

## Sixth 531

### Chapter 531: The Banquet

Salin smiled and said, "Mr. Herag, you are too modest. We only provide an environment for those with potential as Wizard Apprentice. But how far one can go depends entirely on the individual. Your choice to leave the Moonlight Forest was undoubtedly wise. For an excellent wizard like you, staying in the Moonlight Forest would only be a shackle."

Salin's eyes were full of appreciation for Herag. He had admired this young man quite a bit when he first tried to persuade him.

Not everyone has the courage to refuse to stay in the Moonlight Forest. Compared to a comfortable environment and an unknown future, most people would choose the former.

Although Herag didn't agree to stay in the Moonlight Forest, Salin wasn't angry. He was just fulfilling his duty.

Seeing Herag grow so quickly now, Salin was also very happy.

Because Herag came from the Moonlight Forest, it served as a kind of promotion for the Moonlight Forest.

Herag smiled, lowered his head to pour a glass of wine, and clinked glasses with Salin.

Salin drank it in one go, "Mr. Herag, are you interested in becoming a guest professor at our Moonlight Forest? There are no constraints. You can open any course you want. Just submit an application, and we will arrange the course for you."

Herag pondered, "I don't have much of an objection. It's just that I might not have much time to teach in the short term as I have other things I need to attend to."

"No problem, the doors of our Moonlight Forest will always be open for you," Salin said with a smile.

After Salin, there were gradually some other people from different factions who came to greet Herag.

Herag did not coldly refuse and responded to each.

However, there wasn't much conversation with these people. They only exchanged a few words to become acquainted.

Mainly, it was because of the Cheqi Family's face; one couldn't just turn around and leave at a banquet hosted by them, as that would unnecessarily provoke people.

After the banquet ended, Herag accompanied Asuna, Chatiya, and Reese to play for a month at Wisteria Ridge.

"In the future, you can stay here temporarily. Just send someone to move the stuff from Black Rock Valley here," Herag said.

"What about you?" Asuna asked, holding Herag's hand as if she had already foreseen something, filled with reluctance.

Herag said, "I will have to leave, as I have other things to do. Wait for me to return."

The ancestral estate of the Cheqi Family in Wisteria Ridge has been equipped with a Level 3 Witch Array, which was set up recently, whereas before, it was only a Level 2 Witch Array.

Now that they have money and channels, naturally, they should switch to a better one.

With this Level 3 Witch Array, staying inside is naturally much safer, and Herag can be more at ease.

"I want to go with you," Reese said after a moment of silence.

Herag said, "No, this time is different from before. Last time when we went to Base 27, it was lucky that it was just established, so the missions were relatively safe. But this time, no one can say for sure what the situation is inside. I can handle many situations more flexibly alone."

"During this time, stay at home and practice hard. The two of you should also study and practice more, improve your strength; only strength is fundamental."

This time going to the Elf Plane, Herag's purpose is to investigate what happened there that led the Expedition Team to plan a retreat.

This must be clarified as it relates to the subsequent planning issues.

There will inevitably be some danger; taking Reese along is always inconvenient, as she can't be of much help.

Chatiya thought for a while and said, "Take me with you then."

"You..."

Chatiya continued, "Since you want to use the Elf Plane as a route of retreat in the future, I should be of much help if you take me in. I'm a princess of the Elf Royal Family; many things I can smooth over. In the Elf Plane, the Elf Royal Family is the ruler, and I want to do something for everyone."

Although Chatiya has a bit of a childish temper, she understands the importance of matters.

Herag thought for a moment. If he took Chatiya along, indeed, many things would become much more convenient.

Chatiya's status is special; matters concerning the Elf Race are easily resolved.

More importantly, now that Herag has the Divine State, he can communicate with Chatiya across planes.

This means that even if Chatiya stays in the Elf Plane, Herag can communicate and arrange many things with her from the Wizard Plane.

Herag thought for a while and said, "But you have to think it through. If you come with me, you might have to stay in the Black Space for a long time. Aside from a deer, there's nothing there; it's very boring."

"That's okay. Just bring more books. I'm studying hard too!" Chatiya said, puffing out her chest confidently.

Herag looked at Chatiya's confident demeanor, unsure if she was just momentarily excited and wondering if she could hold out.

"I can do it; just take me with you," Chatiya sensed Herag's change in mood and came over, hugging him and acting coquettishly.

"Okay, how about I take you in first and let you decide after you see it?" Herag said.

He was afraid that Chatiya didn't know what the Black Space was like and would regret it later.

"Alright!" Chatiya agreed at once.

Herag said to Asuna and Reese, "You two come with us to check it out too."

...

In the Black Space, the silhouettes of Herag and the three others appeared on the desolate land.

Not far away, the White Deer was resting on the ground. It was already accustomed to Herag's comings and goings, but seeing several people coming in at this time, it stood up warily.

"Wow! A beautiful White Deer!" Chatiya immediately noticed the White Deer and ran over.

"Be careful!" Herag was afraid the White Deer might harm Chatiya under stress.

Over the years, the White Deer's aura had grown stronger, its combat capability unknown.

However, the White Deer didn't seem to resist Chatiya and didn't avoid her touch, even lowering its head to let Chatiya pet it.

"You're a girl too! You're so beautiful!" Chatiya exclaimed.

The White Deer rubbed its head against Chatiya's hand, seemingly quite fond of Chatiya.

Herag watched the scene thoughtfully, recalling that the Elf Race is naturally close to nature, especially the Royal Elf.

This White Deer, esteemed as a Child of the Plane of World X-617, was a favored being by heaven and earth, resonating with Chatiya, which seemed quite reasonable.

Herag said, "Chatiya, if you like, this White Deer can belong to you from now on."

"No, it's not mine, but my friend! We are friends, right?" Chatiya giggled, stroking the White Deer's fur.

Chapter 532: Reentering the Elf Plane

The White Deer nudged Chatiya's hand, seemingly quite fond of her.

"Does she have a name?" Chatiya asked.

Herag said, "No, how about we call her Er Ya?"

The White Deer turned her head and glared at Herag, scraping her hooves a few times, clearly discontent with the name.

Chatiya giggled, "What's with that name, sir."

"She's your friend, so you should name her," Herag laughed.

Chatiya tapped her chin with a finger, and after a moment's thought, she said, "How about I call you Annie?"

The White Deer rubbed her head against Chatiya, indicating her approval.

"Then it's settled!" Chatiya laughed.

Before long, Chatiya was sitting sideways on the White Deer's back.

The White Deer carried Chatiya, running around, occasionally disappearing from one spot and reappearing far away through space travel.

It was only then that Herag noticed that the White Deer's space travel ability could take others along.

However, his own Spirit of White Dew talent didn't have this capability.

Herag thought about it. It seemed the talent he obtained from the White Deer's bloodline wasn't complete, just a part of it.

The Great Dark Heaven magic extracts bloodline powers from various bloodlines, usually gaining only part of them, like some talents.

The Spirit of the White Deer was such a case. Although Herag absorbed many of the White Deer's bloodline powers later on, there wasn't much improvement or gain.

But there were exceptions, like the Thunder God Ancestral Bloodline Power within him.

The black little body then only had a thread of the Thunder God Ancestral Bloodline. Normally, it would be lucky for Herag to gain some talent ability from it.

However, Herag managed to gain a bloodline mark from this thread of ancestral bloodline and awakened the true Thunder God Ancestral Bloodline Power.

The probability of this happening was incredibly low; it could be said Herag was incredibly lucky.

Reflecting on this further, Herag had some doubts and concerns about it.

He didn't believe he was a chosen one, so lucky to obtain the true ancestral bloodline power from just a thread of ancestral bloodline.

Given his limited understanding of ancestral-level entities, Herag couldn't make an accurate judgment.

Intuitively, he thought this ancestral bloodline might not be entirely a good thing and could harbor some hidden dangers.

An ancestor, an eternal and indestructible existence.

Herag pondered what would happen if he encountered the true Thunder God Ancestor one day, and what his attitude towards him would be.

Would he see him as a descendant or just a crop ready to be harvested...

Herag planned to talk to the Toad about this later, to see if he knew anything.

These matters weren't urgent, given his current level, they were still far away.

Even if there were some issues within the ancestral bloodline, it temporarily had nothing to do with him, the power gap was too vast.

Herag looked at Chatiya, who was having a great time in the distance, and said, "Later, I'll move some things in here to ensure you won't be too bored. With Annie to keep you company, you shouldn't feel too lonely. I'll come in often to keep you company too."

Chatiya smiled, "Alright~ I'll follow your arrangements, sir."

Herag planned to bring in not only food and other supplies but also lots of entertainment-related items.

He even considered building some lawns and gardens here to make it look less desolate.

Previously, with only the White Deer, conditions didn't matter much.

But now that he intended for Chatiya to stay here for some time, it was necessary to provide a good environment.

That said, it wasn't like Chatiya would have to stay here all the time, just hide her inside when passing through the teleportation altar.

...

A month later.

Herag arrived at Augustus Academy, at that familiar coliseum-like place.

He didn't bring Asuna and Reese along; only some people from the Cheqi Family and the Nightingale Commerce Association accompanied him.

The coliseum was now heavily guarded, making it difficult for ordinary people to enter.

After arriving outside the coliseum, Herag bid farewell to Mr. Booker and the Nightingale Commerce Association couple and headed alone into the coliseum.

During this time, the couple from the Nightingale Commerce Association had helped a lot, preparing some of the things and supplies Herag needed.

Herag took out a talisman stone and, after going through multiple layers of identity verification, finally arrived at the familiar teleportation altar.

Guarding the altar was an old wizard with graying hair and a long beard.

He looked up at Herag, took the talisman stone Herag handed over, checked it, confirmed it was correct, and said, "You may go through now."

"Can I ask if I'm still going to Base 27 this time?" Herag asked.

The old wizard nodded, "That's how the expedition team arranged it because you've been there before and are most familiar with the area. But if you want to go to another base, I can change the teleportation location for you."

"Oh, thanks, but no need, Base 27 will do," Herag said.

Naturally, Herag wanted to go to Base 27. Going to another base where he was unfamiliar with the place would require time to get used to, wasting a lot of time.

"Be cautious there, it's not quite the same as before, so do be careful," the old wizard warned.

Standing on the teleportation altar, Herag nodded.

A flash of light, and the space around rippled, bringing back a familiar sensation.

Once the surroundings regained light, Herag found himself on the teleportation altar at Base 27.

Herag glanced around, clearly noticing that Base 27 had grown much larger.

Originally, the base had only some wooden houses. Now there were already over a hundred wooden houses, with people constantly coming and going.

Herag's arrival also caught some people's attention, but they weren't surprised, clearly accustomed to frequent arrivals.

He stopped a passing wizard and asked, "Excuse me, where can I find Kane?"

This wizard was a blonde male wizard, his magic power aura indicating he was a Level 2 Wizard.

He looked at Herag and said, "He should be in the main camp up ahead."

"Thank you," Herag thanked him and walked towards the main camp.

According to the information, Base 27 was currently managed by Kane, who handled daily affairs.

Originally, by the rules, after Parker got injured and withdrew, the expedition team would continue to send a Level 3 Wizard to oversee it.

But now, due to changes in circumstances, they didn't plan to continue expanding and even considered withdrawing, so they hadn't sent a Level 3 Wizard over.

They just let Kane, a Level 2 Wizard, temporarily manage the base's affairs since he was an old hand there and familiar with everything.

#### Chapter 533: Farewell, Kane

Kane was also a Wizard of Serlandir and was Parker's direct subordinate, just like Pries.

The only difference was that Pries was responsible for managing affairs within Silver Moon City, while Kane followed Parker in various plane wars.

The news of Herag's arrival had been communicated long ago, but since there was no exact time confirmed, no one had come to greet him.

He had already been here once, so he didn't need any guidance.

As Herag walked into the camp, he saw Kane sitting at a table, with thick stacks of parchment piled high.

Kane was busy writing something quickly on a piece of parchment, looking very occupied.

Herag approached and said, "Long time no see, Mr. Kane."

Hearing the voice, Kane lifted his head and, after looking for a moment, suddenly realized, "So it's Mr. Herag. I didn't expect you to grow so fast in just a few years. Honestly, when I first heard this news, I was a bit skeptical and even wondered if it really was the Herag I used to know."

Herag smiled and replied, "Maybe I've just been lucky."

"How does that saying go? Luck is an excuse for the weak, a modesty for the strong." Kane remarked.

Kane was quite moved, as he had personally witnessed Herag's events after entering the Elf Plane.

What was once just a Gaseous Wizard had, in a blink of an eye, become a Level 2 Wizard, with an aura not at all weaker than his own.

Such a rapid advancement could definitely not be explained by luck alone.

"How is Lord Parker now?" Kane asked.

He had stayed in the Elf Plane for a long time, and his information was not up to date.

Herag said, "Lord Parker has been recuperating in the Floating City, with no news being disclosed."

"Understood..." Kane nodded, his face full of worry.

Herag asked, "I heard that Lord Parker wasn't injured by the Elf Race, could it be that they hired some help?"

"Well..." Kane was a bit hesitant, "I'm actually not very clear on it, as a lot of information has been sealed. Even with my level of access, I cannot know the full details. The only thing I can be sure of is that Lord Parker was indeed not injured by the Elf Race."

Kane looked around, cast a sound insulation spell, and then said, "Since you are one of Lord Parker's men, I can tell you what I've seen. In my view, Lord Parker was injured by a Wizard's magic. Such traces on the wounds, with strong Magic Power residue, must have been caused by a Wizard."

"A Wizard? Aren't all the people in the Elf Plane part of the expedition team? The expedition teams shouldn't be allowed to kill each other, right?" Herag exclaimed in surprise.

Kane sighed and said, "That's the rule, but these rules don't apply to the big shots. Who knows what kind of grudges these big shots have, meeting in another plane and fighting it out is quite normal. It's just unknown which power's Wizard has injured Lord Parker."

"The information is so tightly sealed that, from my perspective, it must have been an extraordinary big shot who injured Lord Parker, which is why everything has been sealed. And for Lord Parker to suffer in silence, it can only be those few individuals."

"Those few?" Herag immediately thought of the Level 4 Wizards from various powers.

Given Parker's strength and status, only those Level 4 Wizards could grievously wound him.

And only those Level 4 Wizards could cause Parker to suffer in silence and not speak of it.

As for the information being sealed, it makes perfect sense since internal conflicts like this shouldn't be spread.

This was Kane's understanding of the events from his perspective.

But in Herag's view, it was entirely different; he considered another possibility.

Herag believed that Parker might not have been injured by a Wizard from the Wizard Plane.

He had once encountered a Wizard with a crow on his shoulder in the Demon Plane, who wasn't part of the expedition team, nor from the Wizard Plane.

"The dignity of the Holy Tower cannot be violated!"

This sentence had been etched in Herag's mind, and based on this, he speculated that there might be another group of Wizard influence.

This group of Wizards was not from the Wizard Plane but located somewhere else.

Given the strength demonstrated by that Wizard, it appeared to exceed the realm of Level 4 Wizards.

But this was merely Herag's conjecture; he could not ascertain what level of power that Wizard truly possessed.

Herag thought, since he encountered such Wizards in the Demon Plane, it was naturally possible to meet such Wizards in the Elf Plane as well.

After Parker was severely injured, he remained in the Floating City all these years, his injuries must have been very serious.

Currently, in the Land of Dawn, where strength is lacking, Level 3 Wizards are the absolute backbone.

Even if there were any grudges, it wouldn't be possible to injure Parker like this just at this moment.

Moreover, there was no known life-and-death enemy of Parker. If there were, there would have been some rumors long ago.

However, there hasn't been any word of it, making the possibility of another force's Wizards making a move much less likely.

After all, he is a Level 3 Wizard; if another force had taken action, Serlandir would certainly have reacted and not suffered in silence.

As for it being an internal action within Serlandir, that made even less sense, as there's no reason to deplete one's own strength, especially during plane wars.

Herag further connected this with the expedition team's action of sealing information, making him more certain of his guess.

The Wizard Alliance in the Land of Dawn does not want other Wizards to know there exists another Wizard influence, hence the sealed information.

And after Parker was injured, knowing this full well, he didn't disclose any information.

Given the power demonstrated by the Wizard seen in the Demon Plane, disposing of Parker should have been an easy task.

The ones who acted this time were mostly other Wizards. Unknown whether they couldn't completely kill Parker or if they intentionally held back.

Herag's mind was rapidly analyzing various possibilities based on the information he had.

He first considered the standpoint issue of this group of Wizards. Since they severely injured Parker, their standpoint was obviously not on the side of the expedition team, or with the Wizard Alliance of the Land of Dawn.

Of course, this also has to consider the reason for their clash with Parker, and not hastily draw a conclusion.

Herag recalled how he was saved by these individuals on the Demon Plane and was not harmed by them.

This made Herag wonder whether these individuals do not harbor hostility towards the Wizards of the Wizard Plane either.

However, Herag also speculated that this might be attributed to his Meditation Method.

If those individuals were truly Wizards of the Sixth Ring Tower, then it made sense that they saved him, but this does not mean they stood on the side of the Wizard Plane.

Chapter 534: The World Tree's Problem

The reason the other party saved me might just be because of the Starry Sky Meditation Technique I practiced.

According to the historical records of the Land of Dawn, the Sixth Ring Tower betrayed the Wizard Plane.

Herag held a skeptical attitude towards this claim and didn't believe it.

But one thing is certain, no matter what, the Sixth Ring Tower of the past wasn't aligned with the mainstream Wizard Influence of the current Wizard Plane.

During that period, the Sixth Ring Tower was the strongest Wizard Organization, making other Wizard Organizations appear dim in comparison.

Most of the Wizard Organizations in the Land of Dawn today are remnants from that period; some might have changed names, while others have completely disappeared.

In a myriad of thoughts, Herag asked, "What's the situation outside now?"

Kane replied, "The Noen Kingdom..."

Herag learned from Kane that more than half of the Noen Kingdom had fallen and is now under the control of the Expedition Team.

The people from Base 27 did not continue to expand, not because they couldn't conquer the entire Noen Kingdom, but because there was no need.

All resources are limited, and manpower is limited as well.

The Expedition Team needed to invest their limited manpower and resources into more valuable matters.

The Noen Kingdom was just a normal Human Kingdom, with no resource points worth occupying, so naturally, they wouldn't expend much effort to invade.

The Expedition Team's goals have always been clear: the Elf Race and the World Tree.

The last mission Herag undertook before leaving the Elf Plane was to infiltrate Miracle Valley and plant a Teleportation Crystal, to facilitate the people from Base 27 to teleport there.

The mission was executed smoothly at the time, and the Teleportation Crystal was not discovered.

Subsequently, along with the meticulous plans of Base 27, Parker personally led the team to invade Miracle Valley once everything was ready.

Though the process was bumpy, they eventually successfully captured Miracle Valley.

The Elven Race in Miracle Valley was either killed or captured, with a few managing to escape.

Parker and his group did not expend any more effort to hunt down those who fled; capturing the Elves was sufficient, no need to pursue further.

Their true target was that World Tree; that was the reason the Wizard Plane invaded the Elf Plane.

The World Tree in Miracle Valley is just a branch of the World Mother Tree, with many such branches scattered throughout the Elf Plane.

Each branch can be considered an independent World Tree, just not as powerful or tall as the Mother Tree.

The Elf Race's Royal Family resided under the World Mother Tree, making it the strongest gathering place of combat power in the Elf Plane.

The Expedition Team did not target the World Mother Tree, primarily because the price was too high, and it might not even be possible to capture it.

More importantly, the Expedition Team hasn't decided how to capture the World Tree and could only experiment starting with its branches.

In fact, the Expedition Team had captured several branches of the World Tree one after another.

But without exception, all attempts to seize the World Tree failed.

The Wizards tried to transplant the World Tree intact to the Wizard Plane, even simulating the Elf Plane's environment, but the World Tree still perished quickly.

Besides, the Wizards attempted various methods like creating a liquid environment to keep the World Tree alive.

However, regardless of the approach, once the World Tree left the Elf Plane, it would perish quickly.

The World Tree in Miracle Valley was the same; even after transplanting its roots to the Wizard Plane, it quickly withered.

Some Wizards speculated that the World Tree has its own will.

Upon arriving in the Wizard Plane, it chose self-destruction.

Simply put, the World Tree committed suicide, unwilling to grow on the Wizard Plane.

Even with the Wizard Alliance providing nearly a percent simulation of the Elf Plane environment, the World Tree still couldn't survive.

This is an unresolved issue to date. If they cannot solve the survival issue of the World Tree, capturing the World Mother Tree would be meaningless.

In that case, unless the entire Elf Plane became a colony of the Wizard Plane, the value of the World Tree couldn't be exploited.

However, with the current strength of the Land of Dawn, they can only plunder; long-term occupation is unrealistic.

Pillaging and long-term occupation are different concepts, requiring entirely different resources and manpower.

Most of the Wizard Alliance's Plane Wars aim for resource plundering, rarely involving long-term occupation of a Plane.

"I suspect that the authorities can't find a way to keep the World Tree alive, so they're planning to retreat," Kane said.

Herag understood that, from Kane's perspective, this speculation seemed reasonable as he was unaware of the existence of another Wizard Influence.

Herag then asked, "What are the main tasks at the base now?"

"As for tasks, most are reconnaissance and defense-oriented for the time being, with no offensive plans," Kane said.

"Can I go and have a look at Miracle Valley?" Herag asked.

"Of course you can, but there's not much to see there now, the World Tree is gone, and the Elves are no longer living there. If you really want to go, I'll assign you an exploration task," Kane replied.

Herag thought for a moment and said, "I still want to see the situation there."

"Then I'll assign you a task. Here's the Communication Pearl, take it. Any messages from the base will be relayed to this pearl, remember to occasionally check for messages," Kane said, handing over a transparent bead the size of a glass bead.

The Communication Pearl was shrouded with some White Mist, appearing quite pretty.

After a simple explanation from Kane, Herag roughly understood how to use it.

When there are messages from the base, the White Mist in the Communication Pearl will turn red, and the message will be stored inside.

Herag only needs to check intermittently if the pearl's color has changed; if it turns red, he should see what messages are inside.

Since the Elf Plane lacks a Magic Net, communication can only occur through such Communication Pearls.

"Can I use the Communication Pearl to send messages back to the base?" Herag suddenly thought of this and asked.

Kane said, "Of course you can. Every Communication Pearl seems identical but actually has a serial number. The number corresponds to the person; you just need to activate it with Magic Power and speak your message. However, there's a limit on word count, not exceeding fifty words."

Kane's side can compile all messages sent via Communication Pearls and identify the corresponding person by serial number.

He can send messages to all Communication Pearls and naturally receive messages from everyone as well.

Chapter 535: Oberstein

Herag glanced at the Communication Pearl in his hand, then put it away in his Space Ring and said, "Understood."

He was ready to set off, to go out and investigate the situation.

Kane reminded him, "Be extra careful outside, the natives of this plane view us as mortal enemies now."

Herag nodded and said, "Thank you for the reminder."

After leaving Base 27, the familiar mountain range still stretched before his eyes.

Herag had carried out many patrol missions here with Reese and David, and was thoroughly familiar with the terrain.

With just a single glance around, he noticed that although the terrain hadn't changed much, and the trees were mostly the same,

there were still many differences, particularly the numerous signs of past battles all around.

Many places bore the obvious marks of magical bombardment, and from these traces, Herag could imagine the battles that had once raged here.

Most crucially, these traces were very close to Base 27, indicating that someone had once attacked this place.

The ones who could attack here were mostly the Elf Race and some powerful Casters.

Judging from these traces, those who reached this place must have possessed great strength.

Herag remembered that when he left, the mountains were teeming with Demons.

To reach here, one had to first wipe out countless Demons.

Aside from the large number of Demons, there were also Wizards in the base; it was not easy to think about reaching here.

However, from the result that most of the Noen Kingdom had been occupied, it was clear that the attacking Elf Race and Casters had failed.

And quite possibly, suffered a disastrous defeat, leading to the subsequent overwhelming push by the Wizards, who directly captured half of the Noen Kingdom.

The remaining half wasn't because it couldn't be captured, but simply because there was no desire to capture it.

Herag pondered and felt that it was likely related to the events in Miracle Valley.

Parker and his people directly stole from the Elf Race's homeland, coupled with the collapse on the frontline, putting the Elf Race and Casters in a dire situation.

As he advanced in the direction of his memories, Herag continued to observe the surroundings.

In the surrounding mountains, there were scattered Shadow Altars, fewer in number than when Herag had left.

Herag even saw some destroyed Shadow Altars with no intention of repairing them.

Few Demons roamed the mountains, and they were rarely seen.

Before Herag left, the area was filled with countless Demons, and the Wizards were tirelessly summoning Demons day and night.

Now it seemed, the Shadow Altars were no longer important, at least not in this place.

Herag felt that stopping the expansion meant no longer needing Demons to conquer and pillage, nor to deplete enemy strength.

Moreover, near Base 27, Demons were no longer needed for patrol and defense; the whole area was under the control of the Expedition Team, with few attacks coming to this area.

Still, patrol personnel could be seen along the way, and Herag underwent several identity checks before finally exiting the mountain range.

After emerging from the mountains, Herag proceeded in the direction of Oberstein.

The image of the border city appeared in his mind, as Asuna's home was in the city.

Upon arriving outside the former Oberstein, Herag saw nothing but ruins.

Standing atop the ruins, Herag could no longer discern the original appearance of Oberstein.

Oberstein had been razed to the ground, with no intact structures remaining.

Guided by his memory, Herag arrived at what was once Asuna's home.

But now there was only scorched earth and bits of charcoal, and as Herag rummaged through the ruins, he found only a fragment of a floral skirt.

Herag watched as a butterfly flew from afar and landed on the charred wood.

He turned and walked northeast, towards Miracle Valley.

A two-headed wolf emerged from a heap of ruins, sniffed around after glancing at Herag, then turned away.

Herag pulled out a map, which Kane had given him before he left.

Aside from current Expedition Team investigations, it also marked the territory under the Expedition Team's control.

The Noen Kingdom was split by a northwest-southeast line.

Below the line was under the Expedition Team's control, while above the line remained the Noen Kingdom's territory.

Several key locations were highlighted along the line—all places where the Noen Kingdom's army was stationed.

These were typically important cities with excellent geographical locations.

Herag glanced at the map and roughly planned his route.

His plan was to first reach a small, inconspicuous city near the line, then travel slowly by carriage through several cities before gradually approaching Miracle Valley.

Herag wanted to visit Miracle Valley primarily to check the current situation and see if any valuable clues could be found.

Even though the World Tree there had been completely moved, Herag still wanted to take a look.

After all, having the bloodline of the Elf Royal Family, he might find something the Expedition Team hadn't noticed.

Herag looked around and saw no one after using Shenlan's environment detection; then the surge of Magic Power in his body coalesced some Fire Elemental Particles around him.

He planned to use Elemental Flight to travel within the Expedition Team's controlled area, which would be much faster and prevent detection from the Elf Race and Casters of the Elf Plane.

Herag sped through the sky, while the scene below flew by quickly.

As he ascended higher, the landscape below ceased to retreat swiftly and instead presented more clearly.

Herag discovered a scattering of castles below on the ground.

These castles were obviously newly built, showing signs of Wizards and Demons coming and going.

Observing from the sky, Herag could see the orderly distribution of these castles, each controlling its surrounding area.

The speed of Fire Element Flight was fast, making travel very efficient, and it took Herag only three days to reach the boundary of the Expedition Team's control zone.

Upon arriving in this area, Herag landed on the ground, retrieved a bottle of Thousand-Change Potion to change his appearance, and donned a common robe from the Elf Plane.

After careful disguise, Herag continued forward.

Herag's destination was a place called Cloud City, which was a bit distant from the border and had no direct confrontation with the Expedition Team forces.

Thus, the strength deployed by the Noen Kingdom there was relatively weak, with no strong presence guarding the area.

This was the reason Herag chose that place.

## Chapter 536: Cloud City

Cloud City.

When Herag was still ten kilometers away from Cloud City, he spotted the watchtowers.

Each watchtower had two or three guards stationed with smoke signal devices inside.

Herag avoided these watchtowers, as with his skills, these ordinary people would hardly notice him.

He deliberately took a detour to adjust his direction.

Originally coming from the west of Cloud City, after the detour, he approached from the southeast.

Because the west of Cloud City was controlled by the expedition team, coming from this direction was bound to arouse suspicion and add unnecessary trouble.

Herag's current appearance was thin and frail, with a plain look that didn't attract attention.

A high city wall had been built outside Cloud City, and one could tell at a glance that it was newly built in recent years, with many bloodstains on it.

There was another wall within this one, the inner wall was shorter and seemed older.

The original wall of Cloud City no longer had any defensive capability, at least it was ineffective against demons, hence the later construction of this new wall.

There were always people patrolling on the city walls.

Herag was noticed by the archers on the wall as soon as he appeared.

When he reached the city gate, he was allowed to enter the city after some questioning.

Upon entering the city, Herag felt a somber atmosphere; few people laughed or chatted on the streets.

Most people had worried expressions, and the streets were mostly filled with armed adventurers, most of whom bore some scars.

From some unintended actions of these people, Herag could tell they were experienced veterans in combat.

Cloud City was considered the border area, and the adventurers here likely dealt with demons regularly.

Herag carried a plain longsword on his waist, with an expressionless face and a forbidding demeanor.

He asked around and found a caravan heading to Talres County.

Talres County was a city in the northeast direction of the Noen Kingdom, and it was relatively close to Miracle Valley.

Herag planned to travel with the caravan instead of using Elemental Flight in these areas.

Although he was now a Level 2 Wizard, he didn't think himself invincible.

Even among the natives of the Elf Plane, there were Level 3 Elves and Casters; if he traveled too flamboyantly using Elemental Flight, the outcome might be disastrous.

"What is your power level?" the guard captain of the caravan, Fei Rui, asked.

Fei Rui was a Great Knight and an experienced adventurer.

His adventurer group had more than twenty people, not many, but they were all strong, with over a dozen at the Knight Level.

Many caravans wanted to hire them, offering very high prices.

Fei Rui didn't take any job lightly; he was cautious by nature, avoiding high-risk tasks as much as possible.

He thought one must be alive to earn and spend money.

Over the years, he had seen many powerful adventurers who had bright futures but ended up losing it all for high profits.

After witnessing many such cases, Fei Rui basically stopped taking dangerous tasks.

This was also why he operated around Cloud City; the distance from the border made it somewhat safer, while still offering many high-reward tasks.

Herag said, "Great Knight."

"Oh?" Fei Rui was somewhat surprised; he hadn't expected this frail-looking man to be a Great Knight.

Seeing Fei Rui's skeptical expression, Herag stamped hard on the ground, producing a dull boom as cracks appeared instantly.

This was the simplest and most direct way to demonstrate strength.

Fei Rui watched this scene, his eyebrows twitching at this terrifying power.

Even he couldn't achieve this; Herag's strength was evident.

"Very impressive, brother, what's your name?" Fei Rui asked.

"Luwak." Herag made up a name.

Fei Rui nodded, "Welcome to join us. I'll repeat the task: escort the caravan to Talres County, which will take about two months. The pay is one hundred Gold Coins, any problem?"

"No problem," Herag nodded.

Two one hundred Gold Coins were already quite a generous reward.

This was because the world was in chaos, the workforce was scarce, and the prices for adventurers were rising.

This was why many adventurers, knowing Cloud City was near the border, still came here to make a living for the money.

After the agreement, Fei Rui took Herag to meet the employer of this job, the owner of the caravan, Tole.

Tole was a burly man with a broad sword strapped to his back.

He looked more like an adventurer than a merchant.

As Herag approached, he discovered that Tole was also a Great Knight.

It seemed that those making a living near the border all had some skills; without them, one couldn't last long here.

"I just saw, very good, welcome aboard. If you have any requirements, feel free to tell me. We can also have long-term cooperation in the future," Tole nodded in satisfaction, he had seen the previous scene.

Herag nodded without saying much.

His expression remained cold, as if he were not good with words.

Just like earlier, when Fei Rui questioned him, Herag didn't speak, but directly used his actions to prove his strength.

Tole and Fei Rui weren't surprised by Herag's demeanor; many adventurers were like this, disliking dealing with people.

It was even less surprising for a powerful Great Knight with such demeanor; with power came the capital for arrogance.

Two days later, the caravan officially departed.

In these two days, Herag learned that although the expedition team's castle hadn't been built here, demons were no less active.

On the contrary, demons frequently appeared here, as the demons summoned by the expedition team mostly came to this side.

Because near the border, almost no people were active; they either fled or perished, leaving demons wandering pointlessly.

This resulted in the Noen Kingdom's remaining half of the territory still being very dangerous, with demons often attacking cities.

Particularly in cities near the border, demon attacks were commonplace.

For caravans traveling through the wilderness, the danger was even greater.

In the city, there were walls as fortifications, but in the wild, they'd face demon attacks directly.

In such a situation, powerful adventurers were even more scarce.

Over the years, adventurers had been filtered like sand through the waves; those still alive were adventurers with significant strength.

#### Chapter 537: Night Raid

Although new forces have joined the adventurer industry, their growth still requires time and they cannot become effective combat power in a short period.

Herag sat in a carriage at the end of the caravan, responsible for watching the area near the tail of the convoy.

Fei Rui was at the forefront of the caravan, while his subordinates took charge of the middle section of the convoy and scouted the situation ahead.

Fei Rui's adventurer group cooperated very well, evidently having worked together for many years.

Roles such as who was responsible for reconnaissance and who handled logistics were clearly divided.

Half a day into the journey, Fei Rui's subordinates came galloping back from the front, having discovered something.

There was a dense forest ahead, with three overturned carriages inside.

The horses that pulled the carriages had collapsed on the ground, eaten down to their skeletons.

Besides the horses' corpses, there were many human remains at the site.

Not a single complete corpse could be seen, and the remaining remnants bore bite marks.

There were also various footprints of different shapes at the scene.

"It's a demon horde." Fei Rui dismounted and observed for a while before speaking.

The demon horde differs from a wolf pack consisting solely of wolves; demon hordes are usually made up of various types of demons, so the footprints look chaotic, with all kinds of demons present.

"We must stay alert, everyone!" Fei Rui said solemnly.

The traces on the ground are still fresh, indicating the demon horde hasn't gone far and might be roaming nearby.

"Hurry up, leave this district quickly." Fei Rui commanded.

Herag heard it clearly from the tail of the convoy and also saw those traces on the ground.

He looked up at the sky; it was midday, with half a day's time left to travel, uncertain if it would be enough.

After seeing the scene of the dense forest, the atmosphere in the caravan became noticeably heavier; most people's faces were somewhat anxious.

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At dusk, the caravan arrived at the entrance to a mountain range and stopped at a spot backed by the mountain.

The place was backed by the mountain, needing only to guard the other directions.

Even if an unexpected situation arose, they could retreat into the mountains, avoiding the predicament of having no way out on the plains.

Fei Rui's adventurer group was very professional, with very tight defenses and skilled individuals patrolling around to check the situation at all times.

Herag's task was to guard the camp and not leave it easily unless under special circumstances.

Night fell.

Herag sat beside the bonfire, watching the wood burn, occasionally emitting crackling sounds, with a wisp of smoke drifting out alongside the pops.

The first half of the night was quiet; Herag sat by the fire resting with closed eyes.

Until the latter half of the night, the camp was very quiet, only a few snores could be heard.

Herag suddenly opened his eyes and called out, "Wake up, something is approaching."

He deliberately raised his voice, and the camp was very quiet.

So his voice woke everyone in the camp.

These people were used to traveling outside for years, highly vigilant, and no one slept deeply.

In the wild, those who slept deeply generally did not live long.

"What's happening?" Fei Rui came over to ask, not yet having discovered anything.

Tole also approached, having not detected any abnormal movements either.

But they didn't think Herag was joking; a Great Knight wouldn't be bored enough to make such jokes.

Herag looked eastward and said, "If I heard correctly, there should be a demon horde approaching from there."

Fei Rui did not doubt Herag's words, instead asking, "How many are there?"

"I can't be sure, but judging by the sound, there should be many." Herag said.

As soon as these words were spoken, the people in the camp felt tense.

Fei Rui acted quickly, immediately directing his adventurer group members to start establishing a defensive formation.

Herag drew his longsword, standing in the center of the camp.

According to the arrangement, he was responsible for holding this position, and couldn't rashly go out to meet the enemy.

To prevent any demons from sneaking into the center of the camp, causing a lack of strength internally.

Soon, Fei Rui and Tole also heard the commotion from the east.

The demon horde moved quickly, and before long, everyone heard the sound of demons running and roaring.

Fei Rui's subordinates shot the first arrow, marking the start of the battle.

Several adventurers holding giant shields formed a steel wall at the forefront, blocking the demons' advance.

Other adventurers armed with close-range weapons killed demons that approached, supported by archers behind them with covering fire.

The demon horde was temporarily blocked, with demons continually falling at the front.

Despite the large number of demons, they lacked high intelligence.

Fei Rui's adventurer group handled it smoothly, having seemingly encountered such scenes many times.

Herag, although situated at the camp center, wasn't relaxed.

Because flying demons flew over the frontlines, directly arriving above the camp.

A bat-like demon just reached above the camp, ready to spew something towards those below, when its head was pierced by a thick wooden stake.

The demon then fell, and several arrows shot at the spot where it had flown.

Looking down, everyone knew the wooden stake was thrown by Herag, marveling at Herag's power.

Being able to pierce the demon from such a distance with a wooden stake required immense strength that ordinary people couldn't achieve.

Herag took a longbow from someone nearby, drawing the bow and firing arrows one after another.

Several flying demons were hit before approaching the camp.

These arrows couldn't kill them outright, but since Herag aimed at tricky spots, their speed drastically reduced.

Once their speed slowed, they faced a barrage of arrows, turned into porcupines.

After a while, most flying demons in the air were dealt with.

Standing in place, Herag gazed down at the ground.

He suddenly turned to look at a young woman hiding behind a carriage, then abruptly dashed to lift her into his arms.

"Ah...I..." The young woman was baffled, yet did not resist, instead leaning into Herag's chest, rubbing a particular part against him.

Knowing she misunderstood, Herag didn't have time to explain.

The next instant, a thick tentacle burst out of the ground, its end featuring a massive hook.

The hook was very sharp and could easily tear through human flesh.

Everyone was startled by this scene, retreating promptly, distancing themselves from the place.

Seeing it, the young woman's legs went weak, she fell onto Herag, utterly frightened and powerless.

She dared not imagine the consequence if Herag hadn't carried her away.

Chapter 538: Miracle Valley

Herag looked expressionlessly at the ground and released the woman in his arms.

He took a few steps forward, appearing as if he were taking a leisurely stroll.

Finally, he stopped beside the campfire, holding a longsword in his hand.

Herag gazed at the ground, silently holding his longsword.

A moment later, he suddenly stabbed the longsword fiercely into the ground, driving it deep inside.

A gush of blood shot out from below, faint howls of pain from a demon could be heard.

Underground was a long-shaped demon, its body covered in numerous tentacles, clinging to it like plant roots.

This demon was summoned through the Shadow Altar, so it wouldn't attack Herag.

Herag watched the demon's movement trajectory and patiently waited at this spot.

As the demon slithered past, with a single strike he killed it on the spot.

Herag's goal was to reach Talres County smoothly, and this demon, in its way, contributed to that.

These demons were summoned to assist the wizards, and now it merely served a different purpose.

Tole and Fei Rui were relieved after witnessing this; demons lurking underground are the most challenging to deal with.

Demons that operate underground usually move very quickly, making it hard to accurately track them.

Even if one can locate them precisely, it's difficult to inflict effective harm.

Their usual methods seemed helpless against demons hidden underground, as their great power was dulled by the thick layers of earth.

Under such circumstances, only casters have special methods to handle it well, but casters are exceedingly rare nowadays.

Due to the ongoing war with the wizards, the importance of casters has been rising.

Anyone with the potential for casting is mostly recruited by major forces, with very few adventuring outside.

This means that even if an adventurer group offers a high price, casters rarely choose to become adventurers.

Even a powerful adventurer group like Fei Rui's has trouble recruiting casters these days.

It's not that they can't afford it, but rather that others are unwilling to join.

After Herag dealt with the underground trouble, Fei Rui's adventurer group found it easier to handle the other demons.

About half an hour later, the attacking demon horde was completely annihilated.

Although a few of Fei Rui's men were injured, no one was killed, which was considered quite fortunate.

After that night, the people in the caravan gained a clearer impression of this silent, emaciated man's strength, growing more reverent of him.

...

Two months later, the caravan reached Talres County, though eight people were missing from the group.

Herag had lost count of how many times they'd been attacked by demons along the way; it had become routine.

In the remaining half of the Noen Kingdom's territory, apart from areas near the cities, everywhere else was quite dangerous.

At least, for ordinary people, it was relatively perilous.

The farther from the border, the fewer demons there were.

By the time they reached Talres County, demons were already scarce.

Even if demons appeared, they would quickly be eradicated by the local defense forces.

It was still somewhat difficult for demons to travel long distances to reach here.

"Mr. Luwak, here is your reward; thank you for all your efforts during this journey," Tole said, handing over a bag of gold coins.

Herag was unassuming but incredibly powerful, having intervened numerous times to avert disasters along the way.

He received the heavy purse, inside of which there were likely over three hundred gold coins, far exceeding the initially agreed price.

Herag said, "Isn't this reward a bit too much?"

Tole smiled and said, "You deserve it. We'll be staying in Talres County for about six months. If you're interested, you can come find me later."

"No problem." Herag nodded slightly, showing no expression, nor did he say anything further.

Tole didn't mind, long accustomed to Herag's manner, knowing that he was simply like that and not talkative.

After bidding farewell to Tole and the others, Herag went to town to buy a horse, resupplied with some provisions, and then left the city heading towards Miracle Valley.

During this time, Herag had learned that ever since Miracle Valley was invaded, the World Tree there had been uprooted.

Now Miracle Valley was uninhabited by elves, with no humans living there either.

Only a few people visited to see the site, but they wouldn't stay long.

Since it was still the territory of the Elf Race, no one dared linger too long, fearing to upset them.

From Talres County to Miracle Valley, it takes about a month; Herag saw few people and not many caravans on this stretch.

Previously, many caravans traveled this road, dealing specifically with the Elf Race.

But now that the Elf Race over there was annihilated, these caravans naturally moved on.

A month later.

Herag arrived at the small town outside Miracle Valley.

When he followed the Ruby Commerce Association to this town, it was thriving with constant traffic.

But now, a dead silence hung over the place, the entire town lying in ruins.

Several buildings had collapsed, and occasionally a few adventurers could be seen resting in some abandoned houses within the town.

They only used this place as a stopping point while traveling.

Herag's arrival made these people wary.

In these times, anyone daring to act alone was not a simple person.

Herag paid no attention to them and took a stroll around the town.

The inn where he once stayed was now in ruins, signs of fierce conflict suggested the building's main structure had been destroyed.

After wandering around the town for a while, Herag headed into the depths of Miracle Valley.

When he reached the outskirts of Miracle Valley, he was stunned.

The outskirts, once a forest, served as an outer defensive structure for Miracle Valley.

But now there wasn't any forest left; only a desolate wasteland remained, with not a single blade of grass.

Scattered charred remnants dotted the ground, along with numerous chaotic footprints.

Herag gazed at the scene, as if seeing many people had taken the charcoal remains away.

It seemed that forest was indeed unusual; even burned to charcoal, people treated it as a treasure.

The original fence was also gone as Herag stepped into the wasteland, moving deeper in.

He looked up into the distance; the enormous World Tree had vanished.

The houses within Miracle Valley were gone too, replaced by various large pits and cracks.

The fissures in the ground were extremely exaggerated, some as wide as seven or eight meters, resembling a gorge.

Herag quickened his pace and arrived where the World Tree once stood.

Chapter 539: World Tree Seed

Within Miracle Valley, a sunken pit appeared, located precisely where the World Tree once stood.

Herag looked at the large pit before him, as if he could see the scene when the World Tree was uprooted.

This pit was bottomless, standing at the edge of the cliff and looking down, one could only see a large dark hole.

Herag first searched around the ground but didn't find anything of value.

He looked at the deep pit, then around the surroundings, and after confirming no one was watching, he directly jumped down, ready to explore.

Herag rapidly descended, only reaching the bottom after falling more than a thousand meters.

It was already very damp here, with the soil being moist and soft.

Herag groped around but found nothing of interest.

He pondered for a moment, and with a thought, an array appeared before him, and a toad's figure emerged from it.

"Which plane is this?" The toad sniffed the air immediately upon appearing, sensing the difference from the Wizard Plane.

"Elf Plane," said Herag.

"I see, no wonder it feels somewhat familiar," the toad replied.

Looking at the toad, Herag curiously said, "Why do I feel like you've become weaker, or is it just my imagination?"

The toad replied, "It's not your imagination. In this plane, my projection only has the power of a Level 3 Wizard, lacking the Level 6 defensive abilities."

"Why?" Herag asked.

"Probably because I haven't received the recognition of the World Will of the Elf Plane, so the condensed projection is just an ordinary one, lacking strong abilities. The projection in the Wizard Plane was just a special case," the toad explained.

The toad's projection in the Wizard Plane was an anomaly; normally, projections only had such strength.

Herag nodded and said, "Understood. Let's focus on the main matter. We are now at the spot where the World Tree was originally located. After the Expedition Team uprooted the World Tree, only this pit was left. I searched here for quite a while and found nothing. Can you take a look and see if you can find anything?"

He hadn't left this place because he had a vague feeling that something was hidden here.

The feeling came from Great Dark Heaven; others might not detect it, but Herag felt it to some degree.

After listening, the toad looked around, its eyes constantly shifting until finally focusing on a corner.

Herag followed its gaze but found nothing.

The toad opened its mouth and extended its long tongue, shooting it into that corner and reeling it back quickly.

At that moment, Herag clearly felt the movement of spatial rules.

In that little corner, the spatial rules were violently trembling, which was unusual.

Normally, rules were everywhere, flowing naturally like air.

When the flow was irregular, someone like Herag, who comprehended spatial rules, noticed it very clearly.

The toad's tongue reeled in something and brought it back, placing it in front of Herag.

Herag looked closely and saw a small object resembling a green seed.

"What is this?" Herag asked.

The toad said, "If I'm not mistaken, this should be a World Tree Seed. You've lucked out."

"A World Tree Seed? How do I use this?" Herag asked.

"You can't use it now, but once you can develop your own space, plant this seed inside. It will automatically take root there and help you expand your space and refine your rules. It's a treasure.

Quickly, while it's still a seed without self-awareness, let it absorb your blood to imprint your essence on it so it will serve you in the future," the toad advised.

Upon hearing this, Herag took out a dagger, cut his finger, and let a drop of blood fall onto the green seed.

The blood was absorbed instantly, and the aura it emitted slightly changed.

Herag knew that a Level 3 Wizard could already develop a personal space.

However, this space was merely a space and couldn't be considered a plane.

But the World Tree's miraculous feature is its ability to help you develop space and refine the rules.

Once the rules are refined to a certain degree, the space will evolve into a plane, becoming a true world.

"Why wasn't this found by the Expedition Team?" Herag asked.

The toad looked at him sideways: "Do you think anyone else has my level of expertise in spatial rules? The World Tree Seed is perfectly concealed, a self-protection mechanism of the World Tree, making it difficult for ordinary wizards to find."

Herag recalled that the toad had many independent spaces within it and could connect to the space-time flow, making it no longer surprising.

"Did the World Tree intentionally leave this seed, sensing it was in danger?" Herag asked.

"Probably," the toad replied.

"Shouldn't the Elves be aware of such a situation? Why haven't they come to look for this seed?" Herag was puzzled.

Logically, the Elf Race should be very familiar with the World Tree and aware of the existence of World Tree Seeds.

Knowing this, they should have sent someone to collect it afterward, so the seed couldn't have remained until now.

The toad shook its head: "Who knows? Maybe they came but didn't find it. You must understand that the Elf Race survives by relying on the World Tree. Perhaps they can't locate the exact position of a World Tree Seed. Only when it's rooted and sprouting does its presence become detectable."

After thinking, the toad added, "However, I think it might be related to you. You have the aura of the Elf Royal Family, probably connected to your Talent Spell. This World Tree Seed recently moved from another space to a nearby one. It might have sensed your essence and thus was drawn out from layer upon layer of spaces."

The toad explained that the World Tree Seed was hidden within multiple layers of space, making it almost impossible to discover under ordinary circumstances.

But since the World Tree Seed automatically moved through layers of space, it was the subtle changes during this movement that allowed the toad to detect and locate it.

Herag suddenly understood, realizing why he had always felt a strange sensation, as if something was present here.

Upon reflection, it was likely to be this World Tree Seed.

Herag's own bloodline carried Elf Royal Family traits, creating some connection with the World Tree Seed, with a mutual sense of each other.

But he still had a point he couldn't understand, so he asked, "But shouldn't there have been some investigation by a member of the Elf Royal Family? An event of this magnitude couldn't have left the Elf Royal Family indifferent."

Chapter 540: Ancestor

Miracle Valley was annihilated, and the World Tree was uprooted. This was certainly a major event.

The Elf Royal Family would definitely come to investigate, and some Royal Elves would surely arrive.

Given this, the World Tree Seed should be automatically attracted when the Elf Royal Family comes.

The toad said, "How would I know why? Based on the current situation, it seems the Royal Elf hadn't arrived when this World Tree Seed appeared."

He didn't understand this either. At least, there wasn't any related information in his awakened memories, so he could only speculate.

Herag picked up the green World Tree Seed and felt the immense life energy within it.

With his talent for Desolate Plague, his perception of life energy was very keen.

This little seed contained astonishing life energy.

"Can this thing be placed in a Space Ring?" Herag asked.

The toad replied, "No problem, it doesn't have self-awareness. Now that it has absorbed your blood, it has your scent and will automatically follow you. Just put it in the Space Ring, and you won't have to worry about it escaping."

Herag nodded and placed the World Tree Seed into the Space Ring.

He initially wanted to place it in the Black Space, but there was a White Deer there.

Herag wasn't comfortable with the White Deer, fearing that if he placed the World Tree Seed inside, it might get nibbled away.

Regarding the World Tree Seed, he still needed to ask Chatiya to see if she had any insights.

After storing the World Tree Seed, Herag asked a question he had previously pondered: "My talent spell allows me to absorb other bloodlines' powers. After absorbing the Thunder God Ancestral Bloodline, will this affect me in any way? What exactly is an Ancestor?"

Discussing these topics with the toad wasn't revealing any secrets, as the toad already knew everything.

The black little figure once was resolved with the toad's help.

The toad said, "An Ancestor is a Level 9 creature, an existence that low-tier and middle-tier worlds cannot accommodate. According to my memories, Ancestors are the source of all bloodlines and souls. All bloodlines, powers, and souls flow from them and eventually return to them through unknown means."

"So you're saying that possessing the Thunder God Ancestral Bloodline means I might eventually return it?" Herag asked.

If that were the case, everything Herag was doing would ultimately benefit someone else.

The toad said, "I can't be sure. Ancestors are too mysterious. They are mythical beings. But the issue you're worried about shouldn't be a concern; many beings in many planes possess Ancestral-level bloodlines. For example, in the Abyss Plane, that black little figure you saw had the Thunder God Ancestral Bloodline."

"Their bloodlines are widely spread, and I've never heard of an Ancestor reclaiming their bloodline forcefully. I guess, for Ancestors, creatures with their bloodline only need to undergo the normal cycle of life and death."

"As long as these creatures are in the natural cycle of life and death, their bloodlines, powers, and souls will eventually return to them."

"So you don't need to worry about an Ancestor suddenly appearing to reclaim your bloodline while you cultivate."

"Beings of an Ancestor's level wouldn't have that leisure. You're overestimating your importance."

The toad finished with a sidelong glance at Herag, a mocking expression on its face.

Herag smiled wryly. The toad wasn't wrong.

For Ancestors, their bloodlines might be scattered across numerous endless planes.

Among these countless bloodlines, there must be powerful beings, but Ancestors wouldn't go on a killing spree to reclaim bloodlines, powers, and souls.

For them, it's better for their bloodlines to be as widespread as possible.

As long as even a sliver of their bloodline exists, they remain eternal.

Creatures with their bloodlines ultimately cannot escape the cycle of life and death.

As long as they die naturally, their bloodlines, powers, and souls will return to themselves without any intervention.

Unless a being with their bloodline can also become an Ancestral-level existence.

However, reaching the level of an Ancestor represents an entirely different realm.

The toad continued, "I reckon that even if you face the Thunder God Ancestor one day, he might just pat you on the back and say you're doing great, keep it up."

"Do you know him?" Herag asked.

The toad shook its head, "Of course not. I don't have any image or related memories of Ancestors in my mind."

Herag pondered the toad's words, guessing that the toad either genuinely hadn't encountered Ancestor-level beings, or if it had, it couldn't retain those memories.

"By the way, have you remembered anything more recently? Based on our conjecture, you should be Nicholas. Why are you in this form now?" Herag asked.

The toad said, "I don't have any valuable memory yet, but after observing you, I suddenly thought that perhaps I had toad bloodline in me before. Now there isn't any human bloodline in me. How I fully transformed into this, I have no idea."

Suddenly, Herag thought that since he could absorb other species' bloodlines, surely other Wizards could too.

The Great Dark Heaven is just a talent spell; there must be similar spells with similar effects.

And without using magic, many Wizards also modify themselves, absorbing and integrating other bloodlines reasonably.

If the toad, when it was a Wizard, absorbed the bloodline of a toad-like demon through some means, it would explain why a Wizard would transform into a demon from the Abyss Plane.

In theory, such a transformation is possible.

It's just that the process and reasons for this transformation aren't clear, and nobody knows how Nicholas turned into his current form. He can only wait for his memories to gradually awaken.

After conversing with the toad for a while, Herag let the toad return, and he flew out of the deep pit.

In the Elf Plane, few would choose to keep a toad as a pet.

So Herag decided not to keep the toad by his side, as it would draw too much attention.

After leaving the deep pit, he quickly departed from Miracle Valley and didn't enter the small town.

There were still some idle adventurers active in the town, so Herag found a secluded forest to stay in temporarily.

After confirming that no one was around, he took out the Fallen Wings and cut a crevice into a mountainside, and then slipped inside.

Once inside the space of the Fallen Wings, Herag also took out the Black Space, this Level 3 Witchcraft Artifact.