

# **Cursed Immortality**

## **#Chapter 701 The Price for Keeping the Gluttony Mask! - Read Cursed Immortality Chapter 701 The Price for Keeping the Gluttony Mask!**

### **Chapter 701 The Price for Keeping the Gluttony Mask!**

"Can I see it?" asked Jacob while glancing at the little elf girl.

The wood elf hesitated for a moment before he gently said to his daughter, "Elia, show Uncle your neck; he might be able to help you."

"Mhh." Elia obediently nodded before she handed the binoculars to her father and unwrapped the scarf around her neck.

Jacob didn't plan to help the little girl; he just wanted to see why his hex core subtly reacted to her. Furthermore, he hadn't examined anyone with a curse before, especially a curse that someone was born with. He didn't even know if this was possible.

Nonetheless, he was quite interested in this connate curse that Elia was afflicted with. Furthermore, Jacob knew Elia's father was lying when he said they only came to this place because Elia wanted to see the mountain gates. But he decided not to call him out on this and wanted to observe further before making his move. After all, despite the wood elf lying about the part approaching him, his other words were true.

Jacob's eyes narrowed when Elia dropped the scarf, and a web of dark lines spread around her neck revealed. It was quite hideous to look at, and Jacob could 'see' dense dark particles rising around that web of dark lines.

On the other hand, the wood elf held his breath when he saw the dark elf looking so intensely at Elia's curse, and hope shimmered in his agitated eyes. Truth be told, he only found Jacob because of Elia!

He didn't know why, but when they were heading towards the mountain gates, Elia suddenly told him that she was sensing something familiar in Jacob's direction, which greatly shocked him since she had never said something like that.

Nonetheless, he decided to trust his innocent daughter and followed her direction. It was then that he found the dark elf sitting on this tree, and Elia told him that she got that familiar feeling from the Dark Elf.

But he was still on guard and decided to approach the Dark Elf under the pretext that Elia wanted to see the mountain gates. He even taught Elia to act with him. First, he

was still somewhat suspicious, and he could feel the Dark Elf had this unapproachable air around him; he clearly didn't want to be disturbed.

Nonetheless, for his daughter, he would do anything, so he tried probing the dark elf to see if he could get something out of him, but when Jacob said that he could sense Elia's curse, his heart skipped a beat, and he finally understood why Elia reacted that way.

Now, he was really hoping that this Dark Elf could help him cure his daughter since he didn't have much hope with the Faery Humans as well, and he didn't know what he would do if even the holy magic failed to cure Elia's curse. At the very least, he was hoping the Dark Elf would point him in some direction.

While Elia and the wood elf were silently waiting for Jacob's evaluation, Jacob mused, 'If I want to examine this curse more thoroughly, then I must use my hex mana, but with the Gluttony Mask on, I can't use my true magic without removing this disguise...'

After he entered the conflict plains, the first thing he did was familiarize himself with the Gluttony Mask and experiment with its true function. After many trials, Jacob was finally able to thoroughly understand the Gluttony Mask's two functions: the Gluttony Shapeshift and Gluttony Genesis. He found that when he fed the Gluttony Mask the corpse of a peak epic rank, it instantly evolved into advanced epic rank with gluttony genesis.

However, he soon found that Gluttony Genesis wasn't just there to help the mask evolve. When he used the Gluttony Shapeshift to change into the epic rank barbarian he fed to the mask, not only did his entire body completely morph into that barbarian, but even his rank and magic were masked.

First, whenever he used his mana, it morphed into the same element as the barbarian without any flaw. The barbarian had an earth magic core, and when Jacob used his water, fire, or hex mana, it instantly converted into earth mana perfectly!

This was simply too shocking, so Jacob continued his tests further. Then, he discovered something even more shocking when he tried to use his star watch in that barbarian's disguise.

He found that his star watch didn't work and got disconnected because it couldn't detect 'Faceless Ancient's' life signature. But when he tried to use the dead barbarian's Star Watch, it instantly connected, and he was able to access the barbarian's Star account and everything!

This discovery shocked Jacob and made him ecstatic because it meant that this mask's disguise was perfect, and even the bloodline test was tricked.

This made him realize just how powerful and dangerous this mask was. It could perfectly mask everything without leaving behind anything, and no one would be able to tell the difference between the real and the fake except for their memories.

Then Jacob tried the same thing with a unique rank goblin with a mystic signature, and just like before, everything was perfectly morphed even that goblin's mystic signature!

However, the only thing Jacob found bothersome and disadvantageous was that as long as he was using the Gluttony Shapeshift, he couldn't use his real magic, strength, or anything his real body had. Meaning, as long as he was in disguise as this peak unique rank dark elf, he couldn't use his fire, water, or hex mana, nor could he use his physical strength to its peak or fluid acceleration.

The only ability he found that he could have with his mask was his Eyes of Judge and Soul Force!

Jacob mused that this might be related to the Eyes of Judge being a soul-type innate ability, or the mask might simply be too weak to stop the Eyes of Judge. Another possibility is that this treasure only morphs physical bodies, not souls. He had to wait to get the answer to that question. Last but not least, Jacob found that while using Gluttony Shapeshift, he was vulnerable to all attacks that his actual body normally wasn't, which was very dangerous in various situations.

Simply put, if he was disguised as a rare rank being, someone in epic rank could easily kill him. So, in any dangerous situation, he needed to cancel his disguise and reveal himself. Most importantly, Jacob discovered that his mask actually used his blood vitality as a source of power to keep the Gluttony Shapeshift constantly operating. Then he finally got a vague idea why the Witch Queen left behind this mask: if someone normal used it, they would simply end up dead by feeding it their own blood vitality.

Only someone like Jacob, who had a Universal Godly Scripture, can afford to keep this ghastly mask and use it to its full potential without ending up getting killed by it!

## **Chapter 702 Benefits Above Everything!**

Jacob knew he couldn't use his hex mana without revealing his true form in front of Elia and her father, but he really wanted to examine Elia's curse.

So, he decided to choose the most effective and safe way; looking at Elia and her father, he said, "Wait here. I'll be back." The next moment, he jumped off the tree and vanished into the forest, leaving the baffled wood elf and his daughter in shock.

"Is that uncle going to cure me, Daddy?" Elia suddenly asked her father with an expectant look in her big, round eyes, and she didn't take the dark elf's action as strange.

Her father pulled a pained expression, seeing his daughter's hopeful gaze, and smilingly nodded, "I think he will; let's wait and see. Even if he can't help you, I'm sure we'll find a cure for you in the Cardinal Spirit Chru..."

Suddenly, the wood elf's eyes were shut, and he started to fall off the tree as he fell unconscious mysteriously. Elia was startled and panicked, seeing her father suddenly starting to fall and was about to cry in alarm when she also lost consciousness the next moment, and she started to fall off the tree as well.

However, at this moment, before she could crush on the ground, a giant bone hand grabbed her while her father directly smashed on the ground and lay there in slumber.

It was naturally Jacob's doing, as he used his slumber hex on his father and daughter so they wouldn't find out his true identity. This way, he can also examine Elia as much as he wants without her father's interference.

Jacob, without wasting any time, placed his bone finger on the curse marks around Elia's neck, and crimson mana started to coat his finger. The moment his hex mana touched the dark web around Elia's neck, an unexpected reaction occurred.

The dark web of the curse suddenly lit up in dark light, and his hex mana suddenly started flowing into the curse at an alarming rate. Consequently, the web of dark lines started to spread all over Elia's body and face!

Jacob was astounded when he felt his hex mana being greedily absorbed into the little elf girl as if she were a bottomless pit. For some reason, he started to feel strange reasoning with her, or, more accurately, he felt as if his hex core was forming a strange connection with Elia.

As more of his hex mana was absorbed in Elia, the web of dark lines shimmered strongly, and those lines spread profoundly around her face.

'What is happening? Does she have some kind of affinity with curse magic? I really wish that damn book wouldn't be in its cooldown period, and there are still around twenty days left before I could summon it. Should I continue without knowing what's going to happen? Or should I just abduct her and keep her into my pedant until I got an answer out of Immortika?

However, at this moment, he ran out of hex mana, and thereafter, the dark lines on Elia's body started to dim down, but Jacob could now feel that those dark lines still wanted his hex mana and were far from done.

'What is happening? Does she have some kind of affinity with curse magic? I really wish that damn book wouldn't be in its cooldown period, and there are still around twenty days left before I could summon it. Should I continue without knowing what's going to happen? Or should I just abduct her and keep her into my pedant until I got an answer out of Immortika?

'But it's quite clear her curse isn't normal, and my hex core seemed to have some kind of connection with her. As for her father...' He looked at the unconscious wood elf coldly.

In the end, Elia vanished from his hand, and then he used his water mana to write something on the tree and place something on the wood elf's hand before he walked away, leaving the unconscious wood elf behind. He knew what he was doing was wrong, but since it might benefit him, he wasn't going to hesitate to do what was necessary, even if it meant abducting someone's daughter!

After six hours, as the sun was about to set, the wood elf finally opened his eyes in confusion. He was alarmed and cried, "Elia!?" He instantly searched for his daughter.

He didn't know what happened, but he was more afraid about Elia's safety than his own. Then he noticed something metallic in his hand. When he saw what it was, he was bewildered because it was a spacer ring.

However, he didn't have the mind to pay it any heed and called loudly, "Elia!!" But what replied to him was an eerie silence. He started to freak out and looked around frantically.

At this moment, he finally spotted something unusual on the bark of the same tree where he found the dark elf; there was something carved on it. When he read it, his expression warped, and he was horrified because what was written on the tree was.

"I'm taking your daughter because her condition is very special, and no one but I can help her. Once I'm done with her, I'll send her back. You don't have to worry about her safety, she's safer with me than you because if she remained with you'll get her killed eventually.

"I know you're going to hate me for what I'd done is wrong, and you should be hating me. But know this: if you try to find me or your daughter, only misery awaits you. It's a warning and my advice to you. If Elia doesn't return to you in 10 years, then I would suggest you move on and forget about her.

"I left enough treasures for you to live like a King in the Unique Plains. I hope it'll give you some solace until we meet again... 'J'!"

The wood elf's eyes opened wide as the dark elf's face suddenly appeared in his mind. His body started to shake with rage, and his eyes shimmered with dense hate and killing intent.

He then looked at the space ring in hand and wanted to throw it away, as it instantly reminded him of this humiliation. However, it also increased his hatred for this 'dark elf' who took Elia as if she were some kind of commodity and then left those words as if he was doing him a favor. He started to regret his decision even more.

At this moment, he clenched the ring in his fist and threw a punch at the writing on the tree bark, blasting it into smithereens, and roared furiously with hatred and resolved, "Bastard! You fiend, how could you do this! I'll kill you for taking my daughter, even if it's the last thing I do!"

## **Chapter 703 Holy Mountain Range**

After his strange encounter with the wood elf and Elia, Jacob focused on his true target, the Cardinal Spirit Church. He was naturally here to investigate the Faery Humans and find some more clues about the Eyes of Judge. As for his body's background, he wasn't interested in it from the start.

After all, he was no longer a Faery Human and was becoming something else entirely. Although he was somewhat curious about his body's past at first, it no longer interested him; even if he found something, he wouldn't care.

Furthermore, the neutral plains were in the center of the conflict plains, so this was the perfect place to observe and lay in wait for what was about to come. However, he wasn't completely sure if the Ice Fiend Locust Queen even took this bait and attacked the conflict plains she couldn't send above the unique rank Ice Fiend Locusts.

Nonetheless, he was still hopeful and wanted her to take this bait and come here. As for going to the Dark City, he still didn't want to reveal the fact that he was back. If someone were on the lookout for him, many troubles would come that he didn't want to handle at that moment.

However, he didn't take the Dark Elf's disguise anymore, especially since he knew that the Wood Elf might not give up on finding his daughter so easily. He only showed him some kindness because he took his daughter and spared his life. But if he didn't know how to appreciate his kindness, he didn't mind getting rid of him for good.

But he knew once he fed the gluttony mask another race, that wood elf would never be able to find him again. As for sending Elia back, it would all depend on Immortika's evaluation and why she makes his hex core react this way.

Jacob had been scouting and observing the holy mountain gates for a few days now, and with Autarch's help, he had gathered quite a lot of information. So, now was the time to enter this so-called Holy Mountain Range ruled by the Faeries!

At night, when the Holy Mountain Gates were closed, and the people who were waiting were either asleep or doing something in their temporary lodgings, he found an alone monkey-faced orc and disguised himself as that orc.

Thereafter, in the guise of the orc, Jacob approached the colossal mountain gates without hesitation and then ordered Autarch, "Open the small gate!"

As if Autarch was waiting for his command, a few moments later, the small doors on the side suddenly opened, revealing a giant race guard. Some people who were still outside also noticed this, and they were shocked when they saw the small gate suddenly open at this hour, and then a cloaked figure entered through it!

This caused some small commotions since this had never happened before. However, Jacob didn't care at all since he couldn't just climb the walls because there were very powerful formations protecting them. Raising the alarm just to enter this place was not worth it, especially when he could easily get in without drawing the attention of the entire city.

The giant guard led Jacob inside a huge hallway within the wall. Even more giant race guards stood around this hall, but they didn't react to Jacob's presence at all, as if they didn't see him. It was naturally all Autarch's doing!

After Jacob crossed the hall, the giant guard opened another door. Behind it was a vast forest with many paved roads. Once Jacob crossed the gates, the door behind him was shut.

'So, this is the holy mountain range, huh? I can feel the mana is far denser than outside, and those trees are different from the trees outside. Well, it doesn't matter since I need to find another disguise to move around easier.

'Hmmm... the highest rank Faery Human here is the Priest, who is also the overseer of this place, and he has the strongest holy magic. Then there are the ranks of Deacon and Devotee. 'Only Faery Humans can claim these ranks, while the other races can only become 'believers' whose job is to do chores or serve the Faeries or 'Holy Spirit Knight,' like those guards who protect the Faeries.

Jacob's lips curled up in a cruel smile. He had already decided what he should do next, so he released the disguise, used his own power to enter stealth, and then headed toward the core of the Holy Mountain Range.

There were many abodes all over the Holy Mountain Range, some small and some large and grand. They all belonged to the Faeries, and many other people were here to



heal. Jacob saw them kneeling outside some of the large abodes without moving. 'So, I need to be at least a Faery Human to move around freely, but why would I be satisfied with a Devotee rank Faery when I can just take over the Priest and do everything I want to.'

Jacob's lips curled up in a cruel smile. He had already decided what he should do next, so he released the disguise, used his own power to enter stealth, and then headed toward the core of the Holy Mountain Range.

There were many abodes all over the Holy Mountain Range, some small and some large and grand. They all belonged to the Faeries, and many other people were here to heal. Jacob saw them kneeling outside some of the large abodes without moving. Jacob also noticed that some races among these people were wearing completely white robes, and their faces were covered by transparent muslin. They were bringing those kneeling people inside the abodes while taking others out. They were the 'believers' who devoted their lives to the church and served the Faeries in the name of faith.

Jacob didn't know what kind of magic the Faeries had used to make them devote their lives to servitude like this, but he knew they were nothing less than fanatics when it came to serving the Holy Justice God.

Furthermore, the Faeries called themselves the holy race or children of the Holy Justice God, further evaluating their status in the minds of these people. Some of them were even fugitives who became believers to avoid their enemies, while some were the same people who had come here for healing once, and then they wanted to show their gratitude by serving the God who gave them another life and saved them from the torment.

As Jacob headed deeper, he started to see guards wearing white armor on patrol. The forest started to become clear, and many mountain peaks started to appear with adobes on them.

Furthermore, these adobes were like small castles, and those people who wanted to seek the help of the owner of these mountain abodes were kneeling all over these mountains. They were also wearing lavish clothing, and their ranks were even more powerful.

However, Jacob easily avoided them all since this wasn't his target. At this moment, he finally saw a huge mountain in the center of these small mountains. On top of this mountain was a huge, magnificent golden cathedral, shimmering under the starry sky like a godly palace.

Furthermore, the foot of the mountain was surrounded by high walls, and giant guards stood guard with solemn expressions. But there weren't any people here, or they simply didn't dare approach this place because of those guards.



Jacob's eyes lit up as he looked at the tall mountain and the cathedral on top. He knew what kind of place this was, and his eyes turned sharp, 'The Cardinal Spirit Church where the Priest lives!'

## **Chapter 704 A Ghost from the Past (1)**

The spire is a tall, pointed tower that rises above the cathedral's roof. Inside the spire is a luxurious chamber, but only the priest has access to it.

However, at this moment, two men were standing side by side in front of the large glass frame, which showed the entire scenery of the Holy Mountain Range and gave a very good view of the starry sky.

One of a wizened-face Faery Human with short silver hair and a skinny frame, he wore a golden priest robe with silver makings shaped like a justice scale. He was the priest of the Cardinal Spirit Church, Percy Edgar, a direct descendant of the Faery Humans' ruling clan, the Edgar Clan. He was also the Great-Grandson of the current Clan Leader as well as the Pope, Sebastian Edgar!

Beside Priest Percy was a young Faery Human with long silver hair and a handsome appearance. He was wearing a dark golden robe, and his amber eyes contained deep shrewdness, which also hid his arrogance.

His name was Rudolph, and his identity was extremely special and noble among the Faery Humans, for he was a Holy Child undergoing his trial in the Conflict Plains.

"Every time you ask for our lesson to be in the spire, you have something troubling you, Holy Child. Speak your mind freely; let's hear what kind of riddle is in your mind. But as always, I might not have an answer that you seek or don't have the answer at all." Percy gently asked without looking at Rudolph because his old eyes were profoundly looking toward the starry sky.

Rudolph glanced at Percy, who had been his mentor for many years and said, "Mentor, I'm very grateful for all of your teaching and the experience you provided me, and you treated me like your own. But it seemed we'd have to part ways soon since I received notification about the final trial for the Holy Son and Holy Daughter being opened in the main temple in three years. So, I want to tell you in this place where I have so many memories."

Percy finally averted his eyes from the sky and looked towards Rudolph, who seemed very sincere and even sad about leaving this place.

He sighed while shaking his head, "I failed my duties when your younger twin brother was kidnapped right under my nose. But despite this grave sin, I'm still alive because of

my eyes. And you know I deeply resent that since I should've been put to death that day for my sin.

"Nonetheless, I'm still proud of you for reaching this stage, and it seems I've completed the purpose my god has given him in this life. If you become the Holy Son and then the Holy Pontiff, maybe, just maybe, the burden of my sin could be slightly reduced." A hint of pain and sadness crept out in Percy's eyes when he mentioned the biggest shame of his life.

However, Rudolph's expression changed ever so slightly when Percy mentioned his 'younger twin brother,' but he quickly hid it with his regrettable expression, "You don't have to blame yourself for what happened in the past. It wasn't your fault but those vile blasphemers who profane the land of and took away his child and my little brother from us.

"Even now, his innocent face torments me to this day in my dreams, and for him, I have to succeed, and only then can I bring down God's judgment on whoever did that vile act! Please don't blame yourself mentor, let me handle the burden of avenging my little brother!" His tone was filled with hatred as his eyes shone with vengeance.

Percy's eyes flashed with gratification as he nodded solemnly with faint killing intent in his eyes, "I know you can do it, and don't worry, I'll be with you when that time comes. I still must repent for my sin! Only then could I have face to return to the embrace of our God!"

"What the fuck? Is this a melodrama or something?" Right at this moment, an unfamiliar, deep yet annoyed voice rang in the spire, startling both Percy and Rudolph!

They were shocked because they knew no one could enter this place without going through the Holy Spirit Knights all over the cathedral. Not to mention, this place was filled with traps and alarms; only someone with authority below Percy could reach it.

But even if someone managed to find such a person and even capture him, it was impossible for them to betray the Temple. Yet the impossible had happened!

However, this wasn't the first time someone had broken into the church, and it wasn't the first time this kind of thing had happened. Percy felt like he was experiencing déjà vu as if he had experienced the same thing that happened almost six decades ago!

"Who dares to break into the land of god!?" Rudolph's pupils suddenly turned to vanish as his amber iris spread over his eyes, turning completely golden.

"Oh, you guys indeed have special eyes; this just makes it even more worth my while." At this moment, the closed door blasted open!

The next moment, a towering giant wearing a windbreaker and hood over his head walked in with slow and steady steps. Behind his hood, cold golden eyes were glowing like two suns.

"Ahhhhh!" Rudolph suddenly let loose a strange painful cry when he looked towards the face of this hooded giant with his amber eyes which suddenly backlashed, it was as if he was looking at a burning sun, and blood trickled down from the corner of his eyes.

Percy's heart trembled when he saw Rudolph suffering a backlash from using his eyes, which should have been impossible since Rudolph was a peak Unique Rank, and his proficiency in using his eyes had become a little bit better than even himself. This means this giant should have had a powerful treasure that was protecting him from their eyes. He didn't even entertain the thought of someone resisting their eyes in the entire Unique Plains.

Furthermore, since this giant had revealed himself so arrogantly and bypassed all the security in the church, this could only mean he was very skilled and confident enough to take both on.

"That tickled slightly." The giant scoffed as his golden eyes were locked on Rudolph's face.

"Are you here to assassinate the Holy Child?" Percy took a deep breath and concealed his nervousness as he took a step forward in front of Rudolph. He was going to stake his life to protect Rudolph and wouldn't let his previous mistake repeat itself.

The giant, who was obviously Jacob, looked towards Percy at this moment before he said, "You know, I couldn't help myself but hear your touching conversation just now. Although I didn't plan to raise this subject, after seeing that idiot's face, I changed my mind. Let me show you what I'm talking about."

Percy and Rudolph, who had suppressed the pain his eyes were startled when they heard this giant's strange words.

However, when Jacob dropped the hood and revealed his face, Percy was gobsmacked with disbelief while Rudolph's eyes widened fully, his face turned pale, and he directly dropped on his butt with horror.

"I-I-I... Impossible!" He shrilled while crawling back.

Jacob's eyes narrowed as he looked at ashen Rudolph and chuckled thoughtfully, "Why are you reacting like you've just seen a ghost?"

## **Chapter 705: A Ghost from the Past (2)**

His charm was otherworldly, a sculpted perfection that sent shivers down Rudolph's spine. Long, silver hair, the color of moonlight, cascaded down his back in shimmering waves. It framed a face that defied limitations.

A heart-shaped face with high cheekbones and a sharp jawline. He was classically handsome, yet his features held a touch of fey.

But what truly stole both Percy and Rudolph's breaths away were his eyes. Bright golden, like molten gold, they held an unsettling depth. They were beautiful, yet a creepy coldness lurked within them. They seemed to pierce through Rudolph, judging, assessing, and devoid of any warmth.

There was a hint of cruelty in the way the corners of his lips were slightly upturned, a stark contrast to the delicate curve of his heart-shaped face. He radiated an air of aloofness, seemingly utterly untouchable, cold, and distant as the winter frost.

After a long time, Jacob showed his face, and what was baffling was Rudolph had the same face as him except for his eyes, strange charm, and creepy coldness, not to mention the sheer height difference between them. Nonetheless, anyone who saw them would think they were identical copies of each other, with the only difference being Jacob was a towering giant, while Rudolph was a Faery Human with a 2.4-meter-tall slim frame, and Percy was experiencing just that!

"I-Impossible! You dare to impersonate me, you sacrilegious vermin!" Rudolph roared in utter disbelief and horror as he didn't dare to even think about a certain possibility since it was simply too absurd, and although Jacob had his face or 'his' face, his entire body was telling otherwise.

Percy finally snapped out of his stupor with Rudolph's high-pitched roar, but his expression was still filled with uncertainty and apprehension as he looked at the giant with Rudolph's face.

But for some reason, he couldn't help but think about another boy with the same face who always had a cheerful, warm smile on his face, and he had a kind heart. However, despite his strange thoughts, he knew what he was thinking was virtually impossible since this giant was in stark contrast to the boy that he remembered.

In fact, because of his mastery of holy magic and his eyes, he could sense a terrible vile and murderous aura seep into the very bones of this giant as if he were crawling out straight from the depth of hell.

Nonetheless, despite his instincts screaming at him to run away, he didn't and stepped in front of Rudolph, who was behaving as if he had gone completely insane.

The biggest reason Rudolph's mind suddenly became chaotic was not Jacob's similar face; instead, it was when he used his eyes to discover and even attack the intruder.

At that time, he suddenly saw something that he couldn't describe with words. It was as if he had used his eyes again, something extremely superior, just like the God they serve, and provoked something that left his mind greatly weakened from that terrible backlash.

Moreover, after experiencing Jacob's power, suffering his life's most pathetic defeat, and finally seeing Jacob's face, it turned into a permanent mental trauma because of his unstable mind.

"What are you trying to do by impersonating Holy Child!? If you don't stop whatever you're about to do, then you will have the entire Cardinal Spirit Temple hunting you down." Percy grimly stated as he started to regain his calm.

He coldly said, "I'm not lying. If you know about our Spellbind Holy Eyes, then you should know that every person who possesses them is connected with our legacy treasure, the Spellbind Mirror. One of its abilities is that it can record everything the possessor of a Spellbind Holy Eyes can see!

"I and Holy Child here both have the Spellbind Holy Eyes and if you do anything, everyone in the main temple would know about it. Even if you're disguising yourself to mislead others, I can promise you that the Spellbind Mirror will track you down no matter what kind of disguise you wear!

"So, as long as you tell me your reason for doing this and who compels you to do this, you can leave, and you can have my words that no one will look for you! You don't want to mess with followers of Holy Justice, God, for the Divine Judgement will be endless!"

Percy started to regain confidence after seeing that Jacob wasn't attacking or doing anything. He was listening to his every word with an impassive look on his face, so he thought Jacob was hesitating, and there was a chance to turn this around.

"Are you done? I'm only putting up with your nonsense because I'm waiting. Oh, and I know you're also lying about something!" Jacob's dismissive yet cruel words sent a shiver down Percy's spine, "But since you were kind enough to reveal this interesting thing about these Spellbind Holy Eyes and Spellbind Mirror, then I want to send a message to the Faery Humans.

"Listen well, don't mess with me, or it'll be the end of you all, followers of God or not. I don't know if the Divine Judgement will come or not, but know this: I'll come!"

Percy was horrified seeing Jacob's completely unwavering glare when he just literally threatened the entire Faery Human Race as if they were nothing but some common goblins.

However, before Percy could say anything, he suddenly felt as if powerlessness enveloped his entire being before darkness started to creep into his eyes and icy chillness replaced the warmth of life.

At this moment, Percy's emotional face suddenly became stoic and emotionless, and he said, "What he said is true, but not entirely. The Spellbind Mirror has a limited number of slots, and they are reserved for some of the extremely talented and precious members of the Faery

Human Race.

"Although Percy was considered the Great Grandson of the current Pope, he was actually a contender for the previous generation's Holy Child. However, he rejected that status because he wanted to live here in peace and serve God by preaching his dogma and enlightening others.

"But the Edgar clan didn't look too kindly upon simple ambition, especially his father, and since he didn't listen to their advice, he ended up losing everything. However, despite his lack of ambition, Percy was still a genius who had awakened the Spellbind Holy Eyes and earned the right to compete for the Pope position by becoming a Holy Child.

"So, he did something no one had ever expected from someone like him who had no ambition: He created a never-before-seen optical ability of the Spellbind Holy Eyes on his own, which were powerful enough to alert the Bishops of the Temple.

"However, because of what his clan had done to him, he didn't reveal his ability's secret to them, no matter what kind of trick they tried to pull. He even rejected the offer to register himself with the Spellbind Mirror. Because he knew that once he was registered with the Spellbind Mirror when he died, his entire life memories would enter the Mirror archives, and they would get what they wanted, and he would lose his leverage against them.

"So, before they could do anything more extreme, he simply made a deal with them: in exchange for this position of Church Priest of the Cardinal Spirit Church, he'll teach his techniques and even theories about the Spellbind Holy Eyes that helped him to achieve that impossible feat.

"However, his only condition was there can only be one successor in each generation because he said his technique were special. So, the temple had no choice but to agree to his demands!" Jacob was astounded when he heard the vague yet interesting history of Percy, who dared to rebel against his powerful family just because he wanted to live peacefully and serve his God like an actual priest without any malicious thoughts or benefits. Furthermore, he was resolute and genius enough to achieve that dream.

But alas, this genius and kind Priest was now nothing but a shell for a fantastic insect!

## Chapter 706: A Ghost from the Past (3)

Rudolph was appalled seeing Percy speaking like an emotionless puppet; however, he knew something had terribly gone wrong with Percy, and the person behind it was naturally the dreadful giant standing there nonchalantly.

At this moment, Rudolph doesn't care about Percy's condition; he only has one thought: survival!

The next moment, Rudolph instantly leaped towards the big glass window behind him, hoping to flee from this unknown monster and save his own skin.

"Where do you think you're going? We're far from done!" Jacob instantly reacted. With a single step, he vanished from his spot and appeared right in front of Rudolph like a ghost. His speed was extremely superior to Rudolph's.

'Slap!'

Jacob then sent Rudolph flying with a single slap, and Rudolph crushed into the wall, shaking the entire room. He hurled up blood and broken teeth while half of his face was caved in by Jacob's casual slap.

Then Jacob ignored the blood-coughing Rudolph, looked at Autarch, who had now completely taken over Percy's body, and asked, "What's the story behind this guy, then?"

He wanted to know this since he had already heard Rudolph and Percy's conversation, and after seeing Rudolph's face, he knew that Rudolph was his twin brother.

But before wasting time on interrogating Rudolph or considering Autarch taking over Rudolph's body to read his memories, he wanted to know if it was worth it or not.

Autarch emotionlessly revealed, "After Percy declared his condition for only choosing a single successor to teach his eye technique, the temple had no choice but to comply with his demands and sent two holy children with the greatest talent and highest bloodline density among the current generation of the Faery Human.

"They were twin boys born by the Pope's youngest wife. He's one of them. His name is Rudolph Edgar, and he's the eldest among the twins. His younger twin brother was named Adolph Edgar.

"They were sent here when they were ten years old to learn from Percy. At first, Percy really didn't have any intention of teaching them since he knew that once his technique



was passed down, the temple might start to find a way to get rid of him, and they would also get their hands on that technique through these boys.

"However, when he started to teach them, he found that the boys were real geniuses, especially the younger twin, Adolph. He was kind towards others and helped anyone in need; he kind of reminded Percy of himself.

"In the end, Percy changed his mindset, took the job of being a mentor seriously, and taught them. But he noticed that Rudolph wasn't like Adolph. Instead, he was ambitious and arrogant and thought everyone else was beneath him, a trait common among the Faery Humans and something Percy loath.

"Nonetheless, he still taught them both and hoped to reform Rudolph's character. Things were going quite smoothly, and Rudolph's character also started to change. But since Percy could only teach his secret technique to one of them, his first choice was Adolph.

"However, after a decade of Percy starting to teach the boys, something happened before he could start imparting that secret technique since Adolph needed to be at least a Unique Rank to learn it.

"That day, someone broke into the church without alerting anyone or triggering any alarms. When Percy or someone else realized it, it was already too late. When they launched an investigation, they found that nothing important was taken, except for Adolph!

"That mysterious person kidnapped Adolph that day, and when Percy found out about it, he was furious, and he launched a huge investigation with the temple's full support.

"In the end, the investigation lasted for quite some time, but no matter where they searched, they couldn't find the kidnapper or any traces of Adolph. Furthermore, because both brothers were registered with the Spellbind Mirror, they confirmed that Adolph was alive because his memories didn't return to his mirror.

"However, all of a sudden, the temple suddenly stopped the investigation and declared Adolph dead without providing any explanation to furious Percy. The only thing he got was that the kidnapper was found dead, and Adolph's memories had been retrieved. Which means he was dead!

"In the end, Percy had no choice but to believe the Temple since he knew they wouldn't lie about something like this or take this humiliation sitting, especially since it involved a Holy Child, who was the Pope's youngest son, at that, with an extremely powerful bloodline.

"But Percy had taken this to heart and blamed himself for Adolph's death, who he even considered his own child and had deep sentiments for. He even wanted to die for his sin, but he was spared and told to complete his duty for both his and Adolph's sake.

"He also found some solace in Rudolph since he looked like Adolph, yet it also haunted him at the same time. That's why he protected him with everything he had. Rudolph naturally didn't disappoint him; he learned everything and even changed his ways, which satisfied Percy.

"But the regret and guilt of losing Adolph never left his heart to this day, and he always prayed in secret for his soul and sought forgiveness for his sin..." Autarch explained everything related to the twins and Percy's relationship with Jacob.

Jacob didn't react much because despite knowing that he was Adolph's, the kidnapped twin, he didn't have any memoirs of Adolph, nor did he have any feelings towards his background or Percy.

However, he was still curious about who was behind Adolph's mysterious demise, and he even had a guess as he glanced toward Rudolph, who was also listening with a pale expression after he stopped coughing blood and stabilized his condition with a self-healing spell.

Although Rudolph didn't know what kind of magic Jacob had performed on Percy to cause him to spill everything out like this, after getting slapped by Jacob and almost dying, he knew Jacob was a terrifying being, and his fate was now in his hands.

At this moment, Autarch ended his explanation with a final revelation, "Percy, despite not wanting to believe it, always had a guess about who was behind Adolph's disappearance."

Jacob was intrigued as he thought Percy wasn't a complete fool after all and asked, "Oh, who was it?"

Autarch said something completely different from Jacob's trail of thoughts, and even Rudolph became deadly appalled and started to tremble after hearing it.

"Percy always believed that it was none other than Adolph's own father, Pope Sebastian Edgar, who killed Adolph!"

## **Chapter 707: A Ghost from the Past (4)**

Jacob's eyes narrowed when he heard Percy's unexpected conjecture. Seeing Rudolph's reaction, he knew there was some truth in Percy's speculation.

"Why did he consider this possibility?" Jacob asked.

"Percy didn't just investigate the others, but he also secretly poked around the temple, and then he discovered that there were similar cases of Sebastian Edgar's children dying mysteriously.

"Percy found it quite strange that no one had ever investigated them or those cases were buried as if someone didn't want anyone to touch them. Furthermore, Percy only managed to get his hands on this information because he secretly snuck into his father's library and discovered a secret compartment with the help of his eyes.

"But he was too afraid to confront his father about it because this matter was directly related to the Pope, and he knew that if this involved some kind of secret of the Pope, he wouldn't be able to live long whether he had his technique or not.

"At first, he also had doubts, but when the investigation suddenly stopped, he started to believe that Sebastian Edgar had been behind Adolph's disappearance. Only Sebastian Edgar had the power to stop the investigation and completely cover up this incident.

"But no matter what kind of conclusion he had reached, he knew it was meaningless as long as he didn't have the power to confront Sebastian Edgar. If he had opened his mouth, he would've been dead.

"That's why he pinned his hopes on Rudolph, and he wanted him to become the next Pope before revealing this to Rudolph, so he could bring his brother justice and punish Sebastian if he was the one behind Adolph's death!" Autarch stated emotionlessly.

Realization dawned on Jacob as he understood Percy's reason for suspecting Sebastian since even he found it strange.

'What could be the purpose of all those children dying? And why only the children of the Pope? Furthermore, when I reincarnated in this body, its condition was terrible. If I hadn't reincarnated, then the owner of this body had already died under Decker's cruel experiment.

'It also didn't make sense that he didn't completely kill Adolph and instead sent him all the way to the common plains and sold him as a slave. This matter seems far more complicated than I had thought, and all these complications lead to Sebastian Edgar, the father of Adolph.

'Whatever the reason, I should feel grateful since without Adolph reaching his situation and dying, I might not have been reincarnated into this body and died that day.

'But it doesn't mean I'm not interested in the inheritance of the Faery Humans since they had a variant of Eyes of Judge. Although it is quite weak and a diluted version of Eyes of Judge, I might learn something new and use the Eyes of Judge better.'

Jacob didn't show any anger towards Sabastian since he wasn't Adolph, who had already died. He never considered himself Adolph because he was only Jacob. In fact, he might even thank the guy who made Adolph die for giving him a chance to chase after Immortality.

Furthermore, the situation in which he was reincarnated was far from cordial. If he hadn't lucked out with Decker's meaningless experiment and gotten the qualification to become Cursed Immortality's inheritor, he knew there was no escape from Decker, and he would've died meaninglessly.

His perspective of the family might have been different if he had received the parental care and love that he never knew, especially after the incident with his mother.

Nonetheless, he couldn't help but think about the Old Priest who had taken care of him in his youth when he heard that Percy had a somewhat similar mindset.

Jacob sighed with a hint of regret as he looked at Percy. 'You're just born in the wrong world, and if you want to help others, you don't need a lifeless statue's acknowledgment. Why do people like you all believe in someone else?'

Jacob wondered with a hint of melancholy as a hazy face flashed past his mind before his eyes returned to being icy cold.

He then looked towards Rudolph, who started to shake when he sensed Jacob's predator-like eyes locked on him. A foreboding feeling gripped his heart.

"I could easily tell you know something about your brother's disappearance, and I can even sense that you have a hand in it. So, I'll give you two choices: spill out everything I want to know, and I'll spare you any pain. Or resist, and I'll make sure you know what true pain is!

"Oh, and don't even consider that someone is coming to save you because everyone in this place is under my control, and I have all the time I need to torture you until your fragile mind breaks. I can tell you have never experienced any suffering in your life, so I'll be happy to indulge you if you're really curious!" Jacob's words were laced with a sadistic touch.

Rudolph shuddered even more as sweat flowed all over his body. He felt as if Jacob was a bloodthirsty demon who wanted to unleash hellish suffering on him. Just as Jacob said, he had never experienced any hardship, and he hated pain. Seeing how ruthlessly and overwhelmingly powerful Jacob was, he knew there was no escape.

Furthermore, with how interested Jacob was in the topic of Adolph, he started to believe that this person wasn't just taking his appearance, but he might be the real Adolph who had somehow escaped his doom and crawled out from hell a vengeful demon to take revenge for what happened to.

"Since you didn't want to speak, I'll take it as you choose the second option..." Jacob coolly stated as a dark killing intent suddenly burst out of his body.

This was the final straw that breaks the camel's back as Rudolph could feel the accumulated killing intent from Jacob that he had never seen, and he even thought that he was the devil himself, just how many people he had killed?

He finally snapped out of his thoughts, quickly waved his hands, and dreadfully said, "Wa- wa-wait! I yield! I'll tell you everything you want to know as long as you spare me!"

Jacob's killing intent finally vanished as his lips rose slightly. He nodded in satisfaction before ordering Autarch, "Leave and keep everything in order until I have finished 'catching up' with my 'brother'!"

## **Chapter 708: A Ghost from the Past (5)**

Once Autarch left, only Jacob and Rudolph were left in the room.

At this moment, Jacob stood close to Rudolph and coldly asked, "Alright, start with whatever Percy didn't already know, and don't try to lie because if you did, I'd skin you alive!"

Rudolph shuddered, seeing the towering giant standing two meters away from him while he was still sitting in the rubble beside a little puddle of his own blood. Jacob's presence was simply too ghastly for him, and after witnessing everything, he threw any thoughts of resisting out of his mind.

"I-I... upon our twentieth birthday, F-fathe... His Holiness suddenly contacted me. I was surprised and also happy because it was the first time he ever contacted me after I was sent here.

"He first asked me if I was happy with my current situation, about our progress, and if our mentor was teaching us diligently. I respond positively. But then he suddenly said, 'I know you are not happy because your brother excelled you in everything, and he was your mentor's favorite and most likely ended up inheriting his techniques and knowledge.'"

Just mentioning this made Rudolph's eyes flash with awe and a hint of fear as he vividly remembered Sebastian's look and continued, "I naturally denied it first, but deep down, I was shocked because he was telling the truth. It was like he could read my mind, and I really never told anyone. In... fact, I had already acknowledged Adolph's superiority and admitted my defeat.

"But I still wanted to surpass him, and I even worked hard to achieve it. However, His Holiness then said to me that if I was willing to let Adolph, who was younger than me, get ahead of me and take what should be mine without even doing anything.

"He said he was disappointed in me and ashamed that despite having 'God's blood' in my veins, I was a coward." Rudolph's eyes flashed with madness at this moment, just like that day, "His words suddenly awakened something in me, and I raised my voice against him. I was really unwilling to accept the reality, and he could read me like an open book.

"I also wanted to be acknowledged by him because of my mother, who he never visited after our birth. She longed for him, and I had seen her cry many times. But that ungrateful wretched Adolph never shows any care for our mother, so I knew I have to take it on myself!"

Hatred filled his eyes as he glared at Jacob as if he could see Adolph's carefree yet hypocritical face. "I thought he would stop talking to me after my outburst. But instead, he laughed in satisfaction. He said he wanted exactly that in his children: ambition and the will to do anything for that ambition. He told me that Adolph wasn't worthy of being his son, and so he was going to give me a chance to prove to him that I was worthy.

"He then told me to get rid of Adolph within a week without drawing any suspicion to me, and if I did well, he'd not only acknowledge me but also let my mother live with him. I quickly agreed."

A hint of guilt suddenly shone in Rudolph's eyes as he gritted his teeth and revealed, "But I realized it too late that it was all but a pretext to get Adolph because not only did he give me this task, but he even provided me with the resources to achieve it.

"The first thing he gave him was a pill that I should feed Adolph, which would completely destroy his magic core and magic orbits. The second thing was a strange device that would not only completely extract Adolph's memoirs but also destroy his connection with the Spellbind Mirror, making his death a complete mystery.

"However, the strangest part that made me suspicious was after I've done destroying Adolph's magic core and erasing his memories, I had to hand him over to someone sent by his holiness, and that person would make to completely dispose of him, without leaving any traces that could lead to me. But the strangest thing was he sternly warned me not to kill him or the consequences would be unimaginable.

"Despite my suspicion, I was blinded by my own rage and inferiority complex and didn't miss the chance to get rid of that hypocrite. So, I did everything from deceitfully feeding him that pill and destroying his mind while he was begging me! I killed my own brother because I hate him! I let my father use me because I seek his acknowledgment! But I'll do it again for my mother no matter what!"



Rudolph suddenly appeared like a madman as he glared at Jacob. His fear seemed to have vanished, or he was simply having a mental breakdown because he knew he might not be able to live after that.

However, Jacob's expression didn't change except for a hint of curiosity and even slight pity for Rudolph, who was being used by his own father to kill his own brother.

Jacob sighed at this moment, as he had already expected this much from the moment he saw Rudolph's somewhat weak mentality, and said impassively, "You have no one but only yourself to blame for falling into someone else's schemes so easily. You know I have my own little theory now. Do you want to hear it?"

"What?" Rudolph was startled by Jacob's response. He thought that he was Adolph and was back for revenge. It was none other than his who was behind this as well, and it was another one of his sick games.

However, Jacob didn't even seem bothered by this entire thing, as if it had nothing to do with it. Maybe he had lost his mind after that day and now turned into a puppet of his father and was here today to get rid of him? Strange possibilities started to pop up in his mind.

Jacob coldly said at this moment, "Tell me, did it ever occur to you that your father had some kind of secret optical magic like Percy that can manipulate you into doing things without even realizing it, and you think you're doing it out of your own free will? Maybe he only needs to use this magic after grabbing your weakness and attacking your mind with it?

"After all, he's the freaking leader of the temple, an existence that had only four or five equals? Do you even know that your mother received everything after you completed your task, and even if she told you it's all true, have you ever seen it personally since, to my knowledge, you were here all this time?

"Have you ever asked your brother how he felt, or did you just paint that picture of him being carefree and a hypocrite all by yourself?

"Don't you find it strange that despite you have already figured it out, you still respect your trash of a father and can't bring yourself to hate him?

"Tsk, ts, even I'm starting to pity you, Rudolph Edgar. You're a pathetic excuse for a man who had been manipulated his whole life without even knowing it." Jacob shook his head with utter disappointment. He didn't expect Adolph to die at this idiot's hands, which made Adolph an even bigger idiot.

Seeing Rudolph's expression turning paler by his words as if some kind of invisible veil had been lifted, Jacob lost all interest in him. This guy was simply too pathetic, and he knew that with how meticulously Sebastian had manipulated him, he had nothing else



that could interest him except the fact that he now wanted Sebastian's knowledge about his magic. "Alright, we are done," Jacob declared coldly, making Rudolph snap out of his stupor. However, his eyes seemed somewhat listless, as if he had lost his soul.

But Jacob didn't care and issued his verdict, "As I promised, I'll spare you of any pain; now you can rest forever, which should be quite a release for you, I presumed; after all, your pathetic life had nothing worth remembering or living!"

## **Chapter 709: Witch Queen Samara!**

A few thousand miles away from the shores of the conflict plains, a massive wall of fog was approaching while leaving behind snowflakes in its path. However, its speed was terrifying, almost like an ice blizzard. If someone approached this fog, they would hear the ear-piercing buzzing sounds of countless wings.

At this moment, thousands of meters above the ocean level, four streaks of lights suddenly stopped a few hundred meters away from the fog and revealed Four floating figures.

One was a silver-haired, wizened-faced old man with a burly build and a long beard reaching his stomach; he was the oldest Faery Human alive, Sylas, the fourth seat of the Treaty of Legends.

Besides Sylas stood a forty-meter-tall giant with violet skin and white runic tattoos on the left side of his square-shaped face; he was the strongest Thunder Giant of the Unique Plains and the second seat of the Treaty of Legends, Vermont.

Then, there was a charming woman with fair skin in a black dress with long cleavage, showcasing her seductive figure. She was the third seat of the Treaty of Legends, Samara, and the strongest Charm Witch of the Unique Plains!

Lastly, a 30-meter-giant covered in a long crimson cloak, holding a bone staff with a black crystal skull in his bone hand, and the only visible things under his cloak were two blazing gray flames and two devil horns gushing out of his cloak. He was the newly appointed seventh seat of the Treaty of Legends, Necro, the Lich Emperor!

Four members of the Treaty of Legends appearing at this moment were a huge deal, especially the most senior members.

"Tsk, tsk, I alone was enough for squashing a bunch of bugs." Vermont annoyingly stated as he coldly glared at the island hidden behind the fog.

"Don't underestimate those Locusts. They belonged to the dreadful race of Fantastic Insects and ruled a forbidden zone for thousands of years. Their queen is even older than the Treaty of Legends.

"More importantly, that floating island under the Locust Queen's control is an extremely powerful treasure. It can not only float around like a flying ship but is even capable of defending its owner, and there might be more to it.

"There are even records about some powerful people try to snatch that island but all of them died in the end, even Quasi Legends are part of these records. Or do you think our Queen would've let those insects grow to this extent, and instead of getting rid of her, she sent us for a peace talk?

"Fighting against them when our resources are being used to find the Legendary Key, and then we also need more to venture into the Path of Legend is nothing but foolishness." Sylas solemnly stated before Vermont would do something foolish.

As the oldest among the treaty and a wise, shrewd old monster, he was in charge of this mission.

He then looked towards Samara, ignoring the grumpy Vermont, and said, "Lady Samara, I'll leave the talking to you. Don't forget clashing with them is our last resort. We just need to find out why the Locust Queen suddenly decided to move towards the conflict plains. If she planned to attack, then we must persuade her to give up by negotiating. You can use your 'charm' as you wish, and we'll be here to protect you if things go wrong."

A beautiful smile bloomed on Samara's charming face as she clearly understood Sylas's subtle hints, and she nodded, "Leave it me, Old man~."

She then looked towards the approaching fog and muttered with a creepy smile, "Since we need to talk, then we need to knock to see if there's someone home!"

The next moment, Samara's glabella suddenly turned into a slit, revealing a vertical gray eye. The moment her Spiritual Eye, the signature of the Witch Race, was revealed, Samara's white skin also started to turn gray, and a mystic charm started to emit from her seductive body as if some kind of illusion had been lifted.

But this much was nothing in front of what happened next. Her spiritual eye suddenly started to shimmer in the dark gray glow, and her eyes were affixed to the island hidden in the mist. Necro suddenly spoke at this moment, as the flames under his hood burned fiercely with trepidation, "Senior Sylas, what is she doing? Didn't you just say we are not supposed to attack them? If she attacked just to draw their attention, it'll provoke those insects!"

Although he called Sylas 'senior,' there wasn't any respect behind his words. He was just being polite since he knew everyone was stronger than him and that provoking them would only make his life more miserable.

Furthermore, he was actually quite excited about his mission and wanted to see the senior members of the treaty in action while secretly learning their tracks and increasing his own power.

However, when he heard the details of this fog island and about millions of fantastic insects, he knew this was far from a simple mission. And now, seeing Samara suddenly releasing her aura and seeming to be using some kind of spell, he felt she was going against Sylas's orders.

But he didn't dare stop her and instead asked Sylas to see his reaction. When he saw that Sylas and Vermont were both calm, he was astounded.

Sylas replied with an amiable smile while stroking his beard, "Don't worry, she's not attacking but searching for the Locust Queen to directly send her a special mental message with her Spiritual Eye, which she can't ignore."

"That's possible?" Necro was slightly surprised, and he could tell Sylas wasn't completely divulging the full information about this 'special mental message'; there was more to it. Before Sylas could answer, Vermont gave him a fierce glare, and coldly said, "Newbie, just watch silently, your voice is irritating me."

Necro quickly gave up, as he knew this guy and Skyfall were both madmen who would attack anyone just because they felt like it, especially when the Queen wasn't around to keep them in check. He had already experienced just how dreadful Skyfall was, and he had heard that Vermont was at least five times worse than him.

But he secretly noted this humiliation so he could repay everything once he became stronger. He was worthy of being a Dark Being who hated every living being, even if they had treated

him quite well!

"This island is really a treasure. It can even block any spiritual singles with malicious intent. No wonder my lady said curses are ineffective against her; even curses belong to a Witch Queen." Samara muttered with a hint of amusement; she didn't seem flustered at all.

"Well, let's keep it civil then." She then instantly used her innate ability, "Spirit Channeling!"

## Chapter 710: Queen Ice Fiend Locust!

In the center of the fog island, the Queen Ice Fiend Locust's multifaceted eye suddenly glowed in rage when she suddenly heard a melodious voice. Although she had never come into contact with the language, she could easily understand it because she had a special spiritual ability involved in it.

"Pardon my way of reaching you, but I have no malicious intent, and you're quite hard to come in contact with, so I seek Her Majesty's forgiveness in advance.

"I'm the representative of the Treaty of Legends, an organization founded by the Unique Plains' Quasi Legends. I'm here to find the reason behind your sudden departure from the Vicious Calamity Fog Zone and your intentions for heading towards the Conflict Plains, which is under our protection.

"If this matter can be resolved without any bloodshed, then we'll help you achieve it to the best of our abilities. Or I can assure you it won't benefit both sides because the Conflict Plains can't be destroyed or put under any external threats. So, please have dialogs with us so we can reach a common ground!" It was Samara's voice, and there was a peculiar charm in her voice that could put anyone at ease and give them a good opinion of her.

However, the Queen Ice Fiend Locust was a spiritual being, and despite any being a perfect stage, inception body legend rank, her mentality was as powerful as Samara, even stronger because of the mysterious Fog Island under her control.

The Queen Ice Fiend Locust's first reaction was anger when she sensed the trick hidden in Samara's communication ability. She knew that if she had any malicious intentions, Samara's ability would've been blocked.

Furthermore, when the Queen Ice Fiend Locust heard 'Quasi Legend Rank,' her anger was quelled greatly because she knew what kind of existence a Quasi Legend Rank was. She had been working her whole life towards this exact rank, and she was very close when a 'thief' suddenly came and took that hope (Inception Legend Rank Frigid Soul Saxifrage) away.

Her hatred for that thief was at its peak, and she wouldn't rest until she flayed his skin, drank his blood, crushed his bones, and tortured him until he ran out of life.

Although her hatred for Jacob was almost blinding her high intelligence, it doesn't mean she was suicidal enough to go against an unknown number of Quasi Legend Rank.

It wasn't as if she was afraid, not even close; she had killed a Quasi Legend Rank before who had been arrogant enough to barge into the Fog Island to kill her and take the island for himself.

But for this exact reason, she knew how huge of a price she had to pay to kill multiple of them, and then she had to go into hiding until she recovered her forces again. She was planning on threatening the others to hand over that thief to being with since Unique Plains were filled with hidden experts.

Now, they were reaching her on their own accord, which gave her a superior position, and she felt they were afraid of her because they knew what she and her army of 100 million were capable of.

All she wanted was that thief, and if he was close to her, she might lose her mind and put everything at risk. So, she decided to converse with these people first while she had her sanity.

After coming to a conclusion, she took control of one of the children, and it flew toward the four members of the Treaty of Legends. She had already sensed the direction where the spiritual fluctuation came from and also slowed down the fog island advance.

Inviting them inside would be akin to exposing herself to danger because while she might be a powerful spirit being, physically, she was as weak as a common rank being.

Samara instantly spotted a silhouette approaching them, and her lips curled up as she said, "She's hooked!"

Sylas was pleased, while Vermont grunted in dissatisfaction because he found it somewhat humiliating to negotiate with some bugs. Necro remained silent and watched attentively.

An Ice Fiend Locust stopped a few meters away from them at this moment and released a sharp soundwave towards Samara, which was a method of spirit combination just like what Samara used but simpler and without any tricks.

"I received your proposal, and I can retract my army as long as you hand over the thief who took something very precious from me. However, if I don't find my treasure and that thief has already ruined it, then I want compensation of equal value!" The Queen Ice Fiend Locust didn't beat around the bush and stated her demands right away.

Samara's eyes narrowed slightly. She wasn't expecting the Queen Ice Fiend Locust to demand compensation from them bluntly, and she wondered who was daring enough to snatch her treasure and escape with it alive. Nonetheless, she still conveyed her words to Sylas since he was in charge here.

"Does this bug think we are pushovers?" Vermont's expression fell instantly when he heard the Queen Ice Fiend Locust's demands.

"Just keep your calm!" Sylas sternly glanced at him before he looked towards the Ice Fiend Locust. He knew it was just a puppet since it was too weak.

He said to Samara, "Ask her who it was and what the treasure was. How did she know that this thief was in the conflict plains? Besides, only a Unique Rank can enter the conflict plains, so how could someone of this level snatch her treasure and get away? We need more input before we can believe her words."

Samara nodded since she was thinking the same thing and repeated what Syllas said with spirit communication.

The Queen Ice Fiend Locust felt anger bubbling up because she knew how humiliating this was. Even she was skeptical to this day about that incident. Furthermore, it was the first time that Queen Ice Fiend Locust heard about the matter, as only unique-rank beings could enter the Unique Plains.

This means she could only send 99% of her army in and couldn't send her most powerful children or use the island herself to corner that hateful thief. If what they said were true, then The might get away like last time by using that strange weapon again.

She arranged her words and conveyed, "The thief stole my treasure from my garden with unknown means. It was a Quasi Legend Rank Frigid Soul Saxifrage that can turn anyone who touches it into Ice. "I don't know the thief's identity, but I left my mark on him, and I can sense his exact location. I can lead you to him if you want, but I WANT my treasure at all costs!

"But he's very cunning. Last time, he was able to escape using a destructive treasure, enter the deep ocean, and remain there for over two decades. If you're sincere and don't want this conflict plains to turn into an icy hell, I need assurance that he won't get away this time.

"But if you can't, then don't stand in my way, or I'll let you know why my garden is known as a Vicious Calamity Fog Zone!" Queen Ice Fiend Locust coldly issued a threat as she was determined to get

that thief.

She knew if she showed weakness, she wouldn't get any benefits from them. She could tell they were afraid of her raising hell in these conflict plains, and she was going to take full advantage of it. Either way, she would get that despicable thief one way or another!

However, Samara and others were shocked about something else when they heard this mysterious daredevil remain in the deep ocean for decades, and the more they thought about it, the more it didn't make any sense.

Unknowingly, they became extremely curious about the identity of this thief, and they didn't know that this curiosity would lead them to huge trouble!