

## Sixth 561

### Chapter 561: Dinner

"Master, are you leaving so soon? Stay for dinner tonight. Your room has always been kept for you. We have been cleaning it and haven't touched anything inside," Ed said.

He truly couldn't bear Herag leaving so quickly, thinking it would be nice if he at least stayed for a meal.

Herag glanced at the houses behind and said, "Haven't you moved in? Why are you still living in the house next door? Isn't it a waste to leave that one empty?"

The courtyard consisted of three houses: one was an annex, another was the house Herag used for magic potion refining, and the largest one, akin to a small villa.

But now the largest house, though clean and tidy, showed no signs of being lived in.

Everything inside was as it was before, as if it had never changed.

"That's the master's room, and Ed shouldn't live in it. The annex is quite good, and it's not crowded for our family," Ed said.

He was already very content and didn't crave more.

For him, having an annex to live in was already an immense blessing.

Moreover, having such a large courtyard—there were few ordinary families in Ryan City with such a big yard.

With such a courtyard, house, a blacksmith shop, a wife, and children, Ed felt like the happiest person under the sky.

He was very content.

Herag thought for a moment and said, "Living in the annex might be suitable now, but when your three children grow up, this place won't be big enough. When your children have children, it'll be a large family. I'm giving this entire courtyard to you. If you don't move in, the house lacks vitality. Trust me, move in sooner."

"This..." Ed hesitated.

"How about this," Herag thought and said, "I used to live on the top floor of the house. You don't have to live on that floor, but you should at least live on the two floors below."

"Alright, I will follow the master's advice." Since Herag said so, Ed had to agree.

In the end, Herag decided to stay for the night and set off for the West Coast the next day.

Ed was naturally very happy and drove the carriage to pick up Judy and the children, buying some food to entertain Herag along the way.

Herag looked around the courtyard and felt a bit nostalgic as if it were a past life.

Back then, he was just a second-class wizard apprentice who came here for Moonstone Grass.

In the blink of an eye, he was now a Level 2 Wizard.

When he lived here, even the thought of becoming a Level 1 Wizard was unimaginable, and who could have thought he would come this far.

Herag walked into the house where he often refined magic potions and found that although the floor was clean, there was a lot of dust in the room, clearly showing it hadn't been visited for a long time.

However, there were some messy little footprints on the floor, obviously children's, likely Ed's son had been here.

For a child, a place designated as forbidden territory often stirs greater curiosity, so he probably sneaked in.

Herag had taken everything related to magic potion refining with him when he left, leaving nothing behind.

But the table still bore faint marks, remnants from his previous potion refinements.

Herag, after seeing the potion refining room, returned to the house where he once lived.

Visiting an old place brought forth many emotions.

At dinner time, Judy was busy in the kitchen.

Herag sat at the head of the long table, with Ed and his two sons sitting beside the table.

Originally, Ed insisted on not taking a seat, but at Herag's request, he joined the table.

Herag felt a little speechless about dining alone while others just watched.

Soon enough, dishes were served, and they started eating.

Judy never joined the meal, using the excuse of taking care of their little son and eating at the side.

During the meal, Ed's two sons occasionally glanced curiously at Herag, finding him quite interesting.

They had listened countless times to Ed's tales of how great and benevolent this master was.

But when they finally met him, they found he didn't look much older than themselves.

The dining table was quiet; Herag didn't talk, so the others didn't dare to speak either.

Ed, however, enjoyed the moment, quietly eating his meal.

Herag thought Ed might have requests, but until the meal ended, Ed asked for nothing, showing he indeed just wanted Herag to have dinner.

Most people at this time would probably ask for favors concerning their children, hoping Herag could help tutor or mentor them.

In those years, Ed surely learned what being a wizard meant and often heard tales of wizards while drinking and boasting with city residents.

Whenever hearing those tales, Ed would smile inwardly.

"You are just listening to stories, but I truly followed a powerful wizard master," he thought, having never mentioned it to others or used it as a means to boast.

During dinner, Herag observed Ed's eldest and second sons, and confirmed neither had any aptitude for wizardry.

In ordinary families, having someone with wizardry potential is extremely rare, especially if both parents are ordinary. The probability is minuscule.

After dinner, Herag went over to Judy.

Judy was holding her little son, feeding him something akin to porridge.

The little guy wasn't afraid when Herag approached. He merely widened his eyes and stared at Herag since he had never seen him before.

Herag looked at the little one, silent for a moment.

He noticed many free energy particles naturally gathering and floating around the child, a sign indicating wizard potential.

The specific aptitude was unclear, needing testing for confirmation.

But it certainly met the threshold to enter the wizardry realm.

"What's his name?" Herag suddenly asked.

Realizing something, Ed's voice trembled with excitement, "Davin! His name is Davin!"

Herag thought for a moment and took out a ring from his space ring.

This ring was a demonized item called the Ring of the Wind Elf, enchanted with a Level 0 spell to enhance one's agility.

Herag hadn't used this ring for a long time, as at his current level its speed boost was trivial.

By the time the Ring of the Wind Elf was activated, he might have died several times over in a battle.

Herag handed the Ring of the Wind Elf to Davin after taking it out.

Being young, Davin didn't understand what it was. He instinctively took it with his chubby little hands and held it tightly.

## Chapter 562: Margaret Port

"This is the token of the Wizard Organization Moonlight Forest. If he wishes to walk the path of a wizard in the future, he can join the Moonlight Forest with this," said Herag.

The Wind Elf's ring was obtained by Herag when he killed another wizard apprentice. The ring itself is also a token of the Moonlight Forest.

Seeing Ed had some wizard aptitude, Herag thought this item wouldn't be much use to him, so he decided to give it to Ed.

The essence of these demonized items is to help various wizard organizations recruit and absorb fresh blood.

The enchantments on the demonized items are all Level 0 Spells, which are of little use to an official wizard like Herag.

Many official wizards, when encountering someone with potential, would give away the demonized items they hold, offering a chance.

Many wizards started their path in this way, relying on demonized items as tokens to join wizard organizations.

After joining a wizard organization, one either keeps advancing to become an official wizard, struggles diligently, or meets death or stagnation at a certain stage, ending life there.

Just like the wizard apprentice whom Herag first encountered, his Small Fireball Technique ring was given by his teacher, most likely an apprentice who lost hope in advancement, passing the demonized item to his student.

He didn't expect that his student would die before leaving Coleson Continent.

Herag gave away the Wind Elf's ring not to insist that Davin must walk the path of a wizard when he grows up.

All choices are in his hands; whether to embark on this journey depends on his personal will.

Becoming a wizard may seem transcendent, but more often than not, people become nothing more than a pile of bones.

Sometimes, living a simple life might be a better choice.

Ed was extremely excited, kneeling down and repeatedly kowtowing in gratitude.

He knew very well what this ring meant; it was more precious than thousands of gold coins.

This ring represents an opportunity to completely change one's fate.

Herag stopped him, "Alright, alright, I'm just giving him this ring because I see that Davin has some potential. Remember, whether he chooses this path in the future is up to him; do not force him to walk this road."

"Understood, sir," Ed kept Herag's words in mind.

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The next day, outside Ryan City.

"Sir, let me take you to the West Coast," Ed requested.

"By the time you send me, it'll be two months from now, let's leave it here."

Herag waved goodbye.

Magic Power surged around his body, transforming into a fiery stream of light that flew away.

Ed watched the stream of light in a daze, and after a while, he kneeled and kowtowed.

Many people inside the city also noticed the stream of light and looked up.

However, the stream of light disappeared in the blink of an eye, vanishing from everyone's sight.

This brief moment sparked discussion among many people in the city.

Many speculated what it could be, with varied opinions.

Some did not witness the scene and had to rely on others' accounts.

Such a small incident became a topic of conversation for the residents of this little city during tea and meals for a while.

Traveling from Ryan City to the West Coast takes two months by carriage.

With Elemental Flight, Herag naturally didn't need to travel slowly by carriage.

The area between Ryan City and the West Coast consists of human settlements, with no vast uninhabited regions.

Herag did not worry about any hidden dangers in these areas, avoiding any trouble.

In the Barren Land, apart from wandering wizards, there are only wizards from a few organizations.

Wandering wizards are weak and pose no threat to Herag.

And in those wizard organizations, Level 2 Wizards are rare, even if encountered, there is no reason for conflict.

Only some hostile forces in the Land of Dawn might possibly make a move against Herag.

But now Herag was sent here by Toad, far from Black Rock Valley.

Even if someone planned to ambush him, it's impossible to predict he would arrive here so quickly.

Herag flew swiftly in the sky, avoiding cities to prevent attracting too much attention.

When unable to avoid crowds, he chose to fly over rural areas with fewer people.

Whenever he flew over people's heads, he saw them kneel down, clasp their hands, and pray.

To them, this was a miracle.

Herag spent three days reaching Margaret Port.

Margaret Port is the largest harbor city on the West Coast, frequently hosting numerous ships.

"This is it, sir!" A skinny little boy led Herag to the entrance of a tavern named Bird Language Tavern.

Herag nodded and gave the boy two silver coins as a reward.

"Thank you, sir!" The boy's eyes lit up seeing the silver coins, bowing nearly ninety degrees.

It was his first encounter with such a generous guest, getting two silver coins just for showing the way, a huge reward.

Herag initially considered giving a gold coin but, seeing the boy's frail figure and patchy clothing, switched to two silver coins.

Giving too much might endanger him instead.

Herag entered Bird Language Tavern, the interior dim but lively.

Many appeared to be sailors, holding large mugs and drinking heartily.

For these sailors who lived long at sea, shore time was a rare chance for indulgence and rest.

Despite sailing often, few sailors saved money.

Each shore visit resulted in their pockets emptied by women, taverns, and casinos.

After spending everything, they returned to the sea, repeating the cycle.

Herag approached the counter, asking the attendant, "Hello, I'm looking for Mr. Staven."

The attendant paused, looked Herag over, and asked, "Are you Mr. Herag?"

"Yes," Herag nodded.

The attendant then politely said, "The boss is out, he might return tonight. If you don't mind, you can wait in the backyard."

Apparently, Staven informed beforehand, so the attendant knew someone would come looking for him.

The attendant knew Staven's publicly known name was not this, few could call him directly by his name.

Herag nodded, signaling the attendant to lead the way.

The attendant led Herag to the tavern backyard, a sizeable courtyard with a five-story building.

This building was unnoticeable from outside the tavern, no one would guess such a large building was inside.

### Chapter 563: Wizard Apprentice

There was a small shed in the courtyard. After the attendant brought Herag a comfortable chair, he inquired about what Herag wanted to drink.

Herag told him to arrange it freely, then sat down to rest for a moment.

Having used Elemental Flight for several days, he indeed felt a bit tired.

After a while, the attendant brought over a stove, then a teapot, and teacups, brewed a pot of coffee for Herag, and then left.

Herag lay back in the chair with his eyes closed, listening to the bubbling sound of coffee slowly boiling in the teapot beside him.

It seemed that Staven wouldn't be back anytime soon, but Herag wasn't in a hurry and waited patiently.

After all, they didn't specify an exact time; they only mentioned that Staven might arrive at Margaret Port within these few days.

The information Herag received was that Staven was a Crystallization Wizard from Dream Island.

However, he didn't spend much time on Dream Island, usually engaging in activities elsewhere.

He owned a tavern in Margaret Port, and few knew he was a wizard; most considered him a learned scholar.

Of course, the nobles and wealthy in Margaret Port were somewhat aware and held great respect for Staven.

As the sun set, Herag heard the calls of seagulls from the port, followed by footsteps at the courtyard entrance, sounding like three people.

Herag opened his eyes and saw the attendant who had served him standing respectfully in front of a middle-aged man with a bearded face, reporting something.

Behind the two was a brown-haired boy, seemingly around eight or nine years old.

The boy appeared somewhat nervous, standing alone at the side, not daring to move.

Upon noticing Herag looking at him, he fearfully leaned against the wall, almost sticking to it.

Herag noticed that the boy also had the potential to be a Wizard but seemed to lack any Demonized Items.

Judging by his aura, he was still in the stage of never having practiced the Meditation Method, not yet initiated.

After the attendant reported some matters to the middle-aged man, he returned to the tavern to continue his work.

"Mr. Herag, I apologize for the wait. I am Staven from Dream Island," said Staven as he walked over to shake hands with Herag.

Herag replied, "It's no problem; I just arrived. I'll need to trouble Mr. Staven this time."

"It's a small matter, a small matter. I've already informed the higher-ups of the organization. They are very welcoming of your arrival, Mr. Herag," Staven said.

Herag and Staven exchanged a few casual words without excessive politeness.

Herag learned that Staven himself had a task—to escort some young Wizard Apprentices back to Dream Island. So he could conveniently take Herag along.

The boy next to Staven was one of the young Wizard Apprentices to be escorted this time, named Andri.

Staven had discovered Andri unexpectedly while resting at a farmer's house in the countryside.

In the eyes of ordinary people in Margaret Port, besides being a learned scholar, Staven was also a highly skilled doctor.

Crucially, he charged no money for treating illnesses and didn't consider social standing.

Even a homeless person by the roadside wouldn't deter Staven from stepping in to help.

This time, Staven went to the countryside near Margaret Port to treat a farmer's illness.

Unexpectedly, during the treatment, he discovered that the farmer's son had the potential of a wizard.

Staven asked the farmer if they would allow him to take their son away to learn some things.

Of course, the farmer had no objections and was very happy that his son caught the attention of Scholar Staven.

This explained why Andri had no Demonized Items on him; he wasn't chosen based on a token.

"The ship will set sail in three days, so Mr. Herag, I must trouble you to rest for a few days."

Staven also needed to receive Wizard Apprentices sent from other places, thus requiring some waiting time.

They would depart once the time came.

Herag expressed his understanding and temporarily stayed in Staven's courtyard.

During these few days, Herag and Andri became somewhat acquainted, and Andri was no longer as afraid of Herag.

"Sir, can he talk?" Andri asked, looking at the toad on Herag's shoulder.

He had always been interested in the toad, often sneaking glances but never daring to get close.

Two days later, he finally mustered the courage to come over.

The toad rolled its eyes to look at Andri before closing them again, ignoring him.

"It seems he doesn't want to pay you any mind," Herag chuckled, not answering Andri's question.

Andri scratched his head in embarrassment and said, "I've caught toads before, but I've never seen one this big. And why does it stay on your shoulder without running off? It's so strange."

"You'll find out later," Herag replied with an air of mystery.

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At Margaret Port, a massive sea vessel slowly docked in front of Herag and the others.

"Please board first, Mr. Herag!" Staven motioned for Herag to go first, and behind him were six children, including Andri.

The six children varied in height and dress style.

Four of them were clearly affluent or noble, dressed very lavishly, while Andri and another freckled girl appeared to be commoners.

The class disparity was evident at this moment; the four noble children stood together, chatting and laughing.

Andri and the other girl stood off to the side meekly, their heads down, not daring to speak.

Herag caught a glimpse of this scene and boarded the ship first.

"What status does that gentleman hold for even Mr. Staven to respect him so?"

After boarding, the four noble children quietly discussed on the third deck of the ship.

"I don't know either; I don't recognize him."

"Forget it, let's not discuss it further. He must be a big shot. Why not think about our future lives? How about we collaborate when we reach Dream Island?"

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Listening to the children below discussing, Herag couldn't help but reminisce about when he first boarded the ship.

Back then, what were his feelings about the future? Probably similar to theirs.

Andri and the girl stayed on the fourth deck because all the good rooms on the third had been taken.

In front of the four noble children, Andri and the girl didn't dare to contest and had to accept the arrangement.

Herag stayed on the second deck, where the rooms were spacious and well-equipped.

This accommodation was far superior to when he last traveled by ship; the comfort was incomparable.

The sea vessel quickly set sail, heading into the vast ocean towards Dream Island.

Herag was curious about what Dream Island was truly like.

It was said that under normal circumstances, Dream Island was inaccessible; ordinary ships couldn't find its location.

#### Chapter 564: Sea Race

For the ordinary ships on the sea, the area where Dream Island is located simply doesn't exist; it is imperceptible.

Only wizards like Staven and Dino from Dream Island know how to enter it.

Herag learned from Staven that it would take about half a month to reach Dream Island.

In terms of time, Dream Island is not too far from the West Coast, as ships of this era are not particularly fast.

During the voyage, Herag came alone to the deck, set up a deck chair, and lay down, enjoying the sea breeze.

Here, with him on deck, no one dared to come over, as everyone knew he was a wizard even Staven respected.

Those sailors were all Staven's subordinates and used to speak loudly on the deck, singing coarse songs.

But now, all was silent; no one dared to disturb the peace of the gentleman on deck.

As for the wizard apprentices, none dared to bother Herag, except for Andri.

The four noble children were very aware of what a wizard represented, so they were in awe of Herag, not daring to approach.

But Andri had no concept of wizards; he didn't even know what he was doing there.

Only because he had interacted with Herag before, he would occasionally come to the deck to chat with Herag and watch the toads.

This scene made the four noble children curious about Andri's identity, as he could converse so freely with the wizard lord.

Life at sea was very calm, with nothing happening in the first week, the weather was serene.

Until the night of the eighth day, the bright moon hung high, its light spilling down, illuminating a large swath of sea.

At this time, Herag, who was originally meditating in the sea breeze on deck, suddenly opened his eyes.

Sounds soon came from behind, and Staven came out, looking at the sea ahead with a heavy expression.

The ship gradually slowed to a stop, clearly on Staven's orders.

Herag stood up, walked to the frontmost part of the deck, and looked out over the sea.

Standing at the bow, as the sea breeze blew, his robe billowed and fluttered.

After the ship stopped, several wizard apprentices in the cabin quickly detected the abnormality, and the four noble children huddled together, discussing in low voices.

Although they were curious about what was happening outside, none dared to go out to see.

After a brief discussion, they went to the fourth level of the cabin and knocked on the door of a freckled-faced little girl.

"What... what do you want?" The little girl nervously hid her head behind the door, looking timidly at the people in front of her.

"You, go to the deck and see what's happening outside, then come back and tell us." The leader was a blond boy named Jansen, rumored to be the son of a great noble of the Doris Kingdom.

"I..." The little girl instinctively wanted to refuse; she was scared but even more afraid of the people in front of her.

"I told you to go, so go!" Jansen shouted.

Seeing the little girl still not moving, Jansen became somewhat irritated and angrily said, "A commoner dares to defy my orders! I..."

"What are you all doing!" The door behind the four opened, and Andri came out and asked.

He seemed a bit scared, but his expression was firm, clenching his fists as if to encourage himself.

Jansen frowned when he saw him, not wanting to clash with Andri.

Because he'd seen Andri getting along well with the wizard lord on the deck, Jansen was clear about his position, knowing he couldn't afford to provoke a wizard.

From a young age, he was aware of the power and prestige of wizards; even nobles who usually held prestige were nothing in front of wizards.

Even if his father were here, he'd have to kneel at a wizard's command.

So, seeing Andri being so close with the wizard, Jansen didn't dare to provoke him and only dared to seek out the little girl for information.

"This has nothing to do with you," Jansen said.

Andri clasped his fists tighter, mustering the courage to say, "Renee is my friend."

Hearing this, Jansen looked displeased but didn't dare say more, and he left this layer of the cabin with a cold face.

Andri, seeing them leave, looked a bit flustered.

In fact, he had braced himself for a beating, but he didn't expect the other party to just leave like that.

When did I become so powerful? Andri was a bit dumbfounded.

"Thank you, Andri." After those people left, Renee dared to open her door fully, came out to thank him, glanced at Andri, then quickly lowered her head, her face slightly reddening.

Andri, seeing this, nervously scratched the back of his head, saying, "No... no problem."

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No one paid attention to the commotion below deck; Herag and Staven stood at the bow, looking ahead.

The previously calm sea ahead suddenly showed some disturbance, as if something was about to emerge from below the surface.

Soon, several humanoid creatures emerged, showing half of their bodies, looking at Herag and Staven at the bow.

These humanoid creatures had human-like facial features and hands, but near their chins, they had gills like fish, their hands resembling webbed appendages of aquatic animals.

"It's the Sea Race." Herag immediately recognized this kind of creature.

Sea Race numbers are vast, with numerous specific classifications, spread across various places in the Wizard Plane's seas, forming a significant force.

If wizards are the dominators of the land, then the Sea Race are the dominators beyond the land.

Herag recalled historical records he'd read, where wizards had wars with the Sea Race, not just once.

The wars between the two had mixed outcomes, ultimately resulting in agreements of non-aggression.

From the start, the Sea Race held absolute superiority in these wars.

Because they lived in the seas, which are vast, far greater in area than the land.

Though wizards were powerful, they found it hard to inflict effective damage to the overall strength of the Sea Race.

Some wizards even considered using curses or poisons to pollute large sea areas directly.

But this approach also risked harming themselves and creating uncontrollable situations, so it was eventually dismissed.

There had been no conflicts for many years now, even though the overall power of wizards had significantly declined, the Sea Race had not launched any real wars.

To them, the land held no allure; as long as wizards didn't interfere with their lives, peace could remain.

So when Herag and Staven saw these Sea Race emerge, blocking their path, they couldn't help but wonder what the Sea Race wanted.

Shenlan's environmental scan was in progress; Herag checked the surrounding waters and found no large Sea Race forces, just three indistinct presences hidden beneath the water, guarding the Sea Race above, seemingly as bodyguards.

#### Chapter 565: Prophecy

There were a total of three sea creatures surfacing, all appearing female in form.

Herag and Staven saw that the others seemed not to have any intention to attack, so they didn't rush to take action.

"Which wizard influence do you belong to? (Sea Race Universal Language)" The one in the middle of the three sea creatures asked, using the Sea Race universal language.

Both Herag and Staven had learned the Sea Race universal language, so they could understand what was being said.

Staven spoke first: "I am a wizard from Dream Island, may I ask if there is anything you need?"

"Dream Island, understood. Is this person as well?" The sea creature looked at Herag, seeming more interested in him.

Herag felt the other had something to say and thus replied, "Serlandir."

"Serlandir..." It was clear the sea creature knew the name, showing some emotional reaction upon hearing it, and looked at Herag intently.

"If you're a wizard from the Land of Dawn, that's even better. We've seen some of the future through language and hope you can relay this to the Wizard Alliance," the sea creature said.

Though the sea creatures rarely set foot on land and had little interaction with land wizards, they were always well informed about matters on the continent.

They were very knowledgeable about the Barren Land and the Land of Dawn, and well aware of the famous wizard influences.

They were quite familiar with Serlandir, having considerable references in historical war records.

In fact, these few sea creatures attempted to communicate with Herag and others after sensing the powerful aura emanating from him.

"May I ask, what is the prophecy?" Herag asked, already having a faint suspicion in his heart.

"The world will be destroyed, the Abyss will ultimately descend. We hope the Wizard Alliance can prepare early. This time, we may need to join forces. Besides you, we've also sent people to contact the Dragon Race. This concerns our entire plane, and we hope you can convey this," the sea creature said.

Herag's eyebrows twitched; it was indeed about this matter.

Although he didn't know how the sea creatures foretold it, the result was almost no different from what he had seen.

They probably knew more than he did, which is why they sought collaboration with the Wizard Alliance to fight against external foes.

The future fragments Herag had seen were from his own perspective and did not show him other areas' conditions.

As it turns out, it seems the sea creatures in the sea area can't escape either and will still be dragged into this vortex.

Herag said, "Thank you for providing the information, I will pass it on."

Staven, usually calm, was somewhat shocked after hearing this news.

He knew the ocean creatures' strength and wouldn't doubt their prophecy much.

The sea creatures wouldn't idly come ashore to deceive him.

Even if the prophecy had some deviations, this matter is still very significant.

The sea creature spread her hands, lifted her head, and closed her eyes, as if praying.

Seeing this, both Herag and Staven slightly bowed in response.

That was the sea creatures' etiquette, so the two used the human etiquette to return the gesture.

The sea creature said, "May we overcome this difficulty together."

After she finished speaking, she sank beneath the water's surface, then suddenly sped up and disappeared from the surroundings in the blink of an eye.

After the sea creature left, Staven remained silent for a moment, took out a green leaf, and began inscribing peculiar symbols on it with magic power.

Herag took a glance and knew it was a cipher, likely Dream Island's exclusive code, used specifically for transmitting important confidential information.

He was reporting the recent events to the higher-ups on Dream Island.

Herag thought for a moment, then also took out a piece of parchment and wrote down everything that had just happened, then handed a gold coin to the toad: "Take this letter to Pries."

The toad swallowed the gold coin, then swallowed the letter, and subsequently disappeared into the void.

A few minutes later, the toad reappeared, having delivered the letter to Pries.

After Staven finished transmitting the message, he directed the sailors to continue sailing the ship, at a speed even faster than during the day.

Herag didn't have too many thoughts; the message delivered by this letter was probably already known to the Wizard Alliance.

From some previous actions of the Wizard Alliance, Herag believed that they should have already known about it.

Although the Wizards of the Land of Dawn have dwindled, the foundation is still there, and there must be a way for them to know this information.

The information he transmitted merely served to further substantiate these matters while conveying the sea creatures' intention to cooperate.

After the ship resumed its journey, the wizard apprentices in the cabin, who had been anxious, finally let out a sigh of relief.

From start to finish, they had no idea what had transpired outside; they only knew that the ship inexplicably paused for a while before accelerating again.

Several days later.

Standing at the bow of the ship, Staven faced the calm, boundless sea ahead, with nothing visible on the entire sea surface.

Magic power fluctuated around him, and he rapidly chanted something, strange syllables pouring from his lips.

Herag stood next to him, observing this scene and noticing that the surrounding spatial rules were undergoing some changes.

With each syllable Staven uttered, the spatial rules around them would fluctuate once.

Once Staven's chanting was complete, Herag found that the surrounding scenery had completely changed.

Ahead lay a massive island, its boundaries not visible within their field of view.

They were currently in a recessed bay, with a huge port just ahead, docking various large ships.

The port was bustling, a continuous expanse of buildings, filled with people coming and going, as busy as any ordinary port.

The ship slowly advanced and docked at the port.

"We've arrived, Mr. Herag," Staven said with a smile.

Herag glanced around and remarked, "A very remarkable, peculiar place."

"It seems Mr. Herag has already noticed the uniqueness of this place," Staven laughed heartily.

Herag nodded and asked, "This is not in the Wizard Plane anymore, is it?"

"That's right, Mr. Herag's perception is indeed keen. Actually, unlike other wizard influences driven to the Barren Land, Dream Island has always been here since ancient times," Staven explained.

This was something Herag hadn't known before; he always thought Dream Island was just situated in another space.

But after entering, he discovered that this was a small plane.

The difference between a plane and a space is significant, and for a Level 2 Wizard like Herag, it's easy to discern the difference between the two.

One has complete rules, while the other lacks them.

Herag was also unaware of Dream Island's history and was surprised to learn that this wizard organization was not forced here.

## Chapter 566: Dream Island

Herag suddenly thought that, geographically speaking, Dream Island has always been located within the sea region and not on land.

From this perspective, Dream Island never seemed to belong to the Barren Land at all.

Herag had always subconsciously thought Dream Island was the same as other Wizard Organizations in the Barren Land, overlooking the fact that Dream Island had always been in the sea region.

Geographically, Dream Island doesn't belong to the Barren Land, and not even to the Kala Continent.

It's only because Dream Island, as a Wizard Organization, has considerable strength that its influence reaches the Barren Land.

Realizing this, Herag felt he needed to reassess the strength of Dream Island.

He recalled that in his past experiences, the people of Dream Island indeed seemed to rarely operate in the Barren Land.

Although the Doris Kingdom is under their influence, it's rare to see Wizards from Dream Island there.

Dream Island possesses a Small Plane, surely making it stronger than other Wizards in the Barren Land.

But not by much, because this plane is merely a Low-tier World.

The strongest it can accommodate in a Low-tier World is a Level 3 Wizard, while the Six Great Wizard Organizations in the Land of Dawn all have Level 4 Wizards.

Theoretically, the strongest on Dream Island should be a Level 3 Wizard.

A Level 3 Wizard can definitely traverse the Barren Land with ease, but it's uncertain at sea.

Once the ship docked, several robed Wizards came to take the batch of Wizard Apprentices away.

Andri, at the back, turned around to look at Herag, waving, "Goodbye, Lord Herag!"

Herag waved back, saying no more.

Once this group of Wizard Apprentices left, one of Staven's tasks was considered complete, but he had another task yet.

"Come with me, Mr. Herag, our journey isn't over," Staven said with a gentle smile.

Herag had already noticed this, as most people at the port were ordinary people, occasionally a few Wizard Apprentices and Wizards would pass by.

This indicated that this wasn't the main area where Wizards from Dream Island operate, and most houses were inhabited by ordinary people.

Herag followed Staven back to the port, and once more boarded Staven's ship to set sail.

This time, instead of returning the same way, they set off from this port heading eastward.

"The island behind us is called Bone Island, home to many ordinary people who mainly maintain some basic functioning of this plane."

"Besides ordinary people, Bone Island also hosts many Wizard Apprentices, it's a place where many Wizard Apprentices take courses. Once their strength improves to Second Class or Third Class Wizard Apprentice, they'll move to other islands," Bone introduced.

This Small Plane of Dream Island doesn't have large continents but is scattered with many islands.

The area here is generally divided by sea regions and islands, and Bone Island is akin to a rookie area for Wizard Apprentices.

Besides Bone Island, there are several large islands almost entirely inhabited by Wizard Apprentices and Wizards.

On Dream Island, typically after someone becomes an Official Wizard, they get their own small island.

This is much grander than a house in the Moonlight Forest, directly gifting an island.

Many islands are large, and as long as there are no special resources, newly promoted Official Wizards have the opportunity to choose one as their own island.

The location and size of the islands are crucial, with many intricacies, and some islands may harbor hidden resources.

For Wizards on Dream Island, choosing an island is a very important matter, impacting future development.

Wizards with information channels often choose excellent islands.

But without much background or information, it all comes down to luck.

There are plenty of islands here, not at all fearing a shortage because it is considered a complete world after all.

Staven took Herag to an island larger than Bone Island, where they completed some information registration before resting for a night and continuing the next day.

Herag, being an outsider, requires this for necessary verification of identity.

Once the information verification and registration were complete, Staven could take Herag to the island where Erza resides, following the visitor process.

Staven's ship sailed for four days before reaching the vicinity of Erza's island.

Erza's island is vast and lush with greenery, resembling a tropical rainforest with excellent natural conditions.

Even before the ship reached the pier, Herag could see many people there.

Erza, dressed in attire, with a pink long gown surrounded by maids, quietly awaited Herag's arrival.

Herag stood at the bow, gazing at Erza in the distance.

As the ship slowly approached, Erza's stunning visage gradually became clear.

Erza seemed deliberately calm, showing no expression outwardly.

However, as Herag got closer to the dock, Erza's lips couldn't help but curve upward.

When Herag disembarked, Erza could no longer maintain her composure, ran over, and threw herself into Herag's embrace.

Herag instantly felt a tremendous impact, then he hugged Erza, holding her tightly.

Despite meeting many women, Erza has always been distinguished among them.

Staven saw this scene and chuckled, "Mr. Herag, my mission is complete, let's have another drink sometime."

"Thank you for your help, Mr. Staven," Herag turned to express his gratitude.

Still nestled in Herag's embrace, Erza paid no mind to the opinions of others.

After Staven departed, Erza said, "I thought you wouldn't come, but turns out you have some conscience."

Only then did Herag take a good look at Erza, noticing she appeared significantly younger, with less of a mature, matronly charm.

It seems the World Tree Juice's effects are strong, reverting Erza to her teenage appearance, even altering her aura slightly.

Now, Erza looks exactly like a girl in the prime of her youth.

"After seeing your letter, I rushed over immediately; it just took some time," Herag, wrapping an arm around Erza's waist, began to walk inland.

A group of maids followed behind them, maintaining a certain distance, their movements synchronized.

These maids were evidently of noble birth, trained from a young age, likely from Erza's own family.

Herag noticed that several of the maids were Wizard Apprentices, though only First-Class Wizard Apprentices, it was still quite remarkable.

With even the maids being Wizard Apprentices, it seems Erza's family background is quite extraordinary.

Chapter 567: Land of Tenderness

Herag held Erza, feeling the warmth of her touch.

As he walked into the island, he found it quite interesting.

The entire island was enveloped in a Witch Array, at least a Level 2 Witch Array, or possibly a Level 3 Witch Array.

With such protective witchcraft, there's basically no need to worry about external threats invading.

The maids on the island were also from within the Erza Family, and their reliability was relatively high.

The palace where Erza usually lived was located in a flat area of the island, while other houses were for the servants on the island.

After entering the palace, Erza directly pulled Herag into her boudoir and dismissed the maids.

"Tell me, what's this about not being able to see you again, as you mentioned in your letter?" Herag asked, which was something he was particularly concerned about.

Erza stood by the floor-to-ceiling window without responding, instead extending her hand with a gentle wave, and the curtains closed automatically, leaving only the soft yellow light in the room.

With another wave of her hand, the dress she was wearing slowly slipped down, but it didn't drop completely, caught on something.

Frowning, sometimes this was a bother, she moved her hand again to pull the dress down.

She then turned around, wearing black lingerie.

Herag's eyes were fixed.

Under the dim, enchanting light, Erza's flawless body paired with the seductive lingerie displayed an irresistible allure.

Erza walked slowly towards Herag with bare feet and then held him tightly.

"Let's talk about it another time," Erza whispered.

...

The vast endless sea, the sun rises and sets.

In Erza's boudoir.

Herag looked at Erza, who was breathing softly in his arms; the bed and room were a mess.

Erza was now a Level 1 Official Wizard, her constitution had greatly increased, allowing Herag to be more unrestrained than before.

Yet, despite such fatigue, even this Official Wizard seemed a bit overwhelmed.

Although tired, she was very satisfied.

"Don't leave," Erza whispered, resting her head on Herag's sturdy arm.

"I don't want to leave either, but there's a lot to be done," Herag said.

"It's not that, you don't understand," Erza said.

Herag asked puzzled, "What's wrong?"

"Remember what I said in my letter? You might not see me again," Erza said.

"I remember," Herag replied, sensing that Erza had something to say.

Erza said, "Dream Island might close soon."

"Close? What do you mean?" Herag asked.

"I also heard this through some rumors in the family, but it seems there's going to be major upheaval in the Wizard Plane. To protect itself, Dream Island is preparing to shut down temporarily and cut off contact with the Wizard Plane," Erza said.

Herag was thoughtful; it seemed that Dream Island had already sensed something without needing a message from the Sea Race.

Come to think of it, Dream Island has been a Wizard Organization existing for such a long time.

Even if its strength couldn't match the various Wizard Organizations of the Land of Dawn, it had its foundation.

Dream Island must have foreseen something about the future through some means, which is why they were making preparations in advance.

Regarding Dream Island, the invasion of the Abyss Plane wasn't that terrifying.

Since they were already in another plane, they only needed to sever contact with the Wizard Plane.

Unless the Abyss Plane specifically created a space passage to Dream Island, but that probability is minimal.

Because all actions have a purpose, the Abyss Plane invades the Wizard Plane for its own interests.

Dream Island is just a Low-tier World, with too little reward from an invasion.

Thinking about this, Herag suddenly pondered why the Abyss Plane wanted to invade the Wizard Plane.

The Wizard Plane is technically just a Middle-tier World, what is there so attractive to the Abyss Plane that even after all these years they persist in their attempts to invade?

Herag felt he might have grasped a key issue about this.

The Abyss Plane, being a High-tier World with an intelligent civilization, acts out of self-interest and doesn't idly bully weaker planes for fun.

Therefore, the Abyss Plane must be seeking something from the Wizard Plane during its invasion. What do they want from the Wizard Plane?

Not understanding for now, Herag temporarily kept this question to himself.

Returning to Dream Island, since they foresaw danger, they would naturally take protective measures.

For Dream Island, this naturally means hiding itself and temporarily severing contact with the Wizard Plane.

This way, they can temporarily protect themselves.

Dream Island, as a Small Plane, is a truly complete and real world, enough to sustain countless inhabitants.

Except for the low chance of birthing a Level 4 Wizard, due to its low plane level, it is absolutely suitable for the people of Dream Island to live for many years.

Even without any contact with the Wizard Plane, they can be self-sufficient.

After Erza learned all this, she naturally wanted Herag to stay with her, as that would at least mean temporary safety.

"I already know this information, and I've made some preparations," Herag said.

"I want you to stay," Erza said, seeing that Herag seemed still intent on leaving, uncharacteristically acting coquettish.

Although Erza had always been charming and beautiful, she had never acted so coy before, revealing the demeanor of a young girl.

Herag's heart fluttered, impressed by how so many people could get lost in tenderness.

In such tender arms, getting lost didn't seem entirely unacceptable.

But Herag's resolve was strong, he wouldn't just stay here waiting and doing nothing.

"Don't worry, even if Dream Island closes, I can still come in," Herag said.

"How will you come in, are you lying to me again?" Erza said.

Herag smiled helplessly and said, "My Messenger can deliver messages across planes. Besides that, he can also bring people. It's just that it might trigger Dream Island's alert at that time, but you just need to explain things."

"Across planes? And can bring people!" Erza was a bit taken aback, being from a Wizard Family she naturally knew about these things.

There are indeed beings in the messengers who can traverse planes, but those are the absolute top existences of other planes.

It's very difficult to form a Messenger Contract with such beings, at least Erza hadn't heard of it before.

The reason is simply that such beings don't regard ordinary wizards.

Without sufficient strength, it's impossible to sign a Messenger Contract with them.

Erza looked seriously at Herag, still somewhat puzzled.

Although Herag was a Level 2 Wizard, strong in places like the Barren Land.

But in the endless planes, a Level 2 Wizard isn't much.

Chapter 568: Departure

So Erza was puzzled as to why such an entity would sign a contract with Herag.

Moreover, she was even more perplexed that Herag's messenger could actually transport people, something unheard of.

She had heard of many powerful messengers, but none that could transport people.

Regarding the toad, Herag couldn't reveal much and just smiled, saying, "Don't be puzzled, a man as charming as I am having such a messenger is only normal."

Erza knew this was probably laden with secrets, so she didn't inquire further, instead, she gently bit Herag.

"Since that's the case, make sure to visit me often in the future. Don't be like before, disappearing for over a decade without a heart. Come directly to me, and I'll explain to the people at Dream Island," Erza said.

Herag nodded, "I'll come as often as I can."

Herag's initial reason for visiting Erza was to inform her of potential future crises and the situation with the Elf Plane as a backup plan.

But it seemed Erza was already aware of these issues, so he didn't need to tell her.

Besides, Dream Island itself, being a small plane, was safe enough for Erza, even safer than the Elf Plane.

Herag even considered whether to use Erza's place as another alternative route.

The saying "a wise rabbit has three burrows" points out that having another option is always good.

From all angles, Erza's location seemed a very good choice.

The only concern was the wizards on Dream Island.

Dream Island remained part of the Wizard Plane's organization, and Herag was still somewhat wary of them.

After all, Erza was just a Level 1 Wizard and didn't wield much influence there.

In this small plane of Dream Island, everything was under its control, which always posed a hidden risk.

Herag would not fully trust these wizard organizations and risk his lifeline in their hands.

The Elf Plane, being a middle-tier world, was vast enough where no force could monitor or control the entire world.

Even if Herag didn't go to the Elves, he could easily find a secluded forest to live in his whole life without being discovered.

"By the way, become my follower, that way it'll be easier to contact you in the future," Herag suggested.

"Follower?" Erza didn't understand what Herag meant and didn't immediately grasp it.

Herag then explained briefly, after which Erza, half believing, tried it out and found it to be true.

At this, Erza once again couldn't quite see through Herag, finding it hard to imagine how he had grown over the years to possess such means and abilities.

Nonetheless, the stronger her man was, the happier and more secure she felt.

"Oh, my great god, what would you have your devoted follower do?" Erza whispered into Herag's ear, her warm breath making his neck tickle.

...

A month quickly passed.

During the month, Herag spent all his time with Erza.

Whether exploring the island, camping, or sailing at sea, they did it together.

Herag even took Erza underwater, exploring and experiencing the sights of the deep sea like never before.

This was something Erza had never tried, she hadn't thought she could ever venture the sea this way.

Happy times are always fleeting, and if possible, Herag wished he could stay there forever.

But pressures from all directions still existed, and Herag didn't think he could completely control his own fate yet.

There were still many things he needed to accomplish, so he had to leave.

While he came on Staven's ship, he left on Erza's ship from Dream Island.

Returning didn't have to be like when he came, slowly sailing.

Herag utilized the messenger function of the toad to directly return to Black Rock Valley, outside Booker's vegetable garden.

Upon landing, Herag felt that even the witch array didn't seem so formidable.

With means like the toad's, any witch array defense seemed meaningless, lacking any real defense capability.

But entities of the toad's caliber were always rare, and if such a being wanted to act against you, no witch array would suffice.

Though surprised by Herag's sudden appearance, Booker was sensible enough not to ask questions, just greeted him and briefly updated him on recent events.

To Booker, Herag must have used some kind of transfer method, so he didn't inquire further.

Herag learned from Booker that everything seemed peaceful recently, with nothing specific happening.

The cooperation with the Nightingale Commerce Association was going well, without any issues.

Herag felt uneasy in his heart; everything seemed calm only because the storm had not arrived.

And at the level Booker and his kind were involved with, they couldn't possibly know those hidden secrets or the crises of the future.

"Mr. Booker, I'm heading back to Wisteria Ridge," Herag said, bidding farewell.

Booker hesitated, as if wanting to say something before finally stating, "Uh... Go back, Reese and the others are surely missing you."

Herag didn't say much, and upon returning to the castle, he tossed another Gold Coin to the toad, arriving at Wisteria Ridge beside Reese.

As he landed, he noticed the place was humid, with a bathtub and a graceful figure inside.

"You! Couldn't you at least say something before showing up like that!" Reese exclaimed, covering her chest with both hands, her initially fierce magical aura gradually calming down upon seeing it was Herag.

She had been taking a bath, and suddenly sensed another presence in the room, giving her quite a scare, ready to act without caring who it was.

Yet unexpectedly it was Herag, leaving her both joyful and annoyed.

Herag quickly apologized, "I... I didn't know you were bathing, but I guess timing couldn't be better, mind if I join?"

"You scoundrel!" Reese's face turned red.

...

The vigorous movements caused a lot of water to splash from the bathtub, wetting the surrounding floor.

After the intense skirmish, Herag and Reese emerged from the tub, drying off and donning loose robes.

"Hmph, came back and visited your old flame right away, truly deep in your feelings," Reese remarked sarcastically.

She had heard about Herag's return, but he didn't come back.

Curious, Reese asked Booker about it.

But Booker was evasive and reluctant to say much.

Under Reese's pressure, Booker had no choice but to divulge that Herag had received a letter from someone named Erza.

Upon hearing it, Reese understood immediately, knowing Herag had a woman named Erza.

Chapter 569: Threat

Herag was very open with Reese, so he hadn't concealed any of this.

Reese didn't mind either, strictly speaking she was the latecomer, and could accept the situation.

After all, this kind of thing was quite normal in this era.

But understanding is one thing, Reese naturally felt a bit jealous, a mere letter could make Herag travel thousands of miles.

However, this indirectly showed that Herag was genuinely sentimental.

So despite Reese's sarcastic remarks, deep in her heart, she didn't harbor any real resentment.

Herag could only smile awkwardly, and hugged Reese to comfort her.

"What are your plans next?" Reese asked.

Herag replied, "In a few days, I'm planning to return to the Land of Dawn, you and Asuna can stay here."

"You're going back so soon? I'll go with you," Reese said.

Herag shook his head, "No, the situation is too uncertain right now. Staying here is at least safer, and you have more freedom. If anything happens, I can instantly come back to take you both to the Elf Plane for shelter. But if we're in Silver Moon City, it's not necessarily that easy."

In the Land of Dawn, the major Wizard Organizations have strong surveillance and control over the cities, once something happens, leaving might not be so easy.

Since Herag certainly couldn't always stay with Reese, if anything happened, it might not be easy to take Reese with him.

Reese staying at Wisteria Ridge, which is territory of the Cheqi Family, there is less surveillance and more freedom.

"Is the situation that serious?" Reese asked worriedly, concerned about Herag.

"No one can predict when that day will come, and there's also another thing, whether there will be trouble from the Taylor Family can't be predicted either. These are all potential threats, so you and Asuna staying here makes me feel more at ease," Herag said.

Herag's return to the Land of Dawn this time is to acquire other Keys of Rules as quickly as possible, striving to gain the World Will's recognition and ascend to a Level 3 Wizard.

Before disaster strikes, the stronger the power, the greater the capacity to handle crises.

Reese knew the importance of the matter as well, understanding that following Herag would distract him, even becoming a tool for others to restrain him, so she agreed to stay.

"If you encounter any danger, use prayer to inform me immediately, I can instantly reach your side," Herag said.

Reese nodded, then asked, "What about you?"

Reese thought that should she and Asuna face danger, Herag could come immediately.

But if Herag encountered danger, what could she and Asuna do?

This was her greatest worry, feeling powerless, seeming as though she couldn't help Herag at all.

Herag smiled indifferently, "You living well, making your lives better, is one of my sources of power to keep striving."

...

Herag stayed at Wisteria Ridge for a month, spending peaceful days with Reese and Asuna.

He mostly waited for the airship to arrive, as airships between the Land of Dawn and Barren Land are relatively scarce, needing longer waiting times.

Even though there's the messenger function of the Toad, Herag didn't want to return to the Land of Dawn through that method.

If he suddenly appeared in a city in the Land of Dawn, it would surely attract attention.

The key issue being, people like Pries, Herag couldn't predict where they might be.

If it were Reese, it would be fine, even if she was bathing, he could join in if the timing was right.

But if it were Pries or others in some secretive place.

If he happened to be sent to their side, wouldn't that cause a lot of trouble?

The more crucial point is, Herag couldn't explain why he suddenly appeared to them.

Booker being his own person wouldn't ask, so he wouldn't have to explain.

But those people on the other side of the Land of Dawn are different, if he couldn't give a reasonable explanation, it would only cause trouble for himself.

Herag also didn't want the Toad to attract their attention, there were too many secrets with the Toad.

If anything was detected by the Land of Dawn, it could very likely bring fatal disaster upon himself.

Hence, after comprehensive consideration, Herag decided to return to the Land of Dawn by taking a regular airship.

Though it took longer time, it reduced troubles.

As the time approached, Herag once again returned through the Toad to Black Rock Valley.

Black Rock Valley was much closer to Augustus Academy, so starting from here was naturally faster.

After leaving Black Rock Valley, Herag entered Elemental Flight mode, flying at top speed towards Augustus Academy.

If there were no accidents on the road, it would only take a few hours to arrive at Augustus Academy.

However, within half an hour of leaving Black Rock Valley, Herag was forced to stop.

A towering firewall blocked his path, this massive firewall was over a hundred meters in both length and width, suddenly appearing in the sky, looking quite spectacular from afar.

"Fire Element Rules..."

Herag stopped before the firewall formed, sensing the abnormal flow of Fire Element Rules ahead.

Quickly, three figures appeared in front, wearing uniform long robes with identical gilded emblems on their chests.

"Taylor Family..."

Herag instantly recognized the emblem, it was the symbol of the Taylor Family.

Things that had to come eventually came, Herag knew very well the problems with the Taylor Family couldn't end that easily, and he had prepared himself mentally long ago.

He just didn't expect the opposition would follow him to the Barren Land, and it seemed like they were squatting outside Black Rock Valley waiting for him to emerge.

If he hadn't previously used the Toad to go elsewhere, he would've encountered these three as soon as he left Black Rock Valley months ago.

"Who are you?" Herag asked.

Among the three, the aura of the person in the center was the strongest, bringing Herag an immense sense of threat.

This is a Level 3 Wizard.

Alongside this Level 3 Wizard, the other two were also Level 2 Wizards.

This lineup was undoubtedly strong, completely capable of dominating the Barren Land.

"We are the Taylor Family's Law Enforcement Team. I am Svallo, the leader of the Taylor Family's Law Enforcement Team. We suspect you are related to Master Medel's death, so we ask you to come with us and cooperate with our investigation," Svallo said sternly.

"Medel is dead? What a pity, it seems he didn't return from the Demon Plane, I truly apologize," Herag showed a look of regret.

"Don't play innocent, Mr. Herag. If you don't cooperate, I'll take action myself, and it won't be graceful," Svallo threatened.

Chapter 570: Vine Prison

Herag looked up and smiled, "I am under Master Parker, belonging to the line of Master Mick. What right does your Taylor Family's Law Enforcement Team have to take me away?"

"No no no, it is precisely because you are under Master Mick, we are merely inviting you to come with us to cooperate with the investigation," Svallo emphasized the word "invite".

"What if I refuse?" Herag asked.

How could Herag follow them? If he went, falling into the hands of the Taylor Family wouldn't bode well.

Whether he could come out alive was uncertain; life and death would be completely out of his control.

After all, over on the Taylor Family's side, whatever happens is entirely up to them to decide.

Even if he were innocent, he'd still be guilty.

Even if he could come out alive, the state he would be in was unpredictable.

The methods of Wizards are numerous; death is just the most straightforward conclusion, but there are many fates worse than death.

"Since Mr. Herag is unwilling, then I will have to forcibly invite you to come along." The magic power around Svallo flickered, and the surrounding rules flowed rapidly.

At the level of a Level 3 Wizard, one can essentially manipulate most of the Power of Rules, and the degree of control is unattainable for a Level 2 Wizard.

In front of a Level 3 Wizard, a Level 2 Wizard has almost no chance of winning.

For example, the Fire Element Rules; it is very difficult for a Level 2 Wizard to mobilize Fire Element Power in front of a Level 3 Wizard.

The control a Level 3 Wizard has over rules far surpasses the imagination of a Level 2 Wizard; they can easily solidify the surrounding Fire Element Rules, making it impossible for a Level 2 Wizard to mobilize them normally.

In this way, it essentially nullifies the most important means of a Level 2 Wizard.

For Level 2 Wizards, the methods of a Level 3 Wizard are a dimensional strike, directly locking down their methods.

Unless a Level 2 Wizard can control some rules that Level 3 Wizards cannot, there is a slim chance of survival.

But normally, Level 3 Wizards control more rules, and it's rare for a Level 2 Wizard to control rules that even a Level 3 Wizard cannot.

This is also why Svallo is very confident; Herag is already his prey, impossible to escape.

The flow of the surrounding rules was all under his control, making it difficult for Herag to perform any techniques.

Herag understood this point well; he knew that the only thing he could possibly mobilize was the Time Rule.

The Time Rule is a more special rule than the Spatial Rules, with very few Wizards able to succeed in understanding it, even Level 3 Wizards.

But hoping to use the Time Stop Zone magic to take Svallo by surprise was unrealistic.

Svallo indeed hadn't succeeded in understanding the Time Rule, but he could vaguely sense anomalies in the flow of the Time Rule.

If Herag attempted to mobilize the Time Rule, it would surely draw Svallo's attention.

Because the flow of surrounding rules was all under Svallo's surveillance, it should have been very difficult for Herag to mobilize any rules.

In such a situation, if you can mobilize a rule, it must be some kind of high-level, special rule.

As long as Svallo detected something, he wouldn't foolishly wait to be killed.

Herag felt a bit helpless, glancing at the toad on his shoulder, he said, "Boss, I'll have to trouble you this time again."

The toad rolled its big round eyes at him and quipped, "You sure have a lot of trouble, kid."

"The fact I can get into trouble shows I have skills," Herag said with a thick-skinned smile.

Svallo furrowed his brows as he watched this scene, puzzled why Herag was so relaxed and not tense at all.

After all, he was merely a Level 2 Wizard, while on his side there were two Level 2 Wizards and one Level 3 Wizard!

In the face of such an array, how could Herag joke around with a toad so casually?

Svallo had also investigated the toad on Herag's shoulder but found it to be just an ordinary little demon, with an aura so weak it was almost nonexistent.

Such a demon made Svallo feel that even a glance was a waste of time.

The two Level 2 Wizards beside Svallo exchanged a glance and couldn't help but laugh, thinking that perhaps Herag had been scared silly.

They felt that Herag hadn't figured out the situation yet, still chatting and laughing with a pet.

After chatting with the toad for a few moments, Herag looked at Svallo and the others and said, "You guys better leave quickly, or if it comes to blows, I'm afraid killing you would have a negative impact. After all, we're all under Serlandir, coexisting harmoniously, right?"

"Herag, have you been brewing Magic Potions till your brain's gone fuzzy? Don't act crazy with me!" Svallo couldn't understand what Herag was saying and thought perhaps he had gone insane, speaking nonsensically.

Svallo extended his hand, and under the influence of magic power, countless vines spread through the void, in tune with the surrounding flow of rules.

These vines grew and spread rapidly, quickly occupying a large portion of the sky here.

The vines wrapped around Herag, Svallo, and the others, as if forming a prison.

From a distance, one could see an enormous sphere of vines that suddenly appeared in the sky, obscuring the situation inside.

Herag watched the vines around him, and soon, they grew branches that swiftly produced buds.

The buds grew and began to bloom right away, unfolding pink petals.

But that wasn't all; the stalk beneath the pink flowers started to throb as if something was about to be expelled.

A girl with closed eyes and crossed hands over her chest emerged from the flower's center, her whole body silver-white.

Each bud birthed a flower, and one by one, silver-white girls appeared in succession.

In just a brief moment, Herag found himself completely enveloped by such a scene.

Although he didn't know what these vines and closed-eye silver-white girls were for, they brought an immense sense of threat.

"I will make you realize that opposing our Taylor Family, even death will become a liberation you yearn for." Svallo's icy voice echoed within the vine cage.

While he spoke, the silver-white girl closest to Herag stirred.

She slowly opened her hands, her eyes remaining closed, but the movement seemed directed towards Herag as if embracing him.

The motion was incredibly gentle, without any intent to kill, appearing merely as a girl rushing into her lover's arms.

However, to Herag it was different; his heart suddenly raced, a tremendous sense of danger descending.

He looked at the toad, which seemed unconcerned.

Seeing the toad's demeanor, Herag felt slightly relieved, thinking that the toad might indeed handle it.