

## Sixth 451

Chapter 451: Arnt

After entering here, Herag dispelled the Titan Power form and reverted to his original appearance.

He took out a robe and put it on.

Herag sat on the sofa, his whole body sinking instantly.

He was pondering his subsequent plans. Now that he had discovered traces of other wizards, he needed to plan carefully.

Firstly, he needed to hide himself. Herag was glad that he hadn't revealed his real name in Falling Leaves Town nor used magic.

While dealing with the gorilla, he didn't even use the Talent Ability of the Spirit of the White Deer.

Herag didn't want to reveal too much in front of Ed, presenting himself only as a powerful exorcist.

After acquiring the Demon Power as his Talent Ability, he could perfectly disguise himself as an exorcist.

This was the biggest difference between him and other wizards.

No matter how other wizards disguised themselves, they couldn't absorb and utilize the demon aura.

Herag took out a bottle of Thousand-Change Potion from the space ring and drank it in one gulp, quickly transforming into an unremarkable young man.

He restrained all the magic power aura in his body to disguise himself more thoroughly.

Herag planned to act as an exorcist and the Titan Power could just be explained as his awakened exorcist ability.

However, the Titan Power form could be recognized by other wizards, so it couldn't be used arbitrarily in crowded places.

He prepared to kill demons using the identity of an exorcist to acquire demon aura while seeking traces of other wizards.

Especially Medel, who must be found and killed thoroughly.

He posed too great a threat to Herag, someone he must kill.

After Medel spoke words threatening Herag's friends, he became someone Herag had to eliminate.

Though there were no leads yet, Herag believed he would eventually find some clues.

These wizards were new to this world; they couldn't hide perfectly and would eventually reveal some hints.

Herag lay on the sofa and glanced out the window, with no signs of movement.

Inside the Fallen Wings, he could see the surrounding situation clearly through the window.

Staying inside here, there were basically no safety concerns, as a Level 3 witchcraft wasn't something ordinary power could break through.

Having the Fallen Wings made living outdoors much safer.

After meditating inside for one night, as dawn broke, Herag continued his journey.

He walked along the road for a day, and after continuing for a few hours on the second day, he realized this path could only be considered a trail.

This path converged with two other paths at a junction, merging into a very wide main road.

Herag observed the road, seeing many traces of hoofprints and wheel marks.

Many traces were fresh, indicating that people often passed through this road.

Following Ed's previous directions, Herag walked towards the main road.

Without a carriage, walking speed was indeed much slower. Herag estimated he would only reach Greenfield City by dusk.

After walking along the road for two hours, it was already noon as the fierce sun hung high and shone down intensely.

Unafraid of the heat, Herag continued forward under the scorching sunlight.

Suddenly, sounds of galloping hooves came from behind, indicating a sizable group.

Herag turned to see a squad of riders galloping at full speed on the horizon.

The entire group wore standard armor, looking like an army.

After a glance, Herag continued on his way.

The squad rode swiftly, only glancing at Herag, not stopping, and galloped forward.

Leading them was a bearded burly man who appeared to be their commander, around thirty, with an impressive aura.

Herag could sense this commander's exceptional strength and demon aura, possibly indicating a very strong exorcist.

The group originally didn't pay attention to Herag, having ridden out about a kilometer.

Unexpectedly, they returned after a while, with the leading commander riding over to ask, "Are you heading to Greenfield City?"

"Yes." Herag nodded.

The commander said, "Then come with us. We have extra horses. Can you ride?"

"I can ride, but I'm fine traveling alone. Thank you for the offer." Herag expressed gratitude.

The commander continued, "I'm Arnt, the Knight Commander of the City Lord's Mansion in Greenfield City. Recently, it's been uneasy around Greenfield City, with many demons leaving their original territories, causing chaos. Traveling alone is dangerous, so come with us."

Herag noticed a faint blood smell on Arnt's armor, not human.

This indicated that their squad had likely just experienced a battle and was now returning to Greenfield City.

They could have left directly but, seeing Herag alone, returned to offer him a ride.

"In that case, I'll join you. Thank you, Mr. Arnt. My name is Jelote, a wandering exorcist." Herag introduced himself.

He casually gave himself a name, different from the one he used in Falling Leaves Town.

"An exorcist?" Arnt then seriously looked at Herag, indeed sensing some exorcist aura.

But it was faint, so Arnt hadn't noticed initially.

"This person controls his aura so well," Arnt thought.

It wasn't that Herag controlled his aura well; he'd simply absorbed little demon aura, making it subtle.

Yet Arnt instinctively felt Herag's strength and assumed the faint aura was due to Herag's superb control.

Arnt said, "So you're an exorcist, no wonder you're brave enough to travel alone. I was overly concerned."

Herag laughed, "It's nothing, Mr. Arnt. Though I'm an exorcist, I'm not that powerful. Traveling with you all is excellent."

Arnt knew he was being polite and instinctively felt Herag was unusual.

Returning partly to give Herag a lift, he also intended to investigate the situation.

As Knight Commander of Greenfield City, Arnt was bold and meticulous, attentive to such details.

A nearby knight brought a horse over, and Herag deftly mounted, grabbing the reins to follow the squad to Greenfield City.

Riding sped up the journey significantly, reaching Greenfield City in just two hours.

Chapter 452: Greenfield City

Herag rode his horse, gradually approaching Greenfield City when he encountered many people on the road.

There were merchants and caravans, as well as adventurers with weapons and equipment, all heading toward Greenfield City.

It was getting close to dusk, and everyone wanted to enter the city quickly since it was too dangerous in the wild.

Herag looked from afar at the city ahead; Greenfield City wasn't very tall, but its defenses were strict.

There were soldiers guarding the city walls at intervals, and watchtowers kept a constant eye on the distant movements.

After entering Greenfield City, Herag dismounted and thanked, "Thank you, Mr. Arnt!"

Arnt nodded, "No need to be polite; exorcists rid most people of demons and protect everyone's safety; this is nothing."

After he finished speaking, he led his men and horses toward the City Lord's Mansion, as there were matters to report.

Herag found an inn to settle down; the inn's conditions were very simple, with barely a bed.

The door was broken, never fully closing; Herag had to use some force to jam it into the door frame.

No identification was required to check in here.

Identification had no meaning in this place; cities almost existed independently of each other.

This was the reason Herag wasn't questioned when entering the city; anyone could enter, and no one had reliable identification.

The Polantes Empire had long since become nominal, with regions effectively self-governing.

Due to the presence of demons, people's main focus was dealing with them, with little conflict between each other.

The inn didn't provide meals; one had to find a place to eat themselves.

Herag couldn't be bothered and randomly fetched some dry food from his Space Ring.

After making do with a night's rest in the inn, Herag went out early the next morning.

Herag intended to gather some news and intel.

Ed had been to Greenfield City before; according to him, there was a large tavern in the city with many adventurers.

Herag walked the streets, identifying the position and directions around him, taking a half-hour to find the tavern Ed had mentioned.

The tavern was indeed quite large, with an interior almost like a hall.

Herag observed for a while and found that it was a hall converted into a tavern, no wonder the inner space was so large.

The tavern was so big, yet there were only three servers.

There were already quite a few people seated, and the inside was incredibly noisy, like a marketplace.

Those three servers ran around nonstop, unknown how they could hear patrons' requests amid such clamorous noise.

After Herag sat down, it took over twenty minutes before a server approached to ask what he needed.

Herag glanced at the pint of beer on the neighboring table and said, "The same as that will do."

The beer took nearly an hour to arrive, though Herag wasn't too bothered as drinking wasn't his purpose here anyway.

He sat in his spot, listening intently, gathering intelligence from the various noisy conversations.

Most of the chatter was useless information, which Herag skipped over directly.

After sitting for two hours, he finally gathered some useful information.

The first point was that things were unstable lately, with many demon appearances nearby, consistent with what Knight Commander Arnt said.

The second point was that the City Lord's Mansion was recruiting people to deal with those demons.

Many adventurers wanted to join in but feared not being selected.

Because, except for exorcists, these ordinary adventurers were almost useless against powerful demons.

After collecting these two pieces of intelligence, Herag drained the twice-replenished beer and went out.

The City Lord's Mansion was easy to find; it was the tallest and grandest building in Greenfield City.

Most buildings in Greenfield City were very low, with almost none above two floors.

Herag felt that the region's economic conditions were inferior to many places on the Coleson Continent, being too backward.

He arrived outside the City Lord's Mansion and indeed saw a notice board outside.

There were many notices posted on the board, including one recruiting adventurers and exorcists, with high bounties; those interested could go to the City Lord's Mansion to find Steward Rogul directly.

After reading the notice, Herag went to the entrance of the City Lord's Mansion and explained his intentions to the guards.

The guard glanced at Herag before turning and entering the City Lord's Mansion.

After a while, a round-headed, round-bellied middle-aged man came out, followed by the guards.

"You want to sign up for the demon subjugation team?" Rogul asked directly.

Herag nodded, "Yes."

"We don't recruit weak adventurers; dealing with demons is no joke. Don't be blinded by the bounty," Rogul glanced at Herag, feeling he looked too young and ordinary, doubting his strength with reluctance to recruit Herag.

Herag said, "I am an exorcist."

"An exorcist?" Rogul said in surprise.

The number of exorcists was very few; a small border city like Greenfield City had even fewer, making them rare.

"What's your awakened ability? Show it," Rogul said rather skeptically.

Herag said with some difficulty, "There are too many people here; it's inconvenient to demonstrate."

If he were to demonstrate the Titan Power form, such a massive physique would undoubtedly attract much attention.

With the high human traffic at the City Lord's Mansion, Herag couldn't reveal the Titan Power form here.

If other Wizards were hidden among the crowd, it would mean exposing himself to them.

The advantage of being hidden in the shadows would vanish instantly.

Herag even considered not fighting in the Titan Power form unless necessary.

His basic physical stats were now already high enough to handle many situations.

Rogul looked at Herag suspiciously, "What's the inability to demonstrate? It should be straightforward for you exorcists."

"My ability is somewhat secretive, thus can't be displayed publicly," Herag explained.

Rogul watched Herag's explanation with increased skepticism, increasingly feeling Herag was bluffing and babbling.

In Rogul's knowledge, exorcists' various abilities could be used readily, with no notion of being unusable in public.

Rogul showed displeasure, "The City Lord's Mansion isn't a place for your opportunistic antics. Get lost, or I'll lock you up next time. Even if you fool me, without sufficient strength, you'll still die facing demons. Can't understand you adventurers, risking your lives for money."

Chapter 453: Expedition Team

Many of the subjugation tasks in Greenfield City are published by Rogul, who often deals with these adventurers.

He has encountered far too many unreliable adventurers before; they boast more than anyone when they arrive, only to have extremely poor combat ability during the actual tasks.

This left Rogul with a very bad impression of these adventurers, so naturally, he didn't have a good attitude towards them.

Due to the chaotic world, many people are unable to get enough to eat.

The adventurer group is also a mixed bag; occasionally, some adventurer's news of overnight wealth spreads, leading many people to join the adventurer industry.

But many adventurers themselves have no combat ability at all, nor have they undergone combat training, lacking even basic combat skills, and dare to call themselves strong adventurers with just a sword or knife.

Rogul has always been troubled by this; he doesn't have a good method to distinguish them, having to judge if the person is strong every time he recruits adventurers.

If it's an exorcist, it's different; exorcists have extraordinary abilities that differ from ordinary people.

Just showing a little can prove the identity of an exorcist.

This has always been the way Rogul understands it, so Herag's explanation seemed like avoidance to him, thinking this person was simply not an exorcist.

Herag felt a bit helpless; it was impossible for him to use the Titan Power here anyway.

If it really doesn't work, he would have to think of another way.

If he couldn't slip in with the subjugation team, he would have to go alone.

Rogul waved his hand: "Get out quickly."

As he was preparing to turn and leave, a tall and burly figure approached from behind.

"Herag, what are you doing here?" The person approaching was none other than Knight Commander Arnt.

Herag laughed, "Oh, it's Mr. Arnt, I'm here to take on a subjugation task from the City Lord's Mansion."

"Oh, I see, welcome a powerful exorcist like you to join our subjugation team," Arnt said.

Rogul didn't expect the two of them to know each other. Arnt held much higher status than him, being a significant figure in Greenfield City.

Arnt was an actual authority in Greenfield City, powerful himself, and trusted greatly by the City Lord.

After hearing the two of them converse, Rogul asked, "Knight Commander, you know each other?"

"We do," Arnt replied.

"So, you really are an exorcist?" Rogul asked.

Herag nodded, "Indeed, I just don't want to use my abilities in this place."

"Mr. Herag is a powerful exorcist; you can directly join our subjugation team. We just have an action in a few days," Arnt said.

Rogul was stunned, not expecting this kid to really be an exorcist.

With Arnt's direct invitation, there was nothing for Rogul to do; he looked at Herag and then turned to leave.

Joining the subjugation team required no procedures; Arnt directly led Herag to meet the people, and it was done.

The leader of the subjugation team was an exorcist named Sam, a bald, strong man carrying a giant axe on his back.

Most of the members in the subjugation team were adventurers and exorcists from outside, with only a few people from the City Lord's Mansion managing, among whom Sam was responsible.

Arnt was responsible for managing the military forces in Greenfield City, while the daily affairs of the subjugation team were none of his concern.

However, many tasks for the subjugation team were assigned from Arnt's end; if things were too hectic, he would have the subjugation team handle it.

The subjugation team consisted of external personnel, so there would be no concern even if there were casualties.

After bringing Herag over, Arnt said a few simple words to Sam and then left.

He still had many things to attend to; recently, the demon issues were making him very anxious.

Arnt seldom ventured out of the city before; he mainly managed the defense of Greenfield City, but recently he had been forced to leave the city to exterminate demons.

No choice, the subjugation team was short on manpower and strength at this point, so Arnt had to take charge personally.

Due to Herag being brought over by Arnt personally, the others cast a few extra glances at Herag.

But after a while, they found nothing special about Herag; his appearance was exceedingly ordinary, and his aura felt extremely normal, like an ordinary person.

"Are you an exorcist?" Sam asked.

Sam was much weaker compared to Arnt, merely being an official exorcist.

His sense of the demon aura wasn't particularly sharp, so he didn't detect the faint demon aura on Herag.

Herag nodded, "Yes."

Herag didn't say much and kept a straight face.

Seeing this, Sam, recalling Arnt bringing him over, didn't inquire further, and subsequently said, "You all rest well these few days, prepare yourselves, and once everyone gathers in a few days, we'll set off."

The subjugation team's mission was to go to a mountain range outside the city to eliminate the demons existing there.

That mountain range originally had no demons, or they were quickly cleared away even if they appeared.

However, recently, for some reason, they cleared them away only for more to come, making it continuously restless.

The mountain range was very close to the main road, through which Greenfield City and other cities primarily traded.

Now the road has issues, and merchant caravans dare not travel on it, severely impacting Greenfield City's trade.

Herag glanced at the other members of the subjugation team, noticing there were three exorcists, but their exact levels were unclear.

The rest were adventurers, essentially just some stronger ordinary people.

Herag, staying among them, appeared very normal.

Even after drinking the Thousand-Change Potion, Herag's body didn't become very brawny, looking somewhat thin instead.

Others initially paid some attention to him, but after a while, they ignored Herag.

Five days remained until the subjugation team's assembly time, and Sam wasn't satisfied with the current members' strength, so he planned to recruit more people.

After going over some points to note, Sam dismissed Herag and the other subjugation team members, telling them to return in five days.

After returning to the inn, Herag spent the next few days loitering around Greenfield City.

He wanted to see if he could discover traces of other wizards.

In five days, Herag leisurely strolled down the streets whenever he was free.

Yet after a few days of wandering, he didn't find anything unusual.

Herag felt that even if other wizards were still alive, they probably didn't dare enter the city.

Language barriers were a major issue; other wizards likely couldn't figure out what the situation was, making them hesitant to enter the city casually.

During these few days, Herag also pondered some issues, having a hunch that the chaos outside the Greenfield City tied to demons might be related to wizards.

Typically, demons wouldn't leave their territory without good reason; if forced away, they must have encountered some threat.

Based on his experiences, Herag speculated that a wizard might have entered the demons' territory.

The participants in the Cradle Operation were all Crystalization Wizards, outstanding talents from various factions with substantial strength themselves.

## Chapter 454: Skeletons

If these wizards were prepared from the beginning, they wouldn't have too much trouble dealing with these demons.

Herag speculated that they might not dare to enter the city, so they could only temporarily reside in the mountains to figure out the situation here.

However, in this world, the presence of many demons often leads to conflicts among them.

Those demons that couldn't win would have to leave their territory, just like that black gorilla did.

Five days later, the expedition team officially set off.

It must be said that the treatment of the expedition team was really poor, not even enough horses for everyone.

Herag and three other people shared a carriage, which was considered good conditions.

Because they were exorcists, they had the privilege of four people sharing one carriage.

The other adventurers of the expedition team rode in carriages without even a canopy, squeezing more than ten people into one carriage, making it difficult to turn around.

These adventurers had no complaints, seemingly accustomed to it.

After leaving Greenfield City, the expedition team followed the main road toward the eastern mountains.

Greenfield City itself was the westernmost city in the Polantes Empire, relying solely on this eastern road to connect with other cities.

There were also some small paths, but they were distant and circuitous routes, used only by nearby small towns and cities.

Until sunset, the carriage stopped outside a mountain range.

They lit fires, set up camp, and cooked meals.

The expedition team obviously wouldn't enter the area at night, as it was too dangerous.

After a day's journey, everyone was a bit tired and needed to rest for the night, planning to search for traces of demons in the mountains early the next morning.

Herag looked at the loosely defended camp and sighed silently.

This expedition team was a mere makeshift group, full of flaws.

Even without demons, a well-trained regular army could cause a significant impact on this group of people.

There were no real tents; a large oilcloth was propped up to create a drafty makeshift shelter.

The only person with the privilege to reside in a real tent was Sam; the others had to sleep under the oilcloth in a large communal area.

Herag found a spot on the edge to sit down.

As the sky gradually darkened, the campfire appeared increasingly bright.

Many people sat around the fire chatting, using its warmth to dispel the chill of the mountain night.

Herag stayed under the oilcloth, not joining them, as he didn't fear the cold.

The people only thought of him as solitary and antisocial.

Later in the night, except for the night watchmen, everyone else quickly fell asleep.

Herag lay in his spot, not sleeping, but constantly monitoring the sounds around him.

In his view, the camp's defenses were non-existent and utterly useless.

The night in the mountains was quite cold; others were already curled up in the cold.

Herag's gaze sharpened as he heard faint noises.

The mountain wind always blew at night, masking some slight sounds that the others didn't hear.

Herag took a look at Shenlan's environmental detection and saw nothing unusual yet.

Only some strange sounds reached him, with the source of the noise still quite distant.

After a while, Herag finally saw what they were.

A group of skeletons was approaching from the depths of the mountains, and their target was clearly this group of people.

These skeletons wielded swords and shields, and some even held magic staffs.

Given their speed, they would reach here in just a few minutes.

Herag immediately got up and said to Sam's tent, "Sam, I hear something over the mountain."

Sam promptly opened the tent and came out, asking, "Are you sure?"

Herag said, "I've always had good hearing; I'm sure there's something approaching from that direction."

He spoke up to make sure the group was prepared and not caught off guard.

With a grave expression, Sam shouted to the sleeping people, "Get up, it's time to work!"

The group woke up groggily, and realizing what was happening, they grabbed their weapons, lit torches, and began to stand guard.

Herag only said something was approaching, but he wasn't clear what it was.

A few minutes later, the group didn't need the torchlight to see what was approaching.

The skeletons' soul fire was so obvious; from afar, it appeared like clusters of ghostly flames coming closer.

Sam said in a deep voice, "It's those damned skeletons! Matthew! Go back and report to Knight Commander Arnt immediately, we'll hold them off."

Skeletons were generally weak individually, but there were many of them. Clearly, this group couldn't handle them alone and had to request reinforcements from Greenfield City.

The group was tense, clutching their weapons and facing the skeleton army.

Herag wasn't very tense, holding his longsword and keeping an eye on the skeletons.

He was looking for the commander behind these skeletons.

The synchronized movement of the skeletons indicated that someone was controlling them.

When the skeleton army reached the mountain pass and saw the people in the camp, their mouths began to open and close as if they were laughing.

There was no laughter, only the sound of bones clattering together.

The skeleton army originally moved slowly, but suddenly they accelerated towards the camp.

Herag watched the skeleton army, wordlessly shielding the others.

He had already sensed that these skeletons lacked any demon aura, so it wasn't necessary to fight tooth and nail.

Herag planned to keep a low profile and slip into the mountains amid the chaos to find the one controlling the skeletons.

He wasn't sure if a demon or a wizard was in control.

Necromancy-specialized wizards indeed had the means to control a skeleton army, so it might be a wizard from the Wizard Plane.

Naturally, Herag wouldn't miss this chance and was determined to investigate.

The skeleton army charged in the blink of an eye, plunging the expedition team members into a fierce battle.

The adventurers in the group possessed uneven skills; those with strength could easily handle the skeletons, while the less capable ones were knocked down at the first encounter.

Herag moved nimbly, cutting down a skeleton with one swing, quickly creating a vacuum space around him.

The fighting power of these skeletons was too weak for him; he could handle them easily with just his basic physical abilities.

This scene made several members of the expedition team widen their eyes in astonishment; they hadn't expected Herag to be so strong.

Even Sam glanced over, gave him an approving nod, and turned back to continue fighting.

Herag fought steadily while pushing deeper into the skeleton horde, gradually moving farther away.

The skeleton army grew larger and the scene became increasingly chaotic.

It didn't take long before all the weaker members of the expedition fell.

Those remaining were either exorcists or adventurers with substantial strength.

For them, the skeletons posed little threat; their vast numbers only delayed dealing with them completely.

Chapter 455: Sheep-Horned Demon

After Herag gradually delved deeper, the surroundings became dark, far removed from the camp.

Skeletons were everywhere, constantly charging forward and continuously falling.

These skeletons had the ability to revive, unless their skulls were completely shattered to disperse the soul fire.

Herag acted with great precision, each strike shattering a skeleton's skull, removing their ability to resurrect.

By this time, no one was paying attention to him; everyone was caught in a fierce fight.

Human stamina is ultimately limited and cannot sustain continuous combat.

By now, some competent adventurers were already injured, and no one could ensure they wouldn't make mistakes.

Herag's figure flickered, and with a few jumps, he delved deeper into the mountains.

Once he was out of sight of the people behind him, he slipped into a shadowy corner, transforming into a pool of shadow to bypass the skeleton army and advance quickly.

After infiltrating deep into the mountains, Herag arrived at a valley.

Skeletons were still emerging from the valley, moving towards the camp at the mountain's entrance.

Herag climbed up the side of the valley, lurking in the shadows to peer inside.

He discovered a presence resembling a sheep-horned demon standing in the valley, holding a magic staff.

Each time the staff glowed, a skeleton appeared.

The sheep-horned skeleton was short, roughly estimated at only about 1.4 meters tall.

"It's this thing..."

Herag sensed a demon aura emanating from the sheep-horned skeleton.

He observed the surroundings to confirm there were no other demons present.

"Absolute Defense!"

"Titan Power!"

Herag's figure rapidly expanded, transforming into a small giant clad in dark gold armor.

The sheep-horned demon seemed to sense something, about to turn its head.

Herag's figure instantly vanished, reappearing behind the sheep-horned demon a moment later.

This was his talent ability, the Spirit of the White Deer.

Herag used space travel to appear behind the sheep-horned demon, immediately punching down with his fist.

His enormous fist contrasted sharply with the sheep-horned demon's small frame.

Just as the fist was about to hit the sheep-horned demon, its magic staff trembled slightly, and its form suddenly vanished, reappearing over ten meters away.

Herag noted that it was a similar magic to Flash, with a similar effect.

"Competing in space travel with me?"

With a thought, Herag followed up, once again appearing behind the sheep-horned demon.

A fireball technique in front of the sheep-horned demon had yet to form when Herag's punch was already descending again.

A green light shield emerged, trying to block Herag's punch.

However, the sheep-horned demon clearly underestimated Herag's power, or perhaps it was simply out of options.

The green light shield sustained itself for nearly a second before suddenly shattering like glass.

The force of the punch slightly slowed down, then struck the sheep-horned demon.

The sheep-horned demon's body, merely a tougher skeleton, proved no match for Herag's terrifying power.

Herag's punch directly shattered the sheep-horned demon, breaking its body into pieces, leaving only the head intact.

This wasn't due to Herag holding back; it was because the sheep-horned demon's head was particularly hard, not shattered by the pervasive force.

"Spare... spare my life!" The soul fire of the sheep-horned demon flickered as a voice emerged, surprisingly in Avite Language.

"You can speak?" Herag was a bit surprised.

The sheep-horned demon replied, "Yes... yes, I have learned."

Since communication was possible, things would be easier—Herag intended to take this opportunity to gather some information.

"Where are you from? Why are you here?" Herag asked.

The sheep-horned demon said, "I was originally cultivating deep in that mountain range and never provoked anyone. The nearby areas were all my territory. But not long ago, a very powerful person appeared; I couldn't defeat him, so I had to choose another place to be my territory. I had only recently arrived here and saw a group of people at the mountain's entrance, so I thought of dealing with them."

"Was it demons or exorcists who took over your territory?" Herag continued to ask.

The flame of the sheep-horned demon's soul flickered, and it said, "It was a human, but he was strange, using a power unlike exorcists—I am not very sure."

Herag fell silent for a moment. He knew that what the sheep-horned demon described was most likely a wizard, though he didn't know who it was.

"Do you remember where your previous territory was?" Herag asked.

"I remember, I remember," the sheep-horned demon quickly responded.

Grasping the sheep-horned demon's horns, Herag lifted its head and said, "Lead the way and take me there."

"Okay, okay, can... can you spare my life?" the sheep-horned demon begged.

"Do you have the right to make demands?" Herag remarked coldly.

At this, the sheep-horned demon no longer dared to speak, obediently leading the way.

"That direction," the flame of the sheep-horned demon's soul gathered into an arrow, pointing north.

"Quite convenient," Herag said.

He glanced northward; it was a sparsely populated area deep within the mountains.

"Also, deactivate the skeletons at the mountain's entrance," Herag instructed.

"Understood." The sheep-horned demon promptly deactivated its control over the skeleton army.

At the mountain's entrance, the skeletons suddenly seemed to freeze, the soul fire in their skulls extinguishing instantly.

Thereafter, these skeletons collapsed and scattered, leaving the ground covered in bones.

The members of the task force, locked in fierce combat, paused when they witnessed this scene, unsure of what had just happened.

Originally surrounded by a massive army of skeletons, many were already exhausted.

Apart from a few exorcists still navigating with ease, the ordinary adventurers were barely holding on at this point.

On the other side, Herag carried the sheep-horned demon's head, swiftly moving through the forest towards the demon's former territory.

The sheep-horned demon, driven by a strong desire for survival, remained silent throughout, except when giving directions, not daring to disturb Herag.

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"Damn expedition team!"

Medel stood in the Level 3 Witch Array shelter, cursing at the vast starry sky.

He believed that if it weren't for the expedition team's teleportation ring malfunctioning, he wouldn't have ended up in this place.

Medel had originally devised a plan to handle Herag; upon returning, he intended to kill all of Herag's cherished friends one by one, finally dealing with Herag.

Making Herag die after experiencing the greatest despair and pain the world can offer, this was the only way to vent Medel's anger.

"A junior wizard without any background, a wizard from the Barren Land dares to defy my orders!" The more Medel thought about it, the angrier he got, eager to return to the Wizard Plane and kill Herag.

Chapter 456: Lure

When Medel arrived here, he found himself in a jungle, completely unaware of where he was.

Along the way, he encountered numerous demons, but due to his own crystallization wizard power and various witchcraft artifacts, he did not encounter any significant danger.

The demons here were unexpectedly powerful, often possessing great power despite appearing ordinary.

Medel also discovered some humans here, but due to the language barrier, communication was impossible.

During this process, conflicts occurred; after killing a few people, he fled into the mountains.

Medel didn't have a specific plan for what was next; he just intended to hide deep in the mountains and find an opportunity to understand the situation here.

A short while ago, he discovered a relatively concealed ravine, where there was only a demon resembling a Sheep-Horned Demon.

For a crystallization wizard like Medel, magic type demons were easier to deal with than physically powerful ones.

Medel easily drove this demon away and took over the ravine, planning to use it as a temporary dwelling.

He had a Level 3 Witch Array, the Shelter, so he didn't need to worry much about safety.

The only thing he needed to be careful of was not being discovered, but being in the deep mountains, there was little worry about that.

After taking over the ravine, Medel stayed in the Shelter for several days without leaving, and nothing happened around it.

The powerful demons here each had their own territory; after the Sheep-Horned Demon left, there were no more strong demons around for the time being.

There were only a few weaker demons, which wouldn't actively come close to the ravine either.

While Medel was asleep, he suddenly heard some noise outside the ravine.

He stepped out of the Shelter and looked outside the ravine, vaguely seeing some skeletons approaching.

"That damned Sheep-Horned Demon dares to come back! I let it escape last time, but now it dares to return seeking death." Seeing the skeletons, Medel knew for sure that the Sheep-Horned Demon had returned.

During the previous confrontation with the Sheep-Horned Demon, he had found out it could summon an army of skeletons.

The Sheep-Horned Demon was very cunning; when it realized it couldn't defeat him, it directly fled, and he couldn't capture it.

Now it had come back to die, and Medel wasn't going to give it a chance to escape again.

Medel gathered his magic power, summoning two three-meter-tall figures in front of him.

The summons looked like Knights fully armored and wielding long spears.

These were two exceptionally strong summons he had obtained through family channels before.

These two Knights were not only powerful and fast, but also had strong defensive capabilities.

Moreover, Medel could share vision with these two summons.

Upon receiving Medel's command, the two summoned Knights looked toward the approaching skeleton army outside the ravine, raised their long spears, and charged, incredibly fast.

Medel followed closely behind; he had summoned these two to deal with the skeleton army.

Once the skeleton army was held up, he could go and finish off the Sheep-Horned Demon.

Charging into the skeleton army, the two tall summoned Knights swept through with their long spears, clearing an open space as if mowing down dry weeds.

These skeletons were no match at all.

Taking advantage of the summons holding up the army, Medel quickly scanned the surroundings, searching for the Sheep-Horned Demon.

Not finding it immediately, he continued deeper into the jungle to search.

In his opinion, the Sheep-Horned Demon should be hiding somewhere nearby.

It couldn't be far, otherwise it wouldn't be able to control these skeletons, so it had to be close by.

As Medel advanced through the jungle, he suddenly felt a sense of crisis rising in his heart.

Immediately, a ripple spread through the surrounding space.

Soon after, a golden shadow appeared around his body.

A giant fist swung toward his head, but it was blocked by the Giant Spirit Guardian.

Turning around, Medel exclaimed, "Herag!"

Upon seeing Herag's towering figure, he recognized him immediately, utterly surprised to encounter Herag here.

Herag said nothing, launching another punch at the Giant Spirit Guardian.

He didn't believe the Giant Spirit Guardian could last forever.

Herag had been lurking outside for a long time, but with Medel staying inside the Shelter, there was nothing he could do.

A Level 3 Witch Array like the Shelter was too defensively strong for Herag to breach.

He had thus ordered the Sheep-Horned Demon to summon the skeleton army to lure Medel out.

When Medel stepped out of the ravine, Herag hadn't attacked immediately.

He waited until Medel ventured deep into the forest before decisively launching an attack.

This spot was far from the ravine, so Medel couldn't run back to the Shelter even if he wanted to.

Herag's punch, packed with immense power, struck the Giant Spirit Guardian, sending Medel flying with one blow.

Medel hit the ground and rolled, unharmed but appearing very disheveled.

"This time, you won't have the chance to activate the Teleportation Ring and escape. I will kill you," Herag said.

His figure vanished instantly, reappearing behind Medel with another punch swinging down.

Once again, this punch failed to inflict actual damage on Medel, but it sent him flying away.

However, the Giant Spirit Guardian surrounding Medel shattered instantly, unable to hold after enduring three punches from Herag.

Medel looked a bit flustered, sensing the threat.

He had never experienced a true life-and-death battle from childhood, nor faced such a situation as this.

For someone like Medel, any crisis would typically be resolved long before reaching him.

Looking at Herag, who seemed like a killing god, Medel became completely panicked.

Medel retrieved a Cross from the Space Ring and threw it directly at Herag.

Herag's figure vanished instantly, the Cross fell to the ground in vain.

"Is that Flash? No, Flash couldn't be this fast." As Herag reappeared beside him, Medel was gripped by the fear of death.

Flash required gathering magic power and activating a spell model.

Herag's space travel was too smooth, without any pause or hindrance, moving as naturally as a fish swimming in the sea.

Bam!

Herag's punch hadn't landed on Medel's head, as a burly Knight suddenly appeared, blocking the blow.

The Knight's chest caved in instantly, the seemingly sturdy armor crushed into scrap by immense force.

After being severely damaged, the Knight's raised long spear, intended to pierce Herag, dropped powerlessly.

The force behind Herag's punch was colossal, driven by a resolve to kill Medel, holding back nothing.

His body was flickered with electric light, a power emanating from the Bloodline Mark.

## Chapter 457: Slaying Medel

Since Herag absorbed the bloodline power of the White Deer, he has possessed the talent ability to use spatial rules.

This indirectly caused him to have a trace of spatial rule power in his body, which allows him to barely resist the suppression of the World Will.

It was only after obtaining the bloodline power of the White Deer that Herag discovered he could activate a trace of the bloodline power of the Thunder God Ancestor.

Even though this bit of bloodline power is not much, it provides a significant boost to strength, speed, and other attributes.

This summoned creature clearly has protective abilities, able to appear directly in front of Medel at critical moments, blocking a deadly strike.

The Knight summon could easily defeat skeletons, but in front of Herag's power, it was utterly powerless.

With just one punch, the Knight summon couldn't withstand such force and dissipated.

Seeing the scene of the Knight dissipating, Herag exclaimed in surprise: "It's actually a projection, the original body must be very strong indeed."

There are generally two types of summons: one where the summon's actual body appears before you, and another where only the projection of the summon appears.

If the summon's true body is too powerful, usually only a projection will appear.

This projection doesn't have a real physical form and only possesses a fraction of the true body's strength.

After defeating the Knight in front of him, Herag sensed something and instantly disappeared.

The next moment, a spear shot over as another Knight summon arrived.

At the same time, a bolt of lightning descended from the sky, striking Herag, who had just reappeared.

This bolt of lightning struck the Absolute Defense shield, and Herag felt nothing, glanced at Medel, and smiled.

Even if this bolt of lightning hit him directly, it wouldn't cause any harm.

This Medel seems to be a Thunder Mage; falling into his hands would be a dire fate indeed.

The Knight summon clearly followed Medel's orders and charged over, giving Medel a chance to run towards the Shelter.

For him, as long as he could enter the Shelter, he'd be safe, at least temporarily.

Herag wouldn't give him this chance; he drew his Long Blade and chopped off the Knight summon's head with one strike.

After the Knight summon's head fell, no blood spurted out; its insides were void, with nothing at all.

After eliminating the Knight summon, Herag engaged in Space Travel again and in the blink of an eye caught up with the fleeing Medel.

Medel turned his head, casually flinging a Lightning Ball back.

Utilizing spatial rules, Herag vanished into space and reappeared in front of Medel.

Seeing Herag disappear again, Medel realized something was wrong. Just as he was about to turn back, he found himself airborne, witnessing his own headless body on the ground, as his consciousness faded into darkness.

Herag, holding the Long Blade, awaited Medel running towards him upfront.

A swipe of the Long Blade directly aimed for the head.

Herag's ability to use spatial rules gave him combat prowess far surpassing Medel, such a Crystalization Wizard.

Being able to wield rule power is almost like being on a different level of existence.

Only rule power can contest with rule power.

Like when Herag was trapped in that cage, he basically had no means to escape, utterly powerless.

After dispatching Medel, Herag immediately conjured the Undead Magic Sword to also annihilate Medel's soul.

After dealing with the soul, Herag picked up Medel's Space Ring, quickly cleaning up the scene.

He thoroughly cleaned Medel's remains, leaving no traces behind except for some ashes.

This place is in another Plane; Herag doubted that even the people from the Taylor Family could trace it back to him after all this.

After handling the situation, Herag approached the head of the Sheep-Horned Demon.

The Sheep-Horned Demon's Soul Fire flickered, just about to plead for mercy, but Herag shattered it with a punch.

A wisp of Black Qi floated up, and Herag absorbed it into his body.

"Power +0.2, Agility +0.3, Constitution +0.3, Spirit +1.0."

After absorbing the Sheep-Horned Demon's Black Qi, Herag found that the increases in power, agility, and other body stats were minimal.

However, unlike other demons, this Sheep-Horned Demon even added a point of Spiritual Power.

Herag's current Spiritual Power growth wasn't easily achieved, so this point of Spiritual Power was quite significant.

After the death of the Sheep-Horned Demon, the summoned skeletons immediately collapsed, forming a pile of bones on the ground.

Herag stepped over the bones, heading towards the depths of the valley.

Here is a Level 3 Witch Array, the Shelter.

Herag came to inspect it and found, sure enough, there was no way to take it down.

The Shelter had identity recognition, only allowing Medel himself to enter and exit, or collapse the Witch Array.

Herag considered attempting to break it, but the Witch Array's level was too high.

A Level 3 Witch Array was far beyond what he could currently comprehend.

Herag tried to have Shenlan analyze and break the Shelter: "Shenlan, attempt to analyze and break the Shelter."

"Lack of necessary information, lacking relevant data, unable to break at this time."

As expected, even Shenlan couldn't break it.

A Level 2 Witch Array already involved rule-related powers, so the principles and composition of a Level 3 Witch Array were naturally more complex and intriguing.

Herag had not encountered the related information, so naturally, he couldn't proceed with the breaking work.

Faced with such a large Level 3 Witch Array and having no way to handle it, Herag could only watch it standing there helplessly.

Knowledge is power, and the knowledge he possessed was still insufficient.

After giving up on breaking the Shelter, Herag took out Medel's Space Ring.

This Space Ring had a unique design; apart from being embedded with a Ruby, the ring band was curved.

These curves outlined several letters that Herag, upon looking, identified as Medel's name.

This was a Space Ring with a personal identity symbol.

When Herag tried to inspect the Space Ring, he found he couldn't view it.

The ring also had a Level 1 Witch Array within, only breakable with Medel's own magic power aura.

Fortunately, the Witch Array inside the ring was only a Level 1 Witch Array, which Shenlan spent some time on to break.

Once he broke the Space Ring, he finally saw its interior.

The inside of Medel's Space Ring was vast, estimated to be about the size of five football fields.

Herag's own Space Ring was originally considered large, but it paled in comparison to Medel's.

Were it not for Medel's name on the ring, Herag would have considered making it his main Space Ring.

In these matters, one must be a bit more cautious and careful.

Chapter 458: Searching

Even in this plane, Herag would still not wear this ring.

If he happened to meet other wizards one day and was seen, it would be trouble.

The forces behind Medel are too strong, and he simply cannot provoke them.

Herag then began to inventory the items inside Medel's space ring.

There were many things inside, gold coins piled up like a small hill, estimated to be hundreds of thousands. I'm not sure what this person was doing with so many gold coins in a space ring.

There were also magic stones, about 150,000 of them, all piled up together.

From a distance, it looked only like a pile of coal.

Herag found Medel's talisman stone.

He took it out and destroyed it on the spot, eliminating future troubles.

Herag saw rows of wooden barrels filled with wine.

Aside from wine, there was also a lot of food and water, as well as a lot of everyday necessities, thoroughly prepared.

There were hardly any magic potion materials in Medel's space ring, only finished magic potions.

It seems this person doesn't usually make his own magic potions, he just buys finished products to use, as he surely isn't short of money.

Herag also saw quite a few Level 1 and Level 2 witchcraft artifacts, but more than half of these artifacts had the Taylor family crest.

In this plane, it's fine, but once he returns to the wizard plane, these simply can't be used.

Using them would expose him, just like with this ring.

Herag wasn't very interested in these artifacts; he was mainly looking for some things he wanted to see.

He searched for a long time, besides a few standard spell model books and some works by famous wizards, there were no other books or parchment materials.

Herag thought, since Medel was from the Taylor family, there might be some internal spell inheritances or materials from the Taylor family.

But after searching all around, he found nothing.

Herag estimated that the Taylor family wouldn't let important knowledge inheritances be taken out by Medel.

He sighed, even though he didn't find what he most desired this time, the gain was still considerable.

The items inside this space ring alone are quite a wealth.

Aside from those with obvious marks which are hard to sell, the gold coins and magic stones are tangible assets.

As for those artifacts, Herag didn't plan to use or sell them casually in the wizard plane.

Because witchcraft artifacts are not produced on an assembly line, each one is handcrafted.

Some artifacts, even without marks, might still be recognized by people.

It's better to be safe than sorry; those artifacts generally wouldn't have substantial help for Herag, selling them wouldn't bring much money, so there's no need to take risks.

After putting away Medel's space ring, Herag glanced at the shelter and then turned to leave the place.

This place was not suitable to stay long.

Herag used space travel every so often to hurry on his journey, hastening to leave this place.

Since he was deep in the mountains, using space travel wouldn't be seen by anyone, reducing concerns.

Herag didn't intend to return to Greenfield City, so he didn't head towards the mountain entrance.

His original plan was to eliminate Medel first and then absorb as much demon aura as possible in this plane.

Since discovering the usefulness of demon aura and that he could also absorb it himself.

Herag believed that this place was a very good place for him to continuously improve his strength.

"I wonder if I will awaken any exorcist abilities."

Herag suddenly thought that in terms of the exorcist's power system, he was still just an exorcist apprentice.

After becoming an official exorcist, he would awaken his own abilities.

Herag wondered if someone like him, from the wizard plane, could awaken exorcist abilities.

He quickly traversed the mountains and after a few hours began heading north, where there was a main traffic artery.

In the past few days, Herag didn't waste time; he checked the map here and memorized it.

As long as the map is correct, the direction he was heading would not be wrong.

As he approached the outskirts of the mountains, Herag removed the Titan power form and took out the Thousand-Change potion to alter his appearance once again.

This time his face was molded much better than before, the body not as frail, making the whole person look more robust.

Herag mainly considered that the previously too frail body was a bit too low-key.

Drawing others' underestimation would instead bring some trouble, so he made it appear average.

Herag put on a set of clothes and also put on a set of armor, with a longsword on his back.

His next destination was Amy City, which is a large city.

The distribution of demons is actually somewhat related to the distribution of the human population; the more people there are, the more demons there are.

In remote places like Greenfield City, the demon numbers are actually quite small, mostly distributed in the mountains.

Those demons also have their own territories and rarely move around with one another.

Herag intended to absorb demon aura by hunting demons; if he slowly searched the mountains for demons to kill, the efficiency would be too low.

The number of demons in the mountains was too small and couldn't meet Herag's needs, not efficient enough.

But places like Amy City with a large population are different, demons are active all around.

With Amy City as the center, there is a lot of human activity within a thousand miles nearby.

Where there are many humans is where demons like to be active.

Places like Amy City also have a high demand for exorcists, so there's no worry about finding work.

Herag planned to operate in Amy City as an exorcist apprentice, besides absorbing demon aura, he also intended to pay attention to any possible wizard traces.

Herag had been pondering whether there would be the existence of expedition teams in this plane.

His final thought was that it's very likely.

Herag's idea came back to the teleportation ring; the essence of the teleportation ring is to perform teleportation through an established space channel, with the coordinates inside only being for record.

These coordinates couldn't be arbitrary because without a space channel, the teleportation wouldn't be effective.

One can easily conclude that the current plane and the wizard plane must have an established space channel.

In the wizard plane, the likely ones to set up a space channel are the expedition team from the Wizard Alliance.

Unless the Abyssal Cultists also had the ability to establish a space channel, but if they did, it would be a space channel leading to the Abyss Plane, not here.

Herag thus thought, although he didn't know why the coordinates inside the teleportation ring changed.

Even if they changed, it must be a ring from the wizard plane with an existing space channel, so it's highly likely that there are expedition team members in this plane.

Chapter 459: White Mist

After Herag deduced this point, the next target became clear.

While absorbing the demon aura to enhance his own power, he would search for the wizard from the expedition team.

As long as he could find the traces of the expedition team, there would be a chance to return to the Wizard Plane.

After dealing with the hidden threat of Medel, Herag wasn't in such a rush to return, as this place was quite nice for him.

Herag walked out of the mountains and back onto the main road, heading towards Amy City to the east.

There were currently no carriages or pedestrians on this road, most likely due to the rampant mountain monsters in that area, so no one was heading towards Greenfield City for the time being.

Herag continued along the road without using space travel to avoid being seen by any potential hidden people.

Three days later.

After traveling for three days, the number of carriages on the road gradually increased, with merchants and travelers coming from all directions.

"Uncle, can I hitch a ride?" Herag quickly ran up to a merchant caravan and asked.

The caravan had seven carriages, carrying a lot of goods, along with many people.

Herag planned to pay a bit to hitch a ride, as it was much easier than walking by himself.

The leader of the caravan was a burly uncle with a beard, who looked Herag up and down and said, "Sure, as long as you don't mind. The last carriage still has room, it's for loading horse feed."

"I don't mind that, how much?" Herag asked.

The uncle waved his hand, "No need for money, we're all people on the run."

He noticed the mud on Herag's shoes and the road dust on his clothing, indicating he'd been walking for quite some time.

If there was another way, how would he have ended up resorting to such a long trek on foot, so he decided not to take Herag's money.

Herag thanked him immediately, "Thank you, thank you. My name is Norman, and I'm an exorcist."

"Oh, so you're an exorcist, sir. I'm called Jaman, and it's an honor to have an exorcist join our caravan," Jaman said with a smile.

Jaman hadn't expected this young-looking fellow to actually be an exorcist.

Their caravan also had an exorcist on hire, and the cost was quite steep.

But they had no choice but to hire an exorcist, for otherwise, the safety along the way wasn't guaranteed.

Losing the goods was a minor issue, but losing their lives would be too costly.

Just then, a man with a longbow on his back came over. He looked to be in his thirties, with a scar on his face, and he said to Herag, "Exorcist?"

Herag smiled and nodded, without saying much.

"I'm Jim, the hired guard for this caravan. By your aura, you seem to be an exorcist apprentice—interested in joining our group? There's still seven or eight days' journey to Amy City, and you could earn some money in the process."

Jim sensed that the demon aura on Herag wasn't very intense, leading him to assume Herag was probably just an exorcist apprentice.

He didn't have Arnt's keen perception abilities and didn't sense Herag's true strength.

Herag replied, "My strength is still quite weak, so I'd feel bad charging for guarding duties."

Jaman laughed heartily, "No worries, no worries. It's good to have company on the road, especially since Amy City isn't too far away."

After chatting for a while, the caravan resumed its journey.

Herag moved to the last carriage in the caravan and climbed inside, where there was a lot of dry grass making it quite comfortable to lie down.

The thick dry grass helped cushion the bumps from the carriage, which felt better than sitting inside it.

Lying in the carriage, Herag closed his eyes and entered a state of meditation, swaying with the oscillations of the carriage.

Meditation practice was something he never skipped, as it required consistent and steady effort.

...

Five days later, at dusk, the sun began to set.

After entering a small town, the caravan stopped to rest for the night.

This town was called Thousand Lakes Town, named for a very wide lake nearby.

Thousand Lakes Town was located near a major thoroughfare, only about a kilometer away.

Merchant caravans and travelers from all over chose to stop and rest here.

The town originally started as a small settlement but gradually grew larger due to the increasing number of visitors, becoming much bigger than ordinary towns.

The town had everything; most everyday goods could be replenished here.

Herag settled down with the caravan at an inn, where he paid for his own room.

The inn was bustling with people, most rooms filled to capacity.

Upon entering his allocated room, Herag found out it had been modified.

Originally meant to be half a room, the innkeeper had created a partition.

This allowed the innkeeper to sell an extra room, accommodating more guests.

Upon his arrival, Herag noticed the high volume of people in the town.

These inns were likely always at full capacity, prompting the division of rooms into partitions.

Otherwise, the inns might not accommodate everyone given the crowd.

Herag didn't mind the simplicity; as long as there was a place to sleep, it didn't matter.

As night fell, the temperature dropped sharply.

Herag lay under a blanket on the bed, closing his eyes to meditate.

The town's proximity to a large lake was likely the reason for the especially cold nights.

No wonder merchants chose to sleep indoors; outdoors, the cold was unbearable for most.

Late at night, Herag slowly opened his eyes, sensing something unusual.

"It's getting foggy."

He glanced out the window, noticing a dense white mist enveloping the town, reducing visibility to almost nothing.

Frost had formed on the window, with cold seeping through into the room.

Herag frowned, sensing something suspicious about the white mist.

A prompt from Shenlan suddenly came: "Detected special substances within the white mist, presumed to cause drowsiness or anesthesia."

Herag had already inhaled quite a bit of the mist, yet felt nothing.

He quickly realized his constitution was too strong, rendering the mist ineffective on him.

However, this wasn't the case for others; Shenlan's environmental scan could cover the whole town.

Currently, most people in the town had already fallen asleep.

Some lay in bed, while others simply lay down in hallways, on stairs, or in the lobby and fell asleep.

Given the cold weather, no one would choose to lie down in such places to sleep, and they didn't appear drunk either.

Apart from Herag, a few others remained aware of the abnormalities in the town.

Most of these people were exorcists or powerful adventurers, though some began moving sluggishly, clearly affected by the anesthetic effect of the mist.

Herag turned his gaze outside the town, where everything seemed shrouded in white, obscuring all sight.

Chapter 460: Mermaid Slayer

Herag's gaze was fixed on the depths of the white mist.

Although he couldn't see, he had already detected something through environmental sensing.

There were short humanoid creatures, holding weapons, charging over.

"Are these... mermaids?" After a moment of recognition, Herag realized.

These mermaids had fish heads and human limbs, wielding weapons like knives, swords, and tridents.

"That direction is towards the lake."

Herag looked at where the mermaids were coming from and guessed they had crawled out of the lake.

He found it strange that the town seemed completely unprepared, never expecting an attack from mermaids.

Moreover, he had discussed this town with others in recent days, and no one mentioned the possibility of a mermaid demon attack.

If these mermaids had originally been in that lake, there should have been some related news.

This thick white mist was undoubtedly the work of these mermaids, and most of the people in the town had already fallen into a deep sleep.

At this moment, when the mermaids charged in, these people became lambs waiting for slaughter.

Herag picked up his longsword, adjusted his armor, and headed out.

The individual mermaids were not strong; to Herag, they were a free source of demon aura, not to be missed.

After leaving the inn, Herag noticed others were also stepping out. They seemed to be exorcists.

"I have to hurry." Herag felt the need to speed up, or else the demon aura would be taken by others.

He drew his longsword, and with agile leaps, left the town, immediately encountering a mermaid.

This mermaid was less than a meter tall, with a fat-headed fish head, holding a short blade.

Seeing Herag, it let out a low growl and charged, waving the short blade at Herag.

The short blade appeared more like a long blade in the mermaid's hands.

Due to its height, the mermaid could only reach Herag's knees.

Herag wouldn't give it a chance to hit him, dodging swiftly out of the way of the slow attack.

With a flash of the longsword, the mermaid's fat fish head flew off, its headless body collapsing to the ground.

A wisp of black qi floated out, and Herag immediately absorbed it into his body.

"Power +0.2, agility +0.3, constitution +0.1."

Herag glanced at the data panel; not much was gained, but it was expected.

The individual strength of the mermaids was too weak; their only advantage was speed, enough against ordinary people or weaker adventurers.

But to Herag, this speed was too slow.

After absorbing the demon aura from the mermaid, Herag looked into the distance, where more mermaids continued to emerge from the fog.

He glanced at the others rushing from behind and then turned to vanish into the thick mist.

With every swing of the longsword, a mermaid fell, its black qi absorbed by Herag.

When Jim, wielding a longsword, reached the town entrance, he saw the mermaid corpses on the ground and glanced into the mist before following in.

He was skilled with a longbow, but it was inconvenient in the mist, limiting his performance.

Three more people stepped out alongside, exchanging glances with each other.

"Shall we work together?"

"No problem."

"The individual strength of these mermaids isn't high. Together, we can reduce the chances of getting injured."

These were some powerful exorcists, naturally unafraid of the mermaids.

The only worry was the thick fog, where hidden mermaids might ambush with an arrow.

With more people, the risk of getting hit by an arrow was reduced.

...

By this time, Herag was deep into the white fog, in a forest surrounded by mermaid corpses.

He discovered that not every mermaid had demon aura; about one in three did.

The mermaids with demon aura were slightly stronger, belonging to the elite among mermaids.

But to Herag, it didn't matter whether they were elite or not.

He specialized in killing elites, for only elites had demon aura.

Herag scanned the area, seeing the forest littered with mermaid bodies, turning the surroundings into a vacuum.

He had lost count of how many mermaids he had slain and just glanced at the data panel.

So far, slaying mermaids had provided him a significant attribute boost.

"Power +3.5, agility +4.2, constitution +3.1."

By killing a bunch of weakling mermaids, he gained such a substantial attribute enhancement.

Herag truly felt the benefits of demon aura and became more in awe of this plane.

He hadn't been here long and hadn't gathered much demon aura.

Herag considered what kind of strength a strong person from this plane, having accumulated aura for years, would possess.

However, he sensed that the amplification of demon aura probably had limits, not allowing endless growth.

Most likely, after absorbing a lot of aura, the increase in physical attributes would gradually decrease.

In other words, where one unit of demon aura previously increased power, later on, it might require ten units to achieve the same.

Due to the small sample size, Herag could not verify his hypothesis.

For now, the issue didn't need consideration, as the attribute boost from absorbing demon aura hadn't changed yet.

Herag glanced around, searching for traces of mermaids.

Initially, they were everywhere, needing no search; now, Herag had slain them all, leaving none visible.

If there were a title for killing mermaids, Herag would have earned 'Mermaid Vanquisher' by now.

Herag suddenly turned around, spotting a man with a longbow on his back and a longsword approaching.

Upon closer inspection, it was Jim from the caravan; he had entered too.

Jim hadn't seen Herag initially, as the white mist obstructed his view.

Close up, he finally saw Herag, whose gaze gave him a fright.

The look in Herag's eyes made Jim feel as if he might be dispatched like a mermaid at any moment.

Jim sensed the aura emanating from Herag and realized he had misjudged earlier.

This was not an exorcist apprentice at all, but a highly skilled official exorcist, very powerful.

When Jim arrived, he was puzzled about who had slain so many mermaids with such ferocity.

Meeting Herag, he finally understood.

"You... you're here too." Jim said awkwardly, unsure what to say.

He kept his distance, not daring to get close to Herag.

Herag chuckled and said, "Couldn't sleep at night, just roaming around and unexpectedly encountered so many mermaids."