

## **Sixth 621**

### Chapter 621: The Eternal Heaven Opens a Single Tree

This is knowledge and information that only exists at the beginning of a plane's birth because the plane is still too young, so many rules are rapidly developing and perfecting.

In this process, Herag, as the creator of this plane, is the most direct beneficiary.

He has access to all the information and knowledge of the plane.

This means Herag is constantly receiving the "favor" of the Plane Will.

However, this favor is limited, and even very slight.

But the advantage is that it's constant, and will increase as the plane grows.

Herag's understanding and mastery of the rules will gradually improve accordingly.

This is an opportunity that most Wizards find hard to come by.

Herag felt that the space here was still very small, with a diameter of only about ten kilometers, and beyond that, there is a void with no rules.

While ten kilometers seems like a lot, it's actually not much.

If measured by the standards of a portable space, naturally, it would be extraordinarily vast.

But this is a true plane; where has there ever been a plane with a diameter of only ten kilometers? It's ridiculously small.

But the plane's development speed is quite fast; as Herag stood here for a while, he felt the plane expand outward by a few more meters.

Herag didn't know if this speed was fast or slow, having no frame of reference.

As he watched the expanding plane, he suddenly remembered something and took it out from his Space Ring.

The World Tree Seed.

Since the Toad had helped Herag obtain this World Tree Seed, he had kept it stored away, not finding a chance to use it.

Now having his own small plane, Herag felt it was time to put it to use.

This World Tree Seed had his own blood dripped into it, making it Herag's World Tree.

With a thought, Herag slowly placed the World Tree out.

The World Tree Seed is easy to plant, unlike ordinary plants that need to be buried in soil and watered.

Just placing it out, the World Tree Seed takes root in the void on its own.

As expected, once the World Tree Seed floated out, it paused in the void ahead of Herag.

Then, a pure energy began to flow out from the World Tree Seed.

The World Tree Seed, initially like a green bean, began to change on its surface.

A point emerged on the seed's surface, and soon a bud burst out, followed by the sprouting of two green leaves.

The vibrant, fresh green emanated a rich life aura.

With the Desolate Plague Talent, Herag was extremely perceptive to Life Energy.

He sensed an immensely vast Life Energy coming from the sprouting seed.

Before it sprouted, Herag only felt some Life Energy within the World Tree Seed, but it was not particularly intense.

Now that the World Tree Seed had sprouted, the immense Life Energy shocked even Herag.

Who could have guessed that such terrifying Life Energy could be contained in such a small seed?

After the World Tree Seed awakened, it sprouted in the blink of an eye, with a tender green root extending downward, seemingly taking root in the void.

An unremarkable little dot appeared near the root, and Herag leaned in, eyes wide, to take a closer look at what it was.

It was a grain of sand.

A grain of sand appeared near the root of the World Tree sapling.

Herag was momentarily stunned, then realized that this grain of sand was created by the World Tree itself.

This was a grain of sand created by the World Tree sapling using Rule Power.

The World Tree inherently had the ability to perfect and supplement plane rules, with strong abilities in rule mastery and utilization.

Herag didn't expect that the World Tree, having just sprouted roots, could already use rules to create things.

This grain of sand held exceptional meaning for this plane; it was the first real object born here.

Soon, a second and third grain of sand appeared as well.

Herag knew that it wouldn't take long for the World Tree sapling to truly root into soil.

While the World Tree grows rapidly, it also perfects and supplements the world rules of this plane.

Since the plane was newly born, the World Tree could easily influence the Rule Power of this plane, continuously perfecting its rules.

Once the World Tree rooted and began perfecting the rules, the expansion rate of the plane increased significantly, accelerating its spread outward.

As the plane's rules were perfected, Herag made some other discoveries.

With a thought, he once again appeared inside the log cabin.

As the creator of the plane, Herag, the Creator God, could naturally enter and exit without the need for a space channel.

Standing inside the cabin, he attempted to trigger some Rule Power, a smile appearing on his face.

"It really works."

Herag found that he could freely use the Rule Power of the small plane outside.

This manipulation was different from outside; it was entirely under his command.

The Rule Power from the small plane could continuously strengthen and enhance Herag's internal Rule Power, bolstering his Inner Domain.

As the small plane develops continuously, it feeds back to Herag as well.

Not only does it provide Herag with a wealth of information and knowledge from the plane's inception, but it also strengthens the Rule Power within Herag.

Herag couldn't help but ponder, if his body truly contained a plane within every cell, just how powerful could he become with the support of countless planes?

He tried to create a second plane, only to find he seemed to have reached his limit.

For now, with his current strength, his body could at most birth one plane and couldn't support more.

To accommodate more planes, Herag needed to make his Inner Domain much stronger.

Right now, the small plane wasn't much help to Herag, the enhancement isn't very noticeable because the small plane is still too weak.

However, without needing combat support, merely having an anytime-and-anywhere escape option provided significant convenience to Herag.

With the small plane, Herag could run away at any time, and in case of danger, directly hide inside the small plane.

Yet the only issue was reemerging at the same location after leaving the small plane.

But that wasn't a major problem as long as he prepared adequate supplies. Herag didn't think anyone could ambush him for ten thousand years, especially when they wouldn't know how he escaped, possibly assuming he had teleported.

When the small plane develops fully, it will contain ample resources, becoming self-sufficient.

#### Chapter 622: Departure

After spending some time in the small plane, Herag came out, intending to let the small plane develop and grow on its own.

There isn't much there right now, so staying on would be meaningless.

Herag opened the Wizard's Mark and searched for some information related to the creation of planes.

There is very little information on this topic because wizards who can create planes are quite rare.

Most are just some knowledge related to the creation of space.

Herag searched for a long time before finding some books about creating planes, which involved many theories and principles regarding the creation of planes.

Many of them are related to the Boundary Land because, in a sense, the Boundary Land itself is a created plane, though its form is rather special.

The creators of the Boundary Land encountered many problems during its creation.

In addressing these problems, they truly pooled the wisdom of everyone, coming up with a variety of solutions, even founding several disciplines.

One can only say that those were exceptionally talented wizards whose wisdom Herag could hardly look up to.

The books Herag found were mostly written by wizards of that time afterward, detailing the problems they encountered in creating the Boundary Land and how they solved them.

When Herag borrowed these books from the library, he found that ordinary people couldn't borrow them without applying for and receiving approval.

With the Sixth Ring Medal, he could skip this step and borrow them directly.

Once the books were in hand, Herag carefully studied them.

Although the small plane inside Herag differs from the Boundary Land, many of the theoretical aspects are common.

The small plane exploded into formation using various rules within Herag as seeds, coupled with the role of the World Furnace.

The biggest challenge in creating the Boundary Land back then was the absence of such seeds.

Most plane seeds come from various plane fragments, but the conditions for the Boundary Land were not there.

At the time, the Sixth Ring Tower did have some plane fragments, but they lacked time.

It takes a long time for a plane fragment to develop into a complete plane, much like how a seed requires time to take root and sprout.

Even ordinary crops take several months, let alone a plane.

At that time, the situation of the Sixth Ring Tower was extremely dangerous; they were embroiled in a bitter struggle with various parties of the Abyss Plane.

Continuing for long, they were sure to be doomed and had to leave the Abyss Plane swiftly.

Under such circumstances, they didn't have the time to gradually nurture a plane fragment into a plane.

They eventually thought of using the existing rules of the Wizard Plane and the Abyss Plane as a base to create a zone similar to a plane, which became the Boundary Land.

The books Herag had didn't cover the details extensively, glossing over many processes.

But from between the lines, he could feel the kind of challenges those people faced at the time.

After reading these books, Herag further deepened his understanding of plane creation and, combined with the feedback from the small plane, unconsciously figured out many things.

"Esteemed Sixth Ring Medal winner, Mr. Herag, are you ready?" Shiludi sent a message asking.

Shiludi didn't know Herag was the recipient of the Sixth Ring Medal until seeing the tag after they added each other as friends on the Wizard's Mark.

She had initially wondered why Mr. Acorn asked her to be a guide for Herag, a newly promoted Level 3 Wizard, who could get Minister Acorn to help him.

Shiludi speculated whether Herag was a scion of a super Wizard Family, possibly with a powerful background.

It turned out Herag was even more mysterious than she imagined, being the Level 2 Wizard who won the Sixth Ring Medal a year ago.

The event caused a bit of discussion at the time, and Shiludi had heard of Herag's name.

However, a year had passed, and Shiludi had long forgotten about it. When hosting Herag, she didn't associate him with the Sixth Ring Medal winner.

Upon learning that Herag was the Sixth Ring Medal recipient, Shiludi prepared more meticulously, fearing she wouldn't fulfill her assigned duties properly.

"Okay, see you tomorrow," Herag replied.

Early the next day, Herag met Shiludi at the agreed location.

"Good morning, Mr. Herag," Shiludi said, wearing tight shorts that accentuated her long, slender, fair legs.

Looking at the youthful and vibrant Shiludi, Herag became momentarily dazed.

The youthful aura emanating from Shiludi reminded Herag that it had been some years since he embarked on the path of a wizard; time really flies.

The place they met was outside the Teleportation Center, where Herag and Shiludi needed to teleport to the Plane Train Station in the Sixth Ring Region, then take the Plane Train to the Ocean Plane.

There are many train stations in the Boundary Land, and typically, most train stations' plane trains can reach various places, with only a few exceptions.

Like the Elf Plane, at that time, it could only be reached from the outermost First Ring Region on the Plane Train.

The train to the Elf Plane was a temporary train, available only from that area in the First Ring Region.

Only after verification to ensure it's a mature, stable, and safe route would plane train routes gradually open in other parts of the Boundary Land.

Under Shiludi's guidance, Herag arrived at a place called White Mist Station via the Teleportation Witch Array.

This is the largest station in the Sixth Ring Region, with numerous plane train routes.

Shiludi, having the expenses provided by the Sixth Ring Tower, directly booked Herag a luxury compartment.

In addition to considering Herag's travel experience, it was also for privacy.

Luxury compartments are exclusive, with no one else around, ensuring no disturbances.

Entering the luxury compartment, Herag found it almost like a suite in a luxury hotel, with a total of four rooms.

"Mr. Herag, our journey is expected to take three days. These three days are the same as the time in the Boundary Land, with almost no difference in time flow," Shiludi said.

Herag nodded, "Thank you for your hard work."

He knew beforehand that the time flow on the route from the Boundary Land to the Ocean Plane was very stable, with no difference.

This was also why Shiludi arranged a luxury compartment for Herag, to at least have a place to sleep, as sitting for three days would offer a poor experience.

Anyway, the expenses from the Sixth Ring Tower were abundant, and they wouldn't run out.

### Chapter 623: Undersea City

The three-day journey isn't too long, especially with a young, beautiful lady for company, making it less boring.

Shiludi has a very outgoing personality and is quite talkative, showing much curiosity about Herag.

There are many things Herag can't talk about, so he doesn't reveal too much information.

The matters related to the Toad are classified at the Sixth Ring Tower, which means Herag also needs to keep many things hidden.

Shiludi is also very smart, and upon lightly inquiring about Herag's identity, she understands that it's inconvenient for him to disclose it, so she doesn't press the topic further.

Instead, she talks with Herag about various matters at the Wizard Academy, which Herag also finds quite interesting.

Herag discovers that the Wizard Academy in the Boundary Land is almost no different from schools in the previous world, lacking the danger and conflict present in the Wizard Plane.

Back in the Moonlight Forest, Herag used to scheme and fight with others just to pick a few mushrooms.

Such things don't happen in the Boundary Land; resources are so abundant that they are freely provided.

With such conditions, the wizards in the Wizard Academy naturally don't fight tooth and nail with each other, creating a harmonious atmosphere.

Herag chats idly with Shiludi, learning a lot about the actual situation at the Wizard Academy here and gaining a deeper understanding of the Boundary Land.

Three days later, the Plane Train slowly comes to a stop, arriving at the Ocean Plane.

As the door to the carriage opens, Herag feels a sea breeze rushing at him, carrying the unique scent of the ocean.

Stepping out of the carriage, he discovers the whole train is stopped on the sea itself, and he's standing on the water's surface.

Herag hasn't used magic or rule power to stand on the water.

Instead, the sea surface under his feet naturally supports him without letting him fall through.

Looking around, Herag sees that this is a train station built on the sea, surrounded by many people.

The doors of the Plane Train behind him are open, with many tourists disembarking one after another.

"Mr. Herag, this way, our reserved special reception has arrived, just ahead," Shiludi says, glancing at the Wizard's Mark.

The two walk outside the station, arriving at an expanse of open sea, the view is all a vivid blue ocean.

Some movement on the water ahead draws their attention, as a giant fish surfaces.

Herag observes it, thinking it looks somewhat like a whale, but not entirely.

"This is the Bona Fish, the most common mode of transportation in the Ocean Plane," Shiludi explains.

As the Bona Fish surfaces, it opens its large mouth, revealing a passageway leading to a brightly lit area.

Shiludi takes the lead, with Herag following closely behind.

Once inside, the Bona Fish closes its mouth and dives under the sea.

Herag enters and finds the passage carpeted thickly, leading to a hall-like area, with many lit candles adorning the walls.

Curiously, despite the Bona Fish clearly diving, there are no vibrations or undulations inside.

He can stand steadily on the floor without feeling any sway.

Upon observing for a while, Herag realizes this must be an internal space within the Bona Fish.

As it's a separate space, outside physical vibrations don't affect it here.

Beyond the sea surface scenery, the underwater sights of the Ocean Plane are even more distinctive.

Large cities in the Ocean Plane are essentially built underwater, making it distinct from other planes.

Herag receives a bracelet, which, when worn and activated, allows free movement underwater.

The bracelet is a Level 1 Witchcraft Artifact, enabling breathing and speaking underwater without affecting clothing.

Speech is transmitted using water as a conductor via magic, ensuring Herag's words are heard by others.

Although Herag can navigate underwater without the bracelet, speaking without it poses a challenge.

This small artifact conveniently solves many issues.

When the Bona Fish opens its mouth again, a massive city appears before Herag.

The entire city is built underwater, seeming submerged in water.

In reality, if examined closely, a thin membrane encases the city, preventing water seepage.

Inside the city, there's no difference from being on land, making the bracelet unnecessary.

This city is called Seashell City, one of the larger cities in the Ocean Plane, serving as a convenient hub for visitors.

Herag's hotel is located here; once settled, he's ready to explore an ancient city not far away.

This ancient city in the Ocean Plane has been abandoned for ages, with no inhabitants inside.

The Ocean Plane is a very peculiar place; the Boundary Land conquered it effortlessly.

There's no highly developed civilization here, and intelligent beings are scarce.

However, the Boundary Land discovered many ruins under the sea, indicating the original civilization here was advanced.

For unknown reasons, all cities were submerged by seawater, leaving only some scattered islands on the surface.

99% of the Ocean Plane's area is ocean, with very little land.

The Boundary Land extracted much information from those ruins, acquiring a lot of technology.

The principle behind Herag's bracelet comes from these ruins.

It appears the original Ocean Plane civilization might be extinct, suggesting there used to be vast lands.

Some catastrophe might have caused the plane to be submerged entirely.

It's possible the original inhabitants foresaw the event, developing many methods to survive the crisis.

But it seems they ultimately failed, although they might have migrated to other planes and survived.

Currently, it remains unproven, but there's indeed no mass grave found in the Ocean Plane.

Judging by the number of underwater cities, the population here must have been large.

If the entire plane had been submerged, bodies would certainly be numerous.

Since there aren't many remains now, most original inhabitants likely fled to other planes.

The ancient city Herag plans to visit has been studied extensively, with many valuable findings already retrieved, leaving the remains developed into a tourist attraction.

Chapter 624: Abyssal Cultist

After Herag and Shiludi rode the Bona Fish to the outskirts of Seashell City, they suddenly felt it became much livelier.

Inside and outside the city, there were a lot of people coming and going, many of whom were riding various kinds of fish, weaving through the streets, laughter echoing all around.

A ruined ancient city stood in front, although only broken walls remained, from these remnants, one could see that it was once a massive and magnificent city.

This ancient city was named Giant Stone City.

According to records, Giant Stone City used to be considered a massive city in a highland area.

However, due to the encroachment of seawater, Giant Stone City became the underwater city it is now.

After Herag and Shiludi entered Giant Stone City, they found the roads here extremely spacious, able to accommodate a dozen carriages side by side.

It is said this was prepared for times of war, so troops could quickly mobilize.

The architectural style here is also very unique, favoring the use of particularly large yellow stones to build houses.

Herag rarely saw any small bricks; the houses were basically constructed of giant stones.

This gave the buildings sufficient stability, and it's no wonder that after being submerged in seawater for so many years, they could still maintain their general shape.

Herag wandered for a while, finding that it was essentially like a commercial district, only set in an ancient city of ruins.

After wandering for less than half a day, he felt a bit bored.

However, Shiludi seemed quite interested, only her attention wasn't on the ancient ruins, but on the various shops on both sides.

Snacks, clothes, and various magic-crafted trinkets seemed to hold great attraction for girls.

Herag and Shiludi strolled leisurely down the street, when suddenly he sensed a familiar presence.

The Aura of the Abyss Plane.

If it were the Wizard Plane, detecting the Abyss Plane's presence wouldn't be surprising.

Even if the Abyss Plane hasn't started building spatial passages, there are many Abyssal Cultists distributed across the Wizard Plane, so Herag was used to it.

However, after coming to the Boundary Land, Herag had never felt the Abyssal Aura.

The conditions of the Boundary Land meant that most people here indeed had no reason to become Abyssal Cultists.

The Abyss Plane offers them very little, and they can obtain most of their needs right here in the Boundary Land.

But it seems that such people do exist after all.

Herag appeared to be looking down at a skewer of fish in his hand, but in reality, his attention was on a bearded man with a round hat in the distant crowd.

This man had a weathered face, with many crumbs stuck in his beard that seemed like residue from some kind of cured meat.

He sat alone by the roadside, blankly watching the people passing before him.

The Abyssal Aura Herag sensed came from this man.

As he strolled through the ancient ruins with Shiludi, he kept his attention on the man's actions.

The man sat alone by the roadside for a long time until hours later in the afternoon, when he slowly got up.

He finally headed to an inn not far away; it looked like he was staying there.

The commerce within Seashell City was booming, with many inns and hotels.

Many of the inns were converted from original buildings here, which had a unique charm drawing a lot of tourists to stay.

Shiludi had booked a room for Herag in Giant Stone City, planning to stay there tonight.

With the appearance of this anomaly, Herag changed his mind.

He said to Shiludi, "Let's not stay here tonight; let's head back for now."

"Not staying here?" Shiludi seemed surprised, clearly not understanding why Herag suddenly changed his mind.

Herag didn't explain much, only saying, "I have some matters to deal with, so we'd better head back first."

Shiludi nodded in half-understanding, not asking further.

Since Abyssal Cultists had been discovered, it indicated potential danger.

At such a time, it's naturally best to steer clear of danger, so Herag decided not to stay.

However, he planned to return on his own later to observe this man.

With Shiludi by his side it was inconvenient; it would be safer to leave her in Seashell City instead.

Although Shiludi didn't know what Herag intended to do, she followed his plan, returning to Seashell City together.

After dinner, they returned to their room, while Herag left alone, informing Shiludi he needed to attend to some matters.

Shiludi realized it should be some important business, or Herag wouldn't have suddenly altered their schedule.

After leaving Seashell City, Herag returned to Giant Stone City.

Predictably, that man was still inside the inn.

The inn Shiludi had booked for Herag was at some distance, offering better accommodations at a higher price.

The Abyssal Cultist stayed at a regular inn, with average conditions.

However, the prices were still steep; there were no cheap places in Giant Stone City.

Upon entering his room, Herag kept a constant watch on the man's movements.

Through observing the magical aura emanating from the man, Herag discerned that he was likely a Level 2 Wizard.

After returning to the inn, the man stayed in his room, sitting in a chair, silently muttering with his eyes closed.

He maintained this position, unmoving.

Suddenly, Herag realized he was communicating with an entity from the Abyss Plane.

Herag could enter a Divine State, and when the cultists communicated with him, it resembled this Abyssal Cultist immensely.

This discovery piqued his curiosity even more, wondering what this man was trying to accomplish.

Until midnight, the Abyssal Cultist abruptly opened his eyes with a vacant expression and then exited the room.

Herag found it strange, as it was already midnight, and Giant Stone City had mostly quieted down.

By this time, there were hardly any people outside, except for some lively bars.

Herag kept his attention on the Abyssal Cultist's actions, watching him head deeper into Giant Stone City after leaving the inn, uncertain of his intentions.

Giant Stone City itself was a vast city, and only the outer areas, where buildings remained intact, had been developed into a tourist zone.

But deeper within Giant Stone City lay vast regions akin to ruins.

Since it was too chaotic, most tourists only glanced from afar and wouldn't go near.

There weren't any roads leading through the ruins.

This man headed directly toward that area with a clear intent.

Upon seeing this, Herag left the inn as well.

Otherwise, the man would soon be beyond the range of his environmental detection.

#### Chapter 625: Ruins

Herag could indeed use rule monitoring to observe this Abyssal Cultist from afar, but that would consume too much Magic Power.

Rule monitoring is currently only suitable for short-term combat and warnings, and cannot be used as a regular reconnaissance method.

Herag took out a bottle of fine wine, opened it, and strolled leisurely down the road, as if indistinguishable from those drunkards.

...

The night sea was somewhat chilly. Although Assas was a Level 2 Wizard, he couldn't help but tighten his clothes.

He looked at the ruins hidden in the darkness ahead, and his footsteps moved resolutely.

Assas was once a talented Wizard with outstanding aptitude.

Due to the policies of the Boundary Land, even though he was born a commoner, he received the treatment he deserved and the attention he merited.

Assas soon advanced to a Level 2 Wizard and enjoyed many things he had never dared to dream of before.

Born into poverty, he had never seen such lavish indulgence and quickly became ensnared, unable to extricate himself.

His personality underwent some changes as well, originally introverted and self-abasing, Assas soon became arrogant, considering himself invincible and others inferior.

Assas had liked a girl for a long time, since childhood, a girl he instantly liked on his first day at the Wizard Academy.

But naturally self-abasing, until graduation from the Wizard Academy, he never dared to say a word to that girl.

The girl came from a Wizard Family, a distinguished lineage, and Assas did not think his life path would ever intersect with hers.

Even later, during his studies at the Wizard Academy, Assas gradually discovered he seemed to have some Wizard Talent, yet he still dared not speak to her.

Just a look from the girl made Assas feel as though he were struck by the Petrification Technique, as if his mind too were petrified, his thoughts ceased to work, let alone conversing.

After graduation, Assas was noticed by a major financial force and received abundant resources for nurturing, encountering many lifestyles he had never encountered before.

When Assas felt he had achieved success, he believed he had the qualification to talk with the girl, perhaps even take it further.

Assas then bought the finest attire and necklace, along with a bouquet of the freshest roses, to visit the girl.

However, to Assas's surprise, the girl was very much unfamiliar with him, having no memories of him at all.

In her memory, it seemed there had never been such a classmate.

What Assas didn't know was that during his time at the Wizard Academy, he was reclusive, rarely interacting with others, leaving little impression.

With so many people at the Wizard Academy, how could anyone remember someone with no presence?

Assas felt something shattered inside him, and what surged forth was anger.

He didn't even know why he was angry, as it was clear she had done nothing wrong.

Yet Assas was infuriated, and a fit of anger led him to take the girl's life.

When Assas came to his senses, looking at the room filled with blood, he realized what he had done.

He wanted to escape.

But this was the Boundary Land, a place where crimes like his, committed with no planning or premeditation, could not evade the pursuit of the Boundary Land Guard Team.

Being merely a Level 2 Wizard, he was insignificant in the Boundary Land.

Capture, bring to justice, sentence, execute.

The Wizard Family behind the girl was powerful, propelling the entire process swiftly, and Assas was quickly sent to the gallows, the special gallows for Wizards.

With no background, Assas naturally had no power to resist during this process, and he did indeed commit these acts.

However, the night before his execution, Assas received a friendly greeting from that Plane, changing his destiny.

The other party provided him something, allowing him to be executed, cremated, but still come back to life.

After resurrecting, Assas received help from other Abyssal Cultists, gained a new identity and a new appearance.

It seemed he could live anew as a completely different person, but that was only applicable to ordinary people.

Assas could never advance to a Level 3 Wizard, as his identity could not withstand scrutiny, and a thorough investigation would expose him.

In the Boundary Land, it was not easy to disguise one's identity, nor could it be truly disguised; it was only a question of how much disguise one could achieve.

The evaluation for advancing to Level 3 Wizard was extremely strict, and Assas's identity could not withstand examination.

He could only exist as a Level 2 Wizard for his entire life.

But this no longer mattered, Assas had never understood what the meaning of his existence was until he encountered that great being.

Assas suddenly realized that he had never had much presence since childhood, nor was he valued.

If he could somehow create something out of it, it seemed it would be a worthwhile venture.

The Boundary Land was certainly strong, but the Abyss Plane was even stronger.

Assas thought that if he could bring about the downfall of the Boundary Land, it would certainly count as an interesting event.

He loathed this place, loathed everyone and everything here.

The Boundary Land indeed had a faction of Abyssal Cultists, but they were very secretive, rarely congregating on a large scale.

Communication among them was also extremely cryptic, never using the Wizard's Mark for communication, and even seldom meeting.

Assas had stayed in the Ocean Plane for a long time, not for tourism, but to study various ruins here.

He sent back various information from here, and the research concluded that beneath Giant Stone City was actually a massive Teleportation Array.

When the Ocean Plane faced an apocalyptic disaster, they were not passively awaiting doom, but developed methods to transfer to other Planes.

There are many such ruins on the ocean floor of the Ocean Plane, and those that remain well-preserved are generally those with Teleportation Arrays.

The Ocean Plane once used Teleportation Arrays scattered across the World to reach a certain Plane to survive.

The Teleportation Array now naturally cannot be used, having passed so many years and submerged in the ocean for so long, it was already defunct.

The Boundary Land also discovered these matters, confirming the Teleportation Array was unusable, only holding research value.

The Teleportation Array here in Giant Stone City was even more dilapidated, completely impossible to use.

But Assas did not waste these years, his talents indeed very remarkable.

With the help of other Abyssal Cultists, under the guidance of the presence in the Abyss Plane, Assas completed this Teleportation Array.

He engraved the missing part of the Teleportation Array into his own body, after years of experiments and validation, finally confirming it was entirely effective.

It was now time to activate this Teleportation Array, although the destination was different from those once of the Ocean Plane; his destination was the Abyss Plane.

## Chapter 626: Teleportation

Edessa was well aware that it was impossible to annihilate the Boundary Land all at once.

But he could still do something, and he believed he could take the first step.

Assas decided to declare to the Boundary Land that it was not invincible.

All he had to do was activate the teleportation array remaining in Giant Stone City to teleport everyone still in the city to the Abyss Plane.

Giant Stone City, as a famous tourist city, always had many visitors.

If an entire city of people were teleported to the Abyss Plane, it would undoubtedly cause a massive uproar in the Boundary Land.

Assas chose to do this here to prove to the Boundary Land that the teleportation array they believed to be defunct, he could repair.

The teleportation to the Abyss Plane naturally included Assas himself.

He still maintained his rationality and did not have a fanatical yearning for the Abyss Plane.

Assas clearly understood that once he was teleported to the Abyss Plane, he was likely to die, and that great existence might not be able to save him.

Assas didn't know how big the Abyss Plane was, but he was sure it was countless times larger than the Boundary Land.

Assas had already prepared for death. He thought it didn't matter; after all, he had already died once.

This death, however, would be more on his own terms than last time, where he was powerless to resist and at the mercy of others.

While thinking about these things, Assas unknowingly walked into the ruins.

He wrapped his body in a magic shield and walked directly through the ruins.

Assas seemed very familiar with the place, navigating the ruins with ease and arriving near an extremely hidden entrance.

He looked around before jumping directly down.

The space below opened up, revealing a spacious hall.

Though not large, it was about the size of a normal hall.

The ground was uneven, as if it had been dug up.

Assas knew that there used to be a teleportation witch array here, but it was later excavated and taken for research by people from the Boundary Land.

Missing this core part of the witch array, the entire teleportation array could no longer be activated.

And with most of the information lost, completing this part of the witch array was almost a fantasy.

But Assas had done it.

He walked to the center of the uneven ground and took out a dagger, slowly cutting from his shoulder to his palm.

A long wound appeared, and blood gushed out, flowing rapidly to the ground.

Once the blood hit the ground, it began moving with a rhythm, as if a brush soaked in blood ink was painting on the ground.

Soon, the entire underground hall was filled with the scent of blood.

Blood continued to flow endlessly from Assas, as if it were limitless.

Assas watched indifferently as the blood flowed from his body, dripping onto the ground and forming a complex witch array.

After a long time, the blood finally stopped flowing, and Assas had become much thinner, his cheekbones prominently protruding.

He took a diamond-shaped crystal from his space ring and slowly walked to the edge of the blood-painted witch array, where there was a painted empty spot.

Assas placed the crystal in the empty spot, then took out another crystal and went to another empty spot to do the same.

The entire witch array had twelve such empty spots, requiring twelve crystals.

As Assas was about to place the fourth crystal, his expression suddenly changed, as if he sensed something.

His face contorted into an extremely grim expression, and he plunged the crystal in his hand directly into his heart.

"Damn it!" Herag, still on the ground above, noticed this scene and immediately sensed something was wrong. Cursing inwardly, he quickly used a teleportation spell to arrive in the hall.

He originally intended to sneak in, but for some reason Assas detected him.

Normally, he was very well-hidden, and Assas, being a Level 2 Wizard, shouldn't have been able to detect him.

But from Assas' decisive actions, it was clear he had been exposed.

Herag's hand had barely reached Assas when it could no longer advance.

By then, the crystal had already been inserted into Assas' heart, causing blood to spurt out. A strange power spread from the crystal, blocking Herag's approach.

Herag felt the familiar energy and quickly realized it was similar to the energy of a Divine Core.

Assas stared blankly at Herag, blood pouring from his mouth like a waterfall.

He looked at Herag and gave a triumphant smile: "You cannot stop me, Sixth Ring Tower scum."

Assas' smile, paired with his current state, appeared particularly horrifying.

He hadn't actually discovered Herag; he had only sensed the aura of the Starry Sky Meditation Technique.

Assas, born a commoner, had also practiced the Starry Sky Meditation Technique, as that was all he could afford.

He had learned some methods from that existence in the Abyss Plane, making him extremely sensitive to the aura of the Starry Sky Meditation Technique.

This led to him immediately detecting that familiar scent as Herag approached the edge of the ruins, promptly activating his second plan.

Assas knew that this was a ruin and it was already late at night; no one would casually stroll here.

His heart was his backup plan, containing extremely terrifying energy, capable of directly activating the witch array underfoot.

Although it couldn't fully realize the effects of the witch array, it could fulfill the most basic function.

The aim of teleporting the entire Giant Stone City over was now doomed, but teleporting half of it was still feasible.

Realizing the danger, Herag instinctively prepared to escape to the Small Plane.

But it was too late; the surging power engulfed the place in an instant.

Terrifying energy impacted Herag, channeling into the witch array below.

The blood-formed witch array began emanating a blood-red, eerie light, and the entire Giant Stone City started to tremble, awakening countless people from their dreams.

Most people were still oblivious, having spent the first half of their lives in peace, never having experienced real danger, and naturally unable to respond effectively in time.

Those more cautious had realized danger was approaching and were preparing to flee.

But like Herag, it was too late for them to escape.

After the witch array was activated, immense energy enveloped the outer half of the ruins, and the small half of Giant Stone City vanished from its location.

From above, the whole of Giant Stone City appeared to have a small bite taken out of it, leaving a noticeable gap.

Chapter 627: Return to the Abyss Plane

At the edge of the Giant Stone City, many houses were severed in halves.

The severed surfaces were incredibly smooth, as if they had been sliced by a sharp blade.

At this moment, the Giant Stone City had descended into chaos, with many people fleeing outward, while many others stood dumbfounded at the edge, staring at the immense crater before them.

Those with better luck could still see the empty houses on the other side from their vantage point.

The unlucky ones found their bodies smoothly severed, and the other half missing.

Of course, for those with the worst luck, they had completely vanished.

...

Herag, after retrieving a snug, practical outfit from his Small Plane and putting it on, looked around blankly.

He was thankful that he had stopped using his Space Ring long ago, instead leaving everything in his Small Plane.

Otherwise, during that energy surge similar to a space torrent, he would have lost all his Space Rings and ended up penniless, without any resources left.

All his clothes had vanished, not even a scrap left behind.

After the energy burst out violently, the turbulent energy rushed toward him, equivalent to a massive bomb exploding right in front of him.

Herag glanced at his intact body, relieved that he had his Inner Domain; otherwise, he would have been torn to shreds by such violent energy.

He looked around, and except for some yellow rock debris from the Giant Stone City's construction, there was nothing left.

These stones were indeed unusual, able to leave even a bit of debris in such an energy surge.

The Witch Array activated by Assas was not a conventional Teleportation Witch Array.

The most crucial aspect of a normal Teleportation Witch Array is stability, ensuring the safety of the person being teleported, with great effort put into this aspect.

If the goal was simply to teleport someone to another place, regardless of their fate, that wouldn't be difficult.

The challenge lies in how to ensure the person's safety throughout the process.

The part of the Witch Array completed by Assas clearly hadn't considered this issue, nor had he intended to.

His original purpose was to ensure everyone in the Giant Stone City perished in the violent energy.

This was the first time Herag truly felt the strength of his Inner Domain, as the violent energy had no impact on his body.

Indeed, as long as it doesn't involve Rule-level Power, his body remains unaffected, not even a trace of harm.

When the Teleportation Witch Array was activated, the violent energy engulfed everything within its range, roughly throwing it here.

Most of the people caught in the Giant Stone City were still asleep, unaware of what happened before being completely obliterated.

After getting dressed, Herag searched around diligently, but still found no survivors.

He thought to himself, managing to survive under such circumstances was purely an accident; not everyone possesses an Inner Domain.

With such persistent, violent energy, even with a Substitute Death Item, one would die immediately after its use.

This was not a momentary event but a continuous assault.

Herag was certain that among the Wizards who perished in this incident, there must have been some stronger than him, as well as those equipped with various protective Witchcraft Artifacts.

However, no one could have predicted such an event in advance.

Herag felt that without at least Level 4 strength, one wouldn't have been able to escape this disaster without warning.

He looked up at the surroundings and sighed.

Herag knew clearly where this was, but precisely because of this, he sighed.

This was the Abyss Plane.

Herag sensed his Bloodline Mark, where the Ancestral Bloodline was extremely active.

He was also tempted to activate the Bloodline Mark to test his current strength.

However, considering this was the Abyss Plane, Herag suppressed this urge.

In the Abyss Plane, one must act with discretion.

Don't think possession of a Bloodline Mark renders one invincible; even Sixth Ring Wizards have perished here.

Herag did not believe activating his Bloodline Mark would grant him Level 6 strength, let alone break through to Level 6.

He immediately tried to contact the Toad, but unsurprisingly, received no response.

Herag did not know where the Toad was, but the inability to respond even to the Messenger's call simply meant it was in an extremely unique place.

He could only wait until the Toad was available and would presumably contact him.

In the Abyss Plane, the Toad could sense him.

Herag looked around, feeling truly lost; all his knowledge of the Abyss Plane came from the Toad.

The Toad had generally mentioned some things before, but there was no map or similar aid.

Moreover, even the Toad didn't know everything, as it hadn't been awake for long.

Herag gazed at the forest ahead, sensing a foreboding presence.

He found the surrounding scenery very strange.

Standing still, Herag did not take steps recklessly, realizing something was amiss.

The issue was that the surrounding scenery kept changing.

One moment there was a forest ahead, but when Herag turned back, it had turned into a desert.

Fortunately, Herag could still sense the position of the stars.

Having meditated on the stars of the Abyss Plane, he could clearly discern their positions, unaffected by the surrounding environment.

Herag closed his eyes and marched straight toward the stone wall ahead, not glancing at the shifting views.

There lay a mountain range, with a colossal peak standing; its side was steep and smooth like a mirror, seemingly impossible to traverse.

Herag activated his Bloodline Mark but didn't fully activate it, merely letting some aura linger around.

This aura wouldn't spread out but could be sensed by any Demon approaching him.

In the Abyss Plane, bloodline is everything.

A trace of Ancestral Bloodline aura released voluntarily by Herag could avert many troubles.

After releasing this wisp of aura, a sudden change occurred.

The peak in front of Herag vanished, transforming into a vast Gobi Desert landscape.

The surroundings also stabilized, no longer shifting.

Herag looked around, unable to pinpoint the source of the hidden mischief.

Perhaps it wasn't a Demon, but something else entirely.

Regardless, it didn't matter anymore; since the entity ceased causing trouble for him, Herag wouldn't trouble himself either, and headed straight for the Gobi Desert.

Herag felt that if he hadn't consciously released the Ancestral Bloodline aura, today would have brought considerable trouble.

#### Chapter 628: Red Forest

Herag controlled his own aura, trying not to let it spread too far.

He was well aware that even though he had the Thunder God Ancestral Bloodline within him, one of the highest bloodlines in the Abyss Plane.

Ordinary demons in the Abyss Plane wouldn't dare to attack him, but that didn't mean he could be totally at ease.

There were quite a few in the Abyss Plane who possessed ancestral bloodlines, and many demons had bloodlines of the same level as Herag's.

Faced with these demons, Herag had no advantage to speak of.

The opponents won't be polite; if they know you're weaker, they might just swallow you whole.

Moreover, Herag's ancestral bloodline did not have a hundred percent deterrent effect on non-ancestral demons.

If he encountered an especially powerful individual, his ancestral bloodline might not be enough to intimidate them.

Many strong beings in the Abyss Plane started as obscure little demons and grew step by step.

In front of such beings, Herag could not simply rely on his ancestral bloodline aura to scare them away.

Others aren't fools; they are Level 5 or Level 6 creatures, so how could they be frightened away by just a bit of ancestral aura?

Herag was quite sure that facing such beings would likely lead to no good outcome.

Another point is that he felt he needed to adjust his mindset.

The planes Herag had experienced before were all middle-tier worlds, and he rarely encountered Level 5 or Level 6 creatures, let alone those above Level 6.

But here was the Abyss Plane, a high-tier world.

There were numerous beings beyond Level 6 here, let alone countless Level 5 and Level 6 creatures.

If it weren't for the extreme chaos of the Abyss Plane without any unified powers, the Wizard Plane and Boundary Land would have long been destroyed.

The Abyss Plane basically operated independently, without any large unified powers, not even small unified countries.

It was still in a very primitive state, often a group of demons living under the protection of some powerful being.

Such powers were distributed in many places across the Abyss Plane, always remaining independent of each other.

They were always in a state of either temporary peace or continuous mutual war and plunder.

Even the invasion of the Wizard Plane was something only a few forces in the Abyss Plane did.

For the vast majority of the Abyss Plane, most weren't even involved at all.

For many beings in the Abyss Plane, this was just a temporary stay and had nothing to do with them.

Now, although they're stuck to the Boundary Land, they see it as no problem that will be solved sooner or later.

Or, for the vast majority of beings in the Abyss Plane, they might not even know or care about this event.

The main controllers of the Abyss Plane's direction are still those few ancestral level beings.

No one knows exactly how many ancestors exist in the Abyss Plane, not even the toad is clear.

Some of these ancestors are still in the Abyss Plane, while others have long left, unknown how many eras ago.

Such as the Thunder God Ancestor, who seemingly no longer exists in the Abyss Plane, leaving only some bloodlines behind.

The Abyss Plane has birthed many ancestral beings, but not every ancestor remains here.

Even the ancestors who stay in the Abyss Plane often remain detached from worldly affairs, rarely appearing.

The ones truly gathering power in various parts of the Abyss Plane are actually few among the ancestors.

For beings at the ancestral level, having their own power isn't actually important.

Their strength has reached such an extreme level that cultivating power is no longer necessary; their pursuits aren't focused on such matters.

So now those who still dominate the Abyss Plane are actually just a few ancestors. Others remain indifferent or completely unaware of these matters.

There is no advanced communication network here; information in many places is very isolated.

Herag traveled across the Gobi Desert for a long time, not encountering any other creatures for over half a month.

Perhaps some demons were hidden but didn't dare reveal themselves after sensing his aura.

Herag spent more than half a month to walk out of this desolate area where even a stray weed couldn't be seen.

After leaving the Gobi Desert, he entered a mountain range.

The mountains were filled with trees having red leaves, a kind of plant Herag had never seen before, nor was there any information related in Shenlan's database.

He carefully observed the outskirts for a while, confirming he sensed no danger before continuing inward.

Within Shenlan's environmental detection range, this mountain range was vast, and what lay ahead was unknown.

Behind him was the Gobi Desert he had traversed, naturally impossible to return to now.

Upon entering this mountain range, he clearly felt many more life auras.

In the forest, Herag saw ants about the size of dogs and bees almost as small as molecules.

Had he not carefully inspected, he would hardly notice the existence of these bees, and might even accidentally inhale them through breathing.

Herag didn't know what consequences inhaling these bees would have, and he didn't want to find out.

Even with an Inner Domain, he needed to be extra cautious in the Abyss Plane.

These demons seemed to have some aggression, but they all lay quietly aside after sensing the aura Herag released, not daring to make a sound.

Herag felt the ancestral bloodline aura he released acted like an insect repellent here, incredibly useful.

"No, there's no time, gotta hurry!" came some noises and someone speaking Abyssal common language from the red forest ahead.

Herag looked up and saw a small figure jumping and tumbling among the branches of the red forest.

Herag quickened his pace and went over, finding a squirrel wearing a black suit.

As he approached, the squirrel noticed Herag behind him and stopped on a branch, turning to look at him.

It was a very anthropomorphic squirrel with features similar to a human, only its body remained the furry body of a squirrel.

Tilting its head, it looked at Herag and said in a puzzled tone, "A human? No, wow, friend, your disguise technology is really clever, I almost thought you were a real human. My name is Yom, heading to attend the Mushroom King's tea party, are you interested?"

Herag was grateful he had obtained the Abyssal common language inheritance from the toad, otherwise he wouldn't understand a word of what this squirrel was saying.

## Chapter 629: Afternoon Tea

From Squirrel Yom's words, Herag deduced that the squirrel initially sensed the human aura from him, hence the initial confusion.

This is likely a place ordinary humans cannot reach. Just the Gobi Desert behind them is a death zone for humans.

However, Squirrel Yom quickly sensed the trace of ancestral bloodline aura from Herag.

This faint aura seemed beyond Herag's full control, inadvertently leaking out.

The squirrel, sensing this aura, clearly mistook Herag for a Demon from an Abyss Plane.

Judging from the squirrel's attitude, this squirrel is probably quite special, as it still managed a rather gracious attitude despite sensing the ancestral aura, even proactively chatted and extended an invitation to Herag.

Herag considered for a moment, sparing words like gold: "Alright."

He knew that the more words spoken, the more likely he was to slip up. It was better to assume the character of someone who disliked talking and was poor with words, to reveal less information.

The squirrel grinned in response, though its human-like face on a squirrel's head felt odd, making its smile eerie.

The squirrel waved a small paw and laughed, "Keep up, we're going to be late, the Mushroom King hates it when people are late."

Having said this, Yom leaped onto the branches up ahead, easily covering seven or eight meters with a single leap.

Herag did not step forward, using the Spirit of the White Deer talent ability quietly to close the distance behind the squirrel.

Squirrel Yom immediately bristled in shock, its fur standing on end.

Upon realizing Herag had no intention to attack, the squirrel sighed with relief, patting its little chest with its paw, "Really scared the squirrel to death."

Herag feigned ignorance, looking at the squirrel as if he couldn't understand its excitement.

The squirrel awkwardly scratched the back of its head with a paw, laughing, "Just remembered something suddenly, let's continue on."

The squirrel believed Herag had acted unintentionally, moving on instinct, while it had been unnecessarily startled, quite embarrassing indeed.

However, after this incident, the squirrel felt a greater sense of caution concerning Herag.

It knew Herag was traveling using spatial rules, as naturally as eating or drinking, without any exertion.

It was like a fish swimming freely within the spatial rules.

This indicated Herag's true form must possess spatial talent ability, further proving his extraordinary lineage.

"I wonder what race he is..." the squirrel pondered.

Herag remained silent, continuing to use the Spirit of the White Deer talent ability to travel behind the squirrel.

He refrained from any magic, avoiding using even a trace of magic power, to prevent exposing himself as a Wizard.

Herag could not count on these demons having never dealt with a Wizard, unable to detect the magic power aura on him.

If something went wrong, escaping this place could become impossible.

Thus, he relied solely on talent ability throughout, and it seemed to be effective, as the squirrel had no doubts about his Abyssal Demon identity.

Born with rule power abilities indicated a powerful race, no matter the plane.

Since Herag restrained most of his aura, revealing only a faint bloodline aura, the squirrel couldn't ascertain Herag's exact race, identity, or strength.

In the squirrel's view, Herag had disguised himself as a human, without revealing his true form, leaving his strength as a mystery.

After traveling together for ten minutes through the red forest, they arrived at an open area.

Before them was a clearing, surrounded by the red forest, just a small open space within.

Ahead was a house, smoke puffing from its chimney.

Herag noticed the blue smoke and frowned slightly, as he hadn't noticed it earlier.

In the yard outside the house stood a long table, surrounded by several whimsical characters.

Though these figures bore general human shapes, a closer look revealed they were certainly not humans.

Four individuals sat at the ends of the long table, two on either side.

To the left sat a lady with a black gauze hat, petite, standing on the chair to reach the teacup and pot.

Herag observed, seeing her skin was purely green, as if crafted from green clay.

Next to this Lady Green sat a white weasel, sporting a human head, clad in swimming trunks.

The human head atop the white weasel was peculiar, with its features misplaced, the mouth relocated to the crown.

Thus, when reaching for tea, he had to pour it over his head, and with his eyes positioned around the chin, he couldn't see the cup's location.

This made it difficult as he attempted to pour tea into his mouth but often missed, splashing it on himself or nearby ground.

The Lady Green beside the white weasel shot him a disdainful glance, edging her chair away, seeking distance from his antics.

Directly across from Lady Green appeared to be the most human-like figure, at least from the front.

This was a gentlemanly figure, loudly sporting an antiquated yet tidy hairstyle and attire.

Had Herag observed from another angle, he might have assumed him a genuine gentleman.

From this perspective, Herag could see the gentleman was indeed a paper-like figure, resembling a giant playing card.

Though his teacup emitted steam, the gentleman showed no intention to drink.

Beside the Poker Gentleman sat a robust figure, muscles bulging heavily, as if a single punch could kill a Level 1 Wizard.

However, this figure was headless, the neck smooth, as if it had never grown a head.

Sitting in the chair, arms crossed over the chest, not drinking tea or speaking, he seemed deep in thought.

Headless, it was unclear if speaking was even possible.

The arrival of Herag and the squirrel soon drew the attention of these four; Lady Green and the Poker Gentleman took interest, while the white weasel continued serving itself tea, and the strong man remained dazed.

"Oh, let's see what Yom has brought, a new friend!" The Poker Gentleman stood and bowed, executing a flawless gentleman's bow.

"Oh my, his outfit is so exquisite! I simply must ask him for makeup tips," Lady Green exclaimed, hands over her mouth in awe of Herag's human disguise, full of surprise and admiration.

#### Chapter 630: Tea Party

Herag followed the Squirrel to the long table and found an empty chair on each side, with another empty chair at the head of the table.

"Where do you want to sit?" the Squirrel jumped onto the long table and asked, turning back.

"Anywhere is fine," Herag replied.

The Squirrel scratched its head and said, "Then sit next to the White Weasel. He's a bit foolish but won't suddenly go berserk like Udman."

The Udman in the Squirrel's words refers to the headless giant. After speaking, the Squirrel jumped into the chair next to Udman and sat down.

Udman remained seated in his chair, arms crossed, with no reaction.

But from what the Squirrel said, Udman was likely a dangerous figure.

Herag then sat next to the White Weasel, and tea splashed next to him.

Turning his head, he saw the White Weasel still feeding itself tea, just missing the right spot.

"Hello, my name is Elizabeth. May I ask how you managed to dress so exquisitely?" Lady Green asked.

Herag wore a puzzled look and replied, "I don't understand."

He used very brief language, deliberately acting a bit confused.

"You couldn't be newly awakened, could you?" Elizabeth seemed to have thought of something and looked at the Squirrel, hoping it would explain since it brought Herag.

Seeing Elizabeth's glance, the Squirrel said, "He might be newly awakened, possibly an old-timer."

Elizabeth nodded, looking at Herag with added respect and no longer pursued the question about his attire.

The Squirrel continued to ask Herag, "What's your name?"

Herag took a moment to recall and uttered, "Eternal."

He used the term 'Eternal' from the common language of the Abyss Plane, which, besides its literal meaning, also implied ancient and inherited.

Everyone who heard turned to look, even the White Weasel halted its actions and stared at Herag, seemingly very shocked.

This time, Herag truly didn't understand why they were so excited. He had only used the name he held as a God, the Eternal God.

The Poker Gentleman looked at Herag and said, "Unexpectedly, it's a newly awakened lord. Thank you for choosing to attend our tea party. I am Dionysus."

Herag didn't understand why they concluded he must be a newly awakened lord just from a casually spoken name.

Upon reflection, he suspected that perhaps the word 'Eternal' had some special meaning he was unaware of.

This term in the Abyss Plane was probably not one that anyone could use, and when combined with the aura of his Ancestral Bloodline, these people essentially assumed he was some newly awakened figure.

Herag suddenly remembered that when he entered his Divine State, Misu had asked for his title, and he casually said "Eternal."

Looking back now, certain things might have happened then.

Normally, not everyone can achieve the Divine State; only those with significant strength and status qualify.

When Herag gave himself the title of Eternal, he likely subtly changed some things.

The term 'Eternal' in the Abyss Plane was not something just anyone could bear; the fact that Herag could easily utter it without any burden indicated he could inherently carry the word.

This alone was enough to evoke respect and apprehension from the Squirrel and others.

"Lord Eternal, the Mushroom King should be arriving soon. You might want to try the red tea in front of you first. The Mushroom King himself brewed it," the Squirrel said respectfully.

Herag opened the teapot lid and found it was brewed with many red mushrooms and some red leaves, seemingly gathered from the Red Forest outside.

The tea was bright red, resembling blood, though not as thick.

The tea's aroma was sharp and incredibly unpleasant.

At least from a human perspective, this smell was very pungent.

However, judging by the Squirrel and others' expressions, they seemed to enjoy the scent, as if it relaxed their minds.

Despite a moment of hesitation, Herag poured himself a cup of tea from the teapot and drank it in one gulp.

The taste was indeed very off-putting, like swallowing a cup of gasoline that exploded in his mouth.

Herag dared to drink it purely because of the existence of his Inner Domain.

With the Inner Domain, even if this tea were deadly poison to him, it would have no effect.

The taste and texture were hard to endure, but these were minor issues.

Herag finished drinking without a change of expression and said, "Not bad."

He then picked up the teapot and poured himself another cup, sipping it slowly.

If an ordinary human drank this tea, they would likely be severely injured or worse, as it was something humans simply couldn't consume.

The Squirrel, seeing Herag seemed to enjoy it, was quite pleased.

As Herag drank tea, he also observed the others.

Seeing Herag not being particularly talkative, the others didn't dare interrupt, so they silently drank their tea.

Elizabeth occasionally stole glances at Herag, seemingly envious of his human appearance.

Herag felt strong auras from these demons, certainly stronger than his Level 3 Wizard powers.

Even the Squirrel across from him was likely at least a Level 4 or 5 Demon.

Without activating his Bloodline Mark, Herag was no match for them.

But now they seemed to have misunderstood his identity, never considering him just a Level 3 Wizard.

Even with the Ancestral Bloodline Power boost from activating the Bloodline Mark, he couldn't surpass them by much.

After a while, there was movement from the cabin.

Herag turned to see a plump man with a peculiar hat emerging, holding a teapot.

Looking closely, the man wore the teapot as a hat, inverted and placed on his head.

"Hello, Mr. Eternal, welcome to the Red Forest and thank you for joining my tea party," the Mushroom King said with a smile, sitting at the head of the table with the teapot.

Herag nodded, "Hello."

He sensed an intense aura of threat from the Mushroom King, evidently far stronger than the Squirrel, Elizabeth, and the other demons, a presence not to be underestimated.

"Well then, since everyone is here, let's officially begin today's tea party. While enjoying the tea, we need to discuss some subsequent matters. Recently, the Dark Elves over in the Dark Swamp have been causing us trouble. We in the Red Forest are not to be trifled with; it's time they paid some price," the Mushroom King said solemnly.