

Death 1891

Death... and me

Chapter 1891: Fuse Again!

Roan and Kentucky then distanced themselves from one another before Roan took his White Scythe out.

"Wait! You can't use the Death Scythe skill! I'm not confident I can resist that thing at all," said Kentucky.

Roan nodded, replying, "I'm just testing the attack power. I wasn't going to use it to start with. Instead, I'll use Three Claws of the Dragon and have just one of the copies hit you at a point with no vital organs."

Naturally, Kentucky was happy to hear that. "Oh! Then that's fine!"

Soon after, Light and Dark Element gathered around Kentucky as his feathers began to change. Usually, Kentucky could transform his feather into feather blades, which already had very high defense properties, let alone the scales that hid under them. However, this time around, those same blade feathers temporarily merged with his dragon scales! All the scales on Kentucky's body now had several feather patterns above them. If not for those patterns, one might say that Kentucky only had scales and nothing else.

Though, that wasn't all. All the skills Kentucky's father taught him had Spatial Power mixed in them. Roan could feel how not only Kentucky's body was well protected, but those scales brimmed with the power of space. It was more like a spatial barrier generated by the scales and feathers themselves.

"This is called the Minokawa's Spatial Body!"

Of course, Roan didn't waste time and immediately attacked.

'Death Style, Third Form, Three Claws of the Dragon!'

Soon, his White Scythe became three, all flying in Kentucky's direction. Kentucky, obviously, covered the front of his body with his wings and prepared for the hit. It's just that two of Roan's scythes suddenly made a curve and hit nothing. Those two were the fake ones. Only the real attack among the three clashed against Kentucky's scaled wings.

Clang!

However, nothing more than a metallic sound came out as Kentucky's body moved a few centimeters back. As for the region on Kentucky's wings that was hit, not even a scratch was left behind.

"That's some crazy defense," Roan had to admit.

Kentucky laughed back in response. "Hahaha! Of course! This is a real Minokawa bloodline skill! Just wait until I completely unlock my Royal Minokawa blood. It will become even stronger! From what my father told me, this was a skill made for the Royal Minokawa body."

Of course, Kentucky also understood something else. "Alright, I know that you didn't use anything extra on that attack either. Your hair wasn't white and dark. Not even Rean's Enhancement Skill was active, so let's try it again. Leave the Fused Dark Element and Spatial Power for last."

Roan didn't have to hear that twice before he repeated his actions. This time, other than not fusing Dark Element and Spatial Power, he put everything else there. Immediately, Roan's hair changed into a mix of black and white together with Rean's. He was obviously exchanging elements with Rean this time to increase his power.

'Life Style, Enhancement!'

'Death Style, Shadow Steps!'

'Death Style, Three Claws of the Dragon!'

Clang, clang, bang!

It's just that Roan lied about only one of the scythes hitting Kentucky. Instead, he made the first two hit the same point, followed by the third one, which was the real White Scythe!

Ouch!

Kentucky's wing hurt from the impact, especially since they all hit the same point. His body was also forced tens of meters back. He just didn't fall because he moved his wings to help stop his momentum.

"Hey! You said you would hit me with just one blade! What if I hadn't put all my strength into defense?" Naturally, Kentucky complained after being hit by three.

However, Roan simply pointed at Kentucky's wing, exactly at the point the attacks landed. "Yet, a scratch was all I was able to leave behind. Not a single drop of blood at all."

Kentucky quickly looked at his wing and beamed in delight. "See?! My father's skill was great! If I had simply used my blade feather and scales, there would definitely be a huge cut now."

"Alright, I'll admit. That's impressive." That meant a lot coming from Roan. "Now focus. I'll fuse the Space and Elements into the next attack."

"Alright." Kentucky seemed extremely confident now.

Rean looked at that and had to acknowledge it seemed very good. 'Roan, can you really break through that thing? It's way more resistant than what Kentucky did to defend himself before.'

Roan narrowed his eyes for a moment before saying, 'It's especially stronger now that he broke through to the Void Tempering Realm. Forget Three Claws of the Dragon. I'll use Death Scythe straight away.'

Rean was taken aback. 'Are you sure?'

'Don't worry,' Roan assured him. 'His defensive ability is definitely out of the charts. Perhaps just those 'true dragons' that we heard of would have defensive skills as good as his. He's perfect for testing the true might of the fused Dark and Space.'

Hearing that, Rean gave a suggestion. 'Well, although it won't be as good as me, you should be able to fuse a little of Light Element as well, right? Our Dark and Light Elements always complemented each other, so they should combine without issues even if the amount of Light Element fused is smaller.'

Roan agreed with Rean on that. 'I'll give it a shot.'

Roan's Spatial Powers, Dark, and Light Element gathered around his scythe. At the same time, Dark and Light Element fused with the Spatial Powers, albeit slightly. It was, as Rean mentioned. Roan could also fuse Light Element together with Dark Element even though the amount was smaller. Nevertheless, Roan could feel the increase of power behind his scythe.

The explanation was long, but it happened in less than a second. After all, no enemy would wait for someone to go through a lengthy process before attacking. Following that, Roan shot in Kentucky's direction once more.

'Death Style, Death Scythe!'

Kentucky immediately defended himself the same way he did before. It's just that he felt a chill on his back while Roan approached. Unfortunately, it was already too late to try to dodge the attack.

Swish!

In the next moment, one of Kentucky's wings was sent flying. The Death Scythe cut through Kentucky's defenses with brute force, destroying the fused scales and feathers along the path.

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Chapter 1892: A Little Help From Outside

Arrrgh!

Well, to be more specific, it wasn't Kentucky's entire wing but a small part that Roan purposely aimed at. Nevertheless, it was just as strong as the rest of his body, so the power was definitely there. "You used Death Scythe!"

Roan faintly smiled in response, saying, "Indeed. The other attacks had no effect on you, so I used Death Scythe. However, I didn't expect to break your defenses. Well, I was barely able to cut it off, though."

Rean quickly approached Kentucky before passing a pill to him. "Swallow it. We'll use the medicinal properties to grow it back. Look, it's just a tiny piece. A Minokawa of your size should barely feel it."

"Tiny piece?" Kentucky felt like crying after hearing that. "What if he had attacked me directly then?"

"I had already decided from the start that I wouldn't do it due to the risks," Roan answered. "Now, just focus on your healing, and you should have it regrown in no time."

Celis took the chance to comment on that. "Well, Kentucky's defense is also amazing. I saw everything with my Divine Sense. Roan's all-out attack with both Dark and Light Element fused with space only barely achieved this result. If he had attacked Kentucky right in the middle, he definitely wouldn't have cut through. Of course, it would have still been quite a deep injury."

Rean agreed with Celis. "Indeed. This defensive skill your father gave you is just too strong."

Kentucky focused on the healing with Rean as the part of his wing that was cut off began to grow again. "Strong? You still broke it, didn't you? That's obviously not enough."

"Wrong," Roan answered. "Don't forget that I used a power I was only supposed to have at the Elemental Space Realm. How many cultivators out there do you think can use an attack as strong as mine? If all I could do was cut this small piece from your wing, then I doubt there are many enemies in the Void Tempering Realm who can hurt you at all. In fact, you should be pretty much safe against most Space Bending Realm opponents. This is something that Rean, Celis, and I can say."

Kentucky had to admit it felt good to be praised like that. "Is that so? Then I'll let it slide this time."

Following that, Roan also joined Rean and helped with the healing. Sure enough, they were done in no time.

"Alright, with that done, I'm heading back outside," said Rean.

Roan and the others didn't mind and quickly saw Rean disappear from the Dimensional Realm. At the same time, they still talked through the Soul Gem Dimensional Realm and the twins' connection. It's just that Rean received quite some attention outside, so he focused there.

"So that's why you spent that long inside your pocket realm." A Winged Provis suddenly talked to Rean.

Rean knew this guy as his Divine Sense was one of the Divine Senses that had been put to watch him. "Oh, Senior Tlevigan. What do you think? Am I amazing or not? I finally had my breakthrough into the Void Tempering Realm."

Tlevigan nodded and felt quite jealous as well. "I can see the black sphere in my natural spatial perception. As expected of someone who could already use Spatial Powers before the Void Tempering Realm. Your spatial abilities are ridiculously high for your cultivation level."

Rean shook his head, saying, "Senior doesn't need to say that much. The blackhole you create in my spatial perception is twice as big. I wouldn't be able to do anything to you. Besides, Senior Tlevigan can bend space since you're in the Space Bending Realm. I obviously can't do that in the Void Tempering Realm."

Tlevigan didn't quite like it. His Spatial Powers were stronger, but that was only the result of his cultivation since he was in the Late Stage of the Space Bending Realm. He was sure no one could beat Rean in the same realm. "At least I can see why Elder Fran decided to keep you here. However, you better not try anything funny. I'm not the only one with an eye on you. Don't forget your duty."

Rean shrugged his shoulders in response. "I can already imagine that. Don't worry. I'll continue doing the trades as I'm supposed to do."

Not too long after, Fran received the message that Rean had his breakthrough in his Pocket Dimensional Realm. "So that human entered the Void Tempering Realm, huh? Well, his dantian was brimming with Divine Energy, so I already expected that to happen at some point. With his talent, it would be a joke if he had failed. The humanoid races are blind, as always."

The Winged Provis who came with the information nodded. "They're known for their power struggles. So many talents like this guy come and go unnoticed. By the way, Elder Fran, should we change some stuff now that he broke through? Should we increase the observers?"

"No need." Fran shook his head in response. "We have something he wants, so he won't try to escape. At least not until he gets his hands on it."

"Do you really intend to give him the Iridescent Tears if he convinces Jakar to stay?" The Winged Provis didn't like the idea as that item was too important for their race. With Rean's cultivation, they could simply refuse it, and Rean wouldn't be able to do anything.

However, Fran shook his head. "I don't think he will succeed. In any case, it's worth a try. If it doesn't work, it'll act as a good excuse to keep him around for a while."

"Keep him around? He isn't really someone important for that Jakar brat, right? Why would you want to keep him around?" The guy asked back, puzzled. "Could it be that you expect to recruit him to our race? I don't think any of the elders and the leader will allow it. Our Winged Provis race had never relied on any outside strength when it came to our overall power, after all. It's already a lot to let him make a few trades in our place."

Fran faintly smiled after hearing that. "Of course not. Instead, I have called a little help from outside to check on something regarding his identity."

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Chapter 1893: Glimpse Race

Fran continued. "I'm still not completely convinced he isn't the human the humanoid race is looking for."

"Didn't we decide that he wasn't?" The guy was even more confused.

Fran sighed in response, saying, "You call Jakar a brat, but you're pretty much a brat yourself. You have no idea how many appearance-changing methods exist in the Realm of Gods. He wouldn't be the first one I saw that could change his appearance both inside and outside. As for his Fire Element affinity, I can think of at least four spirit races that can help someone hide it or make it look like something else. Let alone the humanoid races, which are known for their countless different cultivation techniques.

Without that, the humanoid races would probably be nothing more than slaves for the other powers today."

"I see..." The young Winged Provis understood. "Then, who did you call? Even you or Luio couldn't see through his appearance; if he really is using another appearance, that is."

"You will see when they arrive." Unsurprisingly, Fran didn't answer the question.

Time continued to pass as Rean waited for that one-month deadline. To keep up pretenses, Rean and Jakar met every few days, which was arranged by Fran. The funny thing was that Rean really tried to convince Jakar to stay. At the very least, Rean didn't think the odds to be worse than the advantages. The Divine Energy in this mountain range was very high, one of the highest he had seen so far. Everyone was determined to do everything for Jakar as well. Last but not least, he did have his family.

Yet, Jakar was deadset on going out, so he always brushed Rean's words aside. Not to mention he knew Rean was doing that to get even more Iridescent Tears from his uncle Fran.

It was on the third week that Rean noticed the arrival of a spirit race he hadn't seen before. Usually, he wouldn't pay much attention to them as there were many different spirits. However, these ones were just... 'So weak...' Surprisingly, every single one of them didn't have cultivation higher than the Foundation Establishment Realm. Such spirits shouldn't even have the necessary resources to move around.

If Rean had to compare them to something, he would call them semi-transparent eyeballs. Each one of them had several eyes around their bodies, each one different from the other. However, they weren't material. Instead, they were really spirits made out of energy with a Spirit Core and all that floated to move.

However, something surprised Rean a lot more than their cultivation. It was the fact that all the spirits around them seemed to treat those weak spirits with a lot of respect. It wasn't every day one saw experts at the Void Tempering Realm and above treating low-level beings that way.

It was then that Fran himself appeared. "Welcome, friends from the Glimpse Race. I'm incredibly thankful that your superiors sent you here on such short notice."

'Glimpse Race?' Rean didn't know anything about them.

The bigger one of them came forward and did the talking with Fran. "Your Winged Provis race is one of the protector races of our territory, so the elders didn't mind. So, is he really here?"

In response, Fran waved his hand as Spatial Power gathered on his hand.

Rean, who didn't know what was happening, felt his body being captured by Fran's Spatial Power and being dragged over in a second. "What the hell?"

Fran ignored his words and looked back at the member of the Glimpse Race. "This is the human I talked about. Could you look into it?"

Rean couldn't do anything as he and Roan looked at what was happening. Of course, Roan looked from inside the Soul Gem Dimensional Realm. 'Seems like they haven't given up yet.'

The spirits of the Glimpse Race then gathered around Rean and focused all their eyes. As for the spirit that talked to Fran, he stayed in the middle with Rean. All the eyes then began to shine with different colors as their lights seemed to focus on the spirit on Rean's side.

That leader member of the Glimpse Race absorbed all the light before it suddenly burst out with great amounts of Soul Power. The Soul Power struck Rean's body as if trying to force something out.

However, Rean didn't feel anything at all. Those actions only puzzled him even more. It was at that moment that Rean saw what seemed to be a copy of himself appearing above that spirit's floating body. It was a very small copy, but it was him nonetheless. 'So weird...'

Crack, crack, crack...

Surprisingly, that copy of himself began to crack almost as soon as it appeared. That was especially shocking for Fran and the spirits who knew these guys.

Crack, crack, crack...

Shatter!

Arrrgh!

The spirit felt a huge backlash from that event as many of his eyes cracked as well. The same happened to the other members of the Glimpse Race, and they all suffered together. In the next second, they stopped what they were doing before they completely destroyed themselves.

"W-What happened?" Fran immediately asked. What he was expecting to see didn't appear at all.

The leader of the Glimpse Race group went silent, and so did the others. They were first focusing on stabilizing the injuries caused by the backlash just now. Nevertheless, every single one of them was shocked by what happened, much more than Fran or anyone else.

Fran didn't hurry them up and just waited. Rean, obviously, was as puzzled as ever, but he couldn't even talk with Fran holding him there.

A few minutes later, the leader of the Glimpse Race was the first to open one of his eyes as he looked at Rean. It was more like he was looking at a ghost. "Fran, let's talk somewhere else."

Fran didn't waste time and quickly used his Spatial Powers to teleport Rean and the Glimpse Race members to a private location. "No one will bother us here."

The leader nodded in response and paid attention to Rean. "I can't look into his past. It's being protected by a higher power that we can't break. That power almost killed us. If we hadn't shared the burden between all of us, we would probably have died to the backlash."

'Look... into my past?' That was the first time Rean and Roan heard something like that.

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Chapter 1894: Seeing Even More

Of course, he understood what that meant. They wanted to see what he was doing before he came to the Winged Provis Race. That would mean seeing the time when Rean participated in the Free Continent competition. However, it didn't work. 'That's definitely because of the Soul Gem System.'

Fran obviously seemed impressed by that. "Protected by a higher power? Does it mean he's connected to the angels or demons?"

"I don't know," the floating bunch of eyes answered. "It's not like we can identify the sources."

"Ahem..." Rean couldn't help but intervene after that. Well, that was only because Fran's grasp on him with his Spatial Power loosened a little. "Can someone explain what is happening here?"

Fran narrowed his eyes in response, saying, "I knew you weren't as simple as you initially seemed. Tell us, which one is helping you? Is it the demons? The angels don't have much influence here. Or could it be you have some of the experts of the human race safeguarding your past?"

Rean shook his head, replying, "First of all, I didn't even know it was possible to look into someone's past. Let alone that it could be protected by others. How does that even work?"

Fran and the Glimpse Race members obviously didn't believe that. "You talk, or we can force you to talk. We aren't brutal like the humans or demon beasts. However, if you insist on keeping it hidden from us, then we won't hold back."

At the same time, Rean was talking with Roan. 'What do you think? Should I simply say I'm the human the humanoid race is looking for?'

It was then that Roan got an idea. 'Father's Thoughts Transmission Talismans.'

'Are you going to ask father to come here?' Rean was taken aback.

However, Roan shook his head. 'No, we can use father as an excuse. Let's just say that we work for Old Man Larks. That's why our past is protected.'

'Wouldn't that be worse, though?' Rean asked back. 'I mean, everyone wants to get their hands on dad's Foundation Fragment. In a certain way, we might get in even more trouble than if we said that we were the guys they were looking for.'

Roan shook his head again. 'That's why I said to use father's Thoughts Transmission Talisman. All we can do now is have the spirits come to some agreement with father and see what happens. Otherwise, you might as well enter the Dimensional Realm right now, and we simply try to use the Circuitry Teleport Formation.'

However, Rean had another idea. 'What about the devil's soul we trapped in the Dimensional Realm? We know that he's someone, or at least was someone at the same level as our dad. Wouldn't he be able to escape this place with his power? I know he's only a soul, but he probably has his own bag of tricks.'

Of course, Roan understood that there was a problem behind it. 'And why would he help us? The moment we bring him outside, he'll definitely try to escape on his own.'

'Teleporting our way out doesn't seem much better,' Rean added.

'Or...' Rean continued. 'We can try our luck with something else.'

'Are you planning to simply tell them that we're the humans they were looking for?' Roan could imagine what idea it was.

Rean nodded, saying, 'Yeah. We're close to the one-month deadline we gave Jakar, aren't we? How long will it take until someone from the humanoid race comes here? If we get a chance, we might be able to escape and even get the Iridescent Tears. Don't forget, the humanoids need us. It's not like we'll be killed or anything.'

In the end, they came up with several ideas, but none seemed to give them a good shot at escaping.

"You know what?" Rean said all of a sudden. "Just think whatever you want. I'm tired." Since there was no good idea, he might as well not use any idea at all.

"Do you think I'm joking?" Fran said as he tightened his grasp over Rean with his Spatial Powers. Perhaps some pain would make him change his mind.

However, Rean didn't show the least bit of discomfort. Instead, he just closed his eyes and kept quiet. 'Hmph! First of all, I can cut my sensation of pain. Second, this pressure you're putting on me doesn't hurt at all.' Of course, Rean didn't say that. He only thought about it.

Fran was surprised, though. The amount of power he put on his Spatial Power should have made most Void Tempering Realm cultivators scream in pain. However, he could tell that Rean didn't feel any pain at all. Well, to be more specific, Rean's body barely changed with his spatial compression. 'What a ridiculously strong body! It beats most of the demon beasts at the same level I've seen up to this day. Only a few Divine Demon Beasts had something similar or stronger.'

Yet, the one who really called Fran's attention was the spirit from the Glimpse Race. "This kind of strength and resistance... I know what he is!"

"You know?" Surprisingly, Rean and Fran asked at the same time.

The spirit then explained, "The Starlight Body Cultivation Technique. That's why his body is this strong."

"What?!" Fran looked at Rean once again. "Are you saying he found his own star?"

The spirit nodded, replying, "He did. Only the Starlight Body Cultivation Technique could give such a huge defensive ability. In fact, it even looks a little bit stronger than the last one I saw. As you know, the Starlight Body Cultivation Technique isn't a rare one. However, the majority of its users simply can't find their stars, so the technique is pretty useless without it. Yet, if they do find it, they will have the strongest bodies, losing only to a few Divine Demon Beasts. I have no doubt that's the case after the amount of Spatial Power you used on him."

Rean and Roan had to admit this Glimpse Race member was very observant.

The spirit then tried to talk with Rean again. "I haven't introduced myself yet. I'm Gludi-otta, a member of the Glimpse Race. There are three powers known for having members with real Starlight Body

Cultivation Techniques. The Heaven's Archangels, the Underworld's Elder Devils, and the humanoid race's Jakarta Sect. You are neither a devil nor angel, so you must have come from the Jakarta Sect."

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Chapter 1895: Not Too Close

Rean didn't know what to say anymore. First of all, he didn't even know any other people with Star Bodies other than Roan, Luan, and the guy from Huring Sect Roan taught. 'Where do they come up with all of that?'

Roan shrugged his shoulders in response. 'That's their problem. Then again, it won't help much but confirm this guy's words since the Jakarta Sect obviously doesn't know about us.'

However, Rean immediately had an idea after hearing that. "Well, now you two know why the humanoid races are looking so much for me. Real Star Bodies are extremely rare, so they don't want to let me go. Guess it makes no sense to try and deny it anymore."

"So that's why all the humanoid race powers are on the lookout," Fran had to admit that it made sense. "Letting such a rare Star Body User go is indeed too much to bear."

However, Fran also smiled after there. "Well, I guess the Jakarta Sect will pay quite a good price for you."

Rean didn't seem to mind, replying, "It's not like I'm going to be killed or anything. I just didn't want to live under all that pressure anymore."

"No wonder you and Jakar get along well," Fran mentioned. "You two simply can't understand how important your existences are for the races you came from."

Rean snorted in response. "Hmph! And you don't understand how annoying this notion of yours is for him and me. However, I have a deal with you, so I hope you won't go back on your word. I really need those Iridescent Tears, even if I end up in the hands of my Jakarta Sect again."

Fran was surprised that Rean still wanted to go ahead with that deal. "I guess that since you had similar experiences, there's indeed a chance that you can convince him. Yet, wouldn't you convince him to do the opposite instead? You do know how he feels, even though your feelings are wrong."

"This is this, and that is that. You also know Jakar dragged me into this mess between you and his race even though he didn't really know me. Why should I be his friend now? I'm a lot more interested in my Iridescent Tears. Let me ask you. If you were me and were dragged into this just like how I ended up, would you try to help him?"

"No chance," Fran answered without thinking twice. "Very well, it'll still take a few days until I can bring the Jakarta Sect here anyway. If you convince Jakar to stop trying to run away during this time, you'll get your Iridescent Tears."

Fran then looked at Gludi-otta, saying, "Sir, are you okay with this?"

Gludi-otta didn't seem to have any issues. "That's why you called us here, wasn't it? To figure out this guy's real identity. It makes sense that we can't look into his past if the top elders of the Jakarta Sect used their power to seal it. If I had known it from the start, I wouldn't have tried to do that. In any case, that's who he is and why the humanoid races are looking for him. My work here is done."

Gludi-otta and his other Glimpse Race members prepared to leave. "Alright, bring us to the mountain range entrance. Whatever you do here onwards is your problem. We have repaid our debt."

Fran nodded as he was happy that Gludi-otta and his Glimpse Race wouldn't get involved in the matter. If they insisted on having a say, even his Winged Provis Race would have to make some concessions. "Absolutely. I'll bring you out straight away."

Spatial Power interacted with everyone there before Rean and the others reappeared at the entrance once again. After paying his respects, Fran saw Gludi-otta and his companions leave the sect, accompanied by a few guardians from other races. With that, he looked at Rean. 'You can continue your work here while I fetch Jakar. You'll have five days, which is how long it will take to bring your elders to take you back.'

Rean nodded with a slightly unhappy expression. 'Fine! However, can't you make some other deal between us to not have me sent back to Jakarta? Who knows? Perhaps instead of the Iridescent Tears, you'll give my freedom back.'

Fran immediately shook his head. 'Even if you could guarantee your part of the deal, I wouldn't do it. Getting you back to the humanoid race is a lot more important. We don't want to ruin the friendship between the powers while the devils are still there.'

'Sigh... I thought so. Then you better give me my Iridescent Tears.' Rean could only give up. Well, in fact, that was just a pretense. If anything, Rean and Roan were grateful for the unexpected piece of information.

Fran also took the opportunity to ask. 'By the way, you aren't the only one they are looking for, no? What happened to the rest of the people? We checked your dimensional realm, so I know you don't have them with you.'

Rean smiled in response. 'Senior, you aren't an idiot. What would be the best thing to do after we got away?'

Fran nodded, replying, 'You obviously split so that you wouldn't all be caught at the same time if you were found. That's the simplest answer.' He just asked as a formality. He didn't have any intention of looking for the rest.

'There you go then,' Rean answered. 'Wherever they went, I have no idea. I didn't tell anyone where I was going either.'

Fran then turned around and decided to leave. 'Anyways, I'm going. You better don't think about escaping. There are quite a few eyes on you.' After that, he disappeared without a trace. Well, Rean already knew that even if Fran hadn't mentioned it.

'So the Jakarta Sect, the angels, and the devils also have Starlight Body Cultivation Technique users, huh?' Roan suddenly mentioned from within the Dimensional Realm.

Rean agreed with him. 'However, from the looks of it, they don't know your trick to find their real star. Otherwise, the Jakarta Sect would be full of people with Star Bodies. From the looks of it, they're just using brute force. Just have as many Star Body users as possible and wait until one of them finds their real star.'

Roan nodded in response. 'That's a place we shouldn't get too close to for the time being.'

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Chapter 1896: We Know The Risks

Deciding that there was no point mulling over it, Rean focused his mind on the next task. 'Well then, since they found an excuse for us on their own, that's not our problem. Just two more days until the deadline we gave Jakar is over. Do you think he'll bring the Iridescent Tears?'

Roan obviously had no way of knowing that. 'How would I know? He seemed confident, at least. I just hope your idea of moving the Golden Feather works instead.'

On the next day, one day before the deadline, Jakar was allowed to come to the trading center at the entrance of the mountain range. Naturally, just like Rean, he still had his guardian and the other experts watch him with their Divine Senses. 'You reached the Void Tempering Realm?'

Rean smiled as he nodded. 'That I did. It will also help in transplanting your Golden Feather to the other Winged Provis.' With that, Rean looked at Jakar's side. Other than his guardian, Clovale, there was another Winged Provis there. "So, who is this fella? He looks a lot like you." Well, all Winged Provis were pretty similar to each other, but Rean didn't mention that.

"He's what you humans would call my cousin. He's still in the Elemental Transformation Realm, though," Jakar introduced the guy. "His name is Kitan." At the same time, Jakar used his Divine Sense to talk. 'I discussed the issue with him. Don't worry, you can trust him. What do you think? Will it be possible?'

Rean nodded in response. 'It's possible. However, I wasn't kidding when I told you the risks. You could indeed die in the process, or maybe he could.'

'I know,' Jakar answered. 'He's also aware of it.'

Kitan smiled at Rean after that. "Tian, right? Jakar told me that you two did a lot of crazy things while you were in the Drugo Organization. I came here just to see if all of that was true."

Rean laughed after hearing that. "Indeed, we did do quite a few things. It's quite unfortunate that I followed him to the spirit races' territory. Otherwise, I wouldn't be here right now." Rean then took the opportunity to offer. "Alright, why don't you come and take a look in my Pocket Dimensional Realm? Some of the items we acquired are there. Jakar, I still have your totem, you know?"

"What?!" Jakar pretended to be shocked. Fortunately, he had spent quite a lot of years pretending to be someone else, so he was very, very convincing. "Why did you keep that shit?! Don't you dare show that! Throw it away!"

"And why should I do that?" Rean asked back with a smile. "That was such a great creation, a very funny one if I have to say something about it."

Rean insisted once again. "How about it, Kitan?"

Kitan was definitely curious about it. "Who wouldn't be interested after Jakar reacted like that? I absolutely want to see it. No, better than that, let me buy it!"

Jakar looked furious after that. "Fuck you two! I'll come as well!"

"No can do," Clovale immediately cut them off. "Jakar is not to leave my sight by any means."

Rean shrugged his shoulders after hearing that. "What do you think we'll do? Run away from within the Dimensional Realm? Be more realistic."

Rean then touched Kitan, who immediately disappeared from the place. Clovale was just about to stop Jakar from doing the same thing when suddenly, he received a Divine Sense message from Fran himself. 'It's fine. We already checked his Pocket Dimensional Realm. Just watch his Dimensional Realm's entrance and let me know if anything happens. I'll send someone with the right cultivation with them to keep watch from inside. I'm watching them from inside the fabric of space, so if they try anything like what Jakar did in the past, I can catch them there.' For him, that was part of Rean's plan to convince Jakar.

Only then did Clovale stop. 'Yes, Elder Fran.'

A moment later, Rean saw someone he had already met before appearing. "Hey, aren't you that Winged Provis called Jansa? Senior Fran's daughter?"

Jansa nodded in response. "Father said that you can bring Jakar into your Pocket Dimensional Realm, but I have to be there as well."

Rean shrugged his shoulders, saying, "I don't really mind. Having more people look at the totem will be really fun."

"You've got to be kidding me." Naturally, Jakar continued his show.

Rean just smiled back. "I'm dead serious. Hahaha!" Before anyone could say anything, Rean also pulled Jansa inside the Dimensional Realm.

After that, he did the same thing with Jakar before entering the Dimensional Realm himself.

Jansa looked around and saw herself in the same place as before. On her side, she also saw Kitan, Rean, and Jakar. "I'm here just to watch you, so do whatever you want."

"You're no fun," Rean couldn't help but mention. "Let's go, guys."

Little did Jansa know, but she wasn't really talking to Rean at that moment. Light bending and body swapping! It was an easy task for Roan, even though he wasn't Rean, to trick Jansa with her cultivation. The one Jansa saw at the moment was him, who, as Rean's twin, obviously had the same voice. It's just that his response didn't seem natural. Not that Jansa really cared. As for Jakar and Kitan, they were simple fakes made with Rean's Light bending skill. Last but not least, there was Sister Orb. She used the Dimensional Realm to help Roan with that trick.

Roan and the two fakes then went to one of the buildings as Roan talked to Rean through their Soul Connection. 'I don't know how long she'll be fooled by it, so you better act quickly.'

Rean was obviously somewhere else. It was an empty region, much bigger and with quite some plant life around. It was part of the Demon Beast Forest that Celis created. It's just that this part hasn't been filled with demon beasts yet. 'That's fine. The process is simple as long as the two parts don't try to resist. I just don't know if it's safe, but we'll find out soon.'

Rean then looked at Jakar and Kitan, who seemed impressed by the size of Rean's Dimensional Realm. Yet, they knew it wasn't time for that. "Alright, let's get over with it."

Kitan and Jakar nodded in response. "We know the risks."

Death... and me

Chapter 1897: It won't be long

Well, the risks were mostly for Jakar. As Rean mentioned before, receiving the Golden Feather should be safe for the most part as no Winged Provis Soul would reject its attachment. Well, that's what he thought, at least.

Rean's hair changed into a mix of black and white as he exchanged elements with Roan. However, before he started the process, he extended his hand to Jakar. "So, where is it?"

Jakar obviously knew what he was talking about. "Iridescent Tears, yeah?" He quickly took out a spatial ring and placed it in Rean's hand. "See it for yourself."

Rean nodded and also had Sister Orb check it, just to be sure. [It's the real deal. There really are two drops of Iridescent Tears here.]

Rean was happy to hear that as he looked at Jakar, telling him, "So you really got them. How did you do that? To be honest, I thought you would try to give me fake ones or wouldn't give me any at all."

"That's none of your concern." However, Jakar wasn't in the mood to discuss how he got them.

"Is that so?" Rean didn't mind it either. "That's okay. But aren't you trusting me way too much? You just gave them away without thinking twice."

"Hahahaha!" Jakar laughed in response. "We're in the Winged Provis race's territory. Once I go out and tell them what happened, do you think you could escape with the tears? There's no way!"

"That's true," Rean agreed with him. Well, Rean still had the Circuitry Teleport Formation if things did go south. Obviously, he wouldn't tell them about that. "Alright, the fact is that I had no intention of going back on my word to start with. You better be ready. Even though all I'm cutting off is the strand of soul coming out of your main mass, it'll definitely hurt like hell. Perhaps you'll even pass out because of that."

"Hmph!" Jakar didn't care. "I'm ready to die for this chance, so what's a little pain? Stop wasting time. The longer we stay here, the more suspicious it will become. I don't know how you're tricking Jansa, especially with Uncle Fran using her to watch everything. However, Uncle Fran won't be fooled for lon-"

Swish!

Arrrrrrrrgghhhhhh!

Rean didn't wait for Jakar to finish his words, though. Jakar was already keeping his soul open from the start, as Rean had explained the process to him before. He thought that acting while he was focused on something else was the best moment to prevent sudden actions.

"Alright, alright, stay still. I cut it off already. I'm now using my Light Element to cover part of the strand I cut off. Just wait for a little as I stabilize your soul," said Rean. "By the way, good job. I didn't feel any resistance while reaching your soul at all. Otherwise, you might have really died there."

Amidst his pain, Jakar couldn't help but complain, "You didn't warn me at all! Fuck you! Also, Light Element? Weren't you a Fire Element user?"

Rean shrugged his shoulders in response. "You aren't the only one trying to hide your identity, you know? Anyways, I hope you can keep your word."

Jakar then brushed Rean's hand aside as he knew that it wasn't time for that. "Alright, we can talk about it after... ouch, it hurts like hell... I can feel that you're somehow keeping the Golden Feather alive. Put it on Kitan before it suddenly dies."

Kitan hadn't said a single word until now. However, that really shocked him. It wasn't just Light Element. He also saw Rean using the polar opposite of it, Dark Element, to cut the strand from Jakar's soul sticking to the Golden Feather with his Divine Sense. "How can you use two completely different elements? Are you an angel, are you a devil? Maybe some child of an angel and devil?"

"That's something I was born with," answered Rean as he approached Kitan. "As for my parents, they were just two completely normal humans, so I apologize for disappointing you."

Rean then took out a needle forged through the Dark Element Gathering method. "Drop your head. I need to open a hole exactly at the same point as Jakar's. You'll lose a few of your transparent feathers from your feather crown, so I hope they can regrow on their own."

"They do," Jakar answered and paid attention to the process. "As long as our Spirit Core is intact, our bodies can return to their normal forms. We're spirits, so our cores are more important than anything."

Kitan nervously lowered his head but gritted his teeth and waited for the moment. In front of him was his dream, the Golden Feather. Unlike Jakar, he truly wished to carry it and have the race's hope pinned on him. "Alright, do it! It's do or die!"

Puff!

Ouch!

Yet, all Kitan felt was a slight pinch, nothing more.

"Stop overreacting," Rean complained. "The real danger was cutting Jakar's soul strand off. As for you, it should be very straightforward." Rean then used his Light Element to stabilize the injury and attach the feather there. The same Light Element was used to guide the strand of the soul to touch Kitan's soul this time.

Sure enough, Jakar and Rean saw through their Divine Senses how part of Kitan's soul came out to receive Jakar's strand and connected to it. The soul could feel the presence of the Golden Feather and didn't seem to want anything more in this world.

With the help of Rean's Light Element, the two strands of the soul fused together as the Golden Feather shared its power with Kitan's soul. Thankfully, Rean was right. The Golden Feather itself didn't really care who carried it. As long as it was a member of the Winged Provis race, it would be compatible. Rean even wondered if he could have used the feather on Kentucky since Kentucky also had some affinity with Wind. 'Well, that would definitely create a huge enemy of the Winged Provis, so better not.'

It was then that Rean received a message from Roan. 'I hope you're done. That Jansa girl and the guy watching me through her senses already noticed that something was off. It won't be long before they attack the Dimensional Realm.'

Death... and me

Chapter 1898: The Transfer

Rean immediately answered back. 'I'm over here. Fortunately, I was right. Just cutting off that strand that extended from Jakar's soul with your Dark Element was not enough to kill him. It was, without a doubt, painful, though. Nevertheless, my Light Element is perfect for healing, so I stabilized that injury. He just needs time to recover now. As for Kitan, his soul accepted the Golden Feather without any further issues. I just had to use Light Element to accelerate the fusion.'

Following that, Rean, Jakar, and Kitan came out of the Dimensional Realm. Naturally, Roan sent Jansa out at the same time, making it look like all four of them were sent away together.

"What did you do?" Jansa suddenly asked. "Something definitely wasn't right with you... or was it really you to start with? The feeling was off."

Rean smiled at her in response. "It was me. It's just that I hid a few things from you while we were inside the Dimensional Realm. But don't worry. As you can see, we're all fine."

Jakar held his head with his hand as he still had a huge headache from the process he went through just a few minutes ago. "Next time, I'll just ask you to simply kill me. That should be better."

Clovale narrowed his eyes in response. "Did you do anything to Jakar?"

It was then that Fran appeared in the area. Not only him, but so did Luio and Ligra. They all looked at Jakar with shock in their eyes. "Wh-Where is your Golden Feather?!"

Jakar then used one of his hands to point at Kitan. "It's his Golden Feather now, so don't bother me anymore."

"What?!" Everyone focused their Divine Senses on Kitan, and sure enough, they saw the Golden Feather in the same place it was on Jakar's head. "That's impossible!"

Fran immediately grabbed Rean with his Spatial Powers and pulled him close. "What did you do?"

"What did I do? Obviously, I kept my part of the deal. The reason Jakar wanted to leave so desperately was all the pressure you put on him, no?" Rean asked. "Since that's the case, I just had to eliminate the reason behind this problem. I got Jakar to find someone who wished to have the Golden Feather and transplanted it. Now all of you don't have any reason to put all that pressure on him anymore. You can let him do whatever he wants. With that being said, no reason for him to leave anymore."

"Don't try to push your luck, kid!" Fran didn't take it very well, though.

Luio and Ligra also wanted nothing more than to tear Rean apart. Unfortunately, they all knew he was the human that was being searched for and had warned the Jakarta Sect.

Yet, Rean showed an angry expression. "What's with your expressions? The Golden Feather is still there. It's just that Jakar is not the holder anymore. Could it be that all of you want to go back on your word? We had a deal! If I found a way of keeping him in the Winged Provis race, you would give me two Iridescent Tears!"

Rean then looked at Jakar, asking, "Hey, Jakar. Are you still thinking about leaving at any costs? I don't really see a reason for it anymore. You can now go out and practice your forging but ultimately live here. Isn't it better with your race's support?"

Jakar quickly nodded, replying, "That's true. My problem was with how everyone treated me and what all of you wanted me to do because of the Golden Feather. Now Kitan is the one you should pay

attention to." At the same time, he complained to Rean through Divine Sense. 'Fuck you! You already got my Iridescent Tears, but you still want more of them from uncle and the others.'

Rean didn't feel the least bit of shame. 'Get everything you can while you can. That's my motto. You're not going to denounce me now, right? You owe me.'

Jakar's mouth could not help but twitch as his head still hurt nonstop. 'I should just have them kill you, that is. However, it was me who brought you here, and the spirit races aren't like you humanoids, so I'll pay my debt for pretending we were friends when we were captured. But you better teach me later about the forging method for the Azure Stream Crystals.'

'No problem at all.' That was a low price if Rean could get even more Iridescent Tears. Sure, he didn't need more than two drops, but they would be great trading items due to their value.

Jakar continued, "Uncle Fran, father, mother, there's nothing wrong. Look! Kitan now has the Golden Feather. Unlike me, he truly wishes to have it. I think you're being too ungrateful for the service Tian has done for us. It was Uncle Fran who made a deal with him, and I decided to help in my own way."

"Ungrateful?!" Luio felt like crying! "First of all, how the hell did you do that? Just what kind of risks did you have to take to do that?!"

Rean shrugged his shoulders, saying, "Of course, there were a few risks. However, thinking about Senior Fran's deal with me, this was the safest method. It's just that you wouldn't accept it if I had told you what I intended to do. Fortunately, it went well."

Fran narrowed his eyes after that. "Kitan, come closer."

Kitan nodded and approached Fran. Naturally, Fran, Luio, Ligra, and the other Winged Provis in the area checked Kitan's Golden Feather up close with their Divine Senses. Yet, they couldn't see any problem. The Golden Feather was alive and connected to Kitan. If they didn't know Jakar was its previous owner, they wouldn't believe Jakar ever had it.

"Elders, I truly wished to have the Golden Feather," said Kitan. "All of you know that my talent isn't any lower than Jakar's. In fact, it should be even higher than his now. That's why I accept to take part in this

plan to transfer the feather to me. I don't wish to leave the race. I truly wish to train and take its leading position in the future. That wasn't possible before because I wasn't the feather's holder, but now I am."

Naturally, things wouldn't simply end like that. Fran and the others had a lot of questions for Rean's group.

Death... and me

Chapter 1899: Didn't Make Much Sense

Nevertheless, Luio and Ligra were still angry. After all, it was their kid who had the Golden Feather. Regardless of how much Jakar didn't want it, that fact gave them a lot of pride. "You will put his Golden Feather back!"

However, Fran quickly intervened there. "Luio, Ligra, it can't be that simple. If we could transfer the Golden Feather as we saw fit, we wouldn't have had all these problems." Fran then looked back at Rean, asking him, "How did you do it?"

Rean shrugged his shoulders, replying, "You already know that I'm the human they're looking for, right? What's my real elemental affinity then?"

"Light or Dark," Fran answered straight away. "The reports mentioned that you and your brother can use both. What about it?"

Rean nodded, explaining, "That's all there is to it. I used my Dark Element to cut the strand connecting Jakar's Golden Feather to his soul and my Light Element to keep it alive during the transfer. Attaching it to Kitan was simple as any Winged Provis soul would never reject the Golden Feather as long as it was alive. I also used my Light Element to heal Jakar's soul, although he will feel quite a bit of pain for the next few days."

"Was such thing really possible?" Luio couldn't help but ask.

Fran shook his head in response. "Whether it is possible or not, we already know. The truth is right in front of our eyes. Not only did he transfer it to Kitan, but we also can't feel any changes in our ability to control Wind Element."

Suddenly, a few more elders of the Winged Provis Race appeared. That event obviously affected all of them. "If that's the case, then there's no need to leave the feather attached to someone so young. Let's give it to one of our older and higher-leveled members. That's the best thing for the race."

Kitan was taken aback as he took a few steps back. "No can do! I want to be the holder!"

"Stop with your bullshit." One of the elders got angry. "This is not related to your own selfish reasons. We're talking about the race's overall strength."

"Ahem..." Rean suddenly called their attention. "First of all, there's a good chance it might fail. Second, the transfer has to be done between beings of similar cultivation. Their ages must be around the same as well since that would make their souls more compatible. With that being said, Kitan and Jakar aren't even an entire realm away from each other. Last but not least, the one giving the feather away has to be absolutely willing to do so and fully lay their soul out for me. Since Kitan is obviously unwilling, you'll just get a dead Golden Feather and a dead Kitan on top of that."

"How do you know that?" the elder asked, doubtful.

Rean shrugged his shoulders in response. "There's no better element to deal with the soul other than the Light Element. That is simply the truth. If you don't believe me, head to the angels' realm and ask them yourselves. In any case, I still haven't got my payment. Where are my Iridescent Tears?"

Ligra didn't care about it. "Go to hell! That means my boy could have died! I should kill you instead and not pay you anything!"

Jakar gave his own opinion, though. "Mother, I was willing to jump into the spatial storms and try my luck just to get out of this place. Do you really think it's a bad thing? Now I don't care too much whether I stay or not. I'm not the holder anymore."

Luio sighed in response. "He's right, Ligra. He did try it once, so perhaps he's safer without it, even if he ran the risk when he transferred it away. Isn't our boy's life more important than the feather?"

"I..." Ligra couldn't come up with a reason to refute that. "Whatever! Will Jakar get any harmful side effects?"

Rean shook his head, saying, "The strand of soul that came out of the main soul was just too thin. It didn't carry any memories either. After I used my Light Element to heal the injury, his soul already began to recover. Of course, we're talking about an injury to the soul here, so it'll take a few months until he's fully healed. In any case, it won't affect him in any possible way. Well, except that he won't get the Golden Feather's help anymore. He's now just like any other Winged Provis, and he'll need to put the same effort as the others."

Ligra gritted her teeth. "This still makes me want to rip you to shreds. However, I won't get involved in this anymore. Jakar, you'll come with me to the Sanctuary and cultivate there for the next years. I won't let you take a single step outside anymore."

"Eh?!" Jakar was taken aback. "But I have nothing to do with the Golden Feather anymore!"

"That's your punishment for not telling us. Sure, we would never let you try such a thing, but it only makes things worse," Ligra answered. "As for what you want to do with this boy, that has nothing to do with me anymore."

Vup, vup!

Before Jakar could ask anything, she had already taken him away with her own Spatial Powers.

Luio didn't leave with her, though. He was also one of the elders, so he had to be here to see what would be done with Rean.

"Now, what do we do with you?" Fran still held Rean tightly.

"Do we need to give him back to the Jakarta Sect?" An elder called Hosti stepped out and asked.

Everyone knew what he was thinking. Once the Golden Feather holder was about to die, the feather would disappear. Then the race had to wait until the day a new holder was born with it. However, if they could keep Rean there, didn't that mean they could transfer the feather to another host and not have to wait for anything?

Rean immediately shook his head, telling them, "It seems like you forgot an important point. The cultivation and age have to be similar. Simply put, you want me to transfer the feather from someone close to death to another being close to death. Is there any point to that?"

"This..." Indeed, that didn't make much sense.

Death... and me

Chapter 1900: Gone From The Mountain Range

"He can still be used," someone suddenly said. "If the Golden Feather holder gets poisoned, for example. Before they die, we can transfer it to another holder of similar cultivation and age. That could give us many years."

Everyone nodded in agreement. "That's true."

Rean bitterly smiled in response. "So what? The Jakarta Sect needs me, and you don't even know if you'll need me. They already know you have me as well. Are you going to fight them to keep me here? I believe all of you know how important a Star Body cultivator is to them."

Fran narrowed his eyes in response. "The way you put it, it seems like you want to return to the human race. Weren't you the one who ran away from them to start with?"

Rean nodded, clarifying himself. "I did. However, if I need to get locked somewhere, I would obviously prefer the humanoid race. Their resources are a lot more focused on humans like me than you are. First of all, this difference between cultivation methods might lead me to die much earlier than when you finally need my services as my cultivation won't progress."

"By the way," Rean continued. "I still can't see my Iridescent Tears."

"Are you still talking about that?" Fran didn't know whether to laugh or cry. The other elders heard from Fran the deal he made with Rean. It was true that now Jakar didn't want to leave the race anymore at any costs. Even if he did, that simply didn't matter. He wasn't the Golden Feather holder.

"I still think we should keep him, even if it means getting on bad terms with the Jakarta Sect," Gacral, another elder, suggested.

"Does that mean your Winged Provis race will go back on your word?" Rean asked with a smile. "Then how about this? Instead of giving me my Iridescent Tears, give me my freedom. In exchange, if you need me to transfer the Golden Feather in the future, I can do it for you."

"Or we could simply keep you here and wait until we need you if and when we need you," Fran answered.

Yet, Rean had a trump card. "Oh, yeah? It's obviously something I don't want to do. So, tell me, seniors. What guarantees do you have that I'll try to properly move the Golden Feather into someone else? What if I simply let the Golden Feather die?"

Luio narrowed his eyes, saying, "If you let it die, we'll kill you as well."

"Compared to being locked here for who knows how many years, I don't think dying is too bad of an option." Rean didn't care at all. "The ones who'll be on the losing end on this are you guys, not me."

Those words caused many of the elders to look at Rean with hostility.

Surprisingly, even after hearing that, Fran and a few others kept their calm. "You say that. However, how would we even find you in the future? Also, letting you go also means getting on the bad side of the Jakarta Sect and the humanoid races as a whole."

"Finding me is easy. You won't be able to tell where I am, but you can definitely contact me." Rean then took out a Thoughts Transmission Talisman from the Soul Gem Dimensional Realm. That was one of the few top-level talismans his father gave him. "You should be able to tell how good they are. As long as I'm in the Realm of Gods, you can contact me. From there, I can talk to you and arrange a way to come back to your race if need be. For experts like Senior Fran, traveling around the Realm of Gods isn't anything difficult."

"And how can we trust you?" Luio asked the obvious question.

Rean shrugged his shoulders in response. "Do you have a better option? If I'm sent back to my Jakarta Sect, then I definitely won't help you again in the future. If you keep me here, then I'll make sure to not help you with the Golden Feather either. I might be wrong, but I do believe you would want to be on my good side when you need me for this."

Fran nodded after hearing that. "Alright, but what about the Jakarta Sect? If we let you go, then our relationship would be affected as two top powers of both humanoid and spirit races."

"Oh, that's easy! Just tell them that I simply disappeared with my Pocket Dimensional Realm," Rean answered.

"Simply disappeared?" Luio found it strange. "What do you mean?"

"Can we go out of the scrambled space of your mountain range?" Rean asked in response.

"Why?"

"That's all I need to leave this place." It wasn't really a secret, as the humanoid races saw it happen during the Free Continent competition. Of course, Rean could understand why they hadn't told the other races how it happened, wanting to keep it a secret. That's why Fran and the others had no idea about how he escaped the humanoid races' territory.

Rean added. "All you need to do is tell them that I disappeared after entering my Dimensional Realm. It's that simple. However, to be honest, I would love it if Elder Fran brought me back to the place where he first captured me. Don't worry. The humanoid races will understand it very well and won't be able to blame you for anything."

Fran, Luio, Hosti, and the others then discussed it through Divine Sense. There were many ups and downs with Rean's words. However, the ultimate issue was the Golden Feather. Nothing else was more important for the Winged Provis race than that. Whatever reward they could get from the humanoid races for giving Rean back to them would never be close to its importance. It was something they were willing to completely break the alliance with humanoid and demon beasts if necessary. Even the Glimpse Race wouldn't have a say on the matter.

A few minutes later, Fran took away the Thoughts Transmission Talismans Rean still held in his hand. Soon after, he opened a fissure and space before saying, "Let's go. You were going to the Azure Lilibels Race, right? I'll leave you there. But you better not forget our deal."

"Will we simply trust him like that?" Gacral asked, concerned.

"Would you rather he killed our Golden Feather on purpose?" Fran asked back.

Gacral and the others immediately went silent after that. "You better be right, Fran."

In the next second, Fran and Rean were gone from the mountain range.