

## Sixth 511

Chapter 511: Shahai City

"Four hundred thousand Magic Stones... buy it, do you have someone on your side?" Herag replied.

Herag intended to have Vernon help purchase it and then send it directly to Silver Moon City.

After all, he can afford four hundred thousand Magic Stones without any issue of delaying payment.

Vernon said, "I can help you buy it, but Mayer from the Farrell Family wants to talk to you in person."

"Talk to me?" Herag asked, puzzled.

"Most likely he wants to establish a connection with you. He originally didn't plan to sell it to me. But when he heard it was you who wanted to buy it, he said he wanted to talk to you. I know a little about the Farrell Family; Mayer probably wants to latch onto you to have some influence at the time of inheritance division." Vernon said.

"Am I that famous? People in Shahai City all know about me." Herag remarked.

Vernon said, "You're quite secluded, not knowing much about the outside world. The modified Magic Potion formulas you developed have already made a huge impact in the market, and countless people know your name. Powerful alchemists like you are what every sector wants to recruit. After all, the one who can optimize a single potion formula can optimize dozens more."

"Such talent is welcomed anywhere. Moreover, you're a Level 2 Wizard, a formal member of Serlandir, and a recipient of the First-Class Honor Medal..."

Vernon kept rattling off, and Herag touched his chin, "I didn't realize I had become so formidable without noticing?"

Herag had been in seclusion for Meditation Practice and rarely went out.

He didn't realize his abilities were extremely important in the eyes of many factions.

For a Wizard Family like Farrell, the potion business was a crucial income source essential for maintaining family operations.

If Mayer could recruit Herag, his voice in the Farrell Family would significantly increase.

Herag had no intention of getting involved in such internal family rivalries; he just wanted to purchase the Key of Rules.

After seeing such a future, how could he waste time on these meaningless matters?

Moreover, after learning from Misu about what kind of person Mayer was, it was even more impossible to collaborate with him.

Nonetheless, the Key of Rules was still necessary, so Herag pondered for a while, considering how to get his hands on it.

Apart from this, there was another issue, which was the threat from Fran, a Level 3 Wizard.

Herag paced back and forth in the room, planning to resolve this issue once and for all.

If this potential threat was not eliminated, there would always be a lurking danger, and it would be impossible for him to stay cooped up in Silver Moon City.

For years, Herag had been thinking about this issue but never found an effective way to deal with it.

Now, with the Toad as his helper, the Fran issue no longer seemed unsolvable.

After a while, Herag replied, "Then I'll go over to talk to him."

"No problem, I'll arrange an airship for you," Vernon said.

The Nightingale Commerce Association had its own airships, which were much more convenient than those large ones.

Traveling on an airship required booking tickets in advance and arriving at the designated time; if you miss it, you'll have to wait for the next one.

However, private airships offered much more freedom—you could travel whenever you wanted.

It's just that private airships were too expensive and typically unaffordable for the average person.

...

The next day.

"Are you really going in person? Maybe you should send someone else to handle these matters." Reese said with some concern.

She naturally knew there was a potential threat from Fran and didn't want Herag to leave Silver Moon City.

Herag laughed, "It's fine; I've already made arrangements. I can't just be cooped up here forever."

Herag knew there would definitely be risks, but what in life comes with a hundred percent certainty?

Unless he removed the threat from Fran, it would always be a Sword of Damocles hanging over his head.

Because of this issue, many things could not be completed, and there was no way to become a Level 3 Wizard while staying in Silver Moon City.

The only way to acquire something like the Key of Rules was to figure out how to obtain it from various locations.

Silver Moon City, North Port.

Herag glanced at the Toad perched on his shoulder and boarded the small airship of the Nightingale Commerce Association.

The Toad had shrunk considerably in size, now resembling an ordinary toad, quietly sitting on Herag's shoulder.

The Toad emitted a very ordinary aura, looking just like a typical toad, with no abnormalities.

Others didn't find it strange either; it was quite normal for Wizards to keep toads as pets.

Toads, spiders, mice, owls, etc., were standard pets among Wizards.

Having a toad sitting on Herag's shoulder not only wasn't conspicuous but actually seemed quite fitting.

The Nightingale Commerce Association's small airship was the size of a three-deck ship, quite large, though still smaller compared to the Wizard Alliance's airships.

Herag settled in the best room on the airship, with the Nightingale Commerce Association's staff making up the rest of the passengers.

Here, he was the person of highest status.

Herag lay on the bed while the Toad crawled around the room, curious about everything.

Herag wasn't sure when Fran would appear, so he remained on alert at all times.

Though Fran hadn't made any moves in years, Herag would never assume he had forgotten about him.

Herag also wouldn't doubt the intel capabilities of a Level 3 Wizard; his departure from Silver Moon City would surely be noticed.

The only question is when Fran would make his move.

The journey to Shahai City on the airship would take half a month, which seemed quite long.

Besides stopping at several cities along the way to replenish supplies, most of the time was spent flying over polluted areas.

The half-month duration passed quickly as Herag meditated along the journey, remaining undisturbed without any attacks.

A city silhouette appeared on the horizon, signaling the eastern city of Serlandir, Shahai City.

Shahai City was surrounded by deserts, with particularly intense sandstorms.

Thick layers of yellow sand accumulated around the city's tall walls, marking the passage of countless years.

After the airship landed at the port, members of the Farrell Family quickly arrived to welcome him, led by Mayer.

Through Misu, Herag had already seen Mayer before and immediately recognized this well-dressed but somewhat inept man.

It wouldn't have mattered if it was just a lack of ability; after all, that's just an ailment.

But Mayer's subsequent behavior deeply disappointed Herag, making collaboration impossible.

After disembarking from the airship, Herag was accompanied by two assistants sent by the Nightingale Commerce Association, a male and a female, handling various affairs.

"Are you Mr. Herag? I am Mayer Farrell, it's an honor to meet you." Mayer approached with a smile, extending his hand as he spoke.

Chapter 512: Misu's Home

Herag glanced at Mayer's outstretched hand but ignored it, instead asking, "Where's the item?"

Mayer's smile froze; he hadn't expected Herag to be so indifferent.

He was naturally displeased, but he dared not provoke Herag and withdrew his hand, saying, "The Heart of Molten Fire is stored in the family's warehouse. I didn't bring it with me."

"Then let's go and get it," Herag said.

Mayer replied awkwardly, "This... Mr. Herag, you've just arrived. I haven't even had the chance to properly host you..."

Herag waved his hand dismissively, "No need for those time-wasting things. I'm here for the Key of Rules. Give me the item, you'll get the Magic Stone, lead the way."

"I..." Mayer hesitated; this completely disrupted his plans, leaving him momentarily at a loss.

Mayer had specially prepared a banquet tonight, inviting the elite of Shahai City.

He originally intended to use this banquet to showcase his relationship with Herag to these people.

But now it seemed Herag wasn't giving him that opportunity at all.

After contemplating for a moment, Mayer nodded and said, "Then let's get in the carriage."

The Farrell Family's carriage was exceptionally luxurious; for the first time, Herag felt the opulence from a carriage.

Inside the carriage, Mayer looked at Herag sitting ahead with his eyes closed in meditation. After a moment of hesitation, he said, "Mr. Herag, after the transaction, there's a banquet. Many big figures of Shaha City will be there; many wish to meet you."

"No need. I'll be leaving right after the transaction," Herag replied.

A trace of dissatisfaction flashed in Mayer's eyes, but he quickly concealed it.

After some thought, he said, "Mr. Herag, well... Mr. Vernon should have mentioned to you, selling you the Heart of Molten Fire comes with requirements."

"What requirements?" Herag asked directly.

Mayer said, "It's simple. I want to invest and buy some of your shares, representing the Farrell Family to join the Nightingale Commerce Association and the Cheqi Family's Magic Potion business."

"No, you're not qualified," Herag said directly.

Herag certainly wasn't going to let Mayer take advantage of him. He partnered with the Nightingale Commerce Association due to its strength and with the Cheqi Family out of sentiments.

This Mayer wasn't even sure if he could represent the Farrell Family, so what qualifications did he have to join his business?

Mayer just trying to buy shares with some money—things weren't that cheap.

There were currently so many people wanting to invest without having the opportunity.

Mayer continued to persuade, "Mr. Herag can name any price. I guarantee a satisfying price for you, and I could even give you the Heart of Molten Fire for free."

Herag opened his eyes, looked at him, and said, "Did I not make myself clear? You, are not qualified."

Mayer's expression was on the verge of collapse, but he was the kind who bullied the weak and feared the strong, having no courage to offend Herag.

Anger surged within him, clenching his fists.

Mayer held back his anger, forcing a smile, "Mr. Herag is right. That's why I'm here to ask for a chance. If Mr. Herag really isn't willing, the Heart of Molten Fire might..."

Though Mayer's wording held a hint of threat, his tone was particularly deferential, trailing off into a quieter voice.

Herag frowned, "Are you threatening me?"

"No, not at all! Mr. Herag, don't misunderstand me. That's not what I meant. It's just business, after all. Many people want to buy the Heart of Molten Fire, and I have to sell it at a good price, don't I?" Mayer explained.

Herag sneered, "Do you still not understand the situation? The moment I arrived here, selling the Heart of Molten Fire was mandatory."

"But... Mr. Herag, you... please don't make it difficult for me..." Mayer broke into a cold sweat on his forehead.

"Mayer Farrell, you have an older brother and sister, one is a Level 2 Wizard, the other excels in business. Now tell me, if I decide to partner with them, how much of the inheritance benefits will you still get?" Herag said.

Mayer was taken aback upon hearing this. If Herag truly cooperated with his two rivals, he'd lose all advantage.

At that point, he might not receive any family assets, just a morsel of idle wealth at most.

Mayer then realized he had no choice but to sell the Heart of Molten Fire to Herag.

Cooperating with those two would essentially mean shooting himself in the foot.

Herag looked at Mayer, who was sweating profusely, and said, "Do you understand now?"

"I... I understand now." Mayer answered weakly, as if all his strength had been drained.

When Mayer leaked the news about wanting to sell the Heart of Molten Fire, Vernon had approached him.

Upon learning that the true buyer was Herag, these notions arose in his mind.

Mayer knew he couldn't latch onto some bigwigs because he had nothing to show for it.

But Herag was quite fitting—not too high a status, not too low, and happened to need what he held.

This was simply a perfect opportunity.

If he could just draw Herag into his circle, gaining entry, however small, into the business with the Nightingale Commerce Association would elevate his status within the family.

But he never expected Herag had no intention to collaborate, rendering his threat—the Heart of Molten Fire—useless, leaving himself on the receiving end instead.

Once Herag saw Mayer fall silent, he closed his eyes again to rest.

The carriage swayed and eventually arrived in front of the Farrell Family's mansion.

"This way, Mr. Herag." Mayer personally led the way, not daring to cross Herag any further at this point.

Herag followed Mayer into the mansion, winding through twists and turns, arriving at a courtyard on the west side.

This belonged to Mayer's estate, where he stored the Heart of Molten Fire in his personal warehouse.

Upon entering the courtyard, Herag saw a familiar figure watering the plants in the garden.

Misu scooped a ladle of water, gently sprinkling it over the flowerbed.

She wore a slit dress, showcasing her long, white legs unmistakably.

Bending down to water, her curves were accentuated.

Hearing the commotion at the courtyard gate, Misu glanced over to see Mayer bringing in three strangers.

When her eyes met Herag's, she paused, inexplicably finding the young man familiar and endearing, almost forcing her to take a longer look.

Mayer noticed Misu staring at Herag, silently cursing, "That damned vixen!"

When he saw Herag looking at Misu too, something clicked, and a thought occurred to him.

"Mayer, who are these people?" Misu asked.

### Chapter 513: Heart of Molten Fire

Mayer introduced, "This is Mr. Herag, a Level 2 Wizard, an official member of Serlandir, a renowned Alchemist and Witch Array Master, and a recipient of the First-Class Honor Medal of Serlandir."

Mayer was indeed very familiar with Herag, recounting Herag's accomplishments as if they were at his fingertips.

"Hello, Mr. Herag." As soon as Misu heard that a prominent figure had arrived, she put down her spoon and gave a slight curtsy.

"Hello." Herag nodded and said no more.

Herag was very familiar with his devout follower, knowing exactly where her aspirations lay.

Misu prayed to him daily, contributing a significant amount of Wish Power.

Seeing the real person here at this moment, Herag felt something peculiar.

"Mr. Herag, what brings you to our Farrell Family?" Although Misu found Herag amiable, she asked cautiously.

She knew Mayer too well, someone who never did anything reliable.

Therefore, after seeing Mayer bring in several strangers, she sensed some issues and voiced her inquiry.

"Mr. Mayer is selling his Heart of Molten Fire, and I came specifically to purchase it," Herag said.

Misu's beautiful eyes widened a little, and she looked at Mayer with annoyance, scolding, "Mayer! What have you done! The Heart of Molten Fire isn't something to be sold to others! It's a keepsake left by the Farrell Family for its descendants."

Being scolded by Misu in front of others, Mayer's face couldn't hold it, and he shouted loudly, "I'm the youngest son of the Farrell Family. Is there a problem if I sell some of my family's belongings? Look at anyone in our family using that thing now? I sell what I'm not using, it's none of your business."

"Fine! I won't care, I'll go tell sister and see if she cares." Misu said as she walked out of the courtyard, a fragrant breeze arose as she passed by Herag.

Watching Misu leave, Mayer was still very angry and only spoke after a while, "Mr. Herag, follow me, don't mind her."

Herag said nothing; these family matters had nothing to do with him, as his goal was the Heart of Molten Fire anyway.

The other things were not important.

Mayer led Herag to a palace-like building, stepping on the smooth, shiny marble floor made a thunk thunk sound.

Herag glanced more at a room as he passed it; he noticed this was Misu's room, where she bathed in the large bathtub every time.

From Herag's observation, Misu and Mayer lived separately; Misu's room contained only her things, none of anyone else's belongings.

These two were nominally married in name only; Mayer lacked those capabilities, leading to this marital relationship being in name only.

Moreover, Mayer himself was not ambitious, and the two usually exchanged only a few words, let alone cultivated feelings.

Mayer's room was at the far end, also the largest one.

His treasure vault was located inside the hidden room of the bedroom.

Herag didn't follow him in but waited outside.

Mayer was originally worried about being robbed, but now it seemed he overthought.

After a while, Mayer emerged from his treasure vault, holding a black stone in his hand, and said, "Mr. Herag, this is the Heart of Molten Fire."

Herag took it, examined it, and sniffed the scent to confirm it was the Heart of Molten Fire.

Although the Heart of Molten Fire was rare, there was a lot of related information that Herag was well aware of.

This thing usually looked like an ordinary stone, nothing special.

The usage method was rather unique, requiring a special blend of Magic Potion.

The Heart of Molten Fire would only reveal its true form after being mixed into a Magic Potion.

Herag looked at it for a while, then said, "Take out the Talisman Stone, and I'll transfer the money to you."

He didn't exploit the situation, nor did he push Mayer into a dead end; everything should not be done to the extreme.

There was no life-and-death feud between them, no need to go to that extent; they should just follow the normal trading process.

Mayer originally wanted to say something, but considering it, he thought better of causing more trouble, first getting the Magic Stone in hand.

He was afraid that saying a few more words would make Herag not pay directly.

Although if Herag didn't pay, he could complain to Serlandir.

But with Herag's status, even if the complaint was effective, it might take a long time.

Herag straightforwardly transferred four hundred thousand Magic Stones over, leaving only about one hundred and fifty thousand in the Talisman Stone's balance.

Adding the fifteen thousand Magic Stones in the Space Ring, now there was a total of only thirty thousand Magic Stones.

Mayer breathed a sigh of relief after seeing the Magic Stones credited.

Although the main purpose of this trip was not achieved, and he couldn't win over Herag, fortunately, the Magic Stones were eventually secured.

Although not as profitable, at least it wasn't a loss.

After receiving the Heart of Molten Fire, Herag led the two assistants from the Nightingale Commerce Association and walked out.

"Mr. Herag, wait, there's a banquet tonight, would you be kind enough to attend?" Mayer asked.

"No time." Herag said directly and left with the two assistants.

Just as he left, he heard a female voice from behind, "Mayer! What foolish thing did you do again!"

If Herag guessed correctly, that should be Dani Farrell of the Farrell Family.

He had heard of her, a very capable woman; one could say the Farrell Family was now reliant on her support.

The eldest son of the Farrell Family, Slo, almost ignored family matters, devoting himself to Wizardry research, and was a Level 2 Wizard.

However, Slo was not an official member of Serlandir.

He had been invited before, but this person had an eccentric nature, having no interest in joining any of these forces.

Herag didn't bother to deal with the family's trivial matters; one of his objectives for coming had been achieved.

Next was the second matter, just waiting to see if Fran would come.

Herag glanced at the toad on his shoulder, its eyes darting around, observing everything.

Due to the late hour, Herag needed to stay overnight in Shahai City for a rest before returning to Silver Moon City tomorrow.

Shahai City also had Nightingale Commerce Association properties, where Herag and his companions stayed at the Nightingale Inn.

When Herag lay on the inn's soft bed, the door suddenly knocked.

He walked to the door, opened it, and found the one knocking was his female assistant Xilin.

"Is there something?" Herag asked.

Xilin said, "Sir, Mr. Luochi, the president of Shahai City's Magic Pharmacist Association, has come, and he has specially invited you to attend a banquet."

Herag didn't even need to think, knowing it must be Mayer's doing.

Mayer knew he couldn't invite Herag himself, so he talked about this with the people from the Magic Pharmacist Association.

The president of the Magic Pharmacist Association's branch had come, and Herag knew it was hard to refuse.

#### Chapter 514: Mayer's Gift

As a member of the Magic Pharmacist Association, Herag naturally couldn't refuse the invitation from the president of the association.

Nowadays, within the Magic Pharmacist Association, Herag had already gained some fame.

Although he was still just a Level 1 Alchemist, no one believed he was just a Level 1 Alchemist.

For Herag, the level of an alchemist wasn't that important now, so he didn't bother attending the Level 2 Alchemist exam.

Herag met Luochi in the hotel lobby, a chubby middle-aged man with a round face. Upon seeing Herag, he greeted warmly, "Hello, Mr. Herag, you truly are as young and promising as the rumors say."

"Hello, President Luochi," Herag responded politely with a handshake.

"Tonight we have a banquet in Shahai City. Are you interested in attending?" Luochi asked.

Herag laughed, "Of course, since President Luochi personally invited me, how could I refuse?"

"Hahaha, great, let's go," Luochi laughed heartily.

Luochi's carriage was much more modest compared to the Farrell Family's, with no luxury decorations, exuding practicality everywhere.

Herag chatted casually with Luochi on the carriage, sharing many topics of common interest and having a pleasant conversation.

Luochi himself was also from Serlandir, so they both considered each other as their own people, with no barriers between them.

The banquet was held at Mayer's private residence, a large place spacious enough to comfortably accommodate hundreds of people.

This was also where Mayer usually stayed, rarely visiting the Farrell Family's home.

After entering together, Herag saw Mayer conversing with a few people ahead.

Upon seeing Herag, Mayer immediately walked over happily, "Mr. Herag, thank you for coming to my banquet, please come in!"

Herag merely nodded slightly, without saying much.

Mayer was already accustomed to Herag's demeanor, and continued speaking enthusiastically beside him.

Others also noticed this scene and became curious about Herag, inquiring about him from various sources.

Naturally, the crowd included people with well-informed intelligence, who quickly discovered Herag's identity.

Upon learning Herag's identity and seeing how Mayer acted so familiar with him, everyone had their own thoughts.

This was precisely the effect Mayer wanted to achieve; he didn't need Herag to be enthusiastic about him, only to appear familiar with him.

If Herag couldn't be wooed, perhaps others could, Mayer thought.

Herag was fully aware of his intentions and said nothing further.

To Herag, Mayer's actions were pointless, as he understood that Mayer was nothing more than a pure playboy.

He usually had no reliable friends and it wasn't realistic to gather people to help him at a critical moment.

Even if someone was willing to help, they likely had other motives.

A playboy like Mayer would likely be taken advantage of in the end.

Despite the large number of people attending the banquet, it didn't reflect Mayer's high reputation.

For these nobles and upper-class people, a banquet was merely a social event.

They happened almost every day, the only difference being who hosted them.

Herag was already familiar with these proceedings; he chatted with some people from Shaha City and made a few acquaintances.

Mayer didn't disturb him much, likely knowing he wouldn't receive a warm reception and thus not bothering him unnecessarily, having achieved his goal already.

At midnight, just past zero, Herag prepared to leave.

At this time, such balls and banquets generally hadn't ended, with most attendees staying until close to dawn before completely dispersing.

However, many people chose to leave around this hour.

These people typically had little interest in the banquet but attended out of obligation.

Luochi accompanied Herag out, ready to see him off.

When Mayer heard about it, he quickly ran out and said, "Mr. Herag, are you preparing to leave?"

"Yes, I'm leaving. Thanks for the hospitality," Herag replied.

Mayer smiled obsequiously, glanced around, and whispered, "Mr. Herag, I have a gift prepared for you, guaranteeing your satisfaction."

"A gift?" Herag frowned.

This kid seemed quite unreliable, and the gift he prepared was probably equally unreliable.

"Mr. Herag, you'll know when you return," Mayer said mysteriously.

Herag warned, "Don't do anything unnecessary, don't cause me any trouble."

"Absolutely not, you'll be absolutely satisfied," Mayer smiled.

Herag didn't bother speaking further with him and turned to get on the carriage, leaving promptly.

"It seems Mr. Herag and Mayer aren't very acquainted," Luochi chuckled in the carriage.

"Of course, it's my first time meeting him today, and I don't want to get involved with the Farrell Family's mess," Herag said.

Luochi laughed, "Indeed, family matters can be quite complicated."

The two chatted casually, and soon arrived at the inn where Herag was staying.

"Thank you, President Luochi, for seeing me off. Be sure to let me know next time you come to Silver Moon City," Herag smiled.

"Don't worry, I'll definitely look for you and Baron for a drink when I come to Silver Moon City," Luochi said.

After watching the carriage leave, Herag returned to the inn.

The people from the Nightingale Commerce Association were already asleep; he attended the banquet alone.

As soon as Herag opened the door to the inn, he sensed something was off; there was someone extra on the bed.

His senses were very keen, and he could hear the breathing of the person on the bed.

Herag found it odd that there would be someone on the bed for no reason.

It definitely wasn't an attack, otherwise, the intruder wouldn't have completely exposed their presence and even left their breathing unrestrained.

Herag walked over, lifted the blanket, and found a seductive woman in a slit dress lying on the bed; it was Misu.

Misu, with her face flushed, was breathing heavily, still wearing the slit dress he saw her in earlier today, with her high heels still on, as if someone had tossed her directly onto the bed.

"Misu, wake up," Herag gently shook Misu.

Misu drowsily opened her eyes, her face a rosy hue as she cast him a sultry glance, her breath fragrant.

She gasped for air, her hand unconsciously moving over her body. Unknowingly, she had already pulled off her dress, revealing her purple lingerie underneath.

Herag's eyes widened at the sight; ever since Erza, he hadn't seen such a voluptuous and alluring figure in person for a long time.

He had only seen through the viewpoint of the Gods before, the perception wasn't as direct.

Now, being this close, he could practically feel Misu's warm breath on his face, the sensation was entirely different.

Chapter 515: The Long Night, Sleepless This Night

Especially Misu's figure is simply perfect, full of mature woman's charm.

The purple lingerie she's wearing at the moment makes her even more seductive.

Herag suddenly felt that Misu was even more alluring now than when she was bathing, making one's blood boil.

Misu narrowed her eyes slightly, crawled over and directly hooked Herag's neck with her hand, leaning forward with her fragrant breath, and those fiery red lips pressed against his.

Herag couldn't avoid...

Alright, he admitted he didn't actually fail to react; it was just instinct not to dodge.

Herag quickly felt a Spiritual Snake slip in, very smoothly.

After a brief struggle with the Spiritual Snake, he forced himself to distance from Misu.

"Misu, wake up!" Herag could tell that Misu was not in a normal state, knowing that this was probably a gift prepared by Mayer.

If he knew nothing, Herag might have gone along with the flow, regardless of the consequences.

But Misu was his follower, and he knew how difficult her life was.

If he took advantage of her vulnerability, Misu might wish to die after waking up.

Herag found that no matter how he called, Misu remained in a dazed state.

He thought for a moment and entered the Divine State, speaking to Misu through divine means: "Wake up, Misu!"

This time it worked, as Misu, who was already tightly clinging to him, suddenly paused.

Her eyes regained a brief moment of clarity, and she widened her eyes upon seeing the scene before her.

"You!" Misu's face immediately showed anger, pointing at Herag furiously, her fingers trembling.

But the next moment, the effect of the magic potion in her body seemed to strike again, making her gasp for air, her chest heaving.

Herag was speechless; even if he jumped into the Yellow River, he couldn't wash off this accusation.

He pondered a bit and, seeing no other way, said, "You were drugged by Mayer, right? When I opened the blanket, you were already there."

"I... um..." As Misu spoke, she involuntarily let out a sound.

Panting, she said, "That damn... ugh... you all... deserve to die."

Misu cursed Herag along with Mayer, for she had seen Mayer bring Herag in today, naturally assuming they were in cahoots.

Herag's head throbbed, indeed being set up by Mayer. Now he really couldn't explain it clearly.

He thought for a moment and could only say: "You're also a follower of the Eternal God, right? I've heard the great Gods mention you; you're a devout follower."

In the Wizard Plane, many people worship all kinds of Gods.

These Gods may be from the local plane or from other planes.

This kind of belief is not forbidden, as there is no unified religious faith.

Only the Gods of the Abyss Plane are forbidden to be worshipped because the only goal of the Gods of the Abyss Plane is to invade the Wizard Plane.

Thus, Abyssal Cultists are universally despised, and faith in the Gods of the Abyss Plane is prohibited.

"You... you're also a follower of the great God?" Misu's expression softened slightly, with some surprise.

Herag nodded: "That's right, it's precisely because I knew of you that I held back and didn't take advantage of you. Otherwise, in your current appearance, no man could resist."

Misu couldn't help but laugh, which made Herag's heart tremble for a moment.

Misu glanced at her exposed body, her already flushed face turning redder, like a fully ripe peach, ready to be picked.

After a moment, Misu involuntarily let out another sound, gripping the blanket tightly, as if enduring something.

She looked up at Herag, her eyes becoming hazy again, yet still holding a trace of clarity: "Perhaps... this is the arrangement of the Gods, all destined."

After speaking, Misu directly threw herself into Herag's arms, her warm breath on Herag's neck.

Feeling her supple body press against him, Herag's blood surged once more.

"Gentler... please... ah..."

Misu whispered softly in Herag's ear, and he no longer held back.

A long night, sleepless.

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The next day at noon, Herag looked at the sleeping Misu in his arms and the traces of last night's madness on the bed, remembering their wild night.

Misu was now utterly exhausted, inexperienced with such matters, unable to endure Herag's exertions.

Despite Herag being very gentle, after a prolonged struggle, Misu was still so tired she was sleeping deeply.

Herag adjusted his arm to make Misu more comfortable, only to have her beautiful eyes flutter open, looking at Herag.

Actually, in the second half of the night, the magic potion's effect in Misu's body had mostly faded.

At that time, Misu was fully aware of what she was doing, yet she didn't stop; instead, she became more proactive.

The two exchanged glances, neither saying a word, the atmosphere slightly amorous.

After a moment, Misu said, "Forget about last night in the future."

Herag directly pulled her closer to himself, saying, "My memory is too good; I can't forget."

With that, he rolled over again, pressing on top of her, causing Misu's heart to flutter: "Don't... stop..."

Two hours later.

Misu put on her slit dress and sat on the bed, putting on her high heels. Upon taking her first step, her legs seemed a bit wobbly, almost causing her to stumble, whereupon Herag quickly supported her.

Misu leaned into Herag's embrace, her face slightly red as she stood upright, saying, "Let's keep it like this, strangers from now on."

With those words, she clicked away in high heels.

Herag did not try to stop her, watching her leave.

He knew Misu was conflicted inside as well, but due to the Farrell Family's status, she couldn't get too involved with Herag.

When Misu first saw Herag, she felt a sense of familiarity and closeness, and upon learning that he was also a follower of the Eternal God, she believed this to be the Gods' arrangement, destined.

Misu was very grateful to have encountered Herag at such a time; if it were someone else, she would have first gone to kill Mayer and then commit suicide upon waking up the next day.

She decided to let this matter pass, as there would be no chance to meet Herag again in the future anyway.

Misu had already asked and knew Herag's identity, clearly understanding that there would be no interaction between them in the future.

Watching Misu leave, Herag indeed had no reason to keep her there.

After all, Misu was nominally the wife of Mayer of the Farrell Family, and keeping her would be inappropriate.

Although such things were common in noble circles and were not a big deal.

But Herag couldn't possibly take Misu back to Silver Moon City, at least not now.

Herag knew well that his mission this time had two objectives, the most important and dangerous of which was not yet complete.

He knew that returning to Silver Moon City this time would likely be dangerous, providing even less reason to keep Misu.

Chapter 516: Fran

Herag packed up for a while, preparing to leave. He looked back at the bed, which was a mess, and recalled the events of last night with endless satisfaction.

He left the room, finding the Nightingale Commerce Association members already waiting in the hall.

They chatted casually, waiting for Herag to wake up and depart.

Herag came to the hall, glanced at everyone, and said, "Let's go."

The Nightingale Commerce Association members naturally saw Misu coming out of Herag's room but didn't find it strange.

In their view, given Herag's status, this was quite normal.

Herag arrived at the port, and once on the airship, called out the Toad.

He took out the Talisman Stone and sent Misu a message: "I'm leaving."

A while later, Misu replied: "Okay."

Herag saw the message, smiled slightly without sending another, and put away the Talisman Stone.

...

The airship quickly flew out of Shagai City, entering the desolate pollution zone.

Herag stood by the window, looking at the desolate scenery around and spoke to the Toad on his shoulder, "Do you think Fran will come this time?"

"You deliberately arranged the itinerary so tight, pretending you want to get things done and return to Silver Moon City immediately, just to lure him here, right?" the Toad said.

Herag nodded: "Precisely, just not sure if he'll take the bait."

Typically, Fran wouldn't be able to rush over from Eye of the Storm to chase Herag in such a short time.

Herag had stayed in Silver Moon City for years, and this trip was a sudden decision.

If taking an airship, it would take several months to get here from Eye of the Storm.

So theoretically, Herag's trip should be safe, without Fran's attacks.

But Level 3 Wizards have many methods, always able to quickly rush over once hearing the news.

Herag glanced at the calm land below and said, "Whether I can survive this time depends on you."

"Don't worry, although I'm just a projection, dealing with a Level 3 Creature is no problem. When the time comes, just stay inside, and come out after I handle him," the Toad said.

The Toad's body contains countless independent spaces. When Fran arrives, Herag just needs to dive in.

Unless Fran can blow up the Toad directly, Herag won't be in any danger.

The Toad's body is Level 6 Strength, and Fran's ability can't pose a threat to him.

Flying high in the air, the airship gradually entered the night.

Herag's Spiritual Power was highly concentrated, staying alert.

The Toad suddenly said: "He's here."

As soon as the words fell, the surrounding space began to distort, and the airship instantly shattered into pieces before exploding into countless fragments falling toward the ground.

Herag floated mid-air, the Toad perched on his shoulder, and he looked up at the sky.

In the depths of the sky, there was the shadow of a Winged Dragon, with a black figure standing on its back.

Herag glanced at the falling airship, the Nightingale Commerce Association members used various tools to escape.

Of course, there were also bodies falling with the airship debris.

Herag had no way to deal with this, only to ask Vernon to compensate the deceased's families afterward.

"After not seeing you for years, I didn't expect you've stepped into the Level 2 Wizard threshold. If my poor disciple hadn't died at your hands, he would now be a Level 2 Wizard too. With his talent and intellect, he'd definitely advance to Level 3 Wizard, what a pity." Fran's voice came from high above.

The Winged Dragon swiftly descended, stopping in front of Herag.

Fran's appearance hadn't changed one bit; he was still that middle-aged man from the Mediterranean.

"Mr. Fran, long time no see," Herag smiled.

Fran said, "Don't worry, after I kill you today, I won't bother your relatives and friends; I don't have time to waste on such meaningless things. The Black Space is still with you, right? Give it to me, and you can die easily."

"Uh... I left it at home, why don't you come with me to get it?" Herag asked.

Fran's face slightly changed: "Seems you're confident with backup. Why do you think you can survive against me? Every Level 3 Wizard's movement in Serlandir, I know about. No one is near here. Even the Tapia sisters are still in the distant north. Do you think I'd hesitate to kill you because of your status? Or do you think I'd fear the Toad on your shoulder?"

Herag nodded, looking at the Toad on his shoulder: "Bro, can you handle it?"

"Piece of cake," the Toad said.

Herag turned and smiled: "That's right, it's thanks to this Toad."

Fran then seriously surveyed the Toad, but no matter how he looked, this seemed just a regular Toad, nothing special.

The Toad crawled forward, casually strolling in the void, its size rapidly expanded, instantly transforming into a giant Toad as tall as five stories.

It opened its mouth and sucked Herag inside.

Once inside the Toad's Space, Herag found himself in pitch darkness, using a Light Technique to see the surroundings.

He discovered the place was actually a study, surrounded by rows of bookshelves filled with books.

"Read for a while here, and I'll let you know when it's done," the Toad's voice came from all around.

Fran looked solemnly at the Toad; he still couldn't feel any aura from the Toad, not even a sense of threat.

This was the most alarming thing for him.

Judging by the Toad's display, it must be an extremely powerful Demon.

But even such a powerful Demon did not give him a hint of threat.

Fran wouldn't be arrogant enough to think he was strong and the Toad was weak, thus no threat felt.

On the contrary, it was highly likely because the Toad was too strong, leaving Fran unable to sense even a bit of threat.

Just as an ant wouldn't fear an elephant, they belonged to entirely different levels, not of the same world.

Fran reached out, Magic Power surging, the robe he wore billowing with the wind.

A black chain appeared, growing longer, starting to weave through the surrounding void.

Once formed, this black chain flew toward the Toad, seemingly wanting to bind him.

The Toad stared with its giant lantern-like eyes, neither dodging nor avoiding, showing no sign of fear.

Judging by its appearance, it seemed to be observing Fran's use of Magic, analyzing the principle of the black chain Magic.

Fran felt the intention revealed in the Toad's eyes, and his mood immediately grew heavier.

This meant the Toad completely ignored him.

The black chain quickly bound the Toad, igniting black flames on the chain.

Chapter 517: Slaying

The black chains were burning with roaring flames, yet the flames were not hot; instead, they were as cold as the chains.

After binding the Toad, the chains kept sliding quickly, emitting a crisp sound of metal friction and collision.

The Toad glanced at the black chains binding it, shook its head, and said, "Is this all the strength Wizards have these days?"

The black chains suddenly tightened, pulling straight, and one could tell that the chains contained immense power.

But such power had no effect on the Toad at all, and the black flame seemed to have no impact on it either.

These chains couldn't even leave a single mark on the Toad's skin.

The Toad's body swelled, and the black chains instantly shattered and then vanished without a trace, as if they had never appeared.

"Which plane are you from, creature? Even a mere projection possesses such power," Fran asked solemnly.

He couldn't sense any aura from the Toad, only seeing that it was just a projection, not the real body.

Normally, projections don't possess much strength, and various means are greatly restricted.

However, this Toad's projection was very strange; its defense was practically invincible, and even Third-level Spells couldn't harm a hair of it, which seemed quite ridiculous.

Fran also didn't think the Toad was from the Abyss Plane, as the Abyss Plane had once invaded the Wizard Plane, making it nearly impossible for Abyss Plane entities to project into the Wizard Plane due to the self-defensive mechanism of the World Will.

So Fran naturally assumed the Toad must be from another plane, not the Abyss Plane.

Herag had previously asked the Toad this question, and the Toad speculated that it didn't fully belong to the Abyss Plane, thus it wasn't restricted.

This further confirmed Herag's earlier conjecture: the Toad was most likely Nicholas himself.

Nicholas was originally a wizard from the Wizard Plane, but for unknown reasons had become a demon from the Abyss Plane.

But considering the Toad could successfully project, the World Will hadn't imposed any restrictions on it.

Since the Toad was once a High-tier Wizard, it must have been through the Level 3 Wizard stage and thus received recognition from the World Will.

Herag suspected that this might be the reason the Toad could successfully project.

Generally speaking, such a situation wouldn't occur—a High-tier Wizard suddenly turned into a demon from the Abyss Plane while retaining traces and auras from both planes.

Herag thought about it and realized he was in a similar situation, except he could switch by manipulating his Bloodline Mark.

The Toad glanced sideways at Fran without answering his question, instead opening its mouth to reveal a space akin to a black hole.

...

Herag strolled around the study, discovering that the books here came from various races and were written in numerous different languages.

The material of these books varied too; there were only a few genuine paper books, while most were made from animal hides and bones.

Some book materials Herag couldn't even recognize, not knowing what they were.

Due to being in a different space, Herag couldn't sense the outside situation and had no idea how the battle was going.

However, he wasn't worried, as Fran, a Level 3 Wizard, likely couldn't handle the Toad.

Even if the Toad couldn't defeat Fran, it wouldn't be captured by him, considering its defenses were maxed out.

Herag merely wandered around the study and hadn't even finished a book when he got teleported out.

Upon landing, Herag found himself on a piece of land in the polluted area, with no traces of the airship's wreckage around, indicating a considerable distance from the original location.

He turned to see the large body of the Toad sitting on the ground and asked, "Is it resolved?"

The Toad nodded and spat out a corpse, "I kept the body; do you need it?"

Fran now looked extremely miserable, with limbs twisted and bent in odd angles, clearly having broken bones.

There was a terrifying huge hole in his chest, looking as though something had pierced through it.

Herag assessed that it was likely pierced by the Toad's tongue, as the shape matched.

He calculated that only a few minutes had passed since he went in, and Fran was already in such a state.

It seemed the Toad's combat power exceeded his expectations; although it claimed its offensive means were only at the Level 3 Wizard level, it was probably at the top tier among Level 3 Wizards.

Herag asked, "Does he have a Space Ring or anything like that?"

"No Space Ring; I've already checked. Wizards at his level probably use their own small space for storage, which is more convenient and doesn't fear being lost," the Toad said.

For a Level 2 Wizard to advance to a Level 3 Wizard, they need to comprehend most of the rules and gain recognition from the World Will before they can advance to Level 3.

The Spatial Rules are generally required comprehension for advancing to Level 3 Wizard, and Fran's understanding of Spatial Rules was definitely much higher than Herag's.

Herag also knew there were spells that could create small spaces through Spatial Rules and use these as personal spaces for storing items freely.

A Space Ring is always just an item, easy to lose or damage.

Once damaged, the contents inside the Space Ring would also be destroyed, as the space exists inside the Space Ring, relying on it to exist.

However, spaces created through Spatial Rules are different; these spaces truly exist within the Endless World, being a genuinely developed space.

Theoretically, such spaces exist forever.

Unless someone accidentally breaks into and damages the space, but the probability of this is nearly zero.

Some Wizards, to prevent even this slight chance, would arrange Witch Arrays as protection within the space they developed.

Herag looked at Fran's body on the ground, feeling a sense of pity.

Wizards of this level surely have valuable things, and finding a Space Ring would be a significant gain.

Unwilling to give up, Herag checked again but found no space storage artifacts.

Fran only had two Witchcraft Artifacts on him; however, they had been damaged beyond recognition, having been spoiled in the fight with the Toad.

Herag couldn't determine the level of these artifacts, but judging by the residual aura, they were at least Level 2.

"If he wanted to escape, he could have, right? Why did he die in your hands so quickly?" Herag was curious about the process, so he asked.

The Toad said, "He wanted to capture me for research, so he didn't leave right away. By the time he realized he couldn't beat me, the surrounding space had been silently sealed by me, and he didn't notice."

#### Chapter 518: Space Turbulence

Since Toad agreed to Herag to take care of Fran, he naturally went all out.

The first thing he did was not to scare Fran away and didn't make a move immediately.

Instead, he chose a more stable method, which was to seal off the surrounding space completely, cutting off Fran's escape route.

The range of space Toad could manipulate was so vast that Fran didn't even realize he was already in a massive cage of heaven and earth.

By the time Fran sensed something was amiss and tried to flee, he had already reached the boundary of the space and couldn't get out.

In the end, a desperate fight was to no avail, and he died at the hands of Toad.

Herag reached out to touch the space in front of him and found that the space here was indeed sealed and had yet to be lifted.

This place is now a temporary independent space, and whatever happens here won't be sensed by other places.

Herag looked back at Fran's body and said, "Is there any completely clean way to dispose of this body? I'm afraid someone from the Eye of the Storm will trace something."

A Level 3 Wizard is an extremely important figure in any faction, and once such a figure dies, it will inevitably be investigated to the end.

Fran could come to kill Herag, and even if he killed him, Serlandir would just compensate a bit, and nothing would happen to him.

But the reverse is not possible. If the people from the Eye of the Storm knew Fran died at Herag's hands, they would certainly want Herag dead.

Not only would they want Herag dead, but Serlandir would have to bleed heavily to quell this matter.

It seems very unfair, but Fran and Herag are not equals in identity and strength.

Therefore, the same thing Fran can do, Herag cannot.

Ultimately, it's still a lack of strength; Herag knows that if he were strong enough, even if he killed Fran, the Eye of the Storm wouldn't dare say anything.

Toad pondered, "I can handle it completely clean; I can exile the body into the space turbulence. Once in the space turbulence, no one can retrieve anything from it."

Space turbulence is an extremely terrifying area, where even rules are broken.

"Exile into space turbulence? How do you manage that?" Herag asked curiously.

Toad said, "My internal space connects to a place that leads to space turbulence; I can directly eject things there."

"Huh? Your internal space can connect to space turbulence?" Herag was somewhat shocked.

Such a terrifying place as space turbulence, and someone can connect there internally, aren't they afraid of backlash?

Toad didn't understand why Herag was so surprised and said blandly, "Yes, I generally throw unwanted trash there."

Herag thought for a moment, took out a ring and some powder, and said, "Can you also toss these into the space turbulence for me?"

The ring was Malcolm's ring, containing a bunch of things needing disposal.

The powder was Malcolm's remains; Herag had kept it to be completely eradicated.

This was the right time to dispose of Fran's body; the two master and apprentice could head off together, a kind of fate.

Toad glanced and said, "No problem."

He opened his mouth, a suction force came, and Fran's body on the ground, along with the space ring and powder in Herag's hand, were all sucked in.

Herag hadn't found a good way to dispose of these things, and now it was just right.

After Toad handled these, he lifted the seal on the surrounding space, then quickly shrank in size, becoming a palm-sized little toad, lightly leaping onto Herag's shoulder.

Herag looked around, discerned the direction, and walked towards Shahai City.

He could also go into the Divine State to inform Reese of the situation here and have Vernon send an airship for him.

But doing so might seem strange; how would Reese know about happenings in the pollution zone without the Magic Net?

Of course, many reasons could explain it, like some special communication magic.

Herag thought about it and decided against adding unnecessary trouble.

Things aren't like before; previously, he was weak and not well-known, with few paying attention to him.

Now, however, quite a few are silently watching his movements.

Reaching the Level 2 Wizard level tends to draw attention.

For Herag, returning to Shahai City was just a longer walk, just more effort.

Spend more time, have less trouble.

On his way to Shahai City, Herag encountered four people from the Nightingale Commerce Association on an airship, including his two assistants.

They said others were either dead or missing, and they were also heading back to Shahai City.

It's too dangerous in the pollution zone to search for others, barely being able to protect themselves.

Upon seeing Herag, they were delighted; having a Level 2 Wizard with them greatly increased their chances of returning alive to Shahai City.

More importantly, Herag is an important figure in the Nightingale Commerce Association; having him alive is the best news.

After being attacked by unknown figures against the airship, their first thought was that it was targeted at Herag.

If the Nightingale Commerce Association wants to continue to grow, they still need Herag to provide more magic potion formulas.

Talent is always the most important.

"Mr. Herag, are you okay?" the female assistant asked.

Herag calmly replied, "I'm fine, let's hurry back to Shahai City."

The four immediately followed behind Herag, continuing forward.

They found it difficult to discern direction in the pollution zone and could only follow Herag.

Noticing Herag walking in one direction without any hesitation, they felt more at ease knowing he could determine the direction.

With four burdens, their pace was slower, and Herag couldn't just leave them behind and return himself.

There was no need to do so without any danger, so he brought them back.

If not for himself, the airship wouldn't have crashed.

About two days later, they could see the outline of Shahai City from afar.

The four from the Nightingale Commerce Association couldn't help but be excited, feeling grateful when watching Herag's figure ahead.

They were indeed afraid Herag might leave them behind, as no one wanted to linger in the pollution zone more than necessary.

Yet Herag patiently led them through the pollution zone and even offered shelter in the Wildfire Tent for the night.

Chapter 519: Return

Herag noticed that the Talisman Stone could be used normally before he even reached Shahai City.

He took out the Talisman Stone to send a message to Luochi: "Mr. Luochi, the airship we were on was attacked by unknown persons halfway, and we've just returned outside Shahai City. Could you please help us by meeting us?"

"Attack? Such a serious event happened. Wait a moment, I'll immediately contact people from Shahai City to come over," Luochi was shocked upon seeing the message, and quickly started reaching out.

An airship being attacked is not a trivial matter, especially if some important figures were killed, it would be a major affair.

Herag's status is neither high nor low, but attacking him would still cause some stir and discussion.

If Herag were truly killed in the attack, then it would be embarrassing for Serlandir, and they would undoubtedly pursue it for a period.

Luochi's speed was fast, and by the time Herag and his companions arrived below the city walls of Shahai City, Luochi had already brought a group over.

Leading them was a man with a rakish full beard, dressed somewhat like a ranger.

"Hello, my name is Williams, the City Lord of Shahai City," the bearded man said as he walked over.

Herag paused for a moment, then said, "So it's City Lord Williams, hello."

Williams was merely a Level 2 Wizard, yet managed to become the City Lord of Shahai City, indicating his background must be quite profound.

Behind him followed several Wizards with a deep aura of Magic Power, clearly all of them were highly powerful Wizards.

Williams quickly led Herag and his companions back into Shahai City to get an understanding of the situation.

Herag only mentioned that they were attacked aboard the airship and escaped back to the ground, but knew nothing else, nor who the attackers were.

As for the other four members of the Nightingale Commerce Association, they couldn't see who was attacking them at all.

The airship was airborne high up at the time, after Fran's attack and the fight with the Toad, people below couldn't see anything.

This is because the sky within the pollution zone is always gray and hazy, making it impossible to see beyond the clouds above.

Moreover, they were all too busy saving their own lives at the time to pay attention to what was happening high above.

The fight between the Toad and Fran also didn't last long and wasn't very noticeable.

Williams listened and seemed puzzled, "Who could it be..."

"Most likely someone with a conflicting interest; I anticipated this day might come before, but didn't expect it so soon," Herag sighed.

Williams nodded slightly, harboring similar suspicions himself.

The Nightingale Commerce Association's Magic Potion formula was overwhelmingly competitive, they earned so much money, naturally, others earned less.

And Herag was the one optimizing these Magic Potion formulas, and the ones released already were so powerful.

If Herag were to further innovate and improve on some formulas in the future, other Magic Potion merchants would be thoroughly out of business.

Cutting off someone's livelihood is akin to killing their parents; indeed, someone might be desperate enough to take action against Herag.

It's just that Herag had the fortune and fate to survive the attack, thwarting those who wished otherwise.

"Mr. Herag, I've reported this matter upwards, the organization is now aware and will conduct investigations," Williams said.

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

Herag and his group booked tickets for tomorrow's airship, the Wizard Alliance's official airship was much safer.

No one would dare act against a Wizard Alliance airship due to personal vendettas.

Once action is taken, regardless of the resultant fate of the target, those who acted would surely perish.

Herag knew clearly, there shouldn't be any attack following this.

Fran's attempt on his life was purely a personal vendetta, unless the Eye of the Storm learned Fran died by his hand.

But such a possibility was extremely low.

Even if the Eye of the Storm had some means of knowing Fran was dead, linking Fran's death to Herag would be difficult.

The power gap between the two was too vast, nobody would believe a Level 2 Wizard could kill a Level 3 Wizard.

Even with an ambush, absolute disparities in strength render it ineffective.

The only possibility lies with another Wizard of similar level preemptively setting an ambush, leaving Fran no chance to escape.

Yet each force knows exactly which Level 3 Wizards they have, and a simple check would reveal this.

For the Eye of the Storm, they would at most know Fran went to Serlandir and then vanished.

As to why he died specifically, it would require a long investigation.

The Toad had already cast all traces into the Space flow, making it extremely challenging to trace any clues.

The Space flow is a place where even the Rules are fragmented, and souls certainly cannot survive there.

The next day, the airship arrived at Shahai City.

Herag once again boarded the airship with the remaining four members of the Nightingale Commerce Association, heading towards Silver Moon City.

This time was much smoother, encountering no danger along the way.

Half a month later.

Just as Herag landed in Silver Moon City, Pries came looking for him.

Herag had already relayed the situation through the Talisman Stone earlier, and Pries was aware.

During this time Serlandir had sent people to investigate on-site but found no clues identifying the assailants, not a single trace was discovered.

Apart from the airship wreckage and some Nightingale Commerce Association bodies, nothing of investigative value remained.

It's very normal they found no clues, as the Toad cleaned the site thoroughly, leaving no remnants of any sort.

"The Eye of the Storm contacted us, saying Wizard Fran disappeared within our Serlandir borders, demanding our explanation," Pries said solemnly.

"Fran? Seems likely he was the one attacking the airship," Herag said.

Pries nodded, "Quite possible, his apprentice died at your hands, he most likely sought revenge. Yet it's puzzling why he merely downed the airship without pursuing further, and then vanished."

"This is indeed strange; even if the airship crashed, most Wizards with their means wouldn't likely die from the fall, but there was no further onslaught afterward. It's baffling," Herag said.

Pries speculated, "I suspect Fran encountered something within the pollution zone that detained him there."

His conjecture corresponds with common reasoning, anything is possible within the pollution zone.

A Level 3 Wizard is indeed powerful, but there are beings within the pollution zone that even Level 3 Wizards cannot provoke.

Normally speaking, after attacking the airship, Fran wouldn't simply leave; he would naturally try to hunt them down.

#### Chapter 520: Magic Potion Refining

Pries just couldn't understand why Fran didn't continue the pursuit after attacking the airship, only speculating that Fran encountered other troubles.

He never considered that Herag's side could have finished off Fran, never entertained that possibility.

Herag asked, "So what did you tell the Eye of the Storm?"

"What else could we say? Let them figure it out themselves. If people ran into the pollution zone and disappeared, who can they blame? Besides, it's very likely he was the one who attacked the airship, so they're already lucky we haven't settled that score with them," Pries said.

The Eye of the Storm has only raised doubts but lacks evidence that Serlandir's people did anything to Fran.

In fact, it's quite normal for a Level 3 Wizard to wander around occasionally; it's just that he hasn't gone missing like this before.

The Eye of the Storm learned through the talisman stone's last known location that he was within Serlandir's borders, but it was in the pollution zone, not in the city.

Herag said, "Let me know if there's any news about this. I'll head back first."

"Yeah, coming back safely is the best. You've got quite the luck, surviving an ordeal like this," Pries laughed.

"Maybe next time I won't be so lucky," Herag self-mockingly said.

...

After returning home, Herag began preparations for the refining process of the Heart of Molten Fire-related magic potions.

The refining of the Heart of Molten Fire-related magic potion formula requires some rare materials, such as Dragon's Beard Grass, Moon Mist Stone, Wilderness Demon Vine, and so on, all costing several hundred to thousands of magic stones in potion materials.

Some magic potion materials are not easy to purchase in the market and have very limited stock.

However, thanks to Vernon's channels, Herag wasn't worried about not being able to buy the ingredients.

About half a month later, Herag finally gathered all the materials needed for the Heart of Molten Fire potion.

Refining the Heart of Molten Fire potion is already considered a Tier Two Potion, with relatively high difficulty and a special refining method.

The Heart of Molten Fire, as a Key of Rules, looks like an ordinary dark stone.

To transform it into something that helps people comprehend the Power of Rules, it needs to be peeled away layer by layer.

This peeling process is the refining process of the Heart of Molten Fire potion.

The outermost layer of the Heart of Molten Fire has a black stone skin, which looks ordinary but is extremely hard.

To peel off this layer of black stone skin, one can't use brute force; it requires a specially concocted magic potion to slowly dissolve it.

Herag spent four hours concocting a purple solution that had a faint herbal fragrance.

But this is no sweet drink; it's a deadly potion with strong corrosive properties.

Herag placed the Heart of Molten Fire in a specially-made large reaction beaker, applied an Absolute Defense shield onto himself, and then slowly poured the purple solution into the beaker.

When the purple solution was poured into the beaker, initially there was no reaction.

About three minutes later, faint sizzling sounds gradually came from the beaker.

Wisps of purple smoke rose and dispersed.

The next moment, bang!

A violent explosion sounded from the beaker, like thunder out of a clear sky.

A lot of purple solution splattered, landing on Herag's shield with a sizzle, constantly corroding the Absolute Defense shield.

Herag was in the basement laboratory, a specially built magic potion laboratory.

He had anticipated this and cleared the surroundings.

Although the purple solution splattered everywhere, no other equipment was damaged.

The reaction in the beaker grew more intense, and soon the laboratory was filled with pervasive purple mist.

This purple mist is highly corrosive and toxic gas, continually corroding Herag's Absolute Defense shield with a sizzling sound.

Herag's laboratory has a sealing function to ensure that none of the purple mist would escape.

If even a trace escaped, it would be considered an experimental accident, and Herag would be punished.

Herag did not rush to handle the purple mist but waited for the reaction in the beaker to complete.

After all, with the Absolute Defense shield, the purple mist posed no harm to him.

Herag continuously observed the situation in the beaker, where the black stone skin on the Heart of Molten Fire was slowly dissolving, revealing a blood-red interior beneath.

About half an hour later, the black stone skin completely dissolved.

In the specially-made beaker, a blood-red mass floated within the blackish-purple solution.

This blood-red mass continued to bubble, with bits of red tissue peeling away.

This is the second layer of skin to be removed.

Herag used tweezers to extract the blood-red mass and placed it on another tray.

The tray was padded with a type of bark that was highly absorbent, appearing in an old yellow color.

Once the mass was placed on the bark, the purple solution on its surface was quickly absorbed by the bark below.

Even the solution distributed on the top of the mass was sucked in by the bark.

After all the solution was absorbed, the process wasn't over; the bark continued to actively draw liquid from within the mass.

Liquid like fresh blood seeped from the surface of the mass, absorbed by the bark beneath.

The originally wood-yellow bark took on a dark red hue after absorbing this blood-like liquid, as if stained with old bloodstains.

Once all the blood-red liquid was absorbed, Herag picked up the now-dry mass and then forcefully split it in two with his hands.

A blood-red crystal embedded in the mass glistened brightly, emitting a strange glow.

Within the crystal lay a burning flame, resembling a piece of art.

Herag held the small red crystal, feeling it slightly hot to the touch.

Next is the crucial step: breaking the outer crystal layer to complete the final peeling step.

Herag glanced around; before proceeding, he needed to first clear the purple mist from the area.

He took out a milky white bead, which, after being imbued with magic power, emitted a strong suction force, drawing in all the surrounding purple mist.

In just three minutes, the laboratory's purple mist was absorbed clean by the bead, not a trace left.

Herag put away the bead, checked to ensure nothing was missed in the room, and then took out the red crystal.

Magic power surged within him, his form quickly enlarging as he entered the Titan Power state, his body covered in dark golden armor.

Herag's head nearly touched the ceiling—a consideration during the initial construction, otherwise, he wouldn't be able to use Titan Power here.

He then cast another Absolute Defense shield on himself and officially prepared to peel away the Heart of Molten Fire's final layer of skin.