

Sixth 491

Chapter 491: Spatial Magic

"Shenlan, start recording and analyzing the spell models for Spatial Cutting and Spatial Wall."

"Task has been archived, estimated to require 15 hours and 13 hours respectively."

After Herag instructed Shenlan to begin analyzing the two second-level spatial spells, he held two large tomes and began to read.

The time element spell is not urgent for now, as it cannot be learned before acquiring the Sands of Time.

Both of these spells provide detailed explanations of spatial rules, giving Herag a deeper understanding and insight.

He gained a deeper understanding of the principles behind spatial magic spells as well.

...

The next day.

Herag stayed in the Meditation Room and began constructing the spell model for Spatial Cutting.

In his mind, he and Shenlan simultaneously started building the spell model for Spatial Cutting.

Now that he has advanced to a Level 2 Wizard, second-level spells can be directly constructed in his mind, no longer needing to be built within a Spiritual Crystal.

His current mind can now bear the rule power, and he won't risk getting his head blown up.

The spell model of Spatial Cutting is actually very complex, far more intricate than those of Level 1 Spells.

However, having seen the spell model of World Furnace, Herag did not find the model of Spatial Cutting too complicated.

Five hours later, the spell model for Spatial Cutting was completed.

The spell model for this second-level spell is significantly larger than that for the first-level spells, the volume alone shows it's on a different scale.

Herag walked out of the Meditation Room and into the spacious courtyard.

"Reese, please bring me a piece of firewood," Herag thought for a moment and called into the house.

Reese, although puzzled, brought out a piece of firewood and handed it to Herag.

"What are you going to do with this?" Reese asked.

"I just learned a spatial spell, and I want to give it a try." Herag smiled.

This piece of firewood was very regular, clearly cut into uniform sizes by a professional.

The wood in Herag's home was purchased from elsewhere and delivered by a professional.

Herag looked at the piece of wood in his hand, placed it on the ground in front of him, and then stepped back.

Reese was very curious and watched from the side.

Herag focused his mind, channeling magic power into the spell model for Spatial Cutting, then used Spatial Cutting on the firewood in front of him.

"It's done," Herag said.

Reese was a bit confused, "Did... anything happen?"

She looked at the piece of firewood still standing there, seemingly unchanged.

Herag chuckled and went over to poke the firewood.

The top half of the wood immediately slid off, revealing a smooth, even cut in the middle, splitting the piece of wood into two.

Herag picked up the two halves of the wood and examined them closely. The cut was incredibly smooth, almost to the point of eeriness.

With a longsword, he could also split a piece of firewood, but it would never be this smooth and even.

The destructive power of Spatial Cutting far surpasses that of a longsword; no matter how hard the material, it's useless against Spatial Cutting.

Herag was probably the first to use the spell of Spatial Cutting to chop firewood, akin to using a cannon to shoot a mosquito.

The spell only acted on the firewood, so it appeared as if nothing happened.

But if it were applied to someone's neck, it could silently separate head from body, and it would be unstoppable.

When Herag employs rule power, unless the opponent also uses rule power for defense,

neither the hardest armor nor the strongest magic shield can block the spell of Spatial Cutting.

In the face of rule power, everything is but an illusion.

Herag closed his eyes to feel it; the effective range of his Spatial Cutting spell reached 500 meters, far exceeding the 100 meters mentioned in the spell's introduction.

He believed that it was probably due to the World Furnace, as he had already fused the spatial rules into his body, thus attaining a high mastery of spatial rules.

Of course, it may also be due to the Spirit of the White Deer talent, which naturally grants Herag some command over spatial rules.

A day later, Herag completed the construction of the spell model for the Spatial Wall, another second-level spell.

He stood in the courtyard and created a spatial wall 20 meters wide and 30 meters high in front of him, which likely already surpassed the strength of a typical Spatial Wall spell.

Looking at the unchanged space in front of him, Herag attempted to take a few steps forward.

Not only could he walk forward, but he could also quickly run forward without any resistance.

The only issue was that he made no progress and was merely stepping in place.

Yet in Herag's perception, he could keep running forward without anything blocking him.

This is the function of a spatial wall: an invisible, intangible barrier that creates a wall that can never be touched.

Unless Herag went around it, he would never reach the area beyond the spatial wall.

It seemed so close, yet so far away.

Herag thought for a moment and used his Spirit of the White Deer talent ability, discovering he could indeed pass through the spatial wall.

He then tried using the Flash spell, realizing that the Flash couldn't get through the spatial wall and he remained in place.

After some contemplation, Herag concluded that while the Flash spell allowed spatial movement, it still operated under the current spatial rules.

In other words, when Herag used Flash, it occurred within the spatial range of the spatial wall, so it couldn't cross over the spatial wall.

However, the Spirit of the White Deer talent ability was different, functioning at the level of spatial rules, hence allowing him to pass through the spatial wall.

Understanding the basic workings of these spells, Herag began various experiments and tried different ways to use them.

He needed to quickly become familiar with and master these spells to use them effectively in combat.

Just knowing them wasn't enough; proficiency was equally important.

After a few days of practice, Herag could precisely control these spells.

With Shenlan Assistance, he could manage spatial points with extreme accuracy, without any deviation.

"Is Mr. Herag here?"

While practicing in the courtyard, a voice came from the door.

Herag walked to the door and opened it, finding a male wizard in a robe.

Glancing at him, Herag found him somewhat familiar, likely having seen him at Silver Moon City Hall.

"Hello Mr. Herag, my name is Ponte from the Logistics Department of Silver Moon City. This is the Sands of Time you requested to purchase earlier, now approved, and I brought it to you personally."

Ponte took out an hourglass, with only one grain of sand floating inside.

"Please sign this document, Mr. Herag, to acknowledge its receipt," Ponte said, producing a parchment.

Chapter 492: Sands of Time

Herag took the parchment and saw it was the paperwork related to the Sands of Time, stamped with several Magic Marks, indicating it was a very important item.

After signing his name, he received the small hourglass.

The hourglass had a top and bottom made of a black wood, and the middle looked like glass, but upon closer inspection, it was clear it wasn't glass, though the specific material was unknown.

A single grain of sand floated erratically inside the hourglass, appearing rather ordinary and unremarkable.

Herag pinched the hourglass between two fingers and asked, "Mr. Ponte, how does one use this Sands of Time?"

It was the first time Herag had encountered a Key of Rules, and he wasn't clear on how to use it.

He had heard that the forms of the Keys of Rules varied, and so did their methods of use.

Some Keys of Rules were to be ingested directly, but others were quite complicated to use, with many even requiring the combination of corresponding Magic Potions.

Ponte smiled and replied, "The usage of the Sands of Time is quite simple. First, find a quiet place and calm yourself as much as possible. Afterward, infuse your Magic Power into the Sands of Time, and it will assist you in understanding the Time Rule. I should remind you, though, that comprehending the Time Rule is very difficult, and few manage to succeed with just one grain of the Sands of Time. Most people fail."

"This grain of the Sands of Time has been lying in the Secret Vault for three years without anyone redeeming it. This isn't because their Contribution Points are insufficient, but because the difficulty of comprehending the Time Rule is so great that even with the Sands of Time, success is hardly guaranteed. I'm telling you this in advance to avoid any feelings of frustration, as failure is quite normal."

Herag nodded, "Thank you for the reminder, Mr. Ponte."

Herag had already known that Spatial and Time Rules were very special, and also the most difficult to comprehend.

He just didn't expect that this grain of the Sands of Time had sat in the Secret Vault for three years, and he had initially wanted to redeem it quickly for fear that someone else would redeem it first.

Now it seemed that he had overthought it; most people wouldn't redeem the Sands of Time.

This item is costly, and the probability of success is very low, spending four thousand Contribution Points might yield nothing.

For most Wizards, accumulating a total of four thousand Contribution Points is quite difficult.

If Herag had known this information in advance, he likely would have had to consider whether to redeem it at all.

If he's unable to comprehend the Time Rule with this grain of Sands of Time, it would mean a waste of four thousand Contribution Points.

"Good luck, my friend. It is said that those who sense the Time Rule through the Sands of Time might have the chance to see some events from the past or future," Ponte said with a smile.

"Past or future? If I see something from the future, is it certain to happen?" Herag asked.

Ponte pondered and replied, "Not necessarily. If you see a future scene, it's based on the current trajectory of fate. However, the trajectory of fate can change, albeit it's very difficult."

"Understood, thank you." Herag expressed his gratitude.

After Ponte left, Herag took the Sands of Time to the Meditation Room, meditated to adjust his mood, and then opened his eyes.

Looking at the hourglass before him, Herag saw the lone grain of sand floating within.

He infused his Magic Power into the hourglass, channeling it into that single grain of sand.

At first, there was no response, so Herag continued to infuse more Magic Power.

Still, there was no reaction, making Herag think that his four thousand Contribution Points might be in vain.

This grain of Sands of Time was special, absorbing Magic Power with no reaction, like sinking into the sea.

Unrelenting, Herag increased the force of infusion, channeling an unending stream of Magic Power from within himself.

"Remaining Magic Power: 70%."

"Remaining Magic Power: 60%."

...

"Remaining Magic Power: 20%."

Watching as his Magic Power continued to deplete and still seeing no reaction from the Sands of Time, Herag wondered whether to draw on the Magic Power stored in the Array Map when the Sands of Time finally changed.

The Sands of Time began to emit a golden glow; it was no longer floating up and down in the hourglass but seemed frozen inside.

Herag noticed something amiss around him, and upon turning around, found that he was no longer in the Meditation Room, the surroundings had transformed into a kaleidoscopic setting.

The surroundings seemed as if multicolored paints had been splashed together, coating the walls.

Soon, the colors began to change again.

Quickly, before Herag, flashed scene after scene; he saw a frail boy curling up on a wooden bed, shivering and then struggling to get up.

"This is... me, back in the castle."

Recognizing the scenes, Herag quickly realized it was from his time in Baron Buck's Castle.

The scenes passed quickly, and Herag recognized them as glimpses of his past experiences.

Lillian, Dino, the ship, Moonlight Forest, Malcolm...

The rapidly flashing scenes felt like a retrospective of Herag's first half of life, passing so swiftly his eye could only catch snippets, most scenes were unclear.

Soon, the scenes reached the present, showing Herag just entering the Meditation Room.

With wide eyes, Herag continued watching as the scenes advanced.

He knew that from here on, these should be possible future events.

The scenes continued to flash rapidly, showing glimpses of mundane life with seemingly no difference.

But then, the tone changed drastically.

Herag saw a ruined city, with large portions of its high walls collapsed, its Wizard Tower toppled, only half of the tower remaining, smoking on the ground.

Most of the remaining houses were in ruin, with countless corpses strewn on the ground.

"Is this... Silver Moon City?"

Herag wasn't sure because the city ruins were so unrecognizable that it was hard to distinguish its original appearance.

However, the presence of the Wizard Tower indicated it was indeed a city within the Land of Dawn, as the Wizard Towers there were mostly similar in appearance, making them easily identifiable.

Within these ruins, Herag could only make out the Wizard Tower as a distinctive landmark, which was the basis for deducing where it was.

"What happened here?"

Herag wondered, perplexed, regardless of which part of the Land of Dawn it was, an event like this was surely significant.

This scene clearly showed that nearly an entire city had been destroyed; what kind of Power could destroy a city within the Land of Dawn?

Chapter 493: A Future Leading to Death

The images flashed by quickly, and Herag couldn't see them clearly, only occasionally catching glimpses.

He saw some towering, oddly-shaped monsters, and he saw a giant eye emit a black beam of light that directly split a continent in two.

The continent seemed to be the very Kala Continent under Herag's feet...

After the images flashed by rapidly, there were no more follow-ups, and Herag couldn't see any further content.

"Is it because the effect of the Sands of Time kicked in, or because..."

Suddenly, Herag thought that these flashing images might very well be from his own experiences.

The absence of subsequent images might very well mean that his life ended at that point in time.

After the images ended, the surroundings returned to the familiar appearance of the Meditation Room, and the colorful hues vanished.

"So this is the Time Rule..."

Having previously experienced becoming the Master of the World, Herag quickly realized that he could now sense the presence of the Time Rule.

This feeling was akin to someone who had never seen the color red suddenly being able to see it one day.

Herag was experiencing a similar sensation; the Time Rule had always existed, but he simply hadn't been able to perceive it before.

Even though comprehending the Time Rule was a success, Herag's mood was heavy.

According to Ponte, what he saw was the future that might happen.

Which means that if everything proceeded as it was now.

Sooner or later, he would see the cities in the Land of Dawn turn into ruins, the entire Kala Continent split in half by a giant eye.

Herag couldn't imagine what kind of entity could split an entire continent in two with just a beam of black light.

"Where did those come from?"

In the images, Herag saw some powerful entities, but he didn't know where they came from.

Based on the current information, they were either from the contaminated regions or other planes.

Herag felt that it was unlikely they came from the contaminated regions. If such powerful demons existed there, the Land of Dawn would have long been destroyed.

Unless, for some reason, those demons were sealed somewhere, but this possibility was very low.

Herag believed it was more likely that they came from other demonic entities, possibly demons from the Abyss Plane.

From the images that flashed by, it seemed as though he survived for some years after the Kala Continent was split in two.

However, the cause of his death was unknown, as he couldn't see that.

Herag began to contemplate his plans for the future; after seeing these visions of the future, he had to seriously consider them.

These visions indicated that something extremely significant would happen in the future, affecting the entire Kala Continent.

And possibly the entire Wizard Plane would be unable to escape unscathed.

"I must improve my strength quickly!"

Herag knew that while those images were possibilities, they would occur if things continued on their current trajectory.

He did not believe he had the power to change the course of destiny; the only thing he could do was to improve his strength as much as possible.

Only with enough strength can he have the confidence to deal with various situations.

"If I become strong enough, I won't have to flee from that giant eye; I'll just stomp it to pieces," Herag thought to himself.

Herag sat in the Meditation Room, closing his eyes, beginning to plan his strategies.

A few hours later, he opened his eyes again and began constructing the spell model for the Time Stop Zone spell.

After successfully comprehending the Time Rule, all Herag needed to do was complete the construction of the spell model.

Herag spent some time completing the construction of this spell model.

He looked at the spell model for the Time Stop Zone in his mind and found it much smaller than the models of the other two spatial spells, even similar in scale to a Level 1 Spell.

Herag thought about it and figured it might be because the Time Rule is hard to comprehend, but once understood, it's actually not that complicated to use.

Or perhaps this spell did not involve complex applications of the Time Rule, so the model was relatively simple.

Herag saw Reese outside studying a Magic Potion book and opened the door to go out.

Reese just lifted her head when Herag thought of the spell: "Time Stop Zone."

As magic power infused into the spell model for the Time Stop Zone, a strange force spread out from Herag as the center, reaching a range of fifty meters around him.

Reese's imminent smile froze on her face, and everything around fell silent, even the swaying trees in the yard stopped moving.

The falling leaves froze mid-air, motionless.

Herag walked a few steps forward and found his own actions were not hindered at all.

As he came to Reese, Shenlan's prompting echoed suddenly.

"Magic power is about to deplete. Would you like to activate the backup magic power in the array map?"

Herag glanced at the data panel, startled: "Remaining magic power 3%."

He hastily stopped the Time Stop Zone spell.

Suddenly, Herag remembered that he had poured too much magic power into the Sands of Time today, and although he had replenished some later, he had completed the construction of the Time Stop Zone spell model, leaving him with very little magic power.

After casting the Time Stop Zone, the rate of magic power loss was incredibly frightening, and in the blink of an eye, the magic power was almost exhausted.

According to Shenlan's calculations, every 0.1 second consumed 10% of the magic power, meaning without considering backup magic power, the body's magic power could only sustain for one second.

"How did you suddenly appear here?" Reese was startled by Herag's sudden appearance.

She remembered that Herag had just opened the door, so how did he suddenly appear in front of her? It seemed somewhat eerie.

Herag quickly hugged her and explained, "I just learned a Time Element spell, so I tried it. I paused time in the vicinity for a moment, so I suddenly appeared in front of you."

Herag was afraid to frighten her, so he explained.

Reese's eyes widened: "Pause time? How incredible!"

Despite being a wizard herself, Reese found controlling time too distant, almost like a mythical story.

Now seeing Herag demonstrate it before her, she found it even more incredible.

Herag laughed, "Keep working hard, and you'll get there someday."

A few years ago, Reese had already advanced to a Liquidation Wizard and was slowly progressing towards becoming a Crystalization Wizard.

Apart from her, David had also advanced to a Liquidation Wizard a year earlier.

Over the years, besides focusing on his own cultivation, Herag also used his vast magic stones and connections to provide many conveniences for Reese and David, helping them in their practice.

Herag's investment was not in vain; both of them made significant progress.

Seeing the two of them increase in strength brought Herag joy as well.

Chapter 494: His Own Faction

After facing the threat of Medel, Herag started contemplating these issues.

He couldn't stay with Reese and the others all the time; to keep them safe from unpredictable events, the key was to make them strong.

Upon returning, Herag began deliberately training the two to enhance their strength, directly purchasing any resources they lacked.

With a million Magic Stones in his possession, combined with a First-Class Honor Medal, it was easy for him to procure resources through various connections.

The only difficult part of a Level 1 Wizard's practice was acquiring the Key of Rules; other items could be bought with money.

After seeing visions of the future, Herag felt increasingly anxious.

Even if he could make himself powerful enough to survive such a disaster,

how would Reese and Emil survive...

Should a powerful entity similar to that colossal eye truly appear, possessing World Destruction Level abilities,

it's likely few would survive under such circumstances.

Holding Reese, Herag felt the softness in his arms.

Gazing at the small yet cozy home in front of him, he suddenly felt the burden on his shoulders grow heavier.

He initially thought that becoming a Level 2 Wizard would make things easier, as his increased strength could counter greater dangers.

However, instead, he foresaw an even more dangerous future, causing him no relief.

After spending a tender moment with Reese, Herag left home, hailed a carriage, and headed to City Hall.

Sitting in the carriage, he sent a message to Pries: "I've advanced to a Level 2 Wizard."

After a while.

"You've advanced to a Level 2 Wizard? That's so fast..." Pries replied.

Herag said, "I've advanced to a Level 2 Wizard, so I should be able to promote Reese and David to full members, right?"

After advancing to a Level 2 Wizard, Herag's status was no longer that of an ordinary full member; he was eligible to develop his own influence.

Just like Pries, although he was the head of security in Silver Moon City, many of his subordinates were his old confidants, not those assigned by Serlandir.

Following his advancement to a Level 2 Wizard, Pries had promoted his own confidants under him to facilitate work.

Herag had the same right; although he wasn't employed in a specific position, he could still apply to promote his followers to full members.

For Serlandir, a Level 2 Wizard was far more valuable than a hundred Level 1 Wizards, so such a request should be fulfilled.

After arriving at City Hall, Herag quickly filled out the relevant documents, and once approved, David and Reese would become full members of Serlandir.

"Besides these two, you can still have five to eight subordinate slots. However, each person's identity must be checked, while David and Reese have been linked to you for a long time, so their review shouldn't pose any issues," Pries explained.

Herag said, "I don't have any suitable candidates for now. I'll come back once I do."

Currently, Herag only trusted David and Reese, having no other options.

After completing the paperwork, Herag glanced around and whispered, "I've heard that the Land of Dawn is planning to ease control over the Barren Land?"

"You really have sharp information, it's essentially a done deal. Why, planning to do some business?" Pries laughed.

Herag nodded, "I've considered it, I might need your help then."

"Don't worry, as long as you're willing to share some profit, Silver Moon City will be your solid backing," Pries said.

...

In recent years, Herag wasn't entirely oblivious to the outside world events; he maintained contacts across various circles and learned some information.

The Land of Dawn had originally exerted stringent control over the Barren Land, restricting the outflow of various resources to ensure that no powerful Wizards would emerge, keeping the region under their control.

However, the trend has shifted over the years, and the Land of Dawn's attitude toward the Barren Land has become different, seemingly intent on lifting the restrictions between the two regions.

Of course, this information is known only to a select few.

Trade relations previously existed between the Land of Dawn and the Barren Land, but these were dominated by major Wizard Organizations, under the management of the Wizard Alliance.

Ordinary Wizard Families or Wizard Influences had no hope of reaching the Barren Land, let alone establishing trade relations.

Yet, the current trend suggests that the Land of Dawn intends to lift all these restrictions, even allowing ordinary citizens of the Land of Dawn to travel to the Barren Land.

Once the door opens, soon the Barren Land and the Land of Dawn will be virtually indistinguishable.

When resources from the Land of Dawn become easily purchasable in the Barren Land, many affluent and influential individuals might choose to live there.

From a living environment perspective, the Barren Land is indeed more suitable.

Upon discovering this information, Herag had long been planning relevant matters.

After witnessing such a future, he felt it should be prioritized.

If he could seize this opportunity now, he wouldn't have to worry about resource issues in the future.

Doing business with the support of Silver Moon City would make many things much easier.

Sharing profits is natural, as lasting relations are only sustainable when everyone benefits.

...

After returning home, Herag stayed in the Meditation Room and closed his eyes.

"Shenlan, begin optimizing the following Magic Potion formulas. The requirements are to reduce cost, improve efficacy, and simplify the refining process for ease of operation. The Magic Potion formulas include: White Sage Healing Potion, High-level Healing Potion, Dawn and Dusk Potion, Dawn Potion, Ancient Magic Potion, Amanda's Potion..."

Herag instructed Shenlan to optimize most of the commonly used Magic Potion formulas once over, so the costs of refining would be lower and effects better afterward.

Moreover, he also simplified the refining processes, making it easier to craft.

This entire operation gave Herag an innate advantage in the Magic Potion business.

With lower costs, better effects, and easier refining, he would have a competitive edge over other Magic Potion Merchants.

Optimizing these Magic Potion formulas posed no challenge to Shenlan at this point; Herag could have begun optimizing them much earlier.

He hadn't needed them temporarily before and thus hadn't dealt with it earlier.

During his waiting time, Herag began operating the World Furnace, blending the Time Rule into his body.

His body roared once more, like a true giant furnace, producing a rumbling sound.

The surrounding Time Rules were repeatedly hammered into Herag's body by an invisible Giant Hammer, while Herag frowned silently.

Each hammering brought him considerable pain and stress, yet Herag remained silent.

After a long period of hammering, Herag opened his eyes and exhaled a deep breath.

Chapter 495: Profit Distribution

He raised his hand and looked at his own arm. It seemed unchanged, but it now contained the Time Rule and Spatial Rules.

Herag sensed it, but didn't feel anything particularly vivid.

This was also his first encounter with a situation where rules were fused into the body, with no other references to consult, so he could only rely on himself to figure it out slowly.

After Herag fused the Time Rule, Shenlan also nearly completed the optimization work for a series of Magic Potion formulas.

He took out a stack of parchment and recorded the optimization results for each Magic Potion formula.

Next, comes the tedious verification process. Herag needs to practice Alchemy for each Magic Potion to see its actual effects.

Herag, carrying a thick stack of parchment, went to the laboratory to begin practicing Alchemy.

These were mostly common Magic Potions he was already familiar with, ones he could complete with his eyes closed.

Practicing these Magic Potions was indeed simple, but it also required time, which was somewhat unrelated to proficiency.

Being proficient meant being faster, but the actual crafting time didn't significantly decrease.

It took Herag nearly half a month to verify all of these dozen or so Magic Potion formulas.

These formulas generally covered the vast majority of common Magic Potions, which most Wizards would frequently use.

The ones Herag currently opted for were Magic Potions with higher demand, leaving out those less frequently used for the time being.

Some higher-end Magic Potions were also slated for later plans.

Herag sorted through these things, then took out a Talisman Stone to contact Vernon.

Vernon was the president of the Nightingale Commerce Association, and Magic Potion trades were one of their major businesses, spreading throughout the Land of Dawn.

Since securing the Nightingale Commerce Association's channels, purchasing Magic Potion Materials had become much cheaper, with rare materials more accessible.

After contacting Vernon to clarify his intent, Herag then immediately contacted Pries and David.

Once they confirmed a time and place, Herag, accompanied by Reese, arrived at the Avila Restaurant.

Herag booked a luxurious private room, quietly awaiting their arrival.

The first to arrive were Vernon and Baron. Merchants are always the most enthusiastic when it comes to earning money.

Mr. Baron, being part of the Magic Pharmacist Association and a long-time friend of both Vernon and Herag, came to represent the Magic Pharmacist Association.

Pries arrived shortly thereafter, being the last, representing the interests from Silver Moon City.

Herag took out the rolled-up stack of parchment and said, "These are some improved formulas I've recently developed. Each formula's effectiveness can enhance by about 10% to 40% compared to before, and costs can be reduced by 5% to 15%."

"The specific effects can be verified by Mr. Baron and have the Magic Pharmacist Association provide a certification."

Vernon smiled and said, "I don't doubt Mr. Herag's capability at all. If we can launch this batch of Magic Potions, it will surely capture a significant market share. With our capabilities, we can indeed promote it widely."

Vernon was confident in this matter. His network and contacts were extensive, spread across the entire Land of Dawn.

The launch of such cost-effective and more effective Magic Potions would certainly rapidly capture the market.

Even other Magic Potion Merchants wanting to instigate a price war would inevitably end up at a loss, unable to outlast them.

Herag said, "Next, let's discuss the matter of profit distribution."

The issue of profit distribution from the start should be clearly articulated with black and white text to prevent future conflicts over interests.

Pries glanced at everyone and laughed, "I'm just here to sign my name. Herag is also one of our own; you can decide the profit distribution amongst yourselves. There are no special requirements from above, just a token gesture."

Pries's message was clear: Serlandir didn't have many demands concerning these profits, essentially offering some support to Herag.

Herag and the others discussed it and eventually settled on a plan.

Herag would take 40%, Serlandir 10%, with the Nightingale Commerce Association and Cheqi Family each taking 25%.

"That's... isn't that too much? We shouldn't need that much," David seemed a bit embarrassed.

David felt that the Cheqi Family was merely a small family in the Barren Land, holding no weight in the Land of Dawn. Thus, taking a 25% share felt excessive.

Herag laughed, "Not at all. Once trade between the Land of Dawn and the Barren Land opens up, the Cheqi Family will be a crucial link. The Cheqi Family boasts a mature, complete commercial system in the Barren Land. By then, cooperating with you will lead to many things being twice as effective with half the effort."

The Cheqi Family was already running a Magic Potion business in the Barren Land, a key part of the subsequent process.

Herag intended to help the Cheqi Family; it was high time to repay their long-standing relationship.

He personally wasn't heavily invested in these profits and would rather take less to save himself the trouble.

The more you take, the more work you have to do, requiring more effort to manage these issues.

Herag merely saw this as a means to make money, opting not to spend too much energy on it.

A few hours later, everything was settled without any objections from anyone.

Vernon also had no dissent because Herag was the most crucial person in the equation.

Even if the Nightingale Commerce Association didn't agree, Herag could easily turn to another association, leaving the Nightingale Commerce Association in an awkward position.

Vernon was well aware of this and held Herag in high regard.

In terms of long-term interests, maintaining a good relationship was undoubtedly the optimal choice and the best investment.

Herag intended to hand the matters over to David and Vernon afterward. With Herag around, Vernon wouldn't rip off the Cheqi Family.

Moreover, with Reese supervising, there was no fear of David being cheated.

With the years of experience in the commerce association, David was indeed honing his capabilities, at least being competent enough to handle his affairs.

Herag and the others laid out the cooperation details in black and white. Serlandir would act as one of the notaries, imprinting their seal on it.

With Serlandir's endorsement, the contract's validity was significantly fortified.

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After a few days of busy work, Herag finally had some downtime.

These Magic Potion formulas were indeed as Herag described after being certified by the Magic Pharmacist Association, who issued the proofs.

Given that the Magic Pharmacist Association inherently deals with Magic Potion formula verification, confidentiality was ensured, offering a certain authority.

Vernon's side immediately commenced related operations, mobilizing his Alchemists to start mass-producing Magic Potions for the subsequent market promotion.

Chapter 496: Gods

In the meditation room.

After completing his daily meditation, Herag looked at the bloodline mark on his chest.

He tried to activate it and found that he could use a portion of its power.

Since advancing to a Level 2 Wizard, he could barely resist the suppressive effect of the World Will.

Though the suppressive effect was still strong, he could finally tap into some of the power in the bloodline mark.

Especially after using the World Furnace to integrate the spatial and temporal rules into his body, the suppression from the World Will weakened a bit more.

After finishing those trivial matters recently, Herag began studying the changes in the bloodline mark.

He sensed that after advancing to a Level 2 Wizard, the bloodline mark seemed to have undergone some changes, though he wasn't clear on the specifics.

When he integrated the temporal rule into his body, this feeling became even stronger.

With a thought, Herag activated the bloodline mark, and besides the increase in physical power like before and the sparking of electricity on the surface of his body,

he also heard some faint and indistinct sounds.

These sounds were chaotic and faint, like countless mosquitoes buzzing around his ears.

Herag closed his eyes, immersing in his thoughts, and noticed many tiny light spots floating around his body.

It was from these light spots that the sounds by his ear emanated.

"What are these?"

Looking at the light spots floating around him, Herag was filled with doubt and confusion.

He tried to touch one of the light spots with a thought.

Immediately, the sounds from the light spot gradually amplified, and a scene appeared before Herag's eyes.

"Great Gods of the Heavens, please let me bear a child soon..."

A voluptuous and beautiful woman knelt by a window, her hands clasped at her chest, silently praying with her eyes closed.

The scene initially showed just a white expanse, and Herag couldn't make sense of it.

With a thought, the scene shifted, and he saw the full picture.

"Is this... a prayer to the gods?" Herag speculated.

Based on the prayer wordings from the beautiful woman, it indeed seemed to be a prayer to the gods.

Herag thought to himself, "She's using the Sivr Language, which suggests she's likely from the Kala Continent. The Kala Continent indeed lacks a unified faith, and many gods are worshipped by the people; it's true that many pray directly to the heavens. But the strange thing is, why can I hear these voices?"

Herag was well aware of his own power, far from reaching the level of the gods.

Yet, he could hear the prayers of others and even see the visions.

He thought that perhaps the tiny light spots floating around his body were all from people currently praying.

Herag recalled this was the first time such a phenomenon occurred after he advanced to a Level 2 Wizard and activated the power of the bloodline mark.

Previously, he had activated the bloodline mark many times and never encountered such a situation.

So, it was most likely related to his advancement to a Level 2 Wizard.

Herag speculated two possibilities, one being due to the Thunder God Ancestral Bloodline Power.

After he advanced to a Level 2 Wizard, his bloodline power also enhanced, thus unlocking some hidden bloodline powers.

Since the Thunder God Ancestral Bloodline Power was of a very high stature, such a phenomenon could indeed occur.

Upon advancing to a Level 2 Wizard, by activating the bloodline mark, he naturally gained god-like power, allowing him to hear the prayers of countless supplicants.

Another possibility was due to the Divine Core.

Herag had previously used a lot of the Divine Core's energy to aid his practice, and in the process, might have absorbed some of its traits, resulting in this ability after advancing to a Level 2 Wizard.

He glanced at the kneeling beautiful woman and asked, "Why do you want a child?"

Herag's question was transmitted in the form of a thought, directly reaching the beautiful woman's mind.

Misu suddenly opened her eyes upon hearing the voice in her mind, stirring with emotion, she raised a wave of whiteness.

It wasn't transmitted through any language, but rather directly as thoughts into her mind.

Misu had always prayed daily without any feedback from the gods.

But this time, she had indeed received a message from the gods, inevitably making her a bit excited.

"I... Great God, forgive my excitement. My name is Misu. Three years ago, I married into the Farrell family, a wealthy merchant family. Unfortunately, my husband is impotent, so I've been unable to conceive a child. Now the patriarch is critically ill and may soon pass away. If we still don't have a child by then, we'll be at a disadvantage when competing for the inheritance."

"Misu requests from the god the blessing to bear a child."

Misu spoke while bowing deeply to the ground, her curves enticingly raised.

Herag stroked his chin, realizing he couldn't magically make a woman pregnant; she was certainly asking the wrong person.

"Where are you?" Herag asked.

Misu heard the voice in her mind and promptly said, "I am in Shahai City, Land of Dawn, at No. 39 Golden Fish Street..."

Herag was speechless, as the woman had directly disclosed her address.

He knew Shahai City; located in the east of Land of Dawn, it was a moderately sized city belonging to Serlandir.

Herag couldn't really help with the matter, but saying he couldn't might harm his godly prestige.

After thinking, he said, "You are not my follower, so I am not obligated to help you."

Upon hearing, Misu quickly said, "Great god, may I ask your name? Misu wishes to become your faithful follower."

Herag thought briefly and casually replied, "My name is Eternal."

After speaking, he exited the light spot without further conversation with Misu.

The term Eternal was something Herag thought of arbitrarily; it was also one of his goals, to become an eternal and immortal existence.

A wisp of white light floated out from a light spot and merged into Herag's body.

Herag noticed it was Misu's light spot.

The light spot, previously floating randomly around his body, now slowly revolved around him.

Curious, Herag entered Misu's light spot once more, observing Misu still kneeling and praying to him, extolling his greatness.

Suddenly, Herag grasped what that wisp of white light was—probably the wish power from a believer, though he didn't know its exact use.

This was his first time being a god; he lacked experience and couldn't ask someone how to be one.

It seemed once someone became his follower, their light spot would revolve around him.

Herag continued to delve into the light spot, seeing that after Misu finished praying, she moved to the bathroom to undress. A bathtub with hot water prepared by servants was nearby, suggesting she had a habit of bathing after prayers.

Chapter 497: Believers

"Good habit!" Herag silently gave a thumbs up, then carefully observed his first believer.

In this way, he could see what his believers were doing anytime, anywhere.

The thought made Herag instantly lose the desire to believe in any gods.

"The gods are watching you." He hadn't expected that statement to be true.

For the believers, this might be a blissful thing, but for someone like Herag, who had no faith, it was terrifying.

He didn't want anyone to be able to watch him at any time.

Herag gazed at the pleasing scene before him, somewhat reluctant to leave.

Misu was also oblivious, slowly washing in the bathtub, her impressive figure fully on display.

After watching for a while, Herag retreated and began to study that strand of wish power.

This strand of wish power floated under the spiritual crystal in his mind.

He touched this strand of wish power with his mind and learned some information.

The simplest way to use wish power is to consume a portion of it to send something directly to the believer.

This transmission ignores the limitations of planes, even if they are in different planes.

Herag immediately thought of the Abyssal Cultists he'd encountered before. The demons in their hands were probably delivered this way.

His current wish power was too little, so he couldn't do anything.

Herag then clicked on another light point, and a voice came through.

"Damn the gods! I've begged you so many times; can't you let me win just once?" A man's voice came through with a hint of rage.

Herag frowned as he watched the scene before him.

The narrow room was cluttered with debris, and the floor was littered with wine bottles.

A disheveled man held a bottle of wine, sitting on the messy floor, cursing under his breath.

Herag listened for a while and roughly understood that this man had been losing at gambling a lot recently and borrowed money to continue losing.

Now he not only lost all his original money but also was deep in debt.

It seemed he borrowed some more money today, planning to recoup it tomorrow, so he prayed to the gods.

His way of praying was somewhat peculiar, directly resorting to cursing.

The gods would shake their heads at this situation too.

Herag directly conveyed a message: "Gambling dogs must die!"

After saying that, he exited the light point, ignoring it further.

In short, this man had been blacklisted by the gods.

After exiting this light point, Herag clicked on another one at random.

"Great gods, tomorrow is the Knight Apprentice exam. Can you grant me great power to help me pass this exam? Oh, and if possible, can you make that annoying William have a stomachache tomorrow? I don't want to see him pass the exam."

A boy, looking about twelve or thirteen, was quietly praying in a room.

Herag looked at his attire and surroundings and got the feeling this wasn't the Land of Dawn.

He could only see the surroundings centered on the prayer but couldn't see further, so he couldn't get much information.

Herag asked, "Where are you?"

The boy's eyes lit up, surprised to receive a reply from some god, and he quickly said, "I'm in Silver Village!"

Herag was speechless; just saying the village's name was useless, as he couldn't find related information.

"What's the name of the continent under your feet?" Herag asked more specifically.

The boy was a bit puzzled: "Continent? I'm sorry, great god, I only know I belong to the Red Leaf Empire. I'm not sure which continent..."

"Red Leaf Empire? Never heard of it." Herag was a little puzzled.

This name didn't belong to Kala Continent or Coleson Continent.

But the boy was indeed speaking the language of the Wizard Plane, so it seemed to be another continent.

Herag used his old trick: "You're not my believer yet, so I have no obligation to help you."

He planned to develop a couple more believers to see if having more wish power would be useful.

Herag was selective about developing believers; he wouldn't take in just anyone, and those like the gambler were impossible to take in.

"Pex is willing to become a loyal believer of the gods!" Pex quickly knelt down and kowtowed after hearing this.

He thought this was an opportunity; he had only heard of a few lucky persons getting a response from the gods, and he didn't expect the chance to fall on him now.

After glancing at him, Herag exited, and there was one more light point circling him.

A wisp of white wish power floated out from Pex's light point and settled into his mind.

Herag then looked at several other light points and found that most were ordinary people and not doing well, with little development value.

He thought about it and agreed; if they were doing well, there'd be no need to pray to the gods.

Those praying to the gods were either in temporary trouble or doing poorly, hoping for the gods to lend a hand.

Herag saw at least a dozen people hoping he would directly grant them a chest of gold coins, and even some hoping for the gods to bestow upon them eight women.

After watching for a while, Herag felt he was wasting time; these people were too outrageous.

Moreover, not everyone was so devout and easy to deceive. Some wouldn't believe in you without direct benefits.

Although they said they wanted to become his believers, they didn't really have that intention at heart.

Because from Herag's side, he could directly see whether the other person was his believer; if they were, not only would wish power float out, but the light point would also orbit around him slowly.

Many people even wanted to deceive the gods.

Herag sighed, took a mental note, and stopped activating the bloodline mark, exiting this state.

He could now consciously control whether or not to enter the divine state.

Herag closed his eyes again and started the daily meditation he had to complete.

After advancing to a Level 2 Wizard, his meditation speed was no longer so slow, returning to normal speed.

There were a total of thirty-seven stars in Herag's mind; the first two array maps were full, and twelve stars on the third array map were lit, with eighteen stars yet to be lit.

Advancing to a Level 2 Wizard, the increase in spiritual power not only enlarged the spiritual crystal but also expanded his mind.

At the level of a Level 2 Wizard, meditation seemed to be about expanding one's mind and enhancing one's limits.

Herag meditated while pondering the things he just experienced.

He suddenly thought about whether there was a way to have people specifically pray to him.

If he could achieve this, Herag could have people he completely trusted pray to him directly.

That way, no matter where Herag was or which plane he was on, he could directly communicate with these people.

This form of communication was far more effective than talisman stones and was completely free from the limitations of the magic net.

Chapter 498: Prayer Experiment

After Herag thought of this possibility, he immediately began to ponder how to get others to pray to him.

Judging by the previous situation, this kind of prayer directed at the Gods of the heavens can be received by all Gods; it just depends on whether the Gods are willing to tap on the light points.

The light points Herag just tapped on mostly come from the Wizard Plane, and he hasn't encountered any from other planes, indicating that currently, he can only receive light points from his own plane.

However, those light points that have already become his followers might be able to ignore plane limitations and will always hover around for him to choose.

There are so many light points floating around Herag's body, and before tapping on a light point, he cannot know specifically who issued the prayer.

Without special means, even if there's a trustworthy person praying, it is hard for Herag to identify that person among the countless light points.

Finding them one by one is unrealistic, too time-consuming, and labor-intensive, and it may not even be successful.

"How do other Gods let their followers find them?" Herag suddenly thought of this question.

After pondering for a moment, he had a guess in his mind, which is the Gods' titles.

Every God has their own title; perhaps by chanting the title of a God, followers can directly convey their prayers to the God.

Herag thought of the word 'Eternal' that he had casually mentioned earlier, perhaps inadvertently choosing his own title.

He decided to experiment with his idea.

This matter definitely requires his most trusted person to test, and the most trusted beside him is Reese.

Herag left the Meditation Room, found Reese, and explained his idea.

"Pray to a God named Eternal?" Reese looked puzzled, somewhat skeptical if Herag was joking with her.

Herag scratched the back of his head, "Why don't you try it first, just make sure to pray sincerely and devoutly."

Reese rolled her eyes at Herag. Though she didn't understand why, she still did as told, considering it just playing along with Herag.

She closed her eyes and started praying earnestly.

Seeing this, Herag activated the Bloodline Mark, entering the Divine State, surrounded by countless floating light points.

Two light points orbiting him were those representing Misu and Pex.

Herag was looking at the countless light points around, contemplating which one might be Reese's.

At that moment, in the midst of the countless light points in front of him, there was a light point emitting a golden glow, distinctly different from the others.

Herag immediately tapped on this light point, and Reese's voice came through: "Great Eternal God, please listen to my most devout prayer..."

"Uh... I have heard," Herag replied.

Hearing the message in her mind, Reese frowned slightly, feeling that this reply seemed a bit odd.

She didn't hear a sound; it was information transmitted directly into her mind, thus making it impossible to identify who it was through voice.

Reese found it strange whether prayers could really communicate with Gods.

She somewhat doubted the voice in her mind was real, feeling it a bit fake.

Reese couldn't understand why; it was just a gut feeling.

Suddenly, she opened her eyes, and seeing Herag grinning foolishly, she immediately realized it was Herag's prank and pinched him.

Herag didn't dare to dodge and had to endure it.

After some playful teasing, Herag finally told the truth, explaining the situation he encountered to Reese.

Herag had been considering whether to tell Reese about this, and later thought if he wanted to use this method to contact his trusted people, he definitely had to tell them about it.

Praying and accepting prayers is a mutual process, something Herag cannot complete alone.

After listening, Reese pondered, "I had heard before that supposedly those mighty Gods are actually just powerful individuals. Wizards, if they grow to a certain extent, can capture deities at will for study. But those are merely legends; I didn't expect you to possess abilities similar to a God."

Herag said, "I also haven't figured out why, maybe it's some changes after advancing to Level 2 Wizard, and it's not exactly something you can ask outsiders about."

He concealed the matter of the Bloodline Mark, only saying that after advancing to Level 2 Wizard, he had gained such ability.

Anyway, the process isn't important; the result of being able to communicate through prayers is what's most important.

Reese also didn't understand, pondered for a while, then decided not to think about it anymore. She said happily, "So this means, no matter where you are in the future, even if you're on other planes, I can talk to you anytime?"

"Haven't tried it on other planes yet, but it should work," Herag said.

Reese was pleased, closed her eyes again to pray, truly becoming Herag's follower this time.

Her light point also floated around Herag, orbiting him.

Herag exited the Divine State, thought for a while, and said, "Try praying again now; I'll see if I can sense it this time."

He wanted to test if he could sense the prayers from followers without being in the Divine State.

Reese nodded, closed her eyes, and began to pray.

As she started praying, Herag had a faint feeling, sensing that among the light points floating around him, someone was calling him.

This feeling was very weak, and if not particularly focused, it would go unnoticed.

Herag also discovered that he could completely block these sensations with a mere thought.

He thought it made sense; if Gods with countless followers couldn't block out the voices from their followers, they'd be annoyed to death every day.

Herag then took out the Black Space and said to Reese, "Once I'm inside, try praying to me again."

He wanted to test if communication was possible in different spaces.

Herag landed again on the ground of the Black Space, right next to the White Deer.

The White Deer was lying on the ground; it turned its head to look at him, then looked away uninterested after noticing Herag didn't have any grass in his hand.

Over the years, Herag occasionally fed it something to eat. The White Deer had no wariness of him but wasn't particularly friendly either.

Being confined in such a desolate place for so long, even a deer would bear resentment.

Herag didn't dare to release it; he sensed that this White Deer was gradually becoming stronger, its aura growing more powerful.

He suspected that once he released the White Deer, it would be nearly impossible to capture it again.

This White Deer was naturally able to utilize Spatial Rules, and to what extent it was now was unknown.

Herag used to harvest some blood for absorption from time to time over the past few years but eventually found it ineffective and stopped absorbing the White Deer's Bloodline Power.

He glanced at the White Deer, retrieved a big bag of beans from the Space Ring, and tossed it over.

Chapter 499: Shameless Scoundrel

This big bag is enough for the White Deer to eat for half a month. The White Deer walked over and gently bit open the bag, then started eating.

In the distance, there is also a large pit filled with fresh drinking water.

At the bottom of the pit, there is a Witch Array designed by Herag that can purify the water at any time, so there is no worry about it turning into stagnant water and becoming undrinkable.

Herag had been thinking about how to deal with this White Deer, but it seems it's of little use to him now.

If he kills it, it seems a bit of a waste, but keeping it doesn't do much good, and if released, it would just run away.

Since Herag couldn't think of a suitable way to handle it, he decided to keep it for now.

After throwing the bag over, Herag sensed that a follower was praying to him.

He activated the Bloodline Mark and entered the Divine State, seeing that among the three points of light surrounding him, one was emitting a golden glow.

Herag could now sense which light point belonged to whom, and just by looking, he knew it was Reese's.

He tapped on the light point, heard Reese's prayer, and also saw the scene around Reese.

After completing the experiment, Herag glanced at the White Deer and exited the Black Space.

The White Deer took a sip of water and looked at the place where Herag left, pondering something unknown.

After coming out, Herag said, "I can receive your prayers, so it seems there's a high probability I can receive them from other Planes as well."

"Now I don't have to worry about not being able to contact you," Reese laughed.

Looking at her smile, Herag suddenly thought, isn't this also a way to check in at any time and place?

In the future, Reese could initiate a prayer anytime and anywhere to ask Herag what he was doing.

Correspondingly, Herag could also check on what Reese was doing at any time.

...

Two days later.

While Herag was reading in the Meditation Room, he sensed that a follower was calling him.

Reese was next door, so it couldn't be her.

Then it was either Pex or Misu.

Herag curiously checked and found that it was Pex who was praying.

He tapped on Pex's light point.

Pex was in his cabin praying, "Great Eternal God, thank you for helping me pass the Knight Apprentice exam, and also thank you for making that awful William sprain his ankle. But it's a pity that William still passed the exam without even attending. I only learned today that William's father is an Official Knight..."

Pex rambled on, as if he had no one to talk to usually.

He never thought that a god could hear these things, using it as a tree hole to speak freely.

Herag stroked his chin, thinking he hadn't done anything.

Pex passing the Knight Apprentice exam had nothing to do with him, and that William spraining his ankle had even less to do with him.

But Pex attributed all these to Herag, contributing a lot of devout Wish Power.

Through this incident, Herag also discovered that the more devout the followers were, the more Wish Power they contributed.

Pex's contribution of Wish Power in this short time was equivalent to half a month's worth of prayers.

In light of this Wish Power, Herag decided to help this little follower, saying, "Show me your swordsmanship."

He saw the sword on Pex's body, assuming he learned swordsmanship.

Pex, upon hearing the voice in his mind, excitedly gripped the sword hilt tightly, "Alright, O God!"

He began to draw his sword and started practicing, albeit clumsily.

Pex's speed was slow, but it was clear he was serious, striving to meet the standard with each move.

Unfortunately, his talent was a bit lacking, resulting in a performance that was truly hard to watch.

Perhaps Herag's standards were too high. For Pex's age, maybe he was okay, otherwise, he wouldn't have passed the Knight Apprentice exam.

But Herag had once taught Ed, a genius about the same age as Pex, and the difference between them was quite stark.

Indeed, comparisons should not be made between people.

Herag watched Pex's practice attentively and directly transmitted some of the issues into Pex's mind.

He found that this method of information transmission was sometimes quite efficient.

After Herag transmitted the information into Pex's mind, Pex immediately understood where he had issues.

If communicated through language, it would take time to explain, sometimes requiring accompanying actions.

But direct transmission into the mind bypassed these hassles, making the information transfer efficient and accurate.

After receiving the information, Pex knelt on the ground and kowtowed, "Thank you, Great Eternal God!"

He then stood up, went to the yard, and began practicing swordsmanship, correcting each issue pointed out by Herag.

But Pex's talent was really lacking, learning very slowly, and it took a long time to correct a single move.

But this kid was very patient, not rushing, practicing the entire day, and could repeat a single technique countless times.

After watching for a while, Herag exited and glanced at Misu's light point.

Curious about what this beautiful woman was doing, he tapped into it.

"Shameless! Get out!"

As soon as Herag tapped in, he heard two angry shouts, suddenly feeling guilty like he had been caught spying.

Upon closer inspection, he understood it wasn't directed at him.

Misu stood in the room, facing a man dressed in luxurious clothing, clearly a nobleman, with a bright red slap mark on his face.

"Think about it some more." The man didn't seem to care, continuing while covering his face.

Misu's eyes widened in anger, "You! You actually want me with another man... Are you still human?"

"Just endure it, as long as you can bear a child, once we secure the inheritance, this won't be an issue. Compared to family wealth, this grievance is nothing." The man continued to persuade.

"Get out! Just remarry someone else, expecting me to do such a thing unless I'm dead!" Misu said furiously.

The man sighed helplessly, "Think it over."

He turned and left after speaking.

After the man left, Misu was overwhelmed with anger, her emotions unable to calm down for a long time.

After a while, two tears rolled down Misu's cheeks, and she sobbed silently in the room.

The man who just left was her nominal husband, Mayer.

Misu knew clearly that Mayer was unwilling to remarry another woman because he valued the influence of her family.

Misu was born into a Wizard Family but didn't have great aptitude. She barely became an Official Wizard through various means, with no hope in sight for reaching Liquefaction.

Mayer wanting to share in the family inheritance wasn't simple. A child alone wasn't enough; he also needed the support of Misu's family influence.

Chapter 500: Beyond Reach

With Mayer's abilities, he couldn't find any other women with backgrounds, and others didn't think highly of him either.

For him, it was entirely a matter of begging Misu, which is why he humbled himself before Misu.

Mayer for the sake of dividing the inheritance had almost lost his sanity, hence came up with such an absurd idea.

Misu became thoroughly disappointed with this man after hearing what Mayer said.

The two have been married for three years, but the marriage has always been in name only.

Aside from the lack of ability in that aspect, Mayer has indulged in every other bad habit he could.

Misu only barely maintains the role of a wife because of family reasons.

She even prayed to the gods to conceive a child, but all just for the sake of this family.

To Misu, she actually didn't care about that money.

She was born into a Wizard Family and naturally wouldn't value this money too much.

Herag watched this unfold without knowing what to say, he couldn't really help Misu.

He could guide Pex in Swordsmanship, but with Misu, he was truly powerless, unable to reach out.

...

A month later.

Herag, during this period, continued to research several Spell Models for Second-level Spells, delving into Spatial Rules and Time Rules.

Many things happened during this period, the Nightingale Commerce Association had officially launched their Magic Potion, rapidly occupying the market.

Because the Magic Potion introduced by the Nightingale Commerce Association was cheaper and more effective, it was very popular, causing a huge impact on other Magic Potion merchants.

Some associations even directly complained to the Wizard Alliance, accusing the Nightingale Commerce Association of malicious competition, suppressing other associations.

Everyone usually sells so much, you suddenly drop the price, are you flipping the table?

However, after the Wizard Alliance accepted the complaint and investigated, they found that the Nightingale Commerce Association truly did not maliciously lower prices; their costs were indeed much lower, so selling cheaper was appropriate.

Moreover, with the potion being more effective and popular, it is very reasonable.

This was someone else's capability, and the Wizard Alliance couldn't interfere.

Herag wasn't too concerned about these business matters, with Vernon in charge over there, he didn't need to worry too much.

What he cared about was another matter, which was the trade between the Land of Dawn and the Barren Land officially opening up.

Everyone could apply to the major Wizard Organizations to go to the Barren Land and establish trade relations.

The people on Herag's side acted quickest and had long prepared a series of things.

As he was with Serlandir, coupled with Serlandir having a share in it, all applications were instantly approved.

After trade opened up, an airship took off from Silver Moon City heading towards the Barren Land.

In the past, it was necessary to go through the Wizard Alliance for review, but now the major Wizard Organizations reviewed them themselves, equivalent to having no restrictions.

Herag did not take this opportunity to go to the Barren Land, as he knew there was still a Sword of Damocles hanging over his head.

And that was Fran, the Level 3 Wizard of the Eye of the Storm.

These years Herag has stayed in Silver Moon City, focused solely on Meditation Practice, not going anywhere.

Everything seemed calm, as if Fran had forgotten him.

But Herag knew very well that these few years are just a brief moment for Wizards, Fran definitely has the patience to wait.

As long as there's an opportunity, Fran would certainly strike.

Besides Fran, the Taylor Family over there also wasn't peaceful.

Even though Herag had already made the situation in the Demon Plane clear, Serlandir still asked about it every now and then.

The topic of inquiry was always the same, whether there was any information related to Medel.

After the experience of Fran's questioning, Herag spent a lot of money buying a Witchcraft Artifact called Pale Heart.

This is a Level 2 Witchcraft Artifact, shaped like a feather badge, small and exquisite, costing one hundred and eighty thousand Magic Stones.

Pale Heart can shield against other Wizards' detection and hide its own various auras and information.

Herag didn't want to be questioned by a Level 3 Wizard like Fran again, revealing everything without speaking.

With Pale Heart, it was much safer.

Soon after Herag wore Pale Heart, people from the Taylor Family came, through formal channels to ask about some things.

It involved a lot of key issues regarding Medel, and Herag answered them without any leaks.

Anyway, he just said that there were indeed some conflicts in the X-617 World, but after entering the Demon Plane, he never saw Medel, and he quickly returned from the Demon Plane.

With the protection of Pale Heart, the Taylor Family didn't discern any information from him.

Moreover, Herag indeed hadn't stayed long before being sent back by the Expedition Team, from a probability standpoint, it was truly difficult to encounter other Wizards in such a short time, let alone just happening to meet Medel.

Therefore, for the time being, the Taylor Family had no concrete evidence to prove that Herag did anything to Medel.

The past two years were fine, but because they hadn't found Medel, the Taylor Family started asking again occasionally.

Herag just played dumb, distancing himself from the matter altogether.

Medel died in the Demon Plane with even her soul being dealt with by Herag, hence he wasn't worried about the soul being retrieved.

Over the years, some Wizards who participated in the Cradle Action gradually returned, around twenty people.

Most of them were still in the Demon Plane, either not found or dead.

The entire plane was simply too large, the Expedition Team only had so many people, and it was remarkable to find around twenty people in these few years.

Even though the Taylor Family haven't done anything to Herag for now, he remained vigilant at all times.

He knew these big families sometimes didn't need evidence to act, they only needed a reason, so he couldn't relax his guard.

The problem Herag now faced was, in order to advance to a Level 3 Wizard, he needed the aid of the Key of Rules.

If he relied solely on his own comprehension of the Power of Rules, it would probably take thousands of years to fully comprehend all rules.

This time span was excessively long, Herag couldn't afford to wait now.

He had already seen such a future, therefore couldn't follow the previous idea of slow growth using time, eventually advancing to a Level 3 Wizard.

Now, he must rapidly increase his strength as quickly as possible, so he continues to pursue the Key of Rules to help him swiftly comprehend rules.

But the reliable channels for acquiring the Key of Rules currently are only Serlandir's secret vault, requiring several thousand Contribution Points to exchange.

Herag clearly knew he couldn't accumulate Contribution Points slowly for exchange, as that process would also take a long time.

By the time he's amassed enough Contribution Points, the Wizard Plane might be destroyed.

Therefore, he needs to find other channels for acquiring the Key of Rules.