that this couldn't go on.

Constantly dodging attacks was too passive, and there would come a day when he would be exhausted of strength and magic power.

But there didn't seem to be a good way to attack; Malcolm in this form showed almost no weaknesses.

Herag looked up at this space, noting the absence of World Will, which meant no suppression of his Thunder God Ancestral Bloodline Power.

He was considering whether this space could withstand his complete form.

If he accidentally shattered this space, would he return to the X-617 world or enter the chaotic spatial torrent?

If caught in the spatial torrent, even if his complete form could withstand its impact, he wouldn't know how many millennia he would drift before he had the chance to enter another plane.

This was a point Herag had to consider carefully, as this was just a small space, far from even a low-tier world.

As Herag pondered, a new wave of bone spears and blood claws gathered again, and Malcolm clearly wasn't planning to give him a chance to breathe.

Standing on the flesh ground, Herag felt the pulsation of the blood and flesh, which brimming with life energy.

Just as he was about to activate more power from his bloodline mark, a thought struck him.

"Life energy..."

Herag crouched down, placing his hand on the flesh ground, then used his talent ability, Desolate Plague.

At the moment he used the Desolate Plague ability, a huge, pure life energy was transmitted from the flesh ground.

By this time, the bone spears and blood claws had already struck, but Herag flickered his form to cleverly evade these attacks.

He flickered again, moving to another spot, and once more stretched out his hand to the flesh ground, frantically absorbing the life energy below.

This piece of flesh ground contained immense life energy, surprising even Herag.

Herag quickly realized that Malcolm's magic must have cost countless lives to achieve such an effect.

"You! What are you doing!"

Malcolm quickly sensed Herag's actions, his angry voice tinged with a touch of panic.

Another wave of bone spears and blood claws took shape, but forming them also took time.

Herag used this little time to frantically absorb the life energy from the flesh ground.

Desolate Plague absorbed life energy so swiftly that it left Malcolm both alarmed and frightened.

For the first time, he felt a strong sense of crisis.

Indeed, Herag could not instantly kill such a vast area of flesh ground, but if he could completely drain the life energy from the flesh ground, Malcolm would inevitably face annihilation.

Malcolm still didn't believe Herag could drain all the life energy, his current concern just a restless heartache over his life energy.

Because humans couldn't absorb so much life energy, the capacity was limited, with a fixed upper limit.

Malcolm had so much life energy only because he had studied it for a long time and modified himself, storing such a vast amount of life energy in this special form.

But Herag's next actions made Malcolm truly start to feel fear.

Herag's body seemed to have no limit, absorbing the life energy from the flesh ground at an exaggerated speed.

In a mere moment, Herag had already absorbed one-fifth of the life energy.

Watching Herag standing on the surface, Malcolm, for the first time, felt he had underestimated this person.

No matter how hard he thought, he couldn't figure out why Herag could absorb life energy so recklessly.

Who was he, a mythical creature perhaps...

A myriad of doubts filled Malcolm's mind, but there was little time left for him to think.

Due to Herag's rapid pace, Malcolm hadn't been able to inflict any effective harm on Herag.

This form of his had great advantages, in that it was nearly indestructible.

But it also had significant restrictions, mainly inflexibility.

On normal occasions, if he couldn't win, he could escape.

But now, having become the flesh ground, being attacked meant he couldn't escape; such a form was immobile.

Malcolm wasn't capable of unlimited expansion. Even though his goal was to eventually cover the entire Wizard Plane, it was clear he didn't yet have that ability.

Covering an area of two thousand square meters was already remarkable, though unfortunately, he encountered Herag.

Herag's form constantly flickered across the flesh ground, always absorbing large amounts of life energy whenever given a gap.

Gradually, the flesh ground's color was no longer a vibrant blood-red but turned somewhat dull.

Additionally, Herag clearly felt that the pulsations from within the flesh ground had become much weaker.

If the earlier pulsation was strong, rhythmic, and vigorous, now it was slow, weak, and disorderly.

Malcolm wanted desperately to revert this form, but to return to human form required time to condense all this flesh into a humanoid shape.

Clearly, he didn't have such time now.

With a powerful thrust, Herag's fist pierced into the flesh ground like a sharp spike, and life energy within the flesh ground was instantly absorbed, continuously flowing into Herag's body.

His body now coursed with the Thunder God Ancestral Bloodline Power, and absorbing this amount of life energy was nothing, not even enough to fill a tooth.

Once again, Herag felt the immense power of the Thunder God Ancestral Bloodline, and he couldn't help but wonder what kind of existence the Thunder God Ancestor was, what level of power they possessed.

Unfortunately, there was almost no related material, and no clues could be found.