

D. Extraction 801

Chapter 801 Waited

As the Rift was sealed and the final demon vanquished, the continent had finally regained its peace... The threat of the Abyss Realm was quelled, and though the war had taken its toll, the resilience of the realm's defenders shone brightly in the aftermath.

The Avatars of Kyle, Jin, Giorgi, and the Four Immortals had turned the tide, their deeds destined to become legends in the annals of their world...

Nonetheless, though the battle was won, the Will of the Realm hasn't recovered yet. So those at the top knew that another invasion might happen unless the Will of the Realm could recover and continue to protect the Human Realm.

Odessa, the Royal Mage of Millton, sat contemplatively in her smoothly rolling carriage, her thoughts were occupied by the things she had to do at her destination...

The eastern forest that led to the Ruri Kingdom was a verdant expanse... or that was what it was before.

However, a huge part of it had been decimated because of the recent Demon Invasion... However, as he got closer and closer to her destination, she realized that the greenery was getting thicker and thicker... It seemed that this area had been protected over the several months of demon invasion.

Soon, she watched as the foliage gave way to the occasional clearing where towns bustled with life, their inhabitants unaware of the powerful mage passing by.

Whooooom~

Above, an airship cut a sleek silhouette against the sky, its shadow grazing the treetops as it sailed towards destinations unknown.

'It's the fifth airship now... I guess we're getting closer now...' She mused.

The airship was a symbol of progress... and in this area, there was only one authority that could gather airships...

"I hope I can meet you once again, Vale Chambers..." Odessa muttered as she had already learned the truth about the Shadow Immortal's identity. She easily guessed that it was Vale Chambers who had killed one of the Evil Entities at a critical time in the Roaring Summit.

Anyway, the journey to the Shadow Immortal's castle was a pilgrimage of sorts, a necessary venture to express gratitude for the aid rendered during the dark days of the Demon Invasion.

It had been six months since the Rift was sealed, six months since peace had been wrested back from the brink of chaos. Well, she had only managed to allot some time to visit Vale Chambers because of the disaster in their kingdom. Tens of thousands of lives were taken... Over five thousand of them were precious Arcanists serving their kingdom. She couldn't leave the capital in such dire straits.

She had to ensure the safety of the Royal Family... To be exact, the King didn't want to let her leave the Kingdom as he was too afraid to get assassinated by the enemies.

Anyway, upon arrival at the castle's vicinity, Odessa's carriage bore the insignia of Millton Kingdom—a sigil that commanded respect and granted passage.

The half-human half-dragon warrior who greeted her at the gates nodded with a mixture of reverence and curiosity, allowing her entry without question.

'Do I know that person?' She mused as she couldn't recall the man's name, but he seemed familiar...

However, she still shook her head as she knew that she had not been acquainted with any Half-Dragons, even in her younger days when she was still working as an Arcanist for a Guild.

Where would she even meet them?

Anyway, she continued on her way to the castle together with one of her brightest disciples, Princess Ceres. She had been silent for a while now as she really felt nervous meeting Vale Chambers...

The first time she met the Immortal, Ceres didn't recognize him since Vale was using some sort of spell or item to hide his face. However, after the Shadow Immortal's identity was revealed, she immediately recalled her bad impression and wanted to mend it in today's meeting.

Huuu~

Ceres then took a deep breath as she prepared herself to meet the Immortal.

However, as she looked around the reception hall, she was stunned. The hall was a grand chamber, its walls echoing with the low murmur of conversations and the rustle of robes.

There were delegates from various countries mingled with representatives of arcane organizations, factions, and church organizations. They were a diverse crowd, united by a common purpose—to meet the enigmatic Shadow Immortal.

Odessa noted the weariness in some of their eyes, and the patient determination in others.

After listening to their conversation, she realized that some had been waiting for weeks, their missions of diplomacy or plea for aid on hold.

Others had been there for months, their presence a testament to the Shadow Immortal's importance in the intricate web of power and politics.

"Wow... I didn't think it was this complicated."

As Odessa took her place among them, she felt the weight of her own mission.

She was here not just as a mage, but as an emissary of Millton Kingdom, carrying the hopes of her people and the gratitude of her king.

The Shadow Immortal's assistance had been crucial, and now, it was time to honor that debt.

The air was thick with anticipation, each delegate eager for an audience, each hoping that today would be the day the Shadow Immortal would emerge.

And as they waited, the people gathered within the hall grew...

Five days had passed in the reception hall with little change, and the air was filled with tension from waiting.

At this time, delegates had already whispered amongst themselves, speculating on the absence of the Shadow Immortal...

As some of them were already considering leaving, the grand doors swung open with a resounding echo that silenced the room.

Clank! Clank!

All eyes turned to the entrance as two figures stepped into the hall.

A man and woman, both in their fifties, walked with an aura of majesty that commanded the attention of every person present.

However, what was shocking about them was that their presence was suffused with the unmistakable power of dragons!

Chapter 802 Years

'Dragons!'

Everyone immediately thought as they felt the unmistakable aura they were exuding. They weren't ignorant and knew that the Shadow Immortal had previously assisted the King of Ruri Kingdom by summoning one of his Dragons.

Because of that, they were already aware of their existence. Some of them had even benefited from the scales that he had sold before.

The delegates remained silent, but they slightly bowed with respect to these two ancient and mystical creatures in human form.

They then watched as the pair moved with a grace that belied their human forms.

The man's eyes held the depth of the purple storm, a purple so intense it seemed to swirl lightning...

The woman's gaze was like the flicker of the fiercest flame, a red hue that spoke of wisdom and war.

They halted at the center of the hall, and the man spoke, his voice a deep rumble that vibrated through the air.

"We are Orden and Ryzoir," he announced, and the name didn't ring a bell. It was their first time hearing such names.

The woman, Ryzoir, continued, "We stand before you as emissaries of the Shadow Immortal, guardians of his legacy and bearers of his will."

A collective gasp rose from the delegates.

They felt that there was something off about this since they believed that the Shadow Immortal had no reason not to meet them.

Whispers spread within the hall as they were curious about what message was brought to them.

Orden's gaze swept over the crowd, and he raised a hand for silence.

"The Shadow Immortal has long watched over this realm, he had protected this realm from many disasters that could end an uncountable number of lives... If you seek to express your gratitude, there are offerings that would honor his vigil."

Susan, a delegate from the Elemental Arts Faction and having previously seen Vale in the Twelve Academies Competition, stepped forward, her robes shimmering with a light like the dawn.

"Tell us, Sirs, what offerings would befit such a guardian?"

Ryzoir, her eyes alight with an inner flame, replied, "The Shadow Immortal values the rare and the powerful. Essences of the Elemental planes, Artifacts steeped in ancient magics, Tomes of forgotten lore—these are the treasures that would please him."

A murmur rippled through the crowd as the delegates considered her words. A representative from the Holy Arts Faction, Princess Ceres, her aura radiant with a soft glow, raised a question.

"And how shall we present these offerings?"

Orden's gaze swept over the assembly... "Once you have gathered these items, the Avatars of the Shadow Immortal will seek you out. They will know of your intentions, for the will of the Immortal is vast and far-reaching."

This confused many of them, but in fact, they were simply marked by the Divine Sense... Furthermore, Jin and Giorgi, who were hidden somewhere in the room, also placed their marks on each of them.

Clyde, a delegate from the Mystic Arts Faction, cloaked in black but was wearing a red frock coat and red trousers, spoke up.

"And what of the Shadow Immortal himself? Will he not grace us with his presence?"

Ryzoir's expression was one of solemnity.

"The Shadow Immortal's tasks are many, and his battles are fought in realms beyond your ken. Trust that his Avatars act with his full authority and blessing."

The delegates nodded, understanding the gravity of the situation.

The Church organizations, their faith unshaken, began to discuss amongst themselves the sacred relics they could offer. The arcane organizations debated the merits of their enchanted items, while the factions considered the powerful spells and incantations at their disposal.

As the meeting adjourned, the hall was filled with activity since everyone here sort of knew each other. It was also a time for them to expand their network.

Anyway, each delegate knew that the task ahead was monumental, but the opportunity to forge a bond with the Shadow Immortal was worth any effort.

And so, they dispersed, each to their own corner of the continent, to gather offerings worthy of a guardian whose shadow had long protected them from the evil...

Four years had quickly passed after the Abyss Realm Invasion was quelled.

Aubrey Hall, who once shared notes and theories with her classmate Vale in the classrooms of Vermont Academy, checked her current uniform as it was her first day on her job.

Aubrey had become a Paranormal Investigator who covered a small county.

On a crisp autumn evening, Aubrey found herself standing before the infamous Wraithwood Manor, a house as old as the town's history and twice as enigmatic.

Her clients, the current residents, were a couple who had sought the tranquility of the countryside but found themselves in a flurry of inexplicable occurrences.

Mr. and Mrs. Donnelly greeted Aubrey with a mix of relief and trepidation.

"Ms. Hall," Mr. Donnelly began, his voice tinged with unease, "we've heard of your expertise. The things we've experienced here... they're beyond our understanding."

Mrs. Donnelly nodded, clutching her husband's hand. "Objects moving on their own, chilling whispers at night, and... our daughter, she speaks to someone she calls 'The Lady of the House,' but there's no one there."

Aubrey listened intently, her eyes scanning the manor's facade. "I'll do everything I can to uncover the truth behind these occurrences," she assured them.

As she stepped into Wraithwood Manor, the air grew colder, the silence of the house punctuated by the creak of old wood. Aubrey's tools—a tape recorder, EMF meter, and a crystal camera modified to capture spectral images—were at the ready.

The investigation led her through dust-laden rooms and corridors where the past seemed to cling to the wallpaper.

In the library, books would occasionally tumble from shelves without cause. The dining hall was home to the faint sound of clinking silverware, as if a ghostly banquet were in eternal recess.

'It's not a Vengeful Spirit... Is it just a normal ghost?' She mused as she continued looking.

It was in the upper chambers, however, that Aubrey felt the strongest presence.

A room, untouched by time, held the essence of sadness and longing. Here, the whispers were clearer, forming words that tugged at Aubrey's heart. "Find me," they implored...

Chapter 803 News

"So it's here..." Aubrey muttered as she took a deep breath. She wasn't feeling scared, but she was feeling nervous since she had to ensure that she would capture the ghost and not scare it away or disperse it.

As Aubrey got closer to the voice, it suddenly disappeared and reappeared elsewhere. It was as if it was trying to play hide and sick with her...

'Should I just use my spells---No, no... This is my first job. Also, if I used that, I would be a laughing stock if someone learned about it! Ugh... I have to finish this using the method of a Paranormal Investigator! ' Aubrey thought...

Furthermore, aside from dispersing the ghost, she also had other tasks as part of the process as a Paranormal Investigator. She wasn't here as an Exorcist or as Dark Magician after all.

Hours turned into a night of vigil, where Aubrey's equipment flickered with activity, capturing voices from the ether and images of ethereal figures.

By dawn, she had gathered enough evidence to piece together the story of Wraithwood Manor.

"The Lady of the House," Aubrey explained to the Donnellys, "was a woman who lived here a century ago. She awaits her husband's return from war, not knowing he fell in battle. Your daughter's innocence allows her to see what we cannot."

The couple looked at each other and wasn't sure what to do with this information.

Mr. Donnelly approached Aubrey with a look of earnest concern.

"Ms. Hall, what should we do first? How do we begin to help her find peace?"

Aubrey turned to the couple, her expression one of gentle assurance.

"The Lady of the House has been waiting for a century, lost in her own sorrow. We need to create a ceremony that symbolizes her husband's return from war, to let her know that her wait is over."

Mrs. Donnelly, moved by the story, nodded in agreement.

"What do you need us to do?"

"We'll gather items that would have been significant to her—a uniform similar to what her husband would have worn, a letter of love and return, and a photograph that represents their reunion," Aubrey explained.

"These tokens will act as anchors to help her spirit understand that it's time to move on."

Aubrey explained... Perhaps, if a Necromancer came here, they wouldn't bother to do such a ritual and take the ghost forcefully. However, as a Paranormal Investigator, this is one of the few things she learned and should be done to the lost spirits...

The couple listened intently, hanging on every word.

"And the whispers, the cold... will they stop?" Mrs. Donnelly asked, hope flickering in her eyes.

Aubrey placed a reassuring hand on his shoulder. "Yes, once she realizes that her husband's spirit has been at rest, she too will find the peace she's been longing for. The disturbances you've experienced are manifestations of her grief and her longing. By resolving her story, we'll bring calm to the manor."

With Aubrey's guidance, the Donnellys set about gathering the items needed for the ceremony. As they did, the house seemed to watch, the air tinged with an expectant stillness.

When all was prepared, Aubrey led a poignant ritual in the upper chamber.

She read the letter aloud, her voice echoing with compassion. The uniform was laid out neatly, and the photograph was placed in a frame beside it.

As the words of the letter reached the corners of the room, a soft glow filled the space.

The temperature rose gently, and the whispers ceased.

A sense of completion, of a story finally reaching its end, permeated the manor.

The Donnellys, standing hand in hand, could feel the change.

The weight of years lifted, and the house—now free of its spectral inhabitant—felt like a home once more.

Aubrey Hall had not only solved the mystery but had also healed a century-old wound. After receiving her payment, she packed her tools to leave...

With the morning sun casting a warm glow over the horizon, she made her way back to the quaint inn that served as her temporary abode.... It was time to return to her inn...

After a hearty breakfast and a much-needed hour of rest, she felt rejuvenated.

A quick wash refreshed her further, and soon she was boarding the train to the larger town where her office awaited.

The journey was brief, a mere 20 minutes of scenic views passing by her window before she arrived. Stepping off the train, Aubrey made her way down Lantern Street, a cobblestone road lined with a charming array of shops and homes that exuded a welcoming atmosphere.

Her office, which also served as her house, was nestled among them—a small two-story building with a sign that read

"Aubrey Hall: Paranormal Investigations."

She really liked this sign, and she couldn't help but smile while reading it...

The office was a reflection of Aubrey herself—organized, inviting, and filled with an air of mystery.

The ground floor served as her workspace, shelves lined with books on the supernatural, artifacts from past cases, and a desk cluttered with notes and research.

Upstairs was her private sanctuary, a cozy living space that offered comfort after long nights of ghostly encounters.

Upon entering, Aubrey noticed the newspaper that had been delivered to her doorstep. She carried it inside, curiosity piquing as she unfolded it to reveal the day's headlines:

"Demon Possession: A Terrifying Ordeal in Eastwick"

"Smog Crisis: The Choking Reality of Our Cities"

"The Future is Bright: Breakthrough in Clean Coal Technology"

"Workers Rejoice: Minimum Wage Sees Historic Increase"

As she skimmed through the articles, her attention was suddenly captured by a headline that stood out from the rest:

"Mystic Soul Tower Opens Its Doors: Challenge Awaits in the Immortal's Forest!"

Aubrey's eyebrows raised in surprise. The Mystic Soul Tower, a place of legend and trials, had always been remote and inaccessible to many Arcanists. But now, it was open to those daring enough to face its challenges, and it had been relocated to the Immortal's Forest—a place she knew all too well because it was literally a place where a living Immortal resided!

She read the news carefully and realized that even the age restriction was loosened... Anyone aged 30 and below could now enter!

'It's not like I'm participating...' She thought to herself as she set aside the newspaper.

Chapter 804 Life Force

The morning after her successful case at Wraithwood Manor, Aubrey Hall awoke to the familiar chime of her alarm, signaling the start of a new day.

After a quick breakfast at the small diner down Lantern Street, known for its hearty meals and robust coffee, she made her way to her office.

The diner owner, Mrs. Jenkins, always had a kind word and a fresh pot of coffee ready for her regulars, and Aubrey appreciated the warm start to her day.

'I guess it won't be a busy day today...' Aubrey thought to herself.

Unfortunately, her office was a hub of activity, with Crystal Messages from potential clients, Spirit Messenger Summons needing responses, and case files to review.

Aubrey's reputation had grown, and with it, the demand for her unique expertise. Well, this was mostly because she was part of the Hall Family...

If not for their influence, she knew that she wouldn't get contacted by potential clients this easily. Anyway, she just accepted this as part of their love for her.

Her schedule for the week was quickly filled because of this.

"I just started, but I probably need a secretary soon..." She muttered to herself. It felt quite exhausting but she was happy with her work.

The Holy Arts Faction was no longer bothering them, and the Demons were already defeated. Their continent had somewhat returned to normal over the past few years.

Anyway, she spent the morning hours poring over a case involving poltergeist activity in a nearby town, her notes meticulous and detailed.

Poltergeists weren't a big deal, but the fact that the client was actually a Beastmaster who was worried about his beasts, made her want to resolve this case.

The morning quickly passed and it was soon time for lunch.

Well, it was a simple affair, often a sandwich from a nearby shop, eaten at her desk while she continued her work.

The afternoon was spent in the field, visiting a site reported to have unexplained cold spots and disembodied voices.

Aubrey's equipment, ever reliable, captured several voices and, of course, dark energy, adding to her growing collection of evidence.

'It's just a case of a Dark Magician leaving his traces here... Did he summon something?' Aubrey shook her head as she confirmed that there were three or more Dark Arcanists in this town who were most likely unlicensed by the Dark Arts Faction.

As the sun began its descent, painting the sky with hues of orange and purple, Aubrey returned to her office to organize her findings.

She was about to close up for the day when the door creaked open, and a figure stepped into the waning light of the office.

The man was tall, with a presence that filled the room.

His hair, once a vibrant chestnut, was now streaked with silver, and his eyes, a piercing shade of green, held a depth that spoke of knowledge and experience. He should still be young, but it seemed that something was eating up his soul.

'Mhmm? He looked familiar...' Aubrey thought to herself as she observed the man.

He wore a tailored suit that spoke of refined taste, but there was an edge to him that no clothing could conceal.

Aubrey's eyes widened in recognition. "Wade... Wade Saxon?" she exclaimed, her voice a mix of surprise and disbelief.

"Senior... What are you doing here?"

Wade offered a wry smile, the corners of his eyes crinkling.

"Aubrey Hall, as I live and breathe. I must say, I never expected to seek the services of a former junior."

Aubrey was taken aback. Wade Saxon had been a prodigy, his prowess in the Dark Arts unmatched in her early years at the Academy.

To be exact, he was in his Sixth Year when she entered the Academy and he was the Vice President of the Spirit Crafter's Club! Although she hadn't heard much about him since she was also busy with her lessons, she knew from her Senior Club members that he was previously a participant in the Twelve Academies Competition.

To see him here, in her office, was the last thing she expected.

Wade's expression grew serious.

"I didn't graduate, Aubrey. I left the Academy after my seventh year. Life... had other plans for me."

"But your skills," Aubrey interjected, "you were exceptional. Why come to me?"

Wade sighed, a shadow crossing his features. "I may have learned a few Dark Spells, but what I'm facing now... it's beyond me. It requires an expert Dark Arca--Paranormal Investigator, someone with your particular set of skills."

Aubrey nodded, understanding dawning on her. "Tell me everything, Wade. I'm here to help."

Wade Saxon leaned forward, his hands clasped tightly as if to anchor himself to the reality of Aubrey's office.

"It started subtly," he began, his voice a low whisper. "We'd wake up feeling drained, as though we hadn't slept at all. Then it escalated; people began to look... withered, like the very life was being sapped from them."

Aubrey's brow furrowed in concentration. "How many have been affected by this?" she asked, her pen poised over her notepad.

"Four so far, including myself," Wade admitted. "We've had doctors check, but they found nothing physically wrong. It's as if something unseen is feeding on us."

"And this house," Aubrey pressed, "has there been any history of paranormal activity or legends tied to it?"

Wade chuckled humorlessly. "Legends, yes. The locals speak of a cursed estate, where a spirit of the night preys upon the vitality of its inhabitants. They say it's been happening for generations, but no one ever took it seriously... But I don't think that was the case after my own investigation... This one seems different... I'm not sure but I think it may not be a Spirit..."

Aubrey leaned back in her chair, her mind racing with possibilities.

"You're suggesting a Vampire," she stated, not as a question but as a realization of the implication.

Wade let out a short, mirthless laugh. "I know how it sounds. Vampires are the stuff of folklore, but I can't ignore the similarities especially with the old rumors of the Vampire as a Protector of mankind during the Demon Invasion..."

Chapter 805 The Flesh

"Still, they shouldn't exist," Wade said, shaking his head as if to dispel the absurdity of the notion.

Aubrey nodded, her expression looked serious as she considered the possibilities.

With a sigh, Aubrey decided to investigate more...

"Whether it's a Vampire or not, something is preying on the people in that manor. I'll investigate and get to the bottom of this. Rest assured, Wade, we'll find out what's happening. For now, I would suggest you leave that place... I need a bit more time to prepare... Just in case we're really with a vampire..."

Wade's eyes held a glimmer of hope for the first time since he'd entered.

"Thank you, Aubrey. I knew if anyone could help, it would be you."

Soon, Wade left her office after he listed all the information about the mansion... This time, Aubrey sat in contemplation.

The case was unlike any she had encountered before—a challenge that would test her skills to their limits. But she was ready.

After all, delving into the unknown was what Aubrey Hall did best.

Aubrey Hall's investigation into the mysterious energy drain at the mansion began with a deep dive into its history.

She spent the first day at the local archives, sifting through property records and old newspapers, piecing together the mansion's storied past.

The tales were many and varied, from grand gatherings of its golden age to whispered rumors of a cursed lineage.

The elderly locals, when asked, shared hushed stories of the manor's former inhabitants—tales of sudden disappearances and nights filled with strange lights.

Yet, none of these stories contained the concrete evidence Aubrey sought. After all, those lights could simply be from another Arcanist at that time.

Undeterred, Aubrey made preparations and entered the manor on the second day, her senses alert for any sign of the paranormal.

"Let's see what kind of entity are you..." Aubrey muttered, feeling completely unafraid as she had several mystical artifacts on her body.

Room by room, she meticulously searched for any trace of spectral presence, arcane residue, dark ritual traces, or even hidden formation arts.

However, despite her thoroughness, the manor revealed nothing; it was as if the building itself was holding its breath, hiding its secrets.

'This is weird... Did it leave already?' Aubrey muttered, but she shook her head after a few moments. If the anomaly was easy to find, Wade wouldn't have come to her.

Aubrey took a deep breath as she organized her mind and soon, she realized what she had to do in this situation.

On the third day, Aubrey decided to immerse herself completely in the environment.

Indeed, she chose to spend the night in a guest room that had an air of being untouched by time. She decided to sleep!

She wanted to know whether the energy drain happened in the dream or it was happening while their bodies were vulnerable...

Of course, she wasn't doing this because she wanted her life force to be drained.

Before settling in, she set up an artifact—a delicate amulet known to react to the slightest supernatural or arcane disturbance.

The house was silent as Aubrey drifted into a light sleep, the kind that kept her tethered to the waking world.

It wasn't long before the amulet began to pulse with a soft, otherworldly light, and it pulsed with rhythmic energy, rousing her from her slumber.

Her heart raced as she realized that the anomaly she sought was manifesting.

'I'm right... It's only appearing while I'm asleep!' Aubrey's eyes lit up as her investigation had finally bore fruit!

Clutching the amulet, Aubrey followed the faint trail of energy that seemed to seep through the very walls.

'Is there a secret path here? No wonder I can't find the problem...'

It led her down to a hidden hallway she hadn't noticed before, where she saw the paintings that depicted the manor's founding family.

At the end of the hallway was an unassuming curtain...

With a careful hand, she moved the heavy fabric aside, revealing a hidden door.

The door creaked open to reveal a spiraling staircase descending into darkness.

Aubrey's pulse quickened as she descended, the air growing colder with each step. At the bottom, she found herself in a secret basement; the energy here was stronger, and it was starting to suffocate her.

However, her mystical artifacts started working once again, helping her quickly recover...

The room was lined with shelves holding ancient tomes and artifacts, each emitting a faint glow. In the center stood an altar, atop which lay a moving and pulsing flesh!

"T-this..."

Aubrey stood frozen, her eyes locked on the quivering mass of flesh before her. It was unlike anything she had encountered in her career—a grotesque, pulsating blob that seemed to breathe with a life of its own. The dim light of the basement gave the flesh an eerie, otherworldly glow.

"What is this?" she whispered, her voice barely audible over the sound of her own heart thundering in her chest. The sudden surprise made her step back for a moment, but after realizing that she wasn't in any danger, her expression changed.

The urge to destroy it was strong; every instinct screamed at her to obliterate this abomination with a spell.

Yet, a stronger compulsion urged her to understand and uncover the secrets that this living flesh held as Paranormal Investigator!

It was a piece of the puzzle, a key to the strange phenomena afflicting the mansion.

With trepidation, Aubrey stepped closer, her protective artifacts warding off the suffocating energy that emanated from the altar.

The flesh quivered, and as she watched, a part of it began to morph, forming what appeared to be a mouth!

Aubrey felt a chill down her spine as she saw this disturbing scene!

However, the word she heard next made her completely stunned.

"Lisa..." the flesh uttered, the word distorted as if spoken underwater.

Aubrey recoiled, her mind racing.

'Who's Lisa? Is this entity calling out to someone, or is it an echo of a past victim? Or is it her name? Wait... Lisa?'

Aubrey's heart beat faster... She needed answers, but the risks were immense.

Chapter 806 The Mirror

The name 'Lisa' echoed in Aubrey's mind, a haunting refrain that brought memories flooding back. Lisa, her vibrant and intelligent classmate, had vanished along with Chad because of the malfunction of their teleportation.

It happened during the time when their academy was under attack by several Arcanist Factions.

The possibility that the pulsating mass of flesh before her could be connected to Lisa was both horrifying and compelling.

Taking a deep breath, Aubrey used her Darkness Manipulation to protect her from any curses or Arcane Spells before she reached out, her fingers brushing against the cold, slimy surface of the flesh.

A jolt of energy surged through her, and visions flashed before her eyes—images of a young woman, laughter, love, and then Darkness, a ritual gone awry, and a spirit bound to flesh.

The young woman she saw in the images indeed looked like Lisa if she grew up healthily... She knew that Lisa was a commoner and didn't have a good background or family to support her. She had strong feeling that this flesh was indeed connected to Lisa!

'This...'

Aubrey was stunned at this realization.

"I need to do something... I can't destroy this flesh..."

Aubrey's training as a Paranormal Investigator had prepared her for many things, but nothing quite like this.

She knew she had to proceed with caution. The entity before her was an anomaly, one that required careful study and containment so she could confirm her guess.s

She began the ritual by drawing a Seal of Binding around the altar.

It was a good thing that Sealing Formation Arts was something she had learned very thoroughly.

Her thesis before she graduated was even related to Sealing Techniques!

It was all because of her five classmates who had dared to consume their third Darkness Possession Potion, and in the end, they lost control and became mad!

The Darkness grew in their bodies, and they were no longer the same person...

Her thesis, however, involved a Sealing Technique that could seal this Darkness, in hopes of helping the Dark Arcanists who had been consumed by the Darkness.

"I can do this..." Aubrey muttered as she started on her job.

She actually studied Necromancy as well before she shifted to the Rituals Branch...

"Huuu~"

Aubrey then took a deep breath as she started the ritual...

The seal was a complex array of sigils, each meticulously chalked onto the stone floor.

Aubrey chanted in a steady rhythm in Oardic Language, which began to glow with a soft, blue light on the drawings on the floor.

As the ritual progressed, the air grew thick with Dark Arcane energy.

Aubrey's focus remained still, as he placed crystals of warding at each cardinal point within the seal with his hands. These crystals served as anchors, holding the entity in place and preventing it from lashing out or escaping.

She wasn't sure if the flesh would act violently after all.

With the seal complete, Aubrey approached the flesh.

She could see it more clearly now—a grotesque, undulating mass that seemed to reach out to her, desperate for contact.

"Lisa," it whispered again, the sound more pained than before.

Aubrey steeled herself and placed her hands upon the flesh, initiating the Transfer Incantation.

The flesh shuddered under her touch, and for a moment, Aubrey felt a connection—a sense of confusion, loss, and an overwhelming longing.

The incantation took hold, and the flesh began to shrink, condensing into a more manageable size. Aubrey wrapped it in a cloth imbued with protective runes, ensuring that the entity remained contained during transport.

With the entity secured, Aubrey carefully lifted it, feeling the weight of its unnatural existence.

She made her way out of the basement, up the stairs, and into the night.

Her carriage was waiting a short distance away, and she placed the wrapped entity in the trunk, covered with a blanket to obscure it from any prying eyes. The coachman didn't ask as he knew his client.

She was a Paranormal Investigator, and it was already enough to be her driver. He didn't dare to get too close to her, or ghosts might follow him someday.

"We can leave now..." Aubrey whispered.

The drive back to her home was tense; every shadow seemed to watch her, and every flicker of movement felt like a potential threat.

She must have been overthinking this, but that was what she felt during the whole trip.

Nonetheless, she arrived without incident, and with great care, she transferred the entity to her own basement—a space she had converted into a makeshift laboratory for just such purposes.

Here, Aubrey set up a new Seal of Containment, stronger and more intricate than the first. She placed the entity at the center, the protective cloth unwrapped to reveal the flesh once more.

She also prepared recording crystals and formation arts... She surrounded the seal with such crystals to record any activity she might miss while she was gone...

Three days later, two women, Teresa and Clare, members of the enigmatic order known as the Untainted Sentinels, stepped off the train.

Their white coats billowed around them, marking them as figures of purity and holiness. Nonetheless, they didn't seem to attract attention as if they were just normal figures.

Nonetheless, they made their way to the mansion that Aubrey Hall had investigated several nights ago, their steps purposeful and swift.

They were on a mission to retrieve what they believed to be the remnants of a vampire—a creature of darkness that the Untainted Sentinels had vowed to eradicate.

Upon getting closer to the mansion, however, Teresa's keen senses felt something off... There wasn't any Vampiric Force inside, and her Divine Sense could guarantee it!

"Did we get the wrong information?" she muttered, her eyes scanning the whole mansion...

Clare nodded as her Divine Sense also failed to pick up anything... She could only feel that presence of several Dark Arts Practitioners inside. It wasn't any different from the report except the missing remnant of the Vampire.

"Let's ask the mirror again," she suggested, her voice steady despite the setback.

Finding an isolated spot away from prying eyes, Clare produced a small, ornate mirror from her coat. The surface was etched with intricate runes, and as she held it aloft, the glass shimmered with a faint, otherworldly light.

"ArchFey Mennena, we seek your guidance..."

Chapter 807 Forced

Aubrey Hall's office was still neat to look at, even though she had plenty of work...

Her day began with the collection of paper or old newspapers and even some copies of police reports, that were preserving tales of hauntings and arcane mysteries. She was able to get connected with the police information because of her connection to the Arcanist Guild of the town.

On the left side of her room, bookshelves were lined with leather-bound tomes on paranormal phenomena, their pages worn from frequent consultation.

Her morning was spent cross-referencing a client's report of spectral apparitions with historical accounts from "Ghosts of the Old Cities" and "Ethereal Encounters".

Notes were scribbled in the margins of her notepad, as theories took shape as she connected the dots between past and present.

Well, she had many other cases, so she couldn't simply focus on the living flesh. She had bills to pay and had to work on cases.

Midday brought a new client, a farmer who spoke of crop circles and lights in the sky. Aubrey listened intently, marking his account against similar cases in "Beast Art's Rituals" and "Elemental Arts' Formation Patterns".

She promised to visit his farm, her mind already cataloging possible explanations.

The afternoon was reserved for the enigma residing in her basement—the living flesh.

Aubrey descended the stairs with nervousness, the memory of the previous night's experiment weighing heavily on her.

The cat, once vibrant and full of energy, now lay listless, its life force seemingly drained by the entity.

She confirmed that the living flesh could really take life force from living beings.

Of course, the cat was already sent to a carer who would try to heal it back.

Anyway, Aubrey's approach to learn more about the flesh was methodical.

Her observations were detailed as she monitored the flesh's reactions from various experiments.

She noted its size, the rhythm of its pulsations, and the ambient energy levels with meticulous care.

The books "Arcane Biology" and "Entities Beyond the Veil" lay open on a nearby table, their content offering insight but no clear answers. She even read ancient books written in Oardic about the Vampires but couldn't find a clue about this living flesh that had uttered the name "Lisa."

As dusk fell, Aubrey sat back, her eyes tired but determined.

"This is vexing..." Aubrey muttered as she felt that she was missing something.

The living flesh was a puzzle, one that consumed life force, but to what end? Her mind raced with possibilities—was it a lost soul, a cursed being, or something entirely unknown?

'If I can't find out what it is, I'll have to consult someone else...' Aubrey muttered as she thought of the Headmaster of the Featherstar Academy. Well, since all the resources of the Vermont Academy had disappeared, they had no choice but to build a new Academy of Dark Arts.

However, the other families disagreed with it and just wanted to teach their own kin... Because of that, the new Academy was built alone by the Featherstar Family without the participation of the other main families of the Dark Arts Factions.

The day then ended with another experiment on the living flesh.

Well, she realized that the living flesh reacts in all forms of Arcane Energy after she tried using various Artifacts that could emit various Arcane Arts.

Nonetheless, the reaction from Holy Energy and the Dark Energy was ways apart. It flinched from the Holy Energy while it seemed excited from the Darkness Energy.

Tomorrow, she would continue her investigation.

Four more days had quickly passed, and Aubrey started her morning routine. She thought of having breakfast with freshly baked bread in the corner.

She was even excited today as she was making progress in her investigation.

However, her morning tranquility was shattered as she recognized the emblem of the Holy Arts Faction's elites emblazoned on the white cloaks of the two figures before her.

They didn't seem to be passing by since they were looking at her as if they'd been waiting for her to get out of her office that was protected by numerous Formation Arts.

"Untainted Sentinels," she murmured, a hint of wariness in her voice.

These figures were none other than Teresa and Clare, who had arrived in this two several days ago.

Teresa stepped forward, her tone polite yet edged with steel. "Ms. Hall, we've come for the remnants of the vampire you've taken into your possession. It was quite difficult to sense it with the layers of protection in your office... Is that made by your father?" She asked with an amused tone.

Clare chuckled and chimed in, her words laced with mockery.

"Surely, a Paranormal Investigator of your caliber understands the danger of harboring such... relics. You may have taken an interest in it and brought it in your place, but that should be enough... Just continue with your daily work as a public servant."

Aubrey, of course, didn't like their tone.

Perhaps, if they explained more clearly and kindly, she might consider cooperating with them.

However, she felt that she was being mocked by these two.

After taking a deep breath, she shook her head and squared her shoulders, meeting their gaze.

"I'm conducting important research. That 'relic' is key to understanding a broader phenomenon. I won't hand it over without proper cause."

Teresa's smile was thin, unamused. "This is beyond your pay grade, Ms. Hall. Hand it over, or we'll be forced to take it."

Aubrey's response was firm, her voice rising. "I refuse. And if you attempt anything, I'll file a formal complaint with the Arcanist Guild."

The Arcanist Guild wasn't should not be underestimated as recently, it had become a lot more powerful under the guidance of the new Guildmaster called Merlin. This old man who came out of nowhere was a Half-Immortal and was several times more active than the previous Guildmaster.

Because of that, the Guild became respected by every town and city where it had a branch.

Clare's eyes narrowed, and she took a step closer. "We were hoping to resolve this amicably, but you leave us no choice."

Chapter 808 They will Return

'You want to take it forcefully?' Aubrey gritted her teeth as she heard the Sentinel's threatening words.

The atmosphere was filled with tension as Teresa and Clare prepared to take what they came for, by force if necessary.

Aubrey knew she was outmatched, but she wouldn't give up without a fight. The safety of the entity—and the secrets it held—depended on her. If that was really Lisa, she had to inform the Dark Arts Faction about this since this could be a matter of security!

What if this was done by these Untainted Sentinels?!

Aubrey had already entered her Phantasm State while the two Sentinels had also entered their Blessed Sense. They were all ready to activate their Spell Models at a moment's notice!

However, as the tension between Aubrey and the Untainted Sentinels reached its peak, a new figure emerged from the bustling crowd.

He was tall, with an air of quiet authority, and his cloak bore the intricate symbols of several Rune Arts. Apparently, a Runecaster from the Arcanist Guild had arrived just in time!

"Enough," he said, his voice resonating with the power of his craft.

"This is not the place for such disputes."

Clare and Teresa hesitated, recognizing the authority in his stance. Although this Runecaster was pathetic in their eyes, it was true that battling in the middle of the streets could attract unwanted attention.

The Runecaster stepped between them and Aubrey, his presence alone enough to halt their advance.

"I am Eamon," he introduced himself, offering a respectful nod to both parties.

"Ahem... I've heard of your work, Ms. Hall. It would be my honor to assist you." He whispered. Well, although Aubrey wasn't always in the Guild. Many members of the Arcanist Guild in this town knew about her. The first reason was because of her beauty, followed by her work ethic that had been praised by many people.

Eamon felt that it was a perfect time to get to know her. In any case, the Arcanist Guild was no longer afraid of any Arcanist Faction with Guildmaster Merlin, who was actively going against the policies of many Arcanist Factions but still untouchable by the Faction's Secret Orders.

Grateful yet cautious, Aubrey accepted his offer.

The Sentinels had then decided to retreat since they were already gathering attention. However, Aubrey could tell from their eyes that it wasn't over yet.

Eamon then escorted her back to her office, his runes glowing subtly as he surveyed the area for threats.

"I don't know why the Sentinels are after you," Eamon admitted as they settled into her office, "but I will ensure your safety."

Aubrey was a little touched by his willingness to help without question.

She didn't reveal the full extent of her research or the living flesh that pulsed in her basement—some secrets were too dangerous to share. Thankfully, Eamon wasn't planning to pry too much on this either.

'So rumors about this person were true... He's really a simple guy who always wants to fight for justice.' Aubrey thought with a smile as she saw the man going outside her office and stood guard.

Indeed. Night fell over the city, and Eamon took up his night watch outside Aubrey's office.

His runes were cast in a protective circle, within the Formation Art that was already there.

However, in the middle of the night, Clare and Teresa decided to move, and they were not deterred by such defenses!

They had waited for the cover of darkness to complete their mission. With incredible stealth, they dismantled Aubrey's formation arts, their Holy Arts neutralizing each barrier without making any disturbance!

Nonetheless, Eamon's four-layer Runes weren't part of their calculation so he stirred from his post, sensing a disturbance that Aubrey didn't even sense!

Unfortunately, it was too late.

"This!" Eamon's eyes widened as he saw the two.

A silent spell from Teresa enveloped him in slumber before he could raise an alarm... Thud!

Just like that, Eamon fell to the ground, unconscious.

The Sentinels slipped into Aubrey's office like shadows, their eyes fixed on their target, the living flesh that held many secrets.

Aubrey slept upstairs, unaware of the intrusion below.

The Sentinels approached the entity with caution, their hands ready to seize it.

But as they reached out to claim their target, they underestimated its power. The living flesh reacted violently to their touch, its energy surging in defense!

It seemed that Aubrey had fed it a lot over the past few days and gained so much power!

Clare and Teresa recoiled as the basement erupted into chaos, the entity unleashing its fury upon those who dared to threaten it.

"Tsk... This thing is filled with power..." Clare wanted to curse as she knew that her Holy Energy would not be enough.

"Retreat for now... That's Vampiric Aura Protection... Let's return after a while once the protection is gone. It shouldn't have unlimited energy." Teresa said as she could tell that the living flesh was just a burst of aura. They just had to wait until it was gone.

"Yes... I think it's eating up my Aura... Let's go." Clare replied.

Of course, the commotion roused Aubrey from her sleep.

She rushed downstairs to find her office in disarray and Eamon unconscious at his post.

The Sentinels were gone, driven away by the living flesh's unexpected retaliation. But they had left their mark—the office was damaged, and Aubrey's research was scattered.

She immediately arranged a Formation Art to hide the living flesh that was still emitting a threatening aura. Surprisingly, the Vampiric powers don't work on her!

The Sentinels would surely feel surprised if they saw this.

After a while, Eamon awoke with a start, regret etched on his face for failing to protect Aubrey's sanctuary.

"I'm sorry," he said earnestly. "I should have been more vigilant."

Aubrey shook her head. "No one could have anticipated this..." She reassured him.

'But now I know—the living flesh is not just a passive entity; it can defend itself.' She mused to herself.

"However, I think that those two will come back... I already called for reinforcements, but they will arrive in the morning. They might return while we're sleeping..."

At this time, Eamon was truly curious how she offended those Sentinels.

Nonetheless, he still suggested entering their Guild's base instead to get protection from the Branch Guild Leader.

Chapter 809 Help

Dawn broke over the Arcanist Guild's Branch Office as its leader, Garrick Chambers, began his day.

With a huge stature that commanded respect and a face marked by age and experience, Garrick's presence was as formidable as his reputation.

His hair was already silver, often tied back to reveal sharp, calculating eyes.

Of course, he didn't become a Branch Guild Leader just because of his age and experience but because he was a Master of the Transformation Arts.

It was to the point that morphing his physical attributes was no longer his main strength. What he could alter now was a part of reality with a mere thought, bending it to his will!

Garrick's mornings were a ritual of discipline.

He meditated to align his arcane energies, then dressed in the traditional robes of his office—deep blue with golden runes that showed his elegance and authority as a Guild Leader.

Despite this place being a small town, there were numerous Arcanists traveling or passing this region, and if they were Master Class Arcanists, he would be the one meeting them from time to time. Because of that, he would always fix his attire.

His office work was a blend of administration and arcane research.

He reviewed reports from guild members, sanctioned missions, and oversaw the training of apprentices. His path demanded constant study; thus, he dedicated hours to refining his Transformation Arts, ensuring his skills remained unparalleled in this town.

On the third day, after he heard that a couple of Untainted Sentinels had arrived in this place, some news related to them finally came in.

He was actually wondering why it took quite some time... After all, he didn't like the fact that those two Untainted Sentinels didn't bother to visit his office and greet him.

This town was under his jurisdiction, and he didn't like the fact that he was ignored by these people...

Anyways, Eamon had reported Aubrey's predicament, and Garrick received a detailed briefing.

"Aubrey Hall," he murmured, recognizing the name. The Halls were an influential family known for their contributions to various alchemical ingredients. They were a merchant family that had a huge influence on various arcanist families.

After all, from the most basic potions to the most complex formation arts, rituals, and elixirs, the Hall Family could somehow provide them!

They may not possess a deep background as an Arcanist Family, but they still have a wealth that they could not ignore!

Garrick weighed his options carefully.

Aligning with the Halls could be beneficial, but provoking the Untainted Sentinels was a risk he preferred to avoid. No matter how much he hated the Untainted Sentinels, it didn't change the fact that they were ruthless individuals claiming to be saints.

"Hmph... They might even be continuing their research in Humonculus Project." Garrick muttered as he recalled the news he obtained about how the Holy Arts Faction was collaborating with the Church of the Fortune Goddess to create Artificial Humans, which some of them called Druids.

Anyway, he didn't take that long before he was able to make a decision.

He decided on a course of action that would protect Aubrey without direct confrontation.

"Arrange for Ms. Hall to stay in our secured guest quarters," he instructed his aides. "Ensure her safety but keep a low profile."

As arrangements were made for Aubrey's protection, Garrick couldn't help but wonder about the item that had drawn such attention from the Sentinels.

His curiosity piqued; he knew this situation might unfold into something far greater than a mere guild dispute.

Nonetheless, he decided not to pry too much.

After some time had passed, when the sun was high in the sky, Aubrey's reinforcements arrived at the quarters arranged by Garrick.

The five Elementalists, clad in attire that bore the Hall family crest, were an imposing sight.

The three Earth Elementalists stood firm, their expressions stoic.

Beside them, the Fire Elementalist's eyes flickered with an inner flame, while the Wind Elementalist, their female leader, carried herself with a grace that belied her power. She seemed to be a noblewoman from how she carried herself compared to the others.

Aubrey greeted them with a mix of relief and uncertainty.

"I wasn't expecting such... formidable assistance," she admitted. She didn't know them personally, but her Phantasm State could tell how strong they were.

"We are here under your father's orders," the Wind Elementalist replied, presenting a sealed letter bearing the family seal. "I am Myra, and we've been tasked with ensuring your safe return."

Aubrey studied the letter and then nodded, satisfied with their authenticity. "I appreciate your swift response," she said. "I have a research project that has attracted unwanted attention from the Sentinels."

Myra listened intently as Aubrey explained the situation.

After recounting what happened last night, Myra nodded to her team and turned to Aubrey.

"We will escort you and your research back to the estate," she assured her.

"However, is it possible to know what it is? We might have a better method to protect it while we're traveling," Myra said while looking at the thing behind Aubrey. She could see that it contained her research project.

Aubrey hesitated for a while as she didn't know how these people would react. They might even think that she was already possessed and doing something evil.

With a sigh, she shook her head.

"I can't tell... I can't show it yet as well... It might attract the attention of the Sentinels since I've sealed the box already."

Myra looked at Aubrey for a few seconds before she nodded.

"Very well."

Soon, Aubrey completed her preparation...

Then, she wanted to thank Eamon and Garrick for their help before she returned to her home, but as they prepared to depart with the mysterious box containing Aubrey's project, Clare and Teresa confronted them.

The Sentinels stood boldly, blocking their path in the land owned by the Arcanist Guild.

"You will not leave with that abomination," Clare declared, her voice steely.

Teresa nodded in agreement, her hand resting on the hilt of her weapon. "We cannot allow it to fall into the wrong hands."

She said as if Aubrey was the evil one.

Chapter 810 Mediator

Myra stepped forward, her eyes narrowed as the wind began to stir around her. A couple of her Wind Spirits suddenly appeared beside her.

"We have no intention to fight against your organization," she said calmly. "But we will protect our own."

The Earth Elementalists formed a protective barrier around Aubrey and the box, while the Fire Elementalist ignited his aura, ready for battle.

Aubrey watched as tensions escalated, knowing that this confrontation could decide the fate of her research—and perhaps much more.

Meanwhile, Clare and Teresa laughed after hearing Myra's words.

The Elementalist immediately triggered their prepared Spells as Clare raised her hand to attack! Light coalesced above her and turned into a radiant spear.

"Holy Smite!" she cried out, hurling the weapon towards the Elementalists.

Myra reacted swiftly, summoning a gust of wind that deflected the spear, causing it to shatter against a nearby wall.

"You underestimate us," she shouted back.

Teresa chanted, her voice echoing with divine power.

"Sanctified Barrier!" A shimmering shield enveloped her and Clare, deflecting the elemental assaults.

The Earth Elementalists stomped the ground, invoking "Terra's Grasp," causing stone hands to erupt from the earth, attempting to ensnare their holy adversaries.

It didn't end there, the combination attack of these Elementalist could not be underestimated!

The Fire Elementalist unleashed a "Blaze Torrent," sending a stream of fire towards the Sentinels. Clare countered with "Divine Aegis," a protective aura that absorbed the flames.

Myra then called upon the winds with "Zephyr's Edge," sending razor-sharp gusts that sliced through the barrier, forcing Clare and Teresa to dodge.

Bam! Bam!"

"Your Holy Arts are strong," Myra admitted as she narrowly avoided a counterattack from Teresa's "Light of Retribution," a beam of searing light.

"But we are not without our own might."

Clare responded with fervor, "Our cause is just! We cannot allow your tainted research to spread its corruption!"

Once again, Clare shouted for everyone to hear as if Aubrey was indeed the evil one. Aubrey couldn't help but think that Clare was trying to convince someone who was secretly watching this battle!

As the battle raged on, spells clashed, creating chaotic Arcane Energy around.

The Elementalists' mastery over nature was met with the Sentinels' firm faith in their Holy Arts.

The Earth Elementalists raised their hands in unison, chanting "Earthen Bulwark," creating a protective dome around Aubrey and the box she was holding...

"This..."

Aubrey realized that something was about to happen as she felt the sudden spike of Elemental Energies in the surroundings!

'Are they going to use their Forbidden Arts?! This is bad...' Aubrey was worried after getting a hint of what was going on. She knew how dangerous this could be since she also learned a couple of Forbidden Arts as her life-saving spells.

Nonetheless, she could only watch this high-level battle as she tried casting a few more Dark Spells to protect herself just in case.

Teresa's eyes glowed with excitement as she saw the Elementalists not backing down... Then, she invoked "Sacred Purge," sending waves of purifying energy to disrupt the Elementalists' spells.

It wasn't a killing spell but more like a controlling spell that sets the surrounding area to their advantage.

After the Sacred Purge was cast, only Holy Arts could be used for a brief duration!

Well, that was supposed to be the case, but Myra had already activated her Forbidden Art!

Myra's cloak billowed as she summoned a powerful "Arcane Cyclone's Embrace," attempting to scatter her opponents and break their concentration.

This Spell could also destroy the souls of the living, so it was a Forbidden Spell. After all, an attack that could directly injure the soul could be disastrous. If normal people were hit by this, they would die almost immediately.

Furthermore, the Arcane Cyclone could also destroy the meridians of the Arcanist if it was severe enough...

The two Sentinels sensed the threat and prepared to escape from the path of the cyclone. However, the attacks didn't end there.

The Fire Elementalist roared, "Inferno's Wrath!" unleashing a maelstrom of fire that danced dangerously close to breaking through Clare's defenses.

With each spell cast and countered, it became clear that this battle would not be easily won by either side.

Nonetheless, for the hidden Arcanists who were watching the battle from a distance... The clash of Holy Arts against Elemental Arts was a sight to behold... It was a beautiful but certainly dangerous battle!

Some of the Arcanists had even taken out their Recording Crystals to record such a battle.

It could surely be sold for a high price. Although it wouldn't be as pricey as the recordings of the Shadow Immortal, it would still be a hefty sum, considering that it involves the mysterious Untainted Sentinels.

Clare and Teresa managed to survive from the attacks through their various Holy Arts. They seemed to be barely holding on but they were smiling.

It seemed as if they've already read their enemies.

"Enough of this charade!" Clare bellowed, her body suddenly burst with a powerful Holy Energy.

Teresa mirrored her companion's fervor. They then drew upon the power of several Arcane Ores laid out before them.

With a synchronized chant, they initiated a summoning ritual that tore through the heavens!

The sky seemed to have split open, and from within the tear descended an awe-inspiring angel, resplendent with four magnificent wings.

Its presence alone commanded silence, and its eyes burned with fury.

The Elementalists felt their confidence wane under the angel's gaze. Even those who were secretly watching felt scared!

Myra's voice wavered as she spoke, "We may need to consider retreat."

Aubrey, witnessing the overwhelming might before her, felt despair creeping into her heart. The box containing the living flesh seemed insignificant against such divine power.

But as surrender loomed over them like a dark cloud, an unexpected figure emerged!

A half-dragon, half-human warrior landed with earth-shaking force between them and the angel!

With scales shimmering in the sunlight and eyes ablaze with draconic fire, the hybrid exuded an aura of raw power that rivaled even that of the celestial being.

"I am Chad," he declared, his voice echoing with both human tenacity and dragon might.

"And I will not allow this angel to harm those under my protection."