

## D. Extraction 751

Chapter 751 The Demon Lord

Dominion Thirst!

This Spell was recently extracted from Greed!

It summons a spectral chain that binds the wills of others, turning them into subservient pawns.

It manifests invisible chains that wrap around the target, linking them to the caster.

The chains are not physical but are felt as an overwhelming pressure to obey and serve. The Dominion Thirst Spell was particularly dangerous as it strips away autonomy! This was a more forceful method of controlling the target, unlike the Slave Mark spell, which was meant to be stealthy.

"This..."

Kougar, with every fiber of his being, resisted the encroaching control, his essence writhing in rebellion.

'Too strong! No, I'm too weak right now!'

He used all of his energy to resist the control. Yet, as the Dominion Thirst took hold, his struggles grew weaker, his once formidable power now a dwindling flame against the encroaching dimness in his mind.

'I'm losing control... I need to---'

As the final vestiges of resistance faded, Kougar's form began to shimmer, the spells binding him tighter than any chains.

With a last, guttural cry, he succumbed to the inevitable, his will bending to that of Vale's indomitable will

Thud...

Now a mere specter, a servant bound by arcane shackles, Kougar's thoughts slowly disappeared, replaced by the Dominion Spells' authority.

Vale, sensing that the Spell had already taken over, merely nodded.

"Welcome to your new reality, Kougar. May you serve well in the shadows..." He softly said, his voice a blend of command and an eerie promise of redemption.

In any case, Kougar's physical body was already destroyed... Right now, he was only a Demon Saint in a tangible spectral form.

That was also the reason why Vale was able to use his Slave Mark and Dominion Thirst...

After all, the Demon Saints rely on their unusual physique to defend against mind control spells. Since it was gone, they were stripped of such immunity!

And with that, Vale's Avatar, alongside his newly acquired servant, vanished into the air.

Although the Demon Generals he captured recently had provided him with important information about the Abyss Realm, this Demon Saint would surely give him more information.

However, interrogation and such weren't the Avatar's matter.

Because of that, Vale ordered the Demon Saint to heal himself in the castle and inform the real Vale about the situation in the Abyss and, if possible, all the information he had about the mysterious Demon Lord.

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In the heart of the Abyss Realm, where the surrounding space felt unstable, there stood a castle as ancient as the chasm itself.

Its towering spires, wrought from obsidian and bone, pierced the smoldering skies, while the walls, lined with ancient runes.

It hummed with an energy that was both foreboding and awe-inspiring. This was the sanctum of the Demon Lord, a being whose name was whispered in fear across countless worlds.

Upon the mystical throne, the Demon Lord sat, his form shrouded in the vestiges of time.

His majestic robe was no longer in sight, and he was no longer covered by mystical energy.

His once formidable physique had withered, leaving behind a frail silhouette that belied the immense power he wielded.

In the solitude of his grand hall, he appeared as nothing more than an aged demon, his humanoid features etched with the eons of dominion he had.

Whoosh~

As he exhaled, a breath that seemed to carry life, something unexpected happened.

The air before him shimmered and coalesced into the figure of a young man.

Clack... Clack...

This figure stepped on the floor with shoes that formed out of nowhere.

His hair was dark, his skin fair as the untouched snow of the mortal realms.

"Mhmmm..."

Clad in the attire of a human nobleman, complete with a finely crafted cane, he surveyed his reflection with a critical eye.

He didn't look satisfied with his appearance, so he waved his hand.

A vest materialized over his suit, the final touch to his impeccable guise.

"This should suffice..." The young man, the Avatar of the Demon Lord, declared with a tone of finality. He spared no glance to his original form, who could barely handle the immense power contained in his body.

He strode with purpose toward the castle's grand archway.

The castle itself was a labyrinthine creation, its corridors adorned with various paintings and statues that depicted the conquests and calamities of the Abyss.

Of course, these weren't made by Demons but by slaves, they had taken from other realms.

Along the way, there were Gargoyles with eyes of ember stood sentinel, their gazes following the Avatar's passage.

The surrounding air in the castle was thick with the scent of brimstone, but none of it mattered now.

After getting out of the castle, the young man, or the Demon Lord's Avatar, was finally able to use his Spell.

Whoosh~

The Demon Lord's Avatar vanished.

In just a few moments, he found himself in front of a huge a Rift

—a tear in the very essence of the realm that leads to the Human.

The Rift pulsed with energy that controls space, it was filled with mysterious darkness, an enigma that defied the senses.

"I can't believe I'll have to work as well." The Demon Lord muttered as he glanced at the gateway leading to the Human Realm...

He didn't immediately enter since he was actually quite worried that his Avatar would fail to pass through the Rift due to the rejection of the Human Realm.

After all, his strength was just too strong. Even the Rift itself may collapse in the middle of his transportation!

'Malevolent Energy should've spread a lot by now... Numerous strong beings in that realm should've died... Furthermore, Halvor, that celestial who calls himself Eminence of the Sea, should've paved a path for me... I can do survive this...' The Demon Lord thought as he made up his mind.

"Let me discern the cause of this struggle for dominion... The Human Realm shouldn't be this difficult to control..." He murmured, his voice a blend of curiosity and amusement with the situation.

With a mere thought, the Rift expanded, its edges swirling with the brilliance of the space.

The Avatar stepped through the portal, his form dissolving and reforming as he traversed the boundary between worlds.

After some time, on the other side, the Human Realm lay open before him, its landscapes vast and varied, it seemed to be inviting him!

Whom~

As soon as he was spat out of the Rift, the Demon Lord swiftly vanished appeared in the sky to have a better look of the surroundings. At this time, he also remained undetected by anyone...

He wasn't even pressured by the will of the Human Realm!

'Hmm... This realm is really rich with Arcane Energy... It's a perfect place for Celestials Spirits...'  
The Demon Lord thought while observing the landscape from above...

After scanning a huge area, he finally decided to descend.

He was planning to join the humans for now and avoid causing trouble...

Well, he doesn't really like killing too many humans here who would breed more slaves for him. He felt that it was enough to leave at least a quarter of the human Arcanists. As for the ordinary humans, they would just become laborers...

It was possible to keep them alive, but the Demons under his command would surely want to eat humans and arcanists, so he had to satisfy them. He could not be selfish so he decided to just let the Demon reign terror...

'Hmm... This city doesn't seem to be that bothered by the invasion...'  
The Demon Lord thought as he looked at the peaceful city ahead of him.

Without hesitation, he decided to enter the place and act like a regular nobleman.

"Interesting..." The Demon Lord muttered.

It was there, amidst the calm, that he discovered the city's true nature—it was the Holy City, the bastion of the Church of the Fortune Goddess!

The city was a fortress of faith, patrolled by Holy Knights clad in armor that gleamed with sacred enchantment.

Their presence was a testimony to their firm vigilance against the invaders.

"Ohh~ Not bad..."

Their eyes were sharp and discerning, missing no detail in their sacred duty.

There were also Exorcists roaming the streets, their senses attuned to the slightest whisper of malevolence, ready to expel any taint with incantations and holy relics.

The architecture of the city reflected its celestial patronage, with spires reaching towards the sky and stained glass windows depicting the benevolence of the Fortune Goddess.

"Fortune Goddess, huh... A troublesome Celestial... I wonder if she's really here." The Demon Lord muttered to himself.

He also didn't dare utter the true name of the Fortune Goddess as he might be sensed by the Celestial.

Nonetheless, the Demon Lord felt quite excited at the fact that he arrived here.

The city was filled with the harmonious chimes of sanctified bells, calling the faithful to prayer and reflection.

The Demon Lord, now in the guise of a nobleman, observed the rituals and routines of the city's inhabitants.

However, after several days had passed, he finally showed an evil smile on his face.

"I guess this city would be a great sacrifice to announce my presence..."

## Chapter 752 The Holy City

Meanwhile as the Demon Lord's Avatar was roaming the city, there was another powerful figure who had just appeared in the heart of the Holy City, where the divine and the mundane danced in an eternal embrace...

Thud... Thud... Thud...

There walked a figure of grace and mystery.

"Ahh~ I'm fully recharged! Let's do it again!" She exclaimed.

She was known to the city's denizens as Lady Fara, a noblewoman of enigmatic origins, whose presence brought whispers of fortune and the faintest hint of Arcane Energy.

Yet, beneath the guise of Lady Farah, she was none other than the Avatar of the Fortune Goddess, a deity who wove the threads of fate with a gentle hand.

Her true appearance was a vision of ethereal beauty, with eyes that shimmered like the morning dew and hair that cascaded down her back in waves of liquid gold. Her attire was always impeccable, a blend of the city's high fashion and otherworldly elegance, adorned with subtle symbols of her divine patronage.

However, while in her Avatar, she moved through the city similar to the human nobles, her every step was completely different from a true Fortune Goddess.

"This city's faith in me is really overwhelming... They should really be blessed..." Farah muttered with a smile as she felt the faith of the people reaching out to her.

Anyway, Lady Farah's days were spent wandering the myriad sides of the Holy City. Each corner was like a chapter in a book that filled her with information that she would never obtain unless she stopped using her Avatar.

She frequented the bustling marketplaces, where hawkers called out their wares with boisterous charm. Here, she would pause to admire the intricate craftsmanship of local artisans, her touch infusing their lives with a spark of inspiration and prosperity.

Yes, she liked providing information or tips to these locals to increase the quality of their works.

The auction houses knew her well, for her bids were always placed with a knowing smile, as if she could see the true value of things beyond their mere material worth.

Her presence at these events was a coveted blessing, for it was said that any item she vouched for would bring its owner a great fortune.

Even the gambling dens, shrouded in shadow and thrill, felt the light of her gaze. Lady Farah would grace these establishments with her presence, her laughter was mesmerizing and terrifying as her bets always placed with a playful wink.

It was rumored that the games she joined would always end in unexpected windfalls for the lucky few.

Yet, her explorations did not shy away from the city's less savory aspects.

The brothels, with their whispered secrets and veiled desires, also received her attention. There, she moved with a compassionate air, offering words of solace and hope to those who sought her counsel. Her presence was a silent promise of redemption and new beginnings.

As soon as she became famous, she knew she would have to change her identity...

As night fell upon the city, Lady Farah would retire to her abode, an old mansion that stood at the farthest side of the. Its architecture was a harmonious blend of the city's style and otherworldly motifs, and its gardens were a sanctuary for creatures, both mundane and magical.

Whoosh~

Within the walls of her home, Lady Farah would shed her mortal disguise, revealing the radiant splendor of the Fortune Goddess.

Here, she would commune with the spirits of luck and chance, weaving the destinies of those she had encountered throughout the day.

Her life was a delicate balance, but it was filled with fun!

It was because, with her current strength, she had no issue having the role of a goddess and having fun working as a noblewoman!

"Unfortunately, these fun days would soon be over..." Farah muttered with a sigh as if she could already tell what the future holds.

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'So that's the Holy City... I wonder why the Demon Lord specifically sent me to cause chaos here?'

A Demon General that had a command to a huge number of demons muttered in confusion.

The Holy City, a bastion of light and faith, stood serene even after the invasion that the Abyss Realm had started...

It was as if they were protected by a stronger force!

"Whatever... I'll soon learn what's special about this Holy City..." He muttered.

From his point of view, he could see its citizens, protected by the divine barrier and the vigilant Holy Knights around the city. There were too many of these Knights, and he didn't bother counting them anymore.

"Let's begin!"

While all the citizens of the Holy City were continuing with their daily routine, that peace was shattered when the sky darkened with the ominous beat of leathery wings.

Gargoyles, creatures of stone and malice, appeared above the city in a swarm that blotted out the sun.

Indeed, the Demon General that the Demon Lord had control over the thousands of Gargoyles that were sent to this Human Realm!

"So they've finally started..." Lady Farah watched from the high balcony of her sanctuary as the Holy Knights rallied to the city's defense. Her eyes, usually warm with the glow of providence, now reflected the flames of battle that erupted below.

Previously, the Holy City was attacked by a swarm of low-tier Demons. It was a terrifying sight, but because of their possession of Arcana and their natural strength against the Demons, they were able to hold them back almost without any casualty.

"About ten thousand Gargoyles, huh... It will be tough, but it's not impossible." Lady Farah muttered after seeing the number of enemies outside the castle.

She then shifted her attention to the strongest Holy Knights outside, who had been waiting to show their might!

"Commander Aldric, to arms!" Sir Gavriel bellowed. He was the Holy Knight Champion of the Holy Knights Order!

Although he was alone, his voice cut through the chaos.

His armor gleamed with sacred runes, and his sword, Lightbringer, was like a sliver of dawn against the encroaching darkness.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

More than three hundred Gargoyles dived down to the barrier of the Holy City and activated their self-destruction!

Crashhhh!

Just like that, the barrier was destroyed and everyone had to fight!

Commander Aldric, a veteran of countless battles, stood at the forefront, his shield raised against the onslaught.

"Knights of the Holy Order, let our blades be swift and our courage steadfast. For the city, for the people, we stand as one!"

He shouted, and these weren't mere words of encouragement! It contained a trace of a spell, providing an incredible boost to everyone's courage, skills, and speed!

The Gargoyles swooped down, their claws like daggers of obsidian, their eyes glowing with a hunger for destruction.

Sir Gavriel suddenly noticed something off with the first group of Gargoyles descending to meet the Holy Knights!

"Not good..."

With a wave of his Lightsaber, he swiftly released another dome of light that protected them from harm! It wasn't a city-wide protection but enough to cover the descending Gargoyles!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Once again, these Gargoyles self-destructed!

They crashed against the dome, a shimmering dome that had always saved him from critical situations! With each impact, the barrier shuddered, its light flickering like a candle in the wind.

"Cowards!" Gavriel complained but he couldn't do anything about it. He couldn't let the other Holy Knights die in such a pathetic way!

"Transfer your Holy Energy to me to the Knight Champion to maintain the dome!" Cried one of the Untainted Sentinels, Arcanists of the Holy Order whose grasp on the Holy Arts is reaching its peak.

Their hands moved in intricate patterns as they soon started helping the Holy Knight Champion!

Luckily, only about a hundred more self-destructed, and the other Gargoyles soon descended!

But the Gargoyles were weak!

As soon as the Holy Knights reached them, they fell, defeated by their swords!

The only problem was these Gargoyles would detonate themselves in bursts of dark energy! Their self-destruction was their final act of spite.

The Demon General looked satisfied at this result as he soon left the remaining Gargoyles to cause chaos... Winning or losing wasn't his priority.

It was only his mission to cause chaos!

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In the meantime, the chaos he left hadn't ended yet.

"Fortune Goddess! We need your blessing!" Shouted by a young knight.

He was injured. His armor was dented, but his spirit was undimmed.

"Guide our hands and grant us victory!" He shouted with everything he had.

However, the Fortune Goddess couldn't seem to answer his prayer as another Gargoyle dropped on his head, splattering all his brain matter.

Similar scenes occurred because, for some reason, the Fortune Goddess failed to grant them a fortune!

They didn't know that Lady Farah, the Avatar of the Fortune Goddess tasked to live in the city, was in trouble!

'The Demon Lord is here!' Farah's eyes widened as she realized that Halvor, the Eminence of the Sea, had truly betrayed the human realm!

Although she couldn't see the Demon Lord yet, she knew that the latter was blocking her Divinity from blessing her people!

With such a powerful enemy on her doorstep, she had no other choice but to call for assistance!

Chapter 753 The True Reason

In the meantime, she had to help her subjects protect the Holy City!

Lady Farah, her heart heavy with the weight of impending doom, raised her hands to the heavens.

As an Avatar of a Celestial that was not in the Human Realm, her power was obviously greatly weakened. She could only wield a small portion of her strength.

Because of that, she would have to chant incantations to use Celestial Arts!

"By the grace of fortune, let resilience be our shield and valor our sword!" She intoned, her voice carrying the power of the divine.

Without being noticed by the defenders of the city, a golden light cascaded from her palms, washing over the city and its defenders.

The Holy Knights felt a surge of strength, their fatigue replaced by a renewed vigor. A new barrier was created, bolstered by her blessing! Furthermore, it held firm against the barrage of the Demons!

No one asked where the blessing came from. It could be from the Pontiff or from another Holy Arts Practitioner like the Young Saint or the First Elder of the Order of the Untainted Sentinels.

However, they knew very well that this was only possible with the help of their goddess!

Everyone was soon inspired as they held their weapons tightly! Their devotion to the goddess had reached its peak! They would do anything to protect the Holy City, even if it cost them their lives!

The battle raged on, the Holy Knights continued pushing back the Gargoyles with a ferocity born of desperation. Sir Gavriel, his sword a pillar of light, carved through the enemy ranks, his every strike a prayer made manifest.

Commander Aldric, standing shoulder to shoulder with his brethren, became a pillar against the tide.

"For every life, for every hope, we shall not yield!" He roared, his shield absorbing the impact of the Gargoyles' assault.

Soon, as the last of the Gargoyles fell, the city drew a collective breath of relief.

The light barrier, though scarred, remained intact, a testament to the Holy Knights' valor and Lady Farah's divine intervention.

Thanks to this barrier, there were no curses, diseases, or foreign energy left behind by the Gargoyles. Not even remnant spirits that would normally cause negative energy to gather... These things may be found in other battlefields, but the barrier already took care of all residual energy of the Demons!

The Holy City had withstood the storm, its people saved by the courage of its protectors and the blessings of the Fortune Goddess.

And as the dust settled, Lady Farah whispered a silent vow to watch over this sacred place, to be its guardian against the darkness that sought to claim it.

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At this time, Lady Farah stood upon the ramparts, her gaze piercing the horizon.

She could sense a presence, a disturbance in the fabric of fate—a dark thread woven into the city's destiny.

Without a doubt, it was the Demon Lord, a being of immense power and inscrutable motives.

'Haaa~' Lady Farah, even if her original body was here, would have trouble dealing with the Demon Lord.

As the city returned to its peaceful rhythms, she descended from her vantage point.

She moved through the streets, her form cloaked in the guise of a mortal, her divine essence concealed from prying eyes.

The city's inhabitants, unaware of the deity in their midst, continued their lives with a renewed appreciation for the tranquility they had almost lost.

In a quaint coffee shop nestled in the heart of the city, the aroma of freshly brewed coffee mingled with the murmur of conversations—a haven of normalcy amidst the remnants of turmoil.

It was here that Lady Farah found the Avatar of the Demon Lord.

The Demon Lord sat at a secluded table, his appearance that of a nobleman, and his demeanor was calm as he sipped his coffee. It was as if he wasn't the man who orchestrated the previous seige in the city!

The patrons around him were oblivious to the true nature of the man who shared their space, his presence an enigma wrapped in the mundane.

Lady Farah approached, her steps silent, her expression a blend of curiosity and caution.

"It's quite interesting to see you here drinking coffee after you sent an attack to my city..." She remarked, her voice tinged with a mix of reproach and intrigue.

The Demon Lord looked up, his eyes meeting hers, a spark of recognition igniting between them.

"Well, I'm just trying to greet you. I don't want to kill too many people in this city since I want all the souls of the people here. You see... I want to summon something in this realm" He replied, his tone casual, as if discussing the weather rather than the fate of souls.

He didn't even hide his real intention, which infuriated the Avatar of the Fortune Goddess even more!

"Are you crazy?! I thought you only wanted to avenge those Celestials who imprisoned you?" Lady Farah exclaimed, her voice barely above a whisper, yet carrying the weight of her divine authority.

Nonetheless, the other customers continued their own conversations. Well, there was a sphere of isolation around the deities, so no one could hear their conversation or notice their presence at all.

The Demon Lord leaned back, a sly smile playing on his lips.

"Crazy? No. Ambitious, perhaps. Lady Farah, I've long changed my mind... I care less about those three Paragons. I will not be satisfied by killing those trio. Instead, I want to obtain the power of the first Human Celestial. I seek to make a move that will change the game forever."

Lady Farah was obviously unnerved by these words and wanted to kill the Demon Lord's Avatar right now.

But even if she managed to succeed, another Avatar would just appear somewhere in the Human Realm.

In any case, her interest was suddenly piqued after hearing that the Demon Lord was interested with the power of the first Human Celestial. It was certainly something that anyone would want to possess. However, no one had ever know how to obtain this power.

After the first Human Celestial perished, many tried to research his body to obtain a clue about his power.

Unfortunately, no one was able to find it out, and it remained a mystery for an unknown number of years until it became a myth and many Celestials wouldn't even believe the power of this first Human Celestial at all.

Nonetheless, the Fortune Goddess didn't expect that the Demon Lord was also one of the Celestials who couldn't forget about this at all!

After taking a deep breath, she took the seat opposite him, her eyes never leaving his.

"And what is this 'move' you speak of? What could possibly be worth the upheaval of this city's peace?"

The Demon Lord's smile widened. "A summoning, my dear Lady. A summoning that will bring forth a creature of such power that it will tilt the balance in my favor. And for that, I need the souls of this city—untouched, uncorrupted."

Lady Farah's gaze hardened. She couldn't understand why it was related to obtaining the power of the first Human Celestial.

Anyway, the Demon Lord must have a reason.

"You would risk war with me for such a gambit? I think you will die first before getting the power of the First Human Celestial."

"Hahaha! Is that so? But that's a risk worth taking..." He replied, his eyes gleaming with an unholy light. "But fear not, I have no intention of a massacre. I prefer... subtler methods."

"What? You're planning to kill them while sleeping? Nightmare Call? Like the one you used in the Tree Elves Realm? Do you think I will allow you to do that?"

The conversation continued, the two beings locked in verbal arguments as intricate as the weave of fate itself.

Around them, the coffee shop buzzed with life, the patrons unaware of the cosmic negotiation taking place in their midst.

As the hours passed, the Demon Lord and Lady Farah did not reach an understanding. The Demon Lord tried convincing Lady Farah to give up the Holy City to allow him to summon a being that would aid him in finding the first Human Celestials' ability.

"Fine... I will not use this city of yours... However, I want you to call your forces back... Those Holy Knights and Exorcists of yours are taking too many of my Demon Army. If you do that, I will not attack the places under your protection." The Demon Lord offered.

"Do you think I will betray the Human Realm just like that?" Lady Farah asked.

"Of course not... It's not like I'm planning to make this Human Realm a living hell. How about this? Once I have obtained the power of extraction, I will let you know how I got it. Perhaps you can also get this power. I won't be saying it now since you might become a competitor," The Demon Lord offered.

"Hmph... So you're telling me that you seriously didn't invade all those other Realms for rich resources or ancient powers or something that I've heard from the others? I'm doubtful..." Lady Farah remarked.

## Chapter 754 True Name

"Yes... I mentioned various reasons to my Demon Saints for invading this and that Realm... However, the true reason was to search for the power of Extraction..." The Demon Lord said as he looked at the Avatar of the Fortune Goddess.

His expression remained relaxed, as if he wasn't thinking too much about whatever the Fortune Goddess decided to do.

To be exact, it doesn't seem like he was worried even if the Fortune Goddess decided to fight right now!

"Will you really achieve your purpose here? What if you can't obtain that power? You're going to continue destroying this Realm like the others?" Lady Farah replied.

"Of course, not... If my clue is wrong once again, I'm simply planning to convert a million of the humans here to become Demons... Then we will transfer them to the Abyss Realm to replenish our forces..." The Demon Lord said with a hint of satisfaction on his face. It seemed as if he was so proud of his plan!

"What?" The Avatar was almost speechless at these absurd words.

"Hahaha... It's fine... The humans will easily reproduce, and your numbers will be back in no time. Don't think too much of it. I won't be targeting your believers, so you don't have to worry. Just pull out your forces so we don't lose our precious followers... Alright?" The Demon Lord added.

Lady Farah started hesitating. After all, this would completely benefit her.

She would be able to preserve her forces while the others would not. She would have a chance to recruit more followers as well and strengthen the faith she was receiving from her followers!

If her faithful followers had become unharmed throughout this Invasion, her influence would grow, and many humans would have converted to her faith!

Lastly, she would also gain the knowledge to obtain the mysterious power of the first Human Celestial!

After taking a deep breath, she replied.

"Then, tell me why you targeted this Human Realm too late? If you're searching for the power of the Human Celestial, shouldn't you target this Realm where he had possibly come from?" Lady Farah asked.

Although she doesn't know which Human Realm the first Human Celestial came from, her question should still make sense.

"As you know, there are plenty of Human Realms... However, they all lack the power to contain a fully Transcendent Being... So, we all believed that the power of Divine Extraction that only Transcendent Being could handle didn't originate from the Human Realm. Of course, I would target other higher realms that had a connection to the first Human Celestial. I thought they had given them that power to the humans. But I was completely wrong..."

The Demon Lord paused at this and decided not to continue with his story.

Lady Farah also didn't ask for him to continue as she already guessed a few things that had occurred during the Demon Lord's search for that power.

With a sigh, Lady Farah decided to strike a deal.

"Do not hurt any of my followers... Leave this Realm as soon as you find what you're looking for but make sure to inform me how you obtained it."

"Kukuku... You won't regret this, Goddess Ymera..." The Demon Lord said as he looked at Lady Farah with an enchanting gaze, as if trying to charm her.

Of course, he knew it would be ineffective, and Lady Farah also knew that he was simply unable to control his power.

With their accord struck, the Demon Lord vanished into the shadows, leaving Lady Farah alone with her thoughts.

The Demon Lord left the café and the Holy City.

Not a single trace of him could be found.

With their discussion, the city would remain untouched, its people safe from the Demon Lord's machinations—for now.

In return, the Church had to become observers of this Invasion.

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It had only been about 30 minutes since the Demon Lord left.

The coffee shop, a picturesque scene of normality in the Holy City, was steeped in the rich aroma of roasted beans and the soft hum of quiet conversations.

Lady Farah, the Avatar of the Fortune Goddess, sat alone at her table. Her posture was relaxed, yet her mind was filled with various strategies that she might need to employ during this Abyss Invasion.

At this time, she had ordered a coffee, not out of thirst but as a ruse, a means to blend in with the mortals around her while she contemplated her next move.

As she took a sip, her eyes scanned the room, and she spoke into the apparent emptiness.

"I'm sure you listened to our conversation... I don't think the Demon Lord noticed your presence... I also don't think that the Demon Lord is still somewhere here... What do you think about our conversation?" Her words hung in the air, a silent invitation to the unseen.

From the corner of the shop, a man who had been enjoying a slice of cake stood up, his movements deliberate.

He made his way to Lady Farah's table and took the seat opposite her.

"Kyle Marshall..." she addressed him, a name that carried the weight of secrets and shadows.

Indeed, the man was Vale Chambers, known in the continent as the Shadow Immortal, but to a select few, he was Kyle Marshall.

The revelation of his true name sent a jolt of surprise through him, a testament to the Fortune Goddess's far-reaching sight.

'Well, she's a goddess... It should be normal for her to know my name. She'll look pathetic if she can't even tell my real name.' Kyle mused as he observed the appearance of the Fortune Goddess' Avatar.

Before the encounter with the Demon Lord, Lady Farah had actually summoned him through an oracle, compelling him to hasten to the coffee shop with one of his Avatars.

Anyway, he understood that the Avatar of the Fortune Goddess possessed the means to uncover his true name but she couldn't tell that he possessed the the Divine Extraction System!

'Wait... Are they even referring to my Divine Extraction?' Kyle silently thought as he took a deep breath.

This wasn't important right now. After all, even if he knew that they were searching for his system, he could do nothing about it.

Instead, he had to deal with the most important matter right now.

"Are you really going to abandon—No, to sacrifice the humans who are not your followers?" Kyle asked, his voice a mix of disbelief and accusation.

Although her Church hates the Dark Arts, he thought that she was still a benevolent goddess who would protect the humans from Demons!

After all, her followers were the masters of the Holy Arts!

Lady Farah didn't immediately reply and looked at Kyle helplessly.

"Life is cruel, Kyle... I can only hope that you can stop the Demon Lord from his plans..." Lady Farah whispered, her tone resigned yet laced with an undercurrent of pragmatism.

Kyle's gaze hardened. "You ask me to stop the Demon Lord, yet you're willing to let innocents suffer for your own gain. Isn't that hypocritical?"

Lady Farah met his gaze unflinchingly. "Sometimes, to protect the many, we must make sacrifices. Besides, my main body isn't here. But you, Kyle, you have the power to change the course of this story. You can confront the Demon Lord, thwart his plans without the need for such sacrifices. I may not know how you obtained the blessing of the Spirit World and obtained such immense power, but I believe that there's a reason why you're here... It is to protect this Human Realm."

Kyle leaned back, considering her words.

He was astounded at this lady. She was surely being too shameless... She even brought up the blessing of the Spirit World, which doesn't exist, and made him like some sort of a fated hero.

"And what of you? Will you just watch from the sidelines as I risk everything?" Kyle asked.

"I will do what I must to protect my followers and this city..." She asserted. "But I cannot act openly against the Demon Lord without risking greater conflict. You, however, operate in the shadows and completely against the Demons from the very beginning. You can move against him in ways I cannot."

She then stopped for a moment as if she recalled something...

"Right... You also had conflicts with Halvor, the Eminence of the Sea... He might also join the Demon Lord to attack you, so be careful."

"Hey... Isn't that too petty? Why would he do that?"

"Heh~ You should have a better grasp about the current situation of this Realm... If you're still unaware, Halvor is neither good or bad... He just had a very different view about the future of this Realm. You can call him eccentric if you may."

"What?" Kyle frowned at this.

However, he still nodded slowly, understanding the role he was being asked to play.

After chatting for a bit more to get more information about the other deities like the three Paragons, Kyle finally felt satisfied.

Chapter 755 More Enemies

"Very well, Lady Farah. I'll take this burden upon myself. But you should stop persecuting the Dark Arts Practitioners from now on... I don't like the meaningless war that your church is directing towards the Darkness Path." Kyle suddenly said.

"You want me to stop the war against them?" Lady Farah repeated, not expecting such a request. She thought Kyle didn't care about the Darkness Path at all.

After all, she knew the method of the Vermont Academy. They wouldn't mind killing a lot of innocent people just to obtain students. Furthermore, they would also take the shadows of their students to ensure that they would be loyal to the Darkness Path.

She knew that Kyle was aware of this really well, especially after he was targeted by Evanescent Vessels.

"Yes... Even if some organizations or people were using the Dark Arts to commit evil acts, it doesn't mean that all the Dark Arts Practitioners are evil or that the Path itself is evil. If I'm going to select an evil path, that would probably be the Psychic Arts, which target the minds of other people."

Kyle replied after noticing Lady Farah's expression.

This made the latter pause for a moment to consider his words.

Then, with a solemn nod, Lady Farah agreed.

"You're right about that. But you still didn't know the whole story about this war against the Dark Arts Practitioner. However, that's not important right now. I need your cooperation, so I will agree, Shadow Immortal."

Lady Farah then placed her hands on her chest and continued.

"You have my vow, Kyle Marshall. We will only defend ourselves if the Dark Arts Practitioners attacked us first. For now, the Holy City shall remain a sanctuary... Even if you send Dark Arts Practitioners here, they will not be harmed."

As the pact was sealed, Kyle stood up, his form beginning to fade into the shadows.

"Then I shall begin. The Demon Lord will find that even in the darkest corners of this Realm, he is not beyond reach."

And with that, Kyle Marshall, the Shadow Immortal, vanished from the coffee shop, leaving Lady Farah to her solitary vigil.

She sat there, seemingly at a loss. However, her mind was already weaving the threads of fate that would guide her followers through the coming storm.

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In the bustling town that lay just beyond the Holy City's protective embrace, a figure materialized, his presence as unassuming as the gentle breeze that swept through the streets.

This was Kyle, the Shadow Immortal, now donning the visage of a middle-aged man. His hair, peppered with gray, was cut to a modest length, and his attire—a simple tunic and trousers—blended seamlessly with the townsfolk's garb. His eyes, once piercing, now held a softness that invited no scrutiny, a stark contrast to the calculating gaze that lay beneath.

Kyle's arrival in this town was no mere coincidence. He was actually planning to visit the place where Sage Merlin was currently at.

Well, Sage Merlin was being chased by a few Demon Generals right now, and he was planning to rescue the poor old man. Then, supposedly, he would chase the Demon Lord.

However, he had been drawn here by an aura that tugged at the edges of his consciousness—an aura that belonged to Lesley Hoffman and something else.

Because of that reason, he decided to inform the Arcane Bureau instead to save the Sage... They should be able to send a couple of Half-Immortals to aid him.

Anyway, Lesley was the very woman who had nearly been the architect of his demise with the Darkness Possession Potion.

It was only by the grace of his Divine Extraction System, a power that the Demon Lord now sought, that he had survived the ordeal.

"Mhmm... I thought they were protecting the territory of the Dark Faction. What is she doing here?" Vale muttered to himself as he looked at her new appearance. It seemed to be related to the Forbidden Arts that she was practicing or perhaps, the Vessel that housed her body.

After befriending some members of the Vessel's sixth squad, Vale knew that the possessions that were just temporary could sometimes provide long-lasting reactions to the bodies of the Vessels.

Changing the colors of the hair, eyes, and skin, or even changing the tone of voice, was possible. There are also cases in which the Vessel was possessed by a very strong spirit; they would change their physique, either for better or for worse.

'Interesting...' Kyle mused.

Lesley was a vision of fiery allure, her red hair a cascade of autumn leaves, her eyes like twin rubies that glinted with an inner light.

She moved with a confidence that spoke of her strength, her beauty belying the danger she represented.

At her side was her vice-captain, a man named Gareth Blackwood... Kyle had known this person since he was in the Archive Room of the Battle Arena Committee.

To be exact, Kyle recalled that Gareth was one of the first graduate students of the Academy. He had seen Gareth as a Necromancer.

However, seeing him now didn't seem like he really pursued being a Necromancer after graduating. This was quite confusing...

'Maybe because the Vessels doesn't need Necromancers?' Kyle narrowed his eyes as he thought of a possible reason.

Someone from the Order had probably recruited Gareth and was convinced to take a different path. Anyway, Gareth was tall and broad-shouldered, his hair a raven black, and his eyes a piercing blue that surveyed the surroundings with a soldier's vigilance.

His armor, though designed for battle, was adorned with the insignia of his rank, Vice Captain of the 14th Squad.

Nonetheless, the true reason that he was being careful right now was simple.

As Kyle observed from the shadows, he noted the subtle signs of divine protection that enveloped Lesley and Gareth—a shimmering veil that was almost imperceptible to the naked eye. It was clear they were under the aegis of another celestial entity, one that Kyle could not yet identify.

'Another Immortal, huh... It doesn't seem like the Fortune Goddess though...' Kyle thought...

To be honest, his hate for this woman had long faded after he had become an Immortal and had become busy getting stronger to prepare for the Invasion. After all, he was already on a level that she could never reach... There was simply no fun for him killing an ant. In his perspective, she wasn't even at the level of a half-immortal, so it would be difficult to feel a sense of satisfaction defeating her.

Although she was strong, she still needed to summon a strong being from another realm to at least get a very small chance of hurting him.

'Well, it would still be satisfying if I make her mine...' Kyle thought as he decided that it was time to get revenge on this woman just for the sake of his old self and those others whom she killed during the recruitment...

Those others were the first corpses that he had also extracted, so he was still quite thankful to them, although he had no idea who they were.

Even if Lesley was simply ordered by the Academy's officials, she didn't even show any signs of compassion by explaining to him what happened!

"Alright..."

Kyle followed them discreetly, weaving through the crowd with the ease of a specter.

Lesley and Gareth seemed to be on a mission, their steps purposeful as they navigated the town's winding streets. They paused occasionally to confer with each other, their conversation hushed and urgent.

The town was actually unharmed by the Invasion as they were probably a very small target, and the Demons couldn't be bothered.

Anyway, it still displayed a busy life; its market square was still filled with people, and the workers were coming and going.

Merchants hawked their wares with boisterous calls, children darted between stalls in games of chase, and the scent of fresh bread and spices filled the air.

Yet, amidst this ordinary scene, the extraordinary lingered just beneath the surface.

Kyle suddenly felt something off with these two.

As he trailed the pair, his instincts were triggered. As a Shadow Immortal with incredible senses, he noticed an anomaly in their behavior.

'They're not here for leisure,' Kyle thought, his suspicion growing with each step they took. It was then that he noticed the subtle signs—a glance here, a gesture there—Lesley and Gareth were signaling someone, or something, hidden from plain sight.

It was a fragment of conversation, carried on the wind, that first drew his attention—a mention of "the Wrathful One's decree" that caused his ears to prick up...

'Wrathful One?' He repeated in his mind.

Because Lesley and Gareth had traces of Divinity around them, he was being too careful. However, it seemed that he had to take the risk.

He edged closer, using his abilities to remain undetected, as the cloaked figures spoke in hushed, reverent tones. "The Sin of Wrath has commanded..." one of them murmured, "that we expand our influence during this invasion, to prepare for the arrival of the other Sins."

Another voice, laced with fervor, responded, "The Seven Sins shall rise, and Wrath will lead the vanguard. Our enemies will cower before our might."

The words were like pieces of a puzzle falling into place for Kyle.

Chapter 756 Shapeshift

"The Seven Sins shall rise, and Wrath will lead the vanguard. Our enemies will cower before our might."

'So it was like that...'

The words were like pieces of a puzzle falling into place for Kyle.

The revelation hit him like a thunderclap. It was astonishing for him since he had never thought that another Deadly Sin had already entered this realm and formed a cult and even got a connection to the Dark Arts!

'I just told the Fortune Goddess not to attack the Darkness Path...'  
Kyle wryly smiled after recalling this.

Anyway, he confirmed that Lesley and Gareth were here to commune with one of the Seven Sins, and it was the Wrath itself.

Kyle's pulse quickened at the thought...

'Should I capture them now?'

He wanted to quickly interrogate these people. However, after considering the situation, he decided to just continue with his observation.

In any case, he was sure that these people wouldn't escape his current Magic Zone.

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After the two familiar Dark Arts Practitioners spoke a few more words to the cloaked follower of the Deadly Sin, they finally made their move.

Lesley and Gareth, their purpose shrouded in secrecy, followed the cloaked figures through the labyrinthine streets of the town.

On the other hand, Kyle continued to be a silent observer as he trailed them to wherever they planned to go. He didn't even use any movement Spells at this point as he naturally Shadow Divinity allowed his form to be like a mere shadow flitting through the crowd.

He completely undetectable by the two Arcanists.

'Wrath, huh... I wonder how his power works...' Kyle mused as he recalled the power of Gluttony.

It was related to the consumption of life or perhaps anything it could consume to gain power. The Greed's power that increases in battle and other psychic arts was also quite incredible.

As for the Wrath, it seemed to be more incredible considering the fact that the Arcane Bureau, which spans over the whole continent, doesn't even have information about the cult he had made!

'Oh... Are we getting closer?' Kyle mused.

The path they took was not one known to ordinary townsfolk.

It twisted and turned, leading them away from the bustling market square and into the quieter, more desolate parts of the town.

The buildings here were older, their stones holding the memories of ages past, and the air was thick with the scent of forgotten tales.

As they walked, Lesley spoke in a low voice.

"We must tread carefully, Gareth. Wrath is not known for patience or forgiveness."

Her words were calm, but Kyle could also trace some nervousness from it. It seemed she was also on guard while meeting the Deadly Sin.

Gareth nodded, his hand resting on the hilt of his sword, a silent vow to protect Lesley even if it costs him his life

"I am ready for whatever trials we may face..." He replied, his voice a steady rumble.

The cloaked figures then led them to an unassuming door, its wood was old and weathered, yet upon closer inspection, it was etched with runes that glowed faintly with a crimson hue. With a gesture from one of the envoys, the door creaked open, revealing a stairway that spiraled down into darkness.

'No wonder I can't detect the Wrath's presence... It's probably related to those runes... Interesting.' Kyle thought after seeing how the Deadly Sin was suppressing his aura from leaking out.

Nonetheless, this also means that Wrath wasn't in full control of his strength yet. The other reason was perhaps Wrath had gotten too strong in a short period to the point that he needed such suppressive runes to hide his presence.

'This aura is certainly very familiar... There's no doubt that a Deadly Sin is inside that place.'

Soon, the group descended, the light from above fading with each step until they were enveloped in an otherworldly gloom.

The temperature also grew cooler, and the stone underfoot felt alive, pulsing with an ancient power.

Indeed, it wasn't a demonic power but it seemed more profound than demonic energy in Kyle's perspective.

Nonetheless, it doesn't change the fact that it was as if they were walking through the very heart of the earth, into the domain of Wrath itself.

Thud... Thud... Thud...

At the bottom of the stairs, they emerged into a vast cavern, its walls aglow with veins of red crystal that cast the chamber in a baleful light.

"So there's a huge space below that town... How impressive." Lesley commented in a soft voice before her attention was drawn to another person.

At the center of this cavern, a figure stood calmly while observing them. This figure was also cloaked in a way that they couldn't discern his appearance.

However, the figure's presence was different from that of the other followers...

Without a doubt, this was Wrath, the Deadly Sin!

Lesley stepped forward, her red hair a flame in the dim light.

"We have come as you commanded, Wrath. We seek your guidance and your strength."

Wrath then looked at Lesley and he nodded repeatedly. It seemed as if he was satisfied with Lesley's appearance or power.

"Impressive... You have obtained the blessing of the Death God as you promised. I will agree to the offer of the Vermont and Moontomb Clan's proposal. I will help you deal with the forces led by the Fortune Goddess if you allow me to possess a body with that Death God's blessing." Wrath's voice was like the rumble of thunder, deep and resonant.

"Yes... We have already prepared the body... I'm here to show you a proof with our connected to the Death God." Lesley replied.

"And?" Wrath said as he knew that it wasn't the only reason.

Lesley smiled at this and continued.

"And to possess your power... I want to receive your blessing now."

"You want to possess my power, my Wrath?"

"Yes!"

"I can accept that... Lesley Hoffman, for you possess the fire that aligns with my essence. Tell me, why do you seek the power of Wrath?"

Lesley's eyes met the Sin's gaze, unflinching.

"The realms are in turmoil, and the forces of the Abyss threaten to overwhelm us. I know you're not connected to the Demon Lord but you should be aware of our situation. Even if the invasion stops, we will face the might of at least four Arcane Factions... We need the might of Wrath to turn the tide, to bring victory where there is only the promise of defeat."

Wrath considered her words, the silence stretching between them like a taut string. "And what of you, Gareth Blackwood? Do you share her conviction?"

Gareth stepped beside Lesley, his stance resolute. "I do. My blade is hers to command, and together, we will face whatever darkness comes."

Wrath's laughter echoed through the cavern, a sound both terrifying and exhilarating. "Very well. I shall grant you a portion of my power, but know this—the flames of Wrath burn indiscriminately. Use this gift wisely, or be consumed by it."

He no longer wasted their time as he swiftly acted.

With a wave of its hand, Wrath bestowed upon them a mark, a brand that seared into their very souls, imbuing them with a strength that was both exhilarating and daunting.

Lesley and Gareth's eyes lit up after feeling this power...

'Hmph... It even included the power to control us...' Lesley thought for a moment before the blessing of the Death God reacted.

In a few moments, the Wrath's impure mark was suddenly turned into a pure one without the power of being controlled.

Of course, the Deadly Sin noticed this as well but simply laughed it off.

He believed that if they couldn't even remove such a curse, they did not deserve to obtain his power.

As they left the cavern, the mark of Wrath burning within them, Lesley and Gareth knew that the path ahead would be perilous. But with the power of a Deadly Sin at their command, they also knew that they had become key players in the battle for the fate of the Human Realms.

Meanwhile, Kyle, hidden in the shadows, grappled with the enormity of the power he had just felt emanating from Wrath.

It was a power that he could not measure! It was a power that could potentially eclipse even the Demon Lord's Avatar.

Doubt crept into his mind, the fear that without his Divine Extraction ability, he might not be able to withstand such might!

But his concerns were abruptly cut short as Wrath's voice thundered through the cavern.

"Mhmm? Did someone enter without my permission? Who are you?" The Sin had not seen Kyle, but its senses were keen enough to detect an intruder.

'There's no point in hiding...'

Startled but quick-witted, Kyle tapped into his shapeshifting ability, calling upon the Demonic Essence he had collected.

His form twisted and contorted, reshaping into the visage of a Demon Saint.

Then, he stepped forward, his new demonic guise complete, and addressed Wrath with a confidence he did not truly feel.

"Wrath... So you're good enough to sense my presence... I'm sent here by the Demon Lord."

Chapter 757 A Challenge

"Wrath, your perception is as formidable as the legends say. I come at the behest of our Demon Lord..." Kyle said.

As he spoke, a subtle aura of Corrupted Divinity radiated from him, the final touch to his elaborate masquerade.

The Corrupted Divinity that he showed wasn't too weak or too strong... It was simply enough to remove any possible suspicions of the Deadly Sin.

Well, with his appearance, now infused with demonic essence and corrupted divinity, Kyle believed that his transformation was flawless, even under the scrutinous gaze of Wrath.

"A Demon Saint, is it? You're not among the elite or single-digit Demon Saints that I recognize. A new recruit, then? Ahh... Right... Many of your kind have fallen to the Shadow Immortal..." Wrath remarked casually while turning away with disinterest.

Kyle wryly smiled after hearing this since the Shadow Immortal that the Deadly Sin was talking about was standing in front of him.

Nonetheless, Wrath suddenly removed his cloak. It doesn't seem like he was on guard against Kyle, the Demon Saint.

He also appeared to be returning to his resting spot... He didn't think that Kyle was any threat at all!

This was definitely a good sign.

Anyway, now that Kyle had gotten closer, he was finally able to observe his appearance.

'Mhmm...'

As Wrath discarded his cloak, the true extent of his formidable presence was revealed to Kyle.

The Sin of Wrath stood with an imposing stature, his form humanoid yet imbued with an aura that was not human or evil...

It felt more like an existence closely similar to the Messengers that Kyle had met before...

'Right, it's definitely a Messenger's aura...' Kyle thought as he observed the Deadly Sin.

His skin was a bit too red for a human. He was like a living embodiment of the fury that coursed through his veins. Nonetheless, it was smooth and seemed to ripple with each movement, as if flames danced just beneath the surface.

His eyes were like molten gold, burning with an intensity that could sear the soul. The pupils were slit, reminiscent of a serpent's, hinting at the deadly precision with which he observed the world around him.

'Incredible... It doesn't feel like a disguise at all... I think this is actually the true appearance of the Deadly Sin.' Kyle thought.

Wrath's hair was a mane of jet-black strands, falling in a wild cascade over his broad shoulders. It seemed to absorb the light around him, a stark contrast to the vibrant glow of his skin.

Adorning his body were markings that glowed with an eerie crimson light. These marks ran along his arms and chest, converging at a sigil that lay over his heart—a sigil that was the very embodiment of Wrath...

Thud...

In his hand, he held a scepter that was a masterpiece of craftsmanship. It was wrought from a metal that seemed to shift in color with each flicker of the cavern's light. The head of the scepter was fashioned in the likeness of a snarling beast, its eyes set with rubies that matched Wrath's own gaze.

"Are you done observing me, Demon Saint? I guess this is your first time seeing someone who could rival the Demon Lord. How is it?" Wrath said with a chuckle.

Although there was a bit of exaggeration in his words, it doesn't change the fact that the Demon Lord could not kill or control the seven Deadly Sins.

Anyway, he could tell that Kyle was observing him, but he wasn't on guard. It was natural to be curious with a powerful being. He even allowed Kyle to take his time examining him.

Well, once the Demon Saint learned more about his power, he believed that there might be a chance that he'd get another Demon Saint follower!

He wouldn't mind having another one!

Kyle's heart raced, though his face remained impassive.

'The disguise holds...' Kyle thought in relief after hearing the Deadly Sin's words.

"So... Why has the Demon Lord sent you? Does he persist in his futile commands for me to seek out the Spirit King's chosen?" Wrath inquired, a note of irritation in his voice.

The way he spoke had also changed. He was now using an ancient language, and luckily, Kyle was able to extract memory fragments that allowed him to understand him.

'Ah? What?'

Kyle was then taken aback by the mention of the Spirit King's chosen or blessed. However, he quickly composed a response.

"No, Wrath. My mission here is of a different nature. The Demon Lord seeks an alliance, not servitude. He believes that together, we can find a way to harness the power of the Spirit King's blessing for our mutual benefit. We just have to work together and find the chosen..."

Wrath paused, considering the proposition. "An alliance, you say? Intriguing. Are you telling me the Demon Lord is willing to share the power of the Spirit King's chosen? If I'm not mistaken, he had been searching for it for a very long time."

This time, Kyle didn't reply and remained silent.

After a few moments, Wrath continued.

"Very well, Demon Saint, we shall see if your words hold truth. I must benefit from the Spirit King's power. But be warned, I do not suffer fools or traitors. I will try to seek the Spirit King's chosen with the help of my followers. I have my own method of doing that. However, I'll only cover the nation surrounding me... If the Spirit King's chosen is not there, you can't blame me."

Wrath said after some thought.

In the end, Wrath didn't want to be enemies with the Demon Lord either. Continuously disobeying him might really create a tear in their relationship. Finding the blessed and taking part in its benefit was also a good thing for him.

'The Spirit King's chosen, huh... I wonder who that is. Right, how are they going to find him? Wait, is the Spirit King's chosen the same person with the power of Extraction that the Demon Lord was saying?' Kyle thought as he felt that he had just completed a puzzle.

'Does it mean that the first Human Celestial is also Blessed by the Spirit King? Is that the reason why the Abyss Realm invaded a part of the Spirit World as well?' Kyle sighed at this thought.

Anyway, Kyle still nodded to the Deadly Sin.

He finally knew the reason why his realm was being invaded, and now, he just had to do something about it, either by killing them all or by sending them back and cutting off the connection of the Abyss Realm to the Human Realm.

'It's time to leave...' Kyle thought as he spoke..

"I'll inform the Demon Lord." He then turned around to leave the place.

However, Kyle had barely taken a few steps towards the cavern's exit when Wrath's voice halted him, echoing with a challenge that vibrated through the very air.

"Since you're here... How about a duel?" The Deadly Sin suddenly proposed, his tone laced with a desire to demonstrate his formidable prowess.

Kyle turned, his disguise as a Demon Saint still intact, to face Wrath.

He was unsure whether Wrath had already realized his disguise or perhaps this was simply Wrath's natural behavior...

Well, it wasn't that surprising, considering he was Wrath.

The atmosphere suddenly became colder as the red crystals of the cavern pulsing in rhythm with the rising tension.

"A duel?" Kyle feigned surprise, though inwardly he was calculating his next move.

"It would be an honor to witness the might of Wrath firsthand." He finally said after some thought.

Wrath's lips curled into a smirk, pleased by the acceptance.

"Excellent. I wish to show you the true power that you could serve in the future. Hahaha! Follow me."

With a grand gesture, Wrath waved his hand and it seemed as if he summoned a Rift!

It happened too quickly and Kyle wasn't prepared at all.

Zzzzzttt~

The space beside Wrath was opened to reveal the Rift that was surely leading to the Abyss Realm. Kyle couldn't mistake it since he had been here before!

The Rift exuded a malevolent energy, its edges flickering with dark flames.

'Right... I can't back out now...' Kyle then stepped through after Wrath, finding himself in a desolate landscape that bore the scars of eternal conflict.

The ground was a mosaic of blackened earth and rivers of lava, the sky was filled with swirling dark clouds and streaks of crimson lightning. Monstrous silhouettes loomed in the distance, their roars and howls a constant undercurrent to the realm's oppressive atmosphere.

However, Wrath was simply looking at Kyle curiously.

"Ho~ You're not rejected by the Abyss Realm... I guess you're really a Demon Saint, huh... My instinct today is really bad." Wrath said with a laugh.

It appears that Wrath still had suspicions even with his perfect disguise!

Kyle was happy because Avatar had already been to the Abyss Realm once, and his corrupted divinity had probably helped him stabilize quickly.

Chapter 758 The War

'This guy is a lot more cautious than I thought... Luckily, this is not my first time entering this place. The rejection was no longer there.' Vale thought as he controlled his expression.

He didn't reply to his words but simply try to appear as if he was frowning by what the Deadly Sin said.

"Forget what I said... Come..."

Wrath then led Kyle to an open land.

The land was huge, and its boundaries were marked by towering spires of jagged rock. The Deadly Sin then turned to face Kyle, his eyes burning with the thrill of the impending battle.

"Here, we shall duel. Show me your strength, Demon Saint, and I shall show you the unbridled force of Wrath."

Kyle gravely nodded, his mind racing.

He had no intention of revealing his true identity, but he needed to maintain his ruse. Because of that, he had no other choice but to only use the Demon Saint Spells that he had extracted.

They weren't a lot, but he should be able to show enough to satisfy the Deadly Sin. In any case, he doesn't need to win against this creature since even the Demon Lord would have a hard time dealing with such an opponent. As someone disguised as Demon Saint, he just needed to last long enough to pass as a decent Demon Saint.

Kyle took a deep breath as he recalled his Demonic Arts.

They were Demon Eyes, Soul Extractor, Demonic Transformation, Ethereal Step, Demonic Energy Suction, Demon's Wrath, Corruption Curse, and Abyssal Fire.

He repeatedly reminded himself that aside from his Corrupted Divinity and these Spells, he shouldn't use any other spells to maintain his disguise!

"Let's begin!"

As the duel commenced, Wrath moved with a speed that contradicted his size, his scepter also swept down as he unleashed a barrage of attacks.

It seemed that his attack was simply a use of physical force but it was actually filled with disturbing malevolence!

If he was hit even once, Kyle knew that his internal force would become chaotic and his disguise might come off!

Indeed, each strike from the Deadly was a masterpiece of violence as the air itself seeming to scream in agony as it was cleaved by the Sin's power!

Boom!

With a burst of Corrupted Divinity from Kyle, the two quickly separated as the ground started cracking due to the sheer strength they both had shown just now.

Kyle steadied his breath, focusing on the Demonic Arts at his command.

Whom~

His eyes, now the Demon Eyes, glowed with a sinister light, sharpening his vision to see through the deceptive speed of Wrath.

As the Deadly Sin advanced, Kyle activated the Ethereal Step, his form flickering like a shadow, evading the crushing blows that sought to unravel his guise.

Yes, although it probably wasn't Wrath's intention to remove his disguise, it doesn't change the fact that Wrath's power, which was related to chaotic force, could undo his disguise!

He had to be careful if he was ever hit!

"You're fast! Are you ranked below 50? No, perhaps 40th Rank?" The Deadly Sin commented after seeing Kyle's Perfect Ethereal Step...

Nonetheless, Wrath was undeterred by his display of movement technique. The Deadly Sin swung his scepter with a force that tore at the very fabric of the Abyss Realm.

It felt as if he was really trying to kill Kyle at this time!

However, Kyle knew that this guy was simply aware that a Demon Saint would only be gravely injured in the Abyss Realm once hit by this attack. It was enough to severely injure him!

"Tsk..."

The space crackled with malevolent energy, as the scepter released another chaotic force of destruction aimed at Kyle's heart.

However, Kyle was not a Demon Saint, he was the Shadow Immortal. He could not get injured by this attack so he had to be danced around the edges of Wrath's fury, countering with the Demonic Energy Suction to absorb the residual power from the Sin's own attacks.

"Hahaha! Impressive, Demon Saint! Show me more!" Wrath said with a laugh.

He wanted to overwhelm Kyle with his power as a Deadly Sin but seeing how Kyle was able to respond to his attacks, he couldn't help but want to see his limit!

Because of that, Wrath decided not to overpower Kyle and just show enough strength to lengthen their battle!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The battle raged on, a tempest of power and crafty moves.

Kyle, realizing that the Deadly Sin wasn't planning to end this battle immediately, decided to "exhaust" himself.

He wanted to use "everything that he had" and act weak sooner, so he could just surrender to the Deadly Sin!

'I can't continue this anymore... If I make a mistake, my disguise will be blown away.' Kyle thought.

Ha!

Calling upon the Demon's Wrath, he unleashed a torrent of demonic energy. It was a power close to Wrath's own!

Kyle used his fish to meet the Deadly Sin's Scepter!

Boom!

With his Demon's Wrath activated to the fullest, the clash that followed was a maelstrom that shook the entire land!

The ground beneath them fractured, lava spewing forth as if the world itself was crying out in pain.

"You! You're not a normal Demon Saint! A single-digit?!" Wrath was obviously shocked.

However, he immediately erased this idea as he felt that the Demon Saint's life force had weakened!

"Hahaha! So it was like that! You're willing to use a Forbidden Technique to equal my power in this duel! I admire your resolve!"

Wrath's laughter boomed as he witnessed Kyle's prowess.

"Impressive, Demon Saint! I will not let you down! I will show you my real strength! Let us see how you handle this!"

With a roar, he summoned the Wrath's Hell Fire, a conflagration of hellish flames that sought to consume all in its path!

Kyle wanted to just drop and act defeated right now, but the Hell Fire doesn't seem to be a spell that would spare him!

He had no other choice as he responded with the Corruption Curse!

With the activation of the spell, it twisted the very flames meant to destroy him into a vortex of corrupted force that spiraled back toward Wrath!

'Ahh... I can return an attack with the Corruption Curse?' Kyle was surprised.

The Sin of Wrath, was also taken aback by the audacity of the move!

He then raised his scepter to dispel the cursed inferno that they had both created.

"Incredible! I know you can show me more... Do not hesitate now, Saint! Show everything you have! This will be the final attack! I know you still have the strength! Show me!" Wrath shouted hinting that this will be their final clash.

"Fine!"

As the two titans of the Abyss stepped back, the power they were emitting collided in an explosive display...

Kyle also knew he had to end this duel before his true identity was discovered, so he was happy to act as if he could only churn out one more attack...

He prepared his final Demonic Art, the Soul Extractor, which was aimed at harming Wrath and possibly permanently damaging his body.

As Kyle cast the Spell to the Deadly Sin, the Soul Extractor seemed to have pulled something out of the enemy... However, it was simply a lump of energy and not any Soul!

"That's disappointing, Saint... However, that's also admirable. If you used the attack on anyone other than me, that would work really well." Wrath said as he waved his hand to return the Spell to Kyle...

With a feigned cry of anguish, Kyle allowed the Soul Extractor to graze him, his form shuddering as if struck by a mortal blow.

He collapsed to the ground, his body still, giving the appearance of a vanquished foe.

Wrath approached, his steps heavy with triumph. "You have fought well, Demon Saint. Rise and serve under my banner, and together, we shall bring the realms to their knees."

'Eh? Psychic Arts or something similar? You want to enslave me?' Kyle was confused as he felt that the Deadly Sin was using some sort of charm when he spoke just now.

Kyle then thought for a moment before defending himself from the charm...

"I apologize... I'm already serving the Demon Lord." Kyle replied after some thought. Anyway, the power that could stop the Deadly Sin's mind spell could be blamed on the Demon Lord, so he wasn't afraid to act unaffected.

Wrath's expression shifted, a flicker of respect passing through his fiery gaze.

"Very well, I shall not press for your allegiance if it lies with the Demon Lord. Your loyalty is commendable..." He conceded with a nod.

Kyle rose to his feet, maintaining his composure. "Thank you, my lord. I am bound to the Demon Lord's will, but I am honored by your offer..." He said, his voice carrying the weight of feigned subservience.

Wrath turned away, his silhouette framed by the flickering light of the Abyss.

"Remember, Demon Saint, the Realms are ever-changing. The Demon Lord may command the battlefield now, but the tides of power are fickle..." He warned, his tone ominous.

Chapter 759 Lesley's Revenge

Kyle was obviously confused for a moment as to why the Deadly Sin would warn him of the situation in the Human Realm.

However, his confusion was clarified as soon as he heard his next words.

"The other Deadly Sins have already begun their work in the Human Realm. Once the Demon Lord retracts his forces, it is us who will shape its destiny. The realm will not fall into chaos; it will fall into order—the order of the Sins. As for you, Demon Saints, you will be used once again like an insignificant piece in his game... If you want real power, you have to consider following one of the Sins..."

Wrath paused for a moment before he continued.

"You know the situation of this dying Realm... The Abyss Realm wouldn't last long because it had connected to too many lower realms. It had become too unstable... If you add the uncontrollable power of the Demon Lord, you should be aware of how dangerous it is just by staying here..." The Deadly Sin stopped speaking after this as he looked at Kyle's expression.

Although he looked terrifying, there were still some signs on his face where he could read his thoughts.

Kyle listened intently at his words and also took a moment to digest it before replying.

"I understand, my lord. I shall think about this..." He replied, bowing slightly.

As Wrath dismissed him with a wave, Kyle stepped through the rift once more, returning to the Human Realm. His mind was a whirlwind of thoughts and strategies.

"Interesting..." Kyle muttered as he considered his next actions.

What he learned just now was extremely important! Well, as a matter of fact, all the things he learned today were truly an eye-opener.

The reason why the Demon Lord was attacking various realms, the first Human Celestial, the power of Extraction, the Fortune Goddess' secret Avatar, the reason why the Abyss Realm was collapsing, and the fact that the Human Realm would be left to the Deadly Sins were all extremely valuable information.

'For now, I have to find the other Deadly Sins...' Kyle thought, as it was better to find them now and observe their situation so he could plan on how to eliminate them.

The Deadly Sins' influence was growing, and soon, they would be the ones pulling the strings in the Human Realm, so he had to be prepared!

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Meanwhile, while Kyle was actually dueling against the Deadly Sin in another realm, Lesley and her companion, Gareth, had already secretly arrived at their destination.

It was the gathering of Mystics or Shamans!

Thud... Thud...

The air was thick with the scent of charred earth and the remnants of arcane energies as Lesley and Gareth arrived at the outskirts of a once-verdant meadow.

It had become a battlefield marked by the recent clash between the Mystic Arts Practitioners and a horde of demons.

The ground was littered with the fallen—bodies of demons lay strewn across the field, their forms twisted in the agony of their final moments.

'Mhmm... Is this the work of Master Arcanists?' Lesley thought but she didn't mind even if the enemies she was about to face were indeed at this level.

She then looked in the direction where she could sense Life Strands.

The Order of the Illustrious Liquidators, a revered assembly of Mystics and Shamans, had made their stand here. They were successful at stopping the Demon Horde's advance and it was certainly good for them.

Nonetheless, they were the sworn enemies of the Dark Arts Faction after they have allied themselves with the Holy Arts Faction and the Church of the Fortune Goddess to purge the Dark Arts Faction's territories.

They didn't even spare the Vermont Academy, where young Arcanists of their faction would go and study!

Lesley observed them carefully after getting closer. Their robes, adorned with symbols of their sacred order, were now marred with the dust and blood of combat.

Lesley's gaze swept over the scene, her eyes reflecting neither pity nor sorrow for the defeated foes. Instead, her focus was on the gathering of Mystics who were tending to their wounds and regrouping after the battle.

'It must be a difficult battle. Did they fight against the Demon Saint?' Lesley mused as she knew how difficult it was to kill a Demon Saint. It required her whole squad to call for the Death God's Hands at that time!

Anyway, the gathering of Mystics was a formidable sight, their faces etched with the fatigue of war yet alight with the fire of their conviction.

She also recognized some of them as targets that were reported by the informants of the Order of the Evanescent Vessels.

"Not a bad line up... I think they could fight a Demon Saint with their forces here."

Gareth stood beside her, his hand resting on the hilt of his sword, a silent sentinel ready to act on her command.

"Are you certain that we can win against them?" He asked, his voice a low rumble that barely rose above the whispering wind. He also recognized most of the Mystic Arts Practitioners who had gathered in this area.

Although they had just obtained Wrath's Blessing, Gareth was still unsure how much stronger the two of them had become!

"Don't be afraid..."

Lesley smiled as she nodded at his question... She seemed so confident and it was something that Gareth really wanted to see.

If she acts like this, he knew that she must be telling the truth. He simply had to trust himself and do his best.

"Yes. They must pay for their transgressions against our kind..." She continued, her tone resolute.

Without another word, Lesley stepped forward, her presence commanding the attention of the weary Mystics.

It seemed that she wasn't planning to just attack them in surprise!

"C-captain..." Gareth was still surprised to see this as he thought that they would use a Forbidden Curse Spell secretly to start welcoming them!

However, he didn't have the time to question his captain's actions!

Lesley raised her hands, and the air around her swelled with dark energy.

"Greetings, Illustrious Liquidators..." She began, her voice carrying across the field.

"I come bearing the Curse of Retribution."

It wasn't a literal curse spell. She was referring to herself as their curse!

The Mystics turned, their expressions shifting from weariness to alertness as they recognized the threat before them.

"It's the red witch!"

As soon as this was said by the leader of the Mystic Arts Practitioners, a barrier of shimmering energy rose around them, a collective defense against the impending Dark Spells...

But Lesley was undeterred!

With a flick of her wrist, she unleashed a Dark Spell!

It was a wave of dark energy that spiraled towards the barrier.

Boom!

The impact was like the clash of titans, the force of the dark energy battling against the strength of the Mystic's shield!

The ground trembled, and the sky darkened as the two powers collided.

Lesley also cast another Spell. This time, it was Curse Spell!

"What? How could she summon so much strength with a flick of her hands and cast another Spell like it was nothing!"

"Something's off... She must have activated a Forbidden Technique already!"

"It must be boosting her power then... We should try to hold out until the Forbidden Technique wears off. Fighting her in that condition would be too difficult."

Everyone knew that fighting against an Arcanist who had activated a boosting Forbidden Spell would be a suicide.

The only way to fight it was by using a Forbidden Spell or just waiting for it to end! After all, these Spells that boost 5 times or more of your strength shouldn't last forever!

"Hmph! I want to see her dying by her own doing... Continue defending!"

The Mystics chanted in unison, their voices weaving a counter-spell to dispel the curse. Energy arced across the field, illuminating the faces of friend and foe alike.

As the battle of wills raged, Gareth watched, ready to leap into the fray should the barrier falter.

With his current set of Spells, he was even more terrifying in close combat... Especially if he called for a mystical being to enter his body!

"Now!"

As the barrier trembled under the relentless assault of Lesley's curse, Gareth seized his moment. He closed his eyes and chanted an ancient invocation, his voice resonating with the power of the ages. The air around him shimmered, and the ground beneath his feet vibrated with the summoning of a spirit from a realm of legends.

From the Giant's Realm, he called forth the spirit of Thorgrym the Earthshaker, a being of immense strength and unbending will.

Thorgrym's spirit was that of an ancient giant, one who had walked as a Gladiator when the world was young and whose footsteps had carved valleys and mountains.

As the spirit of Thorgrym entered Gareth's body, a transformation took place. Gareth's form expanded, his muscles bulging with newfound power, and his eyes glowing with the earthen light of the Giant's Realm.

His presence on the battlefield became like a force of nature, an avatar of the ancient giant's indomitable will!

"Kill!"

Chapter 760 Recognized

With Thorgrym's spirit within Gareth's body, he stepped forward...

Bam!

His every movement caused the earth to tremble. It was as if he still couldn't control the strength of his body.

Nonetheless, he raised his hand, and the ground responded, stone and soil rising to further destroyed the weakening barrier of the Mystic Arts Practitioners.

His voice then boomed across the field, a declaration of defiance against the Mystic Arts Practitioner...

"By the might of Thorgrim, I shall destroy all of you!" Gareth proclaimed, his words carrying the weight of mountains.

"Haa! Foolish Dark Magicians! You're the one who will perish today!" One of the Mystic Arts Practitioners roared as the two forces clashed!

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The meadow, once a serene expanse of green, had further transformed into a tumultuous battlefield where the place could no longer be recognized.

Gareth, now a vessel for Thorgrim's indomitable spirit, stood at the forefront, his movements would send shockwaves through the ranks of the Illustrious Liquidators!

Lesley, her red hair billowing like a banner of war, channeled three or four Dark Magic at the same time to hold the Liquidators in place!

"This is interesting... Hey! You have to work harder so I can use my blessings to their limit!" Lesley shouted.

She was pressuring the enemies with her spells but wasn't doing this just to restrict their enemies' movement.

She was doing this to see how strong her blessing was! She won't be able to measure her real strength if the enemies are too scattered!

At this time, her hands wove intricate patterns in the air, summoning curses that darkened the sky and sapped the strength of their enemies.

"You witch!"

The Mystic Arts Practitioners, though weary, were not without their own formidable power.

Among them stood Eldrin the Seer, his staff aglow with mystical light, and Mira of the Healing Winds, her chants, continued to help recover her comrades from their wounds and curses.

"All Liquidators! Hold on! Sir Clyde is coming! Do not be afraid and launch everything you've got! We can't let this witch escape!" Eldrin shouted...

"Channel your Mystic Energy to Sir Eldrin's staff!" Mira added.

The two of them rallied the Liquidators, their voices rising above the chaos of battle.

"Hahaha! These Vessels wouldn't last long by borrowing such power. Just hold on until Sir Clyde arrives!" Eldrin's voice echoed, his eyes ablaze with visions of possible method to win this battle.

He could already tell that aside from being possessed by mystical beings and using forbidden arts, the two Vessels were also blessed by a strange power.

He knew that this would not be an easy battle!

Nonetheless, he was thankful that they have a rare Shaman on their side that could heal wounds and break curses.

Mira's chants were a soothing balm, even as she braced herself against the oncoming Gareth...

"By the breath of the ancients, we shall not falter!"

Yet, as the barrier crumbled under Gareth's relentless assault, desperation took hold.

Two of the Vice Captains of the Order of the Illustrious Liquidators had to do something to stop Gareth...

'We just fought against a Demon Horde and a couple of Demon Saints... We're too weak right now. They can't kill Sir Eldrin!'

'Not good... We have to buy more time for Sir Clyde to arrive!'

The two Vice Captains, Kael and Lysa, the ones who sustained heavy injuries against Demon Saint, stepped forward.

Their determination was etched upon their faces. They knew the cost of their next act, but their resolve was unshaken.

"With our lives, we defend the Mystic Light!" Kael roared, his armor gleaming with the last of his protective spells.

Lysa's voice was a whisper that carried the weight of sacrifice. "For the greater good, we give ourselves to the cause."

"You!!!" Eldrin and Mira noticed the two's actions but they were too late. They couldn't persuade their Vice Captains!

Together, they charged towards Gareth and clung to him tightly!

Then, they channeled their life force into a final, radiant burst of energy, a self-destructive act that would either turn the tide or be their last stand.

Boom! Boom!

The explosion was a blinding flash that lit the battlefield, a momentary sun that sought to cleanse the darkness.

Aaahhh!

Gareth, the vessel of Thorgrym's mighty spirit, was not immune to the cataclysmic force unleashed by the self-destruction of the Mystic Arts Practitioners' vice captains.

The explosion sent him hurtling through the air!

Bam! Bam! Bam!

His body was wracked with pain as he collided with several rocks and trees before being dragged to the unforgiving earth.

Luckily, it didn't remove his Spirit Possession!

The spirit of the Earthshaker within him roared in fury and anguish, its power struggling to mend the wounds inflicted by such potent magic.

As he lay amidst the debris, trying to regain his senses, Lesley seized the moment of chaos that followed the self-destruction.

Well, she noticed that the explosion had also disturbed the defenses of the Liquidators!

'Perfect!' Lesley thought as an evil smile curved on her lips.

The battlefield, clouded with dust, was now a stage for her to unveil the blessing bestowed upon her by the Deadly Sin of Wrath!

'Let's see how good this is...'

Lesley took a deep breath as she channeled Wrath's aura, which was resting within her body.

She closed her eyes, focusing on the infernal pact she had made, and slowly, she called forth the power of Wrath.

Thud... Thud...

Soon, her body became a Vessel for the Sin's might, and as she opened her eyes, they blazed with a baleful crimson light.

A surge of energy rippled out from her...

"This is it... It's clouding my mind with anger, but this is it!" Lesley said with a hint of excitement in her voice.

The Mystics and Shamans, still reeling from the loss of their comrades, looked on in horror as Lesley unleashed the Wrath's blessing.

"This Aura!"

"This is the power of Wrath! I'm sure of it!"

"Deadly Sin?!"

"Not good!"

"Where is Sir Clyde?!"

Lesley released a torrent of chaotic energy that lashed out like a tempest, its touch corrupting and twisting the natural Order of magic around them.

Bang! Bang!

The ground cracked and split, giving birth to fissures that spewed forth a miasma of hatred and violence. The sky above darkened as if the sun itself cowered before the unleashed fury of the Deadly Sin.

"No way..." Eldrin watched in horror as Lesley showed a might close to that of Half-Immortals he had seen before!

"Mira... You must escape from this place... You're a unique healer of our Faction. You can't die here." Eldrin sent a message through telepathy.

"No, Sir Eldrin! We'll both hold on until Sir Clyde arrives!" Mira said as she felt Lesley's power spread towards them!

Whom~

Lesley's curse spread across the field. It was like a wave of destruction that threatened to engulf all in its path!

The Shamans and Mystics scrambled to erect defenses... Their spells continued to protect themselves, but the power of Wrath was relentless, and it battered against their shields with the force of a relentless storm.

"This is Wrath's power... The power to create chaos... Normal Arcane Spells wouldn't work against it. A Fusion Spell or Immortal Spells must be used if we don't have a Sovereign Artifact with us." Eldrin said.

Unfortunately for them, the Demon Saints they fought with a while ago had destroyed their Sovereign Artifacts!

Because of that, they have no Artifacts of a similar level that could contend against Lesley!

Nonetheless, a few more Vice Captains of the Illustrious Liquidators acted.

Riza, a Mystic of renowned power, stepped forth, her staff raised high as she chanted an incantation of sealing.

"By the stars above, I bind this curse!" She cried, her voice a beacon amidst the darkness.

Thalion, one of the youngest Vice Captains, joined her. His own magic harmonized with Riza's efforts. "For the balance of all, we shall not yield!" He declared, his words a rallying cry for the fraught Practitioners.

Together, they managed to contain the worst of Lesley's onslaught, but it only lasted for a few seconds!

"This is the end... I'm sorry, children." Eldrin muttered as he still couldn't gather enough energy to fight against Lesley, he was too injured! If he at least had his strength recovered by at least another hour, he wouldn't be too helpless!

However, just as their defenses began to falter, a new presence swept across the field.

His arrival seemed to have purified the Arcane Energy in the whole area, surprising both two sides!

Then, when this figure emerged, his stride seemed so confident, and his aura was calm amidst the storm.

He was young, with raven-black hair that stood in stark contrast to his noble attire. His eyes held the depth of the night sky, and he held a cane in his left hand.

The Mystics and Shamans paused, their spells momentarily forgotten as they beheld the newcomer.

On the other hand, Lesley's heart skipped a beat, her curse wavering as recognition dawned upon her.

"Kyle Marshall? Impossible..." She uttered in disbelief, her voice a mix of shock and awe.