

Night Ranger - Chapter 506 - 537

Chapter 506: Magic Eye

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

Anyone that was battle-oriented would be able to tell that this would be amazingly useful in battle just by looking at the properties!

Because any ability that could stop time would be equivalent to a Legend Spell!

It shouldn't be underestimated because of its short duration. A one second area freeze or three second single-target freeze was a lot for those that were extremely powerful.

When Inheim, Hathaway, and Owl worked together against the Shadow Prince, they had relied on the spell Space-Time Bind to give Owl the opportunity to steal Time Molt.

The only regretful thing was that Time Funnel had clearly been used quite a few times already and there were only two uses left.

Marvin rejoiced when he saw that item. Fortunately, Balkh didn't use it against him in the battle.

Perhaps he didn't know what it was... or maybe he didn't have the chance to use it.

The only chance Marvin had given him was the moment he had been restrained by the Corrupt. Unfortunately for Balkh, he had been greedy and wanted to get Marvin as his subordinate.

If he had been more decisive, although Marvin might not have necessarily died, he would definitely have paid a huge price.

For example, he may have been forced to use the Magic Addict Shape. The Magic Addict Shape was very powerful, but Marvin would only use it as a last resort.

Compared to the Greyhawk Staff, which could turn him into a Nature Wizard any time he wanted, Marvin was more pleased with the unexpected Time Funnel.

When facing powerful enemies, it could make the critical difference in a deadly battle.

And the third item was something that Marvin currently couldn't use at all.

...

[Magic Eye (Oddity)]

[Description: Anzed Witch's belonging]

[Property 1: Daily Witchcraft usage +5]

[Property 2: Able to use a Middle Ranked Witchcraft daily as well as three Lesser Witchcrafts]

[Property 3: When using (Witchcraft – Search), the user may gain some unexpected harvest]

Three effects, and every single one of them was very good.

The unfortunate thing was that this wasn't a common item, but rather, one with harsh usage conditions.

Most Oddities were very special. They were very special or even unique, and could be comparable to Artifacts in this respect.

After all, Legendary Items could be imitated, but Artifacts and Oddities were each one of a kind.

Marvin actually had the Anzed Bloodline. After all, this was the first group of Humans to reach Feinan, but it was also the first clan to be exterminated. The Anzed people believed in Witchcraft and Witches. Witchcraft was a system of its own and was unrelated to the Universe Magic Pool. It was rumored by some that they were related to an Archdevil, while others said that they had good relations with Demon Lords. Who knew where the power of these Witches came from?

What Marvin was sure of was that the Anzed Witches were a very mysterious clan, and their unique [Witchcraft] system was quite powerful. A particularly extraordinary Witch had once been a Plane Guardian, and although they had declined overall, it seemed that they had been trying to preserve their strength.

Among the players of Feinan Continent, a few had become Anzed Witches, but those people never leaked how they had advanced. They were quite powerful.

Marvin wasn't unfamiliar with the Anzed Witches in this life.

Hathaway's curse actually came from an ancient inheritance, which was something Marvin hadn't expected. But when he got the Witch Queen's Tear, he understood everything.

The tear not only gave him bonus willpower, but also granted him the ability to use the Witchcraft [Flight], as soon as he gathered the mediums needed and prepared it. However, he hadn't reached the level of being able to use an item on the level of [Magic Eye].

In short, he temporarily had no use for this Oddity, but it would be good to keep it and perhaps gift it to Hathaway.

...

Having completed his appraisal, Marvin had no more reason to stay in Black Swan Hill.

Marvin felt something wrong about the old man's reaction concerning Minsk, but he couldn't just hang around here. Although Black Swan Hill was inhabited by many more ordinary people, it wasn't large and it didn't take long for him to explore the whole area. He asked around and didn't get any information about Minsk, so he went on his way.

This time, he had to go through two snowy mountains to reach Holy Light City, which was said to have spring all year round.

In fact, the Crimson Wasteland's climate really had no set patterns. It was strange and irregular.

Black Swan Hill was a typical temperate mountain range, while Holy Light City was a warm city built upon grasslands, but there were snowy mountains surrounding one side.

If not for these mountains having gaps to facilitate people's travels, Holy Light City might not have been able to develop to this stage and become the core power of mankind in the Southern Wasteland.

According to the description on the map, from Black Swan Hill, he needed to keep progressing along the Lost Path before reaching the foot of the snowy mountain and finding [Torch Valley]. After smoothly continuing through this fairly calm road, he would be able to see Holy Light City.

But Marvin also got additional information on Black Swan Hill.

He didn't know whether it was related to the appearance of the Cold Light's Grasp daggers, but the mountain seemed to have become quite dangerous.

Many travelers left the Lost Path and were unable to find the entrance to Torch Valley because it was buried behind crazy snowstorms.

They could only climb the snow mountain instead, thus increasing the danger.

There were many hidden dangers in the snow, all kinds of Legend lifeforms: Snow Woman, Immortal Snow Soul, Undead Dragons and others. Many of them were too powerful even for common Legend powerhouses to face.

Someone guessed that the snow storms were man-made. The cause might be a powerful Wizard manipulating the weather because he didn't want more people to come to fight for the [Cold Light's Grasp]s.

Many people recently tried to go from Black Swan Hill to Holy Light City, but were stopped by the snowstorms and had to return.

It just so happened that a group of adventurers was setting off for Holy Light City when Marvin left. They apparently tried to climb the snow mountain three days before, but had unluckily met a half-awakened Immortal Snow Soul in an avalanche.

An Immortal Snow Soul was a mass of Snow Souls, but its fighting strength far exceeded that of a regular Snow Soul, making it quite difficult to defeat one, even for a team of Legends, and they might die to it in a war of attrition. Thus, most people who met a slumbering Immortal Snow Soul would immediately retreat. It wasn't a wise move to face one in the midst of a blizzard on a snowy mountain.

Since they were going the same way anyways, the team invited Marvin to join them when he was gathering information. Marvin accepted their invitation and joined their ranks.

Following some veterans was better than going alone.

Chapter 507: Ice Worm

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

Crimson Wasteland, Lost Path.

A group of seven was marching along the rough mountain path.

This area's climate was quite lukewarm, but they could already see a few snowy mountains in the distance.

The people in the team were already familiar with the Lost Path, so they wouldn't go the wrong way.

For an important road like the Withered Leaf Promenade, Human forces would always clear away monsters at fixed times, and thus there weren't many monsters on the path. Those few monsters wouldn't dare to provoke a group with six Legends in it.

Among the seven people, there was a team of four that seemed to have come from the same place and had adventured together for a while.

As for the other three, they consisted of Marvin, a Paladin, and a seemingly weak girl.

The Paladin class was usually very sensitive in the Crimson Wasteland.

Because a Paladin's strength originated from their belief in a God, they mostly needed the support of their God's Divine Spells, although they could also improve their strength to some extent through training. The Gods' goals were something that numerous forces paid attention to in the Crimson Wasteland.

Thus, before inviting this Paladin to join to the ranks, the four original members already investigated the Paladin's background.

They were shocked by what they found out about him after asking around.

This was a follower of the God of Truth!

It had to be known that after the God of Truth's fall, most of his Priests, Clerics, and Paladins were unable to obtain any information about it. Even though the God of Truth left behind the [Eternal Scale] as his Divine Vessel before his fall and placed his Divine Fire in it, most people no longer followed the God of Truth.

After all, the Gods were sure that the Ancient God of Truth had already truly died. What his followers now believed in was only a mechanical law, nothing more.

Paladins that still believed in the God of Truth were very rare.

What was even more shocking was that he still managed to become a Legend and come to the Crimson Wasteland.

Marvin was very interested in him. But it was hard to interact with him because he remained silent after joining the group.

The small girl on his back remained asleep all the time, and an aura of wickedness seemed to emanate from her. Even when they were resting, he was cold and silent. Marvin didn't know how to get information from him as he was so unapproachable.

He only managed to learn some information about him from the other members of the group. The young girl was afflicted with a very malicious curse.

This kind of curse could only be removed by a Divine Servant of a powerful God.

Of course, if the God of Truth were still alive, the Paladin might have been able to remove the curse himself... But the God he believed in had already died, so no matter how firm his belief was, his God wouldn't be able to grant him the Divine Spell needed to save the little girl from the curse.

That might be the saddest part about their situation.

....

Aside from the Paladin and the small girl, the other four said that they were going to Holy Light City to meet with some old friends.

As for the specific reason, they didn't explain any further. After all, they were only travel companions.

In the Crimson Wasteland, they would travel together because it was safer together and they were all Humans. But they wouldn't take the initiative to give out information about themselves.

Even Marvin found an excuse to hold back information from them.

He carefully observed everyone and noticed that this small team of four had outstanding fighting strength. The group consisted of two men and two women. The two men fought in melee, while one woman seemed to be a Cleric and the other one was clearly a Legend Wizard.

Within the group, that Legend Wizard's status was clearly higher than that of the others.

She was likely the most powerful member of their group overall.

The others all seemed to be about the same, roughly level 3 Legends, which was higher than Marvin, who had become a Legend fairly recently.

But Marvin didn't reveal his real class after joining.

In fact, since he had the Greyhawk Staff, he could easily change his role to an entirely different one.

He presented himself as a Legend Druid.

He was now riding on a fine horse that he summoned with his staff and was following behind the rest at a leisurely pace.

He wore a thick cloak while holding the Greyhawk Staff. People who didn't know him would really think he was a caster.

...

The Lost Path wasn't considered very long. According to the calculations of [Hunter] Fenno, the team's captain, they would arrive at the foot of the mountain before dark at their current rate.

At that time, they might face a serious ordeal. It was still calm for now.

The atmosphere in the group wasn't too bad. Fenno's speech was very charismatic, and he often told some jokes. Even that stiff Paladin would show some expressions as Fenno animated the group.

It looked like that group of four had a tacit understanding. The two women seemed to be doing nothing, but the Legend Wizard's pet, a crow, was flying around in the surroundings. The crow's eyes were gloomy and it seemed to have an ability that allowed it to see through solid objects and also detect those that were invisible.

The Cleric would use a Detection ability on the ground from time to time, to prevent a surprise attack from underground.

The two casters were working together, and this kind of scouting synergy was very high. Rarely would an enemy be able to ambush them.

In the beginning, Marvin used Earth Perception from time to time, but later on, he found out that his actions were superfluous.

Sure enough, he could save his strength by travelling in a group.

Time passed as they journeyed on. Marvin would occasionally chat with Fenno to relieve his boredom.

As the bloody light in the sky gradually darkened, they reached the bottom of the snowy mountain.

A sign was set up on the road ahead. It was made of Magic Wood. It was shaped like an arrowhead with the words [Torch Valley (to Holy Light City)] on it.

"After leaving the road, we will be outside the protective boundary of the Lost Path," Fenno said solemnly. "Last time we encountered an avalanche not far in, so pay attention."

Everyone nodded silently.

People who were able to survive in the Crimson Wasteland weren't novices. They knew when to relax and when to stay on guard.

The group followed the direction of the sign.

Sure enough, after a short time, Marvin felt a chill.

It was the feeling of entering a very cold area from a warm area.

This was a huge drop in temperature, to the point that it woke up the little girl on the Paladin's back.

“Where are we? Uncle Griffin?”

The young girl’s voice was very weak, it looked like every word was exhausting her strength.

“We are getting close to our destination.”

This was Marvin’s first time hearing the Paladin talk. His voice was steady and forceful, carrying a hint of Faith Power.

“Close your eyes. Regardless of what you hear, don’t open them. I’ll protect you.”

“Yes.” The little girl had a lot of trust in the Paladin and obediently closed her eyes.

The others didn’t pay much attention to the discussion between the two. Their expressions were very solemn. The two melee fighters gripped their weapons tightly.

The exaggerated greataxe and the slender sword were very rare weapons. The former didn’t seem suitable for a Human to use, while the latter seemed excessively fancy, like a decorative item. But there was no need to doubt their strength. Marvin could feel the power bursting from within their bodies.

‘They might not be just Humans.’

Marvin watched silently.

With his sword in hand, Fenno moved very gracefully, looking sort of like a Human with an Elven bloodline. The other man was relatively rough. The axe in his hands didn’t fit his build, but he was able to lift it easily.

The terrain ahead suddenly changed, a great amount of snow covered the ground.

The originally clear road was buried under the snow, slowing the speed of their progress.

Marvin felt as if something was spying on him.

But this wasn’t unexpected.

Before they set off, he had heard that the snow storms might have been man-made. If it was a Legend Wizard with enough Magic Power for that, he would definitely be able to monitor the area too. And it would be even easier for a Divine Servant supported by a God’s Divine Power.

Regardless of who blocked the path, Marvin only thought of one thing: rushing past!

He wanted to find Minsk and no one could stop him from reaching Holy Light City.

He was still grasping that Greyhawk Staff and was supporting his teammates with a few Nature halos looking completely like a Druid.

But in fact, his left hand was on the Azure Leaf at his waist.

If there was a sign of activity, he would immediately change from a Great Druid to a cold-blooded assassin.

...

But what surprised Marvin was that this feeling that had just appeared soon vanished.

They smoothly went through the mountain without meeting any obstructions.

“Torch Valley is ahead.”

Fenno showed a happy expression, seeming relieved.

The four of them had already made the trip four times, so they shouldn't be wrong about it.

Like the Lost Path, Torch Valley was also within a protected boundary. The difference was that the Lost Path was protected by Black Swan Hill while Torch Valley was protected by Holy Light City.

After reaching Torch Valley, they wouldn't need to fear snow storms and other problems anymore.

But at that time, the Cleric Nolane suddenly issued a warning:

“Careful! There is something under the snow!”

At that instant, the color of her detection spell changed from gold to red!

The red radiance suddenly formed itself into a pattern.

Everyone could see that the vast field of snow covered a hole!

That hole was a nest.

A large amount of Ice Worms rushed out from the nest!

“Get ready for battle!” Fenno shouted.

The sword in his hand slashed the ground, sending a broad spray of blood and snow flying out!

Chapter 508: Truth Scale

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

After Fenno's slash, a great amount of blood splashed out from the ground!

More than twenty Ice Worms were severed by Fenno's sword.

But things didn't look optimistic. The centipede-like Ice Worms kept popping out from the cavity in the snow.

"This is an Ice Worm nest! Damn it, when did an Ice Worm nest appear in Torch Valley!"

The Legend Wizard's face was unsightly.

Ice Worms were relatively common lifeforms in the Crimson Wasteland, but it wasn't that common to see an Ice Worm nest. Even if a few Ice Worms wouldn't be worth mentioning, a whole nest of them was a true challenge.

It was like the Immortal Snow Soul. Alone, it would be weak, but with many of them together, especially near a nest, they were comparable to a Legend!

And from another point of view, killing them was very strenuous, while the rewards were negligible.

The Ice Worms' distinctive Ice Breath was comparable to a White Dragon's. The damage they could do to weapons and armors was rather dire.

Every Legend of the Martial Path cherished their weapons. Dealing with monsters like Ice Worms would easily damage their weapons and wasn't worth it.

But they had no other way now because they had already provoked the wrath of the Ice Worms and thousands of them were rushing out from the nest!

Marvin tugged his horse back and lifted his staff, pretending to chant.

The next second, a green light covered the field of snow!

[Nature Communication]!

The immense Nature Power flooded the entire area and many of the Ice Worms became sluggish.

“Return!”

Fenno pulled back his partner, who had been preparing to stake it all with an all-out attack. His foresight and judgement were top-notch. He knew of the Nature Communication spell, but wasn't sure about whether it could influence the Ice Worms. However, fighting the Ice Worms now would surely hurt more than help.

Because Marvin was currently trying to communicate with the Ice Worms!

This was one of the strengths of Druids.

They revered life and nature, which helped them be able to communicate with all living things.

It was rumored that some profound Druids could even chat with inanimate objects like stones.

Something of that extent was naturally impossible for a fake Druid like Marvin, but the Greyhawk Staff was actually an Oddity, and it gave Marvin half the identity of a Druid, which he now took advantage of.

The Ice Worms weren't creatures with no intelligence, and they didn't attack adventurers for no reason.

Marvin wanted to find out the cause of their ire.

Bathed by the green light, the worms gradually slowed down.

But Marvin's frown was deepening.

Because in his consciousness, he could only hear a constant buzzing sound.

The intelligence of these Ice Worms was apparently too low. Their minds were fixated on one idea, which was to attack any lifeforms approaching their nest.

Marvin reached out with his mind to try to communicate with them, but was still unable to get any sort of information from them after attempting for a while.

Still, after about five minutes, the Ice Worms were gradually pacified as everyone watched in surprise.

They slowly retreated and disappeared back underground, as if they had never attacked in the first place.

But the blood on the ground was evidence of the fierce battle that might have taken place.

“Worthy of being a Great Druid.”

Fenno looked pleasantly at Marvin as he complimented, “You can actually pacify those Ice Worms.”

Fenno wasn't happy for no reason. Even though many Great Druids had the powerful Nature Communication ability, communicating with a lifeform with low intelligence was very challenging. And Marvin gave them an effortless victory.

The others' looks toward Marvin had also become more respectful.

Marvin's aura was relatively reserved, making him seem quite mysterious.

But before this encounter, the strength he displayed was rather ordinary, so no one had attached much importance to him.

Marvin shook his head as he corrected, “I didn't persuade them.”

The Legend Wizard froze. “Then why did they go?”

“I only made them a promise,” Marvin explained as he began to frown.

“What promise?” the Wizard insisted. She sounded very dissatisfied. Marvin actually made a promise in her stead even though he was just following along with their group. This kind of action already exceeded her bottom line.

Marvin shrugged. “I told them that we wouldn't pass through Torch Valley.”

“What! What gave you the right to make this kind of decision!?” Nolane shrieked, “Not through Torch Valley? Do you want to climb the mountain?”

Marvin frowned more deeply, but didn't say anything.

Fenno was rather gloomy, while that big guy holding the enormous axe remained indifferent.

The Legend Wizard sneered, “Tell me why you did that. Or are some pitiful Ice Worms enough to make you take a detour? Great Druid?” Her tone was sharp and was laced with a hint of charm magic.

The effect was to incite the target's anger.

Although it wasn't able to make Marvin angry, he still felt it.

She was provoking him.

'That woman is too used to being domineering,' Marvin sneered inwardly, but he didn't feel like bothering with her and looked toward the Paladin instead.

"Mister Griffin, they didn't see, but you should have understood?"

The Paladin originally neglected by everyone nodded silently.

He took a step forward and a silver light burst out of the ring on his finger.

A faint outline of a scale could be seen in the light!

[Truth Scale]!

Marvin's mind shook!

Although he had already guessed that this Paladin was unfathomable, Marvin hadn't expected that he had already trained to the point of being able to summon the Truth Scale.

Even though the God of Truth had already fallen, the Truth Scale once represented the Domain's highest law and power.

Under the shadow of the Truth Scale, the short road leading to Torch Valley became transparent.

The snow seemed to have disappeared and was replaced by a clear pattern.

At that instant, they all held their breaths!

Because that short road actually hid more than twenty Ice Worm nests!

A single Ice Worm nest was enough to wear them out, but if they angered more of them and all these monsters came out... the consequences would be unthinkable!

Cleric Nolane's expression became unsightly.

So did Team Leader Fenno's.

That Legend Wizard was unable to speak for a long time.

The awkward silence was broken by Marvin's calm words.

He cleared his throat and looked at everyone. "If we forcibly rush through Torch Valley, these Ice Worms will tear us to pieces. I don't know how strong everyone is, but regardless of your equipment and skills, would that be enough to ignore the Ice Worms' Ice Breath? Under a collective attack from so many, we would turn into ice statues."

“This road is clearly impassable for us.”

He pointed at the tall snowy mountain and continued, “We can only climb the mountain to reach Holy Light City.”

The others remained silent.

Only Griffin nodded to Marvin.

After a while, Fenno’s eyes flickered. “Sorry, we cannot keep moving forward.”

“Last time we climbed the mountain, we met an Immortal Snow Soul. If we hadn’t retreated quickly enough, we might have been buried there. We can’t take this path again.”

“Moreover, these Ice Worm nests already explain a lot. Someone doesn’t want people to cross the mountain. That person, or perhaps those people, want to seal the path from Black Swan Hill to Holy Light City. And someone that is able to set up so many Ice Worm nests definitely isn’t someone we can afford to provoke. Even if we manage to climb the mountain, we will most likely end up in a deadly snowstorm or something else.”

“We won’t go any further.”

His expression seemed regretful.

Marvin frowned as he looked at him.

The others’ expressions also seemed unnatural.

Marvin didn’t say much as he dismounted and left the group. He set foot on the long mountain path with Paladin Griffin.

After five minutes, once Marvin and Griffin’s shadows disappeared...

“Are we really stopping?” The big man with the big axe scratched his head as he asked, “Team Leader, didn’t you say that you absolutely must go to Holy Light City this time?”

“Going, of course we are going.” Fenno’s expression suddenly darkened. “We will follow behind them.”

“These two aren’t simple at all. They might be able to force the mastermind’s hand. We will follow behind and reap some benefits.”

“Go! Let’s catch up.”

The small team once again set off across the boundless field of snow, following the pace of Marvin's group as they slowly climbed the mountain.

...

On the other side of the mountain, in some dark, desolate ruins.

A Wizard was obsessively looking at a statue.

"Luna... I'm here..."

"I finally found you after so many years."

"This time, I won't let anyone take you away!"

Under the Wizard's hat, two bright green flames shone.

And the statue in front of him had suffered from the passage of time, but it still had vitality.

It was a statue of a beautiful young girl.

She was kneeling on the ground, seemingly accepting some punishment with a heartbreakingly painful expression on her face.

A spear was piercing the young girl's heart, and the scene looked exceptionally cruel.

Her hands were hanging in the air as if she was holding something, and one could see a faint flickering blue spot.

"Damn thief!"

The Wizard cursed, suddenly unable to restrain his anger, "You actually stole Luna's Cold Light's Grasps. I'll carve you into a thousand pieces!"

Suddenly, a crystal ball in front of him burst out with glaring lights.

A scene appeared inside it.

Two men were climbing the mountain.

One of them was carrying a weak, young girl on his back.

The green flames in the Wizard's eyes flared up.

"I won't let anyone get close to you, Luna, my darling..."

Chapter 509: Wilderness Hall

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

“Master, we don’t have much time. That place will open soon. More people are approaching.”

A charming voice echoed in the darkness.

The Wizard turned and looked at the sexy woman with no change in his expression. “I’ll set up an absolutely safe boundary to ensure that no trace of Regis will be found. As for you, you’ll have to stay here.”

The woman was wearing a green dress and looked like quite the temptress.

“No, I have to be with you.”

“The [Wilderness Hall] is too dangerous, we know that the Wilderness God is an Ancient Deity. We aren’t clear about his ancient name. I have to be with you.”

She sounded worried.

The Wizard shook his head silently. He glanced at the statue once more and calmly said, “Someone needs to stay and guard Luna.”

“This snowy mountain has to become a forbidden area. Whether from the north or the south, no one should want to approach. There are two reckless guys trying to come from the south, so I’ll need you to deal with them.”

The woman wanted to say something, but hesitated.

Before she could come up with the right words, the Wizard waved his hand impatiently and declared, “Good, things are settled.”

“I’ll leave you my [Puppy] to make it easier for you.”

Before the woman could answer, he stepped away through the darkness.

The woman stood there silently for a long time.

She looked at that lifelike statue of the suffering girl with jealousy.

“It’s been over a millennium, yet I’m still considered less important than the statue of a dead Goddess...”

“Miss Silvermoon, what kind of charm can make a man forever remain so infatuated?” she mumbled under her breath before disappearing into the darkness.

The crystal ball was still floating in the air with two shadows climbing the snow mountain in it.

...

The outskirts of Holy Light City.

A beautiful girl wearing plain clothes was walking eastwards.

She seemed very lonely, but only she herself knew how much she had endured on the way.

“Isabelle, why can't you be an ordinary girl? You're really not interested in any gossip?”

“The Cold Light's Grasp daggers are Miss Silvermoon's Artifact, and Miss Silvermoon is Moon Goddess Faniya's daughter. Aren't you interested about the circumstances of her death?”

“Oh yeah, it's rumored that before she fell, she had a lover called Bandel. He was a mortal who had outstanding talents as a Wizard...”

“Hey hey hey, as an Apprentice Assassin, you can't ignore your teacher...”

Isabelle's face was still expressionless.

After a long time, she whispered, “Teacher, how long has it been since you talked to someone?”

That voice was instantly silenced.

After some time, it said with a lonely tone, “I already forgot.”

“I'm not clear about many things. In those years, that damn Witch peeled me from my physical body and turned my soul into a wisp, I've been muddle-headed for a long time.”

“I often wanted to die, but the Witch's Witchcraft made it impossible for me. I could only struggle at death's door... Until I met you.”

“A small girl actually dared to rush into the most dangerous area of the Assassin Alliance. At that time, I understood that you weren't an ordinary mortal, but someone that could continue my legacy!”

Isabelle's brow slightly twitched for a moment. "Actually, that day... I was only lost," she admitted.

The wisp fell silent again.

"Furthermore, are you really one of the founders of the Assassin Alliance, the great Winter Assassin?" Isabelle had a strange expression on her face as she asked, "Why was I taught in my Knowledge of Assassins lesson that [The Winter Assassin never laughed, he was a man as cold as ice that rarely smiled. Only death and blood could excite him...]"

The wisp roared, "They did that? Heaven... that was just a joke! They actually wrote that as teaching material... This is truly leading people astray. Why should an Assassin be as cold as ice all the time? Wouldn't his face say [I'm an Assassin] then?"

"Don't tell me that being cool-headed isn't an excellent quality?" Isabelle said in a questioning tone.

"No. We don't need that. As an outstanding Assassin, it doesn't matter whether we are calm or not, because in the end, these are just disguises," the Winter Assassin answered seriously.

Isabelle nodded, half-understanding.

"You didn't actually understand did you?" the wisp pressed, in a bad mood, "I can see your expression. That kind of unchanging poker face shouldn't appear on a girl in the spring of her youth like you."

"You should let out a smile occasionally. Otherwise, people will think you are ill."

Isabelle calmly replied, "I was originally abnormal. I stayed eight years in that so-called [Magic Space]. After coming out, you told me that only a month had passed in Feinan. And now we reached the Crimson Wasteland, and this place's time-flow is also very different."

"Honestly, I don't know how old I am. That whole time in the space, you only taught me how to kill. How could I know about the rest? I already forgot the last time I smiled, just like you forgot the last time you met someone."

The wisp sarcastically quipped, "This is actually quite good. Your people were originally abnormal. Abnormal is good."

Isabelle clearly didn't want to keep chatting with the Winter Assassin. The young girl had always been very quiet. If not for that Winter Assassin saving her life in the Assassin Alliance's forbidden area, she wouldn't have kept company with this elder who always kept chattering for so long.

But as she was moving forward, she randomly took the initiative to ask, "When will we return to Feinan?"

The Winter Assassin decisively answered, "When we get the Cold Light's Grasps."

Isabelle nodded. A man's silhouette flashed past her eyes before her eyes crimson eyes returned to normal.

She kept going forward, and at the end of the road was a hall.

The hall had been standing in the endless wilderness for a long time. It had a simple and desolate aura.

"Wilderness Hall, the site of a group of Ancient Deities."

"If you have enough courage and don't want to remain a trifling character in this chaotic world, then enter."

The Winter Assassin's voice was unusually serious.

Isabelle unhesitantly walked in.

...

The snowstorm was still bursting with power. But this didn't slow the resolute pace of the two men.

A Ruler of the Night's Resistances were very high. Someone less capable would have already frozen to death in such a climate.

But Marvin only felt a slight chill. He glanced at the Paladin.

Griffin was carrying the weak girl, and each of his steps was very firm. There was a halo around him that protected the girl from the extreme weather.

She had fallen asleep and seemed to be quite comfortable.

Obviously, the girl trusted him quite a bit. This Paladin also had a certain charisma that made others tend to trust him.

"What's her name?" Marvin asked as he kept walking through the icy winds.

Griffin threw a strange look at Marvin before answering, "Jasmine."

"Poor child." Marvin felt that sinister power on her body and sighed, "I once suffered from a terrible curse. It almost took my life. But I was lucky, someone saved me."

The Paladin nodded. "There will always be evil power in this world," he agreed.

Marvin looked behind them and sneered, "Power isn't necessarily evil, but there will always be people with evil thoughts."

Griffin calmly said, "That doesn't matter. They only want to pass through here safely."

"As long as they don't affect my trip to Holy Light City, I won't care about their schemes."

Clearly, they had quite outstanding Perception as they had already discovered the small team following them.

It's just that they didn't bother about it.

They kept pushing forward. After they were about halfway there, the winds became more powerful.

To their surprise, they heard the faint sound of a crying baby.

The sky was dark and if not for their immense power, they wouldn't have been able to keep going forward.

Despite this, the suddenly intensifying snowstorm still halted their progress.

Snow fell crazily and in a short time, it already reached their waists!

Marvin's eyes widened as his eyes swept across the darkness.

This obviously wasn't something natural. Someone was definitely controlling the weather.

A dark shadow suddenly flashed past.

Marvin had yet to move when the Paladin had already shouted angrily!

At that instant, a dense holy power burst from his body.

The snow disappeared in a ten-meter radius, leaving no trace behind. It was replaced by boundless Order Power!

The Truth Scale!

A huge faint shadow appeared behind the Paladin. It was more exaggerated this time. Marvin even saw the shadow of an expressionless man holding up the Truth Scale. Under the light cast by the Paladin, a fog-like lifeform became visible.

“A Mist Dragon?”

Marvin was astonished when he saw the enemy’s appearance.

Why would that Mist Dragon block their path?

This made no sense.

But he didn’t have time to consider further, as the Mist Dragon suddenly went wild. He looked up and saw that a large amount of clouds began to gather!

And even more frightening was that at the same time, the mountain began to shake!

Marvin could see that the top of the snowy mountain was already starting to collapse!

It wanted to trigger an avalanche!

A few kilometers away, the four people stealthily following recoiled in shock. Their eyes were filled with fear.

“It’s a Mist Dragon!”

“Crimson Wasteland’s Mist Dragon, and it’s definitely an Ancient one. Shit, they actually provoked such a disaster.”

“They are screwed, we should use the chance to quickly escape!”

Chapter 510: Bone Dragon

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

A Mist Dragon, as a Lesser Dragon, wasn’t such big a threat in itself.

But the people present knew that the one causing them so much trouble was definitely a powerful Legend Wizard.

This Mist Dragon should be his pet.

And from the appearance of this avalanche, this terrain must have been altered completely.

The avalanche that the group of four had met with last time wasn’t on the same scale at all.

If they didn’t escape, then despite being Legends, they would still be buried forever under the snow!

The four escaped in panic, exposing their trail.

Marvin and the Paladin coincidentally glanced back at the same time with disdainful expressions.

These people were truly opportunistic, running away after seeing that things were getting difficult.

But they also didn't have time to bother with these people.

The avalanche was rushing down pretty fast. It felt like a stampede was engulfing everything in its wake!

And a strong pressure was pushing down in the sky.

Marvin could feel that there was a gravity field affecting the sky above the mountain.

Whether it was a flying creature or someone using a flying skill, they would fall to the ground due to the effects of the force field.

And they were higher in the mountain than the four adventurers that ran off, so it would be impossible for them to flee now.

And in addition to the avalanche surging down at them, there was the Mist Dragon on the side that would definitely not let them go.

The fierce winds of the snowstorm whistled violently, but were unable to block Marvin's sight. He calmly locked onto the Mist Dragon's location, both hands already on the handles of the curved daggers at his waist.

He had put away the Greyhawk Staff.

He had been pretending to be a Great Druid, but at this critical time, he would still use his true strength as a Ruler of the Night!

The Mist Dragon's silhouette was illusory and it was had to keep track of under the cover of the snowstorm.

Fortunately, with his astonishing eyesight, Marvin was able to perceive the movements of the elusive shadow.

Marvin turned and shouted, "I'll deal with the Mist Dragon, can you withstand the avalanche?"

The Paladin had a surprised expression on his face.

He hadn't thought that Marvin would still be this relaxed in such a situation.

He had been planning to work on his own, since he figured that the youth next to him would likely panic and be of no help. After all, the situation looked quite dire.

But he hadn't expected the youth to step up and volunteer to deal with the Mist Dragon.

Mist Dragons weren't that easy to handle, especially in such an extreme climate. It would be able to merge with the snowstorm, making it difficult to keep track of it. Once found an opportunity to launch a sneak attack, it would inevitably result in a serious injury.

In these circumstances, taking the initiative to attack was still dangerous.

But the Paladin reacted pretty quickly and understood Marvin's goal.

'He is thinking of easing my burden.'

Griffin immediately realized that Marvin was looking at that weak girl on his back, who made it inconvenient for him to go on the offensive.

The girl was still cursed, so who knew what sudden movements might do to her body?

Thinking of this, the Paladin's heart couldn't help but feel warm.

He silently nodded at Marvin.

Marvin let out a breath. He then disappeared.

The crazy surge of snow was about to crash down on the Paladin and bury him. Only the huge advancing torrent could be seen.

But suddenly, a golden light burst out!

Truth Scale!

A dazzling semicircle of light formed in an instant, supported by the shadow of the Truth Scale. The snow around him instantly evaporated!

Griffin's hair was disheveled, and blood dripped from the corner of his mouth.

Clearly, even with the power of a Paladin, it was difficult to handle a magic-made avalanche.

The snow coursed around the area covered by the Truth Scale and continued falling down past them!

“Woosh!”

A shadow jumped out from the mist formed by the snow hitting the shield and kept flickering from place to place, following some tracks!

...

At the foot of the mountain, the four adventurers looked at the mighty shield made by the Truth Scale.

“He was actually so powerful.”

Fenno’s tone was bitter.

If he had known earlier, he would have decided to stay with the other two!

As long as he hid behind the cover, he wouldn’t have been affected by the avalanche.

Now, even though the four of them had escaped out of the range of the snow, they still faced another challenge.

A green-clothed woman was smilingly looking at them.

She had a powerful magical aura, and her eyes had a hard-to-conceal feeling of temptation.

“Come out, Puppy.”

At her call, a Gate suddenly appeared, and a sinister aura came out of it.

The four adventurers held their breaths.

They saw a two-headed Bone Dragon with strange heads. One head was red while the other one black.

“Two Headed Bone Dragon Claudy...” Fenno let out the Dragon’s name with a groan.

This wasn’t an ordinary name in the Crimson Wasteland. Nobody knew how many Legend powerhouses had died under that variant Bone Dragon’s claws.

For a long time, people only dared to move as groups in the southern part of the Delusion Swamp because of that Bone Dragon.

Afterwards, the Bone Dragon suddenly disappeared, and the Delusion Swamp became a bit safer.

No one knew where it went, though some speculated that it was slumbering.

But it now seemed that this wasn't the case.

That Bone Dragon had clearly been subdued!

And it was called [Puppy]... Although that woman had high magical power, she clearly wasn't strong enough to subdue a terrifying existence like Claudy.

She must have an even more powerful backer!

The four lost all their intent to fight as they thought of that.

They looked at each other, smiling bitterly.

Rather than their situation now, it would have been better to still be halfway up the mountain fighting alongside Marvin and Griffin. They would have been a lot safer with the Truth Scale.

It was a pity that regrets were useless.

The woman sneered at them, "You were warned last time, and you still dared to come back."

"This time, none of you will leave!"

"Roar!"

The Bone Dragon's two heads were raised in succession, and a black whirlwind burst out from its wings and gushed toward the group of people!

At the same time, another fight had begun halfway up the mountain!

...

The snowstorm was still just as fierce after the avalanche passed, but it couldn't hinder Marvin's vision.

He caught sight of the Mist Dragon hiding behind a rock and trying to merge with the surroundings.

But it wasn't aware that a pair of eyes were already watching it.

His Stealth was no joke; Marvin easily arrived undetected behind the Mist Dragon, and while it was preparing for its second attack, he ruthlessly launched his own.

Chapter 511: Ruler's Wrath

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

Compared to a True Dragon, the Mist Dragon looked rather small.

In terms of classification, this lifeform belonged to a branch of the Dragons. However, Marvin knew about the history of the Chromatic and Metallic Dragons, and thus was aware that the Mist Dragon wasn't actually related to the True Dragons. It might have been considered a Dragon due to a misunderstanding.

The Chromatic Dragons and Metallic Dragons came from the Twin Plane in the Universe, while the Mist Dragon should be a lifeform from Feinan and its Secondary Planes. It wasn't really an outsider.

The Mist Dragon's magical abilities were extremely high. It could control the weather, clouds, and water.

Moreover, its body was rather special.

A lot of Mist lingered on its body, and this mist made it look much bigger than it actually was.

This could very easily lead to its opponents' attacks missing.

But for an expert like Marvin, finding the vitals was very easy.

Let alone since many of his specialties were related to hitting a target accurately.

Night Boundary!

After moving through the shadows, Marvin took advantage of the Mist Dragon's lack of vigilance!

The frail-looking pair of Elven daggers could easily pierce through iron.

The blade fell down and the Mist Dragon gave out a surprised howl!

As the blade struck, a great amount of blood splashed out and even landed on Marvin's face.

Marvin had hit the root of the Mist Dragon's wing!

Its disguise didn't help it and the layer of mist wasn't able to prevent Marvin from accurately landing his blow.

The blades used by the Great Elven King during his youth were so sharp that Marvin almost managed to cut off the Mist Dragon's wings!

Marvin didn't use Weeping Sky because the aura of the Dragon Slaying Spear was too distinct. Feinan was vast, so he was able to use it occasionally without being traced.

But in a place as frightening as the Crimson Wasteland, who knew how many Dragons were there? Using it might trigger a disaster.

The Dragon Slaying Spear had gone through the hands of many masters and they had all killed many Dragons.

Moreover, Marvin didn't need to bother using this outstanding weapon to kill a little Mist Dragon!

His [Azure Leaf]s were enough.

...

Behind the huge rock, the Mist Dragon thrashed around and whipped its tail in agony. But Marvin already grimly pulled out his daggers.

His silhouette flashed around at the speed of a bullet as he dodged the Mist Dragon's tail and struck out with a backhand slash.

Desperation Style!

Burst!

The powerful attack severed the Dragon's tail!

Mist Dragons bodies weren't as powerful as those of True Dragons. They were as proficient with Mist Magic as Wizards of the same level.

Being so close to a peak Assassin like Marvin was a death sentence!

Marvin's expression didn't change at all as he moved like lightning.

The daggers in his hands struck again and again. He looked like a fish swimming around the violent Mist Dragon, raining down fatal attacks from time to time.

The Mist Dragon's voice gradually weakened.

After three minutes, only a corpse remained behind the rock!

The Mist Dragon was cut to pieces by Marvin and couldn't even resist!

Not far, the Paladin was looking at the scene, feeling a bit shocked.

He simply hadn't expected that this "Great Druid" was actually so good at hiding!

It seemed like killing a Mist Dragon was a breeze for him.

Marvin was hunched over and panting slightly.

His body was covered in the Mist Dragon's blood and it smelled somewhat fishy.

But he was quite pleased with the fight.

He had always relied on the Dragon Slaying Spear's overbearing power or the Mechanical Titan's extreme strength to slay Dragons before.

The Ruler of the Night class also had many powerful abilities and Marvin usually just needed to use one or two of those abilities to deal with his enemies.

But this time, he only relied on a sneak attack and Desperation style to kill the Mist Dragon.

This was proof that Marvin's strength had reached the top of Feinan.

He should still be a bit away from the Plane Guardian level, but he was definitely a top-quality expert.

Even among the Crimson Wasteland's fierce Legends, he would be considered an expert.

After all, the difference between Legends was quite huge.

What made him more satisfied was that after killing the Mist Dragon, he surprisingly obtained 2 points of Comprehension!

These two points of Comprehension came at just the right time.

Marvin had already gathered 8 Comprehension points only needing two more points to reach level 2 Ruler of the Night.

He now reached that step.

He checked his interface.

After Marvin confirmed putting 10 Comprehension points in [Ruler of the Night], several logs flashed!

Marvin felt warmth flow through his body, making it feel more relaxed, as if chains had been undone.

His Ruler of the Night class reached level 2!

Each of his attributes was increased, except Dexterity due to the limitations of Godly Dexterity.

He couldn't do anything about that. Before he broke through the limitations, he could only stay at the Godly Attribute realm.

In fact, few Humans had broken through the Godly Attribute Realm in the entire Universe.

And he wouldn't have dared to fight the Mist Dragon without using his Ruler of the Night abilities if he didn't have his Demon Hunter Steps and his Godly Dexterity.

After all, although a Ruler of the Night was fierce, receiving a direct hit from the Mist Dragon would still result in a serious injury!

He couldn't forget that Legend Barbarian who tragically died when Ancient Red Dragon Ell attacked the Jewel Bay.

Marvin could use his Godly Dexterity, Blade Techniques, and powerful Abilities to bully lifeforms with lower attributes like Mist Dragons, but if he was facing an overwhelming powerhouse like Ell, even if Marvin was extremely bold, he still wouldn't dare get close.

A True Ancient Chromatic Dragon's reaction speed was incomparable to a Mist Dragon's. Handling that female Black Dragon last time was a rare instance, and he had nearly let her get away.

...

After leveling up his Ruler of the Night class, Marvin's major specialties and resistances were improved.

But most importantly, he got Legendary Skill Points!

He had to use Legendary Skill Points to learn Legendary Skills.

Legendary Skills, especially Ruler of the Night skills, were extremely fierce.

For example, Marvin had just used Eternal Night Seal to seal himself and avoid the avalanche while also hiding from the Mist Dragon's sight.

Now that he had reached level 2 Ruler of the Night, he opened up the opportunity to add another powerful skill to his repertoire.

Marvin had already thought about it, so he unhesitantly made his decision.

[Are you sure you want to put Legendary Skill Points into Legendary Skill – Ruler's Wrath?]

This log flashed before Marvin's eyes.

Confirm!

Chapter 512: Jade Banshee

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

[Ruler's Wrath (Legendary Skill)]

[Description: User can freely regulate the size of his body, become huge like a giant or small like an ant. Limitations based on Constitution.]

In simple terms, this was an active size changing skill with no side effect.

But the skill was different from ordinary size changing skills. Using Ruler's Wrath, Marvin could still keep his original overpowered attributes.

Imagine a hill sized giant with Godly Dexterity, this was an overwhelming destructive force to ordinary Legends.

And from another point of view, Marvin believed that just as his strength kept growing, so would his enemies keep getting more and more frightening.

These enemies wouldn't necessarily be humans.

They might be the large bodied monsters from the Astral Plane.

Why were Dragons formidable? Why was the Mechanical Titan's melee strength unequalled?

Most of them were huge monsters pressuring medium sized monsters thanks to their huge size.

Demon Lords, Archdevils, Evil Spirit Overlords, they all had avatars or doppelgangers able to enlarge themselves.

It was the same for Gods.

This was the important rationale why Marvin chose this ability.

In short, after acquiring Ruler's Wrath, Marvin's overall strength greatly increased.

If he wanted to deal with a Mist Dragon now, he might simply use Ruler's Wrath, activate Diamond Shape and rely on his melee abilities to tear it apart.

...

On another corner of the snow field, the Paladin was startled by the fall of the Mist Dragon.

Griffin was shocked. He hadn't thought that this young Ranger had such frightening blade techniques and burst power.

He had made such a strong first impression after brandishing his daggers. At that time, the Paladin still believed that Marvin was a Great Druid with a Ranger subclass, with fairly good blade techniques.

Yet there was someone even more shocked.

The atmosphere of imminent battle at the bottom of the mountain instantly disappeared.

That green clothed woman startledly looked at that bloody mist halfway up the mountain with visible anger in her eyes.

In fact, Bone Dragon Claudy was her master's, Lich Bandel's, pet. Her pet was that Mist Dragon.

She had an instant reaction upon the Mist Dragon's death.

She simply hadn't thought that the two would deal with the Mist Dragon in such a short time!

Wasn't that too quick?

Marvin's power completely wrecked the woman's scheme. She originally planned to use the Mist Dragon to block the two while her and the Bone Dragon would take care of that group of four adventurers before joining up with the Mist Dragon and deal with the two remaining aggressors.

As a result, there was a hitch in the plan.

She gravely underestimated Marvin's strength!

It resulted in her current awkward situation. Due to Lich Bandel's command, she had to stop everyone who got too close to the snow mountain!

Regardless who it was, they had to stop them at all cost.

But that plan wouldn't work now.

Because there seemed to be a problem with the Two Headed Bone Dragon!

This sinister and frightening Bone Dragon was emitting some clattering sounds while looking at the Truth Scale halfway up the mountain!

After being in contact with it for a long time, she naturally understood that it was actually scared!

That Paladin wasn't simple. His Truth Scale had a powerful restraining effect on the Bone Dragon!

Although Claudy was subdued by Bandel, he hadn't reached the stage of being willing to die for him.

Next second, the Bone Dragon raised his heads and chanted in Draconic. A great amount of fog appeared and he instantly vanished.

The woman clenched her teeth before following suit.

She couldn't beat those six people by herself, much less with Marvin and Griffin, those troublesome existences.

Bandel's goal was to stop the Regis Ruins from being discovered. His barrier should be hidden enough and now only these few people could get past.

...

Marvin and Griffin weren't aware of what happened down there.

They only saw the Two Headed Bone Dragon disappearing as well as a supposed Legend woman in a green dress leaving shortly after.

"That Bone Dragon seems to be quite scared of your Truth Scale."

Marvin tidied himself up and slowly walked over.

Griffin looked at Marvin with newfound respect, "Your blade techniques are very powerful. I haven't seen such a fierce explosive power in a long time."

As for the four adventurers under the mountain, they stood there awkwardly, as if they had been granted amnesty.

The two men didn't bother with them.

Griffin simply wanted to cross the mountain and Marvin also wanted to reach Holy Light City. With the obstacles disappearing, the two also kept going forward.

Without the Mist Dragon and the snowstorm blocking them, the two Legend powerhouses' pace was very quick.

They soon reached the summit of the mountain!

Looking down from the summit, they saw an imposing city in the distance.

Clouds were below their feet, but Marvin straightened his back and was able to see through that barrier covering that city on the plain.

Some hot air balloons were flying above the city, and a group of Wizard Towers in the east seemed especially eye-catching.

Familiar God's symbols fell into Marvin's eyes.

Holy Light City.

The reason why that city was called [Holy Light] was because this used to be one of the strongholds of the Gods.

It was different from a city controlled by a shrine, Holy Light City was a city with multiple forces.

That place was filled with God Shrines, followers and Divine Servants.

It was also the reason why Paladin Griffin had hope of removing the girl's curse in Holy Light City.

This city's waters ran deep. Marvin reminded himself that he couldn't expose his identity.

He incurred the hatred of quite a few Gods back in Feinan.

If his identity was revealed in the Crimson Wasteland, who knows how many Divine Servants would chase after him!

...

Under the snow mountain was an endless black forest, with a flaming red path in the middle.

That path was an extension of Torch Valley, able to guide the adventurers to avoid the evil lifeforms in the black forest.

Marvin learnt from Eisengel's map that this black forest was home to many evil lifeforms. Moreover, these evil lifeforms weren't naturally formed, they were actually the products of the Regis' caster group's failed experiments.

In some unknown corner of the black forest were supposedly the Regis Ruins, representing the most dangerous area of the black forest.

The Regis organization was said to have a secret relation to Miss Silvermoon. She had fallen just when a great amount of evil lifeforms appeared in the Regis Ruins.

People guessed that these two matters were somehow connected.

Marvin had no interest in Miss Silvermoon, and although he felt like getting a hold of Cold Light's Grasps, he still had no clue to follow at the moment.

The Mist Dragon and the green clothed Legend Wizard that appeared earlier seemed to indicate something.

But there were too few clues, and it was hard to analyze even for the current Marvin.

"Let's go. Holy Light City isn't far." Marvin said in a low voice.

Griffin nodded, his eyes were at loss, but when he turned to look at the little girl on his back, he found his resolve once again.

Marvin inwardly sighed.

He had quite a good impression of that Paladin.

He naturally knew what Griffin was worried about.

Holy Light City's waters indeed ran deep. Although there might really be a Divine Servant or Apostle able to remove the girl's curse, everything had a price.

He believed in the God of Truth, and the latter had fallen.

To those Gods, such a powerful Paladin was worth recruiting.

Those Gods had quite a few means to change his faith without detriment to his strength. The condition was his willingness.

If he really wanted to remove the girl's curse on this trip, the difficulties this Paladin would face would be very grim.

Unfortunately, Marvin himself couldn't help.

If it was Mother of Creation, she might still have a way, but Marvin was unable to provide help.

Moreover, the two were strangers, they might never meet again in this life.

It was useless to muse too much.

Thinking of this, Marvin couldn't help speeding up.

Soon, the two safely arrived at the flaming path at the foot of the mountain.

At the other end of that path was Holy Light City.

But Marvin suddenly stopped.

"What is it?" Griffin asked, somewhat startled.

A smile appeared at the corner of Marvin's mouth, but he soon shook his head, "Nothing."

The two kept going forward.

After five minutes, they exited the black forest.

Griffin was about to say something, but that Ranger who walked beside him suddenly turned into a Paper Clone!

"See you again if fate allows it, Paladin." The Paper Clone said with a smile.

The Paper Clone was shattered in the wind.

Griffin thoughtfully turned to look at the black forest, apparently understanding something.

"May we meet if we are fated." He briefly bowed his head and kept going forward with the girl on his back.

...

Five minutes earlier, Marvin found something interesting on the edge of the path.

Someone was spying on them.

It looked like he didn't make any move, but he actually secretly used Shadow Doppelganger and Paper Clone Substitution to switch with and hide himself.

His body was hidden in the [Eternal Night Seal] and taking advantage of the peeper's carelessness he easily escaped into the black forest.

'So it was her.'

'It looked like she didn't mind us going through here.'

'So... What was her goal earlier?'

Marvin hid in the darkness and was able to clearly look at the person spying on him.

It was that green clothed woman.

Her body had clear temptress' characteristics.

Marvin recognized that race, it should be a Jade Banshee.

Jade Banshees were rare, but had very high casting talent.

If not for Marvin's stealth being so powerful, high enough to deceive a Heaven Observer, he might have already been discovered.

'Eh? Where is she going?'

Seeing the Jade Banshee disappear in the depths of the black forest, Marvin couldn't help but follow her.

Chapter 513: Regis Ruins

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

The black forest became the best cover for Marvin.

The Jade Banshee was clearly unaware that she had been followed.

She was holding a crystal ball that was emitting a faint light. The crystal ball was displaying the scene of Marvin and Griffin going north and leaving the range of the black forest.

After that, nothing else appeared in the crystal ball.

The spell clearly had an area restriction.

Marvin was silent, his curiosity triggered.

His intuition told him that this Jade Banshee's appearance in this place was definitely not a simple matter. She tried to stop others from approaching the snow mountain, but why?

And the fact that she let them go free proved that it wasn't in order to block the path between Black Swan Hill and Holy Light City.

She was apparently hiding something.

Black forest, secrets, and the news of Cold Light's Grasps' appearance, Marvin couldn't help thinking about all those.

He was already in the black forest anyway, so Holy Light City was already within reach. If Half-God Minsk was still there, a few days wouldn't make a difference.

He followed the Banshee all the way, pushing his sneak ability to the peak.

They reached the center of the forest after about twenty minutes.

This was the boundary between the mountain and the forest, where dark rocks and ghostly trees were interwoven.

A small entrance appeared behind a bush, in front of Marvin.

The Jade Banshee quickly went in.

Marvin hid behind a tree and closed his eyes.

[Earth Perception]!

His mind was completely immersed in his surroundings. He caught that unique rhythm and a three-dimensional image of his surroundings appeared in his mind.

This was one of Monks' most crucial skills, as the outstanding perception it granted could help them safely avoid danger.

He could feel a strange magical aura.

This seemingly ordinary snowy mountain actually contained such a shocking Chaos Magic Power.

The reason it wasn't obvious was that this Chaos Magic Power was sealed by some formidable strength.

It was like the Universe Magic Pool used by God Lance to seal the Universe's Chaos Magic Power.

This place apparently hid a Magic Pool of a much smaller scale!

Marvin was even more shocked when he discovered that this Magic Power was somewhat different from ordinary Chaos Magic Power.

The Magic Power... Seemed to have its own life.

This feeling made Marvin shiver.

Chaos Magic Power had always been one of the most important elements of the world's living things. It was like Order Power, existing as a foundation.

But that foundation was based on Magic Power being non-sentient.

Chaos Magic Power could destroy the mind of an ordinary person because it could destroy a bit of Order Power. But if Chaos Magic Power had consciousness... Marvin didn't dare imagine what could happen.

'What's happening here?' Marvin was on alert.

'Could this place be the rumored Regis Ruins?'

'The secret base established by that group of crazy Wizards in the Crimson Wasteland? What kind of experiments did they perform?'

The black forest turned into a den of evil monsters, and the inside of this mountain surprisingly had an aura similar to living Magic Power.

Upon sensing it, Marvin felt that it was a bit inconceivable.

That Jade Banshee was clearly familiar with this place, as evidenced by how she had gone in without any hesitation. And what she was planning was most likely related to the Regis Ruins.

Marvin began to hesitate.

He came to the Crimson Wasteland to look for Half-God Minsk, while tempering himself on the way.

The greatest benefit of being in the Crimson Wasteland was the time flow being faster than Feinan's.

By getting some experience here, he could fight all kinds of experts and receive some Comprehension to increase his level.

When he returned to Feinan, his strength would most likely be on a whole new level.

And at that time, it would be a lot easier to face the descending Divine Servants.

He didn't forget that he was already on the blacklist of the Black Dragon God, Dream God, and other powerful Gods.

But that aura coming from the Regis Ruins kept enticing Marvin.

It had to be said that Marvin had a very adventurous nature.

He craved the unknown. Besides the constantly impending crises, this was one of the reasons he was able to progress so quickly in Feinan.

Seeing some ancient ruins before him, he couldn't help wanting to go in.

'After so many years, even if there were any terrible mechanisms or guardians, they should have most likely disappeared.'

'Although that Jade Banshee is a caster, she shouldn't be directly related to the Regis Ruins. Since she was able to enter smoothly, then there shouldn't be a problem. Being a bit cautious would be good too.'

Marvin then made a decision.

But he didn't just rush into the tunnel. He used a skill first!

[Ruler's Wrath]!

That powerful skill could not only turn him into a giant, but could also make him small like an ant.

After shrinking, Marvin became extremely light.

[Witchcraft – Flight]!

He used the Witchcraft ability granted to him by the Witch Queen's Tear before flying quietly into the cave like a dragonfly.

...

Behind the entrance was a simple tunnel.

Judging from the tunnel's slope, it should lead to the core of the mountain.

Marvin sped up and reached the end of the tunnel after ten minutes.

He flew out of the tunnel and arrived in a huge room!

No one would have thought that this seemingly ordinary mountain was hiding such a vast dungeon!

Marvin controlled himself and looked at everything around him.

He already couldn't find words to describe how imposing the dungeon was.

Although a large part of it was in ruins, he could make out from the wreckage of the wooden walls that this had once been a magnificent city.

Stalactites were hanging down from the ceiling with jewels embedded on them that emitted a faint light.

These jewels, along with the fluorescent moss on the ground, made up the dungeon's rare light source.

The huge city was built on an uneven underground area, and from the scale of this dungeon, it might have been able to host 50 000 to 60 000 people at its peak.

This was a very exaggerated number. After all, the underground resources were quite poor. Most dungeons were unable to provide for such a huge population!

What shook Marvin the most was the building that stood out in the center of the city!

Maybe building wasn't a suitable word to describe it.

Because Marvin could feel it pulsating!

It was a grotesque but irregular sphere that left a profound impression.

It was bound in the center of the cities by countless iron chains, and a tube was running through the surface of the sphere.

'Could this be... The rumored Dungeon Core?'

Marvin closed his eyes and heard the throbbing sound.

That thing was like a pulsating heart!

This all felt like an illusion.

What exactly had those Regis casters done here back then?

Suddenly, a green light flashed before Marvin.

Chapter 514: Miss Silvermoon

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

Jade Banshee!

Marvin discovered her aura.

He was currently on a high platform, overlooking the entire dungeon.

He saw the Jade Banshee quickly moving through the dungeon. She might not have expected someone to be able to follow her, because she was moving casually and not hiding her tracks.

This made it a lot more convenient for Marvin to keep track of her.

Marvin turned back to normal and used Stealth before chasing after her.

The two ran through the Regis Ruins, one behind the other. Marvin very cautiously followed the same route the Banshee took.

This place was filled with an ominous aura. Who knew how many traps were in the dungeon?

Marvin didn't want to reveal himself, and from the casual way the Banshee was moving, it looked like she was certain she wouldn't trigger a trap.

The two rushed through the dungeon for about ten minutes before reaching the central area.

This was a public square.

The edges of the public square were in ruins, and from the look of them, it seemed that some formidable power had once erupted in the public square, causing the surrounding buildings to all collapse.

Marvin hid behind the ruins cautiously.

He glanced restlessly to the east, where the Dungeon Core was still beating vigorously.

Some Chaos Magic Power drifted around in the air. Marvin felt that the Chaos Magic Power looked like a living Fairy lusting after him.

That feeling made him very uncomfortable.

The Magic Power was too strange.

But when the Banshee stopped in front of the stone statue in the public square, his pupils shrank!

Miss Silvermoon!

There was actually a statue of Miss Silvermoon here!

Marvin frowned. A statue of Miss Silvermoon was in the Regis Ruins... What did it mean?

This kind of statue was basically a medium of worship.

Could the Regis' casters be an unconventional Magic Organization that believed in Miss Silvermoon?

And was their destruction related to Miss Silvermoon's fall?

A series of conjectures popped into Marvin's mind.

As the woman was being rather careless, Marvin decided to get closer.

The Jade Banshee was staying right in front of the statue of Miss Silvermoon.

With his superior eyesight, Marvin managed to see a floating skull!

A faint light was emitting from the skull.

Marvin realized that this was a Lich's skull!

The Lich himself might not be there, but this skull was basically his half-avatar.

Marvin became more cautious and chose a relatively dark area to hide in while still watching conveniently.

At that time, he suddenly noticed something wrong with the statue.

'That statue... Isn't it too realistic?'

'If it was crafted by a craftsman, it could be considered a Heavenly work.'

Although Marvin wasn't familiar with Miss Silvermoon herself, he knew what kind of person she was.

After all, with his obsession with the game, he knew information about almost every major character in Feinan.

That statue was too realistic.

Even the painful expression was portrayed miraculously, seeming so real.

Marvin was in disbelief.

'Hold on! That's not right.'

'If it was a statue used for Faith, it would never be in such a situation.'

Marvin wiped his eyes and looked at the statue of Miss Silvermoon once again before realizing what had felt wrong.

This seemed to be the scene of Miss Silvermoon's death!

There was a deathly hole in her stomach, and both hands were drooping powerlessly as it looked like she wanted to grab something.

Her expression was one of extreme pain, mixed with struggle and disbelief.

So many different feelings could be seen so vividly in one statue. Marvin didn't believe that there was a craftsman able to do that in this world!

So besides that, there was only one other explanation.

This was Miss Silvermoon!

This was her fallen Divine Body!

Despite this being a ridiculous conjecture, Marvin instinctively felt that this was most likely the truth.

Even though after a God's death, their God Realm would fall and form a terrible black hole, sucking the Divine Body in before falling continuously into depths of the Astral Plane, there were also some exceptions. Due to some special reasons, a God's Divine Body could remain instead.

Right now, Marvin was a bit interested in Miss Silvermoon's death.

Miss Silvermoon was someone that shouldn't be provoked in this world.

Moon Goddess Faniya was very low-key, as a 1st generation Ancient God that rarely showed her face, but her strength was on the same level as that of the Nature God and the Elven God.

Marvin recalled the origins of Miss Silvermoon:

It was said that in ancient times, Feinan broke away from Chaos and the power of Order rose up under Lance's strength.

At that time, monsters from the depths of the Universe didn't appear anymore and Feinan had a short period of peace.

The Moon Goddess, as a 1st generation Ancient God, was basically born alongside the Nature God and the Elven God.

One day, she left alone for the depths of the Wilderness and was said to have taken a nap under an old osmanthus tree. After waking up, she had a baby in her arms.

The baby had powerful Divinity and the Moon Goddess was very fond of her. She felt that the baby was a daughter bestowed by the heavens and granted her a part of her Divine Power.

She brought Miss Silvermoon back to Feinan, who then became part of the Ancient Gods with Lance's approval.

After Miss Silvermoon became an adult, Faniya personally crafted a pair of straight daggers tailored just for her.

Those were the legendary Cold Light's Grasps.

Not only were the daggers a masterpiece among Divine Weapons, but they were also enchanted with Magic and Divine properties. Furthermore, they were cultivated by Miss Silvermoon herself, to the point that later on, that Artifact's reputation had surpassed Nightfall, which had been created by the Shadow Prince by going all over the Universe.

This was roughly what Marvin knew of Miss Silvermoon.

He knew this because of Cold Light's Grasps. As for her fall, there was no official information about it in the game, and no gossiping player had let out anything about it in the forums.

But Marvin felt something suspicious.

The Moon Goddess was one of the most powerful Ancient Gods. Even though she didn't interfere with the other God Realms, if someone provoked her, it wouldn't end well.

In history, there had once been a talented Demon Lord appearing in the Abyss.

That Demon Lord was born with low standing, but he was shockingly gifted. He killed his way out of a bloody sea and slowly became a bright star among the Demons. But because he was showing off during his rise, he somehow offended the Moon Goddess, which led to Faniya directly annihilating the Abyssal Plane where the Demon Lord was living!

A whole Abyssal Plane!

What was even stranger was that the other Demon Lords remained silent.

The Moon Goddess' action was a ruthless slap, but none of them reacted.

Although this matter didn't mean much, it was enough to highlight the Moon Goddess' strength.

It wasn't inferior to that of the New Gods' Great Gods.

Under such circumstances, if someone dared to act against Miss Silvermoon, even though the Moon Goddess couldn't openly start a fight due to the rules of the Crimson Wasteland, she could still retaliate privately.

If someone wanted to make a move, they would have to check whether they had the strength to become one of the first-rate experts of the Universe.

There was definitely a secret behind all of this.

...

While Marvin was thinking, that floating skull suddenly opened its mouth. "Trash!"

The angry voice echoed throughout the ruins and made Marvin turn his attention back from his musing.

He didn't directly look at the Lich's skull because a Lich's avatar usually had very strong Perception spells.

He only needed to listen, not look.

"You couldn't stop a few Humans so you let them leave!"

"You have made me very disappointed!"

The Jade Banshee explained while feeling wronged, "We met some very troublesome enemies."

“One of them was a Paladin who could use the Truth Scale. You know of the restraining effect of the Truth Scale on Puppy. The Truth God died such a long time ago. How could I have expected a follower of the Truth God to appear there?”

“Furthermore, the other one is a Great Druid. His speed is frightening and his blade skills were able to cut down my Mist Dragon instantly!”

“In that situation, I could only choose to guard the ruins.”

The Jade Banshee’s words clearly had some weight.

After a long time, the Lich head mumbled, “Paladin of the Truth God? I haven’t seen one for so many years.”

“And a Great Druid capable of instantly killing a Mist Dragon? Damn it, I underestimated those two.”

“Okay, let’s forget about it. It’s good that they didn’t find Luna. My Barrier will be activated in half an hour, and there will be no living beings in the dungeon, so you can leave.”

“I met a bit of trouble here, I need you and Puppy’s help.”

The Jade Banshee’s voice gained a tone of delight as she said, “Yes. I’ll rush over immediately!”

The two didn’t say anything afterwards, and the Lich’s head quickly darkened, landing in the Banshee’s embrace.

She glanced at the statue, but remained silent and quickly left.

...

‘Half an hour? Barrier? Luna?’

Marvin looked at the silhouette of the Jade Banshee leaving as suspicions filled his heart.

It wasn’t strange for a Lich to appear, but what was he trying to do?

Luna was the nickname of Miss Silvermoon, so it looked like the relationship between the two was pretty good.

Could this statue truly be Miss Silvermoon’s Divine Body?

Marvin took advantage of the Jade Banshee's departure to move forward a bit in order to examine the statue more closely.

But he hadn't expected that as he drew closer, the statue's finger would lightly shake!

Chapter 515: Whisperer

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

This strange situation startled Marvin!

The body of a Goddess who had fallen for who knows how many years... moved?

He couldn't help rubbing his eyes.

When he glanced at the statue once again, the latter was unmoving.

Marvin felt like it had been an illusion.

'Did I really see wrong?'

He walked around the statue twice, watching very suspiciously, but no matter how he checked it, that statue remained motionless.

Her hands were emitting a faint light, like a star in the sky.

Marvin felt a strange feeling crawl up his spine.

He kept feeling something was wrong.

Could the Lich have done something to Miss Silvermoon's Divine Body?

With regards to magic, although Marvin was considered to have extensive knowledge, he wasn't a Wizard himself, so what he knew was limited.

At his level, he still couldn't see through the Lich's motives.

From the discussion between the Jade Banshee and the Lich, Marvin knew that a Barrier would be set up soon.

He didn't want to needlessly start trouble here, so he decided to leave before it activated.

He took advantage of the remaining time to look around the dungeon.

Marvin was especially careful with the Dungeon Core.

He found that this Dungeon Core was in a kind of slumber. It was surrounded by a sealing array. Marvin didn't understand the array so he didn't dare to rashly meddle with it.

But the good news was that this Dungeon Core might still be usable.

If that was the case, then it was an invaluable treasure. If he could get his hands on it, it wouldn't be inferior to the Sanctuary's foundations.

After a close examination, Marvin discovered that the Dungeon Core's heartbeats were quieter due to the sealing array.

In theory, the energy contained within the Dungeon Core was a lot stronger than what was apparent on the surface!

If an opportunity came up, he would find a way to get this Dungeon Core.

'It seems as if the Lich doesn't care about the Dungeon Core. Otherwise, he would have already taken it,' Marvin observed.

There were clearly more important things in the Regis Ruins, and the Lich apparently only cared about Miss Silvermoon's body and neglected the Dungeon Core.

Otherwise, with the Lich's knowledge, undoing that seal wouldn't be an issue.

Time was almost up, Marvin used Stealth and safely left the Regis Ruins.

He followed the dark tunnel back and emerged from the bushes, and went through the black forest to return to the Torch Path. Everything seemed fine.

Marvin didn't come across the Jade Banshee on his way back.

But from her conversation with the Lich, she had been called over to help him. With the Lich's great strength, for him to still need a helper, who knew what that guy was planning?

Could this be related to Cold Light's Grasps?

It seemed like he could only go to Holy Light City to ask for information to confirm his conjectures.

Marvin didn't tarry any longer. After going back to the Torch Path, he used the Greyhawk Staff to summon a steed and then rode away.

An hour later, he wasn't far from Holy Light City.

Marvin dismounted and used Disguise, intending to sneak into the city.

Holy Light City's guards were very strict. Non-Humans and people embroiled in conflicts with the God Realms couldn't enter.

Fortunately, Marvin had the pass from Eisengel and the guard who checked didn't make things awkward for him, simply letting him go in.

Marvin felt uncomfortable after entering Holy Light City.

There was an oppressing feeling.

The Gods' emblems flashed past Marvin's eyes.

Naturally, everyone wearing a God's emblem was a follower at the Legend rank. These people normally had higher status than ordinary believers. They were qualified to wear higher church emblems and obtain more favors from the Gods.

Holy Light City was a city with many Gods' forces.

On the surface, mankind's powerhouses also had their own influence, managing to share the limelight with the God Realms thanks to the presence of some powerful organizations, but the pressure from the Gods was still very huge.

Marvin casually strolled around and found out that the shrines' forces already controlled two-thirds of Holy Light City.

All kinds of Divine Power Attributes were spreading around, as there seemed to be some kind of competition between shrines.

Marvin's Shapeshift Sorcerer bloodline seemed to be suppressed, making him feel uncomfortable. It would be difficult to use his Shapeshift Sorcerer shapes in this place. If Devils or Demons wanted to come in, they would greatly suffer from the pressure.

'I wonder if Griffin was successful.'

As he passed by a shrine's entrance, he had to endure the solemn guardians' serious stares that raked over all those who went by.

This made Marvin particularly uncomfortable.

He soon left the shrine behind and prepared to leave for the human residential area to look for information.

...

Mankind lived in the northeast corner of Holy Light City.

Compared to other areas, it looked more like a regular Human town.

There was a tavern, an inn, a weapon shop, a downtown area, multiple blocks, and long-term residential areas.

Regardless of where one was, taverns were always the go-to for quick information gathering.

Marvin observed the flow rate of patrons at a few taverns before ultimately choosing to go into a tavern called [Whisperer].

The tavern was extremely noisy. Marvin casually looked for a corner and called for a cup of alcohol before calmly sitting down.

Holy Light City truly had too many Legends.

Those who frequented this place were all Legends. A Legend's strength in a frightening place like the Crimson Wasteland was like nothing more than a common adventurer's, no big deal.

Adventurers needed to sustain themselves and fight to improve their strength.

But unlike common adventurers, these guys didn't care about their livelihoods. They came here to fulfill their great ambitions and to reach higher realms.

This desire and ambition became the biggest motivation for mankind to progress. And it was also a source of destruction for mankind.

Marvin lingered in the tavern all afternoon, and at nightfall, a barman suddenly walked over.

"Need help?"

The barman was a boy with a pair of pretty eyes and was smiling cheerfully.

"I didn't call for any services." Marvin twirled his cup, which was half-empty.

The barman smiled, responding, "That is true, but I think you might need my services."

"You sat here alone for a very long time, yet you didn't look around, which means that you weren't waiting for someone."

“Your expression is peaceful, so you’re not the kind of person who needs alcohol to relieve his boredom. Then there should only be one reason for you to come to Whisperer.”

“Don’t you want to ask for something?” he inquired while wearing a proud smile.

“Bang!” Marvin smacked his cup on the table, a pondering smirk on his face.

Chapter 516: Half-God’s Trail

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

“Sorry. I am just drinking by myself.”

Marvin smiled and ignored the young barman’s awkward expression before turning to leave.

Marvin’s face became solemn as he left Whisperer.

He could feel that someone was following him.

Although it wasn’t clear which force the pursuer was from, they definitely didn’t have good intentions.

This was Holy Light City, the Gods’ territory!

Marvin had offended many people in the God Realms.

Marvin felt something wrong when the barman approached. That young man was way too enthusiastic.

If he had asked him for information, he would have exposed his intentions and possibly received false information.

‘Want to track me?’

Marvin sneered and entered a dark alley before using Stealth.

He reached downtown after crossing the alley and quietly sent a few Paper Clones in different directions inside the crowd, thus getting rid of the pursuer.

In spite of this, he couldn’t figure out who was playing tricks behind him.

The one tracking him was very meticulous. Whoever it was, they didn’t expose themselves.

'Have I been watched ever since I entered the city?'

Marvin remembered that there had been no change in expression when the guard glanced at him when checking his pass.

He kept thinking back, but didn't discover any mistakes that he had made.

Therefore, it was most likely that a Divination spell was being used to track him!

Because he was in Holy Light City, if a Divine Servant or a follower of similar level used Divine Power to conduct a Divination, it would be very accurate.

Thus, although Marvin temporarily managed to lose his pursuers, they would inevitably be able to find him again.

He had to stay on the move.

Marvin used Disguise to change his appearance again and entered another tavern.

He was straightforward this time. After making sure that no one was paying attention to him, he found a shrewd-looking Dwarf.

"If you are looking for information, then you came to the right person."

"There is nothing I don't know about in Holy Light City, but the price..."

The greedy Dwarf pushed up his glasses and rubbed his fingers together.

Marvin wordlessly pushed two Blood Essence Stones over.

The Dwarf unhesitatingly accepted them and boasted shamelessly, "You can ask your questions now."

The meaning was that the two Blood Essence Stones were only enough to start the conversation. The true information would require additional fees.

But Marvin was rather well-off at the moment. He still had many Blood Essence Stones that he had gotten from plundering the Demonic Altar.

He would rather get it done fast since he was so close to his goal.

"I'm looking for a Half-God. His name is Minsk, and he is the child of the Ancient Nature God," Marvin quickly said.

"Minsk?" The Dwarf frowned. "It's been so many years, yet someone is still looking for Minsk? Who are you to him?"

Marvin remarked with coldness and indifference, "I only need to pay for the information. I don't need to satisfy your curiosity."

The Dwarf chuckled and agreed, "As you say. You want information about Minsk? 30 Blood Essence Stones."

Marvin paid without any objection.

After receiving the money, the Dwarf calmly said, "Youth, you are late."

"In my opinion, Minsk is most likely dead."

Marvin's eyes widened.

...

Five minutes later, Marvin left the tavern.

As for that Dwarf, he looked at Marvin's back as it disappeared behind the entrance and then quickly called a barman over.

"Notify the two sirs of the Dream Shrine. The person they are looking for has appeared."

"By the way, that person seems to be looking for Minsk. I'll consider that information a gift, don't ask for a reward from them."

The barman nodded and curiously asked, "The story you told him concerning Half-God Minsk, was it true?"

The Dwarf glared at him. "Naturally. I sell information. Reputation is very important. These are two completely different matters. The Dream Shrine's people can't pay me to tell lies. And that boy paid generously, I like this kind of customer."

"Oh, such a straightforward customer is about to be killed by the Dream Shrine's people, what a pity."

...

In a corner of Holy Light City, Marvin disguised himself as a middle-aged man and was silently gnawing on some bread.

He was thinking while walking.

'Minsk actually went to the rumored [Wilderness Hall]... What kind of situation is that?'

'That Dwarf shouldn't be lying. When Minsk sent a letter to the Migratory Bird Council, he had yet to enter the Wilderness Hall. He then went in, and no news of him appeared ever since.'

'The Wilderness Hall is rumored to be a like a tomb for Legends. No one ever comes out alive, even Half-Gods. This bodes ill.'

'Moreover, the Wilderness Hall isn't always there. It is said to be in the wilderness east of Holy Light City, but can't be seen most of the time. It would rarely appear in front of people.'

'But apparently, a lot of people claimed to have seen the Wilderness Hall in recent days.'

'Isn't this too coincidental?'

Marvin frowned.

His gaming experience didn't help him much when it came to the Wilderness Hall.

The Crimson Wasteland was already a place that hadn't been released in the game, so Marvin could only keep moving forward.

Based on the information he got from the Dwarf, the Wilderness Hall was said to be a terrifying temple established by an Ancient Evil God for his resurrection.

He claimed that the Wilderness Hall contained countless Artifacts and powerful spells, but no one came back alive after entering.

A typical example was the Half-God Minsk who had lost his fame.

As the Ancient Nature God went into a slumber, the other Gods lost respect for Minsk.

Like Miss Silvermoon, although Minsk's strength couldn't reach the peak of the Universe, no one would dare to make a move against him.

But because of the special circumstances, he chose to enter the Wilderness Hall, and like all the others, didn't return.

If that had been the whole matter, Marvin would have just returned to report it.

But coincidentally, the Wilderness Hall, which had remained hidden for hundreds of years, appeared once more.

Holy Light City's eastern suburbs weren't peaceful. Many passers-by had seen the traces of the Wilderness Hall.

Someone even claimed that the [Cold Light's Grasps] were in the Wilderness Hall.

It had been unclear whether the death of Miss Silvermoon at that time was related to the Wilderness Hall.

That strange place made Marvin recall the Dead Area Continent's [Secret Garden].

Who knew whether the Wilderness Hall was a trap or not?

Cold Light's Grasps might also be bait, like the Magic Medicine King Eric had been.

The true mastermind was behind the trap and would devour everyone that walked in!

...

'There is no need to take such a big risk because of the Migratory Bird Council's mission.'

Marvin thought for a long time before finally coming to that conclusion.

The withering of the World Tree wasn't something that he alone could settle. Moreover, Endless Ocean also went to the Green Sea Paradise to look for another trail. His side failing didn't mean that there was no hope.

Having had these thoughts, Marvin was preparing to leave Holy Light City for the moment.

But that feeling of being observed once again appeared in his mind!

Chapter 517: Pursuit!

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

'Who is it?'

Marvin immediately closed his eyes and used Earth Perception.

Every movement was captured in his mind, including the grass moving in the wind.

Not far away, two black-clothed men were watching him coldly.

Marvin could feel the killing intent they were barely concealing!

The Dream Shrine's people!

Marvin abruptly opened his eyes.

He noticed that the emblems the two had were those of high ranked Guardians.

'Even though Holy Light City is one of the Gods' bases of operations in the Crimson Wasteland, there shouldn't be Guardians of such high rank here.'

Marvin felt a chill. 'If I'm not wrong, that emblem should belong to the highest Dream Guardians...'

'As long as they had enough contributions, they could be promoted to Divine Servants.'

Marvin knew that the distinction between a Divine Servant and a Divine Guardian didn't represent the gap between their strength. It was more of a matter of honor and being treasured.

Some Divine Guardians were even stronger than Divine Servants.

The reason these Divine Guardians weren't promoted was due to the Divine Servants' spots being already filled, or the Guardians not having enough contributions yet.

The Dream Shrine had countless competent people. And although the Dream God wasn't as powerful as the three Great Gods, his unique domain was still rather intimidating.

It was generally believed that the Dream God had the ability to control people's dreams.

He could kill people in their dreams, and it was said that he had even killed a God in this way!

Naturally, that was during the chaotic 3rd Era. The Dream God remained low-key afterwards.

He was considered relatively gentle among the New Gods, at least on the surface. He treated Feinan's powerhouses very well and made friends with many of them, even recruiting a few to his side.

This was something Marvin could confirm from Ambella's approach.

Ambella didn't initially act against Marvin. On the contrary, she had extended an olive branch to him.

But in Marvin's eyes, that olive branch was a kind of a threat.

From what he knew, the ambitions of the Dream God were greater than those of any other New God. He would rather believe in Grant, the God of Dawn and Protection who had killed his own friend, than believe in the Dream God, who was second only to the God of Deception when it came to tricking people.

...

'An interplanar pursuit, that Ambella is truly decisive.'

Marvin couldn't help but hold that woman in high regard.

It seemed that becoming the Dream God's first Divine Servant wasn't a fluke, since she was able to make such resolute decisions.

The recruiting failed, so she had to make sure he died.

Sending two veteran Dream Guardians to handle a Legend who had just advanced already showed that she thought highly of his abilities.

Perhaps those two Dream Guardians felt that she was making a big fuss over nothing?

After all, most of the Dream Guardians were tested in battles against Devils, Demons, and other lifeforms.

An ordinary Legend powerhouse was simply not worth their attention.

If they couldn't deal with Marvin with that kind of force, then they could only send Ambella or the Dream God's avatar!

Of course, it was too much for Marvin.

...

Although he had discovered his enemies, Marvin was still in a very difficult situation.

On the bright side, the use of force was not allowed within Holy Light City.

But there were still unwritten laws in the cover of the dark.

As long as no one was found, and even if found, if no one accused them, even murder and arson were fine.

This was the common rule in all places of the Crimson Wasteland.

Marvin knew this well. These two Dream Guardians were waiting for dusk.

The Crimson Wasteland had both daytime and nighttime. It was just that the degree of darkness at night wasn't too obvious.

'The Dream Shrine is a very powerful force in Holy Light City. When I was chatting with Griffin, he told me that the Dream Shrine might be the first place he would visit.'

'If I'm stuck here with them, the only one who will suffer will be me.'

'These two chasing me with no back-up shows their overconfidence. They most likely came to Holy Light City to borrow the intelligence-gathering of the Dream Shrine and not to get troops. This is fortunate.'

Marvin calmly finished his bread and suddenly disappeared, rushing outside the city.

...

"He found us. That kid is quite vigilant."

Swift smiled as he watched Marvin's wild escape, the ridicule apparent in his eyes. "This hunt is becoming interesting."

"Don't be careless." Wayn remained calm as he stood to the side. "Someone held in high esteem by Ambella must have some abilities."

A strange expression flickered in Swift's eyes as he muttered dismissively, "Oh? I'll ask what abilities he has after killing him."

He then disappeared.

Wayn shook his head helplessly and silently followed.

...

Marvin was very quick. He was leaving afterimages in Holy Light City's alleys as he fled.

Relying on his Godly Dexterity, he could get rid of most enemies.

But these two Dream Guardians were clearly not included among those.

Marvin could only choose to leave the city.

The city was the home ground of the Dream Shrine, so it would be better to start a fight in the wilderness.

He was extremely fast as he dashed out of Holy Light City like a blur.

Because of the two Dream Guardians chasing, Marvin could only choose the closest city gate and ended up in the northern wilderness after leaving Holy Light City.

An endless series of snowy mountains could be seen in the distance.

Marvin sped up, continuing to rush north. If he couldn't throw them off, he would have to fight for his life on a mountain.

On the way, he tried tricking them with his Shadow Doppelganger and Paper Clone, but just as he expected, these two Dream Guardians weren't just common soldiers.

They had experience and were able to lock onto Marvin's main body.

It was hard for him.

He felt quite threatened by the power of the two Dream Guardians!

After leaving Holy Light City, they unhesitantly revealed their strength!

This was the confidence of a hunter.

After Marvin felt it, even if he was upset, he couldn't help but admit that these two men were really fierce.

They had the strength of Level 5 Legends, or more!

In short, their strength could be considered to be at the top of Feinan.

Only an expert like O'Brien might be able to contend with them.

Even Ivan only would have a 50% chance of success against these two.

One versus one, Marvin was confident he could kill them by using his treasures and the powerful properties of his Legend class, but facing the two of them together was something totally different.

'Troublesome Ambella.'

The face of the Dream God's servant appeared in his mind as he silently thought.

If he managed to escape this time, he would definitely chase her down after returning to Feinan.

Thinking about this, he had already covered a long distance, the snow mountain was apparently already in front of him.

The only good news was that the speed of the two Guardians was only on par with Marvin's.

They should also be at the Godly Dexterity level. Not having passed that bottleneck, they could only follow behind Marvin and were unable to close the distance.

'Wouldn't it be possible to use something to block them and then use the Migratory Bird Council's tool to slip away back to Feinan?'

This would be quite regretful. He came to the Crimson Wasteland for a mission, and although he didn't want to go back to Feinan so early, he wasn't completely reckless. Although getting stronger was important, that was only if he stayed alive.

But as he thought of that, there was some movement on a dead tree on the snowy mountain ahead of him!

Marvin's eyelids twitched. Out of the corner of his eyes, he noticed a shadow suddenly charging over!

He instinctively reacted at that instant.

Burst! Shadow Step!

"Woosh!"

A tearing sound echoed as a shallow hole appeared on Marvin's waist!

Drops of blood flowed down.

Marvin's face became serious.

He stood there, coldly watching the culprit behind the sneak attack.

The latter seemed stiff, but was in fact very clever.

It looked like a mantis. Its arms were just like blades and its skin could change color freely. It had a distinct imprint on its head showing that it was a servant!

It was a Blade Demon!

The two Dream Guardians behind Marvin also stopped.

Two south, one north, the Dream Guardians and the Demon blocked Marvin's path.

"Interesting..." Marvin calmly said. "Since when do the Gods and Demons work together? The Dream Shrine's latest recruit is a Blade Demon? Such big news."

Swift derided, "You are about to die and you can still speak nonsense?"

"We are unrelated to that lowly Demon, but it seems that your ability to stir up trouble is exceptional. It's been many years since I've seen a Human offend both Gods and the

Abyss' Demons at the same time. And you are actually still trying to get everything to go your way."

The Blade Demon remained silent, only staring at Marvin.

Its arms were very sharp and could resist the Legendary curved daggers.

That guy was also a very frightening enemy!

Marvin wasn't certain he would be able to beat it in a duel, let alone now that there were two Dream Guardians watching him.

He rolled his eyes as he quipped, "Since that's the case, why don't you settle the old grudge first?"

"I'm just a common Human, you can kill me anytime. With such a rare opportunity, don't you want to discuss first?"

Swift sneered, "Scheming weakling."

"You will definitely die today. Of course, that Demon will also die, rest assured."

"Swish!"

Before Marvin could come up with his next words to keep provoking the Dream Guardians to fight with the Demon, the latter suddenly charged at Marvin like a gust of wind!

Its speed was unfathomable!

Even Marvin found parrying difficult.

"Klang!"

The Blade Demon slashed ruthlessly, and Marvin forcibly used Azure Leaf to block.

But a fierce pain shot through his wrist!

'Fuck! So strong!'

Marvin hardened himself. Since things had reached this stage, he could only go all-out!

Chapter 518: Wilderness

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

With a tiger in front and wolves behind, Marvin could only stake it all.

He used [Ruler's Wrath] and greatly increased his size to the limits.

But none of them expected that just before the fight broke out, a singing voice would suddenly echo north of Holy Light City.

The voice was ancient and desolate, the words very indistinct, but any listener could feel the sorrow!

Everyone was shocked when they heard the voice.

Because an imposing, grand temple appeared at the same time!

Far to the east, that temple was standing tall.

All the buildings visible in the endless plains disappeared, only leaving behind that temple standing there silently.

The red bricks covering the outside gave the temple a sinister, bloody feeling.

A lot of weeds surrounded the temple but didn't cover it, as if they were escorting the temple.

Everyone felt cold.

It seemed like a mysterious force was silently overlooking them.

...

"Heavens... The rumors were real, the Wilderness Hall really appeared..."

Fear flashed across Wayn's face.

As someone from the Gods' side, he naturally knew a lot concerning the Wilderness God.

Even in the Dream God Realm, the Wilderness God was a name that made people's expressions worsen when brought up.

It was said that in the distant past, he was a very frightening Evil God.

He was very strange and managed to escape Lance's chase multiple times, tenaciously surviving in the Universe, eyeing every lifeform like a tiger watching its prey.

The Wilderness Hall was one of the most frightening areas of the Crimson Wasteland.

Even though it hadn't appeared for a long time and was gradually forgotten, when it reappeared, it gave a kind of profound intimidation that couldn't be averted.

Even that Blade Demon who ignored everything and was only focused on its killing order was also intimidated by that building.

It remained motionless, mumbling. Marvin couldn't make sense of what it was saying.

Marvin looked at his interface. His body felt frozen and stiff, but the source was actually an unclear willpower check.

"Is it really the Wilderness Hall?"

He heard the two Dream Guardians begin to discuss.

That very aggressive Dream Guardian's expression also changed.

Swift was looking at that building in the distance with a pale face, his eyes couldn't help but show a hint of cowardice. "It's said that every person who looks at the Wilderness Hall will be swallowed by it."

"Fuck this, why is our luck so terrible?"

"What's with that singing voice? Is it the Ancient God Language? Why can't we understand?"

'Even the Dream Guardians can't understand?' Marvin thought.

As aspiring Dream Servants, they were definitely proficient in the God Language, but the Ancient God Language was an even more profound language.

The Gods only called it the Ancient God Language to flaunt themselves. That language was said to be the common language of the most ancient lifeforms.

This included the first Demons, Devils, Evil Spirits, Gods...

Marvin suddenly felt that the language was a bit familiar.

'That's... when I met the Archdevil Head for the first time...'

'That wasn't a willpower check illusion? Could it be that it was real? Or it had a certain predictive nature?'

Marvin froze, recalling that scene when he discovered the Archdevil Head in the secret area.

Although he already understood that that head was an alchemy item made by his grandfather, it did hold some of the Archdevil's secrets inside.

He remembered the scene, with countless humanoid yet inhuman lifeforms revolving around a bonfire while copulating. The pale little girl's blood sacrifice, the huge axe cutting open her aide... and time ultimately swallowing everything with every lifeform turning into bones.

And when he saw all that, that language had been lingering around his ears.

He thought it was the Anzed Language at first, but he found out afterwards that the language was different from the Anzed Language.

The Anzed were the first Humans to tread on Feinan, so it was understandable that their language was similar to the Ancient God Language.

But why did that language carry such formidable Magic Power?

Marvin was almost certain that it was due to that language that everyone was frozen stiff.

He had already become a Ruler of the Night and all his Resistances were very high. The Dream Guardians also had frighteningly high Resistances, but they were still controlled by that voice too.

The four people from different planes all wanted to escape the singing voice.

But it was already too late.

In this horrifying atmosphere, they found out that they had shockingly lost control of their own bodies.

They all turned toward the east!

They used all their strength but couldn't break free from whatever was moving their bodies. They were like puppets controlled by someone, walking step by step toward the abyss!

A thick fog suddenly rose up in the wilderness.

The singing voice became clearer.

Marvin already lost sight of Holy Light City and could see the shadows appearing in the distance. These people were like his group of four, their faces filled with fear.

They couldn't even speak!

A mysterious force was controlling at least 30 Legends and making them walk slowly toward the east.

And the Wilderness Hall was like the open bloody mouth of an ancient giant creature, preparing to devour them.

Everything was peaceful.

All noises were blocked, and only the singing voice remained.

Marvin suppressed his own fear and started observing his surroundings.

But, strangely enough, they seemed too dull.

Apart from the “puppets” and the temple, there was nothing abnormal in the surroundings.

His perception was weakened to the extreme, making him feel like he was half-blind.

‘Damn it!’

He used all kinds of methods but was unable to remove this state.

This was really too frightening!

Wasn’t it said that the Wilderness God had already died?

Why would the Wilderness Hall appear once again?

Why would this nightmarish singing voice echo once again?

Marvin ground his teeth, but he suddenly realized what the voice was singing. This was the same song he heard when he went through the secret tunnel back when his territory had been invaded by Gnolls.

Due to the similarity to the Anzed Language, and his Noble class, he had understood the literal meaning of the song in the tunnel!

“One flower, two flowers, tonight the devil won’t return home.”

“Hating the rain falling, hating the thunder rumbling, I sit in the well, weeping.”

“Dressed in white for a celebration, dressed in black for a funeral, midnight bell has yet to stop ringing.”

“The deceased, has yet to die.”

...

The four sentences were repeated again and again.

The voice sometimes sounded like a male's, sometimes like a female's, and was extremely terrifying.

In this strange atmosphere, the Legend powerhouses were full of fright as they slowly advanced toward the Wilderness Hall!

No one knew what awaited them!

Chapter 519: Hunt

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

The sky was getting darker.

The people in the wilderness were looking at each other in dismay. No one knew how to get out of that frightening situation.

Marvin even saw many Shrines' powerhouses, including those on the level of Divine Servants!

'The Dream Shrine's people?'

Marvin was a bit surprised.

It seemed that some people from the Dream Shrine had been carrying out a mission. It didn't look like they were working together with the Dream Guardians that had been pursuing him.

Two familiar faces appeared in Marvin's sight.

They were Paladin Griffin and the little girl he was carrying on his back.

He really did go and look for the Dream Shrine.

But why were they also here?

Marvin looked at the others, and the others also looked around at those nearby. These normally intimidating powerhouses looked very weak under the voice's pressure.

Right now, time seemed to pass extremely slowly.

Marvin didn't know how much time had passed before a gray storm rose up in the wilderness.

The storm frantically split apart and turned into small-scale vortexes.

These vortexes scattered and crashed into everyone.

Each had a powerful gravitational pull and the people simply couldn't resist. They were all sucked in!

And so was Marvin.

As the gray vortex approached Marvin, he only felt his body being crushed before being dragged into some sort of space!

...

When he regained consciousness, the terrifying singing voice had already disappeared.

Marvin discovered that he was in a pitch-black place.

There was no sound, and the floor was icy cold.

But due to Darksight, he was able to see that it was a sealed room.

The room was quite special. It seemed to be wooden, yet extremely solid. Marvin reached out to touch the wall.

It felt rather soft.

'Where is this?' he wondered to himself while feeling rather disoriented.

But he didn't expect a pale face to appear in front of him!

"Rest assured, you are safe in this room."

This was a Ghost!

The Ghost's voice was gloomy and his face was almost touching Marvin's.

He could feel a hint of coldness in the Ghost's voice.

Marvin was definitely startled, but he forced himself to calm down right away.

Marvin was someone who had experienced a lot of terrible situations, after all, so a Ghost wasn't enough to terrify him.

He was about to ask a question, but the Ghost kept talking:

“But, you can’t stay here for long.”

“You are being watched.”

The Ghost gloomily continued, “It is most fond of fresh flesh like you.”

Marvin frowned. “It? What is ‘It’?”

The Ghost avoided the answer.

He only had a face; Marvin didn’t know what had happened to the rest of his body.

A ray of light then shone in the room.

A candle appeared out of nowhere on an old-fashioned table.

Under the candle’s faint light, a scroll suddenly appeared, with a list of items written on it.

“The hunt is about to begin, you need something for self-protection.”

“You don’t have much time, hurry and buy something you will need.”

Marvin approached.

There were countless ordinary items on the list.

[Torch – Price: 10 Blood Essence Stones]

[Flint – Price: 5 Blood Essence Stones]

[Hunting Bow – Price: 5 Blood Essence Stones]

...

These items had no descriptions beside their names. But a lot of clues could be seen from the prices listed.

These items’ prices were quite high.

But Marvin was more confused about something else:

“What hunt?”

“Do I have to buy these things?”

The Ghost’s face suddenly became fierce. “Of course!”

“Why should I give you my blessing if you don’t shop?”

“If you don’t shop, I’ll curse you. My curse is extremely terrifying, it’ll make you die quickly in the hunt!”

Marvin suddenly had a bad omen.

The Ghost before him looked weak, but his instinct told him that this Ghost’s words might be true.

Everything in this place was weird.

This was clearly a sealed room, but it gave the feeling of a countryside.

Vortexes in the wilderness, a Ghost appearing, a list of items with absurdly high prices, and the so-called [Hunt]...

What the fuck was happening to him?

Could he have already been drawn into the Wilderness Hall?

Marvin’s head felt like exploding.

“I’ll give you ten seconds.” The Ghost’s tone turned quite harsh.

“If you don’t buy anything, I’ll take you out.”

Marvin urgently shouted, “I’ll buy!”

At these words, the Ghost’s eyebrows eased up.

“Good, good, good, take a look first. You can buy whatever you want.”

“You can ask me a question for every item you buy.”

Marvin nodded.

The items on the list were very costly.

He didn’t have that many Blood Essence Stones left. He had spent quite a bit in Black Swan Hill and Holy Light City, so he only had 60 left.

Buying cheap items would be more convenient if he wanted to ask many questions... but he didn't want to end up with completely useless items either.

"Before purchasing these things, can I ask what they are used for?" Marvin probed.

The Ghost impatiently ridiculed, "These are the most basic things, you don't know how to use them? If you are really that stupid, I fear that you will die fast in the hunt!"

It seemed like he didn't intend to properly answer Marvin's question.

Marvin scratched his head.

He checked the list once again.

"Give me a charm," he said while pointing at an item on the list.

[Charm – Price: 30 Blood Essence Stones]

Among all the items, the charm's price was in the middle range, but this was already half of Marvin's Blood Essence Stones.

He bought it probingly.

He had no use for the rest of the things on the list. What torch? What flint? Was it any better than Darksight?

As for those hunting weapons and traps, Marvin was a Ruler of the Night with Ranger abilities. Why would he need to buy those things?

Only this charm appeared somewhat useful.

"Charm? Good choice..."

The Ghost's tone became deep.

He took Marvin's thirty Essence Stones and exchanged them for an ordinary-looking triangular amulet.

"It can save your life once. You'll have to figure how to use it in the hunt."

Marvin took the charm.

The information displayed was – [Charm – ????]

This was an unappraised item... This meant that he would have to figure it out himself.

He shook his head helplessly and put on the charm.

“Well then, I’ll go ahead and ask a question now?”

Marvin impatiently inquired:

“The [Hunt], what is it?”

Chapter 520: Autumn Hunting Ground

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

“The hunt is about to begin.”

“Dear Teacher, I’ll definitely awaken you,” a gloomy voice echoed in a dark corner of the square.

A tall black-gowned man was standing in front of a coffin.

Bright, star-like light flickered on both sides of the coffin. If Marvin were here, he would have recognized the bright star lights. They were a pair of magnificent daggers!

Cold Light’s Grasps!

At this moment, the daggers were inserted in each side of the coffin.

A beast’s thundering voice came out of the coffin!

“Roar!”

It felt like an ancient, vicious spirit was about to awaken!

But a weird rune flickered on the coffin and forcibly suppressed these roars.

The black-gowned man silently raised his head and looked pensively into the darkness, seemingly holding some sort of secret.

Behind him, a great amount of mist rose up, and a Two-Headed Dragon emerged from it.

Followed by the Jade Banshee.

“Master, doing this is very dangerous.”

“You know that it forced you to become corrupt that time. It also killed Miss Silvermoon.”

The Banshee's expression was very complicated.

Before reaching the Wilderness Hall, she hadn't been aware of her Master's crazy plan.

"No one can resist its willpower, you'll kill yourself!"

The black-gowned man turned his head, the green soul fires flickering randomly. "Only a God's Divine Vessel can be used as a sacrifice to revive a God."

"It was the one to kill Luna, it's now time for it to pay its debt."

"Rest assured, I'll find a way to handle it."

The Lich sounded eerily peaceful as it muttered, "Just a seal, its punishment is too light, way too light!"

His voice had a hint of coldness.

Even the Banshee, who had followed him all this time, shivered.

"The hunt should be starting."

"Those greedy people will pay with their lives. Greed is a sin, and all the powerhouses, whether they are Devils or Angels, who appeared in the northeast of Holy Light City looking for Cold Light's Grasps will only have one end. "

"Activating the [Autumn Hunting Ground] and releasing the true wilderness' bloody power!"

...

In the small rooms, each Legend powerhouse woke up one after the other.

They each faced a Ghost merchant. Some chose to decline, some chose to kill the Ghost, and some, like Marvin, tried to learn something from the Ghost's mouth.

But none of this hindered the Lich's plan from proceeding.

"You are about to enter the wilderness, to a really deadly area. You may become prey, but if you are powerful enough, you can become the hunter."

The Ghost gloomily recounted, "I was once a powerful Legend powerhouse. I fell in the hunt and became like this."

"Don't rely on your Legendary Class too much in the hunt. In the [Autumn Hunting Ground], the Legend law has been abolished!"

What!

Legend law abolished?

That sentence made Marvin shake a bit.

He'd already had some guesses and preparations, but when he heard those words, Marvin felt very shocked.

The Legend powerhouses were all relying on their Legendary Classes. The Legend law losing effectiveness meant that the Legendary Classes couldn't be used.

His power would be suppressed to level 20.

This would cause many Legends that had been accustomed to being almighty to be unable to adapt.

Who knew what kind of terrifying lifeforms were in the Hunting Ground?

"So, is this the Wilderness God's game?"

Marvin bought a second item to keep asking questions. A torch.

He didn't know whether his Darksight might also lose effectiveness, so he bought it just in case.

"I don't know."

"But the Autumn Hunting Ground and the hunting game are indeed the creation of the Wilderness God."

"Only the Wilderness God and his subordinates should be able to open the Wilderness Hall."

The Ghost sighed before rambling, "Although there are many things I'm not clear about, I still remember mistakenly entering the wilderness after looking for an item. That Hunting Ground is too cruel, most people can't survive..."

"How can we leave?"

Marvin bought his last item, a [Hunting Knife]. If it really was like the Ghost described and the frightening Autumn Hunting Ground was a space created by the Wilderness God, there might be all kinds of laws governing Legends that were changed.

Whether he could even use Azure Leaf was uncertain.

He bought a weapon as insurance.

“Become the final victor of the hunting game.”

The Ghost squinted as he said, “Strive to survive and you’ll know.”

Marvin frowned, clearly not satisfied with that answer.

But before he could say more, the Ghost craftily laughed before pointing out, “You don’t have any money.”

“Don’t think of cheating me, I can sense it. Since you are out of money, you can go.”

“Poor kid, I hope you can live a while longer... Maybe we’ll meet again later.”

Then, the Ghost and the room disappeared.

The crimson sky was exuding a feeling of franticness.

Marvin was in the wilderness.

In the distance, he could faintly see the light of a bonfire.

There was a huge moon in the sky.

“Welcome to the Autumn Hunting Ground.”

A sinister voice echoed in Marvin’s heart.

“You obtained a hunter mark. This mark will keep following you in the Autumn Hunting Ground.”

“Want to survive? Slaughter as much as you like.”

“Only by killing and seizing can you obtain more hunter marks, people, and beasts.”

“I always believed that death and slaughter were the most beautiful things. Only when faced with these would all lifeforms burst with unimaginable potential.”

“I’m looking forward to your performance.”

“Strive to survive.”

The voice gradually disappeared.

But the shock in Marvin’s heart didn’t waver.

Although that voice had been carefully manipulated, he still managed to figure out the source.

'It's that Lich!'

'Fuck, it wasn't the Wilderness God who opened the Wilderness Hall?'

'What is that Lich after? Why would he throw so many people into the Autumn Hunting Ground and have them fight each other?'

Marvin felt numb.

He noticed an imprint appearing on his hand with the mark of the Wilderness God.

So this was the so-called [Hunter Imprint]?

If he wanted to leave the Hunting Ground, he would have to proceed with the hunt.

Kill others and obtain their hunter imprints, needing to gather enough before being able to leave?

Which lunatic thought of that rule?

That Lich? What is he trying to do in the end? Why was he so powerful that he could manipulate so many Legends?

What was his goal?

Questions kept appearing in Marvin's mind.

He forced himself to calm down.

Now wasn't the time to think about that.

Because as time passed, more and more people were appearing in the wilderness.

He had to find a place to hide first!

Chapter 521: Start of the Hunt

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

On the harsh Hunting Ground, Marvin quickly sped up.

But compared to before, his speed had substantially decreased!

The Ghost didn't deceive him: in the Autumn Hunting Ground, his Legendary Class, Ruler of the Night, lost all its properties.

The Legend laws lost their effects!

He was only a level 20 expert now.

The only thing worth rejoicing about was that it should be the same for others.

Marvin's advantage lay in his additional subclasses. Whether it was Battle Gunner or Shapeshift Sorcerer, they would all be a big help in this Hunting Ground.

The bonfire appearing before his eyes became brighter.

Darksight wasn't lost because it didn't fall under the purview of the Legend laws and was in fact a gift of the Night Monarch. Thus, the Wilderness God's Hunting Ground was unable to take it away.

This helped Marvin keep calm.

Losing Darksight would greatly hinder his strength.

Moreover, he was already used to the feeling of having superior eyesight. It would have been very hard to adapt to the loss of that ability.

After all, his long-term dependence on Darksight had led to his [Listen] and basic [Eyesight] not being very high.

Because he didn't really understand the nature of this Hunting Ground, Marvin first wanted to set up a shelter.

But in the desolate wilderness, only a few hills and mountain ranges could be seen. There was not a single building.

Not far away, a faint light could be seen coming from the foot of a hill.

Marvin could clearly see that it was a bonfire.

Moreover, the bonfire looked like the one he had seen in his macabre vision.

He instinctively felt that he might gain something by going over.

In any case, Marvin didn't see anyone around, so he started moving.

...

As he approached the hill, Marvin noticed that this place's mountains were changing.

From the distance, it looked like a small hill, but as he got closer, he found out that it was actually quite large.

The bonfire was in a cavity in the mountain and looked like it was taking shelter inside.

There were some logs beside the bonfire, along with a chest!

The chest was sitting on a cushion of straw and the top was made of beast hide.

A kettle was hanging over the bonfire and it was already boiling at the moment, with a large amount of steam coming out.

He could feel a different kind of warmth.

'Why does it feel like I've returned to an ancient era?'

Marvin scratched his nose, having a strange sort of feeling in his heart.

The depths of the cavity were shadowy. He examined carefully and found out that there was a small cave.

The cave was only about half a man tall and Marvin would have to stoop down to go in, so he wasn't too clear about what was inside.

If it were in Feinan, Marvin could have used his experience to make a judgement that this was most likely a Gnome cave. But he was in the Crimson Wasteland. What were the chances of ordinary Gnomes being here?

Moreover, this was the most dangerous part of the Crimson Wasteland, the Autumn Hunting Ground!

'The water seems to have just started boiling, could it be another hunter?'

Marvin cautiously inspected for tracks, but didn't find any footprints.

If this was really a hunter's temporary camp, then that hunter was definitely very shrewd and crafty.

Thinking of this, Marvin's heart couldn't help sinking.

The Legend laws not being effective meant that Legend abilities and Legend Domains couldn't be used. It was the same for his daggers.

He didn't have any decent blades on him besides those, so he could only use the Hunting Knife he got from the Ghost.

But the dagger didn't look like a good item. The blade was covered in rust, and Marvin wondered if it would break if he applied some strength.

He usually used twin daggers, so he felt a bit weird using only one dagger.

After a moment of thought, he fished out a pair of firearms from his storage and kept the dagger at his waist.

They were the firearms gifted to him by Constantine and were peak Battle Gunman equipment.

These two pistols, [Astaroth] and [Satan], had the name of a Demon Lord and an Archdevil.

Marvin had once used them in a previous fight, and they had been quite effective. Although they weren't as frightening as Brilliant Purple, they were still at the peak of firearms in Feinan.

He reckoned that since he didn't have a good weapon, he might not necessarily have an advantage in melee.

Thus he made last-minute changes and put a great amount of experience into his Battle Gunner class.

He obviously didn't care about the experience penalty of the 2nd subclass so he directly raised the class to level 10.

Thus, he suddenly changed and became a level 10 Ranger and peak Battle Gunner.

For his Skill Points, besides the basic distribution (putting SP in Shooting Accuracy and other passives), he put everything else in Market Scuffle.

That melee technique could greatly enhance his battle ability for now.

Although it might be useless once he regained his Legend level, it was what he needed for the current situation.

He had to survive first anyways.

Thinking of this, Marvin prepared to open the chest to check what was inside.

At that time, he noticed a jumping shadow!

'Something is there...'

Marvin didn't move.

He immediately used Earth Perception and managed to see everything in the surroundings.

In a bush not far off, the earth faintly swelled up and a shadow gradually approached him!

With his Shapeshift Sorcerer bloodline boiling, he didn't need to look at it to guess who it was.

'Who sent that Blade Demon in the end?'

'I have offended many people, but I haven't had many encounters with the Abyss...?'

'Could it be Balkh's father? Isn't that too fast?'

He didn't think much more about it and kept moving.

On the surface, he was still leaning in to open the chest, but in fact, his hands were already holding onto two firearms.

He knew that Blade Demons had powerful Constitution and that it would be hard to kill it by relying on the two firearms.

In this territory, with the Legend being ineffective, the Blade Demon with its inherent melee abilities had the advantage.

But Marvin also wasn't worried about it.

He was skilled at handling Demons.

The Blade Demon was still approaching stealthily.

It was moving very patiently. Hiding under the soil was its most powerful ability here, and if not for Kanger teaching him a heaven-defying sensory ability, Marvin might not have noticed him.

It was waiting, waiting for Marvin to stoop down to open the chest.

That would be the time when its prey's guard would be the most relaxed.

'Kill this human to accomplish the mission.'

At this moment, only Marvin was in the Blade Demon's eyes.

The next second, Marvin bent down.

"Woosh!"

The shadow behind him suddenly rose up.

...

Across the cold Hunting Ground, figures kept appearing one after the other.

Most of them were pale, but still managed to remain cool-headed.

In a corner of the Hunting Ground, a girl with crimson eyes looked at the four men with evil intentions next to her, and seemed to be talking to herself. "So, the hunt started?"

"Start..." The Wisp lazily whispered, "Even if I don't know who opened the Autumn Hunting Ground, it definitely wasn't the Wilderness God... He is definitely not that bored. If he had the strength to open the Hunting Ground, he would definitely choose to awaken. If it's someone else, then there is nothing to worry about."

"Kill them. They aren't good people, after all. With enough Hunter Imprints, you'll be able to enter the true Wilderness Hall."

"At that time, you'll have a chance to hold the true Cold Light's Grasps."

"Teacher, you don't need to worry about my state of mind," Isabelle calmly said. "I would still act even if these four were good people."

The Winter Assassin became speechless after hearing the girl's words.

The other four were also at a loss.

These four were adventurers in Holy Light City, and had come from a Secondary Plane.

They reached the Crimson Wasteland by some coincidence and became Legend powerhouses by surviving through many hardships.

This time, they had heard that Cold Light's Grasps were in the plains east of Holy Light City so they came to try their luck.

They didn't find the daggers, but they did meet a beautiful girl.

She seemed to have a mental issue and often talked to herself.

The four suggested that they journey together and Isabelle didn't refuse.

But after they were drawn into the Autumn Hunting Ground, their hidden nature was naturally revealed.

"Sorry, little girl." One of the men licked his lips. "We need Hunter Imprints. Looks like we can only borrow yours first..."

He didn't get to finish his sentence before a cold light flashed.

A head fell to the ground!

"How many times did I tell you not to use your innate ability!" the Winter Assassin scolded.

"Teacher, I didn't," Isabelle softly said, excitement visible on her face. "Their reactions and speed seem to have slowed in this place."

"And the laws don't seem to influence me here."

The other three looked at the blood spurting out of their companion's headless body, their eyes suddenly widening.

But it was already too late to escape.

...

In the murky Hunting Ground, a team supported by Holy Power appeared.

"It truly is the Wilderness God's territory."

"If we can enter the Wilderness Hall this time and get Cold Light's Grasps, we will definitely be commended by God!"

A fearless Cleric looked at the empty sky in the distance and loudly proclaimed, "We will definitely succeed!"

Behind him was a group of 6 Paladins silently dragging their swords.

The swords kept flickering, with the Dream Shrine's emblem seeming especially bright.

The Cleric looked at the Paladin to the side who was carrying a girl and gently nudged, "Changing your belief is the best way."

"The God of Truth already died, and my God's glory will shine throughout the Universe. The Dream Shrine is where you belong."

“This mission will test your belief. Help me clear this mission and I’ll complete your ritual to convert. At the same time, I’ll do what we agreed, removing that young girl’s curse.”

The Paladin’s expression was one of extreme pain.

But thinking of the frightening curse on the girl’s body, he still lowered his head.

After his plea for help in Holy Light City had failed, he ultimately agreed to the Dream Shrine’s request.

Changing his beliefs.

Renouncing the Truth God to believe in the Dream God.

Naturally, they didn’t make him change immediately. This mission might need a Paladin that could use the Truth Scale. The Cleric postponed the ritual and promised that as long as Griffin helped them accomplish this mission, they would definitely help him too.

Griffin had no choice.

“Even if the God of Truth died, Truth will never die,” the Paladin softly muttered. To the rest, he suggested, “Let’s go, I can feel a group of monsters with Hunter Imprints gathering in front of us.”

“The faster we collect Hunter Imprints to reach the Wilderness Hall, the more advantageous it will be to your mission.”

...

Legend powerhouses had already appeared in all corners of the Hunting Ground.

Some met others at the start and started fighting, while many others were fumbling around alone. There were also some who sank deep into monsters’ lairs and were submerged by waves of monsters.

At that time, in an unremarkable corner, space suddenly distorted.

A girl that seemed to be about thirteen years old loftily came out of the space.

The others had all been sucked in by a vortex.

She was the only one who entered this Hunting Ground herself.

In the sky, the moon flashed, apparently saying something.

The little girl coldly looked at the moon and mumbled, “Faniya, it’s time to honor your promise.”

“Furthermore, that Locust... should be considered an Anzed power and returned to us.”

There was a flower in her hand. That flower had five petals of different colors and two spots seemed to be missing.

She silently looked at the multicolored flower, and an older woman’s voice echoed in her mind. ‘Only by reforming the Anzed Power can you become the true Witch Queen.’

‘Of seven Witchcraft Rights, we already recovered five. You’ll have to take care of the remaining two.’

Thinking of this, she strode toward the depths of the wilderness.

There, a tall temple was faintly visible.

...

Mountain cavity, bonfire, beside a chest.

Marvin reacted just when the Blade Demon revealed its killing intent.

He rushed forward to escape the Blade Demon’s vicious attack.

His left foot stepped on the chest and his body quickly twisted!

“Bang! Bang!”

As he turned, the two firearms accurately fired at the Blade Demon’s abdomen!

In such close quarters, it would be very difficult to avoid the firearms!

The Blade Demon’s offensive was suddenly stopped. Although its body was very fierce, it would still suffer from those two shots.

Taking advantage of this, Marvin retreated a bit.

Then, the firearms in his hands suddenly disappeared.

[Sleight of Hand – Weapon Switch]!

The two pistols turned into a shotgun!

'Constantine said that this thing's bullets are designed to fight Demons, I wonder how useful they are.'

As this thought flashed through Marvin's mind, he unhesitantly pulled the trigger!

"Bang!"

The strong recoil pushed him toward the hill.

Chapter 522: Confrontation

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

A bright flame shot out of the seemingly ordinary shotgun.

It burst out very forcefully and shattered the Blade Demon's abdomen!

Demons from the Abyss had always been known for their superior constitution, but after being deprived of its Legendary abilities, its constitution clearly appeared to be weakened.

If it had been at full power, then even this shotgun that was the "condensation" of the 'Shas wisdom" wouldn't be able to injure the Legend Demon.

But the outcome was different now.

As the powerful flames dissipated, Marvin calmly landed on the hill.

As for the Demon, it was howling from its position on the ground, face up.

Its abdomen was in a pitiful state, and it looked like there was a hole going all the way through!

Moreover, there were still some white flames continuously burning in the wound.

The wound was still worsening!

Marvin raised an eyebrow. This was far better than he had expected.

It seemed like Constantine hadn't been exaggerating. A Battle Gunner's strongest advantage was the ability to change bullets to handle different enemies. It thus had a superior advantage when properly prepared for a target.

Marvin rarely used that shotgun because it was designed for use against the Abyss' Demons.

As a relatively amateurish Battle Gunner, Marvin was relying heavily on Constantine's weapons. The Demon Hunter himself was a genuine moving arsenal. Not mentioning Brilliant Purple, which he had half-gifted half-sold to Marvin, the firearms on his body were frightening.

He had firearms against Demons, firearms against Devils, firearms specialized to restrain Celestial lifeforms, and firearms for killing Evil Spirits. In short, the Demon Hunter had specialized equipment for use against all common evil forces.

This was also the reason why Constantine could move unhindered in Feinan and become famous as the Demon Hunter. He perfectly combined his Night Walker and Battle Gunner classes to display Battle Gunner's peak characteristics.

Thanks to Constantine, Marvin could also be considered well-off and thus could adapt to his enemy.

That weapon definitely caught the Blade Demon unprepared.

Even that shotgun had a very significant disadvantage: It could only shoot once in a short period of time, or else the barrel would explode. This was also why the Battle Gunner class wasn't particularly powerful despite having such a strong advantage. But even so, Marvin's goal had already been accomplished.

He put away the shotgun and rushed to fight the Blade Demon!

Of course, he didn't really want to wrestle with the Demon. He went to check the Blade Demon's injury!

Marvin was very satisfied with the effects of the shotgun.

The Blade Demon was greatly weakened. Its speed had originally been inferior to Marvin's, but there were signs of stiffness and slowness after that shot.

Marvin noticed that a sizzling sound was coming out of the hole in its abdomen.

The bullets were said to have been mixed with a dense high-purity holy water which had a great effect on Demons.

Thus, Marvin could do anything he wanted.

He instantly took out the Hunting Knife and started fiercely attacking!

At the bottom of the hill, the two shadows were entangled.

Although the Legend laws were ineffective, Marvin still had Godly Dexterity!

And his Night Walker class had a large number of powerful skills, which would make it a lot easier for Marvin. After catching his enemy off guard and inflicting such a serious injury, Marvin had an overwhelming advantage.

He didn't hurry to deal a fatal blow, though.

Marvin knew that this kind of enemy was the most troublesome. It didn't speak much and simply attacked crazily, trying to kill Marvin.

Marvin chose to circle around it.

The longer it took, the more advantageous the situation would be for him.

If he rashly rushed up for a desperate attack, it might lead to his advantage being ruined.

Moreover, his Hunting Knife didn't look very sharp. Marvin felt it would be rather difficult to kill the Blade Demon with it.

He was waiting for the shotgun to cool down.

Relying on his Demon Hunter Steps and Godly Dexterity, he kept the Blade Demon disoriented and confused.

Blade Demons typically fought by relying on their superior strength, so naturally, its footwork wasn't as good as Marvin's.

The fight was stalled for five minutes.

Although this didn't seem long, only experts who had been through this kind of battle knew how much stamina this consumed.

Both of them were equally matched killers. The Blade Demon had an absolute advantage in strength, and meeting force with force consumed a lot of stamina.

On the other hand, the Demon was seriously hurt.

Sure enough, after some time, the Blade Demon became more sluggish.

Marvin felt pleased, continuing with his strategy while keeping his guard up. He couldn't let that Demon go free.

He had to find out from the Demon who was after him!

Although it was most likely Demon Lord Balkh, Marvin wanted to confirm it.

Just when this thought popped into Marvin's head, something happened!

The Blade Demon suddenly roared, its body rapidly expanding!

It doubled in size from its original two meters!

And in the process, the wound in its abdomen also began to quickly heal.

Its arms became longer and the blades on the forearms became sharper!

'No good!'

Marvin didn't expect that guy to have such a skill.

He had fought quite a few Demons in his past life, but he wasn't as knowledgeable about them as he was with Evil Spirits and Devils. Blade Demons were one of the most suitable Demon races for becoming Assassins. Marvin hadn't really gone head to head with that race in the game.

The enemy's sudden action put Marvin in a bit of a bind.

Because when it happened, the two of them were too close to each other!

The Blade Demon's strange, long arms were like two huge guillotines ruthlessly slashing down!

Marvin simply couldn't dodge properly. The other side's move was too fast, and Marvin had been approaching for a strike when it transformed.

At that moment, he could only move backward to get as much space as possible.

But the Blade Demon didn't easily let go. It stepped forward to completely restrict Marvin's space.

The attack slashed down ruthlessly and Marvin could only helplessly block with the Hunting Knife.

He prepared to use Diamond Shape if he didn't manage to deflect the blow. After all, the Hunting Knife's quality seemed quite terrible.

But he was shocked by what happened next!

The Blade Demon's forearm collided with the curved dagger, and a cracking sound echoed. The sharp tip of the Blade Demon's arm blade shockingly broke!

Marvin felt the intense impact from the clash, and if not for bracing his legs to withstand this power, he would have already fallen down.

As for that Hunting Knife, it was completely unscathed.

Marvin's eyes were wide open.

The Blade Demon fell backward in pain!

Chapter 523: Sacrificial Ground

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

The pleasant surprise came too abruptly. Marvin had almost activated Diamond Shape!

'The blade is that sharp!?'

With how rusty and decrepit the dagger looked, he hadn't struck a proper blow with it out of fear that it would shatter. Marvin was delighted and hesitated no longer. He brandished his curved dagger and rushed forward.

The Blade Demon was greatly injured after his forearm's blade broke. Under the assault from Marvin's Desperation style, he didn't seem able to resist.

Not long after, both of its arms were cut down by Marvin.

Without its arms, the Blade Demon no longer posed any threat. Its body also returned to its original state, pain showing on its face.

Marvin knocked it out and bound it.

That Hunting Knife was simply too valuable, it could actually break the edge of a Blade Demon. That sharpness likely exceeded that of his [Azure Leaf]s!

Or could it be that due to the Hunting Ground, the Hunting Knife sold by the Ghost Merchant had some special attributes?

Marvin considered some possibilities, and his gaze was quite delighted when looking at the curved dagger.

He put away the curved dagger and prepared to interrogate the captive.

But the outcome made him feel a bit exasperated, as the Blade Demon continued struggling after being taken captive by Marvin.

Regardless of what Marvin asked, it refused to answer.

It just kept roaring and bellowing. Even if it said something, it was in rough Abyssal...

Marvin could only gloomily end its life.

At that moment, an imprint came out of the Blade Demon's body and fell in Marvin's hand.

A Hunter Imprint.

The Blade Demon was also in the Autumn Hunting Ground so Marvin could gain a Hunter Imprint by killing it.

As for the mastermind, although it wasn't confirmed, Marvin had a guess and he would have to be careful.

...

After dealing with the Blade Demon, Marvin intended to quickly leave that place.

If the Blade Demon could come so quickly, the two Dream Guardians might also appear nearby.

If it was one on one, Marvin would still have some chance of success, but fighting one versus two would really be too difficult.

The good news was that with the Legend laws being out, this was one more advantage for Marvin.

The Dream Guardians were definitely at higher levels than Marvin, a lot higher.

But when fighting at level 20, Marvin might not necessarily lose to them due to his fighting experience.

Marvin still didn't want to meet the two in the Hunting Ground. That kind of difficult fight would use up too much stamina.

Who knew what kind of dangers he would meet in the depths of the terrifying Evil Wilderness God's territory?

Marvin's only way out was to survive, get enough Hunter Imprints, and then find an occasion to enter the Wilderness Hall.

He stayed a short time in the hill cavity, finally opening the chest.

He was very surprised by the contents of the chest.

There was a copper key, which looked like a door key. Apart from this, there was nothing else in the chest.

After getting the key, Marvin glanced around to make sure there was nothing around before preparing to set off.

However, the weather abruptly changed.

A great amount of dark clouds gathered overhead and rain came pouring down on the desolate wilderness.

Marvin felt a painful heat as the rain fell down on his body!

'This isn't rain...'

Marvin shivered and instantly realized, "This is fucking acid!"

Large-scale acid rain!

This kind of strange weather never appeared on Feinan. Marvin looked around, but the surroundings were covered in acid, and even if he was quick, he would still be greatly injured.

He clenched his teeth and crawled to get in that cave.

The inside of the cave was like a completely different place. Although the entrance was narrow, the interior was quite wide.

The tunnel sloped downward, but the entrance was elevated above ground level so the acid rain shouldn't be able to get in.

Marvin found a corner from which he was able to see what happened outside and began to rest.

Under the heavy rain, the air became a bit acidic.

Marvin took a deep breath and calmed his mind.

He took advantage of this time to analyze the information he had.

According to the Ghost's words, the Hunting Ground was a space established by the Wilderness God, so only he and his subordinates could open it.

And this time, it clearly wasn't the Wilderness God who had opened that place.

Marvin recalled the discussion of the Lich and the Banshee in the Regis Ruins when he heard that voice!

When he was eavesdropping, he heard that the Lich was apparently preparing a scheme related to the Wilderness Hall, and Regis Ruins had something to do with Miss Silvermoon.

But he hadn't expected to end up getting entangled in that event because of the pursuit.

What was certain right now was that the Wilderness God hadn't revived.

This might be the only saving grace of the situation.

After all, the thought of facing that legendary Ancient God that made all Gods pale truly was a headache for a mortal.

It's just that a Lich... wasn't easy to handle either.

Marvin took a deep breath. This matter definitely hid many secrets.

Cold Light's Grasp's appearance, Autumn Hunting Ground's opening... This was clearly a premeditated plot.

What's the Lich's goal?

Surely he wasn't having everyone kill each other for no reason... Especially since if the Lich simply desired slaughter, why would he choose such an indirect approach?

Such a gathering of Legends had a certain risk.

Even if he had the home advantage, it would also be hard to face numerous powerhouses if they joined hands against him.

Yet he did so, and definitely for a reason.

Thinking of this, Marvin subconsciously remembered the corpse of the Blade Demon!

He quickly approached the entrance of the cave and looked out.

What he saw made him shiver!

The Blade Demon's corpse was gradually melting under the effects of the acid rain.

The ground underneath it was squirming unceasingly.

It was as if a mouth was absorbing its flesh!

Soon, the Blade Demon's corpse had been completely absorbed.

The ground became peaceful once again.

But that frightening scene was deeply engraved in Marvin's mind.

He understood something.

'This is an offering!'

'Damn it! This isn't a hunt! The Autumn Hunting Ground is just a sacrificial ground.'

'What does he plan to do by offering so many Legend powerhouses?'

The more Marvin thought, the more frightened he became. 'This shouldn't be... Does that lunatic really want to awaken the Wilderness God?'

Right now he couldn't confirm his guess.

Only by surviving and reaching the Wilderness Hall could he discover the answer.

After some time, the rain stopped and Marvin left the cave. It looked like the wilderness wasn't flooded by the rain.

But the expression on Marvin's face was even graver than before.

This place was like a stomach!

An insatiable stomach.

He would likely have to face many challenges if he wanted to force his way out.

In the distance, a few shadows were jumping unceasingly.

Marvin frowned and entered Stealth before quickly approaching.

Chapter 524: Oracle

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

The Hunting Ground was still saturated with rich acid smell.

But strangely enough the soil was fine.

Marvin was moving composedly, merging with the wilderness, transforming into a light and swift shadow.

He soon reached that group.

'Dream Shrine?!'

Marvin squinted, but there was no hint of nervousness in his heart.

These people weren't with the two Dream Guardians.

That seemed to be a lone group.

'This should be the force of Holy Light City's Dream Shrine.'

Marvin attentively glanced around, these people were surrounding a very strange beast.

That beast had six eyes, a body reminiscent of a flexible leopard, and a shocking instantaneous movement ability.

This was a rare lifeform that even the knowledgeable Marvin hadn't seen before.

It wasn't part of the Abyss, Hell, the Negative Energy Plane, or the Astral Plane!

It was possibly a monster of ancient times.

Marvin suddenly felt the imprint on his hand throbbing.

A flash of understanding appeared in his mind, 'I'll get a Hunter Imprint as long as I kill this Leopard.'

'Turns out they are gathering Hunter Imprints. Looks like they also want to enter the Wilderness Hall.'

'But, why do they seem so prepared? It's as if they intended to enter the temple to begin with?!'

Marvin noticed that these Shrine's Paladins were perfectly coordinating, and even though that Leopard was nimble and even had special abilities, he already got surrounded.

The six Paladins clearly had the blessings of the Dream God.

These blessings let them have the same strength as ordinary Legends even after being deprived of their Legend abilities. This situation should have been within their plans.

Marvin became a bit more alert.

He had estimated that the two Dream Guardians only had a slight advantage without their Legend abilities.

But this was only if both sides had the same foundation, he didn't account for those Dream Guardians' blessings.

This was a Law from another Domain altogether, even if the Wilderness God was powerful, he was unable to erase a Law belonging to a God.

'Meeting those two Dream Guardians would still be bad.'

Marvin silently thought. These people were also like that, although they weren't as powerful as the Dream Guardians, there was a lot of them, and he was alone. It would be very difficult to beat them.

Just as he was about to quietly circumvent them, a voice suddenly echoed in his mind, 'Careful! Don't go south, there are two people ready to handle you there.'

This was Paladin Griffin's voice.

Marvin silently raised his head.

Among the Paladins, a cloaked one was expressionlessly looking in his direction!

'Such a powerful Perception...'

Although he already knew that someone able to condense the Truth Scale was bound to be outstanding, Marvin was still shocked by his Perception.

The Dream Shrine's group had a total of seven people, six Paladins and one Cleric, but none of them managed to find Marvin.

Only the one carrying a small girl on his back, Griffin, noticed him. And he also used a special method to relay the information directly to Marvin's mind.

He inexplicably felt a connection being gradually established, his mind and the Paladin's became temporarily linked.

Marvin was somewhat shocked.

Because he found out that this ability wasn't a type of magic. Marvin had previously ascended from the Ruler of the Night class, he naturally knew the difference between mortals' magic and God's Divine Spells' Laws.

This power was closer to Divine Spell Law!

That guy had already become that strong? But mankind couldn't break through the limits unless they had Fate Tablets.

And it didn't appear after the fall of the God of Truth, could that guy have broken through the Law?

Marvin didn't have time to continue carefully thinking about it, as Griffin had already said, 'Even if I don't know how you offended these people, those two Dream Guardians aren't easy to deal with. Even if I didn't befriend them, we have met before and they went south in order to deal with you.'

Marvin doubtfully said, 'Why did you come here? Are these people of the Dream Shrine not with them?'

The Paladin quickly said, 'I reached an agreement with them. Only by doing this are they willing to remove Molly's Curse. This group and the two Dream Guardians aren't working together, their goal is Cold Light's Grasps.'

They were indeed prepared to come here.

Marvin took a profound glance at that Cleric, he could feel that this was a powerful Cleric, but his Perception wasn't as sharp as Griffin.

His attention was still on that Leopard.

Marvin took advantage of that inattention to hurriedly ask, 'What do you know about this Hunting Ground? Moreover, what kind of deal do you have with them?'

Griffin mumbled, 'From the information the Dream Shrine obtained about this place, the Wilderness God didn't resurrect. A lunatic activated the Autumn Hunting Ground. It is said to be the Wilderness God's disciple, a Lich called Bandel. That Bandel wandered the Crimson Wasteland for hundred years and had been looking for many clues related to the Wilderness God. I'm not too sure about the details, this is the information obtained by the Dream Shrine from the Dream God's oracle. There shouldn't be a mistake.'

Oracle?!

This was that big?

Marvin was startled.

If he wasn't wrong, the Gods were still working tirelessly on attacking the Universe Magic Pool!

This was a very crucial time, the Universe Magic Pool could not only counterattack, it also had a very powerful recovery ability. Moreover, there were at least two Plane Guardians fighting back.

Taking the time to send an oracle in such a situation proved how much the God valued this event.

The Dream God wasn't a weak God. From Marvin's understanding of him, he was shrewd and very sinister, there were definitely things hidden behind the scene!

'Forgot to remind you, don't look down on these Paladins, they are all Adjudicators.'

Griffin's voice quietly echoed in his mind, 'Although I'm not sure why the Dream Shrine would gather such a large force for an inferior artifact, your current situation is very dangerous.'

'The only thing I can do for you is to let you know this. Leave quick.'

'If we are lucky, we might meet again in the Wilderness Hall.'

Marvin's heart warmed up.

Honestly, he didn't have a deep friendship with that Paladin.

They only fought together on the snow mountain. At that time, Marvin dealt with the Mist Dragon on his own to prevent the fight from affecting the young Molly. Griffin clearly had remembered this.

If he hadn't been warned by Griffin, Marvin would have already gone toward the south.

'Thanks, I'll look for Hunter Imprints somewhere else.'

Marvin knew that staying here would be too dangerous, and after thanking Griffin, he quickly withdrew.

Griffin revoked the connection.

At that time, a faint smile suddenly appeared on the Cleric who had been watching the battle.

Chapter 525: Encounter

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

The fight in the wilderness was slowly coming to an end.

That Leopard couldn't escape from the Adjudicators' encirclement.

After its last struggling attack failed, the Leopard roared and instantly disappeared.

The Cleric sneered, raised his hand and a light green light suddenly shrouded the ground around him!

Divine Spell – Dream Cage!

The Leopard suddenly fell from the sky.

A Paladin ruthlessly rushed over, the longsword in his hand ruthlessly slashing down.

No blood splashed, but a Hunter Imprint gradually appeared, merging with that man's palm.

“Good, let's keep gathering imprints.”

The Cleric faintly smiled, “Oh right, contact Sir Swift.”

“Tell him that the person they have been looking for had already been found and is now going west.”

The other Shrine Paladins froze but didn't hesitate. One of them used a specific method of the Dream Shrine to carry out the Cleric's order.

Only Griffin's expression suddenly changed.

The Cleric looked at the Paladin with a smile that didn't look like a smile, “Seems like you don't have enough faith toward our shrine.”

“That man is your friend?”

Griffin clenched his fist, before loosening it again.

He closed his eyes and coldly said, “I was only tasked to help you with this mission. After going through the ritual, you would remove Molly's curse for me, this was our deal. I don't need to explain anything else.”

The Cleric laughed, “You are right.”

He then shrugged, “It's just that some matters are bound to change.”

“I heard this kid offended 1st Divine Servant Ambella, thus, the Dream Shrine would do everything possible to find him as long as he is alive in the Universe.”

“He will then die.”

After saying that, the Cleric’s voice turned murderous.

“Naturally, this isn’t our mission, it’s Dream Guardian Swift and Dream Guardian Wayn’s task. We only need to properly take care of our matter.”

The Cleric had a bright smile on his face.

He waved his hand and nodded at Griffin, “Let’s go, future Dream Paladin.”

Griffin’s eyes twitched, and he took a deep breath with a helpless expression.

...

In the west was a hilly area.

Marvin kept his Stealth activated, this was a very good habit.

In any case, his current skillset allowed him to keep his Stealth while quickly moving forward. The Autumn Hunting Ground was a very dangerous place. Sometimes, even Stealth wouldn’t guarantee that others would be unable to discover you.

Marvin met two monsters on the way.

But he didn’t make a move.

Based on his Perception, these two monsters were shockingly fierce.

They didn’t have Legend characteristics, but their bodies actually exceeded the limits of ordinary Legend Monsters.

Adding the fact that Marvin didn’t know their abilities, he didn’t dare act blindly.

The Dream Shrine group needed a team of Adjudicators to handle a beast with an imprint. Marvin’s heart sank a bit.

He intended to observe these beasts’ habits before making a move.

This was his usual strategy in the game, but he hadn’t put it to use for a while.

After transmigrating, his experience had been his greatest advantage, and it had been reflected by his quick leveling speed.

By making use of information, Marvin was able to overcome many difficult challenges.

But in this territory, his advantage was simply erased.

Marvin found that this Autumn Hunting Ground's beasts were mostly ancient wilderness monsters described only in ancient books.

It was rumored that the world was originally filled with all kinds of lifeforms. At that time, Feinan and many secondary Planes were still wild and the Plane Will was still growing. The Races fought each other, fighting over the right to survive.

Many Gods fell in the ancient times while fighting these monsters.

Although the beasts in the Autumn Hunting Ground weren't as powerful as those genuine ancient mythical monsters, those dragged back by the Wilderness God to be raised were definitely not ordinary. Marvin had to be even more careful.

But there was an ominous feeling in his heart.

Doubts kept appearing in his mind, and he wasn't able to disperse them.

What did that Lich Bandel want to do?

What was the Dream God's plan?

There seemed to be a huge plot behind the reappearance of the Wilderness Hall. It wasn't like the previous event in the Dragon God's Tomb.

At least at that time, Marvin had the help of Professor and the others, and gained a lot of information about the Chromatic Dragons and Evil Dragons.

This time, he was drawn in by accident and felt ignorant and helpless.

That kind of feeling made him very uncomfortable.

Maybe he was already used to the advantage his otherwise wide knowledge provided.

Thinking of this, he couldn't help taking a deep breath. This helped him stay calm.

But at that time, his heart suddenly started beating fast!

A hurried voice echoed in his mind, "Flee quickly!"

Marvin was suddenly startled.

This was Paladin Griffin's voice.

Marvin raised his head and looked around, still in Stealth, and noticed two quick shadows rushing over.

Dream Guardians!

'Damn it! They still found me.'

Marvin unhesitatingly sprinted away!

Although he didn't know what happened, he knew his whereabouts had been exposed.

Although Griffin had reminded him, Marvin had already entered the view of the two Dream Guardians.

Marvin knew that his Stealth wouldn't protect him from those two men's sight.

He could only pray that the two's speed wouldn't be enough to keep up with him with the Legend Laws' restriction in place.

But reality was cruel.

The two Dream Guardians' speed was not only not inferior to Marvin's, they were even slowly catching up to him. Their speed was mainly related to their blessings and it seemed like their blessings had been strengthened after entering the Hunting Ground, just enough to make a difference.

'Looks like I'm forced to fight.'

Marvin silently took out the Hunting Knife.

He stopped escaping, standing on a hill instead, waiting for his enemies to arrive.

Legendary Weapons couldn't be used, he hoped that this sharp Hunting Knife would be a surprise to them.

The two Dream Guardians quickly approached, reaching Marvin in a few seconds.

The two sides faced each other across a small river.

Swift's golden hair looked extremely bright, and he seemed somewhat tired. However, an excited expression had appeared on his face when he looked at Marvin.

"Kid, why aren't you running?"

Marvin didn't have time to open his mouth before a sweet sounding voice floated over from the distance.

“Are they your enemies?”

Chapter 526: Winter

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

Out of nowhere, the two sides noticed that a beautiful girl was standing between them.

Her silhouette slowly appeared on the small river's shore, with her back facing the two Dream Guardians and a calm expression on her face.

Marvin felt that this girl was rather familiar.

But he didn't recognize her.

'These crimson eyes...'

Marvin seemed to notice something.

But she already inquired once more, “These two are your enemies?”

“Hey,” Swift impatiently said, “Mortal, if you don't want to die, you better not get involved in our matters.”

“Although I'm not fond of killing women, if you're thinking of interfering with our orders, hmpf.”

Killing intent flashed in the girl's eyes. “I understand, they are your enemies.”

Marvin curiously asked, “Who are you?”

The girl tilted her head and suddenly asked back, “Is this important?”

Marvin froze.

This girl who appeared so suddenly seemed very strange.

He laughed a bit before remarking, “How could this not be important? After all, I don't seem to know you.”

The girl let out a calm “Oh”.

She then disappeared.

The two Guardians on the other side of the river frowned.

Wayn suddenly shouted, "Careful!"

The space around them seemed to distort!

"Didn't expect you to have a helper, brat!" Swift sneered, still looking composed. "You want to injure me with this level of sneak attack?"

Not only did he not fall back, but he even advanced instead, a green Divine Spell bursting out from his hand.

A large amount of sparkling green light formed an impenetrable barrier.

In that split second, Marvin noticed the space being sealed.

It would prevent any space-shifting skills from working!

'No good.'

Marvin's heart sank.

Regardless of the circumstances, that girl was helping him. It wouldn't be good if she was injured by the two Dream Guardians.

But just as he was about to go help her, a strange scene played out.

Under the green light, that girl's silhouette suddenly appeared, looking a bit sluggish, like she was being blocked by something.

Swift snickered in amusement.

But his grin froze right away.

The girl's silhouette moved on and passed through the barrier!

Swift paled!

Wayn also failed to react, perhaps because they had been quite confident in the effectiveness of the Divine Spell.

Legend laws were indeed ineffective, but why was the Divine Spell ineffective?

But they had no time to think about it.

The girl was holding short but fierce daggers in her hands. She didn't look fast, but she had an overbearing rhythm.

She suddenly appeared in front of Swift.

The girl abruptly raised her head and Swift felt numb at the sight!

She was holding a dagger in her mouth!

She looked like a callous machine, emitting an icy aura.

That kind of killing intent... Who knew how many people she had to kill to develop it to that extent?

This simply couldn't exist in a girl so young.

The Dream Guardians had gone on expeditions to various places for many years, including the Crimson Wasteland, the Abyss Battlefield, and other places to fight. An endless number of lifeforms died at their hands!

But in spite of all that, they couldn't cultivate such a terrifying killing intent, and were intimidated by the feeling exuded by that girl.

In fact, it wasn't just them. It even shook Marvin, who had been just about to make a move to help her.

He glanced at his interface and saw that the killing intent had caused a willpower check that didn't have a range!

Even Marvin, who had very high willpower, had been disturbed.

'Who is this girl?'

'Why is she helping me? And why are her pupils... Could it be...? But the age doesn't match!'

Marvin hesitated.

In a flash, the girl was already slashing at Swift.

At that critical moment, the powerful Dream Guardian managed to display his tenacity.

He forcibly passed the willpower check, and although his body was still stiff, he managed to draw his sword and ruthlessly slash back at the girl!

The two of them were too close, and it didn't look like dodging the blows would be possible.

"Swish!"

This was the sound of a sharp dagger piercing a heart.

Wayn was looking at the girl's lightning-fast movement, feeling startled and angry.

With phantom-like speed, she pierced Swift's heart, throat, and the back of his head with the three daggers!

After landing her attack successfully, the girl retreated from the range of the radiance of the two Dream Guardians' Divine Spell.

She looked coldly at Swift.

That outstanding Dream Guardian could only open his eyes wide as his knees slowly went limp.

He died with a grievance!

This was the best description.

Wayn now had a fearful expression.

"You... You are the Winter Assassin?"

Wayn was so scared that his voice was unsteady!

Winter Assassin was a very famous name in the God Realms!

As one of the founders of the Assassin Alliance, that person had been even more famous than the wretched Shadow Prince!

It was said that he had ambushed a God when he was at his peak!

Although the ambush ultimately failed to kill off the target completely, the God ended up with severe injuries and the God Realm soon collapsed.

There were rumors that the Winter Assassin was colluding with the Anzed Witches and Devils, and that he had obtained an immense power from them.

That was a well-known legend in Feinan. But after setting up the Assassin Alliance, he gradually vanished from sight and retired.

But because of that [God Ambush] event, the God Realms attached a lot of importance to the Winter Assassin.

All kinds of signs suggested that this guy was still alive, just hiding.

Dream Guardians like Swift and Wayn naturally knew a bit about it.

That killing intent could instantly make people feel as if they had stepped into the harshest winter.

It was something that perhaps only the rumored Winter Assassin could accomplish.

After all, in this land, they were powerhouses only second to the Divine Servants!

Facing Wayn's loss of self-control, the girl turned and surprisingly revealed a very brilliant smile. "What do you think?"

Wayn ground his teeth and looked at Marvin, before looking at Swift's corpse on the ground. He remained silent and abruptly sprinted away!

Marvin simply looked dumbstruck.

Wasn't that girl too fierce?

She quickly and efficiently chopped down a Dream Guardian!?

"Who are you in the end? You definitely aren't the Winter Assassin," Marvin said, feeling absolutely certain about that.

The girl blinked. "You really don't recognize me?"

"Sir Masked Twin Blades."

Chapter 527: Witch

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

Isabelle.

Marvin had guessed that it was her, but he still felt a bit shocked when he heard it from her own mouth.

He never expected to be able to meet her in this place.

The little girl he saved from a gang a few months ago had already turned into an adult.

This was too unbelievable.

Before the Great Calamity, Marvin had taken Isabelle to the Assassin Alliance to cultivate her abilities, but he lost track of her.

He was too busy at the time and couldn't search for the missing girl.

He hadn't thought that she would receive the Winter Assassin's personal teachings.

Now that she was alone with Marvin, Isabelle didn't hide anything and had the Wisp come out.

The poor Winter Assassin not only helped out during the fight, but also exposed his current form to Marvin.

After all, a renowned Legend had been turned into a Wisp by a sinister Witch; that was a huge loss of face.

Fortunately, the Winter Assassin's mental fortitude was quite good. After all, he had been enduring for so many years.

And he was very fond of Isabelle, so at her wish, he shared many secrets with Marvin.

Marvin remained speechless for a long while after listening.

No wonder Isabelle grew up so quickly... It was a matter of time flow.

...

Time flow was a very wonderful concept.

Each plane's time flow was different. Marvin had mostly stayed in Feinan, so naturally, there would be differences.

But after Isabelle had been taken in by the Winter Assassin, they stayed in a special space to practice Assassin's techniques.

Even though only a few months passed in Feinan, she practiced for more than ten years in that space.

She now was a fine and elegant girl.

She was already very different from the child who had been begging for money to save her mother.

The only things that remained unchanged were that serene and dedicated temperament, and those two crimson eyes.

The symbol of the Hammons.

Marvin could only sigh at the wonders of the world as the two met there.

Marvin was quite fond of that small little girl. Maybe all the Hammons were like that. Marvin could see the shadow of that boy he fought alongside before.

Isabelle's current strength couldn't be overlooked.

Based on Marvin's estimations, her strength should certainly be top-tier in Feinan.

Along with the innate gift, Flicker, she simply had peak Assassin talents.

Even Marvin himself didn't dare say he could beat her.

Of course, she hadn't even fully shown her true strength here. And killing a Dream Guardian in three blows was definitely on the level of a Plane Guardian.

What had been most impactful in that fight was that suddenly spiking killing intent.

It was that alarmingly resolute will that instantly overwhelmed Swift's defenses and allowed Isabelle to kill him so easily.

And that killing intent didn't come from Isabelle herself.

Although her teacher, the Winter Assassin, had been turned into a Wisp by a Witch, making him lose most of his strength, he still kept his killing intent.

Releasing a bit in a fight was enough to deal with most enemies.

After listening to Isabelle's explanation, Marvin could only sigh at her "main character" build!

Carrying an ancestor with her, that was simply too overpowered.

After inwardly envying her for a moment, a big question popped into Marvin's mind.

"You used Flicker..."

"Hold on, how much lifespan do you have left?"

His expression became serious.

Isabelle smiled and assured, "Enough to use."

Marvin frowned. Although Hammons were Innate Assassins, their gift came at a price.

Marvin had looked for water from a Fountain of Youth in order to increase Isabelle's lifespan.

Even now that she had advanced to Legend rank and her body was very powerful, her vitality still seemed very weak.

“Don’t look at me like that. Kid.” The Wisp muttered moodily, “I keep trying to restrict her use of her innate abilities, but she doesn’t listen to me.”

“I already spent all I had to maintain her lifespan, but she always said that there was no need for a long life. If there was enough she would use it, what kind of logic is that?”

Marvin looked at Isabelle and sincerely requested, “Innate abilities, can you please not use them if you don’t absolutely need them?”

The Wisp disdainfully said, “She won’t listen to your advice.”

But then, Isabelle agreed with a smile, “Okay.”

The Winter Assassin suddenly exploded!

...

Although meeting a friend in this place was a very gratifying event, Marvin didn’t want to stay in the same place for too long.

The Dream Shrine had many people in the Hunting Ground. If that Wayn let go of his pride and took the initiative to look for the Cleric and those Paladins, then Marvin’s side would likely face great difficulties.

Isabelle killed Swift by taking advantage of the Winter Assassin’s power and her own innate abilities to catch him off-guard.

If he had been focused and less dismissive of her, Isabelle’s attacks would have been less effective.

The two travelled together and quickly moved along.

With the Winter Assassin as a chatterbox, the trip wasn’t lonely.

That person had already lost all his restraints. He didn’t hide anything from Marvin and told everything he knew about this place.

“So you say you came here specifically for Cold Light’s Grasps?”

Marvin was a bit surprised. He originally thought that Isabelle had been dragged in like him, but it turned out that she had taken the initiative of entering the Wilderness Hall.

“Nothing I can do, who told that hateful Witch to say that the only way to remove her Witchcraft was to get hold of Cold Light’s Grasps?”

The Wisp seemed especially helpless as he muttered, “Even if I’m very doubtful of the veracity of her words, who wouldn’t try?”

“Moreover, the daggers are a very powerful Artifact. I was able to ambush even Gods when I was at my peak thanks to this Artifact’s strength. Isabelle needs weapons that suit her strength.”

Marvin nodded.

But he had a strange feeling about the story.

How was this matter related to the Witches?

According to the Winter Assassin, a Witch snatched his Cold Light’s Grasps one day and reached the Crimson Wasteland before leaving the Artifact in the Wilderness Hall.

As for the matter of the Winter Assassin being turned into a wisp by the Witch, it wasn’t too clear.

It’s just that the Witch very “kindly” left him an escape route.

When the Wilderness Hall came into being again because of some insiders, if he managed to get a hold of Cold Light’s Grasps, her Witchcraft would be removed.

“Why did that Witch bring Cold Light’s Grasps inside the Wilderness Hall?” Marvin was a bit curious as he wondered aloud, “Oh right, what was that Witch’s name?”

The Winter Assassin ground his teeth and spat out a name:

“Hathaway.”

Chapter 528: Ivy [Two in One]

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

Hathaway.

Marvin didn’t think that he would hear this name in the Wilderness Hall’s Autumn Hunting Ground, and furthermore from the mouth of an old monster who had lived for countless years.

At first, he thought that he had misheard. The name mentioned might have only been similar to Hathaway in pronunciation.

So he checked to make sure, and the Winter Assassin confirmed his previous answer.

The witch who turned him into a Wisp was really called Hathaway.

She claimed to be an Anzed and that she was carrying out a very important task, one that was related to the Anzed Witches and their revival. Because it involved the ownership of Cold Light's Grasps, the Winter Assassin unyieldingly refused her request.

So it ended in a battle.

Tragedy struck, and even the Winter Assassin, who was able to ambush Gods, was defeated under the assault of a series of strange Witchcrafts.

Even though the Winter Assassin didn't know much about Witchcraft, he was sure that the most important reason for his defeat was that a certain God was helping the Witch from the dark.

The Winter Assassin didn't know which God it was. After all, his previous [God Ambush] put him on the Gods' blacklist, it could have been anyone.

He was just certain that Hathaway had been helped by an Ancient God because he had heard Ancient God Language during the fight.

Marvin could hear the unwillingness in the Winter Assassin's voice when he talked about that battle.

Using his own words, it was "shady".

As a result of this unfortunate confrontation, he had been cursed for many years. He didn't even know how much time had passed, but it must have been more than 800 years. The Winter Assassin was a figure from the late 3rd Era, after all. There were still many Gods who had yet to ascend when he had been cursed.

The Assassin Alliance he established was still a relatively loose organization at the time. It didn't belong to the South Wizard Alliance and was considered the predecessor of the modern Assassin Alliance.

This showed that this matter had happened a very long time ago.

Marvin was thinking, a deep frown on his face.

The Winter Assassin was most active in the late 3rd Era for about sixty years, and Miss Silvermoon's fall was before that. The Winter Assassin had obtained Cold Light's Grasps due to chance, becoming their new master.

Afterwards, the Anzed Witch snatched Cold Light's Grasps away and put the daggers inside the Wilderness Hall.

This was too fishy.

The last time Marvin saw Hathaway, she claimed to be the Witch Queen.

Marvin had a certain understanding of Witchcraft by now. Hathaway's looping curse was luckily broken thanks to Dark Phoenix, which resulted in her awakening some extraordinary memories. Marvin could more or less understand...

But he couldn't imagine that Hathaway had lived for a millennium.

Maybe, they were two completely different people?

With this doubt in mind, Marvin tried to confirm the appearance of the Witch who turned the Winter Assassin into a Wisp.

But the Winter Assassin couldn't remember what that Witch looked like.

Many memories seemed to have been sealed after he fell to the Witchcraft.

While he could remember things about the fight and his defeat, he couldn't remember any details concerning her appearance.

The Winter Assassin was very depressed about that.

As a Legend active in the late 3rd Era, most people had expected him to ascend, not the wretched Glynos.

He had somehow met a powerful enemy and then been sealed for a millennium. Who wouldn't be depressed after such an event?

...

Since he couldn't confirm Hathaway's appearance, Marvin wasn't able to figure out more about the matter.

He had a faint feeling that there was an even bigger secret behind the Wilderness Hall's opening, waiting to be unravelled.

Wilderness Hall, Miss Silvermoon, Lich, Anzed Witch... There was definitely a rational explanation behind everything. Marvin already had some clues, but he still lacked something to tie them together.

Anyways, since he was already in the Hunting Ground, Marvin would definitely take a look at the Wilderness Hall.

After all, it had already been confirmed that the Wilderness God wasn't the one who opened the Wilderness Hall, but rather a Lich. And from the information obtained back in Holy Light City, Marvin could confirm that Minsk had also entered the Wilderness Hall.

He couldn't forget that his mission in coming to the Crimson Wasteland was to find that guy.

He might also have an unexpected harvest when entering the Wilderness Hall.

Moreover, the Winter Assassin kept telling Marvin that the Cold Light's Grasps were important to him and Isabelle. Marvin wouldn't mind helping out with that.

Although Artifacts were attractive, they were many more.

Cold Light's Grasps were straight daggers, and although Marvin's Ruler of the Night class let him use straight daggers effectively as weapons, his expertise in curved daggers was a lot higher in this life. If he had to choose Artifact-level weapons, Cold Light's Grasps wouldn't be his first choice.

...

In the following days, Marvin and Isabelle didn't encounter any dangers thanks to the guidance of the Winter Assassin.

They didn't meet the Dream Shrine's group. Perhaps Isabelle's previous display really frightened Wayn, so he didn't even dare to come back with help.

Marvin felt very gratified that he could avoid that trouble.

Now that he was teaming up with Isabelle, he finally wasn't alone anymore and could easily handle those monsters.

With the Winter Assassin on the side, those monsters' weak points were glaringly obvious.

They soon had enough Hunter Imprints.

The current Isabelle was not the stubborn and powerless young girl anymore.

She had already become a true Assassin.

In those fights, even though Marvin and the Winter Assassin had convinced her to restrict the use of her innate abilities, she still displayed such a level of prowess that Marvin truly felt fearful.

At such a young age, her Stealth was already reaching the limit and she didn't seem worse than Marvin, who had already been an Assassin in his previous life.

As for skills, the best Assassin in Feinan's history was teaching her, so she naturally wouldn't be lacking.

Marvin felt that if she used her innate talent, he would find it very difficult to evade her assassination, even if he knew it was coming!

Flicker, which ignored all Laws!

It did sound very frightening.

It was also that skill that made the Winter Assassin very envious.

She was now close to her final assessment, and if she completed it, the Winter Assassin would impart his final skill to her.

An outstanding powerhouse like the Winter Assassin still had a skill for her to learn. If it were someone else, they wouldn't have much to teach the Legend Isabelle.

...

After the two gathered enough Hunter Imprints, their next step was to wait.

Wait for the Wilderness Hall to be truly opened.

According to the Winter Assassin's guess, it would take three days at most, within three days, the Hunting Ground would be closed.

At that time, people without enough Hunting Imprints would be stuck inside the space and die.

And those with Imprints would leave this place, for the more dangerous Wilderness Hall.

Just as expected, the second day after the duo gathered enough imprints, a shocking rumbling noise came from the depths of the Autumn Hunting Ground, and a huge, bronze gate appeared.

The Lich's voice echoed once again:

"Being capable of surviving proves that you have the strength to witness history."

“In that case, please come in.”

“The Wilderness Hall has been opened. Every great performance needs a few spectators, isn't that so?”

Following the Lich's voice, some silhouettes appeared in succession in the area.

Marvin felt the dense, bloody aura around them.

All those who survived the hunt were very powerful. They quickly disappeared through the bronze gate.

Marvin estimated that almost a hundred Legends had entered the Hunting Ground, but there were now no more than 20 who were still alive.

Even the powerful Dream Shrine had lost two Paladins.

And it had to be known that they had been working together, making it safer and more efficient for them.

Marvin and Isabelle had been hiding near the bronze gates while silently counting the number of people.

There were 16 Legends there with enough Hunter Imprints, or a total of 18 if Marvin and Isabelle were included.

The others died in the Hunting Ground.

Their bodies most likely melted under the acid rain before being absorbed by that frightening space.

During these two days, there had been a downpour of acid rain every four hours, lasting about ten minutes each time.

Marvin had already confirmed that this was an offering and that this was a sacrificial ground.

There was definitely a bigger danger waiting for them behind the bronze gate.

That Lich set up such a large game and definitely wasn't just inviting some spectators.

But they had no other choice. They could only follow the path the Lich laid out for them and slowly walk along it.

...

“Let’s go, don’t just look.”

“I can feel that this gate will close soon, you have five minutes at most.” The Winter Assassin urged, “Even if the Lich you talked about has really planned something, do we have another choice?”

Marvin nodded and proceeded through the door with Isabelle.

The space distorted once more.

After their surroundings solidified, they found that they were in a vast temple.

Strange ivy was hanging in the temple.

It seemed different from ordinary plants, having a large amount of barbed tips and a layer of thin, sticky liquid!

The place reeked of blood and had a fanatical atmosphere.

The temple was quite broad. They were in the center, and they could see a red light flickering through the darkness.

They could hear the sound of fighting coming from somewhere in the distance!

– Let’s check it out. –

Marvin used a gesture to signal Isabelle.

Isabelle cooperated and went into Stealth.

The duo communicated with the help of the Wisp and quickly rushed over.

...

In a corner of the temple.

A man wearing a black cloak was calmly standing on the side.

There was a thick fog behind him, and in the depths of the fog, a Two-Headed Bone Dragon could faintly be seen...

At his side was a gorgeous Jade Banshee!

‘It’s really him!’

Now that they had found the mastermind, the situation would be a lot easier to handle.

The soul fire in this guy's eyes was too distinct, it simply screamed [Lich].

The group fighting in front of him was the Dream Shrine's party of Adjudicators!

That previously high-spirited Cleric was now in a sorry state.

They had lost two Paladins in the Hunting Ground. With only four Dream Paladins and Paladin Griffin left, as well as the Cleric himself, it would be very difficult to resist the Lich's attacks... But... that wasn't the Lich's attack!

Marvin's eyes widened.

What was causing them trouble was some cyan ivy!

'This ivy is problematic.'

As Marvin looked at those crawling vines that were surrounding the group and attacking them frantically, he couldn't help but feel rather alarmed.

Each stalk of ivy was frighteningly tough, and didn't break even under the blows from the Paladins' swords, which had been enchanted with Divine Power.

And their barbs were very powerful.

Marvin could sense that the ivy was gradually absorbing the vitality and Divine Power of the victims!

This ability was too frightening.

'Hold on... The entire temple is covered with this kind of ivy... No good!'

Just as Marvin thought of this, it was already too late.

He suddenly felt pain in his abdomen!

Two terrifying stalks of ivy had already coiled around his waist without him noticing!

"Aaah!"

Not far from him, Isabelle also let out a soft cry as she was bound by ivy.

She instinctively wanted to use her innate talent to escape, but Marvin signaled her with his eyes.

Isabelle hesitated but ultimately didn't use her ability and was lifted up by the cyan ivy.

It was the same for Marvin.

The cyan ivy didn't seem to want to kill them. He took a glance to see what that Lich had planned.

It wasn't necessarily advantageous to act now.

It would be better to first examine the enemy's weak point before making a decision.

But upon looking around, Marvin was startled.

The two were dragged into the air by the ivy and kept rising until they reached the ceiling.

At that time, he realized that the ceiling of the temple was filled with people!

These people not only included those Legend powerhouses who had just been fighting in the Hunting Ground. There were also some new faces.

And there were even more dried corpses!

At that time, Marvin's eyelids couldn't stop twitching.

A man with closed eyes and a calm expression was hanging from the ceiling.

Marvin recognized him.

'Half-God Minsk!' he inwardly shouted.

At that time, the Lich's gloomy voice came out from below. "I didn't expect two fishes to escape the net, I almost let you flee."

"It's no use though. Since you entered the Wilderness Hall, your end is inevitable."

"Whether it's an unknown figure or a follower of the mighty Dream God, everyone will become the audience for this show... Of course, no one can avoid turning into fodder."

The Lich let out a low laugh. "I'm quite fair, aren't I?"

Chapter 529: Treasure

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

"Bandel!"

The Dream Shrine group was apparently the only group that was still able to resist.

But they also seemed to be in a very difficult situation right now.

Marvin could feel that this special crawling vine was continuously siphoning away his vitality, but the process was very slow. With his constitution, he would be able to hold on for a hundred years or so.

But the more serious issue was that the mass of ivy was imbued with another power.

This kind of feeling was like when they had heard the mysterious singing voice outside Holy Light City.

It was like a huge lock was coiled around their bodies, making it very difficult to move.

Naturally, Marvin could still find ways to escape, but he felt that this wasn't the most suitable moment.

'Bandel? Why does this name sound a bit familiar? That Lich name's Bandel?'

Marvin held his breath and listened carefully to the discussion.

The Cleric shouted, "I won't die from a Life-Severing Ivy! My body will resurrect in the Shrine! But your evil deeds here will be told to the Dream God, he won't forgive you!"

"Give us Cold Light's Grasps now, and let us leave!"

The Lich sneered, "I know you won't die. But would that resurrected you still be you?"

"If I'm not wrong, you haven't died before. After dying for the first time, you'll turn into a genuine puppet of the Gods."

"Do you want to have a taste of this feeling?"

The Cleric's expression became quite ugly.

He glared fiercely at the Lich as he demanded, "How can you open the Wilderness Hall and Autumn Hunting Ground? And why would the Life-Severing Ivies listen to you?"

The Lich shrugged as he gave a non-answer: "As a spectator, you have far too many questions."

"Look, the others know their places. I said I was very fair, I won't treat you better just because you are a member of the Dream Shrine."

"Tie him up. My patience is limited, and the great teacher's patience is even more limited..."

After saying this, the ivy surrounding the Cleric's group went crazy and attacked even more frantically.

Countless sharp thorns shot over, and despite the Cleric using several defensive Divine Spells, a Paladin still got caught and was pierced!

That scene looked pretty tragic.

The Legend powerhouses hanging from the ceiling all held their breaths.

They had never been as dispirited as they were now.

This temple had the same stifling limitation to the Legend Laws as the Hunting Ground, and they were caught in an unprecedented predicament.

But compared to that group currently fighting, their treatment was a lot better.

At least they weren't being surrounded and viciously attacked by the ivy!

Marvin's expression became a bit unsightly.

He could feel the Lich's power, which apparently was not affected at all by the restrictions in this place.

And it seemed to be the same for that Jade Banshee.

What was that ivy? Life-Severing Ivy? The name seemed quite straightforward, but could it have a deeper meaning?

At that time, the voice of the Winter Assassin echoed in his ear:

"The Life Severing Ivies are an avatar of the Wilderness God!"

"It was rumored that before the Wilderness God fell, he hid seeds of rebirth, and these seeds were hidden in the Life Severing Ivies."

"You are stripped of your Legend Laws because the Life Severing Ivies are a power of the Wilderness God. He had an ancient Law's authority and can erase your Domain's power. In essence, it's like you are in a God Realm! Only with permission can you use your Legend Domains!"

Marvin instantly understood.

Although the Wilderness God had yet to resurrect, these Life Severing Ivies were his avatar, and still had some power.

That power was extremely mighty and had the same authority here as Divine Laws. Legend Laws were suppressed under the effect of those Laws.

And the Lich himself was probably not affected because of the Ivies giving him extra authority!

“Damn it, he just said [teacher]... This guy wouldn’t be the disciple of the Wilderness God, right?”

Marvin suddenly recalled that when he was travelling toward that snowy mountain with the adventurers, he had heard them mention something similar.

“I’m afraid he is.”

The Winter Assassin’s voice seemed quite grave as he muttered, “Your decision was right, we wouldn’t be able to gain anything fighting head-on.”

“Damn Witch, she deceived me once again. She clearly said that the Wilderness God wouldn’t resurrect.”

“But look at these Life Severing Ivies. The Wilderness God’s consciousness had already started recovering!”

Marvin’s heart sped up.

He had a really bad feeling this time.

The Wilderness God was a famous Evil God from ancient times. If he truly revived, how many of the Legends here would be able to escape?

He silently made the Wisp notify Isabelle. If there was an opportunity to flee, they would have to flee first.

He knew of Isabelle’s innate talent, and if not for that talent, the Winter Assassin wouldn’t have let her come to the Wilderness Hall.

Very few spaces could truly restrain her.

...

“Aaah!”

The battle below was still ongoing. But one member of the Dream Shrine group seemed to be on his last leg.

Under the persistent attacks from the cyan vines, another Paladin fell.

The Cleric's face turned green.

These were elites of the Dream Shrine, the main force!

And not only did they fail to see even a shadow of Cold Light's Grasps, but they also met the Wilderness God's avatar. This was completely different from the oracle!

He tried communicating with his God, but was unsuccessful.

The Lich's expression made him shiver.

He didn't want to die, he didn't want to die like this in the embrace of a mass of ivy!

Thus, he clenched his teeth before yelling out once again, "Bandel!"

"I have a suggestion!"

The Lich sneered, "Oh? I'm listening?"

The Cleric took a deep breath. "Do you really want to offend the Dream God?"

The Lich asked in a tone dripping with ridicule, "You want me to release you?"

"The Dream Shrine will owe you a favor." The Cleric looked at the only two remaining Paladins in front of him and at Griffin, who was in a pitiful state, before showing a painful smile. "You win. We give up on Cold Light's Grasps. As long as you free us, the Dream Shrine won't pursue the matter with you."

The Lich's soulfire flickered, no one knew what he was thinking.

But attacks from the cyan ivy really slowed.

"To be honest, I'm not afraid of offending the Dream God," the Lich began. The Cleric's heart turned cold.

The Lich then said, "But when it comes to offending Gods, the fewer the better, right?"

"I can let you leave safely."

"But one of you is a sacrifice my teacher is very fond of, her flesh is very captivating... She has to stay!"

The Cleric froze. "She? Who?"

The Lich pointed at the sweating Griffin.... At the girl on his back!

Griffin's expression suddenly changed.

"That little girl... She is very different."

The Lich laughed. "There is a very impressive treasure in her body. Although it's hidden by the curse, it cannot escape the Wilderness God's sense of smell."

He raised his chin and repeated, "She has to remain. You can take the others away."

The Cleric glanced at Griffin and unhesitantly made a decision:

"Deal!"

Chapter 530: Death

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

"No!"

Griffin angrily yelled, "How can you sell us out like this?"

The Cleric coldly retorted, "As a follower of God, you should comply with my arrangements."

"But it doesn't matter, if you don't want to hand over this little girl, then just die with her."

He glanced back at the Lich.

The Lich sneered and opened a way through the cyan ivy.

The Cleric waved his hand and then left with the two wounded Paladins.

Only Paladin Griffin remained of those who had still been putting up a resistance in the corner of the hall.

He looked very lonely.

Countless Life-Severing Ivies were crawling at him from the darkness, looking like snakes preparing to devour someone.

The soul fire in Bandel's eyes kept throbbing as he muttered, "I didn't expect the Dream Shrine to have someone like you."

"Unfortunately, you can only die."

Then, all the cyan ivy pounced on him.

...

From the ceiling, Marvin could see the surface of the ivy turning scarlet and could sense a great amount of soul power!

“The Wilderness God’s main body is a man-eating crawler plant from ancient times. These Life-Severing Ivies are his avatar.”

“Although he entered a state of fake death, his Divine Law is still covering all of this ivy. If you can’t counteract that Divine Law, your power will be seriously restricted. As long as that is the case, don’t even mention snatching Cold Light’s Grasps, maybe even saving your own life would be difficult.”

The Winter Assassin’s voice was also somewhat anxious as he regretted, “I harmed you this time. Damn Witch, I actually listened to her.”

Marvin silently shook his head.

He could feel the temple’s power. It was exerting a kind of absolute Domain suppression.

Seeing this scene, he knew that he couldn’t wait any longer.

Regardless of how, he had to try.

‘Although killing that Lich without finding his phylactery is too troublesome, eliminating his body should still be doable.’

Marvin silently gathered his strength.

The Spirit Orb’s skill, [Harvest], had already been filled and could be used anytime.

That skill was particularly effective against souls, so not only could it destroy soulstones, phylacteries, and other similar things, but it should also have a great effect on a Lich’s body.

It could at least eliminate his soul fire.

As for all the ivy, Marvin was thinking of joining forces with Isabelle to handle them, and with the addition of Griffin’s Truth Scale, they had some hope.

Moreover, there were many Legend Powerhouses here. These people didn’t lack fighting ability by any means. They were just pitifully restricted by the ivy.

If he freed them, then with everyone working together, they would have an opportunity to escape.

With all this planned out, he took a deep breath.

The next second, a golden light flashed on the surface of his body.

Shapeshift Sorcerer – Diamond Shape!

Bind Debuff – Immune!

He slipped out of the ivy, nimble like a fish, wordlessly escaping from the binding.

Naturally, he didn't want to inadvertently alert an enemy, so he left a Paper Clone behind while he entered Stealth.

In any case, he had the Vampires' Low Flight and the Witchcraft – Flight's Right, and furthermore, he could walk quickly on the ceiling.

He moved as fast as lightning, quickly arriving at Isabelle's side. He wanted to help her free herself, but she had already escaped on her own upon seeing Marvin move.

Marvin quickly put a Paper Clone in, and the ivy didn't react.

Sure enough, he had guessed correctly. Although these Life-Severing Ivies were the avatar of the Wilderness God, his consciousness hadn't returned yet. They were mostly listening to Lich Bandel's commands.

The Lich's attention was now focused on Griffin, so he didn't notice the two of them getting free.

They silently escaped from the mass of ivy and hurriedly went down the sides of a pillar to reach the floor.

Marvin signalled Isabelle, hinting her to not act rashly. He quietly approached the Lich's group.

He knew that the Lich had very high Perception and since he had previously been noticed by the ivy, he resolved to be more careful this time.

Thus, while moving he silently, felt for an overlapping part of the Shadow Plane with this world.

This was very dangerous. Although he had the right to move through the Shadow Plane, most stable bridges were built between Feinan and the Shadow Plane. There was some risk of ending up in the limitless void by linking with the Shadow Plane from another world.

But the circumstances were too urgent, so Marvin had to experiment somewhat.

He closed his eyes, and the endless void seemed to be filling his mind.

Then, a familiar node kept jumping out in front of him.

“Found!”

Marvin was overjoyed and entered the Shadow Plane without hesitation.

...

The battle in the temple had become very worrying.

No expression could be seen on the Lich’s skull, but the expression of the Cleric, who was off to the side, was unsightly.

He still remained on guard. Although he had Bandel’s promise, he wouldn’t easily trust a zealot of the Wilderness God.

However, he was greatly shocked by the strength that Griffin showed.

Although he had already known that guy was different, he paled when he learnt the truth.

He even had some regret: If he had known that this guy could release the Truth Scale’s illusion, he might have kept fighting.

But in this place, his prayers didn’t receive any answers, which made him feel weak.

This was something unprecedented for him, after all.

“Fascinating.”

Seeing the cyan ivy turning to dust under the light of the Truth Scale, the Lich actually laughed. “The Truth God has already fallen. It is safe to say that no one should be able to summon the Truth Scale, even if it’s just a shadow.”

“If not for my important task, I might have decided to carefully study it...”

At that time, the Dream God’s Cleric couldn’t help but say, “Bandel, can you let us go now? We already gave her to you.”

The Lich shook his head as he pointed out, “My conditions were for you to hand me that girl, but you didn’t do so, did you?”

“Thus, even if you want to go, sorry, but not now.”

“Wait till after this matter is over and I’ll let you go. My goal is neither to kill everyone, nor to offend the Dream God. You can rest assured.”

The Cleric’s expression grew somewhat unpleasant, but he could only shut his mouth.

But at that time, a roar suddenly echoed through the depths of the temple!

That roar sounded like one of an ancient beast that had awakened after many years and regained its strength.

The whole temple shook as it reverberated.

The ivy flew around chaotically, and the Legend powerhouses still conscious in the ceiling couldn’t help cursing in rage.

The soul fire in the Lich’s eyes flickered. “Teacher is a bit impatient...”

“That’s good, we can end this nonsense early.”

He pointed toward the Truth Scale.

A dull gray light condensed in an instant.

...

In the Truth Scale, the unconscious little girl suddenly opened her eyes.

The Truth Scale that Griffin had strenuously formed seemed to be collapsing.

“Uncle Griffin...”

The sweet sound of the little girl’s voice echoed throughout the entire palace. “Where are we?”

She was apparently startled awake by that frightening roar.

As he struggled to maintain the Truth Scale, Griffin was very pale and his forehead was beaded with sweat.

His Legend Laws had also been stripped, so this Truth Scale summoning had already exhausted all his remaining strength.

And the ivy was continuously absorbing and corroding his power!

He was already unable to breathe.

As for that roar, it was most likely the awakening of the Wilderness God's consciousness.

He was constantly enduring willpower checks and couldn't keep supporting himself. He fell to a half-kneeling position.

But even so, he still tightly hugged the little girl in his embrace.

"Woosh!"

The dull gray radiance penetrated the Truth Scale barrier and pierced through Griffin's shoulder!

He turned gray in an instant, as a great amount of energy started spreading from the wound.

The Truth Scale power was quickly restoring the wound, but it couldn't completely extinguish the burning negative energy.

The Truth Scale illusion kept weakening, and soon looked like it was about to disappear.

The Lich waved his hand in satisfaction.

"Take her."

The Two-Headed Dragon walked out of the fog. It didn't seem to fear the Truth Scale as much under the Lich's urging.

As Griffin struggled to remain upright, the Truth Scale's radiance gradually dimmed.

Huge drops of sweat fell down from his forehead, and blood flew out of his wound.

"I'm sorry. I can't fulfill my promise."

His voice seemed very bitter as he muttered, "I said I would save you, I said I would protect you, and lift your curse."

"But I wasn't able to in the end."

"I'll most likely die. I won't be able to protect you again, Molly."

The little girl widened her eyes.

She looked very ordinary. Her skin wasn't very fair, and there were some freckles on her face.

'But, a great Paladin has to complete his oath.'

'This is what you and I decided, so regardless of what happens, I can't give up halfway.'

Griffin's expression was bitter.

Not far from them, the cyan ivy retreated and the Bone Dragon cruelly approached.

The Legends on the ceiling had grieving expressions.

In such a terrible place, with the power of the Legend Laws stripped from them, they were no different from ordinary people and could only wait to be slaughtered!

This girl was first, maybe they would follow soon?

The Paladin's body gradually turned stiff.

The Truth Scale's final light disappeared.

Besides the Paladin, everything else became dull gray. He had already closed his eyes in silence.

In that moment, it felt like all hope had been lost.

Everyone understood that this Paladin had already reached the end of his life.

The Life-Severing Ivies had already exhausted too much of his power, and the Lich's Finger of Death was more powerful thanks to the buff of the Wilderness God. The negative energies kept spreading through his wounds and kept giving him Death Checks.

In the end, he fell to the ground.

All the Holy Power shrank like a tide.

This might have been the most powerful Paladin of the Truth God in the entire Universe, but his life ended there.

Molly stood in front of his body, apparently not understanding what had happened.

"Uncle Griffin. Wake up quickly."

She poked Griffin's already frozen face, her eyes blinking.

Then, the Bone Dragon behind her abruptly bit down!

Chapter 531: Flames

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

In the pitch-black darkness, a shadow stood in front of Marvin.

It was because of her sudden appearance that Marvin wasn't able to act to help the Paladin.

He stood in the Shadow Plane with his fists firmly clenched, helplessly watching the Paladin as he died from the Lich's negative energy ray.

"Why did you do that?"

He looked at the shadow before his eyes.

There was some surprise on his face. Although he had been prepared for unexpected occurrences, he found it quite jarring to see her in this place.

Hathaway.

Hathaway seemed a lot more mature compared to last time they had met.

She was also a lot taller. It could be seen that the flow of time for her was very unusual.

"Do you want to throw away your life?"

Hathaway still was unperturbed. After her rebirth, her character had changed greatly.

Although there was a great power in her body, and even if she was doing all she could to hide it, Marvin could still feel it.

It seemed like she could explode anytime.

"I can't just stay here and do nothing!"

Marvin struggled hard, but couldn't get rid of the binding effect.

In fact, he had managed to enter the Shadow Plane and was about to rush out when Hathaway suddenly appeared and stopped him.

He wasn't surprised that she could enter the Shadow Plane, as it wasn't a very difficult place to enter for an Anzed Witch. But he found the extent to which she could use Witchcraft in the Shadow Plane rather unexpected.

It had to be known that because of the Shadow Plane's unique nature, most skills and spells were unusable here.

It could only be assumed that the Witchcraft system was above the Shadow Plane's Laws, which caught Marvin unprepared.

...

"You have more important things to do."

Hathaway glanced at him, then glanced at the Lich in the temple before slowly saying, "At that time, you said that you would help me if I needed you."

Marvin froze.

Hathaway continued, "Throwing your life away now certainly wouldn't help you repay me."

"Thus, I stopped you."

"Moreover, you are simply unable to withstand the Wilderness God's power. It seems like you want to save the little girl and that Paladin, but I can tell you with certainty that under the watch of the Wilderness God, it's impossible for you to do this."

Wilderness God?

Marvin's mind sank, could that guy have really recovered already?

He looked at Hathaway and asked, "What exactly do you know? What did you appear here now?"

Hathaway didn't answer, and instead just calmly watched what was happening.

She frowned, apparently thinking of something.

Marvin began to feel fidgety.

This feeling of being unable to do anything was really uncomfortable. Even if he knew Hathaway had no malicious intent, he also couldn't help looking with sorrow at Griffin and Molly dying in front of him. Moreover, Isabelle was still there. They had agreed to attack together, but then he disappeared, so who knew what Isabelle would do!

...

In the temple, under everyone's sorrowful gazes, the Bone Dragon viciously bit down on the completely defenseless Molly and swallowed her in its stomach in one bite.

Rumble!

The Two-Headed Bone Dragon raised his neck and let out a loud burp.

A black fog rose up, and the pitiful little girl completely disappeared before everyone's eyes.

"Good work, Puppy."

The Lich let out a laugh, "Leave first, leave this to me."

Under the Lich's order, the Two-Headed Bone Dragon and the Jade Banshee disappeared in a fog of darkness.

During the process, Isabelle, who had been hiding on the side, held her breath.

She had countless opportunities to try to save the girl, but the Winter Assassin had forcibly stopped her.

She also was a very cool-headed person and knew that she might not have been able to grasp those opportunities and ultimately chose to clench her teeth and endure.

'What about Sir Marvin? Where did he go?'

A storm appeared in the girl's ever-peaceful heart.

Because she had been discovered by the Life-Severing Ivy before, she used the Winter Assassin's most powerful hiding skill, [Assimilation].

Her body twisted around the pillar and looked like another stalk of the cyan ivy.

Even her aura was a perfect copy of the ivy!

Marvin had clearly told her that he would be making a move first.

She might not necessarily listen to others, but she would definitely comply with Marvin's requests!

Because he was Masked Twin Blades.

...

"You can release us now," the Dream Shrine's Cleric harshly said.

He didn't feel too great.

The others in the temple either had been restrained by Life-Severing Ivies or were dead.

After the death of the Paladin, there were only three people left.

The Lich turned and laughed while looking at the three of them. "Okay, I'll send you on your way."

Then, a flame shone in the darkness.

A fierce aura stabbed from behind!

"Roar!"

The frightening roar echoed behind the three followers of the Dream God and seemed to rip apart their eardrums.

The Cleric had a bad feeling and immediately brandished his scepter, wanting to use a few defensive Divine Spells.

The two Paladins readied their swords in self-defense.

But next second, a scorching heat flooded through their bodies.

The Legends bound to the ceiling could clearly see the scene of the three being attacked by extremely small flames.

The flames flew out from within the layers of ivy and possessed shocking energy and leapt onto their bodies.

In that instant, their Divine Spells became ineffective.

The terrifying flame went through their clothes and burnt their skin, before continuing deeper to work on the bones, turning them into a pile of powder.

It only took mere moments.

Those who witnessed the scene felt cold sweat trickling down their backs.

"Woosh! Woosh! Woosh!"

The flames stopped burning, but didn't disappear.

In the depths of the temple, ivy kept moving around, as if hesitating.

The Lich took a step forward, smiling. "Rest assured, respected Teacher, I'll definitely bring you back from the endless darkness."

“Please believe me.”

Who was he talking to?

Could it really be the Wilderness God?

Soon, the answer was revealed, the cyan ivies kept moving around before finally, a thick vine appeared.

At the end of the vine was a huge flower, and its petals looked as if they were made of fire.

In the core of the flower was a man’s face made of flames!

That face looked as if all the evils in the world had been mixed together.

Its expression was distorted. It roared, apparently trying to say something.

Those present couldn’t understand the language.

But its every word made people shiver.

This wasn’t the power of his eloquence, but the power of the language!

Ancient God Language.

“Heavens, the Wilderness God will truly resurrect!”

“Damn it, how could I have believed those rumors?”

“This was that Lich’s plot. We are done for, if the Wilderness God resurrects, the entire Crimson Wasteland might become his food!”

The Legend all showed expressions of despair.

They were just vulnerable mortals without their Legend powers and simply couldn’t resist the Life-Severing Ivies.

Moreover, they could feel that after this blazing face appeared, the Life-Severing Ivies became more excited.

The vitality drain sped up!

At that time, a person who had been hanging inertly from the ceiling opened his eyes!

...

“I want those petals.”

In the Shadow Plane, Hathaway pointed at the throbbing petals on the edge, with an excited expression on her face.

“This is the Wilderness God’s avatar. Although he doesn’t have the consciousness of the main body, he is still very powerful. But rest assured, he’ll leave soon.”

“It’s not that easy for Bandel to resurrect the Wilderness God. The Wilderness God struggled at death’s door for so many years, preserving a spark in order to ignite his Divine Fire. Afterwards, he would need a great amount of power to support himself, which is also why so many Legend powerhouses have been tricked to come here. This isn’t the end of the sacrificial ground.”

“Do you see those people and low level Divine Servants on the ceiling? The Wilderness God didn’t kill them because he knew he would return one day.”

Marvin frowned as he acknowledged, “Those are his nourishment.”

Hathaway nodded, while pointing at Marvin. “You also are.”

Marvin shrugged. He was different from the others, he still had some cards in his hand. He also wouldn’t mind trying to call for his Archdevil grandfather’s help in a matter of life and death. The Wilderness God might be very troublesome, but a figure in charge of the Nine Hells was on the same level as the peak figures of the Universe.

Although Marvin didn’t want to have too many connections with him while he was still weak, if he was pushed against the wall, he wouldn’t mind trying.

In any case, the Crimson Wasteland wasn’t Feinan, so summoning an Archdevil here wouldn’t put the people in Feinan in a terrible situation.

But he didn’t say those words, and only calmly asked Hathaway, “What do I need to do?”

Hathaway wordlessly handed a jar to Marvin.

...

In the temple, the Lich began to discuss with that flaming face.

The flaming face and the Lich eventually came to a compromise. It jumped out from the petals and turned into an extremely small flame before falling into a palm-sized oil lamp in the Lich’s hand.

That oil lamp looked simple and quite ordinary, but only a treasure could hold such an exceedingly hot flame.

“I’ll leave it here for you.”

The Lich spoke gleefully toward the darkness, “I hope that when you return, you’ll become even more powerful and give Teacher the most perfect body.”

The next second, he reached out grabbed at the void.

“Woosh!”

Isabelle, still hiding at the edge of the pillar, had been seen through once again and was directly caught by the Lich.

“Another gifted young girl.”

The Lich softly said, “I’m in a good mood, so I’ll let you return from the audience free of charge.”

Following his laughter, the two disappeared from the temple, and the entire temple started shaking!

Countless Life-Severing Ivies split open, revealing their bloody mouths, and ruthlessly pounce toward the “nourishment” on the ceiling!

Chapter 532: Thief

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

The great number of Life-Severing Ivies made the bound powerhouses lose hope.

The cyan ivy tightened around their bodies, speeding up the rate of vitality absorption. The victims became weaker and weaker.

But at that time, a loud and powerful voice echoed, “Everyone! The Legend Laws are back!”

The Legends all froze in surprise and looked toward the origin of the voice.

It was a clean looking man with limpid eyes. There were a few stalks of ivy on his body, but he soon struggled free.

“Minsk!”

“It’s actually Minsk! I saw a portrait of him before! So he didn’t die!”

They were all startled for a moment before regaining their wits. Since Minsk could free himself from the ivy, they should also be able to!

After all, even though Minsk was strong, he had been trapped in the Wilderness Hall for so many years. His strength should have already been seriously reduced.

If he was right about the Legend Laws recovering, then these people had the confidence to break free from the Life-Severing Ivies.

All kinds of light burst from the ceiling. The trapped Legends all used their own methods to attempt to free themselves.

After trying it out, everyone found that Minsk was indeed right, and the Legend Laws were truly restored!

But their expressions then became very unsightly.

Under the mass of ivy, the flower with flaming petals approached.

Although the man's face had already disappeared from it, the flower still had a horrifying power.

It rushed over from the side, its petals spinning like a Grim Reaper's scythe as it pounced onto one of the Legends that was still extricating himself.

The latter failed to dodge and was swallowed by the flower!

The flame kept burning as the screams of the Legend burst out from within the flower. But the flower quickly finished digesting him and then aimed at the next target.

The ivies continued pouncing at the Legends with their bloody mouths open.

They were trying to drag those guys to the flower!

But the process was much more difficult now. Without the Legend Laws, the Legends would have been trampled upon, but now that the Legend Laws were effective again, they were much harder to handle.

There was a Barbarian who forcibly tore apart two Life-Severing Ivies that were biting at him as he cut a path out of the battlefield.

With his renewed power, he was able to harden his body to resist attacks.

"Haaaa!" the Barbarian bellowed while breaking the ivy surrounding him.

"Woosh!"

He dropped nimbly to the ground.

Anger could be seen on his face as curses were still coming out of his mouth. "That piece of shit Bandel, I'll kill him..."

But before he finished talking, flames burst out behind him!

"Fighting back is only making things harder for you."

"You are my rations!"

That flower pounced at him with a shriek, and the Barbarian was instantly consumed by the conflagration!

Even with the Legend Laws, he still couldn't resist!

That flower was the most important part of the Wilderness God's avatar!

Sharp teeth spread on the edges of the petals and with the help of the fire, they revolved like a circular saw, cutting the Barbarian in two.

"Gulp."

The loud swallowing sound, the blazing petals, and the barbed ivy created an appallingly hellish scene. The hope that had just risen from the Legends' hearts had suddenly died down.

Although most of them had freed themselves from their bindings, they still didn't have the ability to escape the temple!

Their power was also recovering very slowly.

Moreover, a few unlucky ones had already been torn apart by the ivy and delivered to the flower. They were devoured and turned into nutriment.

Those who managed to safely reach the ground began to gather around Minsk.

But their surroundings were filled with Life-Severing Ivies!

And there was still that highly threatening flower of flame!

The whispers of the Wilderness God's avatar kept echoing in their ears:

"You have no way out! You can only become my food!"

Minsk's face sank, and he looked a bit weak. When the mass of ivy rushed down, they would surely break the temporary defensive line. But at that time, a low chant began to echo from above.

Minsk's eyes shone as he apparently remembered something.

Following this chant, the movement of the cyan ivy slowed, becoming very sluggish.

Everyone looked at the girl that had appeared, feeling stunned.

Hathaway was there with her face covered. She wore a very pointy hat and a purple mantle.

Her voice was soft and gentle, but her chant carried a power that couldn't be resisted.

'Ancient God Language, no... This is Anzed Language...'

'Witchcraft?'

Minsk took a deep breath.

A faint light appeared in his eyes as he thought, 'The events of that year, they were really related to the Anzed Witches. The agreement between the Moon Goddess and them... is it the agreed time?'

Others were just thankful for the intervention.

Hathaway's appearance helped them greatly, blocking and weakening almost all of the Life-Severing Ivies.

Most of the remaining Legends were either extremely strong powerhouses like Minsk who had suffered years of torture but still had a certain amount of strength, or those who just joined the Wilderness Hall so that they hadn't lost much of their power yet. They were still able to fight.

As long as they had an opportunity, they would be able to gather their strength and fight back.

"Woosh!"

Sword shadows flashed, spells were thrown.

Soon, the powerhouses coordinated and annihilated a great amount of cyan ivy.

The fiery flower seemed extremely angry that its prey was fighting back.

The flames soared, nearly burning all the ivy around it.

“Who are you?! Why are you able to suppress my power?” the evil flower growled. “You dare to steal the power from the great Wilderness God!”

“Steal?” Hathaway sneered, “Solog, after sleeping for so many years, have you forgotten who the biggest thief of all is?!”

“After stealing the Anzed’s power, haven’t you ever thought that one day, this power that doesn’t belong to you might leave you?”

“Today is the day of reckoning!”

After saying this, her chant became even louder.

An illusion appeared behind her body.

In the illusion, countless women wearing long Witch dresses were kneeling on the ground, worshipping piously.

The Witches were facing a pitch-black field, and in the center, a flower sprang up out of the ground and blossomed!

Every petal of that flower was a different color.

...

The chanting of the illusory Witches echoed across the hall.

Everyone could feel that it was attenuating the power of the cyan ivy.

“No... This is my power!” bellowed the Wilderness God.

At that time, a shadow silently appeared behind the blazing flower.

He was holding a jar in his hand, his movements very graceful.

Chapter 533: Ethereal Jar

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

The situation was developing so quickly that Marvin could only follow Hathaway’s arrangements for now.

He was quite worried about Isabelle's safety, and even if he guessed from Bandel's tone that there would temporarily be no threat to her life, how could Marvin feel reassured when such a gifted girl landed in the hands of a lunatic?

And he still had Molly, too.

Griffin had already died, but that girl had left a deep impression on Marvin. He swore to himself that if he was able to, he would put an end to all this.

The first step was to kill this Wilderness God's avatar!

From Hathaway's words, the Wilderness God's slumber was a type of fake death. A very powerful God had put him into a near-death state, to the point that he could only retain the Source of Fire in his avatar, slowly absorbing power through it.

For the past years, that flame had always been hibernating in the middle of the Life-Severing Ivies and was the source of their ability to absorb power.

Now that the flame had gone into the Lich's lamp and been taken away, the Wilderness God's powerful Divine Laws lost their effect over this space.

Otherwise, the Legend Laws wouldn't have recovered.

After losing the blessings of the Divine Laws, the ivy that had seemed so scary before was now just a bunch of plant monsters with a bit of Divinity.

Although it was the avatar of the Wilderness God, it wasn't unbeatable!

...

Marvin quickly opened the lid of the jar in his hand, as Hathaway had instructed.

Without any other action on his part, a sharp wave of sound burst out from the jar.

It heated up, and if not for the gloves he was wearing, Marvin would have been unable to keep holding it!

"No... This is the Ethereal Jar..."

"You are a Witch!" the Wilderness God's avatar bellowed.

All the cyan ivy gathered back around the flaming flower, apparently wanting to protect it.

But it was already too late.

Marvin had been hiding in the Shadow Plane for so long waiting for the right moment. With Hathaway as a distraction, he would definitely achieve his goal.

He rushed back and forth among the ivy, using the distortion ability of his Night Boundary.

He arrived in front of the flaming petals in a blink.

The previously ruthless flower became extremely dispirited when facing Marvin and the Ethereal Jar.

Marvin's hand deftly bypassed the ivy and snatched a petal from the flower. He stuffed it into the Ethereal Jar.

"Wuwuwu..."

The Ethereal Jar let out a low sound. Under the oppressive sound, the blazing petals weakened.

"I won't allow you!"

The Wilderness God's avatar struggled in vain.

It gave up on everything else and pulled all the cyan ivy back, ruthlessly pouncing on Marvin!

"Careful!" Hathaway shouted.

She didn't expect that despite being suppressed by her Witchcraft, the ivy could still rush back so quickly.

In a few seconds, Marvin would be surrounded by the Life-Severing Ivies!

The others actually took advantage of the reprieve to adjust themselves and escape.

The temple started shaking like it was about to collapse!

"This place is very dangerous, we have to find a way to leave!" one of the powerhouses among them yelled loudly. "Minsk, do you have a way?"

They seemed to be old acquaintances.

Minsk pointed at the ivy and coldly said, "If it doesn't die, we won't be able to leave."

They all became silent.

They had a deep impression of the tenacity of these Life-Severing Ivies. Completely killing them... wasn't that easier said than done? There seemed to be an endless amount of them. They would never finish cutting them all down!

"That kid is in danger," someone said worriedly. The others also had similar expressions.

But no one went to help. With such a large, writhing mass of Life-Severing Ivies, who would rashly approach?

The chant coming from Hathaway's mouth became sharper.

The powerful Witchcraft power formed into a wave, permeating through the whole area and redoubling their suppression on the ivy.

Marvin took a quick glance back and knew that the matter couldn't be delayed, so he pushed his speed to the limits!

His silhouette was like lightning, frantically flickering among the cyan ivy, plucking the flaming petals one after the other and squeezing them into the Ethereal Jar.

As Marvin plucked the final petal, all the ivy shuddered, and the ceiling started crumbling, sending a large amount of stone falling down!

An angry roar echoed through the space and completely pushed back the influence of Hathaway's Witchcraft chant!

"Leave quick!"

Hathaway's voice echoed in Marvin's mind.

Marvin smiled. His hand shook and a shadow passed through all the ivy, flying toward Hathaway's hand.

The Ethereal Jar!

The Anzed Witches' Artifact, and also one of the symbols of the Witch Queen.

Hathaway froze. Marvin's action was beyond her expectations as it was completely different from what she had previously arranged.

Her plan was to leave after getting her hands on the flaming petals.

Unlike the others, Hathaway had the ability to come and go as she pleased due to her power as the Witch Queen.

But she didn't expect that Marvin wouldn't escape after accomplishing her mission.

His silhouette sank into the layers of cyan ivy.

In the depths of the hall, the roar kept echoing, louder and louder. The pillars were shaking, slowly falling apart.

Everyone kept running away, but they discovered with shock that the boundary was continuously shrinking.

With all the ivy at the center, the temple's space kept shrinking, collapsing!

"Guys look!" A voice burst from one of the survivors. "There is a door here."

The others looked over, and sure enough, there was a faintly flickering door in the darkness. Everyone charged over, grasping onto their last hope.

Only a few people managed to stay calm, including Minsk.

He looked at Hathaway and asked, "You are able to kill it, so why aren't you doing so?"

Hathaway coldly replied, "What do those people have to do with me? I only came to reclaim my power."

As she said this, a red glow came out from the Ethereal Jar.

The lid of the Ethereal Jar opened on its own, a complete petal slowly floating out.

Hathaway gently opened her hand and the red petal fell into her palm.

Just before it landed, a five-colored flower blossomed from her palm, and the red petal fell onto it, perfectly cleaving to it.

She nimbly waved her wrist and the six-colored flower disappeared without a trace.

Meanwhile, most of the Legends were rushing toward the door.

But what they met was only a bloody sky!

"These fools actually went into its stomach."

Hathaway looked disdainfully at those people, before looking back at the place where Marvin had disappeared in that mass of ivy.

She hesitated briefly, but then opened her hand, making a gesture to cast a Witchcraft.

But suddenly, a loud cry came out from the pile of cyan ivy!

Golden light burst all round as a majestic Griffin frantically flapped his wings, fighting his way out of the writhing thicket!

Using two claws, he was holding a green object that looked similar to a heart!

Chapter 534: Collapse

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

“You are more reckless than I thought!”

Hathaway’s nervous expression eased immediately as she looked at the golden form of the Griffin. She paused for a bit before adding, “But you are also braver than I thought.”

“Woosh!”

Marvin dismissed the effects of his Royal Griffin Shapechange and regained his Human shape.

He was still holding that green heart in his hand.

At that time, the entire space was trembling crazily.

Those who had rushed through the door were all torn to pieces, and the temple itself also started collapsing.

The roars in the dark hall became louder and louder.

But it seemed to Marvin that the roars, which had started with anger and hunger, had gradually become filled with fright!

“I grabbed his heart,” Marvin softly said. “Didn’t you say that unless we killed him, no one could leave?”

Hathaway nodded, before grimly pointing out, “But that was for ordinary people, I have ways for you and me.”

Marvin shrugged.

Although he had guessed that, he couldn’t pass up the opportunity to kill the Wilderness God’s avatar.

From Hathaway’s previous explanation, Marvin was pretty sure that the Wilderness God’s avatar had been at his weakest just now.

He was already used to having the [Source of Fire] and bound the Legend powerhouses using that power.

After losing it, he was still the Wilderness God's avatar, but the meaning had changed.

He had already lost his Divine Law and was just a powerful Legend level monster.

This meant that he could be killed.

When Marvin was caught in that predicament, he perceived the heart's rhythmical beating. It was exactly as Hathaway told him before.

As long as he could grab it, the Wilderness God's attack wouldn't mean much.

Thus, he decided to make his move.

An ordinary body naturally couldn't withstand the siege of so many Life-Severing Ivies.

But the Royal Griffin's body was different.

"Woosh!"

A few rays of light flashed and the green heart was shredded into pieces!

A mass of green liquid bubbled up crazily as an anguished howl echoed from the darkness.

The edge of the space began to brighten while the temple continued collapsing, and after the ceiling fell apart, it revealed a crimson sky!

The trapped Legends were all shocked as they saw the changes in the surroundings.

Finally, their sight gathered on what was left of the heart in Marvin's hand.

Gasps echoed one after the other.

After the last pillar collapsed, the shrine was completely destroyed.

Naturally, this wouldn't cause much threat to those Legends.

If the Wilderness God's avatar died, this space would merge with the Crimson Wilderness, with the eastern part of Holy Light City.

They were now standing in the midst of the ruins. The distant snowy mountains in the north and south could be seen on both sides.

For a long time, cheers rang across the ruins!

“You saved everyone,” a clear voice echoed behind Marvin. “You are a hero.”

Marvin’s heart moved, and he immediately turned around.

Surprisingly, behind him was Half-God Minsk, who he had spent all this time looking for!

...

The matter of the Wilderness Hall had not yet concluded, but for the Legends who had been captured there, the nightmare was over for now.

There were no more than thirty survivors.

This included the powerhouses who had been trapped over the years, such as Minsk.

He explained that he had been attracted by a Nature aura and mistakenly entered the Wilderness Hall.

He didn’t know there would be such danger before entering it.

This was all a huge conspiracy, with Lich Bandel as the one behind the scheme. He had been controlling the Wilderness Hall for so many years as he carefully chose strong Legend powerhouses as offerings.

Everything he had done before was to pave the way for today’s event.

Fortunately, Minsk was quite sharp. After discovering that something wrong, he hid his own identity.

He even temporarily relinquished his Nature Power, giving up his connection with the Green Sea Paradise in order to trick Bandel and appear to be an ordinary Legend. He remained trapped on the ceiling, enduring the vitality absorption of the cyan ivy for all this time.

Fortunately, although he was only a Half-God, he was also the child of an Ancient God. This resulted in him having a huge amount of lifeforce, which allowed him to last till now.

Although this didn’t seem to be a good time for it, Marvin still quickly finished his own mission, telling Minsk what he knew about the Migratory Bird Council and the Ancient Nature God’s matter.

After listening to Marvin’s explanations, Minsk didn’t seem very worried.

“It is indeed a very terrifying matter for the Nature Power to be withering, but I believe in my father. He only slumbers, he didn’t fall.” Minsk muttered on, “Moreover, this isn’t urgent compared to what is about to happen on the Crimson Wasteland. It’s something we can deal with later.”

Marvin’s eyes widened as he asked, “You want to help with the ensuing events?”

Minsk looked at Marvin and Hathaway with a smile. “I’m sorry, I heard too much.”

“Those who were there are very grateful to you because you saved their lives, but they will definitely leave this damned place. They won’t help with what’s coming.”

“As for you, it didn’t sound like you plan to leave. I heard the Anzed legend, did you come to represent the Anzed for the debt?”

Hathaway snorted coldly. She seemed quite on guard toward that Half-God.

“In any case, I can’t leave now,” Minsk continued with a smile. “My friend over there can leave to tell a nearby town about the news of the possible resurrection of the Wilderness God. I don’t know if it’ll have much meaning since after all, the Crimson Wasteland was originally intended to be a land of slaughter, but being able to save a few lives should be considered quite laudable.”

“As for me, I do want to follow you back to Feinan. But we have to stop the Lich’s crazy plan now.”

Hathaway indifferently said, “I have no interest in the Lich’s plan, I only wanted to get my things back.”

Minsk nodded before turning to Marvin. “What about you?”

Marvin looked at some information flashing on his interface before gripping his daggers. “Bandel caught my friend. I have to save her.”

“Moreover... he shouldn’t treat a little girl like that.”

Killing intent flashed in Marvin’s eyes.

Although they had fought together only once, he still had a deep impression of the Paladin, Griffin.

Sometimes, there were people that you could find worthy of trust after just a short time.

That follower of the Truth God was clearly one of those.

Marvin would be lying if he said that he didn’t feel like avenging him.

Moreover, Isabelle was still in that bastard's hands.

"Good. Seems like we agree," Minsk muttered. "I can try to communicate with the lifeforms in the surroundings to try to find out where that filthy skeleton went."

"No need." Surprising Minsk, Marvin actually pointed toward the southwest and asserted, "He is definitely there."

...

South of Holy Light City, in the Black Forest, three people were rushing forward at high speed.

Marvin's speed was something obvious, based on his Godly Dexterity. Minsk was the son of the Nature God and was an outstanding Ranger. He was extremely familiar with forests and even forests contaminated with magic couldn't restrict him.

As for Hathaway, she was moving through the air in a strange way, apparently using some type of Witchcraft.

Her body was leaning slightly forward, floating and flying at high speed through the forest.

Marvin kept looking at Hathaway's flying posture and couldn't help but remark, "I thought Witches all rode on brooms."

Hathaway rolled her eyes at Marvin, apparently losing patience with him. But she still said, "Earlier on, and by that I mean during the ancient times, in the era of the old Witch Queen, the Anzed Witches had to ride a broom. This was our trademark."

Minsk nodded, apparently familiar with that era.

"Then you..." Marvin wanted to say something, but hesitated.

Hathaway coldly snorted, "I changed that rule. I have the power to do so as the new Witch Queen."

"Why?" Marvin asked curiously.

"I think riding a broom is stupid!" Hathaway snapped. "Are you satisfied with that answer?"

Marvin laughed and didn't say anything else. He was already very happy to be able to meet Hathaway again.

This was a wonderful feeling.

Even if she was much different from before, he could still see the traces of the old Hathaway.

He believed that her memories would come back with the passage of time.

“Are you sure it’s this way?” Hathaway frowned. “The magic pollution here is too serious. Many Mana Wraiths are howling in my ears, I can’t stand them.”

Marvin nodded. With a solemn expression, he assured, “I’m certain. This matter is definitely related to the Regis Ruins.”

“Bandel had once been a caster of the Regis Ruins. He was a disciple of the Wilderness God and became infatuated with Miss Silvermoon. Coincidentally, I discovered Miss Silvermoon’s body in the Regis Ruins. I think this can explain many things.”

Minsk’s voice echoed behind him, “This... Perhaps the one Bandel is planning on resurrecting isn’t his teacher.”

They reached the entrance of the Regis Ruins while they were talking.

Marvin waved his hand. “It’s here, please be ready. Maybe we’ll find that the Wilderness God has already been resurrected when we go in.”

“That wouldn’t be funny at all,” Hathaway said as she took the lead. “Even if he has been resurrected, he still owes me.”

She then went through the entrance.

Chapter 535: Evolution! False Divine Vessel!

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

The three quickly made their way through the dark passage.

All three were peak experts. Even if Minsk’s strength had somewhat suffered over the years, he could still keep up.

Unlike the last time he tracked the Jade Banshee, this time Marvin felt an indescribable pressure.

He could faintly hear a beating heart.

This definitely wasn’t the Dungeon Core’s heartbeats.

Everything felt old.

He was a bit nervous.

He calmed down after glancing at the new information on his interface.

He had already become a lot more powerful.

Even if the Wilderness God did resurrect, he wouldn't be completely unable to retaliate.

...

Because the previous event had wrapped up so suddenly, and because Marvin was rushing from the Wilderness Hall to the Regis Ruins, he could only check his gains on the road.

The results were very surprising. He hadn't expected that killing an Ancient God's avatar that had already been nearly unconscious would increase his strength so substantially.

This wasn't reflected in just the hundred-plus thousand experience points, or the 12 Comprehension points, but also most significantly in Marvin's advanced False Divine Vessel having a formidable evolution!

The advanced False Divine Vessel had been given to Marvin by the Fairy guarding the Chromatic Dragon God's Divine Source.

In order to get it, he'd had to put that hot potato in his storage.

Despite the Fairy guaranteeing that Dragon God Hartson, who had been playing dead, wouldn't be able to locate that thing, that was on the assumption that Marvin didn't provoke him. But that thing had always been a time bomb. Dragon God Hartson wasn't only on the level of someone like Dark Phoenix; he was one of the peak powerhouses in the Universe.

After Marvin left the Elemental Plane of Water under Louise's cover, he checked for a bit before confirming that this thing wouldn't trigger a disaster, which slightly reassured him.

As for the Dragon God's Wrath instance follow-up, he wasn't too clear about it. Professor and the others should have handled that matter properly.

And with Louise's help, the Water Elemental Sovereign should have temporarily lost his interest in the matter.

This was the best news for Marvin.

It was a pity that from another point of view, the advanced False Divine Vessel he received wasn't as useful as it should have been.

The False Divine Vessel gifted to him by Endless Ocean could absorb Divinity and add some Divinity bonuses, but it didn't have a direct strength increase.

After fusing the advanced False Divine Vessel with his own Divine Vessel, it only seemed to become a bigger vessel.

Apart from that, he didn't find any new functions of it.

The Fairy said that the Divine Vessel would need to be cultivated for a very long time because it had been with her for so long and also because Marvin's was quite different.

Thus, he temporarily didn't bother with it.

That advanced Divine Vessel had always been calmly revolving within his body, only offering some helpful bonuses.

It didn't even seem to react after Marvin killed Greater Demon Balkh.

At that time, Marvin obtained many Comprehension points and had a faint feeling that his Divine Vessel had absorbed something, but he didn't find anything afterwards and thought he had imagined it.

After all, False Divine Vessels were among the few things Marvin was unfamiliar with in this world.

As the crystallisation of the wisdom of Humans, surpassing the Universe Laws and the Gods' limits, they weren't that simple.

Marvin originally thought that it would continue to remain mostly inert, but when he crushed the Wilderness God, time seemed to come to a halt.

Marvin noticed that when the space they were in collapsed, the Life-Severing Ivies formed bitter faces, and those faces were attentively watching Marvin.

Ultimately, those vines dissolved into cyan smoke, which shrouded the place for a short while before gradually disappearing.

They merged with Marvin's body. To be more precise, something within Marvin's body took the initiative to absorb them.

Marvin was puzzled at the start, but after looking at his interface and checking his body's condition, he understood.

He hadn't expected that he would be able to absorb the Wilderness God's remaining power!

The advanced False Divine Vessel was naturally the reason for that.

This "supreme treasure" that the Fairy had claimed was on the level of Artifacts had finally shown its effects.

A part of the essences had been absorbed by the Essence Absorption System and turned into experience and Comprehension, becoming a great help for Marvin's class system. The remaining power had been completely assimilated by the False Divine Vessel.

This was why the ivy all disappeared after Marvin killed the Wilderness God's avatar.

If not for the False Divine Vessel, they might have had to fight with the remaining ivy. After all, even though the Wilderness God's avatar had already died, the remaining Life-Severing Ivies would still be left as a bunch of brainless monsters.

After helping everyone survive, Marvin profited greatly.

On Marvin's interface, the information about the advanced False Divine Vessel appeared in front of him:

[Advanced Divine Vessel... Divine Power Pool established...]

[Power Absorption...]

[Domains detected, fusing Domains...]

The lines of logs were dazzling.

These logs then appeared:

[Advanced False Divine Vessel (First Advancement) (degree of fusion 13%)]

[Divinity: 7/36]

[Domain 1: Slaughter (Using 3)]

[Domain 2: Shadow (Using 3)]

[Domain 3: Plant Metamorphosis (Using 2) (Recover 1)]

[Divine Power Pool: 14]

...

A small distorted space appeared within the False Divine Vessel.

This space was called the Divine Power Pool by the False Divine Vessel. As the name implied, this was a space used to store Divine Power. Divine Power originally belonged to the Gods and as far as Marvin knew, the only ways to control it were through transforming Faith Power or swallowing others' Divine Power.

Clearly, Marvin's share of Divine Power was obtained from the Wilderness God avatar.

He not only got two points of Divinity (Plant) from him, but also obtained a great amount of Divine Power.

Those 14 points represented how much Divine Power he'd gained.

Of course, if he couldn't use Divine Spells, Divine Power became meaningless. Moreover, if he couldn't replenish the Divine Power Pool, he would use up this power sooner or later, so he hadn't been as excited about it initially.

But he soon found out a very important bit of information.

Domain Fusion.

Legend powerhouses grasp Domains, Gods merge with the Laws, and False Divine Vessel holders manipulate the Laws!

After the advanced False Divine Vessel gained a large amount of power, it fused with Marvin's Domains as well as the Domain he swallowed from the Wilderness God.

Thus, he now had three Domains, far exceeding the reach of ordinary Legends.

The most frightening part was that he could use Divine Power to make these Domains tangible!

This was a very frightening concept. Marvin didn't realize it at first, but afterwards, the information that kept appearing gave him a new understanding of the advanced False Divine Vessel's power.

Ordinary Legends could at most draw support from their Domain's Laws to defeat their enemies.

They couldn't make their Domains tangible and turn them into their own weapons.

But Marvin could. The prerequisite was using the Divine Power inside the Divine Power Pool.

Of the three Domains, [Slaughter] and [Shadow] were the Domains Marvin had formed himself. Thus, these two Domains could only consume Divine Power, and couldn't supply Marvin with it. He didn't have any Faith Power from followers, after all.

The third Domain, [Plant Metamorphosis], seemed rather weak, and was probably the weakest Domain controlled by the Wilderness God. But it had a very powerful advantage, which was to replenish the Divine Power Pool!

Through his connection with the False Divine Vessel, Marvin learnt that the so-called [Recover 1] meant that each week, Marvin would obtain 1 point of Divine Power through the Plant Metamorphosis Domain!

It offered some additional possible development paths for Marvin, albeit only a few.

'No wonder these Ancient Gods are so powerful, totally different from the New Gods. They can gain Divine Power through their Domains!'

Marvin suddenly understood.

Unknowingly, he came across a taboo issue in the Gods' realm.

With regards to the differences between the New Gods and the Ancient Gods, the most noticeable characteristic was whether they ascended through the Fate Tablet. But in fact, New Gods and Ancient Gods were like two different kinds of lifeforms.

New Gods could only draw from the Faith Power of their followers and turn it into Divine Power, but Ancient Gods were different.

Including sinister Evil Gods like the Wilderness God, they were all able to absorb Divine Power directly from the Universe.

No wonder there were no Ancient Gods participating in the attack on the Universe Magic Pool, besides the Plague God who wished for chaos.

But there was surely another reason for him to participate in the attack. It might not be as simple as Marvin had thought... They didn't only attack for the 4th Fate Tablet!

There must still be a huge secret hidden behind.

...

In any case, after obtaining the ability to materialize his Domains, Marvin now had the strength to go head to head with Gods.

But this was in theory. Marvin didn't know what would happen in practice.

He only knew that if he met with another event like being trapped in the Wilderness Hall, his Legend Laws wouldn't be removed again, because he could make his Domains tangible, allowing him to have strength on the same level as Gods.

Although it would use up his limited Divine Power, it could greatly bridge the gap in power between Gods and mortals.

Marvin understood how the Winter Assassin was nearly able to assassinate a God.

In their previous discussion, he had learnt that Isabelle's teacher also had a False Divine Vessel!

'In this world, becoming a God really isn't the only path to break through the limits and gain formidable power.'

Marvin's confidence was rekindled.

He tightly gripped the daggers in his hands and suddenly disappeared, causing Hathaway to look over in surprise.

The end of the passage appeared before them.

An earth-shattering roar echoed!

Chapter 536: Sacrifice! Life and Death!

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

This terrible roar was very familiar.

Marvin had heard it in the depths of the Wilderness Hall.

But this time, the power contained in the roar seemed a lot more powerful.

It sounded like a beast gradually awakening.

The Wilderness God!

Even though Marvin was in Stealth, his speed was still extraordinary. He rushed to the edge of the cliff, overlooking the entire dungeon.

The other two also caught up just behind him.

The three stood side by side on the cliff, watching the shocking ritual that was taking place in the center of the dungeon!

“No good, he already started!” Minsk’s eyes were very sharp, allowing him to clearly see what was happening on the public square.

Marvin’s heart was beating very fast.

He also saw the array.

On the square with Miss Silvermoon’s statue, a huge array had already been set up.

A rare jewel, a magic plant emitting an evil aura, tools containing all kinds of colored liquids... They were arranged in a certain pattern, forming the array.

When seen from the cliffside, it seemed to be a very simple design.

A six-pointed star.

The original symbol of magic.

Marvin recognized this array.

It had a very simple name, [Life and Death].

The upper part of the six-pointed star seemed to be painted spotlessly white, but after looking at it carefully, it could be seen that it was actually wiggling grass.

That grass’ color was clearly very special. Who knew where Lich Bandel got them from?

The lower part was pitch-black, and it was also made up of the special wiggling grass.

The ritual tools were set up on the edge.

The tall Two-Headed Bone Dragon standing guard over the array. Lich Bandel had already turned into a black fog and was frantically flying along the edge of the array, making final arrangements.

The Jade Banshee was helping him finishing up.

What worried the three on the cliff was the coffin they saw at one end of the array.

Bandel had obtained the Divine Source spark from the Life Severing Ivies, and it was now floating peacefully in the coffin.

That roar had also come from the coffin.

Given such circumstances, even a fool could guess that the Wilderness God’s slumbering body was in that coffin.

Only in that way could the spark used as a seed of resurrection calm down.

Surprisingly, on the other end of the six-pointed star was the statue of Miss Silvermoon!

'Hold on... What's going on with that guy?' Marvin felt rather startled when he noticed the arrangement.

When he came here last time, he had heard some things, clues that suggested that Bandel was very infatuated with Miss Silvermoon.

But based on the array before him, Miss Silvermoon statue's location was shockingly in the [Death] location, while the Wilderness God's coffin was standing in the regular resurrection location!

This made Marvin feel puzzled.

Could that guy really want to just resurrect the Wilderness God?

Apart from those two, there was a surprising silhouette in the center of the array.

The young girl, Molly!

The girl that Paladin Griffin had sworn to protect.

She seemed to be in a bad state. Apparently, the power of the curse was flaring.

Marvin frowned and asked, "Why does this array require Molly?"

Hathaway said, "The [Life and Death] array needs a medium. That girl's body is very special. When there is a lack of energy, her hidden treasure might be able to charge the array. Her constitution is also very suitable for handling the conflict of Life and Death."

"Her condition looks terrible. Regardless of the outcome of the ritual, she might die soon!"

Marvin's heart tightened. He looked around.

Molly wasn't the only one brought here by Bandel. Isabelle was also there!

But soon, Marvin felt somewhat relieved.

Isabelle had been bound by a special method of the Lich and was standing outside the array, like she was really being treated as a "spectator".

She seemed helpless, but fortunately, she wasn't part of the array, so she wouldn't be harmed by it.

With this in mind, Marvin checked the array once more.

Besides the tools, the most important thing the Lich prepared was a crimson stone.

That crimson stone was wrapped in a huge piece of amber.

When the Lich took the amber from a different dimension, the entire space shivered.

The continuously roaring voice in the coffin also started trembling. It was quite clear that the Wilderness God was longing for this stone!

“This is the Death Vessel.”

“The energy of those who died in the Autumn Hunting Ground and the Legends who had been sucked dry coalesced into that stone through a sacrificial ritual.”

“The power in that stone is too frightening, and thus it needs the [Origin Amber] as a seal. No wonder the Wilderness Hall weakened after he left. Bandel took the core of the Wilderness Hall with him!”

Without waiting for Marvin to ask, Minsk explained what he knew.

As it turned out, the energy obtained by Bandel in the Hunting Ground was all in this Death Vessel.

If someone freed that energy all at once, it would be enough to destroy this world!

Naturally, it could also support a God’s resurrection!

Actually, the Wilderness God should have needed far more power than this to resurrect.

But after obtaining the Domain of the Wilderness God’s avatar, Marvin understood that if Bandel wanted to resurrect the Wilderness God, a spark was enough. He just needed to turn the spark into a small flame and it would burn on its own.

As long as there was any sign of resurrection, the Domain on his body would automatically speed up the absorption of Divine Power.

However, Bandel had still needed to do so many crazy things in order to get enough “nourishment”. It showed how frightening the power of the Wilderness God was.

Marvin felt cold.

He definitely couldn’t let that guy succeed.

The other two clearly agreed.

But when Marvin was about to suggest that they coordinate to make a plan, Hathaway suddenly flew out!

“Hold on! We need a plan!” Marvin let out in a low voice as he ground his teeth.

Hathaway’s voice softly floated back. “There is no we. You helped me find the Lich, which I appreciate. But we don’t have the same goals, I only want to get my things back.”

“As for stopping the Evil God’s resurrection or saving the world, I have no interest in this.”

With a “Woosh”, she sped up and rushed above the array!

Marvin and Minsk glanced at each other, they could only clench their teeth and rush down the cliff, using their peak speed to charge up to the array.

She was right: the three had come here with different goals. Hathaway wanted to recover the last power of the Anzed Witches, while Marvin came in order to save Isabelle and Molly. As for Minsk, he was the only one of the three who addressed the big picture, wanting to stop the Evil God’s resurrection.

In such a situation, talking about cooperation was nonsense.

They were all fighting for their own goals.

...

When Hathaway’s silhouette stopped above the array, the fog moving around the edges of the array also stopped.

Bandel’s voice came out. “Witch?”

“What are you planning?”

He sounded quite surprised!

Hathaway expressionlessly said, “I have no interest in your plan. Return to me what belongs to the Anzeds and I won’t get involved.”

Bandel let out a forced laugh. “I don’t remember taking anything belonging to the Anzeds.”

Hathaway pointed to a certain location.

Bandel followed the direction of the fair finger and noticed the coffin... No, it was actually pointing to the daggers on both sides!

Cold Light's Grasps!

...

"I didn't expect it, I didn't expect it... That damned Witch actually snatched my Artifact in order to stab it in the Wilderness God's coffin. What was it used for in the end, a lock?"

"Moreover, this is the array of Life and Death. It looks like the Wilderness God will really resurrect. I really brought a disaster onto you this time."

The Winter Assassin sighed in Isabelle's ear.

Although Lich Bandel didn't do anything to her, it was clear that she wouldn't be able to survive alive if the Wilderness God resurrected.

The Wilderness God was an inauspicious name in the ancient era. He was a very brutal God, so how could he let a mortal like Isabelle get away?

At this time, even the knowledgeable Winter Assassin didn't know what to do.

The spell that the Lich used on her wasn't any kind of spell he knew about!

The Winter Assassin and Isabelle went all-out, but couldn't remove the binding.

She couldn't even move, let alone get hold of Cold Light's Grasps.

Feeling helpless, the Winter Assassin could only curse the damn Witch once again.

When Hathaway appeared, he couldn't control himself. "It's her!"

"It's that swindler!"

Isabelle frowned.

"Who is?"

Marvin's voice appeared from another side. Because they had previously established a mental connection, now that he was close enough again, he could also hear the Wisp's complaints.

"You finally arrived, kid!"

The Winter Assassin was overjoyed. He soon emotionally recalled, "It's that woman!"

“She is the Witch that turned me into a Wisp that year!”

Marvin was stunned.

But now wasn't the time to discuss this. He wanted to save Isabelle first.

The Lich was still arguing with Hathaway, so now was the chance.

But he frowned when he examined the binding.

This wasn't any ordinary binding spell.

‘This kind of aura...’

‘This is the power of Witchcraft!’

Marvin was a bit surprised as he wondered, ‘How could Bandel use Witchcraft?’

At that time, the Witch Queen in the sky proudly said, “Return the daggers to me and you might be able to continue with your plan.”

The Lich sneered, “Witches really are a bunch of frogs at the bottom of a well.”

“Do you really think that the Anzeds are the only ones in this world able to wield the power of Witchcraft?”

Chapter 537: Night Flower

Translator: Translation Nation Editor: Translation Nation

When she heard Bandel mentioning Witchcraft, Hathaway's already impatient expression suddenly became unsightly.

She asked with an icy voice, “Where do you think the power of Witchcraft that you wield comes from?”

“She originally borrowed our Anzed power, and the return deadline is today.”

“I'll give you one last chance!”

“Hand over the [Night Flower]!”

At that instant, Hathaway's air of being a young girl faded.

It was replaced by a monarch's domineering attitude.

Her gaze was cold and tyrannical, which felt quite out of place coming from a young girl.

Marvin's heart felt even more complex.

From what the Winter Assassin just said, it was Hathaway herself who had transformed him into a Wisp.

But that was countless years ago.

Could they be two different people with the same appearance? Or was it possible for the Witch Queen's appearance and rank to be inherited?

Marvin didn't know the answer.

What he was more concerned about right now was Hathaway's safety.

But from her tone, she didn't seem to be afraid of the Lich even though she was still gradually recovering her power.

'It should be really hard for Bandel to harm her... But that thing in the coffin...'

Marvin couldn't help but involuntarily look at one side of the six-pointed star.

The flame was still flickering, and strong lifeforce fluctuations were emitted from the coffin, seeming like a sort of heartbeat.

And Cold Light's Grasps were still stuck into both sides of the coffin.

Marvin frowned.

'Something is fishy...'

Minsk appeared at Marvin's side and quietly said, "She can't pull out Cold Light's Grasps."

"There is a strange seal that is using Cold Light's Grasps to seal the Wilderness God's main body!"

Marvin was a bit surprised.

The Cold Light's Grasps were quite outstanding, but from what he knew, they were an Artifact at most.

The strength of an Artifact was usually dependent on its synergy with its owner. As a descendant of an Ancient God, even though Miss Silvermoon had earned Faniya's favor

and became a God with Lance's help, for someone that was partially considered an Ancient God, she wasn't especially powerful.

The Cold Light's Grasps were also an Assassin-type Artifact. Though the daggers were quite fierce when used for killing, there should be nothing about them that would cause worry when it came to other fields.

But Minsk said that they were the key to the Wilderness God's seal?

Although Marvin's Perception allowed him to probe the array with his senses, it wasn't enough to let him learn anything specific concerning Cold Light's Grasps.

With the help of Earth Perception, he could only get some confusing information.

The [Life and Death] ritual was taking shape and there was already a hint of space distorting, making it hard to see through.

But Minsk, as the son of the Nature God, had some unique abilities.

He shouldn't be wrong.

Moreover, the Winter Assassin, who had been using the Cold Light's Grasps for a long period, also said that the daggers looked somewhat different now.

It looked like there was a much more complicated power on it now compared to back when he had held them.

Marvin also clearly saw that the coffin kept shuddering.

If not for the two daggers holding it in place, the coffin might have already opened!

'This Lich is really strange... If he truly wanted to resurrect the Wilderness God, why not release him from his coffin?'

The more Marvin thought about it, the more confusing the situation became. He decided to hide Isabelle for now because he and Minsk weren't able to take care of the binding spell. The spell was apparently from the Witchcraft system, it was hard for them to find a way to resolve it for the moment.

That decision was immediately contested by the Winter Assassin.

Isabelle herself was obviously not willing to be stuffed in a piece of paper.

But their opinions were ignored by Marvin.

At such a crucial time, he didn't dare to take any risks with her safety.

After training for so long, his Origami had progressed greatly.

He had already been able to fold some paper clones before, but back then, he could only control three at most. After recently gaining an enormous amount of experience, Marvin had unlocked the ability to turn the battle exp into skill points through the Essence Absorption System. Despite the exchange rate being incredibly low, Marvin couldn't stand having so much exp and not being able to use it. His Origami skill had reached Greatmaster level!

An Origami Greatmaster could use paper to fold a special space to carry people.

He could only hide or store away dead things before, but now he could carry a living person. The skill Owl imparted to him was clearly a curious one.

Of course, besides Origami, Marvin still had [Eternal Night Seal], which could also transport living people. But compared to the spotless storage space of Origami, the pitch-black space of Eternal Night Seal wasn't the first choice to transfer Isabelle and the Winter Assassin. And the latter was somewhat a bit more wasteful compared to the former.

Marvin moved very quickly and had already put Isabelle in the space before she could blink.

This skill made Minsk have a whole new level of respect for Marvin.

“What is this strange skill? It can hide a living person like that?”

Minsk was surprised. As an Ancient God's descendant, he was quite knowledgeable. From what he knew, the skills able to hide away living people were mostly Divine Spells, or simply a method to hide people within the user's God Realm.

For mortals to also have this kind of strange skill was truly inconceivable for him.

Marvin smiled but didn't say anything.

Minsk understood. Everyone had their own secrets, and they had just met. Marvin wouldn't necessarily answer any given question.

...

They both looked at the center of the array.

A fight had broken out in the sky above the array!

Sure enough, Hathaway and Bandel didn't come to an agreement. Bandel wouldn't agree to return Cold Light's Grasps to Hathaway.

The Ashes Queen wasn't someone with a good temper. It was quite normal for her to attack someone who disagreed with her.

The Two-Headed Bone Dragon was continuously spouting a gray fog, and with the help of the Jade Banshee, this fog covered the entire Life and Death array, preventing the fight between those two from disturbing the ritual.

As Marvin watched, he felt that the fight between the two was very strange.

The Lich himself was a member of the Regis casters, who were skilled with magic that utilized negative energy. Furthermore, most of them had extremely high magical talent.

From what Marvin remembered, Liches typically had many spells that targeted vitality. They were especially proficient with combat magic.

But Bandel didn't use any spells in this fight.

They were both using Witchcraft to fight.

The deep Anzed Language kept echoing in the mysteriously quiet dungeon. Hathaway took the lead.

[Witchcraft – Locust]!

In an instant, countless Ghost Locusts came out of the Astral Plane and rushed toward the black fog covering Bandel!

In the black fog, two green lights were flickering. They were Bandel's soul fire!

The Ghost Locusts were the first lifeforms discovered in the Astral Plane by mankind. It was said that they had signed a pact with the Anzed Witches.

That Witchcraft was equivalent to summoning magic.

But summoning magic had restrictions with respect to quantity. Witchcraft didn't have the corresponding restrictions in the Plane Laws!

From this point of view, Witchcraft was a type of power that was seemingly above the Plane Laws!

The Lich under the black fog had no flesh, only pure extreme negative power. Ordinary magic couldn't harm him.

But these Ghost Locusts could.

They started crazily swallowing the black fog itself.

Although the Locusts died after swallowing the black fog, there was still an endless swarm of the Ghost Locusts appearing in front of Hathaway.

In a short time, a third of Bandel's fog disappeared!

The Lich naturally didn't just sit and watch.

He fought back.

The same Anzed Language came out of Bandel's mouth!

Then, a strange energy was emitted from him.

[Witchcraft – Stop]!

Every Ghost Locust came to a standstill.

They seemed to be at a loss, as if they didn't know who they should listen to.

Both sides had the power of the contract!

Hathaway's expression worsened even more.

"She gave that to you!" Her tone was filled with anger.

"If we had known at the time, we wouldn't have lent you the Night Flower!"

The Lich coldly snorted, "Witch, since you already saw my Witchcraft, you should understand, you can't beat me."

Hathaway waved her hand, and all the Locusts disappeared.

"The Anzeds' Iron Law... The holders of the highest Witchcraft Authority can't hurt each other. Did I say anything wrong?" Bandel laughed, pleased with himself. "You can't harm me."

"Thus... If you understand your position, leave quickly. My teacher won't be as nice once he recovers."

Hathaway paled, wanting to say something, but hesitating.

As for Marvin and Minsk, they had heavy expressions.

"The highest Witchcraft holders can't hurt each other?"

Marvin recorded this sentence in his mind.

'What is the highest Witchcraft Authority? My Witchcraft Authority should very low, right? I don't know if I can harm Bandel, then.'

But regardless of whether he could, the situation looked quite terrible.

If the Wilderness God really resurrected, the entire world would fall into turmoil. And the Crimson Wasteland would definitely collapse.

Who knew if the Gods would act?

If the three Great Gods joined hands, they would be able to suppress the Wilderness God, but they were now attacking the core of the Universe Magic Pool.

He couldn't put any hope on them.

Marvin took a deep breath.

If Bandel wasn't doable, destroying his array would be fine!

The Life and Death ritual was isolated in a separate space. It would be very difficult for Marvin to get in. He tried the Shadow Plane, but the area was restricted, so he couldn't find the entrance to the Shadow Plane.

'Damn! If this goes on, the array will really be activated.'

Marvin kept his Stealth active as he searched the perimeter of the array, looking for an entrance.

At that time, Molly, who had been suffering from the curse up until now, suddenly opened her eyes.

She looked toward Marvin.

"Kind Mister, did Uncle Griffin send you to save me?"

Her voice was clear and ethereal, as if it could pierce through everything.

Marvin was faintly startled.

She could see him?