

Sixth 441

Chapter 441: Exorcist

The kobold cave was filled with bones of various other animals and humans, indicating that they used to go hunting, but have recently been starving.

They'd rather go hungry than hunt in the forest, which means there's a much stronger presence around here.

At first glance, perhaps it's this tiger.

Herag considered for a moment and decided to bypass the tiger while it hadn't noticed him to avoid a direct confrontation.

Although it seemed like he could handle it, there was a chance the tiger's actual combat strength was formidable, and he didn't need to take risks.

He had just arrived in this world, and everything needed to be approached cautiously.

As he was preparing to retreat and detour, he noticed someone approaching from afar, a teenager appearing about seventeen or eighteen years old.

...

Ed was the only exorcist in Falling Leaves Town, and at the young age of seventeen, he single-handedly protected this small town.

He lost all his family members during the war, and after wandering to Falling Leaves Town, he was discovered by an old exorcist who noticed Ed's exorcist talent and took him as a disciple.

Three years ago, the old exorcist lost his life in a battle with a demon, leaving Ed with the heavy burden of protecting Falling Leaves Town.

Ed took up this responsibility without hesitation and actively protected everyone in the town.

When he was a child, he nearly starved to death, and it was the people of Falling Leaves Town who took him in and fed him.

For Ed, the residents of Falling Leaves Town were his family, a presence he must defend.

He glanced at the pitch-black longsword in his hand, his reliance and source of power.

Ed had demonstrated remarkable talent during his exorcist apprenticeship, which left the old exorcist in awe.

This world was filled with powerful demons, which could enhance themselves using a type of energy called demon aura.

More importantly, the demon aura could be plundered; by killing a target, one could acquire the demon aura within the target.

This resulted in the emergence of many immensely powerful demons that grew swiftly like a snowball into terrifying monsters.

But humanity was also progressing, and the emergence of exorcists allowed them to catch a breath and barely have the capability to contend with demons.

While demons could absorb demon aura to strengthen themselves, a small number of humans could too, and those with this ability were called exorcists.

However, merely being able to absorb demon aura wasn't enough, as human bodies were inherently frailer than demons'.

Therefore, they needed prolonged training and cultivation to gradually enhance their physical capabilities and unlock more potential within themselves.

This stage was where one would be considered an exorcist apprentice; once they awakened their unique exorcist abilities, they could be considered an official exorcist.

Exorcists had a wide variety of exorcist abilities; no two were quite the same.

The pitch-black longsword in Ed's hand was his exorcist ability, extraordinarily sharp, and able to cut through anything so far.

Ed discovered that every time he slew a demon and absorbed its demon aura, this sword also became stronger.

He and this sword were growing together, gradually becoming more powerful.

However, compared to other exorcists, this ability seemed somewhat weak.

For instance, some exorcists gained fire manipulation abilities, casually tossing large fireballs with tremendous power.

But Ed's ability wasn't as versatile; no matter how strong the sword, he still needed to strike his target.

The extent of the sword's power was entirely dependent on Ed's own combat prowess.

Compared to other exorcists, Ed, apart from this sword, didn't have any special abilities, much like an ordinary warrior, but with a slightly stronger physique.

Thus far, Ed relied entirely on combat techniques he'd learned since childhood and his incredibly sharp black sword for fighting.

Unlike other exorcists who, upon awakening, had powerful abilities and could easily handle certain demons.

Ed had to fight every demon up close, making it much riskier.

A slight mistake could lead to death under a demon's claws.

Ed's visit to the Silver Frost Forest this time was mainly to deal with a new demon that had appeared.

This demon had already killed two hunters from the town, making no one dare to hunt in the Silver Frost Forest anymore.

For the townspeople, hunting was the main source of acquiring meat.

With this demon around, no one dared to hunt there, cutting off a vital food supply line for the town.

More importantly, Ed had to quickly eliminate this newly appeared demon.

This was a principle all exorcists understood: if you discover a demon, it must be dealt with as soon as possible.

Otherwise, after a certain period, you may find that the demon has likely grown too strong for you to handle.

Thus, upon hearing the news, Ed immediately grabbed his sword and came.

After entering the Silver Frost Forest, drawing from years of experience, he quickly identified probable locations of demon activities based on various clues.

Ed crouched low, moving silently through the jungle like a wild animal, making no noise.

He was too familiar with this forest, able to navigate freely even with his eyes closed.

When Ed saw the tiger in the distance, he halted.

The tiger appeared very ordinary, seemingly just a typical fierce beast.

But Ed, based on his years of experience, knew it wasn't that simple; on the contrary, it indicated the tiger was extremely dangerous, potentially already a Tier One Demon.

Low-Level Demons and High-Level Demons correspond to exorcist apprentices' strength, while Tier One Demons match official exorcists' strength.

Tier One Demons, like official exorcists, possessed some special talent abilities, making them particularly troublesome.

Ed understood this but didn't back down, pondering how to take down this tiger.

At this moment, a gentle breeze blew through the forest, rustling the trees softly, creating an unusually tranquil and relaxing atmosphere.

But Ed's eyes widened abruptly, thinking, "Crap."

The breeze had blown over to the tiger, carrying Ed's scent over.

Ed couldn't have assumed that the tiger's sense of smell was ordinary.

Sure enough, the tiger, which had been lying on the ground resting, suddenly lifted its head, looked over, and spotted the hidden Ed.

Ed's gaze sharpened, decisively making his move, his figure resembling an arrow as he shot forward, charging straight at the tiger's face.

He appeared like a sword himself, moving with incredible speed.

The tiger immediately rose, roaring furiously at Ed, following which black smoke began to emanate from its entire body, and its size started to change.

What had seemed to be an ordinary tiger had, in the blink of an eye, transformed into a massive black tiger towering up to five meters high.

Chapter 442: Apostle

The black tiger opened its mouth and spewed out a ball of black flames.

If Ed didn't change his direction, he would crash into the black flames.

"As expected, a Tier One Demon."

Naturally, Ed wouldn't choose to clash directly with the black flames; he was just flesh and blood.

After adjusting his direction, he landed to the side of the tiger.

As soon as Ed landed, the tiger leaped over, extending its claws toward him.

Upon close contact, Ed felt the enormity of the tiger's size.

Just one tiger claw was like a large millstone, sweeping down with a fierce gale.

Ed's pupils contracted slightly as he agilely leaped backward, narrowly avoiding the tiger's attack.

At the same time, his black sword slashed past, leaving a not-so-shallow wound on the tiger's paw, spraying out a torrent of black tiger blood.

"Roar!"

The tiger let out a miserable cry, filled with anger, thoroughly enraged by Ed.

A huge black pillar swept across, breaking countless trees along the way.

Ed took a closer look and realized the huge black pillar was actually the tiger's tail, as hard as steel.

He remained calm, timing it right, and at the moment when the tail was about to sweep in front of him, he leaped and stepped onto it.

Borrowing momentum from the tail, he propelled himself outward with the force of the sweep.

In the blink of an eye, Ed landed on the tiger's back, and with his black sword, he stabbed directly into the tiger's back.

The indomitable black sword pierced deeply into the tiger's flesh as if it were tofu.

The tiger was instantly severely injured, its tail lashing violently.

This time, the speed was much faster; Ed had no time to react and was swept away before he could pull out his black sword.

Ed spat out a mouthful of fresh blood on the spot, the immense force making him feel like his internal organs were all dislocated.

If he hadn't absorbed considerable Demon Aura over the years and significantly strengthened his body, this single tail sweep might have taken his life.

After being swept away, Ed crashed into a large tree, breaking it, and rolled to the ground.

He had just climbed to his feet when he quickly leaped to the side, as the tail smashed down where he had been.

The tiger immediately pounced again, its movements extremely swift, clearly not intending to give Ed any breathing room.

Ed clutched his black sword, severe pain radiating from his chest, blood seeping from the corner of his mouth.

He knew he was already severely injured and feared he might be unable to leave the Silver Frost Forest.

So he made a decision: even if he died, he had to take this tiger with him.

As a final act for Falling Leaves Town before his death.

This was the fate of most exorcists, to die at the hands of demons.

At this moment, Ed felt unprecedented calm; everything around him seemed to slow down, the tiger's pounce appearing in slow motion.

He could clearly see the trajectory of the tiger's claws, and if he didn't dodge, they would pierce his chest.

Ed saw it, but he still didn't dodge, because this was his only chance to chop off the tiger's head.

He was going to fight the tiger to the death.

In Ed's pupils, the tiger's figure drew nearer, and he was ready to face death.

He tightly gripped the black sword in his hand, ensuring he wouldn't loosen his grip due to the impending severe pain, wanting to guarantee he could swing that final stroke to sever the tiger's head.

However, a crack suddenly appeared in the tiger's massive body.

From the center of the tiger's brow, its immense body split in two.

A large amount of blood and organs fell to the ground, and the two halves of the tiger's body also crashed down, its blood staining the ground black.

Behind the tiger, a giant with a burly build, clad in dark golden armor, held a long blade, looking at him.

A thick black qi wafted from the tiger's corpse, all absorbed by the giant.

Ed knew this was Demon Aura, but he didn't attempt to snatch it; he hadn't killed the demon.

"Power +1.1, Agility +1.1, Constitution +1.1."

"Herag Merlin: Power 33.8, Agility 33.9, Constitution 35.6, Spirit 78.5, Magic Power 100%."

After absorbing the thick Demon Aura from the tiger, Herag immediately checked the changes in his physical data.

The demon aura within this tiger was indeed abundant, significantly boosting his stats by 1.1 each.

Herag had been lurking nearby, waiting for the best opportunity to strike.

He initially intended to leave and not provoke the tiger, but with someone else probing the tiger's strength for him, Herag wouldn't stand on ceremony.

This tiger, after its transformation, was many times stronger than those kobolds, and possessed considerable Demon Aura.

It was this Demon Aura that Herag had his eye on, so he chose not to leave.

When the tiger pounced, that was the ideal moment to act.

Herag didn't hesitate at all, decisively emerging from the shadowy corner, swinging his long blade to cleave the tiger in half.

He glanced at the stunned youth looking at him, contemplating whether to deal with him.

After thinking for a moment, Herag chose not to act.

He had yet to ascertain the situation here, and, finally encountering a human, he decided not to create unnecessary trouble.

Killing a small fish might attract a bigger one later, and he could use this youth to gather some intelligence.

Mainly because the youth displayed no hostility, just a shocked expression.

Ed stared blankly at the scene before him, the suddenly appearing man possessed overwhelming power, cutting such a large demon in half with a single stroke.

The long blade was roughly crafted, yet capable of cleaving the demon with such a weapon indicated the man's terrifying strength.

"What level of exorcist is this... could it be a High-tier Exorcist, or even perhaps an Apostle Level Exorcist!"

At this moment, Ed was shocked by Herag's power, having no thought at all of attacking Herag.

Because in his understanding, exorcists dealt with demons and wouldn't attack each other without conflicting interests.

An official exorcist is surpassed by a High-tier Exorcist, and above that is known as an Apostle.

Every Apostle is an absolute figure of significance, someone Ed had never seen in his life, only heard about.

"Thank you, my lord, for saving my life!"

Reacting, Ed immediately knelt down on one knee to express his gratitude to Herag.

Herag couldn't understand his language but could interpret his actions and expressions, probably thanking him.

"Shenlan, start collecting language information from here, and organize it into systematic knowledge as soon as possible."

The language barrier was a major issue, so Herag had to let Shenlan collect data first. With enough data, he could easily master the language here.

Chapter 443: Falling Leaves Town

"Mission has been archived, recording and analyzing relevant language data."

From this moment on, Shenlan began to collect, record, and analyze the language data here, assembling and organizing it into a new language.

Although different languages vary greatly, their principles are quite similar, so integration is not a difficult task for Shenlan.

"Hmm... which direction can I leave this place?" Herag asked.

Ed, upon hearing him speak in a language he couldn't understand, realized that Herag must be a foreigner, leading to the language barrier.

He stood up and first put away his Black Sword, indicating he had no hostility.

Ed's Black Sword is his Awakened Ability, so he can dispel it when not needed.

Seeing this, Herag also slung his Long Blade onto his back.

He thought for a moment, pointed outside the forest, and gestured in a few directions.

Ed watched for a while, roughly understanding what Herag meant.

He guessed that Herag must have gotten lost in the Silver Frost Forest, thus asking how to get out.

After walking a few steps in one direction, Ed turned back, smiling and waving hand to signal Herag to follow him.

Herag understood he was guiding him, so he followed along.

Thinking for a moment, he stretched out his hand and opened his palm in front of Ed, offering a bottle of White Sage Potion.

Ed took the potion from Herag's large palm, looking at Herag with some confusion.

Herag made a drinking motion to show him how to use it.

This young man was severely injured, and without treatment, he might not last long before collapsing on the road.

Once Ed understood, he didn't hesitate, pulled out the wooden stopper, and drank the White Sage Healing Potion.

He didn't believe Herag would harm him.

Ed was already severely injured and close to death; he only wanted to guide Herag out before he died.

Even in his prime, he couldn't be a match for Herag, so there was no need to use poisoning against himself.

After drinking the White Sage Healing Potion, Ed immediately felt the potion's miraculous effect.

The injuries within him were healing rapidly, so fast that he was astounded, having never seen a potion with such efficacy in his life.

"This must be a treasure!"

Ed had only heard about such treasures in some legendary stories from wandering poets.

He initially thought those were just legends, but today he unexpectedly experienced it firsthand.

This level of treasure was just handed to him, and he felt deep gratitude towards Herag once again.

"Getting so excited over a White Sage Healing Potion..."

From Ed's reaction, Herag gleaned that the level of medicine here wasn't very advanced.

At least within the level this boy had encountered, there were no good medicines.

After consuming the White Sage Healing Potion, Ed's injuries immediately stabilized and began to heal quickly.

His physical Constitution was already good, so combined with the White Sage Healing Potion, the recovery was doubly effective, leaving no threat to his life.

Once the injuries stabilized, Ed led the way.

He was so familiar with the area that he guided Herag out of the Silver Frost Forest without any pauses.

Herag recorded the entire journey mentally, realizing that without Ed, he would've spent a lot more Time trying to find his way out.

With Ed leading the way, they emerged in just three hours.

In the distance from the Silver Frost Forest, lay a small town.

The town was surrounded by wooden walls, some sections were piled with stones.

Herag looked at this roughly built wall, feeling it was useful only against wild animals.

For Demons, such a wall was just ornamental.

Ed led Herag toward Falling Leaves Town, and just as they passed a corner, a bearded uncle emerged from a bush.

The bearded uncle looked cautiously at Herag, "Ed, who is this?"

"Oh, Uncle Hank, he's a foreigner, and a strong Exorcist. He just saved me in the Silver Frost Forest. The new Demon in Silver Frost Forest was defeated by him, so everyone can safely go hunting now. By the way, Uncle Hank, send someone in to retrieve the Demon's meat."

"It's a big tiger, with plenty of meat to last everyone for a long time," Ed said.

After Ed spoke, Hank still cautiously eyed Herag.

Primarily because Herag's stature was intimidating—over four meters tall, dressed in full Dark Gold Armor with a massive Long Blade slung behind him, Hank had to be cautious.

But since Ed vouched for him, Hank couldn't very well turn Herag away.

At least for now, Herag hadn't shown any hostility.

Provoking him recklessly would only bring trouble to Falling Leaves Town.

More importantly, they needed to retrieve the Demon's meat from Silver Frost Forest; it was food.

Most Demon's meat is edible, not only filling but also granting strength.

While ordinary people can't absorb Demon Aura like Exorcists, eating Demon's meat can still strengthen their bodies.

However, Demon's meat was precious and typically reserved for the town's young and strong.

These individuals maintain the town's stability and are its future hope.

After Ed explained these things to Hank, Hank followed them back to Falling Leaves Town and organized a group to retrieve the Demon's meat from where Ed indicated.

Herag's imposing figure in the town naturally drew a lot of attention.

Initially, the townspeople were a bit fearful, but seeing Ed brought him and noting how Herag didn't intend to harm anyone, their fear subsided.

Some children even bravely approached Herag, looking up at him in awe and marveling continuously.

One little boy even directly hugged Herag's leg and started climbing up.

This scene startled Ed, as this was a powerful Exorcist, and provoking him could have dire consequences.

"Magee! Get down!" Ed shouted, moving to get the boy down.

Herag chuckled, gently lifted the little boy by the collar with his fingers, and carefully set him aside.

"I'm sorry, sir!" Ed hurried over to apologize, pulling Magee along to apologize as well.

Magee, seeing Ed so serious, realized his mistake, nose bubbling as he bowed in apology.

Herag waved it off, indicating it was no big deal.

He certainly wouldn't get angry with a three-year-old child.

After witnessing this, the other townspeople gained a better impression of Herag.

Previously on edge, they relaxed, no longer worried that Herag was a malicious person.

After all, how could someone bad be so gentle with children?

Chapter 444: Sharing

"Sir, this is my..."

Ed led Herag to his cabin, wanting to introduce it but remembered that Herag couldn't understand his language.

So he used gestures, combined with some words and tones, to help convey his meaning.

Herag glanced at the small cabin, which was sufficient for one person, and it was very clean and tidy inside.

However, given his current size, a normal house couldn't accommodate him.

Herag wasn't planning on returning to a human form. The titan form might not be convenient for daily life, but it offered a level of safety.

Often, it also served as a deterrent, warding off many troubles without direct confrontation.

Ed realized that Herag's size was too large for his home to accommodate.

This put him in a difficult position, as he couldn't let Herag stay outside.

Herag looked at the yard and waved his hand to bring out the magical tent.

The tent's interior had ample space, more than enough for him to live in.

Ed was surprised to see the suddenly appearing tall tent, not understanding where Herag had gotten it from, simply assuming it was one of Herag's treasures.

He had heard about many mysterious treasures before, but now he had seen one firsthand.

Herag entered the magical tent to test it; there were no issues, and it was spacious enough for him to move freely.

He planned to live in this town for some time, mainly to master the language here.

The language barrier was a major problem; if not resolved first, everything afterward would be inconvenient, even impossible.

During this time, Herag could also familiarize himself with the local customs, observe people's lifestyles, and subtly gather a lot of information.

He didn't know if there was an expedition team from the wizard plane in this world.

If there was, wizards would certainly be seen as enemies.

This was why Herag hadn't used the titan power; if they found out he was a wizard, his situation would become more dangerous.

Herag was constantly considering how to return; if there were expedition team members here, it would make things easier.

Finding a wizard from the expedition team would allow him to return.

Initially, Herag was eager to go back, but now he wasn't in a hurry.

His previous urgency was solely due to the threat posed by Medel.

Now it seemed likely that the teleportation ring from the Cradle Operation had malfunctioned, causing them to be transported here.

Medel was also very likely here.

After figuring this out, Herag immediately changed his subsequent plans.

First was to find Medel and eliminate him.

In this world, eliminating Medel would have almost no repercussions, and no one from the Taylor family would know.

The real issue was how to find him.

Herag also planned to use the talent ability of demon power to absorb the demon aura and strengthen himself as much as possible.

If he could deal with Medel, he had no intention of returning to the wizard plane soon.

There were plenty of demons here; he just needed to be cautious and target those that were easier to deal with.

To Herag, these demons were potential sources of power, waiting for him to harvest.

Ed had no desire for Herag's magical tent, only thinking that Herag was indeed a powerful exorcist, must have had rich experiences, and wanted to learn from him.

By dusk, the young team that had gone out to transport demon meat returned.

They hadn't finished despite working the whole afternoon and had to return as it got dark.

They planned to check again tomorrow, but based on past experiences, there wouldn't be much left.

Many other beasts and demons lurked in the forest, finding the demon flesh equally irresistible.

The tiger's corpse would be gnawed to bones within a night.

The demon meat was piled up in the center of the town square, where a group of people was busy.

First, they cut the meat into strips of roughly equal size, making it convenient for distribution later.

Then a simple curing process followed since it was impossible to consume all this meat in a short time.

Of course, Ed had asked Herag beforehand if he needed any of the meat.

Herag just waved his hand; he couldn't eat so much alone.

He had enough food in his space ring, lacking no food at the moment.

For the townspeople, this meat was essential to sustenance, and they needed it more.

Herag stood at the edge of the square, watching them handle the demon meat.

Ed gestured to tell him that once cured and air-dried, they would give some demon meat to him.

Herag simply nodded, not really caring about it.

While it might make ordinary people stronger, the improvement was negligible for him.

A bonfire was lit at the square's edge, with men, women, the elderly, and children singing and dancing around it, a celebration of the abundant food harvest.

It wasn't until late at night that the crowd gradually dispersed, with the demon meat processed and distributed to all town residents.

Families with young adults got more, while those with only elderly members got less.

No one had any objections, as it had always been this way.

Herag participated in the bonfire party, having some of the delicious food offered by the people: demon meat, charred outside yet tender inside.

The taste was admittedly excellent, with the meat quality being top-notch.

Returning to the magical tent, Herag began his meditation practice, using the divine core energy from his bloodline mark to accelerate his meditation.

As he meditated, he pondered: if he reached the crystallization wizard limit but still couldn't leave this plane, what then?

To become a level 2 wizard, he needed two things—a second-level spell and the key of rules—which he currently lacked.

Thinking of this, Herag suddenly took out the black sphere in the black space and glanced inside.

The white deer was still there, lying down as if it were hungry.

The black space was desolate, with nothing for it to eat.

"Is this considered a key of rules..."

The white deer possessed a talent ability to manipulate spatial rules, leading Herag to wonder if absorbing its bloodline would equate to mastering spatial rules.

Once this idea formed, Herag immediately acted, diving straight into the black space.

Upon entering the black space, the white deer suddenly raised its head, and upon seeing Herag, it appeared terrified, leaping a hundred meters away.

Yet, this was a small space; no matter how the white deer ran, it remained confined, unable to escape.

Chapter 445: Spirit of the White Deer

Herag did not chase the White Deer; instead, he took out a handful of grass and said, "Want to eat?"

The White Deer stood at a distance, staring warily at Herag, but its gaze immediately focused on the grass when it saw it.

Ever since it came in, it hadn't eaten anything.

Holding the grass, Herag tempted, "How is it, looks fresh, doesn't it? If you want to eat it, let's make a trade. You give me a bit of your blood, and I promise you can eat this kind of grass every day."

He wasn't sure if the White Deer could understand what he meant, so he could only give it a try.

As a Child of the Plane, the White Deer should inherently possess some wisdom, perhaps it could comprehend his meaning.

The White Deer continued to stare at Herag warily, neither approaching nor retreating.

Herag took out a dagger from his Space Ring and tossed it into the distance, scaring the White Deer into a space jump, fleeing far away and watching from a distance.

"If you understand and are willing to make this trade with me, leave a little blood on the dagger yourself, and I'll ensure you won't go hungry," Herag said.

The White Deer stared at Herag, glanced at the dagger on the ground, then at the grass in Herag's hand, as if considering something.

It pondered for a long time before slowly approaching the dagger.

Seeing this, Herag understood that the White Deer could indeed understand his intention.

It ultimately lowered its noble head for the grass.

The White Deer cautiously approached the dagger, keeping a close eye on Herag's actions the whole time.

To avoid scaring it away, Herag stood still.

Once the White Deer got close to the dagger, it extended a forehoof and made a cut on it.

Crimson blood immediately seeped from the wound, staining the dagger.

The White Deer's recovery ability was amazing, quickly stopping the bleeding, and it seemed to be healing rapidly as well.

After leaving blood on the dagger, the White Deer retreated, watching from afar.

Herag walked over, picked up the dagger, and collected the blood with a test tube.

After doing so, he placed the grass on the ground and then left the Black Space.

After he left, though the White Deer was hungry, it didn't approach the grass.

It stood in place for a long time, and only after not sensing anything unusual did it slowly approach the grass on the ground.

Upon getting closer, the White Deer began eating the grass to relieve its hunger.

Herag watched the White Deer's actions from outside for a while before retracting the Black Space.

He didn't know what species the White Deer really was, planning to keep it first and study it gradually later.

This White Deer did indeed have Bloodline Power within, something Herag could clearly sense.

He glanced at the test tube containing the collected blood and gathered Magic Power, with a phantom of an Ancient Stone Slab appearing behind him.

The bloodline power within the blood was quickly absorbed, and after entering his body, it directly merged into the Bloodline Mark.

"It can actually be absorbed by the Bloodline Mark..."

Herag hadn't expected that the bloodline power of the White Deer was qualified to be absorbed by the Bloodline Mark; so far, only two kinds of bloodline powers could be absorbed, the Thunder God Ancestral Bloodline and the Royal Elf Bloodline.

Now, the White Deer's bloodline power had become the third kind.

"Spirit of the White Deer: Innately able to harmonize with Spatial Rules, capable of utilizing Spatial Rule Power to a certain extent."

This was the talent ability Herag gained after absorbing the White Deer's bloodline power.

He closed his eyes and carefully sensed it, able to distinctly feel the presence of Spatial Rules.

With a thought, Herag vanished, appearing a few meters away inside the Wildfire Tent.

He roughly estimated that the extreme distance for Space Travel was around a hundred meters, the same as the White Deer's.

Herag could feel that after absorbing the White Deer's bloodline power, even his physical body seemed to have undergone some changes.

This White Deer's talent ability was so powerful that it equated to being naturally able to use Rule Power.

Wizards refine their Spiritual Crystals to the extreme precisely to possess sufficient strength to bear the Spell Model of Second-level Spells.

The human body is naturally incapable of bearing Rule Power, that's why Wizards choose this path to carry Rule Power.

But the White Deer's bloodline was extremely abnormal, naturally capable of wielding Rule Power.

For them, traversing space was as simple as breathing, an innate talent ability.

Since Herag absorbed the White Deer's bloodline power, he now also possessed such ability.

Theoretically, Herag could already learn second-level spells of the Spatial Element.

Because his body could now bear the rule power of the Spatial Element, this was the transformation brought about by the White Deer's bloodline power.

Herag felt as if he was walking a path somewhat different from that of regular Wizards, with the upper limit of the Great Dark Heaven spell far exceeding his imagination.

However, he wasn't planning to attempt constructing a second-level spell's Spell Model yet, firstly because his spiritual power was still insufficient, and secondly because his deductions were still purely theoretical.

Theoretically, he could learn Second-level Spells, but in reality, the Spell Model of Second-level Spells was extremely complex.

Herag had no intention of gambling on his ability to construct a Spell Model of a Second-level Spell in his mind; one mistake could lead to irreversible ruin.

He still intended to follow the standard path, progressing step by step, first meditating his Spiritual Crystal to its utmost, and then constructing the Spell Model of Second-level Spells into the Spiritual Crystal.

This was the safest choice.

Moreover, currently, Herag had no Second-level Spells to learn. Even if he could directly construct a Spell Model of a Second-level Spell, it would have to be of the Spatial Element.

The analysis work of the second Ancient Stone Slab was ongoing intermittently, and even with continuous daily Magic Power expenditure for analysis, it would still take more than a year.

Even if it got analyzed, chances were low it would be a spell of the Spatial Element, as there was no such coincidence.

Herag had already seen from the Great Dark Heaven spell that what's recorded on the Ancient Stone Slab was likely not conventional magic, making it hard to categorize by element.

This indirectly increased his consideration of using the magic from the Stone Slab as a Second-level Spell for promotion, since finding the corresponding Key of Rules might be difficult.

Herag planned to wait for Shenlan to fully analyze the Stone Slab's content, see what kind of magic it was, and then make some corresponding plans.

Given the White Deer's bloodline power was so strong, Herag naturally wouldn't let it go to waste.

He planned to periodically extract a bit of the White Deer's blood, then absorb its bloodline power to strengthen himself, enhancing his understanding and familiarity with the Spatial Rules.

Reflecting on this, Herag felt the World X-617 had great potential.

With a Bloodline as powerful as that of a Child of the Plane, if inherited and developed into a large-scale group...

Chapter 446: Swordsmanship Master

Herag even believed that if the Bloodline Power of the White Deer were to develop into a group, it might surpass the Elf Race.

If it hadn't been discovered by the Wizard Plane so early, the X-617 World might become a very powerful world in the future.

It's just unknown whether a Low-tier World can be promoted to a Middle-tier World; this is also a question Herag is pondering.

He wonders if the Wizard Plane is born as a Middle-tier World, and the Abyss Plane is born as a High-tier World?

Probably not. Different planes must have some path of ascension, only Herag is not clear about it.

After absorbing the Bloodline Power, Herag glanced at the Black Space, where the White Deer was lying and resting, seemingly not fully fed.

Herag had just carelessly pulled a handful of grass from the yard, which wasn't much.

For a White Deer that hadn't eaten for a long time, this little grass was obviously not enough.

Herag doesn't plan to continue feeding it; he needs to keep the White Deer in a state of being not fully fed.

Only in this way can he ensure the White Deer consistently cooperates, saving many troubles.

Anyway, the White Deer has a powerful bloodline, there's no problem with it being a bit hungry.

Once familiarity is gained, then he can gradually allow the White Deer to be fully fed.

Lying on the bed inside the Wildfire Tent, Herag adjusts his breathing and enters a state of meditation, continuing his meditation.

...

The next morning, Herag slowly opened his eyes, hearing the commotion outside the tent.

After coming out of the Wildfire Tent, Herag saw Ed practicing swordsmanship in the yard.

Ed's gaze was steadfast, practicing swordsmanship in an orderly manner.

This was the swordsmanship taught to him by the Old Exorcist, which had no name, merely the summary of the Old Exorcist's years of combat experience.

A thick fog rose in Falling Leaves Town in the early morning, the sun had risen, but sunlight couldn't penetrate the thick White Mist, making the sun look like an orange-yellow pancake.

Watching Ed practice swordsmanship intently, Herag quickly realized that although this swordsmanship had commendable points, the flaws were still too many.

For a master of swordsmanship like him, even if the power, agility, and other physical qualities were exactly the same, he could find the flaws and pierce them with a single stroke.

Ed's practiced swordsmanship might be sufficient for general combat, but it had quite a few issues, with many redundant actions, not succinct enough.

After Ed finished a complete practice session, Herag walked over.

He reached out his hand, signaling for Ed to hand him the sword, and Ed handed it over.

With the sword, which felt like an embroidery needle to him, Herag closed his eyes, recalling Ed's swordsmanship.

In his mind, he completely revised the inadequacies of this swordsmanship.

Improving this basic swordsmanship didn't require Shenlan's intervention; Herag's own experience and understanding of swordsmanship were more than enough.

Taking a minute to perfect the swordsmanship, Herag opened his eyes.

He began to demonstrate the swordsmanship he modified; with his current control over his body, he could execute every move to the extreme.

Ed stepped aside, focusing intently once Herag began demonstrating the swordsmanship.

Originally, he just wanted to observe what Herag's swordsmanship looked like, but as soon as Herag started, he realized this was the very swordsmanship he was using.

After a few moves from Herag, Ed's expression became more serious and earnest.

Given his high talent, he naturally saw that this was Herag's improved version of the swordsmanship.

The moves from Herag's demonstration had some differences and modifications from his own.

Ed pondered these changes carefully, finding them to be strokes of genius that directly elevated the swordsmanship by several levels.

Every redundant action was eliminated cleanly, resulting in crisp and efficient techniques, greatly enhancing the efficacy of the sword techniques.

"This has to be a swordsmanship master..."

In awe, Ed watched Herag demonstrating the swordsmanship, filled with immense admiration for Herag.

Just by watching his practice once and picking up a sword, Herag could modify and perfect this technique; how high must one's swordsmanship level be to achieve this?

Ed felt increasingly grateful to Herag as this swordsmanship was crucially important to him.

The only ability he awakened was the Black Sword, making swordsmanship the most important thing to him.

By improving this swordsmanship, Herag effectively enhanced his strength, greatly boosting his combat capabilities.

Ed committed this swordsmanship to memory with great diligence, and due to his high talent, he wouldn't forget it after seeing it once.

Now, it was only a matter of attaining proficiency; remembering the swordsmanship was one thing, but being able to perform it effectively was another, requiring long-term practice.

After Herag finished demonstratively, he handed the sword back, signaling Ed to give it a try.

Ed nodded and took the longsword.

He did not hurry to practice but carefully recalled each of Herag's actions, engraving every detail in his mind.

Once this process was completed, Ed began wielding the longsword.

Herag observed the entire process of his sword practice and found the youth to be highly talented.

Although there was some stiffness in the performance, the main actions were already in place.

Not everyone has Shenlan's assistance tool, so it's normal not to achieve one hundred percent precision.

For Ed, with a bit more practice, he would be able to fully master the improved swordsmanship.

What amazed Herag even more was that Ed could alter his habits in such a short time.

Habits have inertia, and they are the hardest for most people to change.

Ed had practiced this swordsmanship for years, with many motions already ingrained as habits.

Many moves modified by Herag had entirely different habits of initiation and withdrawal compared to before.

Normally, adapting quickly would be difficult, with errors likely to occur.

But Ed seemed like an anomaly, not making a single mistake, executing the entire swordsmanship flawlessly.

Herag felt quite gratified; Ed's performance assured him that his time and effort were not wasted.

He then took the sword and demonstrated a few moves.

These moves included some details where Ed hadn't achieved sufficient precision, so Herag corrected them.

Ed glanced and understood, expressing gratitude, "Thank you, Sir, for imparting your skills. I will never forget your grace!"

Although Herag couldn't understand the words, he could feel Ed's genuine gratitude.

After bowing in thanks, Ed continued to wield the sword, practicing the swordsmanship over and over again.

...

In the blink of an eye, a month passed.

During this time, Herag didn't go anywhere, simply living in this peaceful and quiet town.

He had become quite familiar with many of the town's residents, remembering quite a few of their names.

Chapter 447: Departure

In just a month, Shenlan had compiled a language called Avite Language from the linguistic data collected around town.

This language was used by Ed and others and was relatively simple, making it easy for Herag to grasp.

He could now communicate normally with Ed and others, understanding the general meaning through conversation.

Herag also learned about the surroundings during this time.

He was currently in an empire called Portlands, with Falling Leaves Town located on its far west, next to the Shattered Stone Desert, a very remote place.

The Shattered Stone Desert was where Herag initially appeared, a desolate place inhabited only by Demons and no humans.

Falling Leaves Town was a small town on the empire's border, an unmanaged place left to fend for itself.

The nearest city to Falling Leaves Town was called Greenfield City, reputed to be a very large city, though the exact size was unknown to the town's residents.

Herag learned that the Portlands Empire had almost no control over these cities, with most cities in a state of autonomy.

The royal family of the Portlands Empire was merely a name, unable to command cities like Greenfield City aside from their own military force.

Due to the ubiquitous Demon infestation and harassment, everyone focused on survival rather than heeding orders from the royal family.

Exorcists were the most important profession here and the main power against Demons.

Someone with Ed's talent could have long since moved to Greenfield City to enjoy various benefits.

Talented Exorcists were always valued by various forces, enjoying excellent treatment.

But Ed stayed because he was the only Exorcist in Falling Leaves Town.

If he left, there would be no one to solve Demon attacks once they occurred, so he couldn't leave.

In Ed's yard, Herag was holding a sword with one hand while Ed, wielding a sword with both hands, was attacking with all his might.

However, Herag easily blocked every attack.

Throughout, Herag was as relaxed as taking a walk, while Ed was exhausted, barely touching Herag's clothes despite giving his all.

"Very good, you've improved a lot compared to a month ago," Herag praised.

Ed's growth speed was astonishing, his exceptional talent piquing Herag's interest, who taught him many things.

Ed learned quickly, mastering everything Herag taught him.

In just a month, Ed's combat skills had improved significantly, capable of easily handling two of his past selves from a month ago.

"Master, you're too strong. Despite my recent improvements, it feels like no progress in front of you," Ed said, somewhat dejected.

"I never said I would take you as a student; no need to call me Master since I'll eventually leave," Herag said.

During this time, Herag taught Ed a lot, but never took him as a student.

To Herag, this place was just a temporary stopover, with no desire to get too involved.

A month had passed, and it was about time to leave.

He had mastered the language and basic surroundings, achieving his goal.

"Master, you're leaving?" Ed said sadly, knowing this day would eventually come, but it was sooner than expected.

Though Herag never accepted him as a disciple, Ed already regarded Herag as his master in his heart.

Herag nodded and said, "Yes, I have my own things to do."

Ed knew he couldn't persuade him; a powerful Exorcist like Herag surely had important matters to attend to.

"When are you planning to leave, Master?" Ed asked.

"In the next couple of days," Herag replied.

Ed said, "Then I'll prepare some provisions for your journey, Master."

As they were talking, Hank hurried over with a solemn expression, "Ed, Grant, Andar hasn't returned for five days; he's probably in trouble."

Grant was Herag's alias, used for caution, never revealing his real name to Ed and others.

Andar was a town resident, notably the father of the three-year-old boy who climbed up Herag's leg.

Andar usually handled trading goods in Greenfield City, exchanging town items for currency, and brought necessities back per town residents' demands.

He had done this for years, and a round trip typically took three days.

This time, however, Andar had been gone for five days without returning.

Noticing something was amiss, Hank came to find Herag and Ed.

"Uncle Andar hasn't returned in five days?" Ed pondered for a moment and said, "Maybe he was delayed on his way; I'll go check it out."

"I hope it's just a delay," Hank sighed worriedly.

He also knew Ed's reassurance was just that; Andar was likely in trouble.

The weather had been good, unlikely to cause delays on the road.

Most likely, he encountered bandits or Demons, explaining his prolonged absence.

Andar was the only able-bodied adult in his family, supporting everyone himself.

If Andar couldn't return, they could only rely on the town's neighbors for support.

Only when little Magee grew up would anyone take up the family responsibilities.

"I'll go with you, as I planned to leave," Herag said.

There was only one road from Falling Leaves Town to Greenfield City, where Andar likely met trouble.

Herag intended to leave, planning to visit Greenfield City, making this trip convenient.

With Herag accompanying him, Ed believed they'd resolve the issue more confidently and naturally didn't refuse.

The two set out along the only road, observing the surrounding scenery for any clues.

They started on foot since the town only had one carriage.

This carriage was what Andar used to transport goods; when he took it, the town had no carriage left.

Even if there was a carriage, Herag couldn't ride it.

In his current form, he was too large to fit into a carriage.

The two traveled quickly, both possessing strong physical attributes.

Ed, an Official Exorcist, had absorbed much Demon Aura, making his body far superior to an ordinary person's.

However, compared to Herag's Titan Power form, it was somewhat lacking.

Chapter 448: Wolf Pack

Falling Leaves Town is a certain distance from Greenfield City, and it usually takes a day by carriage to reach it.

Herag and Ed followed the road ahead, walking for four hours without finding any abnormal traces.

All around the road were forests and wilderness, with no one living there.

Due to the presence of demons, there were no longer any mountain villages here, with at least town-level settlements.

In the afternoon, the two finally found a damaged carriage.

The carriage was tilted and fallen on the ground, with a lot of fruits and fabrics scattered around.

The horses pulling the carriage were missing, and there were many bloodstains on the ground and traces of heavy items being dragged.

Herag checked inside the carriage, but didn't find Andar, and there was no one here.

"This is Uncle Andar's carriage." Ed recognized the carriage and said heavily.

Herag glanced at the bloodstains on the ground, touched and smelled them, saying, "There are three kinds of bloodstains here: horse, human, and another that seems to be from some kind of animal, but I can't be sure."

"There are also footprints here..."

Herag looked aside and found a pile of small footprints on the ground.

Judging by the footprints, the animal isn't large, but there are many of them.

"Wolf footprints." Ed recognized them.

Ed said, "But there shouldn't be any wolf packs active near this road. Could it be a group that recently migrated here?"

"Let's go and check it out."

Herag observed the footprints, which extended from the road into the grassland beside.

At the same time, there were traces of heavy items being dragged away.

Judging by the traces, it's likely that the carriage horse and Andar were dragged away.

Seeing these traces, Ed also deduced some things and began to feel saddened.

They were familiar neighbors since childhood, all like family.

Upon receiving this bad news, naturally, he felt a bit saddened.

"I must find Uncle Andar." Ed's hand flashed with light, revealing a black longsword.

Herag could see he was angry, wanting to avenge Andar.

He didn't say much, just followed the traces into the nearby forest.

The forest was quiet, only some small birds were chirping in the trees.

Herag and Ed followed the traces deeper into the forest, arriving at a flat grassland after about an hour.

In the center of the grassland, a wolf pack was roaming, some wolves were lying down sleeping, others wandering around.

Herag immediately spotted, in the distance, a pile of remains, seemingly the horse's corpse, now eaten down to just bones.

"Damn wolves!" Ed saw this scene and directly charged, black sword in hand, towards the wolf pack.

Herag didn't have time to hold him back.

He felt something unusual about this place; the wolf pack wasn't really an issue and could be easily dealt with.

Ed was too young and too angry, so in his rage, he charged without thinking.

Herag followed Ed and paid close attention to the surroundings.

At this time, Ed had already charged onto the flat grassland, attracting the wolf pack's attention.

The Wolf King howled to the sky, and the wolf pack gathered, rushing towards Ed and Herag.

These ordinary beasts were no match for them; after the first wave of attack, only wolf corpses surrounded them.

The Wolf King and the remaining seven or eight wolves stopped and turned to flee.

Ed pursued, swinging his black sword to take out one wolf after another, completely annihilating the pack.

Aside from revenge, Ed was eliminating future threats by killing the wolf pack.

The wolf pack's territory was not far from the road, posing a great threat to the people in Falling Leaves Town, so it needed to be resolved early.

"I wonder where this wolf pack came from. Now the threat should be dealt with." Ed said.

Herag pondered, "Maybe not; no human remains were found here."

"Could they have been completely eaten?" Ed speculated.

Herag shook his head, "Bones can't be completely eaten, and even if they were, there would still be some bloodstains left, but I found no human bloodstains here."

Herag's perception of blood essence was very keen, and he found no trace of human blood here.

"Then where is Uncle Andar?" Ed was puzzled.

Herag looked to the distant mountains, "He must be over there."

Ed followed Herag's gaze and saw, on a distant hilltop, a towering black gorilla standing and watching them.

"Demon!" Ed immediately recognized it as not an ordinary animal.

The black gorilla's whole body was covered in black armor, resembling human-made armor.

But a closer look revealed that this black armor was actually the gorilla's own muscle tissue.

"It seems to be controlling the wolf pack." Herag said.

Judging by the surroundings, the wolf pack's grassland was just outside the gorilla's resting place.

This wolf pack acted as guards for the gorilla, and it was awakened by the fighting noise.

The gorilla appeared undaunted, seeing the pair and looking at the dead wolves with anger, roaring a deafening sound echoed in the surroundings.

Going on all fours, it began charging down the mountain, with a massive power heading straight for Herag and Ed.

"High-tier Demon!" Ed exclaimed.

High-tier Demons match the power of a High-tier Exorcist; Ed was only an Official Exorcist, far from reaching the level of a High-tier Exorcist.

Herag had compared the power systems during his time in the Wizard Plane.

High-tier Demons and High-tier Exorcists roughly equate to Liquefaction and Crystalization Wizard's Level, similar in combat strength.

Herag stood forward saying, "I'll engage it head-on, you find an opportunity to strike from the side. Using the special traits of your black sword, you can injure it. But be careful not to get hurt; this beast seems very strong."

Ed nodded, moving to the side, avoiding direct confrontation with the gorilla.

He knew his physical power couldn't compete with the gorilla, needing to take advantage of side attacks.

The gorilla was extremely fast, already jumped embodying downhill momentum, swinging its fists toward Herag with great force.

Herag did not retreat, eyes fixed on the gorilla's movements.

As the gorilla's fist approached, Herag's muscles tensed up, and he threw a punch forward simultaneously.

Chapter 449: Demonized Armor

Bang!

Herag's fist clashed with the gorilla's, raising a gust of wind on the spot.

Herag didn't take a step back, whereas the gorilla staggered back from the impact of Herag's strength.

"The power is indeed strong, but compared to mine, it's still a bit lacking." Through this direct confrontation, Herag assessed the gorilla's strength level.

The gorilla's strength was indeed formidable, far surpassing that of an ordinary Crystalization Wizard.

Ed was dumbfounded upon witnessing this scene. He could see the incredible strength of the gorilla and knew Herag was impressive.

However, he didn't expect Herag to be so fierce, able to collide directly with this high-tier, strength-type demon, which was simply beyond the human category.

The gorilla took a step back, a hint of shock appearing on its face.

This human before him was indeed bigger, but he was still just a human.

A human's strength actually exceeded its own?

There was no time to think about this because Ed seized the moment when the gorilla recoiled, wielding the black sword and striking from the side.

The black sword thrust forward, and the gorilla didn't pay much attention. It casually raised its left arm, intending to block the sword with its armor.

It had dealt with humans often, and no human weapon had ever penetrated its armor, so the gorilla had no regard for this attack.

However, the next moment, a sharp pain came from its left arm.

The gorilla turned its head and saw that the black sword actually pierced through its left arm, causing a penetrating wound.

Its proud innate armor had no effect in the face of the black sword.

After succeeding with this strike, Ed didn't continue attacking but wisely withdrew with a backward leap.

In the next second, the gorilla's massive right fist swung through where Ed had just stood.

If Ed had been greedy and tried to strike again, he would have been hammered into mince on the spot.

After swinging its fist into the air, the gorilla was somewhat vexed and puzzled by how formidable the humans it encountered lately were.

It looked at Ed's black sword with some fear, this being the first time it had encountered a weapon that could pierce its armor.

Over the years, the gorilla relied on its extremely strong innate armor for defense.

Now facing an indestructible black sword, the gorilla couldn't help but be afraid.

More importantly, in front of it was also a human man who could go toe to toe with it.

The gorilla was a high-tier demon with a certain degree of intelligence, and it quickly assessed the current situation.

That was to flee.

Without saying a word, the gorilla turned and ran.

Herag, seeing the gorilla turn, showed a somewhat strange expression as if he'd noticed something unusual.

Herag didn't say anything but chased after.

This was a ready supply of Demon Aura, not to be missed.

Herag's speed was much faster than the gorilla's. His strength was only slightly stronger, but his speed far surpassed the gorilla's.

In the blink of an eye, Herag caught up with the gorilla and landed a punch on its back.

The gorilla let out a wail, losing its balance and tumbling to the ground.

Herag followed closely, delivering another punch at the gorilla's face.

The gorilla reacted quickly, raising its hands to block its face, shielding itself from the punch.

Its innate armor was indeed very tough; Herag's punch had most of its power absorbed by the armor.

Herag didn't give the gorilla a chance to breathe, punching relentlessly, keeping the gorilla pinned down.

It must be said that this gorilla was really resilient, taking more than twenty punches from Herag without dying.

By this time, Ed had arrived, swinging the black sword as Herag withdrew his fists, showcasing great teamwork.

The black sword swung, and the gorilla's head rolled to the ground.

The sharpness of this black sword made even Herag feel it was somewhat overwhelmingly powerful.

Herag even felt that the sharpness of this sword might involve something at the rule level.

Ed's awakened talent was far from simple, surely hiding more secrets.

But Ed's current power wasn't enough, so the true strength of the black sword hadn't been revealed.

A thick, black qi wafted from the gorilla's corpse, and Herag glanced at it and said, "Half and half."

Ed was about to say something when he noticed Herag absorbed half, then stopped, letting the black qi continue to disperse.

If he didn't absorb it, this Demon Aura would go to waste, so Ed had no choice but to absorb the remaining half.

"Power +1.9, agility +1.1, constitution +1.6."

After absorbing the Demon Aura, Herag looked at his data panel, pleased with the gains.

High-tier demons were indeed different; even half of the Demon Aura provided such a significant boost.

After Ed absorbed his half of the Demon Aura, his aura clearly changed.

This half of the Demon Aura brought Ed a more tangible enhancement.

Herag already had high power, so this increase wasn't very noticeable.

Just then, a mutation occurred.

The gorilla's body on the ground suddenly emitted black light, the entire body gradually energizing, transforming into a mass of black light.

This mass of black light gradually shrunk, condensing into the shape of armor.

Once the armor took form, it floated in mid-air, dancing around Ed.

The next moment, the armor jumped into Ed's body and vanished.

"This is... Demon Armor!"

Ed was initially dazed, taking a while to comprehend what had happened.

"What's Demon Armor?" Herag looked at this scene, bewildered, how the body could become a set of armor.

Ed explained, "Demon Armor is a phenomenon where, upon the death of powerful demons, there's a very slight probability they will transform into weapons, armor, tools, and such. These transformed items are called Demonized Armaments, and they're very powerful things."

"But this probability is very low. I'd only heard about it before."

Herag asked, puzzled, "Why did this Demonized Armament automatically go into your body?"

Ed said, "It's said that Demonized Armaments recognize a master and can't be forcibly used without special means."

"So, the armor recognized you as its master." Herag nodded, understanding.

Herag looked at Ed with a strange expression, seeing something unusual the more he looked.

Talent, effort, luck, a unique awakened talent—could this kid be the Child of the Plane here?

Ed, a bit embarrassed, said, "I couldn't control the Demonized Armament recognizing me. I mean, I shouldn't have absorbed the Demon Aura, as it was mainly your power, Teacher, that subdued the demon."

Chapter 450: Traces of Other Wizards

In his previous introduction, Herag said he was an exorcist from a remote area, so he didn't know much and was just good at fighting.

So Ed wasn't surprised that Herag didn't know about the Demonized Armor, and explained it to him.

Ed genuinely felt a bit guilty, considering that the main force in subduing the black gorilla was Herag.

Logically, Herag should have been the one to absorb all the Demon Aura, but somehow Ed ended up with half of it.

More importantly, this black gorilla had transformed into Demonized Armor and even automatically acknowledged Ed as its owner.

This made Ed feel even more remorseful, feeling he owed Herag too much.

However, Herag wasn't very concerned about this set of armor, as he already had the Titan Armor, and the Demonized Armor wasn't of much use to him.

He was simply curious, as it was his first time seeing a demon turn into armor after being killed.

Herag felt that Ed was increasingly looking like a Child of the Plane; even if he wasn't, he was definitely favored by the World Will.

He thought to himself, what if he hadn't come?

Normally, Andar would still encounter threats, and then Ed would undoubtedly come to investigate.

When Ed encountered the black gorilla, it would definitely be a tough battle.

But the Black Sword in Ed's hand just happened to restrain the gorilla's Innate Armor, and he would still end up with the Demonized Armor.

Herag's involvement only made the process a bit smoother, but the outcome would have been the same.

Without Herag, Ed might have absorbed all of the Demon Aura and become even stronger.

In the past, Herag wouldn't have considered these things.

But after coming into contact with Rule Power, World Will, and learning of the existence of the Child of the Plane, Herag couldn't help but think about it.

As it stands, Ed is likely to be favored by the World Will, and his future will probably be very prosperous.

Herag glanced at Ed, didn't say much, but smiled, "It's okay, that set of armor isn't very useful to me. Try using the Demonized Armor, let me see."

Ed nodded, and with a thought, a set of black armor appeared on him.

This armor wasn't full-body, only protecting some vital areas and didn't even include a helmet.

But it was already quite good, especially for Ed, as the armor suited him perfectly, like a gift when needed most.

His fighting style was inherently very risky, and having a set of armor like this would greatly increase his safety.

Herag nodded, "Hmm, not bad, it suits you well."

Herag didn't say much to Ed, as it wasn't necessary.

People like Ed, who are favored by the World Will, naturally have their paths laid out by it, so it's best to let things take their course.

If Herag intervened too much, it might interfere with Ed's normal development.

Even though he hadn't taken Ed as a disciple, he considered Ed half a disciple and naturally hoped for his good development.

Herag tapped the armor with his fingers, feeling its defense wasn't as strong as the gorilla's Innate Armor.

He thought the issue lay in Ed's current strength and felt that as Ed grew stronger, the armor's strength would also increase.

Ed suddenly asked, "Where's Uncle Andar?"

Herag glanced at the other side of the hill and said, "He should be over there."

In fact, he had already seen through environmental detection that only Andar's head was left.

After they climbed over the hill, they found Andar's remains, and Ed silently dug a pit to bury him there.

According to the customs of Falling Leaves Town, those who met a tragic fate outside couldn't be brought home for burial and had to be buried on the spot.

All that's needed is to remember the location and come back to pay respects later.

After Ed buried Andar, Herag said, "The matter's resolved; it's time for me to leave. You should head back."

"Teacher..." Ed knew he couldn't persuade him to stay.

Herag smiled, "Keep it up. Next time I see you, you should be much stronger."

Ed nodded, feeling an even stronger desire to become powerful.

He felt that if he were strong enough, situations like Andar's wouldn't happen again, and the town would be more peaceful.

Herag headed towards Greenfield City along the main road, aware that Ed was watching him leave.

It wasn't until he climbed over another hill that Ed finally turned back.

Herag didn't persuade Ed to leave Falling Leaves Town, as it was unnecessary.

A person like that would eventually step out on his own; there was no need for additional interference.

Herag walked along the road, contemplating the recent events in his mind.

The black gorilla wasn't the focus, nor was the Demonized Armor.

Herag was concerned about the charred wound on the gorilla, which bore traces of being scorched by something like the Fireball Technique.

If it were just the wound, there wouldn't be much to infer, as exorcists in this world also have abilities similar to the Fireball Technique.

Herag was concerned because he sensed residual Magic Power from the wound.

Given his limited understanding of this world, Herag couldn't be certain whether this world had such energy as Magic Power.

If it didn't, then the gorilla was most likely harmed by a wizard's magic.

After being injured, the gorilla fled from somewhere else to here, controlling a wolf pack to do its bidding, leading to the attack on Andar.

Andar had walked this main road for many years and had never encountered the gorilla or the wolf pack until now.

Herag glanced at the map drawn by Shenlan in his mind, noting the gorilla's location wasn't far from the Gobi Desert.

From this, it seemed highly likely the gorilla had encountered wizards involved in the Cradle Operation.

As for which wizard it was, or how many there were, Herag didn't know.

To Herag, the wizards participating in the Cradle Operation couldn't be considered allies.

Most people knew he had successfully seized control of world X-617, and the World Staff was in his hands.

Even though he was in this unknown plane now, it didn't mean there wouldn't be a chance to go back someday.

For those wizards, given a chance, they would undoubtedly try to seize the World Staff from him.

This was a huge temptation; capturing the World Staff and returning to the Wizard Plane would be a great achievement.

Realizing all this, Herag understood that his enemies were far more numerous than just a few like Medel, as other wizards were potential threats.

After nightfall, Herag found a secluded corner and took out the Level 3 Witchcraft Artifact, Fallen Wings.

Holding the Fallen Wings, he slid it across a nearby large tree, creating a crack.

With a thought, Herag entered it.

The internal space of Fallen Wings was similar to a luxury suite on an airship, quite spacious for one person, and very luxuriously furnished, with all the facilities one could need.