

## **New Eden 801**

### Chapter 801 Complete Testing

The testing continued for the entire day, Alex constantly switching between his normal body with sealed mana, to regular, to Geminae's and the demon's bodies. With all this changing, he had expected to feel tired, but it never happened.

He really had acclimatized to these two bodies.

When the scientists declared the testing over, Alex requested one last test. This one was specially tailored to finding out how much control he had over his alter egos.

"I'll stay in this room, which I presume is the safest for everyone, and sleep here tonight. I don't think Kary can blame me for wanting this. I'm sure you all have a basic understanding of how these changes affect me."

The scientists didn't react, but Alex knew Jack was, from his office.

"I don't think Kary will mind me staying away for one more night if it means I can keep her safe. And New Eden can wait as well. I want to discover how much free rein sleeping leaves to my other selves..."

Jack sat back in his chair, grasping the significance of Alex's words. He finally understood how significant the changes were in Alexander.

He pressed a button on his keyboard, patching him into the room's speakers.

"If this allows us to judge how much restraint you can show, then I am all for it. But I will have guards at the ready outside the room. I hope you understand."

Alex waved his hand dismissively.

"Sure. Whatever makes you feel better. But I will need a bed."

"I'll have one brought to you," Jack's voice replied.

Alex went to the farthest spot in the room, relative to the door, and sat on the ground. He closed his eyes and waited.

He ultimately realized how bad things had seemed every time he was demonized. Even if he wanted to act normal when he was demonized, he could feel the difference in power between him and everyone else, and it made him want to smack them around.

The imp in his mind butted into his thoughts.

'It's our natural propensity to prove our strength. We see lessers, and we want to dominate them. Bend them to us. I haven't met other demons yet, But I can tell you that when we do, it won't be pretty...'

Alex raised an eyebrow.

'You can have normal conversations? How unexpected. I don't know if I should be proud of you or ask you to shut up?'

He heard the imp spit and cuss, but no words came out of him.

'In any case, we are going to have to work on that. If we have to share this body, you better learn to behave. I have some people I care about, and I don't want to look at them like peasants whenever I need to use your power.'

Alex knew he was asking the impossible of the little hellion, but he kept a sliver of hope.

He had this power now and didn't want to limit himself on how he used it. But if he couldn't even trust himself to use it, did he even have a choice?

The imp clicked its tongue in his head but didn't deign reply with words.

Alex's attention snapped to the door that was opening, and he saw three mercs bringing in a bed.

Well, calling it a bed was a stretch. They brought in a gurney.

One of them was pushing it while the other two stared at Alex.

Alex waved at them, making them jumpy as he waved his hand. This caused him to shake his head in disappointment.

"Chicken shits..." he murmured.

And one of them must have had a sharp sense of hearing because he suddenly shot at the ground before him.

"Whatcha say? Go ahead, repeat it."

Alex looked at him and grinned.

"You sure you wanna do this, man?" Alex asked, his canines stretching and his teeth sharpening before the merc's eyes.

But the other one standing guard put his hand on the guy's shoulder and shook his head.

"Don't. The boss said that we are not to provoke him. Too dangerous. Let's just get out."

The man looked at Alex with anger but obeyed the order.

Alex was almost disappointed at the result. He yearned to fight something.

But that would have to wait until he went back into New Eden. Until then, it was better just to calm down.

'I guess I inherited more traits from this damned demon than I wished for... I'll have to relearn a few techniques Aberon taught me to disconnect from all those emotions.'

Alex wasn't tired and was also sure it was still early in the evening, but he figured it was better to head to sleep straight away.

He hadn't eaten all day but didn't feel hungry, which was a bit strange to him, but he didn't consider this a downside.

It wouldn't be a loss if he could sustain himself on mana.

As he lay there on the gurney, waiting for sleep to take over him, he thought about the events since he woke up in the cave.

Finding bodies in that pile of rotting animal corpses, having to travel all the way back by his own means, almost killing a man in the middle of the James Bay.

A lot of things had happened in so little time. He wasn't sure how to process all this and wasn't even sure he wanted to.

For now, his mind seemed at peace with all that had happened, even though he was sure some of those missing human parts had ended up in his diet at some point or another.

It should have bothered him. It should have sent him reeling.

But he felt nothing about it.

His emotions were intact, making him wonder why he didn't even feel sad about the matter.

'Am I becoming a monster? Is my mind slowly slipping away from humanity?'

He fell asleep thinking of theories, each more absurd than the last.

He had ordered Geminae to force him awake if the demon ever tried to control his body while he slept, but only time would tell if he could trust the fragment of divinity.

Chapter 802 Free

As the night progressed, the team surveilling him changed, and everything seemed fine. Alexander was deep into a soft dream, where he was back as a teenager, enjoying his mother's breakfasts and his father's jokes.

Life was devoid of stress or life-threatening situations. World-ending games and wrathful demons were not something his thoughts even went to.

Simpler times, with simpler lifestyles.

But inside his soul, two beings were in a heated argument.

"I'll be free of your restraints soon enough, angel boy. And when I am, I'm retaking control. I deserve to be set free once in a while, too. It's unfair that he let you free rein last time and not me."

"Shut up, you filth. Even if you break free of the restraints I put on you, do you think I'll let you control the body? You are out of your right mind. I will not let that happen."

"Rhakhakha," the imp snickered.

"You think you can stop me? I've been recuperating all this time. You can no longer grow stronger. How long will it take me to become stronger than you? Days? Weeks? Maybe months? What then?"

His face turned to an arrogant grimace. His confidence in his words was absolute.

Geminae could feel the anguish rising inside him.

The demon was right. Since he couldn't get stronger anymore, eventually, it would surpass him, and he would be unable to restrain it anymore.

And if it became strong enough, what was to say it wouldn't consume him entirely? Or Alex.

And Psyche forgive his sinful thought, but what if it consumed the divine soul fragment? What would happen then?

He could already feel the demon struggle against his magic restraints, which were close to breaking. 'I can't let it go loose. How will he trust me if I can't even keep my promises to him?' Geminae thought.

Geminae reached out to Alexander's sleeping mind, prodding it with mana, trying to wake him up. But Alex was fast asleep.

Unbeknownst to him, the fatigue of the last month had still accumulated within his body, and even though he felt fine while awake, the moment his mind felt the call of sleep, his body shut down, allowing itself some much-needed rest.

Geminae tried and tried to wake Alexander up, to no avail.

Snapping sounds started resounding behind him, and Geminae knew he was out of time.

'I'm sorry for breaking your trust. But I would rather take an earful than let that thing be in control again. I don't want it to sully our body anymore...' Geminae thought.

As the last restraint on the demon broke, he burst into laughter.

"Rhakhakhakha! Finally free! Let's take this sack of meat for a joy ride!" he exclaimed.

But before he could even think further, the crushing presence of Geminae expanded in the soul space, sending him crashing into a wall.

He'd been taken by surprise, and his face turned to shock.

"No! NO! It was my turn!!!"

But it was already too late.

Outside the soul space, the readings on the mana detectors suddenly shot through the roof before the machine turned to zero again. But it had already sent the alarms blaring inside the monitoring room.

The scientists and mercs jumped up, ready to react, but it was useless.

A loud explosion rocked the room as the bulletproof glass shattered outward.

Alex, or rather, Geminae, who was in control of the boy, walked out of the testing chamber and stopped before the mercs.

They already had their weapons raised, one with an axe, another with a wand, and the last with a sword and shield.

Geminae looked at them with a severe gaze.

"I wish not to fight with mortals. Your blood would sully our hands further. But I do not intend to stay here. Everyone will die if my control slips and the other one takes place. Let me pass."

The three mercs and four scientists looked at Alexander, who now had grand white wings behind his back, as his skin glowed golden and his irises matched in colour.

But they were supposed to keep Mr. Leduc in the chamber under observation. So, the mercs took a step forward.

With a deep sigh, Geminae shook his head.

A voice echoed over the speakers, and Geminae turned his head toward them.

"Get back into the chamber, Mr. Leduc. You asked us to keep you under observation, and we will do just that. Don't force my men's hands."

This was Mr. Gu, who had taken a brief rest during the day to keep an eye on Alexander during the night.

But Geminae tilted his head.

"Alexander is not here right now. And I have no intention of harming them. But if I stay, they will be at risk. Tell your men to stand down," he replied.

Four turrets descended from the ceiling, whirring to life and locking on the winged figure.

"I am not asking you, whatever you are. Get in the chamber."

Geminae frowned.

Were they not going to accept a reasonable outcome?

Seeing as the winged figure wasn't moving, Mr. Gu sighed before pressing a button on his tablet.

Instantly, a loud thrumming echoed in the testing room, where the four Gatling turrets suddenly rained bullets on Geminae, who covered himself with the two massive wings.

The bullets bounced off the feathers, barely tickling the being. But that did cause dangerous ricochets, which put the other people in the room in danger.

Quickly, the mercenaries pounced into action, the shield wielder jumping before one of them and shielding him. In contrast, the axe wielder used his enormous body to cover another one, positioning his axe to protect his head.

The wand wielder erected a shield before him and the scientist beside him, bullets flattening up visibly on its surface.

But this let the last one to fend for himself as he scrambled to take cover behind a desk.

Sadly, the piece of furniture barely protected him, as a few bullets pierced through it, one finding purchase through his back and left lung.

When the turrets had exhausted their magazines, after thirty seconds of continuous firing, the room looked like a beehive, with holes everywhere.

The scientist, who had been unlucky, was already choking on his blood as the crimson liquid had entered his lungs. Gurgling and wet coughs could be heard in the room.

"He—\*Cough cough\* Help. Please," he whispered, coughing up blood.

Chapter 803 His Only Option

?The large wings unfurled from around Geminae, pushing away the mercs who had started moving toward him again.

Geminae looked around the room and mentally clicked his tongue.

'Mortals... Always so violent. If I weren't tied to this one, I would eradicate these fools for ruffling my feathers...' he thought.

He was about to jump up and fly out of there when a handfull of wet coughs caught his attention.

Slowly walking toward the sound, Geminae's feet were crunching on broken glass and pieces of furniture as he walked past a desk and found the source.

In a puddle of his own blood, one man was looking at him with fear as death was creeping up on him. His eyes already had trouble staying open.

Geminae clicked his tongue, this time audibly, before looking up at the speaker the voice had come out of again.

"This is the result of your violent action. You almost killed one of your own. Have you no remorse? Have you no conscience?"

Mr. Gu was just as disappointed with the result of the turret fire. But one person was a loss he was willing to take if it had stopped the thing controlling Alexander's body.

Sadly, it hadn't even scratched him.

Geminae knelt next to the man, whose life was rapidly leaving him, and put his hand over the wound.

The mercenaries jumped back toward him in an attempt to save the human, but a bright golden wall appeared between them and it.

And try as they might, they couldn't even leave a mark on it.

"I will save your life. But not as an act of mercy. Your kind doesn't deserve mercy. I do it because that is what he would ask of me. Thank him when he regains control," Geminae said to the dying man before a warmth spread through him.

He felt the blood siphon out of his lungs, and the hole in his left lung closed as his breathing returned to normal. Then, the surrounding blood crawled back into his body, and the wounds on his chest and back, closed, leaving him like new.

Once this was done, Geminae looked at the man, nodding in satisfaction, before exploding upward, crashing through the ceilings one after another, before erupting outside through a layer of dirt and asphalt.

Geminae didn't slow down as he changed his direction, twirling his wings beautifully and heading toward the east.

His mind was connected to Alex's so he could share his memories.

And, right now, his number one priority was to find someone who might be capable of holding back the demon if it ripped control away from him.

In Alexander's mind, only one person may stand a chance right now. And that was David Magnus.

He reached the area where the bunker had been built, with freshly replanted trees covering the disturbed earth, and stopped in midair.

"I have a feeling you know I'm here. Come out. I need your help, David Magnus, Champion of Hades."

Inside the bunker, almost directly under where Geminae had stopped, David was in his office, staring blankly at the screen before him.

On it, an image of a flying angel-like being hovering over his bunker.

He had received the alarm, which forcibly disconnected him from New Eden, as per his settings, and now he was looking at the being.

"This is Alexander's body... But something isn't right. Alex would never call me by my full name, let alone add that title to it. Whoever this is, it's powerful..." he mumbled, grabbing his chest.

With his high mana senses, he could feel the waves of mana coming from it.

No, that wasn't mana. Something more powerful.

More... primal.

"Aether..." David whispered, realizing the gravity of the situation.

It was terrible if a being with Aether was on this side of the veil.

The pure Aether it released into the atmosphere could, and most likely would, accelerate the deterioration of the veil, pushing forward the day of convergence.

He needed that thing gone.

He played back the part of its arrival, with sound, and his eyes became sharp.

"I can't let it wander, whatever it wants," David said, resolute.

He walked to the exit built into his new office and took the elevator up.

A hidden latch opened up on the ground above, and the small elevator stopped just above the ground.

Geminae saw this and dropped to the ground a few meters away from the square contraption, waiting for the person he could sense inside.

The doors opened and out walked David, his bident by his side, and his shadow squirming uncontrollably.

"I don't want to fight, David Magnus. I came here for your help."

David looked at it warily before responding.

"Who are you, and where is Alexander?" he asked, keeping his weapon at the ready.

"Who I am is irrelevant right now. Alex is sleeping inside his mind, and I can't wake him up. But that is not why I am here."

David's brow rose.

'Asleep inside his mind? What happened?' he wondered.

"Then tell me the reason," he said.

"I am not alone in this body. And the other being inside it wants control. If it gets it, the horrors it will inflict upon this world will be of untold proportions. I need you to make sure it doesn't leave this place until I can wake Alexander. He believes you have the strength to hold it back."

David's gaze hardened.

Another being inside one's soul... Only two things could do this.

Gods and demons.

"I care not how you came to share Alex's body, for now. But I do want to know your intentions and why I shouldn't purge the both of you out of him," David said, pointing his bident forward at the angel-like being.

Geminae looked at him and smiled.

'Just like he depicts him. Cautious to a fault and confident in his strength. Even though he can't win a fight against me or the demon, he's still confident in his chances. A good ally indeed,' he thought.

"My intentions are simply to keep the demon at bay so it doesn't sully the body I am stuck in. Nothing more, nothing less. Can you help me?"

David didn't like that answer. But there were too many unknown factors in play.

He had to play it safe.

"Legacy Skill; Shadow Army, Awaken," he whispered.

Immediately, the ground started rumbling.

Chapter 804 A Lesson To Be Taught

Geminae felt the powerful pulse of mana leaving David, but didn't react.

He came for help to contain a dangerous being. If the mortal thought he needed an army to do so, then he would let him summon said army.

The ground rumbled violently as David's shadow suddenly expanded in all directions, hands piercing out of the ground. The hands quickly turned to arms and then to upper bodies.

A mix of skeletons, zombies, ghouls, as well as spiritual creatures, like ghosts and wraiths, popped out of the earth like in old zombie movies.

David's skin paled by the second, both because his mana was drastically drained and because his undead appearance transpired a bit more as he used a skill from his legacy.

Geminae didn't budge a single muscle as the army grew monstrously. He just stood and waited.

The ground stopped rumbling after thirty seconds, and over two hundred undead of all kinds already surrounded David. But Geminae was still unfazed.

He also quickly understood why the ground seemed so disturbed and loose. The mortal had most likely been practising this skill here.

"Are you done preparing?" he asked.

David nodded.

"Good. In that case, I will relinquish my control of Alexander's body and go wake him up. If the body changes to the other one, hold him here. I don't need to tell you why."



Geminae lowered his head and closed his eyes as he said that, pulling his presence back from Alex's mind.

He hurriedly returned to the soul space, where the demon thrashed about, crying that he wanted control, and attacked it.

His goal wasn't to defeat him but to busy him. If he could keep the demon's mind from taking control, then that would give him time to wake up Alex.

Of course, this meant splitting his attention and power. But it would work as long as the demon stayed focused on him.

The two immediately devolved into combat, as the demon took it as a personal offence to get attacked by Geminae. Even though they couldn't kill each other, it didn't mean they couldn't hurt each other a lot.

It was high time Angel Boy was taught a lesson; the demon thought with a grin.

It was immediately apparent that the demon was winning this fight, as his speed, power, and magic were suddenly stronger than Geminae's.

"Rhakhakha! How much of your power did you need to take control of his body? You are so weak! If killing you wouldn't kill me, I would wipe you out right here and right now!" the imp hollered as hits rained on Geminae.

But he didn't respond.

His focus needed to stay razor sharp if he wanted to fool the demon.

He couldn't fall prey to taunting and pull away his other half, which was inside Alex's mind, trying to reach into his dreams.

'Come on. Why is his mind so hard to penetrate? This is way too difficult!' Geminae complained inwardly.

Alex's mind was like a steel shell, and he couldn't enter his dreams. It was annoyingly resistant.

Geminae was sure that this wouldn't be an issue if he could use his full power. But he couldn't pull away from the soul space completely, either.

As his body kept receiving a thrashing, Geminae forced himself to focus more on entering Alex's mind, which made him even weaker against the demon.

In a matter of seconds, the demon grasped at this weakness and decided he had played enough.

With a burst of mana, the demon poured everything he had into attacking Geminae, at the risk of killing him, all to teach him a lesson.

Geminae had to pull back his power abruptly and focus on defending. But it was too little too late.

His body was in terrible shape, and his power was mostly expended. When the demon's punch hit his crossed arms, both of them broke, and the punch continued to his face.

The impact sent him flying into the soul space's wall, and he crumpled to the ground.

And he couldn't get up anymore.

The demon laughed and basked in this victory momentarily, panting in fatigue.

He had used almost all his power to break this arrogant divine being, and now he was free to do what he wanted.

Concentrating on the body, he tried taking over. But his power was so meek that it would take him a while just to take control and shift bodies.

In this time, Geminae decided to use what remained of his power to break into Alex's mind. He had to.

The demon saw Geminae slump over and thought he had passed out, making him happy with himself. But he needed to concentrate.

'With you out and the other asleep, I can do whatever I want!' he thought, focusing on expanding his influence over Alexander's body.

Outside the soul space, David was waiting for something to happen.

He had watched Alexander's body quickly go from angel- looking to normal; the wings disappearing and the glow of his skin rescinding. Then, he had slumped to the ground, unconscious.

He could see his chest rise, so he knew he was alive. But he still stayed on his guard.

When Alex's skin suddenly turned red and the first of his bones popped, David knew the demon was taking over.

David quickly ordered his wraiths to fly through Alex's body to sap away the mana from his cells in an attempt to slow the process down. He could fight the demon, but it would be better if there were no fight at all.

Fights against demons were risky. He couldn't afford to hold back.

And that meant it would be a life-and-death battle. And David refused to kill Alex if he could stop it.

The convulsions of his body slowed down, their frequency lowering, but he could still see horns growing out of his head.

At this pace, the body would have changed entirely in less than a minute.

"Come on, Alex. Fight this. Wake up, dude..." David mumbled.

And inside Alex's mind, Geminae was thinking the same thing.

He had managed to pierce into Alex's mind, but his presence was so weak that he wasn't sure Alex could hear his voice at all.

He was shouting at him with all his might.

"WAKE UP! THE DEMON IS TRYING TO POSSESS YOUR BODY! WAKE UP!!!"

But it fell over deaf ears.

'Did I fail? How many more will die to this wretched thing before he wakes up... How much blood has to get on my hands...' he wondered.

Chapter 805 Wake Up!

Alex was enjoying his peaceful dream for once.

It had been months since he had such a dream, where his life wasn't projected into his subconscious, and he didn't live through nightmares every night or have a dreamless sleep.

"More pancakes, please, Mom!" he joyfully exclaimed, his mouth full.

"Slow down, you animal, heh heh. You're wolfing down the food so fast you might choke on it. There's enough mix for everyone, so pace yourself, will you?" his mother laughed happily.

Alex's father joined in, mouth also full.

"But honey, your pancakes are so good! Lemme have some more, too!"

The woman shook her head with a giggle, but still put more mix into the pan.

Alex was busy shoving more food into his throat when a whisper rang in his ear.

"...up..."

"Hmm?" he hummed, turning his head to his father.

His father looked at him, clueless.

"What? Something on my face?" the man asked.

"No. I thought you had said something."

"Way too busy for that, son. I know your appetite. If I don't eat my fill now, there will be no more mix once you shovel all those pancakes into your face. Now stop distracting me, you rascal!"

His father resumed shoving the pancakes into his mouth, almost dumping the maple syrup in there, too, to save time.

Alex laughed it off, resuming his eating as well.

But the voice returned, a little louder this time, but still a distant whisper.

"... wake... demon... over... up!..."

Looking at his father again, he was sure it hadn't come from him. The old man was up to his elbows in syrup and pancakes, and his cheeks bulged like a squirrel's.

He glanced at his mother, who was turned toward the stove, and surmised it wasn't her either.

'Am I going crazy even in my dreams?' he wondered.

His subconscious was too focused on the happy memories for the words to add up in his mind. To him, they were just words drifting in the wind.

But they resounded again, even clearer.

"...wake up... demon...taking over... wake up!"

Alex frowned.

'Demon? Wake up? What the heck?'

He decided to go to the bathroom to splash some cold water on his face. Maybe that would clear up his mind.

Excusing himself from the table, he walked toward the bathroom while his father chanted victory through a full mouth.

Once there, he opened the tap and started splashing his face.

The voices quieted down almost instantly.

But as he lifted his head, face still dripping with water, he jumped back.

In the mirror, his reflection was wildly different from usual.

He looked older, maybe ten years older, and his eyes glowed gold, with two large white wings on his back.

"What in tarnation?" he whispered, shocked.

But his reflection's lips didn't move.

Instead, the eyes went wide on it.

"You can finally see me! Alex, you have to wake up! The demon is almost done taking over! I went to your friend, David, but I don't know how long he can hold him back! Wake up!"

Alex's jaw dropped. His mind was still not computing the information it was seeing, his subconscious too deep within its blissful dream.

"What the fuck is happening?" Alex exclaimed, backing up to the door.

But the bathroom door was suddenly locked, and he couldn't get out of the bathroom.

"Alex, listen to me! This is a dream! You need to wake up! Wake! Up! Now!"

Alex was about to panic when his mother's voice echoed through the door.

"Everything alright in there, sweetheart?"

"No! Mom, I think I'm going insane! And why is the door locked from the outside!"

"Okay. Come back to the table soon, your plate is getting cold," his mother replied through the door.

"What?! No! Mom! Help me, I'm stuck in here!" Alex cried out.

But she was already gone.

Alex's dream was slipping into nightmare territory as the scenery started melting around him.

But that switch in sleep cycles also gave his brain a quick jolt, and the words from his reflection in the melted mirror finally made sense.

His face became serious as he stood and walked to the mirror.

His body had also grown back to its current age as he looked at Geminae.

"What's going on? Why are you in my dreams?"

"Finally! You have to wake up, Alex! The demon is done taking over. He's fighting your friend, David. But I don't know how long he'll hold out!"

Alex nodded his head, about to close his eyes and wake up, but something stabbed him in the back, making him gasp.

Turning around, the bathroom of his childhood was gone, and instead of it, a red battlefield surrounded him, and the person before him jumped back.

It was Jonathan.

He was looking at Alex with a mix of fear and rage.

"Why did you do it?! Why did you kill my grandfather?! Why?!"

Alex was momentarily confused until he realized his skin was red, and his vision changed to thermal vision.

'Fuck... This nightmare again?'

But it was different this time. It wasn't Kary in front of him, crying.

And he wasn't alone.

"Stand back. Focus on waking up, Alex. I'll defend you while you do," Geminae said, covering him with a wing.

Alex nodded, sitting right there on the ground and closing his eyes.

Sounds of combat started raging all around him, and he even felt something hot and wet splash on him a few times, breaking his focus again.

He could hear pained groans and whooshes of wind close to him but kept his eyes closed.

"Keep focusing! The sooner you leave, the sooner this nightmare ends! Wake up!" Geminae shouted at him.

Already, he was missing a wing and an arm, and his complexion had paled. He didn't know why the young man before him was so strong, but it didn't matter.

This was a dream. He couldn't truly die in here.

But if he did, Alex would fall to an onslaught, and he would never wake up.

He needed to hold his ground.

So he fought, losing more and more ground, until he finally fell.

The young boy walked over to Alex, who still had his eyes closed, and swung his blade toward his neck.

But the moment it would have hit, everything went white, and Geminae gasped up, searching for air.

Looking at himself, he noticed his body was whole again and sighed in relief.

"He woke up... Finally... Man, this mortal's dreams are too dark... I need a nap," he complained, lying down right on the spot and falling asleep.

Chapter 806 One Demon, Two-Hundred-And-One Undead

By the time Geminae had reached out to Alex, and the latter woke up from his dreams, the demon had already taken complete control of the body, and an all-out fight had devolved between him and the army of undead surrounding him.

David controlled his army like a general from the back line, where he felt the least threatened.

He wasn't scared of dying, but he knew one thing for sure. If his life became in immediate danger, he would no longer hesitate to kill the demon.

That meant killing Alexander.

And that was the last thing he wanted.

'Come on, man. I won't be able to hold back for long. If you don't wake up, I'll have to kill you. Don't make me do this... ' David thought.

Meanwhile, the demon was having the time of his life.

Up to now, everything he had attacked or fought barely posed him a threat. And these undead were no different at first.

But after a few seconds of fighting, he realized they weren't just a random undead mob. Their attacks were coordinated and precise.

When he took his first strike, he expected it to bounce off his resistant skin, like any other weak attack would have done.

But instead, a minuscule cut appeared on his back, where a claw had slashed. It wasn't even deep enough to draw blood, but something else happened that worried him.

The skin started drying and cracking as if the life had been sucked out of it.

Turning to see what had hit him, he saw a retreating undead, almost as fast as him, with rotting flesh and limber limbs.

'A ghoul,' he understood.

Ghouls were famous for the rot they applied when striking directly on a living being's skin or flesh.

This was only minor, for now. But he quickly realized that one of these ghouls made every attack that slipped through his defence.

This was much too precise to be random.

The demon hadn't bothered to expand his mana senses until now, thinking nothing could stop him.

But he could see the coordination in the small army around him now that he focused.

He also kept getting passed through by ghosts and wraiths, which slowed him down or sapped his strength.

They only needed to hit a small portion of him to apply this effect and would attack his legs before sinking into the ground at every chance they got.

If this went on, he could end up at a severe disadvantage.

"Rhakhakha! This is good! This is fun!" he shouted, pulsing out with mana.

The surrounding undead froze briefly, and he pounced on them.

Zombies and skeletons were torn asunder and shattered, freeing a zone around him instantly.

Using the few seconds this bought him, the demon expanded his mana outward, looking for a signature that contained life.

He almost immediately found it, much closer than he had expected, and his head snapped in its direction.

David felt the bloodlust crash into him, and he cursed.

"Shit! He found out!"

David had been suppressing his mana as best he could, trying to blend in with the undead around him so he could keep using his tactics. But now that he had been discovered, this wouldn't work anymore.

Luckily for him, suppressing himself this way had also allowed him to refill a large part of his expended mana. And he could pull another card from his sleeve.

Kneeling to the ground, David slapped the earth under him.

"Come out, Death Knight! Your master calls!"

In a ten-foot radius, the ground turned grey around him, as all energy was sapped from it before another hand burst from the dirt.

But this time, it wasn't just a skeleton hand or a rotting, fleshy zombie hand.

It was armoured, and the purple hues of its armour gleamed under the moonlight.

As the Death Knight pulled itself from the ground, the demon felt the surge in mana from it and grinned maniacally.

"Yes. Yes! A worthy opponent! Come, servant of death! Fight me to my heart's content!"

A halberd appeared in the Death Knight's hand, and he swirled it around before locking his gaze on the demon.

It already knew who his opponent was and couldn't afford to rush in rashly.

But the demon was the embodiment of rashness, and when it saw the undead standing guard next to the human controlling the undead, he lost his cool.

"If you don't come to me, I'll come to you! RARGH!" it howled, dashing through the waves of undead.

It no longer cared about getting hit. It only wanted one thing, and that was to fight.

They clashed almost immediately, as the Death Knight wouldn't let it get too close to its master, and the shock wave alone blew the other undead away, pushing even David back a few inches.

He regained his balance quickly and commanded his ghouls, wraiths, and ghosts to chip into the fight—anything to reduce the demon's power.

But it was like the demon was an entirely different beast, suddenly. No attack went past its guard anymore; even the ghosts and wraiths couldn't seem to touch it.

'How much combat instinct was it still holding back?' David wondered.

But he quickly recognized the moves the demon was performing.

It was not unsimilar to Astaroth's way of fighting when he was in constant motion. It made it hard for anything to land a hit on him, as he was so unpredictable.

The demon was pulling into Alex's mind, gathering his combat experience since it lacked some itself, and his danger factor shot up instantly.

David had to join in.

Dashing into the fight, David's bident rapidly collided with a clawed hand as the demon kicked away the Death Knight, turning his head toward the human.

"You finally decided to join the party, huh?! But I'm busy, piss off!"

The demon swung his arm with might, sending David barrelling away like a meteor before he crashed into a tree, uprooting it.

Coughing up blood, David quickly understood he was no match, not in his current state.

'If only I had unlocked my mana lobe... I could muster up much more power then...'

Chapter 807 Waking Up

The battle escalated insanely fast, and soon enough, nothing remained of David's army besides himself and the Death Knight.

The demon had also paid the price, losing an arm to the Death Knight's halberd, but the wound had almost instantly closed. It only slowed down his pace of attack, though.

They kept fighting for two minutes in this fashion until the demonized Alexander managed to get a hold of the Death Knight's armour and threw him away like a rag doll.

And in a single motion, he spun around toward David and stabbed at his throat with his clawed hand. David had to jump back to avoid the attack, but he knew it wasn't fast enough.

'Shit!' he cursed mentally.

The jump back would keep him from dying instantly, but he knew the wound would still be considerable.

But just as the claw nicked his throat, the forward motion of the demon's arm stopped.

This allowed David to reach a safe distance, with only a single drop of blood trickling down his neck. He wiped it away and looked at the demon, who was still motionless.

That's when he noticed the grin on its lips, accompanied by his one white eye. He recognized this blue iris and knew the battle was over.

\*Sigh\*

"About time you woke up, you fuckhead," David said as he dropped on his ass.

"Happy to see you safe and sound, you undead dick," Alex responded mockingly.

But one element of this battle was still in combat mode.

The Death Knight suddenly lunged at him, swinging his halberd wide, aiming to behead the demon. David didn't even have time to react; it was already over.



In a singular spin, Alex kicked the halberd upward, sending it off trajectory, before grabbing the back of the undead's neck and slamming him into the ground, where he dug a few inches into the dirt.

"Mind calling your hound off?" Alex asked, looking at David.

"Sorry. I didn't think he would keep attacking after I stopped," David apologized before waving his hand.

The Death Knight disappeared in a puff of purple-black smoke, and Alex straightened up.

He noticed his missing arm and had to look around the battlefield to find the missing appendage.

"Wow. You really didn't go easy, did you? What am I supposed to do with that missing arm now?" Alex asked, walking toward the cut limb.

David looked at him with a wry smile.

"Sorry, I guess? It was better your arm than my life, I figured."

Alex chuckled as he bent down to grab the limb. It had already grown cold, and dirt covered the exposed flesh and bone.

"Don't worry about it. I think I can fix it," Alex replied, looking at the limb and his stump.

"Excuse me, what?" David asked, confused.

But without answering, Alex wiped away the dirt from the exposed wound of his cut arm and tore open the stump with his claws, making burst blood into the dirt.

He growled in pain before jamming the cut piece up to the fresh wound, where the flesh started reacting to his body.

Within seconds, the limb had reattached itself, and Alex was moving it like normal, swinging it around to verify its range of motion.

"There, like new," he smiled, looking at David.

David keeled over to his left, hurling.

He wasn't weak-stomached, usually, but seeing Alex rip open his own flesh, the blood spurt, and then the flesh squirm and reattach with squelching noises was just too much, even for him.

His stomach had turned inside out instantly.

Alex laughed at the scene before looking around himself.

"Where are we? I don't remember much, and I don't feel like ruffling through those two memories," Alex asked.

David took a second to wipe away his mouth before looking Alex in the eyes.

"You don't remember? That angel thing took you here. Geminae, I think it called itself. It claimed it needed my help and then left me alone to deal with your ass."

Alex nodded. This seemed about right, considering what Geminae had told him.

But that still left him in the dark about their current location.

David could see the question marks in his eyes and sighed.

"Come with me. I'll explain inside," he dropped, rising to his feet.

Alex tilted his head, not understanding his words.

'Inside? But we couldn't be more outside than this...'

When David walked away, he followed him, expecting to walk to a hidden house or something.

But when a patch of dirt suddenly lifted out of the ground, with a chrome metallic box under it, Alex almost jumped back in surprise.

This made David chuckle before he tapped a code into the elevator's command panel.

The elevator door opened, and he walked inside, motioning Alex to follow him.

The ride down took a few seconds, and Alex felt the acceleration in his guts, and he quickly did the math.

When the elevator doors opened again, they were in a beautiful office with luxurious decor and furniture. At the end of it were windows, which showed the inside of a large cement structure.

"So this is your shelter you were talking about with Jack, huh? I figured your construction would be more bland, given your personality," Alex mocked as he walked to the window.

The view from there made him wonder how he thought of this shelter and its plans. It was almost too militaristic for someone like him to think of.

'Maybe Jack redesigned it? No, that wouldn't make sense. It was already started...!' Alex thought.

"It's a replica of a shelter from my timeline. One that the military made in a hurry when the demons started attacking. Although theirs was much smaller. I tweaked the plans a bit since I had more time," David said, walking up to the window as well.

Alex nodded, looking below. He could easily see thousands of people living here without issue.

"Now, before we continue this conversation, would you mind... not looking like that?" David asked, looking at him from the corner of his eye.

Alex looked at him before looking at himself and saying, "Oh."

He quickly focused on his body, willing it to return to normal before the horns vanished from his head and his limbs shrank to regular lengths.

"Sorry. I hadn't realized I was still in my demon form," Alex said, smiling.

"Yeah... About that... What the fuck, man?" David asked him.

Chapter 808 Home Sweet Home

It took Alex a few hours to explain the situation to David, to which he listened, mostly surprised but sometimes discouraged.

He ended his explanation with what happened at the private hospital compound before he flew here.

"I honestly don't know how Geminae knew where to find you. I barely knew where your shelter was."

David looked at him and chuckled.

"You underestimate the detection capabilities of divinities. Even a fragment of one should have a vast range of detection. Knowing approximately where my shelter was located was already more than enough. But let's backtrack a bit here."

Alex looked at him, confused.

"What for?"

David stared at him blankly.

"Are you trying to downplay that you just terrorized Mr. Gu, who works under our biggest ally? He probably has people looking for you already. People who can deal with demons. Even if they are just the weak ones from this side of the veil."

"Oh... That. I wasn't trying to downplay it, I just don't care. I'll explain everything to them tomorrow morning, but I think I finally understand how to control the demon. However, I don't want to discuss it yet. It's only a theory for now."

David looked at him, unsure of what he was thinking. But if he should trust one person in this doomed world, it should be him.

So he chose to do just that, and didn't ask.

"In any case, you are more than welcome to sleep here if you want. I have many spare rooms," David said with a chuckle.

Alex snorted.

"Nah, thanks for the offer. But I'm heading home. I want my bed and don't want to sleep alone tonight. Not physically, at least."

David leaned over to him.

"I'll sleep with you, tough guy," he said, wiggling his eyebrows suggestively.

"Oh, fuck off, will you, heh heh," Alex replied, raising his middle finger at him.

David laughed it off.

"I'll show you to the exit. I hope you don't fuck more shit up tonight, cuz I'm drained and can't hold back that thing anymore."

Alex chuckled.

"I doubt he's coming out for a long time, unless I say so. Don't worry," he assured David.

David brought him out of the office and into the big shelter's upper ring before walking him to the massive double iron doors.

On the way there, Alex noticed many trap doors on the walls and ceilings and felt they resembled the ones in Jack's compound. But he didn't ask.

David didn't bother telling him, either, as they reached the doors and he tapped a code into a panel to their right.

"Alright. From here, just follow the tunnel; once outside, Montreal is southwest. I take it you can direct yourself?"

Alex nodded, thanking him, before he walked out, the massive doors whining to a close behind him. As he walked away, he looked at the tunnel before frowning.

'Why does this look familiar?' he wondered.

He shrugged, assuming it was just because all tunnels looked the same, and kept walking.

Once he was under the stars again, he used Geminae's wings and blasted off toward the southwest, using the stars as a guide.

Even though he wasn't an expert on this, he no longer needed them once he was high enough. The city showed itself to him, with its thousands of lit street lamps and building lights.

He made his way toward all the high-rises and hoped nothing would see him in the night sky. He'd been high-profile enough for the night.

Once he was over the downtown part, Alex lowered his flight, weaving through the buildings, as he made his way to the tower he called home. He didn't know why, but flying about this time, he felt a lot freer than the last time.

It was cathartic, almost like finally walking in the halls of your own home after taking an extended vacation abroad.

He quickly reached his place and landed on the balcony. Pulling on the door, he didn't know why, but he had a feeling it would be unlocked.

And it slid open without resistance.

Alex willed the wings on his back away as he entered his abode and closed the patio door behind him. The smell of citrus and soap caught his nose, and he imagined Kary had blitzed the house cleaning during the day after seeing him in that cell.

He smiled softly as he made his way to the stairs.

Alex climbed to the second floor, careful not to make a peep, as he walked to the main bedroom. Once there, he tiptoed to the bathroom, noticing a lump in the bed.

'She's not inside the game... Maybe she was waiting for me to call her? How lonely she must have felt...' he mused, his face saddening.

He resumed tiptoeing, closing the bathroom door behind him as he opened the lights.

Alex wanted to take a quick shower since he hadn't washed in so long. Even at the compound, they didn't offer him to shower in a regular room since they weren't sure they could trust him yet.

So, the hot water on his skin felt amazing, as it washed away the gunk on his skin.

After washing up and enjoying the hot water for a few extra minutes, Alex walked out of the shower feeling revitalized. It was almost like this whole month had just washed away down the drain with all his dirtiness.

He grabbed a set of fresh pyjamas, donning them quickly, before he walked back out of the bathroom, still careful to make no noise.

Alex slid into the bed, trying not to wake Kary, before gently huddling up to her back and embracing her.

Kary moaned, her hand finding his arm and gently brushing it.

"Mmm. Welcome home..." she moaned, still half asleep.

"Thank you. Glad to be home," Alex replied in a whisper.

He kissed her nape before snuggling comfortably and falling asleep.

His body dropped into slumber immediately, resuming its previous sleep cycle as if it had never stopped, and he fell back into his dreams.

Only, this time, they weren't about the past.

His dreams brought him to a distant future, where he enjoyed a quiet life with Kary, away from all the world's troubles. And he kept dreaming about this until morning.

#### Chapter 809 Uninvited Guests

Morning came relatively fast, considering half the night had already passed before he fell asleep, but Alex still woke up feeling refreshed.

As he opened his eyes, the morning sunlight brushing off his cheek, he noticed Kary was still lying in bed, her eyes open, watching his peaceful face in silence.

"Good mo—Oof!" Alex started saying before a punch hit his gut.

"That's for turning me away yesterday," Kary groaned.

Then she kissed him tenderly.

"And that's because I missed you so much..." she whispered when their lips parted.

Alex smiled at her, embraced her, and kissed her forehead.

"I missed you too. Although, I imagine it was only once I woke up that I started missing you. But I missed you nonetheless."

He kept her close, hugging her tightly for a few minutes as he breathed in her hair, enjoying the flowery smell of her shampoo, which hadn't graced his nostrils in so long.

On Kary's side, she had her face deep in his chest, trying her best not to cry as she felt Alexander's strong and comforting embrace.

She only let go after she heard Alex's stomach rumble like a stormy sky.

It pulled a giggle out of her as she backed away from him.

"I'll go make breakfast. I doubt you've had anything good to eat in that month of being in the wild alone. Let me treat you."

Alex chuckled, nodding his head slowly. He smiled at her as she left the room.

He rose from the bed, stretching his body with a vocal complaint as his joints cracked and popped.

"Man. I haven't slept this well in a while. Back to normal it is now," he mumbled, heading toward the hallway.

But a slight shift in mana caught his senses from downstairs, and Alex's gaze immediately hardened. He didn't recognize the mana signature.

He dashed forward, bouncing off the wall over the staircase, before dropping into his living room, and there, his face contorted angrily.

Four Chinese men were in his living room, two young and two around Alfred's and Jack's age. And they didn't look like they were here for an excellent Canadian breakfast.

Kary was looking at them with rage in her eyes, but she didn't dare move, as a thin crowbar-looking blade was against her throat.

The young man, who was keeping her in check, glared at Alex as he landed in the living room, pressing the blade a little more into her skin.

Alex glared back at him.

"If she bleeds even a single drop, you all die," he growled.

One of the older men looked at Alex before looking at the young Chinese man.

"Song Ping, stay your hand. We need not devolve into violence just yet," he ordered the young man.

Instantly, the young man released the pressure on his blade. But his glare on Alexander did not abate.

Alex looked at the men, of which the other young man was slowly going to his left, blocking access to the patio door. The second older man was already between him and the elevator.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" Alex asked, looking the first old man in the eyes with intensity.

"Those are two excellent questions, young man. We cannot answer the first one since we are sworn to secrecy, but I can give you my name and theirs if you want. As for what we want, well, it is very simple."

Alex looked at him, waiting for him to keep talking, but the old man kept mum, only keeping up eye contact.

Alex quickly lost patience.

"Well? Speak up. Names and reason you are here. I don't think you have all day. And I would rather you let her go, as well."

The old man smiled at him, almost like he had been waiting for him to ask.

"Ahh, yes. Forgive my tardiness to introduce ourselves. My name is Bai Feng. This is Zhang Huo and the young one over there is Xue Wei. As for the one holding the damsel, his name is Song Ping, as you have already heard."

Alex looked at each one in turn, and the two first gave him a nod. The last one, who was still holding Kary with his sword to her neck, only grimaced aggressively at him.

The one called Bai Feng, who was without a doubt their leader, crossed his legs on the sofa, smiling at Alexander.

Alex stared at him before losing patience again.

"You still haven't told me the reason for your presence here. You are testing my patience, old man."

"Watch your mouth with Elder Bai, pìyǎn! Or I'll cut off the woman's head," Song Ping threatened.

"Enough, boy. I'll do the talking, not you," Bai Feng interjected, glaring at the young man from the corner of his eye.

Song Ping spat on the ground next to Kary's feet, and she started boiling inwardly.

"If you spit again on my floor, I will wipe it away with your fucking face," Kary seethed.

"Shut up, bitch," Song Ping retorted, pressing the blade a bit harder.

Kary growled as the sharp metal pressed against her carotid.

The older man seemed to lose patience for a second before returning to his smiling face.

But Alex couldn't be put in the same basket. His anger rose at the insulting words and threats against Kary, and he was already close to blowing up.

He glared at the old man.

"Listen, Mr. Bai Feng. I don't care who you are anymore. But if he doesn't let her go in the next five seconds, I will redecorate this entire penthouse with your guts, all of you, after ripping you apart so thoroughly that the police won't have enough of you to conduct an investigation."

The old man's smile only widened as his eyes grew colder.

"Yes. That's good. Show us that side. That is what we are here for. Show us the yaoguai."

Alex growled at him as his skin slowly turned red. Kary quickly understood that Alex wasn't speaking metaphorically anymore, as horns started growing from his head.

'He can become that monster at will? What happened to you, Alex?' she wondered.

## Chapter 810 Kill Team

She knew as a fact that all his soul companions were still inside New Eden, so he shouldn't have been able to meld with them.

As for the demons of Solomon's signet, she had seen a few, but none that resembled Alexander this much.

No.

She recognized this demonization. She had seen it before.

Or rather, seen half of it before. In Lacs-des-Seizes-Iles.

Her eyes went wide at the realization.

'Was this why he didn't want me to enter the cell? Was he scared he might change into that thing?' she wondered.

Seeing her surprised reaction, the Elder, Bai Feng, clicked his tongue in annoyance.

'She really didn't know... What a clueless girl.'

"Song Ping. Let the girl go. She doesn't need to witness this or get caught in it. Girl. Leave this place," Bai Feng said, locking his eyes on the Alexander.

Song Ping spat in discontent but did as ordered, taking his sword away from Kary's throat and pushing her toward the patio.

"You can fly, right? Then fly away, bitch. This is no place for a woman."

Kary's eye twitched at the misogynistic comment, and she almost lost her cool instantly. But she also didn't want to get stuck in a fight where she might have to kill humans.

Or worse. Where she might have to help them kill Alex.

Lighting herself on fire, Kary jumped over the balcony railing before launching toward Jack's private hospital. She could only think of one person who might have called these people, and her heart burned with rage.

'If he's dead by the time I come back here, I'll have your head, you Chinese bastard...!' Kary cursed inwardly.

Seeing her fly away, Alex felt a sense of relief.

He was relieved that she wouldn't be in danger anymore and that she wouldn't have to see him do what he would do next.

Because there was no way he was letting these men leave alive.

"I hope you said goodbye to your families before coming here. Because I will be sending you back to your home country in bags. Many bags," Alex seethed.

The small orb of black fire over his head grew in size, almost reaching the horns on both sides of his head.

Alex wasn't going to let them hold the initiative. The moment one of them twitched, his body was already before him, and his claw was swinging out for the kill.

The man's eyes went wide, the speed at which Alex had moved much too fast for him to react. But he wasn't alone.

Elder Bai Feng snapped his head toward his ally and blurted, "Dùn!"

A bright blue barrier formed between him and Alex as the latter's claw ground against it, sending sparks flying.

Alex jumped back, realizing his surprise attack had been useless.

'So he's a support. And that Song Ping guy must be a front-liner, given his weapons.'

As he thought that, the young man, Song Ping, blasted forward, his hook blades in a cross-shape before himself. The other older man, who had been blocking the elevator, lunged at him, gauntlets appearing over his hands.

'A monk type and a dual-wielder. Those are the front liners. The older one is a support caster type. That leaves the one I was attacking.'



Alex was analyzing everything as it happened, his body and thoughts much faster than his opponents. He glanced at the last man; the second young man, Xue Wei, materialized a chain in his hands that had a fine dart affixed to the end.

'Ranged attacker—a pretty standard group composition. But I can't get lazy. They'll hit me from all angles if I do. I'm sure they are also used to working as a team. This might get tricky,' Alex mused, before lowering his stance.

He knew he overpowered them, but four against one was still risky. He was almost sure their weapons would pierce his skin if they hit him.

Just looking at the blades that Song Ping held, his skin crawled.

'These are demon-hunting weapons. I should have gone with Geminae's form. But I wouldn't have been stronger than them that much then. Guess I'll play the double-edged sword, then.'

The first one to reach him was Song Ping, who had reacted the fastest, and he cut his blades in an X pattern, leaving very little space for Alex to dodge.

Pumping mana into his hand, Alex clawed at the swords, parrying the attack. But he still felt the blades sink into his hard claws before the nails regenerated.

'Good thing I boosted them. He would have gone straight through.'

As Song Ping was thrown back, he needed to deal with the following threat: the second elder, Zhang Huo, throwing a fist at his exposed side. Simultaneously, he could hear the faint whistling of something flying at his head and saw a glimmer of metal from the corner of his eye.

'Coordinated attack. The dart is the real threat. At worst, the gauntlets will break a rib or two, but that dart is coming in fast enough to pierce my skull.'

Alex shifted his body enough to dodge the incoming dart, as changing its trajectory mid-flight would be next to impossible, but he exposed more of his side to Zhang Huo doing this.

But that was a trade he was willing to make.

As the gauntlet hit his side, he also heard Elder Bai Feng shout something.

"Yā Sui!"

He felt a surge of power coming from the gauntlet, now pressed against his skin.

'Shit!' he cursed.

He didn't even consider the possibility that the support could also boost the attack of his allies. And now he paid the price of his overconfidence.

He felt his right side ribs shatter inside his abdomen; the shrapnel piercing his internal organs, making him cough blood.

Reeling from the attack, Alex jumped back. His regenerative abilities were already at work, repairing the damage inside, but it wouldn't be instant.

'This is going to be harder than I anticipated. Maybe I should have asked for Kary's help after all.'

But he wouldn't have much time to think. The four men were already attacking once more.

'If only this demon had more than just good physical capabilities...'