

## Night Ranger - Chapter 501 - 505

Chapter 501: Devil Horsemen

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

It was thanks to this unexpectedly gained characteristic that Marvin successfully resisted the Abyssal Corruption.

He also took the chance to slip away and disappear from Balkh's sight.

After carefully reviewing the description of the Molten Bloodline, Marvin felt a bit of a burden in his heart.

The Molten Bloodline was definitely a powerful bloodline.

The Molten Archdevil was one of the Lords of the Nine Hells, so his bloodline naturally had boundless power.

As one of the highest Greater Devils, his bloodline was incredibly tyrannical!

But Marvin had never had any sort of encounter with the Molten Archdevil, and his Shapeshift Sorcerer abilities came from another Ancient Archdevil.

The origin of that power... Marvin thought for a moment before understanding.

His mood became heavier afterward because he didn't know what kind of side effects might come from having that bloodline.

His intuition told him that this wasn't that simple.

'Diross... I didn't think that there was still something mysterious about the bottle after it went through the Great Duke's examination.'

Marvin couldn't help but smile bitterly.

The Molten Archdevil's bloodline couldn't have come from his own body. It was definitely due to his grandfather.

As for why he did this and whether Marvin's body was truly compatible with this bloodline, he had no idea about the answer to these questions just yet.

But right now, the Molten Bloodline had only been slightly awakened, so aside from the Arch-enemy characteristic, Marvin only got a [Fire Adept] specialty.

The Fire Adept specialty gave resistance to all sorts of harm from fire and was a decent ability.

Of course, this bloodline awakening was due to the Abyssal Corruption attack.

Hell and the Abyss were mortal enemies, after all.

...

While Marvin went into the shadows to check on his new bloodline, Balkh went berserk.

Corrupt 29th, which he had so painstakingly created, had been cut into pieces!

And that bastard still managed to flee!

“Crafty Devil!” Balkh shouted, “You actually disguised as a Human!”

He couldn’t be more familiar with the aura that burst out of Marvin’s body. It was the aura of the Nine Hells!

He swore to destroy Marvin!

Light burst out of the altar, followed by thick, black clouds!

Marvin raised his head and stared blankly for a moment when he saw the mass of thunder and lightning brewing!

‘That guy is using a large-scale killing array!’

Marvin ran further away.

Balkh was really a powerful opponent. The Demonic Altar and the Abyssal Blood Pond gave him a steady flow of energy, making it too difficult for Marvin to kill him.

Even Eternal Night Seal was useless since he had bound his soul to the altar.

Marvin had no idea why he would be willing to make that decision.

As the son of a Demon Overlord, Balkh’s move was too crazy.

Doing this meant that he would live and die with the Demonic Altar.

The advantage for Marvin was that if he wanted to kill Balkh, he only had to destroy the altar.

Yet most of the powerhouses in the Crimson Wasteland tended to act alone, when in fact, even a team of Legends wouldn't necessarily be able to destroy that Demonic Altar.

Balkh's roiling Abyssal Spell was extremely intimidating.

Maybe it was because Balkh knew that someone had his back, but he was quite disdainful when facing the lone Marvin.

In his eyes, Marvin would never be able to defeat him.

Perhaps this would be the case if it were someone else that Balkh was looking at.

But Marvin was different.

He still had a trump card.

'I really didn't think I would be using that thing.'

'I don't know if there will be any side effects or consequences...'

'But it's also good. If I meet him, I can ask him about the Molten Bloodline.'

The lightning in the sky became increasingly heavier. Balkh clearly wanted to use [Thunder Purgatory] to completely ruin the valley and force Marvin into the open.

Marvin abruptly threw out a scroll!

Hell Corps Contract!

He had been told that he could use this contract to summon a group of Devils from Hell to fight for him!

This contract, like the potion, was given to Marvin by his grandfather.

He had yet to use it, out of fear that it could have additional unwanted effects.

Especially in Feinan. If he opened a Hell Gate in Feinan, he would become sinner against the plane.

But he felt a lot better about using it in the Crimson Wasteland.

And with the addition of the Molten Bloodline, Marvin had a lot of questions. Since Balkh was so troublesome, Marvin had no choice but to use this most powerful last resort.

Indeed, most Legends alone, or even a small team of them, would be unable to destroy the Demonic Altar. But an army could easily flatten it!

At that time, the ancient contract burst with bright light.

The muttering from Hell echoed beside Marvin's ear.

He had heard those kinds of voices many times.

Only the rhythm was different.

When he heard these voices, Balkh was struck with fear.

“Woosh!”

Lightning congealed in the sky.

The Teleportation Gate had yet to open and the sounds of horses' hooves could already be heard.

“Thud thud thud thud!”

Just moments later, it felt like an army was stepping across the plane!

Above the valley, shadows kept emerging from the blood-colored gate.

These people were wearing black and white masks and sitting atop Skeletal Warhorses. Each Devil Horseman was equipped with a green spear.

A faint green flame was burning at the end of the spear. This was Hell's fire!

The Hell Corps Contract summoned 24 Devil Horsemen!

They would be enough to completely destroy any city in Feinan without a powerful Legend defending it because the leader of the horsemen was actually a middle-rank Devil.

“Middle-rank Devil, Blackhand Bard at your service.”

“This is the Dark Blade Horsemen Regiment's 3rd platoon.”

“Lord Diross sends his regards and told me to faithfully execute all your orders!”

The leader of the Devil Horsemen came out and spoke in an ice-cold voice while facing Marvin.

Marvin knew that the Devil Race was very strict regarding hierarchy.

Greater Devils had absolute authority over the Lesser Devils. And Archdevils had the most supreme authority.

Even if these Devils were unwilling to heed a Human's orders, with Diross' order, they didn't dare to not comply.

Marvin nodded, focusing his gaze on the Demonic Altar.

"Destroy it!" he ordered.

All the Devil Horsemen charged at the same time, aiming at Balkh on the altar.

The latter's face was already deathly pale!

Chapter 502: Harvest [Two in One]

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

When the Devil Horsemen appeared, Balkh was already panicking.

Marvin didn't give him enough time to prepare. This Demon Wizard had Legend level casting abilities and could link up to the Abyssal Blood Pond. Who knew what kind of magic he could use if he had time?

Under the lead of Blackhand, the Devil Horsemen launched a relentless attack on the Demonic Altar!

For Devils, attacking a Demonic Altar was something very familiar to them.

The battles they experienced during the bloody war that had been raging on for a thousand years had forged their instincts.

If these Devil Horsemen went one by one, then Balkh would be able to deal with them with his magic.

But because the 24 Horsemen split into three groups to attack from three different directions, the Demonic Altar seemed to be unable to handle it.

Death Rays were shot out frantically, followed by a great number of weaker spells.

Devil Horsemen collapsed one after the other under the rain of flames and dark spells.

But none would retreat.

The Devils' pride wouldn't allow them to compromise with Demons, and Marvin's absolute command wouldn't allow that anyways!

They could only charge!

"Thud thud thud!"

The Skeletal Warhorses rushed through the sky, their hooves resounding with a soul-shaking sound.

Marvin knew that this wasn't just a mere sound. It actually had an intimidation effect!

The beat of the echoing hooves even disturbed several of Balkh's casts!

Even the Demon Wizard on the altar wasn't completely immune to it.

After all, he was fighting on his own, and the strength of a single person was limited!

The aura of destruction kept spreading, but regardless of how fast Balkh cast his spells, he couldn't stop all the Devil Horsemen!

When Blackhand Bard stepped in the Demonic Altar, its defensive system had already been shattered.

They stabbed the green spears in their hands at the altar's floor!

At that time, a sharp shattering sound burst from under the altar!

Balkh showed a look of despair.

He crazily shouted, "Die!"

"Crash!"

Thunder Purgatory!

The terrible lightning bolts made no distinction between what it targeted as it fell from the sky in the area around Balkh, even hitting some of his previous experiments. The Devil Horsemen who had stepped on the altar had were crushed!

But the impact of such a powerful Legend Spell also destroyed the last foundations of the altar. As for Blackhand Bard, the Leader of the Devil Horsemen who had the fastest reactions out of them, he managed to jump away from the altar and dodge the calamity!

"Crash!"

The base of the altar was completely shattered.

That banner and the Cyclops' bony it was hanging from loudly collapsed!

A pale blue light floated out from under the base.

Balkh seemed to be feeling a bit sluggish.

In that short but fierce confrontation, the Devil Horsemen were almost completely wiped out!

Only Blackhand remained, and he had lost his mount and his weapon.

As long as Balkh could get his soul back, he would be able to successfully escape.

But at that time, a shadow appeared between him and his soul.

Balkh crumbled!

Marvin.

He didn't charge toward Balkh, dashing toward that pale blue light instead.

There was a stone in the center of the light.

This was Balkh's soulstone.

He sealed his own soul there and bound it with the foundations of the altar, thus making the altar more compatible with his soul. If had more time to keep developing here, this valley would one day become a terrifying stronghold.

Unfortunately, that day would never come.

Marvin was a lot faster than him!

He had already made his preparations when he ordered the Horsemen to assault the altar.

After using up his Hell Corps Contract, he definitely wouldn't give Balkh the chance to flee!

Marvin grabbed Balkh's soulstone and turned to look at the Greater Demon.

The latter forced himself to stay calm. With the sheep-head staff in his hand still aiming at Marvin, he gently coaxed, "Give it back. I'll give you a generous reward."

“I’ll let you know in advance, my soulstone is made of the hardest stone. It would take at least a week for you to destroy it.”

“I know you aren’t a pure Devil. We aren’t natural enemies.” Balkh started being polite.

But Marvin didn’t care for his words.

He only faintly laughed, “A week, you say?”

The next moment, the sound of the soulstone shattering exploded from his hand!

“Crash!”

Two light grey rays of light had burst out of Marvin’s eyes and hit the soulstone.

That soulstone, which Balkh had been so sure was nearly indestructible, was shattered just like that!

It turned to ashes as the Demon gazed on in disbelief.

His soul had been destroyed!

...

Only Blackhand and Marvin were left in the altar surrounding after the fierce battle.

That solemn middle-rank Devil’s mood didn’t change one bit despite the deaths of all his subordinates.

In fact, they had already been prepared to sacrifice themselves when they signed the contract.

The day would come sooner or later; it was only a matter of time.

Thus, he was very calm.

Marvin glanced at him and asked in a soft voice, “Many thanks for all your help. But I have a question, I wonder if you can answer it for me?”

Blackhand faltered for a bit before grimly answering, “I’ll do my best to help you, but there are some things that I am unable to talk about or do.”

Marvin nodded. “Can I see Diross?”

After a moment, Blackhand shook his head.



Marvin frowned in displeasure. "Why? You should know that my contract came from him."

Blackhand thought for a bit before ultimately saying, "Lord Diross told us to listen to your commands, but as I said before, there are some things I cannot divulge. I can only tell you that Lord Diross thinks highly of you and is now attacking a very important place, he doesn't have time to see anyone."

"If he wants to see you, he will appear before you at any time."

Marvin inwardly sighed.

It was like this, as he'd expected. He didn't get any useful information about his grandfather from the Devil Horseman.

He then asked questions about the side effects of the Molten Bloodline and the Hell Corps Contract.

And Blackhand's answers about those things were also very vague.

He was unclear about the Molten Bloodline. As for the contract, the only side effect was that by using it, he had now chosen a side.

Devil and Demons were arch-enemies, and Marvin using the contract meant that he had sided against the Demons.

This could be considered as a side effect.

Marvin didn't care much about this. He originally had a Devil Bloodline and naturally didn't have a favorable opinion of Demons. He didn't expect to work with the Abyss' lunatics. On contrary, although the Devils were known as destroyers, they were a group of artistic destroyers. Although they were sly, they were very particular about rules.

In any case, he didn't have much more to ask Blackhand, so Marvin let him go.

He still had the ashes of Balkh's soulstone in his hand.

He looked at the powder and checked his interface.

'This ability's destructive power is truly effective on souls. Even this soul receptacle suffered so greatly!'

Marvin silently looked at the [Spirit Orb] line.

After killing that last Trapper and 29th, his Spirit Orb value reached [200/200].

After the Spirit Orb was filled, a new soul skill called [Harvest] appeared.

[Harvest: Soul attack. Completely annihilate an exposed soul receptacle and greatly harm the soul.]

This was a very simple and vicious skill.

It was similar to the Legend spell [Soul Scatter]!

Of course, it was weaker.

After all, Soul Scatter was an unconventional spell even among Death Spells. It was exempt from Death Magic Resistances, and the target could only hope that the spell would fail.

As for Harvest, it was a very fierce spell when targeting a soulstone or a phylactery.

Even in an ordinary battle, using Harvest was like casting a powerful soul attack that could perturb the opponent's mind, reactions, thoughts, and even their physical brain itself, since the body could be considered a protected soul receptacle.

And for battles where every single moment of distraction could change the outcome, Harvest was very useful.

The only problem was that this skill needed to gather soul.

Only through a great amount of slaughter could he get the previous data to power the ability.

Marvin noticed that after he used Harvest, the Spirit Orb returned to [0/200].

If he wanted to collect 200 soul points again, he would need some time.

This skill should be kept as a trump card.

...

Marvin got considerable benefits from killing Balkh.

There was no need to mention experience points. In this realm, the amount of exp gained was huge, but it was also largely useless.

The truly useful gains from the fight were those 5 points of Comprehension!

This allowed Marvin to take another step toward reaching level 2 Ruler of the Night.

With each level in his Ruler of the Night class, he would gain completely new skills. He chose Eternal Night Seal for the first level.

Ruler of the Night skills were very formidable!

And apart from this, the materials he found were also plentiful.

Because Balkh and the Magic Dragon were bonded, he had been able to use his Magic Dragon for storage.

After Balkh's death, the Magic Dragon exploded, but not all the things amassed within disappeared.

He left many Blood Essence Stones behind. Marvin counted at least two hundred of them. Marvin supposed that Balkh had snatched those from people nearby.

But what Marvin really cared about was a staff that had appeared!

Since it was able to survive the explosion of the Magic Dragon, it was definitely something extraordinary.

Marvin carefully examined the green staff. It looked slimmer than the ordinary types of magic staves that he had seen most often and he thought that it looked more like the wands used by lesser Angels.

But the staff had a powerful aura of Nature. Although Marvin couldn't properly appraise it himself, he knew that it was an outstanding find.

It might be a Nature-attributed Magic Staff, like the kind that most Druids would use. The reason Balkh himself didn't use that staff was surely due to him being a Demon, and thus being rejected by the power of Nature.

Apart from this, there was a floating silver funnel as well as a huge black gem. Marvin didn't know what those were for at all and would need a specialized appraiser to look at them. But they clearly shouldn't be ordinary items either.

In short, just finding the Blood Essence Stones and the Magic Staff was already a huge profit. Marvin didn't clean them up as he still had to deal with the aftermath.

There was still someone else in this valley, after all.

...

Marvin kicked aside some crushed rocks.

The man was still alive and breathing.

But what startled Marvin was this man had the same aura as Corrupt 29th, who had attacked him.

“You... Killed him?”

Apparently, not only was this man able to survive the whole fight, but he also witnessed the scene of him killing Balkh.

He gingerly crawled out of the pile of rocks. The left side of his face was burnt black, as was his left hand.

It was clear that he had been hit by the Thunder Purgatory spell.

But he didn't die.

This meant that he had an inconceivably robust constitution.

“Who are you?” Marvin was very wary of him.

The man was silent for a moment before he looked down at his hands. He then raised his head back toward Marvin and said with a mournful tone, “I don't know who I am.”

...

In the depths of the valley, there were some Humans were curled up in cages.

“They are my people,” that man lamented to Marvin, “but they already lost their Human dignity at the Demon's hands.”

“I am an exception. He fancied my background. I was a general in our world.”

“Our world was very old and there had always been rumors of Demons in the past, but no one took them seriously. To be honest, that day, when the Great Prophet issued a warning, I also didn't take it seriously. We thought those so-called ancient rumors were just stories. How could there be Gods and Demons?”

“But... Disaster arrived swiftly and mercilessly. The Demon army swept through our world, destroying it completely.”

“I drifted around for a while before finally landing in this Demon's hands. He did some things to my body... Some unforgivable experiments.”

“Honestly, I wouldn't resist if you wanted to kill me.”

“I felt the huge change happening to my body. I became very powerful. But also powerless.”

After saying this, the man stopped where he was and couldn't help falling to his knees and weeping.

There was a cage in front of him containing a woman and a child.

They were his wife and child.

They had been unable to survive Balkh's first round of experiments. Their bodies already smelled bad.

But that man called Baro still looked at them.

Marvin stood at his side, silently shaking his head.

Although he already knew that many planes had suffered from Demonic invasions, he still felt angry seeing this scene before him.

The people of Feinan and Secondary Planes were still the same.

They just wanted to live in peace in their territories.

But there were always some disasters that would come.

"Can you give them peace?" Baro pointed at those Humans who all had blank expressions and clenched his teeth, adding, "And me."

"I have nothing left."

Marvin gently drew his Azure Leaf and walked over silently.

Chapter 503: Holy Light City

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

In the depths of the valley, a cold light kept flashing. Those Humans didn't let out any screams or even react at all. They all died at Marvin's hands.

He had to do this.

This was the Crimson Wasteland, one of the cruellest places in the Universe. These guys had already lost their minds, they wouldn't be able to survive here.

Just as Baro said, it would be better to grant them peace.

But after the blade stopped, Baro found that he was still alive.

He looked at Marvin, who was quietly wiping his blade, with a puzzled expression.

“They are people who had no hope of surviving, and thus I killed them,” Marvin said in a soft voice, “but you aren’t.”

“I am not a Human anymore,” Baro muttered painfully. “I don’t care. I don’t think anyone would care about much after losing all their friends and relatives, right?”

Marvin solemnly said, “In my opinion, you can keep surviving here. Your body is a wonder. What that Demon did to you is unforgivable, but I can feel that you aren’t an evil person, and there is an immense power flowing through your body.”

“I have no reason to kill you.”

“You said you were a powerful general in the past. Then you should be strong enough. Some deaths are unavoidable, but those who give up on their lives despite having the strength to push on are cowards.” Marvin looked into Baro’s eyes as he said that. “This world is very cruel. Sometimes, everyone thinks that death is a form of salvation.”

“But even if you lose all reason to keep on living, you are still alive. There is no need to discuss this. Life is precious, and protecting precious lives is something everyone should do.”

“Keep on living. There is still hope.”

After saying this, Marvin didn’t stay in the valley.

If Baro wanted to kill himself, he wouldn’t prevent him. However, he did feel a great power within him.

That man’s will was strong enough to resist the invasion of the Demon Spawn, which was a miracle in itself.

Balkh created him but was unable to control him. Marvin had no interest in killing such a pitiful man.

In the depths of the valley, Baro was completely immobile, still feeling at a loss as he stared at Marvin’s back.

He kneeled there, not moving for a long time.

Eventually, night fell. A pair of scarlet eyes suddenly opened.

After two minutes, a conflagration flared up and the valley was engulfed in fire.

Out of the smoke, a strange, tall shadow silently left the valley with a broken sword.

No one knew where he would go. Now, just like everyone else in this world, even if he was standing in front of a deep abyss, he would still walk forward.

...

Eisengel.

An old man wearing a pair of glasses looked at Marvin in shock.

“You killed Balkh?”

Marvin set the Demon’s head on the tablet, asserting, “You can appraise it to see whether it’s a Greater Demon’s head or not.”

The old Wizard pushed up his glasses and took a deep look at Marvin.

“Youth, you misunderstand me.”

“It’s not that Eisengel has no one that is able to kill such a Demon, but you should know why no one was willing to do that.”

Of course Marvin knew.

Balkh didn’t represent just himself. He was the son of that famous Demon Lord.

Demon Lord Balkh was a critical existence in the Abyss. Although he couldn’t compare with the peak Demon Lords, he was also considered a powerful Hegemon.

The Crimson Wasteland wasn’t Feinan and didn’t have the protection of the Universe Magic Pool.

This place was covered in spatial cracks, so Demons and Devils with a lot of power could force their way in.

Forces from all over the Universe were fighting over territory and resources. Although Balkh was working on his own, that didn’t mean he had no backup.

Killing Balkh would bring one great trouble. Thus, most of the strongest powerhouses in Eisengel decided to look away.

Only someone who was in a rush like Marvin would choose to take this mission.

But he wasn’t afraid.

Balkh's father was indeed troublesome. But at most, he was a bit more troublesome than Glynos. What about the Black Dragon God he had offended, or the Dream God, or Tidoma... Hartson?

In any case, he had offended the Gods and a few powerhouses of the Negative Energy Plane already. So what if a Demon Lord was added to that pile?

This kind of situation would worry others. But Marvin wasn't afraid of them. He only paid attention to his own strength.

He believed that as long as his strength was increased quickly enough, when those Gods and Demons came after him, he would be able to directly send them away!

This was Marvin's confidence.

...

After completing the quest with the old caster, Marvin finally received the reward for his mission.

Although Blood Essence Stones were extremely precious, after getting so many things from Balkh, Marvin didn't care about that relatively meager amount of Blood Essence Stones.

He cared more about the two maps.

To a newcomer, information was more important. And among the information available, Maps were considered most important.

Otherwise, if he went around blindly, many things could go wrong.

To be honest, Eisengel's camp seemed to have held back a bit of information from the maps to some extent.

Many parts of the maps weren't complete.

But they were still rather kindhearted as most of the dangerous locations were indicated while some major locations were roughly marked too.

The Crimson Wasteland was vast. The world's map divided it into five sections, each of them separated by a long mountain range. The place Marvin was currently at, Eisengel, was in the southern region.

This world map didn't give Marvin a lot of information, but the small, detailed map did.



The forces around Eisengel were pointed out in the details on the map, including the Devil Pond, the Dark Abyss, Mushroom City, and other hostile powers.

It was worth mentioning that as a Human force, Eisengel still had allies in the surroundings.

Following the Withered Leaf Promenade north would lead to Black Swan Hill.

This was a hub of communications and was the residence of a mysterious old man. He was raising groups of Black Swans and offered people interplanar information services.

These Black Swans were of a very special breed, said to be able to travel through time to arrive at the place you wanted the information delivered to.

And it was also said that in Black Swan Hill, there was a very powerful force that no one dared to provoke.

Thus, some smaller settlements formed in the surroundings of Black Swan Hill.

But the mysterious old man was quite eccentric and didn't pay any attention to the olive branch sent by other Human forces.

Eisengel's real ally was another territory named [Holy Light City].

And this Holy Light City was northwest of Black Swan Hill.

'Holy Light City...'

'Isn't that the place the last message from Half-God Minsk was sent from?'

Marvin's eyes shone as he immediately began preparing for his departure.

Chapter 504: Cold Light's Grasp

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

Marvin didn't stay long in Eisengel.

This camp mainly made up of Human Wizards was bound to just be a stop on his journey. He rested for a day in the camp and left Eisengel under the cover of the night.

He obtained a few good things from Balkh, but unfortunately, Eisengel was only a small camp. There was no Grandmaster Appraiser, so Marvin wasn't able to get the items identified.

But he had heard that there were all kinds of talented Appraisers in Holy Light City.

The place was also one of the most powerful Human forces in the Crimson Wasteland.

While Marvin was gathering information about Holy Light City back in Eisengel, a recent rumor caught his attention.

Apparently, Holy Light City hadn't been very peaceful lately. The daughter of the Moon Goddess Faniya, Miss Silvermoon, had apparently been seen in Holy Light City. She was a secretive person, but had still been recognized by a few knowledgeable people.

It was once divined that Miss Silvermoon's most beloved artifact was buried in some hidden jewel cave in the surroundings of Holy Light City.

Thus, Holy Light City was very lively in recent days and many forces were lusting after it.

Marvin didn't know much about the mysterious Moon Goddess, and her daughter, Miss Silvermoon also rarely openly appeared. But he knew about the famous Cold Light's Grasp.

There was a great amount of knowledge about Legendary straight daggers out of the things that were important to know in order to advance as an Assassin in Feinan.

And Marvin was naturally infatuated with these weapons. His [Azure Leaf]s were considered outstanding among daggers.

But from what he knew, the Cold Light's Grasp daggers were a rank above that.

His [Azure Leaf]s were a pair of Legendary Items, while the [Cold Light's Grasp]s were a pair of Artifacts!

They were a pair of daggers that ranked above [Nightfall].

'The Crimson Wasteland was said to have been the battlefield for a multitude of wars. Countless Gods fell here.'

'From what I know, Miss Silvermoon died in the 3rd era. It's most likely her soul that is lingering here.'

'Could Cold Light's Grasp really be appearing?'

Thinking up to this point, Marvin couldn't help feeling a bit heated up.

He would try his luck on this trip to Holy Light City to look for Minsk and see if he could get Cold Light's Grasp while he was there.

After all, Azure Leaf was already proof that powerful weapons would greatly enhance his own considerable strength.

He crossed the field and set foot on the Withered Leaf Promenade, walking northward under the cover of the night.

...

Somewhere in the Abyss, flames were swaying between mountains.

A roar suddenly shook the land.

“Someone dared to kill my child!”

It was a Demon that was the size of a small mountain!

The place was an endless battlefield. A large number of strange insects were rushing out of various cracks all over the place. The Greater Demon brandished his huge hammer and crushed these insects into green juice.

That juice stoked his Demon Flame while at the same time stoking his anger!

The army of Demons behind him also shouted angrily, attacking their enemies.

This was a great victory.

A whole new Secondary Plane had been conquered.

But Demon Lord Balkh wasn't excited at all.

In fact, as the war ended, he immediately returned to his own territory.

His eyes pierced through the plane, looking at the youth's face.

The other side seemed to have felt his gaze and turned to look at him.

Next second, an immense power interfered and he lost track of the youth.

“To actually kill my most promising child...” Balkh's anger was seething.

But he couldn't do much about it.

His son had died in the Crimson Wasteland.

There was an agreement between Gods and Demons that powerhouses at his level couldn't enter the Crimson Wasteland.

Those who died in the Crimson Wasteland couldn't be avenged, or else that plane would have been destroyed by someone in fury by now.

But even if Demon Lords couldn't personally intervene, it didn't mean that they couldn't send others to do so.

"Immediately gather information about that Human."

"Use all the forces we have in the Crimson Wasteland. I saw it was the Southern Wasteland. How many people do we have there?"

Facing Balkh's question, the beautiful Succubus secretary softly answered, "We don't have many people in the Southern Wasteland."

"But the good news is that [Blade] is there."

Balkh sneered, "Have him bring that Human's head back to me."

After three minutes, in a deserted woodland in Holy Light City's surroundings, a mantis-like shadow slowly awakened.

...

Bloody Wasteland, North of Holy Light City.

The Wasteland's climate was very strange and there were no fixed rules.

For example, the north of Holy Light City was an overgrown snow mountain, and further in was a flowery land that seemed to be in the heights of springtime.

On the endless snowy slope, a young girl was strenuously walking forward.

Not far from her, a short branch was peeking out a snow-covered tree.

The young girl walked past without any change of expression.

But as she passed by that branch, it turned into a snake!

"Ssss!"

The snake snapped at her pierced into the young girl's neck, but the strange thing was that no blood flowed.

"Woosh!"

A cold light flashed and the head of the snake fell to the ground.

It disappeared after rolling down the slope.

“You shouldn’t waste your talent.”

A gentle voice echoed beside the girl’s ears. “I know that your people are innate assassins, but Assassins relying solely on their natural talents will easily die on their path.”

The young girl’s expression was very calm as she retorted, “Which Assassin won’t die? You want me to stay worthless all my life and just keep on living like this?”

The voice sounded very helpless as it complained, “Sometimes, I really feel like you are my teacher instead.”

The young girl revealed a rare smiling expression. “Rest assured, Teacher, I have a spring of the Fountain of Youth, my lifespan is enough for me to use it.”

“The Fountain of Youth isn’t omnipotent. You already practiced in a special space for ten years. The way you have been squandering it, you won’t have long left when you return to Feinan.”

That voice was still trying to persuade her.

The girl looked at the sky and resolutely said, “It’s good enough. I don’t expect to live long.”

“I only hope to become stronger as fast as I can. Only in that way can I help him.”

“Teacher, you said that Cold Light’s Grasp is suitable to be my weapon, but can we really find it?”

With a tone full of pride, the gentle voice answered, “Of course.”

“After all... it is the weapon I used when I was alive...”

“Go, Holy Light City isn’t far now.”

Chapter 505: Black Swan Hill [Two in One]

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

The Crimson Wasteland was a desolate place.

Especially the wilderness when it was dark. Marvin was walking alone, and he never encountered any intelligent lifeforms other than howling monsters.

From what he had seen so far, he could tell already that the small map was obviously not to scale. The Withered Leaf Promenade was a lot longer than Marvin had thought.

He walked for a full night before leaving that oppressing sky.

Fortunately, after killing Balkh, there were no more particularly troublesome obstacles left on the path, only some common monsters. Marvin could slash his way through without making any real effort.

The advantage was that it saved him a lot of trouble, but the disadvantage was that he wouldn't be able to obtain more Comprehension points.

Now he was at [8/10] Comprehension.

In other words, after he obtained two more Comprehension points, he would become a level 2 Ruler of the Night.

Each time a Legend class was leveled up, the person's strength would drastically increase. Although Marvin couldn't currently increase his Dexterity due to the restraint of the Godly attribute realm, there were other ways to improve.

Moreover, those valuable skill points would allow him to learn another impressive Ruler of the Night skill.

Compared to other Legends, Marvin also had the [Essence Absorption System] as an advantage.

It was just that in the system, experience was at a much lower rank than Comprehension, creating a glut of it now that he was a Legend.

Marvin tried numerous times to see if he could somehow convert a few hundred thousand experience points into Comprehension points. But it turned out to be impossible.

Marvin's power had not reached a point where he could be above the rules.

In any case, after a night, Marvin reached the end of the promenade and arrived on wide plain.

The mountain range in the distance looked like a swan flapping its wings.

A Black Swan.

'Black Swan Hill, finally.'

...

Due to Eisengel's pass, Marvin was allowed to enter Black Swan Hill with no problems.

He looked around and saw many people.

Marvin was surprised to see that there were non-Legends among the inhabitants!

They weren't just common civilians, though. They were all at least 3rd rank or 4th rank. But still, it might be very difficult for them to survive in this cruel wasteland.

Apparently, Black Swan Hill was protecting them.

Marvin suddenly thought of the rumors about that mysterious old man.

The fact that even the Demons and Evil Spirits wouldn't dare provoke Black Swan Hill cleared showed the man's intimidating strength.

Marvin asked the guards indirectly about how to find the mysterious old man.

He didn't expect that the process would be rather simple.

The mysterious old man didn't object to meeting outsiders. His mysteriousness lay in his origins, not his appearance.

Marvin was even more pleased about something else that he learnt. That old man was a Grandmaster Appraiser, and in fact, he had reached Grandmaster level in many fields. Even the Appraisers in Holy Light City might not be better than him.

In order to save time, Marvin chose a simple strategy, which was to use money.

After spending 10 Blood Essence Stones, Marvin was able to skip the line and immediately secure a meeting with the old man.

He apparently only met up to ten people a day. Marvin's luck was pretty good as he had arrived early in the day and the old man had just started receiving visitors.

He was led by a guard into a small wooden house at the top of the highest hill.

The small house was filled with a simple and clean aura. Surprisingly, it wasn't enchanted in any way: the size of the interior was the same as it seemed from outside.

Rows of items were set up in an orderly manner, and most things in the house were laid out quite tidily. A stooped old man was sitting by the window, with a wooden table in front of him.

Marvin followed the line of his gaze out the window, only to see that small lake.

In the center of the lake, a beautiful Black Swan was combing its wing.

These Black Swans were said to be able to travel through time and transmit information to all kinds of planes.

...

“The auras on your body are quite mixed... Devil, Human, Slaughter, Shadow... And there is a bit of Nature aura.”

The old man eventually turned and looked at Marvin.

His voice was very deep.

Marvin stared back at him, but was only able to see a very ordinary old face.

It was covered in wrinkles.

This was a very powerful disguise. Marvin was completely unable to see through it.

“State your purpose,” the old man continued.

Marvin nodded. “I heard you can send messages... to different planes.”

The old man calmly said, “One message for 10 Blood Essence Stones.”

“No problem.” Marvin accepted without any reservations.

He had more than 200 Blood Essence Stones that he had gotten from Balkh and was now quite well-off. In any case, this currency would be worthless after leaving the Crimson Wasteland.

Although not much time had passed since Marvin left White River Valley, he was still a bit worried.

After all, both Daniela and Wayne had left, and he himself wasn't in his territory either. A Sanctuary without a Powerhouse was very easily targeted.

As for the Thousand Paper Crane given to him by Shadow Thief Owl, it was only to be used for an emergency. As long as he had any other way, Marvin would choose that instead.

...

“Here are 20 Blood Essence Stones, I need to send a message and get the reply back.”



Marvin directly handed the Blood Essence Stones to the old man, who quietly passed him back a sheet of yellow paper and a pen while nodding in agreement.

Marvin took the pen and started writing without any hesitation.

He wanted to ask about the current situation in White River Valley and Feinan. As for himself, he only said a few sentences. After all, he had already informed White River Valley about his situation before leaving for the Crimson Wasteland.

“Write down the plane’s specific coordinates at the end of the letter,” the old man reminded him, “or else, how can my swans find the way?”

Hearing this, Marvin frowned. “I don’t know the exact coordinates of my plane.”

He had some coordinates for White River Valley from within Feinan, but as for the plane itself... He wasn’t a caster who had learnt planar knowledge, so he was unable to correctly write the plane’s coordinates.

The old man casually asked, “Where do you come from?”

“Feinan.”

The old man’s body suddenly shook.

He looked at Marvin as if he had seen a wonder. He recovered after a moment and laughed heartily before musing, “I didn’t expect to still be able to meet someone from the Prime Material Plane after so many years.”

“This Universe... Hehe.”

...

Marvin was somewhat curious about what he meant, but the old man didn’t give Marvin the opportunity to ask as he grabbed the pen and paper and drew out some very complex coordinates at the end of the letter.

His movements were very fast and the letter flew out with a “woosh”. A Black Swan suddenly flew out of the lake and swallowed the letter before flying toward the endless void.

“Five minutes,” the old man said. “You can go out in the meantime and I’ll receive the next guest.”

Marvin shook his head. “I still need your help with something,” he said, before bringing out the treasures he got from Balkh.

His intuition told him that this mysterious old man wasn't the greedy kind of person.

He was supporting the forces of Black Swan Hill by himself. There must be an interesting story behind it.

It was a pity that Marvin didn't have time to look into it, as he had to quickly find Minsk. The earlier he found Minsk, the more time he would have to plan out the rest of his time in the Crimson Wasteland.

This place not only had countless dangers, but also had countless opportunities.

Such as how the Cold Light's Grasp daggers were about to appear in Holy Light City. This was the kind of opportunity that would be very difficult to get in Feinan.

There were truly too many Gods, Demon, Devils and other lifeforms that had met their ends in the Crimson Wasteland.

...

"My appraisal fees are very high," the old man warned as he looked at the three items Marvin took out.

Marvin shrugged, hinting for him to name his price.

"Greyhawk Staff."

The old man pointed at the green staff, and suddenly, a great amount of Nature Power surged out of the staff like a fountain. It faintly looked like a fairy dancing with transparent wings.

"30 Blood Essence Stones."

Marvin's eyes twitched.

Appraisal was so expensive?

He had inquired about the value of Blood Essence Stones. Thirty would be enough to buy a pretty good weapon. Although it wouldn't be enough for a Legend Weapon, it would definitely be a Magic Weapon.

But appraising that Greyhawk Staff was actually worth the price of a Magic Weapon?

However, Marvin wouldn't be stingy at this time. With a wave of his hand, he signalled for the old man to go ahead and appraise it.

The old man's finger quickly swung to the staff.

Some faint runes jumped out of his finger and felt like an illusion to Marvin. It was as if that man was related to of the Greyhawk Staff somehow.

His finished appraising the staff very quickly, and it didn't take long before the Greyhawk Staff's attributes appeared in front of Marvin.

Marvin looked dazed as he went ahead and had the old man complete the appraisal of the last two items.

After a few minutes, the Black Swan returned and a letter was thrown into Marvin's hand. The old man also finished the three appraisal booklets.

Each booklet had a detailed description. This was the ability of a Grandmaster Appraiser. He could uncover all of the properties of an item to the fullest.

After obtaining the three appraisal booklet and the letter from Feinan, Marvin's wallet had been half-emptied.

And he was now even more curious about the mysterious old man's origins and identity.

Because these three items were from three totally different fields of knowledge.

In fact, Marvin should have needed to find three different Grandmaster Appraisers to appraise those three items for him, but the mysterious old man was able to do it alone.

This kind of knowledge was truly too frightening.

Marvin looked at the old man's peaceful face and suddenly thought of something and asked with curiosity:

"Do you know [Minsk]?"

The old man's eyebrow rose as he apparently thought about something, but in the end he demurred.

"I don't know. The planar communication and appraisal services have been completed. Do you need anything else?" he softly asked.

Marvin frowned.

The old man's reaction was pretty normal, but Marvin felt something wrong.

The other side's expression must have been covered by his disguise. Marvin's Earth Perception was also greatly limited here.

He had no choice but leave the small house after saying thanks.

...

The letter coming from Feinan was written by Anna.

It was concise, and described the current situation in the Sanctuary.

Marvin was pleased to find out that the Sanctuary was currently thriving.

Anna was an outstanding supervisor, and with her supporting him from behind, Marvin felt at peace.

The Monsters around the Sanctuary were kept under control and White River Valley's strength was also continuously increasing. It was due to the Black Dragon Izaka and the Mechanical Titan guarding the territory. Nothing seemed to have come to trouble White River Valley recently.

The Gods were still stuck attacking the Universe Magic Pool, and although more Chaos Magic Power was pouring into Feinan, it didn't affect the people in the Sanctuary.

As for the other areas, Anna said that it was like before, Constantine and O'Brien were still in the North, while Endless Ocean was still in the Green Sea Paradise. The current Feinan was like the calm before the storm.

As for Wayne, after he went into the wilderness that day, he didn't return.

Although Marvin was worried about him, he also knew that his younger brother wasn't a very extraordinary. Since he had reacted to the power within the wilderness, he definitely was fated.

The only thing he could do was to practice in the Crimson Wasteland, find Minsk, and quickly increase his strength.

And after reading through those three booklets, Marvin felt that the Blood Essence Stones he had spent were worth it.

Two of the three items were Legendary Items!

[Greyhawk Staff (Nature)]

[Quality: Legendary]

[Property: Nature Magic proficiency]

This looked like an unremarkable effect, but those who knew about it would be startled!

This was an effect that could transform an ordinary person into a Nature Wizard.

Nature Magic proficiency meant that all Nature Spells under Legend level could be used.

How much one could use it was related to the user's constitution.

Even without Magic Power, the user could utilize other items like scrolls, magic powder and other things to refill it and to activate the staff's spells.

In other words, even if Marvin didn't have any Nature Spells himself, he could become a Wizard proficient in Nature Spells as long as he held the staff.

...

The next item was called Time Funnel. It was also a Legend Item!

[Time Funnel (Mysterious)]

[Quality: Legend]

[Property: Area Time Freeze for 1 second, or single target Time Freeze for 3 seconds.]

[Remaining uses: 2]