

LOA Nobody 151

Chapter 151 Aarosh Multazam - The First Vessel

After dealing with Lobo and his minions, Rio turned around to look for Ayla. But was surprised when he couldn't see anything there.

He looked around in hurry and still failed to see anything, he looked back and glared at the guard "I think I told you to keep an eye on that girl. Where is she? If anything happened to her _ "

Rio was speaking, when the guard interrupted him, asking for forgiveness.

"Ahh forgive me?"

"Forgive you, this fu _" Rio was about to curse the man for losing the heroine, but then he heard Ayla's voice stopping him, asking if he was fine.

He turned back and saw Ayla still standing at the same place from the beginning.

He looked back at the guard pointing towards Ayla, thinking if she's really there, or is he imagining it , by how she just appeared out of thin air.

The guard, understanding his confusion, informed him "She was there only. When the young master started fighting, I made another barrier around her, in case something unexpected happened."

"But she wasn't there, just now?" Rio said.

The guard shook his head in response, as he said " She was there. But the barrier I made obstructs one's vision, so no one below A rank can see her."

"Saturation magic." Rio muttered.

"Ahh yes. That's the one." The guard said, surprised that Rio could identify the magic technique he used.

Everyone who awakened one of the 7 main elements could learn saturation magic.

It had a simple meaning, as could be understood from its name. It can help the user saturate from the world around them.

In simple terms, one can turn themselves invisible, by altering their element around them by using this technique.

Like how darkness mages can hide in darkness, light users can reflect the light and be imperceivable. Water mages can blend in water, while fire mages can simply blind one's eyes by utilizing heat.

The one the guard used just now was Air saturation magic. Using the flow of air to obstruct one's vision.

Since he said below A rank people couldn't see past it. Then that must mean he's a limit rank awakener like Myra.

As this was the limit of saturation magic, it only worked on people who were one major rank lower than you. Others can still see u plain as day.

'Man actually has some talent, it seems.' Rio thought.

Since learning saturation magic was considered hard even for the normal geniuses in the novel. It was quite surprising that some random guard from the villain camp knew about it.

"What's your name?" Feeling curious about this variable he asked the man.

"I'm Ariosh Multaza, young master. The vice Commander of Alpha squads." The guard replied with his name and position, feeling a little surprised by the sudden interest.

'Ariosh Multaza'

'Ariosh Multazaa'

'Ari osh Mul tazan'

Rio kept thinking about his name, feeling he knew it from somewhere. But he couldn't quite put the finger on it.

Until he broke the name in 2 and it all came together.

A smile came to his face as he realized who this man was.

He was right, it wasn't some random dude with a high talent that popped up in the villain camp.

But someone very important in the novel's mid end parts.

This new discovery surprised Rio as he couldn't believe his luck, or bad luck.

After all, the man in front of him was actually one of the vessels. I think you should take a look at

'Aarosh Multazam'

'What a funny coincidence, to meet you here buddy.'

Rio thought as he remembered the guy and his entire plotline from the novel.

It didn't take long for him to understand why he couldn't remember the guy, or why he didn't know he was someone who was working for his family.

'A vessel huh. This just makes things a whole lot of interesting.'

Rio thought, as he was finding it hard to control his smile.

Ariosh kept looking at Rio who was lost in his thoughts, he kept thinking what he was probably thinking about now, but he couldn't come up with anything.

"It was nice meeting you Ariosh. Say hello to Asher for me. Tell him to come meet me when he's free." Rio said and started walking towards Ayla, who was curiously looking around.

"Are you okay? That bad uncle didn't hurt you right?" She asked, looking at his clothes, which were a little dirty due to all the smoke and dust he got after crashing with that aura punch.

'Looks like he covered her vision too.' Rio thought, as he realized Ayla didn't see anything too.

Well, this was actually better for him, as now he didn't have to explain, why he was being extra cruel to those guys.

He already gave today's quota of good lessons to Rebecca. He didn't want a repeat of dialogues like the world works like this, or wake up to reality.

So he just changed the topic.

"I'm fine. You see them, they're nice people who work for my mother. So they saved me." Rio said, while pointing at the guards who silently stood around him.

"Ohh" Ayla nodded her head, with a smile. "You know just now, I couldn't see anything for a while, I thought I was going blind, but then with _ "

Ayla was explaining how while she was looking outside, suddenly everything just turned white and she couldn't see anything. While Rio just kept nodding his head to her storytelling.

"Told you he'd be fine." Esme said, while coming outside.

"He still got punched, didn't he?" Myra said, as she walked beside her, while supporting a middle aged man to walk alongside her.

"If guards didn't come to help him, he would've been beaten more too." She finished her words glancing at Rio.

"Come on, man was using aura, that doesn't count."

"Then you should've told me that before you placed the bet." Myra said, shutting all the argument with

Hearing their argument Rio had a deadpan expression on his face, questioning if this is how his bodyguards should talk.

'And even placing bets on my beatdown. Tsk'

'I should really let some tragedies happen to them, so they can learn to respect the master'

With that thought, a smirk came to his face, as his mind started going through their plotlines again, choosing a perfect playful dungeon event for them.

'That one will definitely do the job. Hahhaha wonder what their faces will be like, after that's finished' he thought with a devilish grin.

There was one particular dungeon in mind that he knew would give them a run for their money. He couldn't help but praise the author in his head for making that weird dungeon.

Esme and Myra, who were busy in their talks, suddenly had a chill run down their spine, feeling that the air around them was getting quite cold for some reason.

Chapter 152 Ayla Augustus - Bhoomi's Brightest

Ayla ran in a hurry towards Myra, crying as she looked at the man who was barely able to hold his consciousness and not fall down. His feet were dragging on the ground as Myra supported his body with her mana. His clothes bloodied and torn, signs of torture evident on his skin.

"Father, wh_ what happened to him?" Ayla asked, her voice heavy with worry, as she looked at her father's hands.

She was too scared to even touch his hands, scared that she might hurt him, cause his fingers looked red and swollen.

"He's fine. Don't worry." Esme said, as she came forward and pulled her away, while Myra went ahead and put the man carefully in the car, with the help of some guards.

Ayla kept crying as she looked at her father, Esme hugged the little girl, as she went to her knees. "He's just asleep. Okay. Don't worry. We'll get him help, and he'll be fine."

"B_ but his hands an_ and his blood and _ "

"Shhh. It'll all be fine. You trust me right. We'll heal him. So stop crying okay."

Esme said, as she wiped her tears and hugged her tightly.

She looked at Rio, silently conveying her meaning, he nodded his head at her in return.

Getting permission, she put her hands around Ayla's head, as she used her mana, to put her to sleep.

Ayla felt a relaxing wave pass through her body, calming her down. She felt a soothing feeling as she lost her consciousness and fell asleep.

Esme picked her up in arms, and started walking towards the car.

Myra was talking with the guards, explaining the situation, and how they should handle the aftermath.

She had told everything to Artemis, who told her to let things be and inform the related authorities of Haven, instead of wiping every trace of it themselves.

The few guards from Alphas remained there to help the authorities, or stop anyone else from entering the place. While the rest of them followed everyone back to the mansion.

Sitting in the car, looking at Ayla who was peacefully sleeping beside him, Rio kept thinking about her plotlines.

Ayla Augustus, daughter of Augustus Mizerpitt, was another main heroine of the academy arcs. One known throughout the story for her talent in alchemy and theoretical knowledge of all kinds.

The amount of time her brain helped the hero in bad situations, or when she helped him decipher singular books, or understand the runic techniques were simply too much for him to point out.

At the beginning of the plot, the tragedy that defined her character had already happened, and she was depicted as a misandrist girl, hating on simply every man alive.

Keeping her head low, only focusing on her studies and research all day, never showing off or standing out -that was her routine in the academy. She was like any other extra character of the class.

But that's if one ignores the contributions she made with her potion making research.

She was simply a maniac with only one goal in mind, to fulfill her father's last wish. To make the potion her father couldn't.

Her father, Augustus Mizerpitt was the owner of a successful potion selling business -Pandora's Brews.

But in his passion to create a potion that can help the general population of Arcadia, he dedicated his everything. He kept trying, kept failing and kept trying again. Until he finally couldn't even afford to try and fail anymore.

After losing all his money, property, and savings, when he had nothing that could help him try again. Instead of giving up, he decided to bet it all on himself, selling himself, his parts for a chance to just try one last time.

He had sold himself to an underground organization of some shady black market, specialized in dealing with human body parts and other experimentations.

Maybe he would have succeeded, maybe he would've failed, but the people who agreed to help him with money never followed up with their promises, and simply started cutting him up.

He only had regrets in his life, as he never thought he would be tricked and maybe killed in some dark underground prison cell.

Looking at his inmates, who were in similar situations as him, he learned that instead of a single kidney like he promised to sell, his captors had no plan to ever letting him go, or pay him anything. I think you should take a look at

Knowing he got cheated, once he found a chance, he escaped his captors and came back home.

He just wanted to leave everything behind and start anew with his daughter.

Sadly, due to the destiny's twisted plans, he couldn't even get successful even in that attempt.

When he reached home, after all that hard work, he couldn't even meet his daughter, but instead found the very people whom he was running away from.

After torturing him and taking everything from his body that was of any use, the people left him to die, and went away.

Ayla, who came back at that time after searching the whole day for her father outside, only saw Lobo and his friends drive a car away from her house.

Going inside, hopeful after seeing the lights on, thinking that maybe her father returned home. Climbing up the stairs, she only saw a mingled body of a man, whom she couldn't even identify as her father anymore.

A sight so terrible, that gave her nightmares all her life. A sight so horrifying that no daughter, no cross that, no one, should ever witness.

In front of her was the body of a man whose stomach was ripped off, his face carved and scratched. His eyes, which were always so full of hope and light, were blank, as those bastards even plucked them away. Blood pooling all around him, the floor showed signs of his body dragging across the floor. Proving how much he must've suffered and how inhumane those criminals must've been.

It was this incident that turned her into who she was in the novel.

Despite seeing the worst side of humanity that day, and experiencing horror on the next few years, she still held on to her life. Kept living by herself, cause that's what her father would've wanted.

Maybe she would've given up, maybe she would've let go of everything, and she wouldn't have to suffer anymore.

But in another joke of fate, she had received her father's diary. His journals where he wrote all his research and plans.

That's how she learned what really happened to her father. She learned about the potion he was trying to make, and why he wanted to make it.

He wanted her to awaken. He wanted her to live a life on her own wishes. A life where she wouldn't have to depend on others, and won't be hated and taunted for just existing in the same world as those who awakened.

In the last pages of that journal was the entry where he wrote what he was about to do next. He wrote how he failed and lost everything, but found another way and would try it. He was asking for her forgiveness.

Though he never wrote it, Ayla understood what her father did next.

That's why she dedicated her whole life to finish his father's goal, to do what he couldn't.

Instead of giving up on the world who never helped her, instead of giving up on humanity who never pitied her, she chose to help it both.

She never wanted another Augustus Mizerpitt to sell himself, so she took it upon herself that it never happens again.

That's how, a father who sacrificed himself, just so his daughter could live her own life, on her own accord. Became the very reason of her obsession.

That's how Ayla Mizerpitt died, and Ayla Augustus was born.

The heroine, the daughter of destiny. The one who brought light into this dark world by burning herself like a candle.

'Brightest of the Bhoomi - what a fitting title for her indeed.'

Was it for her brain or her will - for the first time, Rio couldn't be sure anymore.

Chapter 153 The Story, The Saga And The Legend

Rio left Ayla with Esme and went back to the room prepared for him.

His maid, Aina had been informed beforehand and had prepared a separate room for Ayla and her father.

While Esme stayed with Ayla, watching her so she doesn't get scared seeing the new surroundings. Myra went back to check everything about the man they've just saved.

Even though the details of everything were to be handed to Haven's own authorities, she still wanted to double check everything herself and make sure it wasn't anything suspicious.

With the help of Alphas, it wouldn't be hard for her to know everything about Augustus and the criminals who were behind it.

Watching Ayla today, crying as she saw her father in that wounded state had surprised Rio a little. He couldn't quite understand what he was feeling now, was he glad that he avoided a tragedy for a little girl? Was he glad that he saved a man's life? Or was he glad that he got the heroine in his debt -it was just all getting so complicated and confusing in his head now, that he couldn't think clearly.

Yes, he cared less about others than anyone else would've, but he wasn't heartless.

And now he didn't know what to do next?

He was responsible for the deaths of many since he came here in this new world. Yet this was the first time he actually saved someone -and now everything was just so blurry.

Lying down in his bed, he kept thinking about the plotline of Ayla, the sufferings she would've had to go through after her father's death. The traumatic experiences that would've molded her into humanity's next savior.

Should he let her suffer all those horrible things just so she could grow and become what she was supposed to, just so he can use her to the maximum value. Or should he just let her be, and deal with other things himself.

He had said to himself that Ayla could be used so he can earn profits by selling potions, but now that he saved her father, would she still become the alchemist like she was supposed too.

She didn't have that drive, that motivation now, then can she still reach her full potential.

The potion her father died for, the potion she dedicated her life for, that was something he already made and showed to half the kingdom with this birthday celebration.

So what would this duo of father and daughter do next? They both have no drive, no target in life now, so what's next for them.

He didn't regret changing the plotline, as leaving Ayla alone for the protagonist was too big a risk. If ever he and Leon stood against each other, then her support could very well be used to turn the tides at some point.

But what now? What should he do with them now? He could hire Ayla's dad to work for Blake family. Since he already lost his everything in Haven, and after his experience in that prison, he wouldn't like to stay here anymore anyway. So he'll agree to it.

Especially after he learns that I saved him and Blake family finished the potion that he's been trying to make for years.

'So I should just take them to Damascus and leave them be.'

In Damascus there safety could be guaranteed and if they're close, I can just keep an eye on them.

'Her dad is also a great alchemist, so maybe he'll bring some surprises.'

He still had too many questions that he needed the answers for. Too many doubts he needed to think about.

'Maybe the system would've had some answers for me.' He thought, as he realized there really wasn't anyone else he could talk these things with.

Ignoring all these thoughts as there really was no point in thinking about them now. There were 8 years for him to adapt to this world and all the changes it would bring to his personality.

He needed to prepare himself for everything, for all of them who stood against him. For all those who stood against her, and this new family too.

'Things are only going to get more complicated, the more time I spend here and the more attached I get to them.'

Even if he tries not to, knowing how much everyone here loves Rio, even though it's not him, their love and affection is affecting his mind too. He couldn't be as ignorant towards their life as he used to be at the beginning.

'Man thinking too much really gives me a headache. I should just sleep.' He thought and closed his eyes.

Maybe it was the effect of his laziness, or maybe it was because of him being the follower of Nyx, the night sleeps have become far more peaceful to him after his awakening.

'Whatever happens, will happen, unless I change my mind.'

The last thought came to his mind, before he lost himself in the peaceful darkness of night and slept.

The legend of the last villain had just been started.

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On the other side, in royal palace, the news that the princess had successfully awakened and even got a blessing from some goddess came as a surprise to everyone.

The previous celebration which was put on a halt, due to the 2 sudden awakenings that drew everyone's attention, was started again with even more vigor and excitement.

The news that the Baron Heartwell's son failed the awakening also reached everyone's ears, but no one cared about that.

Every guest was either busy congratulating the king and the Royal family, or busy speculating about the rumors of a miracle potion that helped the awakening. I think you should take a look at

The people who followed behind the king, who heard the words directly from the king's mouth, were using every connection they could pull to see what that potion was.

Smart ones already connected the dots and started flocking towards the Blake family, hoping to confirm their doubts, but all they got in return was a sly smile and no answer.

No one neither confirmed nor denied the rumors, so it only fueled the curiosity of everyone.

Away from the whole crowd, a middle aged man was sitting near a bed, his face etched with worry and sadness. The sight of his motionless son lying there was breaking his heart, and he felt an overwhelming sense of helplessness just sitting there and watching him.

Some healers had come and given some potions and healing pills to him, but his son showed no sign of improvement, and it only fueled his anxiety even more.

In just one night, his face had aged a couple years. And yet he didn't know how to tell this news to his family.

His thoughts drifted to his wife, who was still unconscious too. The recent string of misfortunes in his family felt like an unending wave of darkness crashing down on them.

"Why is this all happening to me?" he whispered to himself, his voice choking with emotion.

He was Darren Heartwell. The father of Leonard Heartwell, who failed his awakening few hours ago.

Failing an awakening might not be a big thing for nobility, as they had enough resources to heal all the damage done by the failed attempt.

And if one still had a chance to awaken again, they wouldn't even care much. Since Leon was only 10 years old, he still had 8 years to try again and successfully awaken.

But the fact that the healing potions didn't work on him deeply worried him.

There have been cases where a failed awakening damaged one's brain during the merging process, and that person fell into a coma.

If something like this happened to Leon, the mere thought of it sent shivers down his spine. He would do anything to prevent that fate for his son.

He could just hope and pray to his Gods that someone would listen and would agree to help him.

So here he was, clasping his hands together praying for hours, so much so that his knuckles had turned white. And he got no reply.

No gods were even looking his direction, and those who did only mocked him or asked unreasonable things in return for helping him.

Unknown to him, a mark of the golden sun appeared on Leon's forehead for a second and merged into his skin the next, leaving no sign of its presence behind.

The story of the selected hero had officially started.

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In a place far away from the grandiose of Haven or Damascus, in a city called Harendale, a girl was looking out her windows with a sad expression, her heart heavy with sorrow.

The bustling night market outside, which was still filled with people and the sound of their chatter which could be heard even in her balcony, was a stark contrast to her somber mood. Even the happy laughter of the crowd and kids couldn't put a smile on her face.

Her eyes glistened with unshed tears, and her hands trembled with a mix of anger and grief..

She clenched her fists, as she remembered everything that's been happening in her life. Ever since her mother's death, nothing's been going right. Now even her brother was killed, and the sad thing is no one else seems to even care about that.

The constant stream of loss had left a void in her heart, that just kept eating her up.

She was Katherine Winston, daughter of Misha Winston, and sister of the late prophet Noah Winston.

In the future, she would be known as the feared "Ice Enchantress of Schilla," a powerful mage with abilities to manipulate ice that surpassed imagination. Just one wave of her hand was enough to freeze entire cities and bury them forever.

She was also the one who killed Urd, the goddess of fate. Because she sided with the villains and chose to stand against everyone in their war against the Devil.

Not even Rio could guess, just how far had the destiny of this girl changed, because of his arrival.

Or how, soon enough, they will both be entangled in the twisted game of fate that might as well rewrite the entire world.

But that's a tale for another time, and another me to tell.

For now, they were both living their life, unknown and unaware of each other. And that is until the peace of this place was gonna last.

But for now, the saga of Katherine Winston, the sleeping beauty, had begun,

Chapter 155 Time Skip - Dealing With Death

8 years later

In the grand Schilla Empire, was a city filled with people who only knew happiness and peace. A city protected by the mightiest of the warriors who maintained the prosperity of the city.

From the lowest citizen to the richest person in the city, everyone was glad to be living there, the city had grown into what could really be called a heaven.

Yet in this heaven, today was a mournful day. For today marked the day when it lost its angel for forever.

The entire place was closed down and cloaked in silence. The streets were empty, paying respect to the one whose laughter they missed now. The people never celebrated anything today, as no amount of joy could overshadow the loss they felt on this day.

At the heart of this city, stood a magnificent palace - a mansion so grand that even just looking at it once gave birth to the feeling of admiration and envy in others.

Yet even the walls of this majestic mansion looked empty today, no servants or maids could be seen walking around as they weren't allowed too.

This heaven, which had heard and answered the prayers of everyone for years, had closed its gates to the world for today.

In the center of this mansion in a big hall, a woman stood in front of a portrait.

Her black eyes fixed on the image that was drawn on the canvas. Seemingly lost in her thoughts, her expressions unreadable.

For if this city was heaven and they lost its angel, then she was the one who ruled over it and lost her son.

This heaven was called Damascus, and the woman who was staring at the portrait trying to hold back the tears, threatening to fall down, was the one managing it -Artemis Raven Blake.

"Mother, I'm leaving for the academy. You should come too?" A soft voice broke the silence, drawing Artemis back from her thoughts.

"Hmm" Artemis merely nodded her head, unable to find the right words to respond.

"It's been 2 years, mother." The girl said, as she came forward and gently held her mother's hands. "2 years since we lost him. He's gone, mother."

"I told you to never say that." Artemis' voice held a mix of anger and grief, her eyes showing a warning to her daughter.

If anyone else said that to her, then their heads would've been rolling down before they could finish their words. But she was her daughter. And that's why, she was the only one who could say it.

"Staring at his portrait, stopping others from declaring him dead, it won't bring him back, mother. He wouldn't have wanted it." Amelia persisted, her tone resolute and unwavering. Yet her eyes never once landed on the portrait they were talking about.

"He promised, he promised me that he'd be back. He never breaks his promise, remember, or did you forget that too." Artemis said, her voice trembling with emotions.

"I haven't forgotten anything mother. But what you're doing is pointless. We both know no one can survive a dungeon crash. And he was already _ "

Amelia's words brought back the memories that Artemis buried deep in her heart. What she said were the facts, but her heart couldn't accept that. SHE couldn't accept that.

So ignoring her daughter's reasoning, she simply waved her away, "You should go. Your friends must be waiting."

"We all miss him, mother. But holding onto his memories won't bring him back." Amelia said gently, her heart aching for her mother's pain, but she had learned to bury her own feelings, hardening her heart to cope with the loss.

As Amelia left the hall, her eyes briefly landed on the portrait of the white-haired boy she once called her brother.

She scoffed at the sight of his smiling face. The memories of him and the memories of the day that portrait was made started flooding her mind. "Liar," she muttered. As she pushed everything back, her expression hardened again.

Artemis remained standing there, her gaze fixed on the portrait, as a single tear finally slipped from her eye. Amelia's words had hurt her deeply because she knew they were true.

The working part of her brain always told her that he was gone. That she lost him for forever. But her heart always refused to believe that.

Clinging to a feeling, a hope, a final straw of sanity that always told her that it's not the truth. That he's still alive, and that he'd be back one day. I think you should take a look at

She just has to wait for him..

'You're alive, right Rio.' She muttered, as she wiped her tears away.

The hope of his return was the only thing keeping her sanity intact. Otherwise she would've already lost herself in her pain and anger.

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Aina was standing outside near the car, waiting for Amelia.

It's been a year since she started following Amelia as her maid now.

"Where's Esme?" Amelia asked, walking down the stairs, as she didn't see her shadow waiting for her outside.

"Th_that _ "

Looking at her stuttering Amelia clicked her tongue, as she sat in her car. "Tell her, she better not do this again. Or she can resign from her post." Amelia said, and closed the car doors, while driving away herself.

Aina, kept standing there looking at the speeding tail lights that left the smoke behind before disappearing from her gaze.

She looked at her hands, where a black and white bracelet was present. She gently caressed it with her hands, missing the one who gave it to her. The one whom she swore to serve for her life.

Taking a deep breath, she calmed herself as she went back inside. Busying herself in her work so much that her brain couldn't think of anything again.

And yet, everytime her gaze landed on that bracelet, the thoughts of that little boy couldn't help but bring memories of the past.

Inside the car, Amelia's hands trembled as she gripped the steering wheel tightly. Her eyes glistened with tears, that she refused to let out. [You know, you can cry if you want to]

"No one asked you. So just shut your mouth and watch, like what you did 2 years ago."

She said, as she closed her eyes tightly, forcing herself to remain composed and in control.

The world kept moving on, while the city of Damascus continued to mourn its only heir. The same was the case with everyone related to him.

Everyone just chose to handle that pain in different ways. Artemis and Amelia too handled their grief in their own ways. While one chose to ignore it, the other buried it.

Chapter 156 Effects Of His Death

In the training hall, a girl was currently training herself to limits her body could handle. She was constantly pushing herself in the gravity 10 times more than what the world outside had.

The pressure on her body was so much that even taking a single breath was getting hard, her heart couldn't even pump enough blood for her body to hold on, her lungs feeling constricted as if someone had squeezed every last bit of air from it. Soon her mind started getting foggy as it failed to do its job.

'Is this how you felt, master?'

The face of her master, whom she was bound as a shadow, came to her mind. The one who gave everything to her, and the one whom she failed to protect.

The guilt she felt over his death could never go away, no matter how many times she punished herself.

She would've taken her life on the very next day, if her life was hers to take. But she couldn't. Her fate wasn't so nice to her this time.

'I'm sorry, I couldn't protect you.' She thought as she finally lost consciousness.

When she fell unconscious, alarm warnings started going off in the chamber, as the gravity returned to normal. The doors and vents opened automatically to give entry for the fresh air.

Looking at her sister in that situation, a single tear rolled down Erza's cheek as she clenched her fists.

The memories of time they spent in this same place, the fun and jokes they shared while standing on the side where she was -she remembered everything, as the images kept flashing past her eyes.

"Look after our sister for me, they're both dumb." The whispers and laughter of the past echoed in her ears as she gritted her teeth.

"I'll kill them. I'll kill all of them." She swore to herself, as she went forward to help her sister.

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Far away from the mansion, in an open place that showed signs of crumbled buildings and destruction all around. A lone man stood between what seemed like a warzone, with nothing but lifeless bodies scattered all around.

Holding a golden sword in his hands, which was dripping with the blood of the enemies he slain just now. His face was devoid of any emotion as he wiped out so many people.

A soldier walked towards him with shaking steps, his voice stammering as he looked at the man covered in blood. "We_we found another location of their base, guild master. Should I send the squad nearest to them?"

He was reporting the news, when the letter in his hand disappeared, along with the man in front of him.

"They'll pay for their actions. I'll kill them all myself." A voice came to that soldier's ears and he could only shake his head.

The man who left was sword saint Agnus Blake, wielder of the special sword Shade, and guild master of the shade guild.

Ever since his son died, the man had been on a crusade against the terrorist organization known as Warzy.

The people he killed who worked for it, the branches he obliterated which belonged to them -couldn't even be counted on paper anymore.

And yet the man showed no sign of stopping, hellbent on completing the vow he took 2 years ago.

After learning it was the people from Warzy, who were responsible for the attack on the Draugr Depths dungeon. Fueled with grief and rage, his vengeance had only become the guiding light of him.

He had sworn to himself back then, that since Warzy did it to start a war between the elite families and nobles. He'd start a war, a war against them. And he won't stop until all of them were dead and buried just like his son.

And looking at the chaos and corpses he left behind everywhere he went in the past 2 years, no one could take him lightly.

Warzy, an organization driven solely by profits. It was made and run by people who were loyal to no one but themselves. They were terrorists who craved war as their passion.

Their twisted personal craving for chaos so they can thrive in the destruction and make themselves more powerful.

An organization, which once almost ruled the crime syndicates of entire Arcadia, had been reduced to nothing but mere vermin, rats hiding in their holes, not even daring to step out in the light now.

They could do nothing, but only wait, wait until the golden sword of Shade slash their heads and end their misery.

-

In another corner of the world, a team of guards was roaming in the large desert.

The seemingly endless sea of sand stretched as far as the eye could see, with no relief from the scorching sun. Their eyes scanning the horizon for any sign of life, or basically just anything except this sand. I think you should take a look at

Each of them were carrying some equipment, machines and scanners, all seemingly searching for something.

Their faces displayed exhaustion and frustration, for despite their best efforts, they had found no traces of anything.

They were the squads of Alphas. For the past 2 years they only had one task, one mission - to look for the opening of the dungeon that disappeared after its crash 2 years ago.

The squads whose only job was to stay in the cities and look after the business of Genesis, and fix some small issues if any arose. Have been roaming all over the world now. Searching leads and rumors for any connection with that dungeon.

Since every dungeon in Arcadia was a part of some other world, their job was to search for a dungeon similar to the one where their young master was trapped.

The rewards and profits promised for any news regarding these dungeons, have made countless men drool in their sleep. While those who dared to still keep any news about them secret, never woke up from his sleep again.

"There's nothing here, let's move on to the next location." One of them spoke, and hearing his order everyone started packing their stuff and leaving this damned desert behind.

Just to move onto some other damned desolate place.

*

In the floating islands of Astralair Venera, a group of certain individuals belonging to certain guilds were working together to clear a new dungeon that appeared a few days ago.

It would've been cleared by the world association, as the islands were near their territory, but due to the unusual mana signature and irregular readings they've handed this dungeon over to the royal family of Schilla.

Though it was a loss, the world association didn't want to take any risk, as they were busy preparing for the entrance examinations for their new academic year.

Ever since the accident they had in the tournament of Draugr Depths dungeon, they've taken a huge hit in their reputation. And they didn't want to take a chance of something similar happening in entrance exams.

Royal family, who had no interest in the dungeon, just auctioned it to the guilds who paid more money. Giving them a chance to enter, while also declaring that whoever can clear it, will own its rights.

This is why a group of selected members from teams of top guilds came together to investigate it.

And when the cracks of the dungeon finally opened, showing the spatial distortion that allowed entry of outsiders. Every one of them was surprised by what lay within the dungeon.

*

—tring tring truatraa—

Artemis was going through some documents in her office, when her focus was broken by the sound of the communication crystal placed near her. Looking at Myra's name, surprised that she called her, when she was supposed to be in the dungeon.

She picked the crystal by passing her mana into it. She waited for a few seconds but other than the sound of some hurried breaths she couldn't hear anything.

"What is it?" Artemis asked.

Myra took some deep breaths, and informed her. Her voice was heavy with emotions, as she couldn't form words from her mouth "We_w_we found him."

Her words made Artemis leave her seat as she stood up in shock, her heartbeat was racing uncontrollably as her hands started trembling, "H how _"

She couldn't finish her words as she was too scared to finish her question. How could she ask if he was alive, when that's the only hope that kept her going for these 2 years.

Artemis closed her eyes as she prayed to every God possible that the next word she hears won't be what her heart couldn't handle.

"He_ he's alive" Myra managed to utter the words, her tone still in disbelief over everything that she witnessed. Her words were shaking but then a smile came to her face as she informed her master again, this time in a confident tone.

"He's alive, master. And I'm bringing him home."

The words echoed in Artemis' ears as the plain crystal in her hand dropped down, tears kept gushing out like a dam that was finally broken.

"I knew you'd come back." She said, as she started smiling loudly while the tears showed no sign of stopping.

Chapter 157 Dead Who Refused To Die

Artemis stood outside the room as she watched several healers going inside the room. Myra stood behind her silently watching them do their job.

Artemis roamed her hands on the glass window as she looked at her son being treated. The fact that he was still alive and was finally back, was still like a dream to her. If not for the chance that her presence might disrupt the healing spell being cast upon him, she wouldn't even leave his bedside, afraid that he might disappear again, or that she'd wake up, and this dream of hers would shatter again.

The news of his return has been a shock to everyone as no one expected the new dungeon that the top 3 guilds were entering would be the one belonging to the same world as Draugr Depths dungeon, or the fact that they'd find him inside.

-

Few hours ago

When the guilds entered the dungeon, they were presented with the sight of an apocalyptic world. From the signs of destruction and dead bodies around, they all guessed the inhabitants of this dungeon were creatures like zombies/Jiangshi or undead monsters probably.

It looked like any other normal rank dungeon, that would've been an easier run for the people gathered to clear this. As they were all chosen from their guilds to enter and kill the boss monster fastest, so their strength and capability wasn't to be doubted.

They were all about to split up and go their own separate ways, when they heard the sound of fighting in front of them.

This surprised them, as this dungeon was marked as a part of a failed world by their world system, that meant that no one was supposed to be alive here, and everyone in it would be dead.

<The failed world - a world which has been destroyed and the way of its existence altered. When all the inhabitant lifeforms of a world is finished, and no sign of reversal or new creation can be found, they're named as a failed world.>

But now hearing the sounds of fight up ahead they all had a similar thought.

"Guess we found out why the dungeon readings were acting up." One of them spoke first.

"Seems like it. The creatures here are all mindless monsters, and these dead ones aren't supposed to fight each other." Another one of them came forward, while throwing a body of some mutated monster on the ground.

"Might be a hybrid monster or some new boss monster. Let's be careful."

Another one of them said, and everyone nodded their heads in approval, as fighting an anomaly or hybrid monster was a dozen times harder than fighting other monsters of the same rank.

Unaware of the situation up ahead they all took a careful stance and readied their weapons as they moved forward. Since if it was a boss monster, then whoever killed it first would own the dungeon rights, so all of them were even wary of each other too.

Some distance ahead looking at the zombies gathered in a large area which obstructed their vision. They all used their mana and artifacts for finding themselves a higher ground or fly in the sky, to get a better look and understanding of the monster they were about to face.

But what they witnessed next left them all flabbergasted. Someone was fighting a horde of zombies numbering probably in several hundreds or even thousands.

His form was covered in blood of the creatures he slain from head to toe. Whether he was a man or a monster himself, couldn't even be identified anymore. The only thing visible about him were the different colors of blood on him and his black eyes which were a stark contrast to the red and purple all around him.

All kinds of monsters and feral creatures jumped at him from all sides while he kept fighting them nonstop. His swords swinging flawlessly as it cut through the creatures.

The monsters he killed or the bodies he cut were creating a pile all around him, as he kept moving, jumping over them so he himself wouldn't get trapped in them.

After all, the ones he killed didn't stay dead, just getting a little bit of the red sunlight was enough for them to rise again, crawling towards him.

It looked like an unending war against him, as if the whole world of this dungeon was just after his life.

And it was the truth, after all, one single life in the place where there shouldn't be any, would always get highlighted.

The people from the guilds were only waiting to see what would happen next, when suddenly one of them dashed forwards to the hordes at an unimaginable speed.

Myra dashed at the center with all her speed. Even though they couldn't see the man, even though others didn't know anything about him, how could she not know him?

The black eyes that kept darting all around the horde, the sword technique he used, the one that looked no different than just some random slashes of a cornered prey to everyone. How could she not notice it, when she had seen it hundreds of times. When she had fought and learned it along with him for years.

She flared her mana even more, leaving behind afterimages as she went forward when she looked at him getting surrounded by the monsters that seemed alerted by the new presence of life all around them.

"Noooooooo"

A scream escaped her mouth when she watched him getting drowned in the sea of dead who suddenly got a boost in their strength, sensing the danger all around them. While this scene confirmed her remaining doubts, since it proved this dungeon was exactly the same as the one where he was trapped. She couldn't celebrate it, as the number of monsters surrounding him wasn't something he could handle. I think you should take a look at

She slashed her sword in a hurry, creating projectiles that cut everything that came into their path, yet even they couldn't cross the hundreds of creatures drowning him.

She was about to use her ultimate technique which gave her a power boost for a little while. Though it came with some annoying drawbacks, but she didn't care now, how can she, when he was right in front of her. How could she face her master when she hears that it was due to her, that she lost him again. How could she face herself in the mirror, if she watched him die in front of her?

But before she could do it, a black cloud of darkness started forming in the sky. The red sun, which was the source of power for those creatures, got hidden behind a veil of darkness that seemed to cover everything in its embrace.

It was then that a large amount of mana started gathering in the center of the horde. The mutated monsters, who were more sensitive to mana started getting erratic as their attacks became more fiercer.

They started killing their own kind, who came between them and their new delicious meal. Finally when they were about to reach, a loud noise of a blast rang out, creating smoke that covered everyone's vision.

Some high rankers used their mana, only to witness an energy blast made of darkness that burned everything it came into contact with.

When the sky finally cleared itself of its darkness, everyone else could see what that loud noise was too.

The blast had created a massive crater in the middle, where nothing except the man with that sword stood straight.

The dead which seemed unkillable until now were torn and shredded to pieces.

But other than that, everyone could now see the man covered in blood all this time. His clothes and all the blood covering his upper skin were evaporated along with the energy of that mana blast. His shoulder length white hair were now the stark contrast between all the ground that was now covered in the blood and bones of the monsters.

"What the hell?"

"Is that _?"

"How long has it been?"

"It's not some shapeshifter, right?"

"Is that even possible?"

"It's him. This dungeon too _ it's the one from back then."

The murmurs of disbelief could be heard by everyone in the group, as the image of that man cleared in front of everyone. Without any surprise, all of them recognized him at a glance.

After all, what happened 2 years ago, and the stuff that it led to, there's probably no one in whole of Schilla who didn't know about him now.

Everyone present there only had one question in their mind, about how this was even possible.

But they didn't have the time to ask or discuss that, as the limbs of the dead that were scattered all around the area, started moving around slowly, when the red sun started healing them again.

One by one every guilds members dashed forward, killing the monsters who came in their path.

While Myra ignored everything and went forward, leaving all the creatures to her teammates and members of other guilds.

The man who fought tirelessly all this time, seemed lifeless this instant, as in front of her eyes, he started falling down to the ground.

Before his body could touch the ground, Myra made a fireball and threw it in the sky, creating a shadow underneath him, where she teleported next instant.

"You're safe now."

She muttered, as she held him in her arms, while crushing the chopped up head of a dead beneath her feet.

"You're safe."

Chapter 158 The Extent Of His Injuries

"How is he?" Artemis asked as she looked at the healers coming out from the room.

After seeing the condition of Rio's body, Artemis didn't dare to be careless and feed him pills or potions without any knowledge. There were too many unknowns and risks involved. And she didn't want to hurt him even more than he already was, just cause she couldn't wait a little bit more.

"He's alive." One of the healers came forward to inform Artemis, while the others from his group stayed behind.

The man who came to talk with her, was wearing a full red cloak, the logo of a circle with a dragon symbol in the form of an infinity sign drawn in between, was apparent on his chest and back. This was the sign of the organization circle of renewals.

Known for their neutrality and amazing talent in healing, they're always the first choice in case something serious happens, and someone needs assistance in healing.

Hearing the man's answer, which just said, her son is alive, Artemis shot back "I know he's alive. I'm asking when will he wake up?"

"We can't be sure." The man shook his head in refusal, and continued "As you might have seen yourself, his body's constitution is very weak now. His body is simply blood and bones held together by his charred skin, and even they are tainted and broken."

"Due to being trapped inside the dungeon for far too long, his blood vessels have already started showing signs of Essence Mismatch Syndrome[EMMSY]*1."

"The bones in both his hands and left leg were crushed to powder, and the only reason he could even move them slightly was because he was constantly using mana to keep them in place. From the looks of infection around the origin, he might've had them like this for at least two or three weeks. We've healed them, but the mobility and effects can only be seen once he wakes up.

We can't heal his skin before we deal with the effects of EMMSY, so the scars and burn marks on his body will have to stay like that for a while."

The man, according to his profession, started giving out a detailed summary of Rio's situation. The more he spoke the more Artemis' heart constricted in pain. But controlling herself she asked another question

"What about his mana veins? Did they get damaged too?"

The man thought for a second, wondering if he should tell her all that he found or not. But knowing if he didn't say something, some other healers that would come after him would tell her instead.

After all, even though they were famous and reputed healers, it was unlikely that Blake's would just trust their words blindly without getting a second opinion or even a third from someone else.

So he decided to be honest about everything.

"All his mana veins had been worn out, while half of them even broken. The damage seemed recent. Which in my guess is probably due to side effects of some skill or technique out of his league. These damages are further making it hard for us to heal him quickly, cause if not careful enough, then his foundation might be gone."

"I don't care. Give him all the best pills and potions you need. If you guys don't have it, then tell me and it'll be arranged immediately." Artemis said, her emotion getting out of control the more she heard about his condition.

Her heart couldn't imagine how much he would've suffered while facing all this pain, all while being alone. Money, resources, connections -nothing mattered to her, if she could take all his pain away in this instant, then she was willing to pay for everything happily.

But sadly, that wasn't possible.

The man, shook her head, his face showing a tinge of pity for the mother of his patient. He could understand what she was feeling now, but he had to inform her the truth, cause if not, it would only put Rio's life in more danger. So he hid his expression and replied -"You're not listening, lady Blake."

"We can't subject him to highly dense mana or top grade potions. His body won't be able to handle it. The only thing they will do is hurt him even more, instead of healing him.

And let's not forget the biggest hurdle his recovery faces - until we are sure of the corruption from the EMMSY, we can't act rashly.

Looking at the black veins spreading across his back, it's easy to see that his body has been fighting energy radiation for a while.

And even then, from the looks of it, he had used techniques and skills that have exhausted all his mana reserves, leaving him vulnerable even more.

So unless he wakes up, and we find out exactly how much the essence imbalance affected his mind and body, we can only wait."

"So you're telling me I should just wait and watch as he suffers?" Artemis asked, her voice heavy with emotions, as her throat felt constricted to utter those words.

"That's not what I meant, lady Artemis."

"From what we know, due to being trapped inside the dungeon for too long, his body had been constantly exposed to the rampant corrosion of the Dungeon. We should be glad that this was a relatively low ranked dungeon, or we might have already lost him."

The man said, reminding her of the risks involved due to being in a dungeon for too long.

"Being trapped inside a different world for this long at his rank, is _." The man said, but stopped himself, as the consequences of that were too dire and dirty to be mentioned lightly.

"He's lucky , lady Artemis. If it was some high ranked dungeon, or even a different kind of dungeon, then by now he would've already lost his connection with our world's source mana, and then there would be nothing left we could do.

So please heed my advice and instead of hurrying the treatment, let's give his body some time to rest and recuperate on its own. He persisted and lived all this time on his own. We shouldn't waste his efforts due to our emotions. And don't you think he needs a little rest too."

Hearing his words and suggestions, Artemis managed to calm down a little, but still she needed to ask the last question

"How long would he be like that? What if something happened or _"

"You don't have to worry about his safety lady Artemis. The major injuries his body had suffered, have already been cured. Physically from the outside he's already fine. But to heal his internal injuries or the time he can use his mana again -for that we can't be sure for now.

It'll all depend on his body's recovery rate. And how far the radiation from EMMSY has corrupted his body. We can only hope that he wakes up soon, so we can prepare better treatment plans for him."

Hearing his words, Artemis nodded her head in understanding. She expressed her gratitude that they were willing to come and heal her son without any delay.

"Thank you for your help. House Blake will remember this favor."

"Please, lady Artemis. After what the young heir did for us, and for everyone 2 years ago, this is the least we could do for him."

Artemis nodded her head, while stopping herself from thinking about that dreadful day again.

The team of healers sent from the circle of renewals were highly sought after individuals and famous elders of the organization. And they all agreed to stay in Damascus until Rio's treatment was fully finished.

Knowing that it could probably take many days or even weeks for him to be healed, and out of danger, the preparations for their stay at the guest house near the main mansion were made.

"Myra will show you the rooms that have been prepared for you. Please make yourself comfortable. I'll have someone notify you immediately if there are some changes in his condition." Artemis informed everyone.

Following her instructions Myra led everyone away, while Artemis stood outside the room looking through the window, gazing at Rio, whose body was floating over his bed, as the formations around him kept glowing.

Chapter 159 Essence Mismatch Syndrome

The news of Rio's return was known by top guilds and thus it was already safe to assume every noble or elite families had gotten this information with all its details too by now.

Due to the presence of several reporters who were waiting outside the dungeon, to see which guild won and would own the dungeon now -some photos and videos of Rio being carried out were circulating all over Arcadia now.

Even though Myra had done her best to shield him, some pesky ones with weird blessings and skills had managed to capture his images.

Rumors of his return were spreading faster than a wildfire, as several magazines and information guilds started selling this news everywhere.

No one would believe that someone could survive a dungeon crash and then live inside a failed world for 2 years on his own without any support, while being in only the mortal ranks of awakening.

And so this became the hot topic of debates all over Schilla.

The squads of Alphas were called back instantly, and those who were staying in Damascus, were given the orders to suppress the incident and false rumors as best as they could.

The flock of people from various churches and believers have been surveying outside the mansion nonstop, and Artemis could hear all their nonsensical rambles once she spread her mana sense.

Some were naming him the chosen one, calling him a miracle child or the gift of God. While some stupid ones took the controversial route and called it the plot of strays. Naming him the spawn of evil or some new monster impersonating as human.

Theories of how he would've been able to survive were spreading nonstop too. Some believed it to be the influence of some new God, who could directly interfere and freely act inside dungeons too.

Cause otherwise a human body could never handle the pressure of a dungeon crash. The people before who survived this, were much higher ranked and at that time, due to less number of dungeons and towers, the mana disturbances were considered lesser too.

Like 300 years ago, when the last person survived the dungeon crash, he was a SS rank awakener, the one before him were S rank and Limit rank awakeners. Meaning Rio was the first person to survive a dungeon crash while being in the mortal ranks of his awakenings.

The pull of space and rejection of the world's laws would simply rip a body apart in the gravitational pull. It was similar to what would happen if a human on earth jumped directly into a wormhole.

Death is a definite answer, and yet the world heard that actually someone survived that fate. Other than God's interference no one else could be sure of anything.

And if Rio was really saved by a God, then that just paved the way for a hundred different theories and questions.

<Since every God is tied to the world of Arcadia, and their powers come from the belief system of residents in Arcadia - Gods can't interact or watch anyone they wish inside the dungeon. Because every dungeon is basically a separate world, normal Gods can't influence it on their own accord.

The only exception to this is the avatars and their chosen Gods -since in this case, both the god and awakener are bound together by the world system. This way chosen gods can freely watch, interact and interfere with their avatars even in the dungeon.

This is why killing a normal awakener in a dungeon is a perfect blinding spot, as no gods are watching him. While killing an avatar is tough, cause their chosen god is always with them. And they can help their avatar by giving him some skills/blessings if they wish for it.>

So Rio surviving meant he was definitely chosen by some God to be their avatar, that's the only way gods can act in a dungeon.

That, or the other theory which said that some gods have grown strong enough to bend the rules to their wishes, due to all the power of belief they received with Arcadia's increasing population and people's faith in Gods.

The guild members of Shade were mobilized within the Damascus city to maintain order and peace, as well as keeping everyone away from the mansion.

No one was given permission to even come close to the Blake mansion, and those who were found trying to sneak in or being smart, were regretting their decisions - cause innocent or not, they all got pushed back and knocked out.

The incident from 2 years ago was a lesson learned by everyone. So neither Artemis nor anyone else wanted some repeat telecast of it happening again.

After giving some more orders to her subordinates, Artemis braced herself as she stepped in the room.

Agnus and everyone else from the family had been away from Damascus, so currently aside from her no one else was present in the mansion.

She had sent Esme to bring back Amelia home first, instead of informing her everything through some message or a call.

After slowly closing the door behind her, Artemis kept her own mana and presence suppressed as best as she could, to not interfere or trigger the formation in any way.

Looking at him sleeping soundly, she closed her eyes too, as she breathed a sigh of relief that it wasn't a dream.

He was finally back. After 2 long years, she couldn't wait, when he'd wake up and she could hear his voice or see his smile again. Only she knows how much she missed him.

His body, which was unblemished till 2 years ago, was now riddled with scars of different kinds. The wounds of fangs and claws were apparent on his chest and stomach. While a large chunk of his right shoulder had the bite marks of some animal. I think you should take a look at

His hands, which always used to be free of any callouses no matter how much he trained, were wrapped in bandages now, so the broken bones could properly align themselves back in place.

From the back of his heart black lines were spreading towards his neck. The skin around the black veins was dried and dead, falling down with the slight touch.

The veins looked like a parasite growing off of him after sucking his life force.

This was the effect of EMMSY - Essence Mismatch Syndrome.

Similar to its name, it was a disease which one suffers after spending too much time inside a dungeon or tower.

Simply meaning, after staying away from your own world for too long and living off of the energy of some other world, one's body wouldn't accommodate 2 different kinds of source energy.

Thus both energies battling each other, creating a reaction similar to radiation, which your body fights on its own.

In the beginning when people didn't know much about towers and dungeons, some greedy people started living in the emerging dungeons, marking them as their territory. To get the most benefits of the cleared dungeons, people started living inside them.

Or when an outbreak from towers happened or

something terrible happened outside, some cowards would hide inside other dungeons, waiting for the situation to calm down.

This was a smart solution for a while, but the more time people spent in the dungeons, the harder it became for them to leave it. Their bodies had simply grown accustomed to the energies of that dungeon world, and they couldn't handle the mana of Arcadia.

If one even left the dungeon after noticing some changes, they would suffer from the reaction of different energies colliding in their bodies constantly, until one of them won and consumed the other.

This disease had taken quite a many lives in Arcadia, as some dungeons and towers were extra dangerous cause they meddled with the law of time. Meaning altering the flow of time within the dungeon world and Arcadia, thus it became even harder to keep track of EMMSY.

Essence Mismatch can be associated with 3 reasons - (1) the time one spends in some other world. (2) the strength of that world (3) the strength of the awakener.

Low ranking ones can only spend around a week into a dungeon and after that their bodies would start to show signs of Essence Mismatch. While high ranking awakeners have high defense and high chance of survival against the imbalance of essence energy. Like S rankers could spend years in the normal weaker dungeons and they'd be fine. But a day in high ranking tower floors might give them the reactions too.

The effects of EMMSY can cause a person's rank to wither and their foundation to collapse. EMMSY makes one's body suitable for the new world's origin, so Long term exposure can even cause permanent

changes to your brain and body functions. Damage related or originated by EMMSY is hard to heal, as it affects the soul of the awakener directly.

For example - Rio spent 2 years in the dungeon of the dead, so his body had the essence energy of mana from his awakening and corrosion essence of the red sun. These 2 energies fought against each other, trying to consume and suppress the other.

This is why, once his body lost its mana reserves, the effects of corrosion increased. Had he stayed there for more time, he would've lost all his strength, and mana which flows in his blood would've been suppressed and turned into death energy.

In the end he himself would've been turned into the creature of undeath like all the residents of that world.

And after that, even if someone brought him back to Arcadia, his body would simply be too far consumed by the parasite to be cured again. Or go through another round of EMMSY.

Chapter 160 Waking Up In A Different World

It had been a week since Rio was brought back from the dungeon. The injuries of his have all but healed already, even the signs of EMMSY had started to subside again slowly.

The healers from the circle had said that he should be able to wake up completely soon, and that his body was showing signs of a perfect recovery. Which was surprising considering how badly he was wounded, but they accustomed it with the blessings he had received in the recent days.

It seems his arrival was not only a surprise to mortals, but even Gods. Who have been watching him constantly now. Some had even come forward, giving him their blessings too.

Even though he couldn't use those to heal himself, his body's Constitution has been getting better slowly. He didn't look like a skeleton wrapped in skin now. His body was getting its previous glow back, with all the potions and nutrition he's been getting supplied daily.

Amelia was sitting inside the room, looking at her brother laying still on the bed. Her thoughts and emotions hidden behind her expressions, making her seem lost in her own thoughts.

The memories of the last time she saw him came to her mind, reminding her of how she fought with him and how angry he looked at that time. She had been thinking about that for a while lately, wondering if he regretted it too, as much as she did now.

For the past 2 years, the guilt that the last memory of his she had was one where they both fought like that, had been weighing on her mind a lot. And the thought that he died with that anger, when she couldn't even say sorry or mend their relationship has been haunting her a little.

This is why, when she heard he was back, that he was alive and fine, she didn't know how to react. She was happy, so so so happy that he was safe now. But the worry that he might be still angry at her or even hate her had been eating at her heart now.

And the more time she spent near his bedside, watching him sleeping, the more her anxiety grew.

She still remembered the first time she saw him after he was brought back, even though the injuries of his were healed by then, the scars of it were still visible on him and she only felt even more guilty watching them.

After all, she was, partly responsible for everything. If not for her, then he wouldn't have _.

[Watch out]

Her thoughts were stopped when she read the notification. Before she could understand anything, she felt something coming towards her head, she lifted her arms to block it by instinct, when she felt someone grabbing her hand and twisting it.

Surprised she looked down, only to see Rio who was staring at her dead in the eyes. "Brother "

Before she could say something more, a kick connected to her head. Though just before the kick landed, she used her mana to form a shield around her, but she was still a step too late, as the force behind that kick, still knocked her head against the wall.

Ignoring the little sting she felt, she looked at her brother, who was standing on his bed, looking around everything.

"Brother, you're aw_ "

She was saying something when she was interrupted again as Rio kicked a pillow to her face, she raised her hands to catch it, but while her vision was blinded for a second, she felt a kick to her lungs that pushed her back some steps.

'What the hell'

[Stop trying to talk to him. I don't think he knows where he is. Just knock him out again.]

The same notification from her goddess rang out in her ears, but she ignored it like always.

"Brother, it's fine now. You're home. You're not in the dungeon anymore."

She said, as she started walking towards him with her hands in the air, showing him she had no intention of fighting or attacking him.

She was trying to calm him down. When he simply lunged forward, swinging his hands at her. Amelia dodged his swings, as she kept trying to calm him.

Soon he started using his mana to enhance his speed and the force behind them. He backed a step as he swung his arm at her head, which just cut through air because of the increased gap between them.

His eyes darted towards his hands where his swords should've appeared from his storage ring, but looking at the empty fingers, he glared at Amelia with confused eyes. The realization that he was weaponless seemed to frustrate him further.

"Who are you?" He asked as he took more steps back.

"I'm Amelia, your sister, remember."

pandasnovel.com "You're not in the dungeon anymore, everything's over now. You're home." She said, as she slowly started walking towards him.

"Amelia" Rio muttered slowly, as he looked down. He soon started taking deep breaths, Amelia came near him, she put her hands on his shoulders, as she said "You're home brother. It's all _"

[Amelia, stop _]

The words came to a sudden halt, as she felt a grip around her throat. Rio choked her tightly, as he said "Never use her face _ to trick me. I told you I'll kill you, if you do."

His cold words ended as the warning, when he started to increase his strength and pushed whatever mana he could feel inside him to kill her.

Amelia struggled to free herself, when he lifted her up from the ground. Her face was getting red in color, as she felt trouble breathing.

[Back off]

A sudden gust of pressure hit Rio, making his steps falter, but he still kept his hands around her neck, as he channeled his aura, to fight the pressure. Cracks formed under his steps but his grip didn't get any loose.

His fingers started turning darker. Panic surged through Amelia as her vision started getting blurry, she struggled to free herself, but to no avail "B rro ther "

"N _ever again" He said.

Suddenly the doors of the room opened and saw what's happening. She disappeared from her place as she came forward and knocked Rio out. She caught Amelia, while she started coughing and struggling to breathe.

"What _ what happened?" Amelia asked, looking at her mother, who was now helping Rio back to bed.

"The aftereffects of EMMSY. He just woke up in a world different than one his body grew used to. His brain probably hasn't registered itself to its surroundings. He's probably confused. The healers had warned us that something similar might happen." Artemis said, as she took out a potion and poured it in his mouth.

"But he was awake and _" Amelia said, as she remembered how he didn't even recognize her or showed any emotions on his face.

"Don't worry. These symptoms are normal. He'll be fine soon enough." Artemis came forward and hugged Amelia, whose heart was beating rapidly even now. "He's gonna be fine, I promise."

Her words calmed Amelia, as she hugged her back. Her eyes focused on Rio again as she wondered if things could ever go back to the way they were.