

D. Extraction 351

Chapter 351 Another Reward

Vale continued his path through the Labyrinth of the Dead.

He navigated through the next hidden chamber and this time, he encountered a group of Gusher Zombies.

With precision and care, he used his Ghost Hands to extract their Energy points and Memory Fragments that held their mundane daily lives.

Vale couldn't help but sigh after getting their fragmented memories.

It was a bittersweet reminder that these creatures were once human, finding happiness in memories now lost to them.

With another batch of extractions completed, Vale turned his attention to the reward within the third chamber—a scroll containing another Forbidden Dark Spell known as "True Demonic Flame."

However, as he unrolled the scroll, he noticed that a significant portion of the Spell Model was missing, similar to the Dark Eyes Sacrifice a while ago.

It was a pity since this True Demonic Flame wasn't in his Forbidden Practice of the Unlighted Book.

Although disappointed, Vale carefully kept the scroll in his inner pocket.

'Should I even learn this if I get the complete Spell Model?' Vale thought to himself.

'I guess I should remove some of my pathetic spells later on...'

Anyway, Vale decided to stop his exploration for now to take a rest.

He needed to wait for the cooldowns of his Spells, especially his He had some Spell Models in him that weren't really useful most of the time, so he might consider removing them if he found a decent replacement.

Anyway, Vale decided to stop his exploration for now to take a rest.

He needed to wait for the cooldowns of his Spells, especially his Arcane Armor Spell, which has the longest cooldown as of the moment.

After about half an hour of rest, Vale continued on his path.

As he delved deeper into the first floor of the Labyrinth of the Dead, he encountered a strange hidden chamber that emanated an ominous aura. The air grew heavy with darkness, and the flickering torch in his hand cast eerie shadows on the chamber walls.

Nevertheless, Vale bravely entered the place as he Activated his Arcane Armor.

Suddenly, emerging from the shadows, a towering figure clad in black armor and wielding a wicked-looking sword stepped forward.

Growl~

It was the Death Knight!

According to the Professors, this was the fearsome boss of the first floor.

He had to defeat this being, so the hidden path to the second floor could open.

'So I missed three or four hidden chambers?' Vale thought to himself since, according to the Professors, the first floor had six or seven hidden chambers before encountering the Death Knights...

He was sure that the Professors weren't lying, so perhaps, he did something unusual that made him immediately encounter the Boss' Room!

'Was it due to my Extractions?' Vale silently thought as he recalled how the Zombies no longer spawned back after Extracting them.

Anyway, Vale looked at his enemy this time.

The Death Knight's crimson eyes glowed with a malevolent energy, and its presence sent a chill down Vale's spine.

Although Vale was confident he could win, he couldn't help but shudder at the thick, murderous intent being thrown at him.

'This Death Knight seems strong but...'

Vale swiftly assessed his options. He remembered the Holy Water he had created through his Blessed Healing Spell.

This sacred substance held healing abilities, but according to what he read, it also has the power to weaken the undead and purify their dark essence. It was a good time to use this item and subdue the Death Knight and extract its energy.

Summoning his courage, Vale took a vial of the Holy Water from his pack and uncorked it. The liquid shimmered with a soft, radiant glow, providing a stark contrast to the darkness that surrounded them.

He knew that the Death Knight's unholy nature would be vulnerable to its purifying effects, so he was quite confident on how this battle would end.

As soon as the Death Knight charged, Vale didn't hesitate and splashed the Holy Water onto the undead, causing it to recoil in pain... That was how it looked, though he wasn't sure if it could even feel pain.

The once formidable figure now seemed weakened, its armor corroded, and its movements slowed.

"One more..." Vale thought as he splashed another bottle.

The Holy Water had disrupted the dark magic that fueled the Death Knight's power, creating an opening for Vale to subdue it and extract it.

[Extraction Successful. Energy +4]

[Extraction Successful. Memory Fragment.]

Vale accepted the Memory Fragment as the Death Knight crumbled into ashes, and soon, memories of battles, training, and the art of swordsmanship filled his mind.

Amidst the chaotic jumble of memories, he found an interesting memory—an image of a middle-aged man gracefully wielding a sword with precision and skill.

The technique was known as "Shadowblade Dance," a fluid and deadly style that emphasized swift movements and precise strikes. Then, as if his system could also tell how valuable it was, the Shadowblade Dance was etched into his body and soul!

He could feel that the Sword Technique was slowly being ingrained into his body and mind.

Excitement welled up within Vale as he realized the potential of this newfound skill.

It was a Sword Technique and not a Spell that requires a Spell Light and Spell Model to learn!

He knew that his journey through the Labyrinth of the Dead would be fraught with peril, and having the Shadowblade Dance technique at his disposal could prove invaluable.

"Whew~"

Taking a moment to focus his thoughts, Vale carefully recalled the technique to hasten the adjustments.

With each passing second, the Shadowblade Dance technique became clearer in his mind, and his body instinctively adjusted to accommodate its nuances.

As the knowledge settled in his mind, he summoned the Stormbringer from his body.

This Divine Sword was too strong, so he suppressed it to look like a normal sword.

With the essence of the Death Knight's Shadowblade Dance technique pulsing through his veins, Vale felt a surge of anticipation.

He knew that to truly master this newfound skill, he had to immerse himself in practice and become one with the rhythm of the sword dance.

After finding a spot within the Boss' Room, Vale drew his sword, its blade glinting in the dim light.

He took a deep breath before he began to move according to his memories.

The Shadowblade Dance was a complex and intricate style, requiring a delicate balance of speed, agility, and technique.

Soon, Vale's body responded to the memory fragment he had extracted, as if the movements were ingrained in his very being.

Chapter 352 Second Floor

Yvaine looked at Vale curiously. It has been a while since he started practicing the sword technique he had just learned.

She had come out of the shadow to ensure that Vale could practice without any worries, and she couldn't help but feel mesmerized by his movements.

Vale's feet glided across the ground, his steps light and graceful.

He weaved in and out of imaginary opponents, his sword slicing through the air with swift and precise strikes. Each movement flowed seamlessly into the next, creating a mesmerizing display of deadly elegance.

'Shadowblade Dance... This is awesome...' Vale silently thought.

As he continued to practice, he could feel the essence of the Death Knight, or the middle-aged man, guiding his every motion. It was as if the fallen swordsman's spirit was lending him its expertise, honing his skills with each passing moment.

Vale didn't expect that the Memory Fragment, which he thought was quite useless because it only gave him useless memories, would give him such a valuable technique.

He couldn't help but feel excited at what kind of memories he would get soon.

After some time, the blade dance became more natural to Vale, the patterns etched into his muscle memory.

He lost himself in the rhythm, his mind focused solely on the intricate steps and fluid motions. The world around him faded away, leaving only the dance and the sound of his own breath.

Hours turned into days as Vale tirelessly practiced, pushing his body to its limits. Sweat glistened on his brow, and his muscles ached with exertion, but he pressed on, driven by a determination to master the Shadowblade Dance.

With each passing day, Vale's movements became more precise, his strikes more powerful. He could feel the dance becoming a part of him, an extension of his very soul.

As Vale twirled and spun, his sword a blur of steel, he knew that he was on the path to mastery.

The Shadowblade Dance had become his own, no longer from the middle-aged man in the Memory Fragment... He made his own expression with his unique style and determination.

"Whew~ That was harder than I thought... Even with the memories, that still took some time."

Finally, after days of relentless practice, Vale lowered his sword, his body drenched in sweat. He stood there, panting, feeling a sense of accomplishment wash over him. The Shadowblade Dance had become a part of him, a weapon in his arsenal that he could call upon in the face of any challenge.

With newfound confidence, Vale sheathed his sword and planned to continue his exploration. However, he heard his stomach grumbling...

He had been here for several days, so he had to go out first...

Vale then took out the key in his inner pocket and poured energy into it.

Whom~

Suddenly, his surroundings crumbled as if the space was being distorted. Soon, he appeared in front of the First Floor's entrance door.

"That's faster than what I thought..." Vale muttered as he saw the familiar door.

Just like that, he was able to go out of the Tower.

As soon as he stepped out, Headmaster Jean's figure suddenly appeared and looked at Vale curiously.

"It took you five days to clear to the first floor?" Headmaster Jean asked curiously. There was also a hint of disappointment in his voice.

Vale could tell what he was thinking, so he smiled and replied. "I received some interesting things inside, so it took me some time. I will enter the Tower again to clear the second and third floors after I fill my stomach and sleep for a bit."

Vale said as his stomach started grumbling once again. He also started feeling sleepy but knew he needed to fill his stomach before sleeping.

Headmaster Jean could only nod at this as he watched Vale leave to head back to the Academy's Main Building.

Vale moved swiftly as he headed towards the cafeteria to have a meal. Then, he returned to his dormitory to have his much-needed rest.

If not for his high vitality, he would probably collapse just on the second day of his sword practice.

After six hours of sleep, Vale felt energetic as he took his things with him and returned to the Dark Soul Tower.

The guards already knew his identity, so there was no problem heading there even without the Headmaster's presence

Once again, Vale used the key to open the door of the Tower.

Of course, he wouldn't restart his exploration.

After getting inside, Vale focused his thoughts on the key in his hands. Pouring his energy into it, a faint glow surrounded the key as space itself seemed to distort around him. In an instant, he found himself back at the exact spot where he had left off in the Dark Soul Tower.

'Amazing... I wonder if there's a Spell similar to this I can use outside.' Vale thought as he looked in front of him.

The second floor's entrance door stood before him, its imposing presence beckoning him to continue his journey. With a renewed sense of purpose, Vale took a deep breath and stepped forward, crossing the threshold into the Chamber of Illusions.

Once inside the Chamber of Illusions, Vale immediately sensed a shift in the air—a subtle whisper of magic that hinted at the illusions that awaited him.

According to the Professors, this floor would test his senses and perception, so he was prepared.

His Phantasm State was already active.

His Magic Zone expanded, allowing him to survey his surroundings within a range of at least 100 meters. With this enhanced perception, he could see through the illusions that lay ahead.

Vale stood at the center of a vast chamber, surrounded by countless paths that seemed to stretch into infinity. Each path was shrouded in illusionary mist, making it difficult to discern the true way forward.

'I guess relying on my heightened senses was too much...' Vale silently thought as he activated one of his spells, Divine Sense.

With this Spell, he knew that navigation through these illusions would be a lot easier.

Chapter 353 Essence

After Vale closed his eyes, he started focusing, reaching out with his Divine Sense.

Whom~

Suddenly, the surroundings became clear for Vale.

It was as if a veil had been lifted, revealing the hidden reality behind the illusions. With each step he took, he could sense the energy of the true path, guiding him through the maze of illusions.

'As expected of an Advanced Realm Spell of the Holy Arts Factions... This is too useful.' Vale thought to himself as he navigated through the chamber.

He encountered whispers and echoes, illusions that tried to deceive him.

There was even a "survivor" of the Tower, that tried tricking him. Well, with his Divine Sense, he was able to realize that it was just an undead shrouded in illusions.

He extracted the undead before killing it.

[Extraction Successful. Energy +4]

[Extraction Successful. Memory Fragment.]

The Memories showed him the life of the undead as a thief who tried entering the Academy.

'Hmm? Are they placing the criminals they caught inside this Tower?' Vale thought to himself.

This situation happened a few more times as he extracted their energy and memory fragments. This time, Vale realized that most of the undead here were criminals, unlike the ones on the first floor.

Anyway, his Divine Sense acted as a compass, guiding him towards the source of the illusions.

Finally, as he reached the end of the chamber, he heard several shrieks coming from the ones controlling the illusions within the whole floor.

Undead Imps!

It led him to a group of Undead Imps, mischievous creatures that had been responsible for the illusions that plagued the chamber.

The Undead Imps, sensing Vale's presence, scattered everywhere.

However, there were a few of them who revealed themselves with wicked grins upon their half-skeletal faces.

These Imps were probably the leaders of their small pack.

'So this is how they look...' Vale thought as he already knew about them through his studies.

Of course, he wasn't aware that the Undead Imps were here. The Professors told him it would no longer be a challenge if he knew everything inside the Tower.

'They're already undead, but they can still use their Arcane Spells? What Necromancy is this?' Vale thought as he felt the Arcane Energy coming from these Undead Imps.

The Undead Imps didn't waste their time as they started making noise and activated their Spells.

They unleashed a flurry of illusory attacks, trying to disorient and confuse Vale.

There were screams of terror, waves of confusion, and other Spells he couldn't guess, but he was undeterred.

His Phantasm State remained strong, and his Divine Sense provided him with the clarity and focus to see through their tricks.

Shing~

With a swift motion, Vale unsheathed his Stormbringer Sword... He could probably easily clear this floor with the power of this Divine Sword, but it would unnecessarily consume his energy.

Instead, he decided to use the Shadowblade Dance technique he had just learned. He moved gracefully and precisely, striking down the Undead Imps one by one.

Luckily, these Undead Imps weren't that nimble.

His sword sliced through their ethereal forms, dispersing them into nothingness.

'Ugh... That was a mistake. I couldn't extract them like this...' Vale thought.

Killing these undead beings wouldn't leave corpses, so he has nothing to Extract after.

After realizing his mistake, Vale stopped using his sword and opted to use his Ghost Hands and Spectral Hands.

He started Extracting them this time and was surprised by the result.

[Extraction Successful. Energy +10]

[Extraction Successful. Imp Essence.]

"Ahhh... I can extract this?" Vale was stunned as soon as he saw what he had just extracted.

One of his Transformation Arts, called Beast Shapeshift, has one vital requirement regarding what creature he could shapeshift. That was the Essence of the Creatures he wanted to shapeshift.

This was why he could not use this Spell even after recording the Spell Model unless he only wanted to shapeshift into normal animals.

He was thinking of buying these Creature Essences in the Exchange Hall, but he had forgotten about it since it wasn't really necessary and he had no use of them yet.

Now that it had appeared, Vale couldn't help but smile as he had saved some of his Contribution Points once again.

As he accepted the Essence, he didn't feel anything aside from the pulsing of his Beast Shapeshift Spell Model.

"Alright... Let's continue." Vale muttered as he looked at the remaining Imps...

Slash!

With a wave of his hand, the Undead Imp he had just extracted was cut into two. It then vanished into nothingness, never to spawn again in this chamber.

Shriek!

The other Imps didn't like what they saw as they attacked Vale together.

"Come!"

Vale didn't falter after being bombarded by Spells as he continued with his onslaught, and as the last of the Undead Imps fell, the illusions that had plagued the Chamber of Illusions dissipated. The chamber transformed into a serene and tranquil space, devoid of deception.

Vale stood amidst the aftermath of his battle, his breath steady and his spirit unyielding.

'I think I got too much Imp Essence... I guess my Shapeshift won't just copy their appearance but also their Aura and Spells at this point.' Vale thought to himself as he considered using his Shapeshift Spell before entering the third floor.

He probably extracted more than 30 Imps just now... All of them provided 10 Energy Points and Imp Essence!

"Yvaine... Come out." Vale said as the Dark Spirit, shrouded in a huge black cloak, came out of his shadow.

"Do you want me to guard you again?" She asked with her ethereal voice.

"Kind of. I will be using a Spell, and in case something goes wrong, you have to put me unconscious." Vale replied with determination.

Well, he was worried that the Essence he Extracted would also affect his mind when he completed his transformation.

Having Yvaine by his side would make him feel more at ease to experiment.

Yvaine tilted her head in confusion, but she still nodded after.

Vale was already satisfied with this as he focused and channeled his energy into the Shapeshift Spell.

As the Shapeshift Spell enveloped him, his body underwent a remarkable transformation.

His form shrank and contorted, taking on the appearance of a mischievous Imp.

Then, he sprouted leathery wings from his back, his skin turned a deep shade of crimson, and his eyes glowed with an otherworldly intensity!

Chapter 354 Train

Yvaine's eyes glowed with a gentle, violet light as she observed Vale activating the Spell.

Although she preferred staying inside Vale's shadow, she still liked it when she was outside, especially in this Dark Soul Tower with rich Dark Energy.

'So he's doing a mutation this time?' Yvaine thought as she saw Vale's body start distorting.

"This human can really be so random sometimes."

She understood the importance of this moment and the risks involved, so she carefully observed the young man.

Soon, Vale's transformation commenced.

Yvaine's gaze never wavered, her eyes filled with a mixture of awe and concern as she witnessed a familiar aura of an Imp taking hold of him.

'It wasn't just a simple disguise... A perfect transformation?'

She could sense the immense power surging through Vale's body as it shrank and contorted, gradually assuming the form of an Imp.

Yvaine observed the changes rippling across Vale's being—the sprouting of leathery wings, the crimson hue of his skin, and the intense glow in his eyes. She could feel the surge of demonic energy emanating from his transformed form!

'No wonder he asked me to knock him out if he went out of control...' Yvaine mused.

She remained vigilant, ready to intervene if the transformation veered toward danger. Her ethereal form pulsed with a protective aura, her connection with Vale growing stronger as she prepared to fulfill her duty as his guardian.

As the transformation neared its completion, Yvaine felt a sense of relief.

Vale had successfully assumed the form of an Imp, his aura pulsating with newfound power.

"Are you still Vale?" Yvaine asked the creature in front of him.

"Keek..." The Imp made some noise.

It seems there was a problem with his throat, and he couldn't properly speak.

Realizing this, Vale reassured Yvaine by nodding his tiny head and speaking through their unique connection.

'I'm fine, Yvaine... Thank you for guarding me. I think this creature has a problem as it can't speak.'

'I understand.' Yvaine replied as she hovered around Vale.

In the meantime, Vale also marveled at his new Imp form. He could tell that the aura that was pulsating from his body was the essence he had Extracted from the Undead Imps...

"Let's see..." Vale muttered as he entered his Phantasm State.

It feels different.

With his transformation complete, he could feel the Imp's instincts coursing through him. He couldn't properly describe it, but he could sense the world in a different way.

'Oh... I can also use the Imp's Spells?!' Vale's eyes lit up as he realized the changes in his Spell Models.

Unfortunately, he can't use his other Spells aside from the Imp's Spells within the duration of his transformation, but it was completely fine for him.

The Imp's Spell, a dark and potent force, was now at his disposal. He would like to try it!

Grinning mischievously, Vale decided to put his newfound powers to the test.

He checked his four new Spell Lights and found them fascinating. They were Mischief's Veil, Phantasmal Mirage, Ebon Shield, and Nightfall's Embrace.

After he focused his senses on their Spell Models, he was able to understand what they could do.

The Mischief's Veil creates a shroud of illusionary magic that cloaks him in invisibility, allowing him to move silently and undetected through the shadows.

The Phantasmal Mirage summons an illusory duplicate of him, confusing enemies and diverting their attention away from the real target.

The Ebon Shield erects a protective barrier made of dark energy, shielding him from incoming spells and physical assaults.

Lastly, Nightfall's Embrace unleashes a devastating burst of shadow energy, engulfing a large area in darkness and dealing significant damage to all adversaries caught within its radius.

'Aside from the Nightfall's Embrace, all the other three were used by the Imps a while ago.' Vale thought to himself.

Eager to put his new spells to the test, Vale decided to start with Mischief's Veil.

He focused his energy and triggered the Spell Activation.

Soon, he started feeling the cloak of an illusionary spell envelop him. As he moved, he noticed a ripple in the air, hinting at his presence, but it quickly dissipated, leaving him effectively invisible.

Vale marveled at the newfound stealth and freedom he possessed. He could now navigate the chamber undetected, ready to strike at his enemies with precision.

'This looks cool... It's a bit unfortunate that I can't use it in my human form...' Vale thought as he canceled the Spell after 30 seconds or so.

Next, he turned his attention to Phantasmal Mirage.

Concentrating on the Spell, he summoned an illusory duplicate of himself... or to be exact, another Imp version of himself.

The mirage stood beside him, mirroring his movements flawlessly. He couldn't help but feel impressed by the level of detail and realism the Spell provided.

'As expected of an Imp... They're really the masters of illusions. Perhaps only Divine Sense can pierce through this Spell.'

He could imagine how this illusion would confuse and divert his adversaries, creating openings for strategic strikes or providing a crucial distraction when needed.

With a sense of anticipation, Vale then brought forth the power of Ebon Shield. Dark energy swirled around him, forming a protective barrier.

He could feel the shield's strength and resilience, providing him a newfound sense of security. It was quite good against Physical Attacks, but Spells might be its weakness.

'Not as good as my Arcane Armor...' Vale silently thought.

Having practiced with Mischief's Veil, Phantasmal Mirage, and Ebon Shield, Vale felt he could use them six more times before his energy reserves were exhausted.

'It was quite good... Let's try the last Spell then...'

It was finally time to unleash the might of Nightfall's Embrace.

I didn't take long before Vale unleashed Nightfall's Embrace, his surroundings were engulfed in darkness. Shadows danced and writhed, causing a chilling sensation to grip the air.

Then, a burst of energy exploded.

Boom!

It obliterated everything in its path.

The power of the Spell was awe-inspiring, leaving Vale in shock of its destructive potential.

Chapter 355 Corpses

The energy expended from casting Nightfall's Embrace took its toll on Vale.

As the darkness dissipated, he felt drained, and his Imp form faded away.

Poof!

In the blink of an eye, Vale returned to his real form.

He looked at his hands and feet and couldn't help but smile at what he just did.

'That was satisfying...' Vale thought to himself as he looked at the surroundings. He took a moment to catch his breath and recover from the exertion.

Vale knew that pushing himself further without rest would only hinder his progress, so he found a good spot in the chamber and sat down. He allowed himself a moment of respite.

'It's a pity that I can't increase the Imp's Spell Mastery with Energy Points... They will become stronger if I can do that...'

He reflected on his accomplishments, the mastery of the Imp's Spells, and the power he now possessed.

After about an hour of rest, his energy was renewed as he prepared himself for the challenges that awaited him on the next floor of the Dark Soul Tower.

According to the Headmaster, the third floor, or the Hall of Shadows, would have plenty of corpses... He was, of course, looking forward to this floor the most.

He saw the daunting entrance door of the Third Floor and pushed it open without hesitation.

As he moved forward, Vale couldn't help but feel a surge of excitement.

What welcomed him was a dimly lit hallway stretching out before him. The air seemed heavy with an eerie presence, and shadows danced along the walls. It was a sight that both intrigued and excited Vale, fueling his determination to explore further.

Soon, Vale's Magic Zone adjusted as it was finally able to cross the surrounding area.

"There's no one?" Vale muttered as he carefully scanned the surroundings with his Magic Zone...

Of course, it was impossible that no one was here. It means that they must be hiding, or he must walk further to find them.

As he ventured further into the Hall of Shadows, he was finally met with what was supposed to be a harrowing sight.

There were hundreds of zombies which had suddenly appeared in front of him! The air was thick with their presence, and a sense of darkness hung heavy in the atmosphere.

'No... Something's different. They're not Zombies!

He immediately activated his Divine Sense to scan them and realized that there were Evil Shadows, manipulating these once-human corpses, puppeteering them to do their bidding.

They have studied these beings in their Intermediate Spirit Law Class.

According to their professors, Evil Shadows were Beings that were closely similar to Evil Spirits. However, instead of possessing these corpses and transforming them into Evil Creatures, Evil Shadows only control the corpses to do their bidding.

'I can't damage these corpses, or the quality of Extractions will be affected...' Vale thought as he considered which Spell he should use in his arsenal...

It didn't take him that long to decide which Spell he should use.

After taking a deep breath, Vale unleashed his wide-range Spell Dispersion.

Whom~

He wasn't sure how effective this would be, but it was better than using his Ghost Hands that could crush these corpses.

Growl~ Growl!

To his surprise, the Spell Dispersion proved incredibly effective. As the Spell Dispersion took effect, the connection between the Evil Shadows and the human corpses they entered was severed!

One by one, the corpses that were previously emitting a strange aura started collapsing on the ground.

'This Spell Dispersion is a lot more useful than I thought.'

He couldn't help but feel a sense of satisfaction and accomplishment at the success of his Spell.

He had expected a challenging battle, but the effectiveness of Spell Dispersion had caught him off guard. It was a testament to his growing mastery of Spells.

With the Evil Shadows separated from the human corpses, Vale found himself facing a crucial decision. He had to choose a spell that would not only destroy the Evil Shadows but would not damage the bodies on the ground.

Furthermore, he had to act quickly so they wouldn't be able to return to the bodies and control them once again.

"Ahh... Why would I need to use another spell?" Vale immediately changed his mind as he brought out his Stormbringer Sword!

With a swift and fluid motion, Vale unleashed his Shadowblade Dance technique!

His movements were a mesmerizing display of skill and agility as he weaved through the crowd of Evil Shadows, his Stormbringer Sword slashing through the air with deadly precision.

Whoosh~

It had only been a few days when he practiced the sword technique, but he also had the experience of the Death Knight he extracted.

Each strike of his sword sent ripples of lightning energy through the Evil Shadows, disrupting their movements and attempts to regain control of the bodies.

With every swing, Vale severed an Evil Shadow or two!

The hall echoed with the clash of steel and the fading groans of the defeated Evil Shadows.

This prompted all the other Evil Shadows to stop their attempt to control the bodies... They instead focused on Vale and used their shadow tendrils to bind him.

"Hmph!"

Vale continued to dance amidst the chaos, his Shadowblade technique becoming a symphony of power and grace.

With each swing of his sword, he struck down the remaining Evil Shadows... He even tried Extracting some of them, but to his dismay, the system notification didn't appear.

It was unfortunate, but he knew that not everything could be Extracted, so he wasn't too disappointed.

As the last of the Evil Shadows were vanquished, Vale stood amidst the silent aftermath.

The once-controlled corpses now lay motionless, their souls finally at rest... or that was what he thought at the very least.

The chamber was filled with an eerie stillness, and a sense of accomplishment washed over Vale.

"Whew... You did well, Stormbringer..." Vale muttered as the sword sparked with some electricity before calming down.

After returning the sword to his body, Vale took a moment to catch his breath and appreciate the beauty of the laid-down corpses.

"Cough... Cough..." Vale immediately shook his head as he erased this random thought.

Chapter 356 More Memories

"There's too many of them... I wonder how long it will take me to Extract all of them." Vale muttered to himself as he looked at the hundreds of corpses on the floor.

Headmaster Jean was right. These corpses were indeed of decent quality, and he could tell it even without Extracting them.

"Hmm?"

Suddenly, in the corner of his eyes, he noticed that there was a treasure chest on the other side of the Hall! He immediately stood up to check it, but he recalled something.

He was worried that if he took these treasures inside the chest, the corpses would disappear!

The chance was low, but he wouldn't risk it.

So, instead of checking the treasure chest, Vale started with his Extractions first.

[Human corpse has been discovered. Would you like to extract it?]

'Yes...'

[Extraction successful. Energy +20, Intelligence +0.3, Memory Fragment]

"Oops..."

Vale made a mistake. He didn't control his extractions and accidentally used the auto-extraction mode of the System.

After all, his Intelligence Attribute was already full at this moment, and any of his extractions with the said Attribute would just be wasted.

As for the Memory Fragment. Vale still accepted it, and after skimming through the memories, he realized that he hit the jackpot.

'This is possible?' Vale thought to himself.

The Memory Fragment revealed the story of an unfortunate Elementalist who had his Spell Models destroyed, rendering him unable to harness the power of elemental spells. However, before meeting his demise, the Elementalist had hidden a valuable treasure in a massive tree located at the back of his house in a distant village.

Excitement coursed through Vale as he realized the potential significance of this information. Of course, he wasn't too excited about the treasure since it seemed to be only worth about a thousand zen or two.

It wasn't much.

He was excited about the possibilities that could be given to him with Memory Fragments Extractions.

[Human corpse has been discovered. Would you like to extract it?]

'Yes...'

[Extraction successful. Energy +20, Agility +0.35, Memory Fragment]

Vale continued with his extractions, and not many of them could excite him. They were mostly useless, with a few useful ones that allowed him to realize that the outside world was perilous. There were so many rogue Arcanists lurking in the cities, and most of them were being dealt with by the Factions' Orders.

Instead, they were being handled by the Elite Bounty Hunters like Sherman.

This made him respect the man a little bit more.

A few memories also made him knowledgeable about Elemental Alchemy and Summoner's Grimoire...

'Wait... This is actually good.' Vale thought to himself as he realized the significance of some of these memories. He made sure that this important knowledge would be etched into his mind and not just disperse after.

As Vale continued his extractions, he came across a Memory Fragment that revealed the life of a humble herbalist who possessed a deep connection with nature and the healing arts of the Alchemy Arts Faction.

In this memory, he witnessed the herbalist's serene existence in a peaceful village surrounded by lush gardens and vibrant flora. The herbalist had a profound understanding of the medicinal properties of various plants, herbs, and fungi, using them to create potent remedies and healing potions.

Vale observed as the herbalist delicately harvested rare herbs from hidden groves, communed with the spirits of nature, and performed intricate rituals to infuse his potions with powerful healing energy. The memory showcased the herbalist's kind and compassionate nature, as he selflessly treated the ailments of those in need.

Needless to say, he didn't throw away this memory.

He absorbed the memory without hesitation as he felt a deep resonance with the herbalist's connection to nature and the medical technique.

He realized that this knowledge could be invaluable, not just in the Academy for his survival outside the Academy.

After extracting over 50 corpses, almost four hours had already passed.

It was really testing his patience. He was even using his Touchless Extraction at this point!

Well, the reason that it was taking a few minutes for each Extraction was because of the Memory Fragment... He couldn't just accept all the memories since his brain might explode if he received everything. He had to choose whether to retain the memories or not whenever he viewed them.

'Next...'

[Demi-Human corpse has been discovered. Would you like to extract it?]

'Yes...' Vale answered casually, but his eyes widened as he looked at the corpse before him. He thought it would just be a normal extraction, but what he found was a Demi-Human!

'Did I read it correctly? Demi-Human?' Vale asked himself once more as he looked at the result of the Extraction.

[Extraction successful. Energy +20, Agility +1.55, Divinity +0.5, Memory Fragment.]

"Hmm? This..." Vale was stunned as he looked at the corpse of an old woman who seemed to be a hundred-year-old human. She doesn't look different from other human corpses...

'A Demi-Human that has Divinity? What's going on here?'

Vale was confused but he still accepted the Memories of the old woman. Then, he was even more speechless as he saw her memories.

This memory fragment revealed the life of a Mystic Arts Practitioner. She was a hermit who had lived in isolation for more than 70 years... She was only in her 20s when she started her isolation training and came out when she was in her 90s.

As expected of a person with Divinity Points, she had touched upon the Forbidden Mystic Arts called Time Manipulation.

In this memory, Vale witnessed the Magician's awe-inspiring abilities to bend time to her will. He saw her freezing moments in time, accelerating her own movements to unimaginable speeds and even glimpsing into the future to gain foresight and advantage in battles.

'Is this even real?' Vale was speechless.

The memories he had seen were just too unbelievable.

The magician's prowess with Time Manipulation was unparalleled, and Vale felt a surge of fascination and inspiration as he absorbed the memory. He understood that this arcane knowledge could greatly enhance his own strength. At the very least, this had broadened his horizon.

'Why is this woman not being discussed in our history lessons?' Vale silently thought as he carefully searched the memory.

"This memory felt more complete than the others..." Vale muttered as he continued to immerse himself in the memories of the Hermit.

Chapter 357 Treasure Chest

The Hermit, or the Magician's name was Katharina Carlisle. She doesn't seem to have any nicknames, so he couldn't help but feel confused. He couldn't recall her name being mentioned in the History Class they'd studied.

For a Mystic Arts Practitioner who could manipulate time, Vale knew that her name must be widely spread in the past.

It was unfortunate, but perhaps the missing fragments of her memories could answer his confusion.

In any case, as he absorbed the memories, he realized something even more amazing.

The Hermit had hidden a powerful artifact called the Temporal Timepiece, which was rumored to amplify Time Manipulation abilities to unimaginable levels. The location of this Artifact remained a mystery, and only those who possessed the deepest understanding of time magic could unlock its secrets.

In short, even if Vale gets this Artifact, he wouldn't be able to use it unless he had the talent that was needed.

'Wait... This looks like...'

Although the chain was different and there was a vibrant glow that was missing, Vale could see the similarities between his Golden Pocketwatch and the Temporal Timepiece in Katharina's Memories!

Vale's heart started beating faster as he realized this... He already guessed that his Transmigration was related to that pocketwatch...

Perhaps it was Katharina's Temporal Timepiece? Did she obtain it from the Paragon? How did she even die in the first place? Furthermore, why was she inside this Dark Soul Tower together with other 'normal' corpses?

Vale had so many questions that couldn't be answered.

In the end, he really had to quicken the energy recovery of that pocketwatch.

Although he probably doesn't have the talent to wield this type of Forbidden Arts, the prospect of harnessing the power of the Temporal Timepiece ignited a fire within him.

Unfortunately, there was only one Katharina Carlisle that could give him such a clue... All his other extractions had barely given him valuable memories.

'Should I visit her cave where she trained for decades?' Vale thought as he finished his extractions with the memory of the Dark Soul Tower's Guard, who tried to steal something from the Tower and was caught red-handed.

After confirming that he had extracted everyone, he finally shifted his attention to the Treasure Chest on the Third Floor.

Vale cautiously approached it and even covered himself with an Arcane Armor just to be safe.

Clank!

Vale opened the treasure chest and confirmed that it was safe. There were three scrolls and two crystals.

He didn't have to open it and knows they contain knowledge he wouldn't easily get in the Academy.

'Are the Professors the ones filling these Treasure Chest to encourage their students?' Vale thought.

"Ahh... Perhaps a Student Club is managing this Tower and putting these crystals and scrolls?" Vale muttered as he checked the crystals first.

These crystals could immediately inject information into his brain, so it was quite easier to check them first.

Incomplete Planar Spell Model: Aurora's Embrace (Second Part)

Incomplete Planar Spell Model: Aurora's Embrace (Third Part)

Vale wryly smiled after getting the information inside. The last or the Fourth Part was still missing, and he could probably get it on the fourth floor.

Of course, this Planar Spell couldn't be learned just by anyone after getting a complete Spell Model... Nevertheless, it can still be valuable in terms of research to strengthen the Spell Models or even recreate the Spells with a weaker version.

With a sigh, Vale continued checking the scrolls. The previous scroll he opened contained an incomplete Forbidden Spell called Dark Eye Sacrifice. He couldn't help but look forward to the content of these scrolls.

Vale cautiously unrolled the first scroll, his eyes widening as he read the content inscribed upon it. It was written in Oardic so he didn't have trouble reading it.

This scroll contained the knowledge of a sinister spell known as "Eclipse of Desolation." There was even a complete Spell Model for this!

As Vale delved into the scroll's contents, he learned that this dark magic allowed him to shroud an entire area in darkness, draining the life force of all who dared to step foot within its boundaries.

It was similar to some Corruption Spell, but the range of this Spell was massive. Aside from learning its Spell Model, the scroll revealed the intricate ritual required to cast the Spell, including the precise positioning of Arcane Symbols and the utterance of a prayer to a mysterious existence in another realm. Vale felt a mix of awe and unease as he realized the devastating power contained within this Spell.

'Seriously... Who's placing this destructive Spell inside the treasure chest? Isn't this a bit too dangerous?' Vale thought as he worried that some other madman would casually learn this Spell and spread terror to the kingdom.

He could imagine that if Neil got into this place and acquired the scroll, that man would probably immediately learn this Spell and test it in nearby towns or villages.

'No... Perhaps this is a special case? Do others get different scrolls?' Vale thought as he considered asking the Professors or the Headmaster about this once he got out.

He rolled the scroll once again and kept it inside his coat's inner pocket.

With a sense of both anticipation and trepidation, he continued to unroll the second scroll. This scroll revealed the secrets of a hauntingly malevolent spell known as "Soul Eater's Grasp."

It also had a complete Spell Model this time.

As his eyes scanned the intricate diagrams and wicked chants, Vale learned that this dark magic allowed him to summon ethereal tendrils that could drain the life force and consume the souls of his enemies.

'It's quite similar to the Tier 2 Dark Spell, Soul Drain... However, this was more sinister...' Vale thought as he read its content.

The scroll warned of the dangers of wielding such power, cautioning that the use of this Spell would come at a terrible cost. Vale sighed as this Spell was once again, requiring its caster to contact another mysterious existence in another realm.

Chapter 358 Tremors

Finally, Vale unrolled the third and final scroll. The air around him seemed to grow colder as he read the words etched onto its surface.

This scroll contained the incantations and rituals required to invoke the "Curse of Eternal Torment."

It wasn't a Spell this time.

It was simply a Curse Ritual that the first Dark Magicians were keen to use over a hundred years ago.

As Vale absorbed the knowledge within, he realized that this Spell had the power to inflict unending suffering upon its target, binding their soul to a perpetual state of anguish. The scroll warned of the irreversible nature of this curse, for once cast, its effects could never be undone.

'This is too cruel...' Vale thought as he grappled with the moral implications of wielding such a Curse Ritual, aware of the irreversible consequences it would bring.

Vale sighed as he rolled the scroll. The weight of the dark arts he had uncovered was putting pressure on him.

He knew that these spells held immense power, capable of reshaping the world around him. However, he also understood the inherent danger and ethical dilemmas associated with harnessing such dark arts. He pondered the responsibility that came with the knowledge he now possessed.

'Let's save these for now... They might not be useful for me right now, but it can change in the future.' Vale thought as he stared at the door leading towards the fourth floor, the Jail Corruption.

Headmaster Jean had warned him not to enter this floor since a physique that was unique to Necromancers was needed to survive. It was called the Enduring Body, which could protect them from the power of Corruption on the fourth floor.

After some hesitation, Vale decided to move forward. He still had a week of exploration, and it would be a pity to stop now.

Perhaps if the Evil Shadows or Zombies kept respawning, he wouldn't mind staying on the lower floors. However, that obviously wasn't the case, so he could only ascend.

As Vale ascended to the next floor of the Dark Soul Tower, a sudden surge of energy crackled through the air, causing the very foundations of the Tower to tremble.

Vale was only halfway through the stairs, so he was shocked by the sudden reaction of the Tower and released his Arcane Armor, afraid the Tower would collapse!

Outside the Dark Soul Tower.

The Professors and Headmaster Jean felt unease as they noticed that the Dark Soul Tower was acting strange.

This had never happened for the past ten years or so!

There was no way they would miss the sudden disturbance within the Tower. This immediately raised concerns and prompted them to investigate the source of the disorder.

Among the many professors, there were three of them who had been paying special attention to this Tower.

Professor Zara, a seasoned expert in Dark Illusions and Ancient Dark Arts, furrowed her brow as she sensed the powerful energy emanating from the Tower.

"This is highly unusual..." She murmured, her eyes narrowing with a mixture of curiosity and caution. "We must ascertain the cause of this disturbance immediately."

She muttered in a low voice, informing her Summons to follow her.

Professor Cyrus, known for his expertise in Dark Curses and Hexes, glanced at his disciples.

"Something strange happened in the Dark Soul Tower. Stay here and continue your study. I need to let the Headmaster know about it."

His students nodded in understanding as they also couldn't help but look in the direction of the Dark Soul Tower.

Professor Mark, a specialist in Shadow Arts, was the first one to arrive beside the Headmaster.

"Headmaster Jean, we must intervene. The Tower is only accessible to a select few, and if Vale Chambers is the one using it, we need to ensure his safety and the integrity of the Academy."

"I know..."

Headmaster Jean said as he felt a knot of worry tighten in his chest. He knew that Vale Chambers was the sole occupant of the Tower at that moment, and the sudden disturbance raised concerns about his well-being.

"Alert the Fourth Squad..." He instructed, his voice commanding yet laden with concern.

"We cannot afford to waste any time. We must ensure the student's safety and find out the reason behind this Tower's disturbance."

As the professors and Headmaster Jean hurriedly made their way toward the Dark Soul Tower, Professor Stella, an expert in Dark Magic, appeared beside them and voiced her worry.

"This disturbance might be a sign... The Tower's Seal might be loosening already." Stella said in a low voice. It was only a guess since she wasn't an expert on this, but she had a bad feeling about it.

Headmaster Jean nodded as they continued on their way.

As soon as they arrived, they realized that there was already a female Professor who was watching the Tower intently.

"You guys took your time, huh..." She muttered as the group of people arrived.

It was Professor Gale Evans.

"Did you discover something?" Headmaster Jean asked.

"Well... The Dark Soul Tower is no ordinary structure, so it's difficult to investigate." She said as she turned to face them.

A teasing smile played upon Professor Gale's lips as she watched her colleagues express their worries and urgency. "Ah, the Dark Soul Tower..." she mused, her voice carrying a hint of amusement.

"Always keeping us on our toes, isn't it?" She added.

Headmaster Jean knew this woman's attitude well, so he knew he needed to calm down when speaking with her.

Professor Zara raised an eyebrow, her interest piqued. "Do you suspect that the loosening of the ancient seal is responsible for this commotion, Professor Gale?" she asked, her voice laced with intrigue.

'It seems that Professor Stella's intuition was right...'

Professor Gale nodded, her eyes glinting with a combination of knowledge and amusement.

"Indeed," she replied.

"The Dark Soul Tower's Seal has been holding back a playful Mysterious Existence, according to the First Patriarchs of the Five

Families. Its gradual weakening could be the very reason behind the tremors we're witnessing."

Chapter 359 Discovery

Professor Cyrus spoke up.

"If the seal is indeed loosening, we must act swiftly to reinforce it..." His tone conveys a sense of urgency.

Of course, he wasn't going to help with the seal as he was bad at it. Nevertheless, this was the best suggestion he could make.

Professor Gale chuckled softly, her amusement evident. "No need for such haste, Cyrus." She reassured.

"The seal's weakening is a natural occurrence, a sign that the Tower is ready to reveal its secrets to those deemed worthy."

Headmaster Jean, intrigued by Professor Gale's insights, inquired. "And how can we ensure the safety of our students and Vale Chambers within the Tower, Professor Gale? Should we be concerned about the potential dangers that he'll face?"

He asked while looking at her warily. The real reason why he was a bit helpless about this woman was because of the Mysterious Existence she was connected with.

Her Charms and other Spells could even affect him to a certain extent, especially if she requested some help from the Mysterious Existence that had fancied her.

Anyway, although this Mysterious Existence couldn't be compared to the one sealed inside the Tower, Headmaster Jean would still listen to Professor Gale's insight because of it.

A mischievous glimmer danced in Professor Gale's eyes as she responded.

"Rest assured, Headmaster Jean, the Tower has its own way of protecting those who possess the strength and wisdom to navigate its depths. Vale Chambers might have triggered something, and he should be more than capable of warding off any harm."

As the professors absorbed Professor Gale's words, a sense of relief washed over them.

While the loosening of the ancient seal presented a unique challenge, Professor Gale's confidence and understanding of the Tower's intricate workings offered a glimmer of hope.

Soon, six members of the Fourth Squad of the Order of the Untainted Sentinels arrived... They were all wearing a hooded cloak and a mask that covered half of their face.

"There's a problem with the seal? Who's inside the Tower now?" The captain of the squad asked in concern.

"It's Vale Chambers... He seemed to have triggered something. Anyway, let's wait for now. We can't help him since the Tower has completely closed its doors." Headmaster Jean said as he glanced at the Tower.

He only wanted Vale to get stronger inside the Tower through the help of the Evil Shadows. With those Evil Shadows, he believed that Vale would only take less than a week to discover that he could defeat them by using his Magic Zone as his weapon.

Once he discovers it, he will surely learn how to strengthen his Phantasm State.

With a stronger Phantasm State, his chances of winning in one of the toughest competitions against the other Academies would be a lot higher.

Headmaster Jean sighed as he realized that Vale was really an unpredictable fellow.

'You have to come out safely, Vale...'

"W-what going on?!" Inside the Tower, Vale felt like he was about to throw up.

The ambient darkness seemed to swirl and coalesce around him... Then, he felt his Incorruptible Body's Spell Model pulsating within him.

He also noticed that his body was starting to emit a strong aura of darkness! He felt similar to the Evil Creature he had faced before!

Then, with a blinding flash, Vale found himself transported to a floor vastly different from the one he had expected...

'Is this the Jail of Corruption? Or did I get sent to a different floor?' Vale thought to himself as he observed the place.

He found himself standing in a chamber suffused with an ethereal glow. The walls were adorned with ancient symbols and arcane sigils, pulsating with otherworldly energy.

At the center hallway was a mist that his Magic Zone couldn't pass through.

Confusion washed over Vale as he realized that he couldn't feel any force of Corruption within the chamber.

"Tsk... Why did this happen?" Vale muttered as he clicked his tongue in frustration.

At the very least, he could tell that the place was still filled with the essence of Dark Arts. He should still be inside the Dark Soul Tower since the air was heavy with the scent of death and lingering dark energy, hinting at the Dark Arts that were practiced within these walls.

"Ahh..."

Just then, he noticed that the dark aura emitted by his body seemed to like the floor itself as it continued growing out of his body and spreading everywhere.

'Is it my Incorruptible Body's fault?' Vale mused.

It appeared that the Tower, with its intricate mechanisms and hidden enchantments, had recognized his Incorruptible Body as a sign of his affinity with the realm of necromancy, leading him to this place.

Well, it was a wild guess, but he had no other clues besides what the Headmaster said.

'The ones who should enter here were students with Enduring Body...'

He obviously doesn't have it, but he at least possesses the Incorruptible Body, which should be a better version of this physique. It must be due to this that he encountered a problem.

Anyway, Vale decided to move forward and pass through the mist...

'Perhaps that's the Jail of Corruption?' He thought...

As he stepped foot into the "Jail of Corruption", a shiver ran down his spine.

The air felt heavy with an eerie presence, and the dimly lit corridor seemed to stretch endlessly before him.

Hu~

After taking a deep breath, he cautiously ventured forward, his senses heightened.

Vale looked at them briefly but after a few seconds, he just passed. The walls of the corridor were adorned with faded murals depicting scenes of dark rituals and practices of necromancy.

Vale looked at them briefly but after a few seconds, he just passed through them as he can't appreciate art.

Well, the other reason is that the images seemed to come alive in the flickering torchlight, evoking a sense of both fascination and unease within him.

As he continued his exploration, he entered a vast chamber that revealed itself to be a library of ancient tomes and grimoires.

"This... Is this real?" Vale muttered to himself at the unexpected discovery.

The shelves towered above him, their once ornate carvings now worn and weathered but Vale could tell that they were still enchanted and protected by magic.

Suddenly, the scent of aged parchment and dust filled the air, adding to the mystique of the place.

Grimoires of various sizes and bindings lined the shelves, their titles written in archaic languages and symbols that hinted at the dark arts contained within.

'Ugh... They're not Oardic... What language is this?'

As Vale thought of this, he was momentarily frozen as he suddenly heard some footsteps approaching him from his back.

Chapter 360 Entity

Outside the Tower, Headmaster Jean and the others monitored the surroundings carefully. They were afraid that something might just pop out of the Tower if they ignored this matter.

Jean squinted his eyes as he summoned Vale's shadow in his palms...

"It's still here... However, the shadow isn't moving. Did he enter another realm?" Headmaster Jean muttered as he looked at the unmoving shadow. This rarely happens, so he could only guess Vale's situation.

'This Tower must be taken down in the future...' Jean considered this matter seriously.

The Dark Arts Factions didn't build the Dark Soul Tower. The Tower was already erected on this land, hidden behind a mountain, before the Academy was even made.

Jean's knowledge about this place was also quite limited to what he heard from the Patriarchs of the Five Main Families of the Dark Arts Faction and the Previous Headmaster of the Academy.

Nevertheless, there was one thing he was sure of, the Dark Soul Tower was sealing a Mysterious Existence.

Some believe that this Mysterious Existence is an ethereal spirit, the remnants of a powerful Necromancer who once sought immortality and merged their essence with the Tower. Others speculate that it was a manifestation of the collective knowledge and energy accumulated within the Tower over countless centuries.

On the other hand, According to the First Patriarch of the Moontomb Family, the Mysterious Existence was said to be a guardian of the Tower, tasked with preserving something that was sealed inside. It is rumored to possess immense wisdom and an intimate understanding of the Dark Arts, especially the Dark Soul Arts.

The First Patriarch of the Vermont Family also mentioned to him that the Mysterious Existence likes to shape-shift, taking on various forms and appearances, making it difficult to discern its true nature.

Some claim to have encountered it as a spectral figure, while others describe it as a shadowy presence or a mesmerizing light that dances through the corridors of the Tower.

What is certain is that the Mysterious Existence holds great significance within the Dark Soul Tower. Those who encounter it are often left with a sense of awe, reverence, and a profound understanding of the immense power that resides within the Tower's depths.

'I wonder how you will change this time, Vale... I hope this is a good opportunity for you.' Jean muttered as he sighed and turned his back, leaving this matter to the Professors and the Fourth Squad of the Order.

Meanwhile, inside the Dark Soul Tower, Vale immediately covered himself with his Arcane Armor and Dark Energy. His Spell Dispersion was also ready to be thrown.

With a quick jump, Vale distanced himself from the sound of footsteps before turning his gaze to the Being behind him.

There, standing just a few paces away, was a figure cloaked in darkness. The hood of their cloak obscured their face, leaving only a glimpse of piercing eyes that seemed to shine with an otherworldly light.

Vale's heart quickened, unsure of what to expect from this unexpected visitor.

Vale used his Divine Sense, followed by his Spirit Vision, to see through this Being, but he simply failed. Nevertheless, this also tells him a lot.

'An otherworldly existence...' Vale silently thought.

Then, the Mysterious Existence's gaze locked onto him, its eyes sparkling with recognition and intrigue.

It could sense something unique about Vale, a spark that set him apart from others who had dared to enter the Tower.

"You... You have journeyed through the realms of life and death."

The Mysterious Existence spoke in a voice that resonated with ancient echoes. "I can sense it. You have tasted mortality and emerged anew. Very interesting..."

Vale's eyes widened in astonishment. How could this entity know of his past, of the rejection he had faced in the Spirit World?

Vale looked at the Being with a frown. It was as though the Mysterious Existence possessed a connection to realms beyond the mortal plane.

The entity seemed to have read his thoughts and added. "I have seen a glimpse of your journey, human. Your resilience, your defiance of death... It is a rarity among mortals."

"Hmm?" Vale found something was off. He didn't defy death because he was resilient. It was because of his system!

This tells him that the entity doesn't know the existence of his Divine Extraction System and believes that he defied death with his own efforts.

Vale couldn't help but smirk at this.

After a few moments, he hesitated to speak, unsure of how to respond to the Being in front of him.

Before he could think of something, the entity already continued speaking.

"I want to send you at the core of this Tower to free me... However, you are still too weak. You have the power to resist Demonic Corruption, but that's not enough. You need to get stronger. Reach the level of the weakest Immortal to get a better chance. I will send you away for now. Return once you're ready. If you succeed in freeing me, I'll give you a precious Immortal Item."

"That's it?"

Vale didn't like this request... If he wasn't feeling threatened by this existence, he would immediately say no. However, he knew he had to be careful since he was basically in the base of this fellow.

"But I am weak. I'm unable to fulfill such a task. I cannot free you from this Tower in my current state, or maybe even in the future." Vale replied.

A faint smile danced upon the Mysterious Existence's spectral lips. "Indeed, you lack the talent for such a feat... But I can aid you, even in your mortal form. I offer you this broken Immortal Item, a remnant of its former glory. Though shattered, it still holds great potential."

Vale eyed the broken artifact in the Mysterious Existence's outstretched hand, a mix of skepticism and curiosity in his gaze. The offer was tempting, but he was wary of accepting such a deal without guarantees.

"I will not return to free you unless you provide something of value in return," Vale asserted, his voice firm.

"I seek knowledge, power, and... means to save me from great dangers."

To be honest, he wanted to request corpses from this Being, but he didn't feel comfortable if someone was watching him Extracting corpses.

The Mysterious Existence's eyes gleamed with a mixture of amusement and respect. It understood the mortal's desire for self-gain and ambition. With a nod, it kept the Broken Immortal Item and handed Vale a different one.

"Take this, human..." the Mysterious Existence spoke, its voice laced with a hint of mystery.

"Though it is still broken, it possesses the essence of immortality. Use it wisely, and when the time comes, return to fulfill our agreement."