

Shadow 1541

[Chapter 1541 Then, Now](#)

Weird isn't it?

She demonstrated little interest in governmental affairs and harboured no thirst for power. Her sole devotion seemed to be directed towards her brother.

Katarina assumed the position of High Chancellor with the primary aim of securing Boris's position as the Right Chancellor.

This familial bond between the siblings lies at the heart of the problem.

The fear of potential consequences prevents anyone from attempting to overthrow Boris.

The thinktanks in the war room simulation deduced that such an action would likely ignite a civil war, resulting in the fragmentation of the Republic. The far-reaching consequences of such an event would be felt worldwide.

In the simulated scenario, once Boris is toppled, Katarina would not idly stand by and accept such treatment towards her brother.

It is predicted that she would defy the Senate's decision and take action in response.

Even if the Senate managed to restrain Katarina, the mere act of opposing her would disrupt the delicate balance and invoke the wrath of the Death Monarch himself.

The implications of challenging Katarina and Boris extend far beyond the Republic's borders, affecting the equilibrium of power on a global scale.

Death Monarch, the indomitable force and supreme ruler of Pandemonium, held the title of the strongest person in the world.

His unrivalled power and influence positioned Pandemonium as the preeminent world power, commanding the respect and fear of all who encountered it.

The mere involvement of Pandemonium in any conflict had the potential to disrupt the delicate balance among the Seven World Powers.

Amidst this backdrop, the enigma known as the Boris Problem loomed ominously.

The senators understood that attempting to overthrow Boris without careful consideration could trigger a chain reaction with catastrophic consequences.

The potential fallout was not limited to internal conflicts within the Republic alone.

The involvement of Death Monarch and Pandemonium would undoubtedly alter the geopolitical landscape.

The alliances between the Seven Great Powers would be reshaped, and the spectre of a global war loomed ominously on the horizon.

The delicate equilibrium that held the world in balance would be shattered, and chaos would prevail.

Thus, the Boris Problem persisted, festering and spreading like a malignant cancer with each passing year.

The world found itself caught in a precarious situation, teetering on the edge of uncertainty and upheaval.

And all of this cause and effect could be traced to Boris.

This is the simulation that many people have thought of.

And then a turning point arrives.

Katarina was kidnaped by the Seresian demon in the war of the Multiversal Convergence.

Azief sighed each time he thinks of that moment. The Multiversal Convergence happened because of him and Katarina kidnapping is because of his cause and effect

"And so, I went after her. I never thought that my absence of only a few months could change the world so much" he thought to himself

Azief is still in the room and he is still thinking and contemplating. He did not use his Divine Sense, instead preferring to feel human

He did not use any kind of his mystical abilities and powers. Instead, he just sat there thinking of the problems of the world

"I never thought that I would be like this" he thought to himself. Azief has always seen himself as one of the common people.

He was not born from a privileged background.

He is quite normal. Before the Fall, he did not have any achievement and he is just one of the many people in the world that has a normal life with normal aspiration.

Though, he did not hate it that much., Of course there are days when he wished that his life is different but every person feel that way sometimes.

And then the Fall happened. And today, here he is, sitting on a chair. He got up from his chair and goes to the window and look outside.

He could see the bustling city being filled with people. In a few days, the entire reconstruction would be completed.

"Now, I am a person whose word could change the world" he mutters to himself.

"It is not right to think of myself as a common person. It would be unfair and it would be harmful" This is his thought. If he continues to think of himself as common people, he would keep making mistake.

Because before, he never think much of his action.

He does whatever he wants.

And at that time, it only affect his enemies.

But as he climbs higher in the world and now as he sits on the highest seat on the world, he knows that each of his action could change the world

He chuckles a bit.

"Who would have thought?" he mutters to himself.

Even though his experience as Emperor in one of the six lives of Azul is almost forgotten, Azief still have experience in ruling people.

It is a fortunate for the world that Azief is a person that knows responsibility. While he is not the most responsible person, he does try to be.

There are times when he fall short but he always tries. He could be heartless and at times, he is.

There is this contradiction in his heart. Sometimes, to achieve his goal, he could do the most heartless thing.

But at times, he could very well be merciful. All the people in the world always thought he knew what he is doing. But most of the time, he is just like them all. Groping the way forward.

Sometimes, his bad action leads to good outcome and sometimes his good actions leads to tragic outcome. And so, he learns from this mistake. He learns where he should draw the line.

"Am I becoming soft?" he thought of this question. And then he shook his head and scoffed I think you should take a look at

"It is now because I could afford being generous? Is that it?" he ask his own heart

He chuckles and mocked himself

"What a superficial kindness"

He look at the world and he could not help but sighed.

The problem of the Crime Alliance and the Pirate Association probably would not have been this big if he did not go to the Seresian world to save Katarina.

He goes there and he spent time there

And The world waited. One month, two months, three months and everyone could tell that this time it might take some time before Death Monarch returns.

Or maybe he would return at all.

But in those three months, the forces of the world moves.

There was the Crime Alliance that began showing their faces and the pirates that sail the Ten Seas become even more braver.

They no longer look at the sky and fear a red thunderbolt would smite them and they would no longer fear the cloudless sky.

The world order has always been maintained by the fear that the world has toward Death Monarch.

The world order here is referring to the status quo of each world power.

There is a reason why when Death Monarch is on Earth, that the Crime Alliance do not dare do any high-profile action.

They would not dare to come to Pandemonium or try to do anything in Pandemonium.

They fear him.

Deeply

But without him, this righteous force that seems overbearing at times and repressive on another, the world seems to have dark forces began crawling out of the woodwork.

Azief of course had the information told to him.

Even though the communication is not easy to establish in the Turbulent Sea, there are times in the day when the turbulence of space time is not that powerful and that is where Sasha would send him memory cards.

These memory cards are not the same like the memory cards before the Fall

There is memories embedded in the cards and once you unlock it, the memories would be transferred to another

And so, he have the entire memory of what had happened that day. He even have the memory of the day it happened and how it happened

Azief however did not look at those memories at that time. At that time, he just took the memory.

Azief look outside and then he smiles

"it probably would take him some time" he thought to himself and so he close his eyes as he dig deep into his memory

Who is Azief talking about? Clearly he is waiting for someone. But all the same he close his eyes and his memories began to goes to different places.

In his mind, a scene is being reconstructed and he smiles to himself as the scenery is being reconstructed.

His memory.....no....that person memory is being replayed inside his mind.

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Amidst the ebb and flow of political power, there exists a diverse spectrum of individuals.

Among them, cowards and the bold stand in stark contrast to one another.

The world is always filled with people who are cowards. And people who are brave.

The strong and the weak.

In the Republic it is even more so. Out of the many Senators that the Republic have, some are cowards.

The cowards are driven by fear and self-preservation.

They are easily swayed by the prevailing winds of power, bending their principles and sacrificing their integrity for personal gain.

In their quest for survival, they relinquish their dignity and honour, trading them for fleeting comforts and material wealth.

Their actions are guided by the desire to protect their own lives and possessions, even at the cost of sacrificing their core values.

They follow the power and they bow and they scrape, they prostrate and they beg.

Their dignity, honour and glory is stripped from them but the thing they get is their life, their wealth, their precious things.

The price they pay is dignity

But there are also brave people.

They possess an unwavering resolve, unyielding in the face of power.

These stalwart souls fearlessly point their fingers at authority, unabashedly challenging the status quo.

For them, preserving their honour, dignity, and glory takes precedence over material possessions and personal comfort.

They are willing to make sacrifices, even embracing the possibility of death, for the sake of upholding their deeply-held ideals.

Their hearts burn with an inner fire, their convictions shining bright like a guiding candle in the darkness.

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[Chapter 1542 The Battle In the Senate I](#)

1542 The Battle In the Senate I

And then there are bystanders.

The Republic of Earth is a force in the world power teeming with a multitude of individuals, harbours a tapestry of diverse demeanours, habits, and desires.

Within its boundaries, contradictions flourish, shaping the essence of this vibrant land.

Amidst the complexity, one aspect stands out—the freedom to voice one's thoughts, even in the presence of power.

Unlike many other world powers, the Republic boasts a system of checks and balances, surpassing even the stringent measures enforced by the World Government.

It is a place where speaking truth to power is not only encouraged but expected.

This climate of open dialogue has long been cherished by the Senators, allowing them to express their opinions and challenge authority without fear of retribution.

However, as with any system, vulnerabilities can emerge.

Boris, a figure wielding significant influence, gradually tightened the reins of power, concentrating authority and subduing dissenting voices.

With the erosion of the once robust checks and balances, a storm began to brew within the Republic, fuelled by growing discontent and a longing for change.

Within this storm, bold ideas that had been suppressed for far too long began to break free from the shackles of silence.

These ideas took root among the affected, gaining momentum and strength.

Fuelled by the yearning for justice and the reclamation of their freedoms, a groundswell of voices rose up, challenging the status quo and demanding accountability.

Azief seeing all of this in the memories could not help but feel a hand, a dark hand is guiding these voices

"Those who think they are free but unaware of the prison that surrounds them. Those who think that they are educated but could not know that there are whispers beside their ears. Oh, fools that think of themselves smart" he sighed in his heart.

And on that fateful day, the suppressed idea, representative of the people's collective desire for change, emerged with unparalleled force.

It shattered the foundations of Boris' authority, toppling him from his lofty perch.

"The power of the people's voices, united by a shared vision of a more just and free society, proved to be an unstoppable force that would shape the future of the Republic"

Azief laughed even as he said it.

"This is probably the kind of slogan that those people would use. The power of the people, the voice of the people. Just and free. And some just eat it up" he could not help but sigh at this.

That day, the sun had barely begun to rise over the bustling city of Moscow on that fateful day of spring.

The sun casting its golden rays upon the cobblestone streets, the smell of spring breeze.

All of this, the scenery, the smell, the feeling of the sun, this event where Boris is being toppled down all of this is the memory of Boris

Azief is used the memory card that Sasha sent him and he is now in Boris memories, looking at it like he was there

He himself did not know how his people got a hold of this.

But he keep looking while maintaining his focus, so that the memory would not be interrupted.

The event of this memory happened was just a few months ago, when the world was still waiting for Death Monarch and Katarina to return home

Boris even with the absence of his sister is still the charismatic statesman.

He held sway over the hearts of the people, while his enemies plotted in the shadows.

he had reshaped the political landscape, but not without creating a host of enemies along the way.

Many senators, fearing the erosion of their own authority and the consolidation of power in one man, yearned to restore the glory of the Republic.

Amidst the intrigue and tension, the Day had arrived.

The Senate convened in the grand Curia.

The air was thick with anticipation as senators, took their places.

The conspirators, led by Louis Renard and Gabriel Levefre, concealed their treacherous intentions beneath masks of stoic resolve.

Unaware of the sinister plot unfolding, Boris made his way through the crowded streets of Moscow.

He was a man of great confidence, his face etched with determination and his eyes burning with the fire of a conqueror.

Accompanied by a small entourage of loyal supporters, he strode purposefully towards the Senate, ready to face whatever challenges awaited him.

As he entered the Curia, a hush fell upon the chamber.

Senators rose in deference to their leader, but their hearts concealed a venomous secret.

Amidst the whispers and the shifting glances, the conspirators bided their time, waiting for the perfect moment to strike.

With a commanding presence, he took his seat upon a gilded chair, the symbol of his authority.

The Senate session commenced, but an air of unease hung heavy in the chamber.

The conspirators exchanged subtle nods, their hearts pounding with the weight of their clandestine mission.

Suddenly, as if by a prearranged signal, a senator approached Boris, feigning a matter of urgent concern.

As the senator approached Boris, his face betraying a mask of concern, the tension in the chamber reached its zenith.

Unbeknownst to the charismatic statesman, a sinister plot had been set in motion, and the conspirators were poised to strike.

In a swift and calculated move, the assailant drew a concealed dagger and plunged it deep into The room erupted in chaos as gasps and cries of alarm filled the air. Senators recoiled in shock; their 10:39

masks of stoic resolve shattered in an instant.

Boris's flesh.

The room erupted in chaos as gasps and cries of alarm filled the air. Senators recoiled in shock; their masks of stoic resolve shattered in an instant.

"What!" Boris shouted and suddenly the scene seems to pause.

Azief appears in this scene, looking around. Some face seems blurry and grey.

"The memories are not that reliable after all. Though it is understandable. At this moment, his attention would probably be all drawn to the dagger that struck him. Everything else would pale in comparison" he mutters.

Azief walk around the Senate Hall in his memories.

Everything he sees is already things that have happened.

This is just a piece of memory.

"Did Sasha do this?" he thought to himself.

This memory seems to be Boris memories but it is also patched with other people memories.

Probably to increase the realism and the degree of realness while at the same time giving him the complete information of what happened that day

He then floated in front of Boris, looking at this man. Azief had never liked Boris. And Boris had never liked him.

"he seems more mature" he moves his finger and then the scene seems to be reverse back like he had rewinded a movie.

He look at the man plunging the dagger.

"Charlie" he mutters. Charlie is one of the aides of the Senators. He should be helping Senator Blake. Senator Blake is one of the Senator that is not of the Inner Council.

There are many types of Senators in the Republic. There is the Senator by the merit of power. These are people who possess military force, land and other kind of wealth

In others words, they could be considered warlords. And then there are Senator who were appointed by the Republic

This appointment is rare because a Senator is a very influential figure in the Republic, making them able to participate in determining the policy of the Republic.

And Blake is one of that people. He was appointed by the Republic as Senator because of his unusual contribution.

His job is not to manage kingdoms or governments instead his job is to persuade others to join the Republic. In a way he is a head hunter.

"I did not expect that he would be involved in this matter" It is clear that Charlie would only make a move if Blake is the one ordering it

He sighed.

"The Republic is full of political intrigue just like usual"

"Play" he mutters and the scene continue

Boris turned his gaze towards Charlie, his eyes reflecting the depth of his shock.

The anticipation of excruciating pain filled his mind, as one would expect after being struck by a dagger.

However, as he examined his own body, he discovered something perplexing.

Though blood trickled from the wound, a sensation of pain eluded him.

The protective armor concealed beneath his robe had proven ineffectual against the dagger's assault.

But for some reason he did not feel like he is getting stabbed

It is not a numbness feeling. It felt like the dagger went right through him

In that fleeting moment of comprehension, Boris intuited the presence of a formidable sealing magic, intertwining with the events unravelling around him.

Yet, the realization flickered in his mind, hastily overshadowed by the pressing circumstances at hand.

Encircled by a throng of adversaries, his every move was scrutinized, every attempt to escape restrained.

"Now!" Charlie's voice pierced the chaos, reverberating through the tumultuous air.

In response to his command, the Senators surged forward, their eyes glinting with malicious intent.

Within the dimly lit surroundings, the glimmer of the dagger reflected their sinister resolve.

From a distance, Boris's allies among the Senators, driven by loyalty and concern, valiantly attempted to reach his side and shield him from harm.

Yet, their valiant efforts were swiftly thwarted, their attacks rendered impotent by an unseen force.

A fierce battle erupted within the Senate Hall as Boris loyal allies clashed with the Senators who stood in support of Charlie.

The air crackled with energy as the combatants unleashed a symphony of elemental forces, wielding weapons of various kinds.

A powerful gust of wind swept through the chamber, knocking adversaries off balance and sending papers swirling through the air.

Lightning crackled and danced across the room, illuminating the intense expressions on the combatants' faces.

Flames erupted from fingertips, engulfing swords and sabres, casting a fiery glow upon the battlefield.

With swift and calculated movements, warriors brandished their swords, their blades slicing through the air with deadly precision.

Each clash reverberated through the hall.

The symphony of clashes and parries resounded, creating a thrilling rhythm that echoed through the grand chamber.

Spears were thrust forward with unwavering focus, finding their marks with lethal accuracy.

The clash of metal against metal reverberated, accompanied by the grunts and shouts of exertion.

The combatants fought with a mix of agility and strength, executing acrobatic maneuvers to outmanoeuvre their opponents.

Flying around and dashing around, flitting like thunder and lightning

Sparks flew as swords clashed, illuminating the faces of warriors locked in a dance of skill and strategy.

The air crackled with the clash of elements, combining fire, ice, and lightning in a dazzling display of power.

The floor beneath their feet shook as the ground trembled under the weight of their relentless The battle surged with intensity, every swing of a weapon and blast of elemental power holding the assaults. potential to turn the tide.

Each combatant pushed themselves to the limit, fuelled by adrenaline and the unwavering belief in their cause.

Within the sacred confines of the Senate building, a monumental clash unfolded.

[Chapter 1543 The Battle In The Senate II](#)

The reverberations of powerful mystical magic and explosive energy blasts filled the air, their awe-inspiring force transforming the space into a maelstrom of chaos.

Time seemed to bend and stretch, and the very fabric of reality appeared to warp under the weight of the escalating conflict.

Yet, despite the relentless onslaught, the physical structure of the Senate remained resolute.

Unbeknownst to the combatants, a formidable safeguard lay hidden beneath every meticulously crafted tile and brick.

Etched into the foundation of the Senate building was a profound protection formation, its purpose now unfurling in response to the turmoil.

As the battle waged on, an ethereal transformation gripped the entire Senate complex.

A translucent dome, shimmering with an otherworldly luminescence, enveloped the once-exposed interior.

Like a veil of invincibility, the dome provided an impenetrable shield

The moment an attack was registered within the Senate building, the sentinel energy of the protection formation stirred into action.

An intricate web of magical sensors and arcane mechanisms discerned the threat, instantaneously triggering the activation of the safeguard.

It was thanks to the foresight and meticulous planning of the Senate's architects, ensuring the preservation of this esteemed institution in the face of danger.

Within the dome's embrace, the reverberations of destructive forces were muted, contained by the impenetrable barrier.

The battle continued to unfold, but the integrity of the Senate building remained unyielding, standing as a symbol of stability amidst the tempestuous clash of wills.

Amidst the chaotic battleground of clashing factions, destruction ran rampant within the once-stately Senate building.

The rebel faction led by Boris and his allies engaged in a fierce struggle against their adversaries, wreaking havoc with their unleashed elemental powers.

Fire consumed the southern wing, leaving trails of scorching devastation in its wake.

Lightning crackled and danced through the north, ravaging the surroundings with its electrifying force.

The east witnessed the clash of ice and water, transforming the once-dignified halls into a frozen, flooded labyrinth.

The protective dome safeguarded the physical structure of the Senate building, its robust defences preventing collapse, but the interior was not spared from the rapid onslaught of destruction.

The grand chamber, adorned with historic artifacts and priceless works of art, now suffered from the onslaught of merciless battles.

Swords cleaved through space, rending it asunder with each strike.

Sabres left deep rifts upon the ground and gashes upon the once-immaculate walls.

The echoes of these clashes resounded through the hallowed halls

Amidst the cacophony of destruction, Boris, consumed by the impending danger, remained unaware of the chaos that unfolded around him.

His attention fixated solely on the horde of senators rushing toward him, brandishing gleaming daggers with malicious intent.

These were the very individuals who had emerged victorious over his supporters, now seizing the opportune moment to close in on Boris himself.

Unbeknownst to him, hidden figures lay in wait, ready to spring forth and ambush him once his defenders were sufficiently occupied.

A profound sense of helplessness washed over Boris in that crucial moment.

The weight of his predicament bore down upon him, realization dawning that his current circumstances were dire and escape seemed fleeting.

The tide of battle surged, and Boris found himself caught in its tempestuous grasp, his fate teetering on a precipice of uncertainty.

And then the dagger all came down on him.

"Stop this and I could still forgive you!" Boris shouted. But the Senators did not even listen as they keep trying to stab him

He tries to deflect the daggers but the dagger seems to pierce him.

To be more accurate, the dagger pierces through him. Like the dagger itself is something that could phase through solid object

He tries to fight but the method of his enemies is very mysterious. Boris ability is mostly his physical strength and his ability to summon beast and control beast.

There is a reason why his title is the Beast King. But for some reason, he could not summon his familiar or his other beast of control

His physical body also seems...weak. Like it is slowly being drained out of its power. And he could tell that this has something to do with the dagger that is struck onto his body.

Like an absorbing dagger that absorbs energy from him

'Go away!' Boris shouted as he punches a few Senators that tries to pin him down. His punch and his fling of his hand create gust of wind and a few people who are weak was flung away

But there are some that stands their ground and is very much sturdy.

He punches, he kicks and he tries to pull out the dagger. But Charlie did not let go and even when he tries to kick Charlie, Charlie could evade him while his hand still holding the dagger that stabbed him.

Boris could see in a glance that the dagger is special and it probably need contact for it to work the way it did, taking his energy as long as Charlie holds the dagger while the dagger is in his body.

But as his strength become weaker not before long there is all kinds of daggers stuck on his body. Some are stuck in his hand; some are stuck on his back and while he bleed he did not feel pain

Like the dagger itself is the plug that keep the pain from registering in his mind

Boris stood frozen in sheer astonishment; his eyes wide with disbelief.

The events unfolding before him seemed to defy all logic and reason.

A bewildered cry escaped his lips as he questioned the mysterious powers at play. "What kind of enchantment is this?" he exclaimed, his voice carrying a mix of awe and agitation.

Deep down, he knew he wouldn't receive an answer, yet his desperation pushed him to seek one nonetheless.

His state of disarray and shock was palpable, emanating from his trembling form.

As the echo of Boris' voice faded within the Senate Hall, a resonant response pierced the air, seeming to emerge from the very fabric of the room itself.

The source remained elusive, a disembodied presence that commanded attention. "Bind!" the voice proclaimed, its authority resounding throughout the chamber.

In an instant, Boris found himself compelled to kneel, as if an invisible force had taken hold of his being.

His descent was abrupt and forceful, causing the tile beneath his knees to shatter under the weight of his submission.

A sickening snap accompanied the impact, as his shoulder bones succumbed to the overwhelming pressure. I think you should take a look at

Imprisoned by an unseen power, Boris now lay motionless on the unforgiving floor, his limbs rendered powerless.

His body, once full of vitality and agency, had become a vessel of confinement.

The bewilderment in his eyes persisted, trapped within the depths of his gaze, as he grappled with the unfathomable nature of his predicament.

Azief sighed, his gaze fixed upon the unfolding memory of Boris's capture and the dire situation he found himself in.

"This is why Boris should not have been so impatient. Though I somehow understand his motivation. If he had enough power however his reforms could very well be implemented without ending like this" he thought for a second.

As the memory continued, Azief assumed a peculiar role, akin to a game master with the ability to pause and unpause the events within.

He halted the memory, suspending the action momentarily, and effortlessly levitated above the Senate floor.

Peering down, he attempted to discern the faces of the Senators who populated the memory, only to find their features frustratingly blurry.

His eyes scanned the ground, searching for the familiar sealing formations, but to his surprise, there was nothing to be seen.

Returning to the ground, Azief's feet made contact with the intangible tiles beneath him.

Their ethereal nature felt precarious, as if the very foundation of the memory could crumble at any moment.

Reminded of the illusory nature of the scene, Azief reflected that, being a construct of Boris's recollections, this memory could only provide what Boris himself knew or had perceived.

"It is just a memory, after all" Azief mused to himself, a faint smile tugging at the corners of his lips.
"What Boris didn't know, this memory couldn't know either."

Drawing from the fragments he had witnessed, Azief felt a growing certainty that the reason behind Boris's plight lay hidden within the sealing formations beneath the tiles

Azief gaze shifted towards the intricate web of conspirators within the Senate.

The complexity and meticulousness of their plan became evident as he pondered the lengths they had gone to accomplish their objectives.

The task at hand must have required a significant investment of time and effort.

He contemplated the arduous process involved in their scheme.

The conspirators had to meticulously replace the tiles, ensuring that the changes went unnoticed and raised no suspicions among the Senate's security measures.

Moreover, they had to meticulously manipulate the energy lines connecting to the Senate, ensuring they remained intact and inconspicuous, allowing their plot to unfold without detection.

Azief recognized the significance of Boris's presence within the sealing formation.

It was a crucial element in their plan, allowing them to execute their attack with precision and effectiveness.

Had Boris been any other Senator, the conspirators would not have needed to navigate through such intricate obstacles.

The depth of their machinations became clear, driven by a desire to remove Boris from power without sparking a full-scale conflict between Pandemonium and The Republic.

A wry smile graced Azief lips as he pieced together the puzzle.

"So, they went through all of these convoluted hoops and even crafted a brand new sealing formation just to capture Boris, to weaken him without crossing the line of assassination," he mused.

The conspirators had treaded carefully, meticulously ensuring that Boris remained a formidable yet subdued figure, unable to retaliate with full force.

Their intent was clear—to remove Boris from the equation, dismantling his influence while avoiding the explosive consequences of an all-out war.

Azief sigh escaped his lips as he muttered the word "Unpause."

The memory resumed its course, unfolding exactly as he had anticipated.

As Boris remained trapped within the sealing formation, the process of his confinement continued.

Azief eyes focused intently on the scene, observing the progression with a mix of resignation and understanding.

True to his expectations, the runes etched upon Boris's body began to glow intensely, radiating a luminosity that seemed to sear through his clothing.

The mystical symbols sealed him tightly, further ensuring his power was suppressed and his ability to resist diminished.

Charlie, seizing the opportunity, took Boris away, the captive figure being led to an undisclosed location—perhaps a secret black site within the depths of the Republic.

Those who had been loyal to Boris, witnessing his capture, unleashed a torrent of insults and grievances.

Their voices echoed with the bitterness and defeat common to those who had been outmanoeuvred in a power struggle.

The familiar refrains of frustration and resentment filled the air, a testament to the weight of their loss.

Alongside Boris, his loyal supporters were also taken away, their fate shrouded in uncertainty within the depths of the Republic's clandestine operations.

As the memory progressed, the outcomes varied.

Some met their demise in the chaos of battle, their lives extinguished in the pursuit of their cause.

Others chose to surrender, their freedom granted under the condition of relinquishing their allegiance.

The choices made by each individual dictated their ultimate fate.

Azief watched these events unfold, his gaze steady but laden with a mix of empathy and resignation.

The complexity and consequences of power struggles were never without casualties

With a final sigh, Azief observed the scene

As the weight of the momentous event within the Senate memory settled upon Azief thoughts, he couldn't help but ponder the obliviousness of the city of Moscow to the seismic shift occurring within its very heart.

Outside the Senate building, snow continued to fall, softening the landscape with its gentle touch.

The streets below remained alive with the familiar rhythms of daily life, bustling with the ebb and flow of ordinary existence, completely unaware of the irreversible change that had unfolded within the halls of power.

The memories that he is seeing right now is being patched with other people memories.

He must say that Sasha did a very good job in crafting these memories fragments so that he could really feel like a third-party observer with many scenes that he could look at.

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[Chapter 1544 Europe Problem](#)

Azief sighed

" If I am not here, if I am not related to Katarina....then Boris would have died. His dream of absolute power would turn into ashes. And the power struggles that followed would plunge the entire Republic into chaos"

Azief gaze shifted around the Senate room, his mind etching the faces and roles of those who had participated in the memory, as well as those who had remained on the periphery.

With a final deep breath, he opened his eyes and found himself still present in his own room, the memory now nothing more than another recollection locked away in his mind.

A long, heavy sigh escaped Azief lips, a testament to the complex emotions swirling within him.

Boris had never been his favourite person, but he had tolerated him for the sake of his sister, Katarina.

The ties of love had compelled Azief to involve himself in this affair, navigating treacherous paths and enduring the consequences that came with it.

"Katarina," he muttered softly, her name carrying a weight of affection.

The things he do for love.

As Azief gaze traversed his study room, he couldn't help but notice a distinct presence that had materialized during his contemplation of the memory.

What was once a solitary space now housing another figure, bathed in a mesmerizing display of swirling lightning.

It Will the Speedster, his body adorned with a myriad of colours that danced in harmony with the crackling energy.

Though initially startling, Azief felt a sense of relief knowing that Will had mastered control over his lightning, preventing any destructive consequences for the space and time within the study.

Will greeted Azief with a warm smile

"Glad to see you in one piece" he said looking at him.

Azief only laughed at this.

As Will took his seat without needing an invitation, a sense of ease and familiarity permeated the room.

Their casual manner with each other would undoubtedly shock the world if they were witnesses to such an interaction.

In the eyes of most, Death Monarch Azief was an unapproachable and solemn deity, a figure standing above the masses.

Many individuals dared not even sit in his presence, and the mere act of meeting his gaze struck fear into the hearts of countless souls.

Even world leaders would accord him the utmost reverence, rarely allowing themselves to be so casual, save for the few who knew Azief personally.

However, Will held a special place in Azief life.

He was not just a friend, but his sworn brother.

In their world, where others would find it impossible to be casual when conversing with the Death Monarch, Will possessed that privilege.

Their bond allowed for a comfort and informality that transcended the barriers erected by Azief reputation.

As Will settled into his seat, the vibrant lightning that had enveloped him gradually dimmed, revealing his unassuming form.

With a nonchalant gesture, as if brushing away imaginary sparks, he murmured, "Ah, that's better," playfully dusting off residual traces of electricity from his shoulders.

Azief could only shake his head in amusement

"What did you find out?" Azief ask almost immediately.

Will smiles and get right to the point

"You were right. It was Sasha plan" Azief listening to this ponder for a second. Then he sighed for a second

Then he chuckles for a second. And then he spoke

"I should have known it. But this is good. And that person deserve a few years of vacation, don't you think?" Azief hearing the news heaved a sigh of relief. And he nodded with a gentle smile

"Do you suspect Sasha to do something behind your back?" Will have always believed that Sasha and his sworn brother is always in step with each other

Sasha has always been his sworn brother most trusted subordinate. Sasha is the knife in his hand. It has always been so since Sasha became a member of Pandemonium

He himself is friend with Sasha. He would hate to see these two people to have a falling out.

Azief then shook his head.

"I know why Sasha did it. I know she would report it to me. But, I was just anxious and I could not ask anyone else to ask this question. So, I sent you."

Will only smiles and nodded

"I know that you have your own difficulties" then he added

"Sasha is very different from the Sasha we met a decade ago. Before, she had that edge shining for the whole to see. Now, she is all cloak and dagger. Sometimes even I felt the creeps when I am with her. "

Azief only laugh at this.

Then Will changes the subject.

Will had always maintained a unique status within the world.

Despite his sworn brotherhood with the Death Monarch, he existed as a free agent, unaffiliated with any particular world power.

While some may have regarded him as a representative of Pandemonium due to his association with Azief, Will himself did not align himself with any specific faction or organization. I think you should take a look at

He revelled in his independence, operating as a kind of freelance entity.

Though he wholeheartedly supported Azief and stood by his side when needed, Will was often engaged in his own ventures and pursuits.

He possessed a spirit of exploration and a desire to forge his own path, unbound by the constraints of worldly powers.

His actions were guided by personal motivations, shaped by his own unique experiences and perspectives.

As a result, Will's involvement in Azief affairs is driven primarily by their deep bond as sworn brothers and the trust they shared.

While Azief usually has his own adventure and sometimes in the past couple of years sought to navigate the intricate landscape of power and politics, Will ventured offworld, delving into his own endeavours, seizing opportunities that aligned with his personal interests.

This dynamic between them allowed for a harmonious balance, with Azief and Will complementing each other's strengths while pursuing their own individual paths.

Will's understanding of Azief ran deep, knowing that beneath Azief stoic facade, he was never truly cut out to be a politician.

It was never his aspiration, as he had once confided in Will about his simple dream.

"But the years had changed. And so, we are changed"

Reflecting on their journey, Will couldn't help but feel a sense of melancholy for the loss of innocence that time had wrought upon them both.

The shared experience of traveling to the future had bound them inextricably.

Will vividly remembered the moment they had raced each other, the sheer force tearing at the delicate balance of time and space, propelling them forward into a bleak future.

Since that day, both Will and Azief had dedicated themselves to finding a solution to prevent the grim future they had witnessed from becoming a reality.

However, the weight of responsibility now pressed heavily upon Azief shoulders.

As he stepped into the realm of world politics, becoming one of the decision-makers, he found himself burdened with an unforeseen level of reliance from the world.

The fate of nations seemed to hinge upon his every move, and the consequences of his actions held the potential to create unintended tragedy on a global scale.

The world looked to him, not necessarily for action, but rather for the restraint and careful consideration he could bring.

With each passing day, Pandemonium grew stronger, mirroring Azief's own ascent in power.

Will couldn't help but wonder if Azief was growing weary, carrying the weight of the world on his shoulders.

This thought lingered in his mind, unaware of just how accurate his musings were.

Azief had previously expressed his weariness to Hikigaya, confessing the fatigue that accompanied the constant need to think and deliberate on matters of global significance.

The demands of being a global decision-maker had taken its toll, leaving him yearning for respite from the never-ending stream of weighty responsibilities.

"I could see it in his eyes" and then he chuckles to himself "Though some people swear that there is only coldness in that eyes and see nothing else" he thought to himself

Despite not embodying the typical traits of a politician, Azief's leadership propelled Pandemonium to thrive and prosper.

His innate charisma, unwavering strength, and his ability to delegate responsibilities played a significant role in making Pandemonium the preeminent world power among the Seven Great Powers.

It was a testament to the trust he instilled in those he delegated power to.

Azief's discerning judgment in selecting capable individuals to entrust with authority ensured that those who held positions of responsibility within Pandemonium were driven by a deep sense of loyalty.

The weight of being entrusted by the Death Monarch himself was not something they took lightly.

The formidable reputation and power Azief wielded served as a constant reminder to them that the consequences of neglecting their duties could be dire.

The threat of facing Azief's wrath and the possibility of impending death served as a powerful motivator, inspiring them to give their utmost effort and dedication.

Nothing like the threat of impending death that motivates a person more.

Will let out a sigh, his gaze fixed upon Azief.

He could sense the weight of Azief's thoughts as he grappled with complex matters once again.

The burden of his responsibilities and the constant deliberation he undertook were evident in his expression.

Looking at Azief he could tell that he is thinking about some complicated stuff again.

"What are you doing right now, Azief? Moping? Or commiserating again?"

"Boris" Azief mutters.

Will's laughter reverberated through the room, echoing Azief mention of Boris.

In that single word, Will discerned the weight of Azief thoughts, understanding the problem that consumed his mind.

Despite his frequent travels across parallel worlds and other dimensions, Will maintained a connection to Earth, checking in periodically to stay informed

And of course, out of the many problems on Earth, he also heard about the so-called "Boris Problem" that had captured the world's attention.

Or to be more accurate, Europe problem

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[Chapter 1545 That Thing That Hides In The Dark](#)

Europe problem

However, unlike the majority, Will saw the issue through a different lens, one that didn't magnify its significance.

Azief perplexity deepened as he listened to Will's laughter. "You don't think it's a problem?" he questioned.

With a shake of his head, Will replied, his voice laced with a touch of amusement, "'it is the Republic problem" Azief snorted in response, his disagreement apparent.

"It is now the world problem"

To him, it had become a concern that held global ramifications.

However, Will perspective see it as a more localized predicament, confined within the confines of the Republic's affairs.

The bond between Azief and Will was strong, allowing them to challenge each other's perspectives

Not many people dare disagree with Death Monarch when they are in one-on-one setting with him.

Will's disagreement with Azief perspective remained steadfast, his head shaking gently in dissent.

Sensing the need for a change of atmosphere, he suggested, "We need to have a drink if we're going to discuss this."

As he muttered those words, a surge of lightning crackled in the air, almost instantaneously manifesting two glass cups on the table.

Accompanying them was a pot of coffee and a bottle of wine, materializing seemingly out of thin air.

The sudden appearance of the items shows Will ability to manipulate space and time, his movements too swift for ordinary eyes to perceive.

Indeed, in this world, few possessed the perceptiveness necessary to keep pace with Will's remarkable speed.

His abilities transcended conventional boundaries, allowing him to traverse dimensions and manipulate the very fabric of reality.

The ambiance in the room shifted as the coffee and wine stood ready for their consumption.

But in this world how many people could really see and keep up with Will speed.

The air crackled with the ethereal dance of electric arcs, yet there was no sense of danger or surprise that registered in Azief expression.

He only sighed

he had grown accustomed to such displays, embracing the extraordinary as if it were mundane.

The mesmerizing sparks slithered gracefully along the walls and floor

But Azief remained unfazed

The room itself remained untouched by the lightning's transient touch

Azief chuckles a bit, his chuckle resonated through the room as he observed the choice of beverages before him. "Wine? At this hour?" he quipped; his amusement evident.

In response, Will's laughter intertwined with his own words, playfully retorting, "Coffee? At this hour?"

Their light hearted banter filled the space

Azief laughter echoed, mingling with the sound of Will's amusement.

The wine, chosen for Will, symbolized relaxation and indulgence. Its presence reflected Will's penchant for embracing the finer pleasures of life, revelling in the joys that could be found even at unconventional hours.

Like now. Just right after the war.

On the other hand, the coffee, designated for Azief, represented his unwavering devotion to his favourite caffeinated elixir.

It served as a testament to his enduring passion, an obsession really.

Within Azief inner circle, the understanding of his deep affinity for coffee had become commonplace knowledge.

Azief got up from his chair and move to the guest table and sit across Will.

Will pour him the coffee and before Azief could return the gesture, Azief could already see that the cup is full of wine.

Will take a sip of his wine and Azief take a sip of his coffee, leisurely and without rushing. And then amidst this peaceful silene, Will said

"since when do you care that much about the world problem? As long as you are here, as long as you sit in that highest seat, even the most troublesome problem could be easily solved" Azief halted his cup of coffee that he was about to put down. He sighed and put down the cup of coffee and he spoke

"It is before"

"What is different now?" Will ask

"I am going into seclusion" Will listen to this answer. He ponders and then he nodded

"A thousand years plan, a thousand schemes...in the end, the people of that era has to choose it for themselves. Do your best and whatever happens next...just accept it" Azief chuckles at this

"what a carefree thought" Azief said, a wry smile on the edge of his mouth

"I am not you. And maybe that is a good thing" And Will laughed

Azief also smiles a bit.

They drink and share stories about what they were doing now, what adventure that they have encountered, who they see, their problems and their happiness.

And there was one news that made Will smile

"That is how you do it" Will said, his face is full of smile while he was chuckling and punching Azief's shoulder

His laughter fills the study room and dissipates all the tense atmosphere in the room

One laugh and it seems to brighten the room. Even Azief who rarely smiles and laugh, now smiles a bit and laugh a little

Will was not surprised that Azief is currently dating Katarina. Finally, he said. Will has nothing against Sofia, but to him, Katarina suits his sworn brother more.

Of course, he knows how much love Azief has for Sofia. But unlike him, Azief was never a man that knows quite right how to explain his feelings.

He could speak the words, but sometimes he could not show it. It is not that he did not know how.

It's hard for him to show it. Azief is not such a tragic child that he never felt love. And he is not a person starved for love.

Before the Fall, he was disappointed many times. And after a while.....he simply grows accustomed to disappointment. I think you should take a look at

And so, he expects nothing and a certain coldness radiates from him. Warmth is not easily found from him. But he does have it.

He also has a certain coldness that shivers people's heart.

He could be sincere to you, if you are sincere to him. He would fight the world for you, if he loves you.

But once you betray him, once you disappoint him, he would be as cold as the winter wind. This ability to cut someone so cleanly chills people heart, the ability to turn his face as fast as lightning

The coldness he could emanate could be felt right in the soul. Will did not mean ill will for Sofia, but their relationship is sometimes very complicated.

Katarina is calm, easy, peaceful.

But...if there is one thing Will knows about love is that it is never easily predicted.

Especially if that love story is about the strongest person in the world. And because that person is Azief.

"It will be complicated" he thought to himself.

He only sighed at this and congratulate Azief.

As for Will, even though he did not say it, he still felt a little bit sting by Erika. He understood why she rejected him but that does not mean he is alright about it.

His love story is probably even more complicated than Azief love story.

He remembers a fragment of a different timeline, a timeline where he and Erika are not just a pair of lovers but husband and wife.

But in this timeline, they avoided each other. Maybe because they were both afraid that they would feel the same pain again.

Maybe, both of them accepted it because they did not want to make the same mistake again.

"Though, time would tell. Fate and Destiny after all are a very powerful force" he thought to himself.

Though without the distraction of love, he had been focusing on learning about Savi'krian race history and learning more about the powers and abilities of Speedsters.

Will talks and laugh with Azief but then he stopped for a moment

"I forgot about something" He said as he brought something out from his bag of holdings. He throws it to Azief and Azief grab it with his hand. He looks at the things in his hand.

It is an obsidian-like thing shaped like an USB pen drive.

"what's this?"

"That is something I got from my source"

"Your source?"

"Don't ask. I know a guy who knows a guy who knows a guy" Azief simply nodded.

"What's in it?"

"Remember what you said that there might be a traitor inside the world council that aids the enemies of the world power?" Azief nodded

"Well, one person became my interest"

"Someone I know"

Will shook his head

"He is very mysterious. Some people called him a....what is it again?" Will rack up his brain.

He actually possess great memories but after putting so many Savi'krian race methods in his mind, his mind sometimes takes time to remember some other memories.

"Ah, I remember. A rat" Will exclaimed.

Azief raises his eyebrows.

He just snorted and chuckles.

"A rat, huh?"

And then he laughed

Beyond the walls of that study room, the world remained oblivious to the calmness of the world leaders

They could probably not expect the sight of Death Monarch Azief indulging in moments of relaxation.

he had initiated a war against the formidable Crime Alliance, and the aftermath of his intense battle with the Kaiju had left the Turbulent Sea in chaos and disarray.

The magnitude of the disaster had left the world grappling with the consequences.

Yet, there he was, savouring the taste of his beloved coffee, engaged in light-hearted conversation with his old friends the Speedsters.

For Azief, this was his way of decompressing after the chaos of war.

Amidst the weight of his responsibilities and the immense power he wielded, these moments of tranquillity served as a brief respite, a way to find solace and rejuvenate his spirit.

However, even as Azief relished in these cherished moments, the world outside the study room was undergoing a different transformation.

The aftermath of the battle he had waged was just beginning to unfold.

The repercussions of his actions and the impact of the war on the global stage would soon become evident.

The echoes of war would ripple through nations, reshaping alliances, and redrawing power dynamics.

And it already has begun, the other six world powers is now plotting new schemes. The faction and forces of the world recalibrate their positions and alignment.

A power vacuum is now present in the criminal underworld.

The world would be forced to grapple with the aftermath of destruction, while leaders and citizens alike would try to survive the ramifications of Azief recent engagements.

In the midst of these swirling consequences, the world remained unaware of the dark forces in the world that is beginning to gather and hide, plotting and scheming, waiting for the day to come out again

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[Chapter 1546 Alexei](#)

Amidst the turmoil in the Turbulent Sea and the heightened tensions surrounding the city lord's place of Arturia, the entire world was captivated by the unfolding events.

The cataclysmic aftermath of the war between Death Monarch Azief and the Crime Alliance had left a profound impact, leading to a cascading series of moves and counter-moves from factions across the globe.

In this critical moment of uncertainty, every faction sought to safeguard their interests and ensure their survival.

The power dynamics were shifting, and the trend was evident to all—the Seven World powers were taking center stage in the global arena.

The quest for control and dominance was palpable, with each faction vying for a prominent position in the emerging landscape.

The world had become a chessboard, where strategic moves were being made with utmost precision and caution.

No one wanted to be left behind or entangled in the intricate web of power plays. The stakes were high, and the future was unpredictable.

In this era of uncertainty, each force endeavoured to prepare themselves for the challenges ahead.

Every faction sought to identify their role in the changing world order, seeking a path to secure their position in the face of this ever-shifting landscape.

Every move, every decision, carried weighty implications as the world held its breath, waiting to see how the new balance of power would ultimately take shape.

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A week had passed since the tumultuous end of the war.

In the aftermath, schemes and plots of all the factions of the world is being recalibrated as the Crime Alliance and the Pirates were dealt a crippling blow.

Forced to retreat into the shadows, the criminal underworld was once again forced to cloak their operations in secrecy.

Even if Death Monarch enter seclusion, these organizations could no longer brazenly parade their influence across the world as they once did.

That is how bad the aftermath of the war towards them

The territories once controlled by the Crime Alliance and their sphere of influence now crumbled, leaving power vacuums in their wake.

The chaos within the ranks of the pirates was equally evident, as their elusive pirate lords retreated into hiding.

The world for now may have appeared peaceful, but those with a keen eye and astute observation could sense that this was far from over.

Though Kaiju had been defeated, his survival remained shrouded in mystery.

The world powers might have turned their attention elsewhere, but Kaiju still loomed in the shadows.

Though he lacked the trident that gave him the power to contend with Death Monarch on equal ground, the fact that he had managed to evade capture suggested he possessed abilities.

It is still possible for him to rally another force and create another unstable factor for the world.

The world is on the brink of a major reorganization, and a new world order was poised to emerge.

The tides of power were shifting, and the world held its breath, anticipating the dawn of this new era.

The fallout from the war had left an indelible mark on the global landscape, and the repercussions would ripple through the world for years to come.

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In Moscow, the snow falls endlessly.

The Ice Hill of the Ice Queen Katarina stood tall and imposing behind the hallowed Senate building.

Its presence was nothing short of magical. The hill exuded an aura of ethereal beauty and chilling grandeur.

Covered in a pristine layer of glistening ice and snow, the Ice Hill seemed to emanate an otherworldly radiance, casting a soft, silver glow upon the surrounding landscape.

Its slopes were adorned with intricate ice sculptures, masterpieces of frozen art that depicted mesmerizing scenes of ancient legends and mythical creatures.

Each sculpture seemed to come alive with an inner luminescence, as if animated by the very magic that permeated the hill.

Those who know the secret of these statues would know that these statues and sculptures could come alive to protect the Ice Palace when they are activated.

At the summit of the Ice Hill lay the awe-inspiring Ice Palace, a majestic structure that seemed to rise from the very heart of the frozen landscape.

Its towering spires and shimmering domes gleamed in the sunlight, a sight to behold even from afar.

Beyond the Senate building, on an entirely different side, lies the enigmatic Jean Quarters—an expansive domain exclusively reserved for Jean the Time Master.

Within these grounds, an array of structures can be found, each shrouded in a mysterious aura that only Jean is permitted to explore.

The Jean Quarters serve as a sanctuary of temporal exploration, comprising of his residence, magnificent palaces, enigmatic research labs, and various other structures

This place is seldom visited by others due to the unpredictable nature of its temporal fabric.

Time-space fluctuations occur frequently, causing portals to unpredictably open and lead to uncharted destinations, making it a perilous zone to traverse for anyone not proficient in the manipulation of time. I think you should take a look at

It is an enigmatic abode where every clock and watch dance to a rhythm known only to him.

Timepieces of all kinds adorn the walls, ticking and tocking in a symphony of temporal harmony, creating an ambiance that is both fascinating and hypnotic.

Stepping into this dwelling feels like stepping into the very essence of time itself.

Connected through enigmatic pathways and temporal bridges, grand palaces rise like mirages, imbued with time's elusive essence.

Each palace, a chronicle of time's eternal dance, houses Jean's vast knowledge and artifacts that traverse the annals of history and the realms of parallel universes.

In the secluded research labs, Jean delves into the deepest secrets of time, unravelling temporal mysteries that elude the grasp of ordinary minds.

His experiments involve bending and shaping the very fabric of time, exploring the intricacies of time travel and its implications on reality.

And because of that it is a place few dare to venture.

The pulsating time-space fluctuations guard Jean's domain like vigilant sentinels, shielding it from the prying eyes of the world beyond.

For those brave enough to navigate this temporal labyrinth, it is a glimpse into the very essence of time itself—a domain where past, present, and future intermingle, and where the boundaries of reality are stretched to their limits.

Perched upon another hill, a stately residence stands as the abode of Alexei Koseff, a respected and influential member of the Senate.

As the overseer of Karelia and its surrounding territories, he wields significant power and governance, yet he has managed to maintain a sense of understated presence within the Republic.

This reserved demeanour was by design, as Alexei preferred to navigate the political landscape with a subtle touch, avoiding the attention of the Chancellors while effectively tending to his responsibilities.

Of course, there are people that notices it but since Alexei never stepped on anybody tails, people just thought he chooses to be low profile so that he would not get involved in something dangerous.

After all, the politics of the Republic could sometimes claim lives.

Karelia thrived under Alexei's wise and steady leadership.

His dedication to his duties ensured that the region flourished and prospered, becoming a shining example of growth and development within the Republic.

Despite his reserved nature, Alexei was not a recluse.

He was sociable and adept at forging connections when necessary, yet he knew precisely when to keep a low profile.

This skilful balance allowed him to navigate the intricate webs of politics with finesse, ensuring he remained in his esteemed position without drawing unnecessary attention.

As a result, he earned the trust and respect of both his constituents and his fellow Senators, solidifying his position as a prominent and influential figure in the Republic.

Standing in his hillside residence, Alexei gazes pensively through the study window, watching as snowflakes gently drift from the heavens above.

A sigh escapes his lips, hinting at the weight of his thoughts.

He decided to go out and the house maid seeing that he is about to go out prepares him a fur coat

Usually, this kind of thing is just a gesture.

After all, Alexei is a Disk Formation leveler.

He would not be affected by the cold or heat unless that cold goes beyond zero and the heat goes beyond boiling point

Even then, it would not give him any adverse effect. But this snow that falls from the heavens is not normal snow.

This snow....is not natural.

"Katarina"

The name falls from his lips in a murmur, her presence lingering like an enigmatic shadow in his mind.

Complicated emotions churn within him as he contemplates the implications of her existence in his life.

And then he sighed again just like he had sighed yesterday

"As long as she is here.... I could not be at ease. It is good that she is not like his brother. I could get away with many things" he mutters to himself.

The maid did not hear anything he says. After all, they are mute and deaf. And even if they are not, they should pretend to be deaf and mute

In the company of powerful men, it is good to learn to know nothing, to see nothing and to hear nothing

This is the wisdom of the ancient and applicable even until now.

He stretched his hands and the coat is fitted onto his body.

Its warm embrace shields him from the chill of the snow-laden world outside.

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[Chapter 1547 When Deities Get Angry](#)

Alexei takes a step forward, emerging from the grand entrance of his residence, a vast expanse of architectural beauty that has been expanded and enhanced after the Multiversal Convergence.

With its imposing walls enclosing around 1,18,000 square feet of land, the residence stands as a testament to opulence and magnificence.

Those who had gone inside would see a labyrinth of rooms unfolds, each exquisitely adorned with intricate designs and luxurious furnishings.

The architecture draws inspiration from the splendour of the Safra Mansion in Sao Paulo, evoking a sense of timeless elegance and sophistication.

High ceilings with ornate chandeliers cast a warm glow upon the polished marble floors, adding a touch of grandeur to the living spaces.

Venturing further, one is met with breath-taking gardens that stretch as far as the eye can see.

Manicured lawns, adorned with vibrant blooms of various colours, lead the way to hidden alcoves and serene sitting areas.

The gardens are carefully landscaped with winding pathways, guiding visitors through picturesque scenery, reminiscent of a paradise on Earth.

As Alexei strolls through the estate, he passes by man-made lakes that mirror the tranquil beauty of the surrounding landscape.

Crystal-clear waters reflect the azure skies above, creating an illusion of a serene watercolour painting come to life.

Bridges arch gracefully over the lakes, connecting to hidden pavilions where one can bask in the serenity of nature.

The bathrooms, too, boast a touch of lavishness.

Designed with modern comforts and sophistication, they feature intricately designed tiles and fixtures, each space a private oasis of relaxation and indulgence.

Bathtubs carved from the finest stone and adorned with golden faucets await, inviting one to immerse in a world of luxury.

Throughout the villa, the fusion of timeless aesthetics with modern amenities creates an ambiance that is both grand and inviting.

Each corner of the residence is thoughtfully designed, from the living spaces that exude elegance to the gardens that showcase the beauty of nature.

As Alexei walks through the grounds, the splendour of his residence unfolds before him.

"It is quite a good life that I have here." Then he sighed before he mutter

"I am really reluctant to leave it all behind" he sighed and paused for a second

"I am really reluctant" he repeated and there seems to be some kind of determination in his voice right now

Amidst the opulence of his Senatorial life, Alexei found himself devoid of any desire to indulge in the luxuries of his grand residence.

His gaze was drawn to the distance, fixating on the sight of a chilling mist rising from the mountain of ice that loomed behind the Senate building.

Katarina is back.

The realization struck him like a winter gust, stirring a mix of emotions within him.

Though he had witnessed her arrival before, the impact of her presence remained just as profound.

She is the Ice Queen, capable of commanding the elements with her otherworldly powers, and her return heralded a time of trepidation and uncertainty for the city of Moscow.

The sight of the cold mist ascending to the heavens was a haunting reminder of her formidable abilities.

As the chill permeated the air, it seemed to seep into the very soul of the city, freezing the spirits of its inhabitants.

Since her arrival, an otherworldly coldness has permeated the skies, altering the very fabric of Moscow's climate.

Despite the season being summer, the heavens weep frigid tears, and the city is blanketed in a surreal winter wonderland.

As he gazes upon the icy peaks, Alexei can feel the weight of Katarina's anger reverberating through the air.

"Other people get angry, and only those who are involved suffer the wrath. But when she is angry, the entire city of Moscow suffers" he sighed

Her presence commands the elements, and her emotions manifest in the changing weather, as if the very cosmos bend to her will.

The city is at the mercy of her wrath, and the weather is but a reflection of the turmoil within her.

Moscow, typically a bustling metropolis, now finds itself shrouded in cold mist and swirling snowflakes, the warm embrace of summer replaced by a frigid tundra.

The once-familiar cityscape is transformed into an ethereal realm, as if pulled from a winter's tale.

Amidst the supposed warmth of summer, Moscow found itself entangled in an enigmatic and chilling phenomenon.

The skies were shrouded in heavy clouds, and when the heavens wept, it was not rain that fell but stones of ice.

The city is sometimes besieged by a winter-like deluge, its streets and buildings blanketed in a layer of snow.

In the midst of this baffling occurrence, Alexei let out a sigh

Why did the heavens unleash icy stones upon the city? Why did the temperature plummet to depths reminiscent of the frigid Siberian tundra during the season of summer? I think you should take a look at

The answer is simple. And everyone in the Republic knew the answer. From the senator to the people of Moscow.

That one in the Ice Palace is protesting. She did not use words, and she did not go to the Senate to air her grievances or ask for the support of the Senate.

Instead, she sat on her throne, in her Ice Palace and get angry.

And when she gets angry, the sky answers. The Heaven listens. And so, snow falls and the world become colder.

The consequences was that now Moscow is draped in an unrelenting winter, as if her anger had cast a frosty pall over the city.

The cold winds of her wrath swept through the streets, leaving no corner untouched.

And yet, no one dared to approach her with appeasement or placation.

Because there is a red sword before the steps of the ice staircase leading to her Ice Palace

She had struck that red sword in front of the staircase of her Ice palace when she returned to Moscow. Then without saying a word, she enters the ice Palace and close its gate

The sight of the red sword standing before her Ice Palace struck fear into the hearts of all who beheld it.

The mere thought of crossing her path was enough to send shivers down their spines, for they knew that any attempt to pacify her might lead to a swift and deadly end.

The red sword, a symbol of her wrath and power, stood as a menacing sentinel, warning all who ventured close that their lives hung in the balance.

The chilling sight of its crimson hue against the backdrop of the pristine white snow sent a stark message to anyone who contemplated approaching the Ice Queen.

Everyone could tell the unspoken message.

Do not come unless you are ready to die. The only way to come inside that Ice palace and not get beheaded is to come with good news

Her fury is palpable, and the fear that red sword evoked is an intangible force that permeated the air around her Ice Palace.

The atmosphere itself seemed to tremble in the face of her anger, and the very ground quivered beneath her icy gaze.

In the face of such display of unyielding attitude, the Senators of the Senate kept their distance, wisely choosing not to provoke the wrath of the Ice Queen.

They understood that any attempt to calm her emotions might only stoke the fires of her rage further, leading to dire consequences.

Thus, they remained cautious and wary, allowing her emotions to run their course without interference.

"The more they are like this, the more influence she would gather" he sighed and shakes his head.

Alexei had made up his mind - he would not wade into the dirty business of choosing sides in the power struggle between Katarina and the Senators.

His true intention was not to support either faction; he wanted to remain neutral and steer clear of the political machinations that threatened to consume the Senate.

"Haish" he sighed

Instead of attending the Senate sessions and getting entangled in the web of schemes and plots, Alexei chose to stay within the sanctuary of his grand residence.

The vast estate, with its luxurious palaces, research labs, and picturesque gardens, provided him with a refuge from the chaotic world outside.

When the time came for the Senators to convene, Alexei sent his secretary to deliver a message.

The pretext was that he was unwell, using political language to say, "I'm not going to weigh in on this matter, so I am going to stay out of it."

It was a carefully crafted move, signalling to his colleagues that he would not be taking sides in the power struggle.

Some may interpret his absence as a sign of weakness or indecisiveness, but Alexei knew that this was the best course of action for him.

He did not want to be drawn into the divisive politics that threatened to tear the Senate apart.

His decision to remain neutral was a calculated move, allowing him to maintain his independence and protect his own interests.

he knew that sometimes, inaction could be the most strategic move of all, allowing him to navigate the treacherous waters of politics without getting entangled in the dangerous currents.

In any other situation, doing such things would make him isolated. And nothing is more career damaging in the state of politics than being isolated by your own colleague.

But this is desperate times and the measures that he had to take changes according to the situation.

He also did not try to curry favor with the Ice Queen.

"That is the most complicated woman in the Senate" She is not complicated because she engages in political play. If she is the kind of person that engages in politics and do political maneuvers, then Alexei would not be that wary or afraid

But Katarina has always been the kind of person who did not play according to the rules. In this way, she is quite similar to how Death Monarch acted

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[Chapter 1548 Unexpected Guest](#)

He sighed the moment he thinks about Katarina

Alexei understood the complexity of dealing with the Ice Queen Katarina.

He knew that attempting to curry favor with her would be a delicate and risky endeavour.

Katarina is not the type of person to appreciate flattery or insincerity.

Her honesty, transparency, and righteousness made her ill-suited for the world of politics, a realm known for its deceit and murky dealings.

In the eyes of Katarina, someone who tried to gain her support through false pretences would be seen as two-faced and untrustworthy.

Alexei knew that she valued integrity and authenticity, and any attempt to manipulate her would likely backfire.

Instead of earning respect and support, he could end up losing her trust and respect.

And he was never that close with Katarina. This is another similarity that Katarina have with Death Monarch

They protect their own people. If you look at it positively, they protect the people that are loyal to them

Look at it in another way, it is nepotism.

"Katarina was never suitable to become a political figure. She is too honest, too transparent and too righteous" he muttered as he walks along the cobbled pathways

But politics has never been a place where righteous people could thrive. It is a place for pigs and it is a pig pens filled with mud.

However, Katarina is the High Chancellor.

Katarina's position as the High Chancellor is not one that could be easily challenged.

Her identity as the Ice Queen, her formidable power, and her distant connection with Death Monarch all contributed to her unwavering stability in the position.

She had earned the respect and admiration of many for her strong sense of justice and her commitment to the well-being of the people.

Of course, this is among the common people. When she drenched the alley of Europe with the blood of criminals, the entire Senate shakes with fear

And the world powers all over the world condemned this. But those that fears are the people high on top. Because which one of them is not a criminal?

But for the common people who were victimized and oppressed by these criminals, the blood that drenched the alleys of Europe is a mark and just like Death Monarch, she became an avenger of justice.

Moreover, her connection to Death Monarch, as distant as it may be, served to deter any potential challengers.

The alliance between Death Monarch and Katarina was well-known, and it was clear that any direct opposition to her would also invite the wrath of the Death Monarch himself.

In the political arena, Katarina's honesty and transparency became her greatest assets.

While other politicians schemed and plotted, she stood firm in her principles and championed the cause of justice and fairness. Her actions and decisions were guided by a strong moral compass, making her a beloved leader among the common people.

In other words, while she has no allies in the Senate Hall, her strongest reliance is the people.

Of course, to Alexei the power of the people is just that. If you think it is strong, then it is. If you think it is not strong, then it is not strong.

Look at Pandemonium. The voice of the people , whether it is loud or small, it did not matter. Death Monarch...if you look at him...do you see him as a ruler that listens to the voice of his people?

It is simply because he had decency that people think that he listens to the word of the people and rules benevolently. In truth Death Monarch rules rarely and he rarely cares that much and only interfere in the big things.

But if things deviates from his own interest and his own desires, the voice of the people no matter how loud, could always be blocked with one roar of his mouth.

Alexei sighed

"I just wanted to live. Is it so hard?" he mutters to himself.

"Right now, the safest position is the neutral ones. If I side with the Senators, there is a chance that I would stand out later. Boris would surely be brought out from his prison. When that item comes, if he takes back the power he had, then those Senators that imprison him might not have a good ending"

He thought for a second before he is reminded of another possibility, a life line for those who had betrayed Boris

"Unless Jean stands up for them, they would die. And they would die terribly. "Yes, there is another variable in the Republic and that is Jean.

The Time Master's focus was likely elsewhere, and he might not be readily available to help those in need.

He sighed again as he looks at that ice Palace in the distance.

"But, if I sided with the Ice Queen, then my colleague would think of me as a turncoat. And there are still some people who knew what happened that day" he sighed.

He averts his gaze from the Ice palace and decided to let things fall where it should.

Right now, all he has to do is wait.

Sooner or later, the winner and loser of this confrontation would be revealed.

There is no need for him to be impatient. And there is no need for him to stand out

Just wait. And be patient.

And when the result is out, he only needs to watch the dust settles and joins the one that is left standing. Alexei has always been good at escaping from this kind of political conflict.

"And since Katarina held herself back, she must have been advised by Death Monarch not to spill blood. Humanity could not afford another war. Especially not a civil war in the Republic. It would weaken and create more unstable factor in Death Monarch plans"

Alexei's astute thinking and keen understanding of geopolitical matters were indeed talents that set him apart from many others.

His analytical mind and strategic foresight could have easily propelled him to higher positions and granted him access to the inner circle of the Republic's power structure.

However, despite his capabilities, he deliberately chose to remain a Senator and not ascend too high in the ranks.

The reason behind his decision was rooted in caution and a desire for self-preservation. Alexei was well aware that climbing too high and gaining too much attention could expose his sensitive and compromising identity

He has a secret to hide.

He is a mole planted by the Crime Alliance.

And he is also the Senator of the Republic.

With such a compromising identity, it is only natural that he did not want to stand out too much.

His delicate position demanded that he maintain a low profile, so as not to draw unwarranted scrutiny or suspicion from the Republic's elite.

While he wielded considerable influence within his own circle, he kept a discreet distance from the power makers of the Republic.

It was a deliberate move to shield himself from the spotlight and the prying eyes of those who could potentially unveil his double life.

As he moved through the corridors of the Senate and interacted with other Senators, Alexei's diplomatic facade remained intact.

His composed demeanour and strategic choices concealed the intricate web of secrets that he navigated every day.

To the outside world, he was a respected Senator, but beneath that facade, he held a delicate balance between his allegiance to the Republic and the hidden machinations of the Crime Alliance.

As Alexei stood there, looking out at the snow-covered landscape and feeling the weight of his choices, a sigh escaped his lips.

He couldn't help but smile bitterly, for he knew that, like everyone else in this world, survival was the ultimate goal.

Amidst the grand schemes and power plays, the noble ideals and hidden agendas, all that mattered in the end was survival.

At least, it is to him

Whether one was a powerful Senator, a fearsome monarch, or a covert operative, the struggle to survive and thrive in a world brimming with challenges and uncertainties united them all.

In the pursuit of his goals, he danced on the edge of danger, juggling his allegiances, identities, and ambitions.

He lives in a world of shadows, where truth and deceit intermingled, and the stakes is often life and death.

Alexei knew that his own survival depended on his ability to maneuver skilfully, to balance on the delicate tightrope between loyalty to the Republic and the Crime Alliance.

It is a precarious existence, and every move he made had to be calculated and precise.

As he gazed out at the swirling snowflakes and the icy landscape, he understood that in the grand tapestry of events, he is but a single thread.

Yet, like all the others, he played his part, trying to find his place in a world where power, intrigue, and survival intertwined.

As Alexei strolled towards the manmade lake, he look around marvelling the picturesque scene that greeted him.

He smiles and thought to himself that "I did not waste my energy stones hiring that landscaper"

The lake is a marvel of artistry and design, full of grandeur and sophistication.

Despite the falling snow, the crystal-clear waters still shimmered under the gentle rays of the sun, creating a mesmerizing dance of light and shadows.

The surface of the water was so smooth that it mirrored the azure sky above, giving the illusion that the heavens themselves were reflected in its depths, albeit now with a sprinkling of delicate snowflakes.

Lush greenery, now adorned with a fresh coat of snow, surrounded the lake.

Majestic trees stood tall and proud; their branches gently weighed down by the accumulating snow.

They acted as sentinels around the water's edge, casting delicate patterns of shade upon the water, further enhancing the sense of intimacy and seclusion that this place offered.

Amidst the snowy landscape, an enchanting little island emerged from the lake, covered in a tapestry of vibrant flowers and ornamental shrubs, now dusted with a light layer of snow.

A charming stone bridge, its surface also coated in snow, arched gracefully towards the island, its elegant design a testament to the architectural finesse of the residence.

The pavilion that Alexei approached stood at the edge of the lake, its design blending seamlessly with the surrounding nature, the snow-covered roof adding to its charm.

It is an oasis of tranquillity, offering the perfect vantage point to admire the beauty of the water and the creatures that called it home.

The gentle breeze carried the soft scent of blooming flowers, though now intermingled with the crisp, refreshing scent of snow.

The distant chirping of birds persisted even in the winter cold, adding a symphony of natural melodies to the atmosphere.

Dragonflies and butterflies were absent, but the sight of snowflakes gently falling from the sky added its own special touch, creating a serene winter wonderland.

Near the pavilion, there is a stone container

He walk to the stone container and lifted it.

"I guess with all of this time, I should indulge in myself a bit" he mutters to himself.

From there he lifted the lid of the stone container

As Alexei lifted the lid of the stone container, a faint smile tugged at the corners of his lips. Inside, he saw the fish food, little pellets of nourishment for the inhabitants of the manmade lake - the fish that swam gracefully beneath the surface.

He had learned this simple act of feeding fishes from one of his Japanese colleagues during an international conference.

One of the contributions of the world powers to the world affairs is the resumption of some normal affairs of the world

Some people might think that all the seven world powers only knows how to scheme and fight each other but this is not true at all.

Yes, they do fight and they do scheme against each other. But this did not mean that they did not cooperate with each other.

As for the Japanese man that taught him this, it was another of his colleague.

His colleague, a man with a serene demeanour, had a beautiful pond adorned with koi fishes and an array of meticulously crafted bonsai trees.

In that moment, Alexei felt a connection to the tranquillity of that Japanese garden.

The act of feeding the fishes became as hobby of his.

As he scattered the fish food onto the water, he watched with fascination as the fish gathered to feast.

The fish moved in harmony, their scales shimmering in the sunlight, as if performing a mesmerizing aquatic dance.

Sometimes, these koi fishes looks ugly to him. Sometimes, it looks beautiful to him. And sometimes, it looks like nothing to him

And for today, with all of these complicated thoughts swirling in his head, the koi looks nothing to him

Just koi fishes, rushing to eat the fish feed. And that thought brought a sense of peace to Alexei heart.

The worries and burdens that had weighed on him seemed to momentarily fade away.

The rhythmic movements of the fish and the gentle rustling of leaves in the nearby trees created a soothing melody that enveloped him.

The world is vast and filled with uncertainty, but in this quiet moment, all that mattered was the simple act of feeding the fish.

With a contented sigh, Alexei leaned against the railing of the pavilion, watching the fish swim gracefully in the clear waters of the manmade lake.

For now, he could find solace in this peaceful retreat, knowing that the storms of the political world would still be there when he returned.

"This kind of problem after all would not be settled in a day" he thought to himself.

Not only the Boris Problem need to be addressed. There is also the world power plans to create the Ten Realms and what will happen after that

And not to mention the aftermath of the battle is still reverberating, echoing all over the world and changing the composition of forces all over the world

But for this moment, he could immerse himself in the serenity of the fish and the calming rhythm of nature.

As Alexei stood by the manmade lake, gently feeding the fishes, he could feel the snowflakes delicately descending around him, creating a picturesque scene of winter beauty.

The tranquil atmosphere was momentarily interrupted as he noticed his maid approaching, her movements silent and graceful.

With a slight nod, Alexei acknowledged the maid's presence, signalling her to come closer.

She leaned in, whispering softly into his ear, and he furrowed his brows, absorbing the information she shared with a mixture of concern and intrigue.

The news seemed to weigh heavily on his mind, and he couldn't help but feel a sense of urgency.

As the maid discreetly stepped back, he took a moment to collect his thoughts.

His eyes narrowed in contemplation as he processed the implications of the information.

Alexei sighed, a mixture of frustration and determination in his expression.

"Let him in and bring him here" then he added "Discretely"

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[Chapter 1549 That Animal That Hides In The Dark](#)

Alexei sighed, a mixture of frustration and determination in his expression.

"Let him in and bring him here" then he added "Discretely"

The maid seems to understand.

When her master tells her to bring anyone discretely that means maximum security measure needs to be taken.

The whole shebang. The anti-surveillance formation, the anti-Divine Sense arrays, Mist Arrays and Formation, all of these magical security measures need to be activated.

Of course, all of this is not yet activated. It would only be activated when the maid goes to the entrance and brought that person in

But the maid could tell.... that whoever is coming.... his identity is a very sensitive one.

The maid nodded, showing her understanding of Alexei's orders, and quietly left the pavilion.

Alexei let out another sigh, feeling the weight of the world settling back on his shoulders.

He returned his attention to the stone container, resuming his task of feeding the fishes.

But this time, his mind was far from blank.

The information brought to him by the maid had stirred his thoughts, and now his mind was abuzz with calculations

He couldn't simply relax and enjoy the tranquil scenery of the lake anymore.

As if on cue, the sound of footsteps echoed again, breaking the serenity of the moment.

Alexei glanced up, spotting another figure approaching the pavilion. He sighed the moment he saw that man

The man walked up to the pavilion, seemingly at ease with the surroundings.

It is very natural and then that man stands beside him.

The maid was about to say something but Alexei just shook his head.

And he gestures with his hand so that the maid would leave them alone.

The maid retreated, the snows keep falling, the winds keep blowing and now there is only two people in the pavilion, surrounded by large lake water and picturesque scene of tranquility

Alexei didn't interrupt his visitor, allowing the man to stand beside him.

They both gazed out over the lake, seemingly admiring the picturesque scene as the snowflakes gently fell around them.

But Alexei knows that this man beside him never had any desire to admire this lake of his.

For a brief moment, they remained silent.

Each meeting they have with each other had been filled with intrigue, their conversations veiled in layers of meaning.

"We meet again"

The man responded with a chuckle, a glimmer of mystery in his eyes.

The atmosphere around them felt charged with unspoken words and hidden motives, but the familiarity of their encounters allowed for a level of comfort.

"It has not been that long"

"It sure feels like it"

Alexei studied the man standing beside him, taking note of his striking appearance. The blonde hair and bright blue eyes added to the charm of his handsome face, accentuated by an angular chin and a sharp nose.

His slightly curly hair was expertly styled, giving off an air of sophistication.

Standing at an imposing six feet five, he exuded a sense of presence without being overbearing.

His inviting smile and warm gaze could easily deceive the unsuspecting, but Alexei knew better.

This man is not to be underestimated.

Despite the seemingly pleasant demeanour, Alexei recognized the underlying darkness that lurked behind those mesmerizing blue eyes.

He was no stranger to this man, and he understood that this man, like himself, is not to be trusted.

After all, someone who could force Alexei to open up his residence must not be a good man. Because he himself is not a good man.

Their paths had crossed before, and each encounter had left a lingering sense of unease.

The man's friendly facade was merely a mask for the true intentions that lay beneath.

In the presence of the man standing beside him, Alexei's gaze held a mixture of wariness and resignation.

Rarely did bad people associate with the genuinely good, and vice versa. This man before him is a master of disguise, a chameleon of personas.

Today, he chose to present himself as a handsome individual, with blonde hair and bright blue eyes.

His face today is sculpted to perfection

But Alexei knew better than to be fooled by appearances.

He had encountered this man in various guises before.

On another day, he might assume the visage of a beggar, tugging at the heartstrings of passers-by.

Some days, he would appear as an ugly and repulsive figure, causing discomfort and aversion in those who crossed his path.

To him, these disguises were nothing more than a game, and Alexei had grown accustomed to the charade.

As the snow continued to fall gently around them, Alexei couldn't help but feel a sense of weariness.

Dealing with individuals like this man is always an exhausting endeavour.

He knew that behind that friendly smile lay a cunning and calculating mind, always seeking an advantage.

Though he could not really blame the man. After all, he is also the same

Despite the man's seemingly warm demeanour, Alexei remained cautious.

He was well-versed in the games of manipulation and intrigue that pervaded the world of politics and power. Trust is a precious commodity in these treacherous waters, and Alexei wasn't about to give it away easily.

And they never were the best of friend and trust between them is very...thin.

The man looks at the sky and he look at the snow and his eyes are cold.

"She is angry and the entire Moscow had to feel it" Alexei could feel that man hidden anger. Well, considering he knows a bit about this man history more than he did before, it is now understandable why.

"Is it so surprising?"

"It should be" the man said with a hint of anger in his tone

"Gods" he mutters

Alexei understood what this man talks

"What name?" Alexei suddenly asks. The man raises his eyebrows like he doesn't understand.

"Before, it was Peter Pettigrew. Now, which name you take for yourself?"

"John"

"John what?"

"Doe"

Alexei chuckles a bit

"You should stick with one theme"

"I didn't have time"

Alexei sighed and then he scattered more feed to the fishes.

For a moment there is only silence between them.

"Speak" John said

"Katarina is here"

Hearing this John smiles

'She is not Death Monarch. Up there, is not her domain" John did not have to point it for Alexei to understand. Death Monarch is the Heavens.

This is the talk of some common people.

What most people didn't understand was that Death Monarch possess the power of the Heavenly Will because he possesses one third of the Heavenly Will

He usurped the authority of Heavenly Will before it has intelligence.

So, theoretically, Death Monarch, if he wanted to find someone, he could merge with the Heavenly Will and project himself all over the world

He could mobilize heavenly thunder and could create disaster and affect many other things because of his connection to the Heavenly Will

But Katarina isn't. Jean isn't and Hikigaya isn't. All of those people, all is below the Heavenly Will. And while some have the power to use the energy of the Heavens, they themselves does not have the kind of authority that Death Monarch has

Jean and Hikigaya could conceal themselves from the eyes of the Heavenly Will because of the virtue of their strength

But Katarina is not a Divine Comprehension leveler. The cosmic forces that she could control could not rival those that are in Divine Comprehension level.

She could still be contained. She could still be killed.

And so, she is not Death Monarch.

And so, Alexei should not have worried. But he said those words, and mentioned her name

It seems Alexei dread this conversation. Alexei sighed.

"Then, we have to talk"

"I doubt you came here to check how I am doing?"

John nodded

"What do you think of the weapon?"

"It creates chaos. And it took even Death Monarch by surprise. All in all, I think the weapon that the Magician created is quite.... magical"

"Then your people should have called my people. And then my people would call the Magician"

"Heh" Alexei snorted a bit.

"Did you forget that the Crime Alliance had just lost many of their operatives. Crime families' crumbles and operation stopped in many places of the world. Not to mention, all of the Pirate Lords are scurrying around the sea, trying to hide from the sharp edges of the world power. This is not a good time for buying weapons and standing out"

This time, it is John that snorted.

"You try that the last time didn't you. You all bow your head, hide in the dark, and scatter away with just hearing the name of Death Monarch. Did it work?"

Hearing this Alexei did not know how to refute John work

But then sighing he reply

"Well, fighting him head on would not work either. Or did you just forget what happens in the war that happens just a week ago. The Crime Alliance bet almost ninety percent of their forces in this all-out attack. There is Kaiju, there is the Pirate Lords and we attack everywhere all at the same time. We thought at least, it would inflict great damage to the world power and force to negotiate with us"

He paused for a second and then continued

"But what did happen? Jean alone is enough to quell the attack on other places in the world. And a few places that we did hit, is not a population center or an important enough city to inflict damage to the world power. It is not like we want to hide; it is our only choice to survive right now"

John only smiles and spoke

"There is a vacuum right now. Your people going to need weapons and arms. And the bomb and the weapon need to be upgraded" Alexei nodded slowly. And John smiles become even wider. He then continued

"We believe that Death Monarch is going to enter into seclusion. Jean is worried about his woman. Hikigaya would not meddle with anyone as long as people does not touch his interest. This time.... tell your people to rebuild the Crime Alliance to be stronger and more unified' he paused for a second before saying

"You lost a lot of people this time. But, let's think of it positively. Now, it is easier to reorganize and do some reform. New blood could rise. The Crime Alliance should be a real alliance. You should tell those old people that things need to change. Or they would be swallowed by the tides of time"

Alexei heard what the rat says and he frowns a bit. He knows the Rat. And he knows who the Rat is working for.

He is working for the Magician. But the Magician while he is adept in many magical methods, one thing he is not, is that of a strategist

Someone else is giving the Rat all of these ideas.

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[Chapter 1550 Magnificent Era](#)

"Those words.... those are not the Magician words"

"It is not" he confessed easily

"Who is it then?"

"The Magician has other allies. And some of them are very cooperative. We are quite sure that Death Monarch would enter into seclusion. That is the time"

"Time for what?"

"Reclaim back some of the influence. Death Monarch.... Hikigaya and Jean.... they have more important things to do. Ants like us only could take their attention for a little while"

He paused a second, a cold smile formed on the edge of his mouth.

"But even ants could bite. And some powerful ants could bite until you kneel to the ground and die" he chuckles and then said

"But.... you and your people are still just small ants whose bite could not even tickle. So, when that time comes, take it. Take it and grow stronger. Because unlike ants, we are people. And we could learn from our mistake. We could grow. And we could become stronger"

For a moment there is silence between them both

Alexei seems to be thinking of something. The silence did not last long as John continue saying

"Corruption abhors a vacuum. If you could time it well, this defeat might a blessing in disguise. You could pick some people to unify the Crime Alliance structure. Even though you called yourself part of the Crime Alliance, in the end, you are not truly united"

Alexei frowned.

"The Red Table is there" he mentions. Hearing this John snorted.

"Convince them. Convince them that they are wrong. The Red table could stay. Trying to move that would create another war. But what is necessary is for the Crime Alliance to rebrand itself. Solve the

vacuum and then lay low. And scheme in the dark. Don't try to fight Death Monarch openly. You would not win"

Alexei frowned

But John maintains his smile

"Even if you found someone who is stronger than Death Monarch, you could not win against him"

"Why? Alexei asks

"The world depends on him. The interest of the world power depends on him.

When that interest is so large as it is now, even if you want him to die, so many people wanted him to live. Just by standing on the seat of the strongest person in the world and shielding and protecting so many people...he created this large interest"

He paused for a second. He looks at the distant sky, seeing the snow keep falling, enveloping the lake slowly.

He then continues

"Even the world power relies on him to maintain the balance of the other world power. This is not like the beginning of the Fall where warlords could rise and fall easily"

The Rat also one of the old generations. The one who was in the beginning of the Fall. Where monsters like zombies were rampant all over the world and even a small beast could kill him.

At that time, it was an era of chaos. There were warlords all over the world, all trying to assert dominance in the new world.

Rising and falling all the time

"The entrenched power wanted to keep the status quo. And killing Death Monarch now is not the same as before. Before, if you kill him, you only kill him"

"A death of one person, even if that person is the strongest man in the world would not affect so many things. Because at that time, his death would mean other forces could grow. At that time, it was the wild west. Now, it is not. Now, if you try to kill him, what would crumble is the world order"

He laughs because of how ludicrous it is. But it is what it is. There is example in history that also could pertain to this kind of situation

Just like Franz Ferdinand death led to the world war, he is quite sure if Death Monarch is assassinated or killed, what would await is another chaotic period of Earth

Pandemonium still has many experts.

But without Death Monarch on the helm, Pandemonium would be besieged by the world powers that wanted to replace it as the premier power of the world forces.

And in such instances, what that would lead to is inevitably a world war with the world powers would surely taking sides and when that happens, the world order would rumble and there is a possibility that the war would be so huge that Earth itself would be swallowed whole by it.

Pandemonium wrath would drag down the entire world into a world war. And it is a world war that this world could not survive. And John sighed

"How I wish I could kill him" he muttered

Then he looked at Alexei and smirk

"And when he fights something that is labeled evil like your organization, he would get the support of the world and in turn even the Heavenly Will has to listen to the will of the world"

"You are branded evil. And nobody decent wanted to live under the tyranny of evil. So, fighting openly only increase the support of Death Monarch. He would find allies wherever he would go but you would find every inch, every step you take would be met with great resistance. So, from the very first moment, you have lost."

Alexei listen to all of this but he did not change his face at all

Instead, he chuckles. Because he found it ironic

"I never knew you were that...generous and merciful. For the people and for the world" he nearly laughed out loud. I think you should take a look at

Hearing this John only chuckles

"For the people and for the world?" John laughed.

What he wanted to destroy is not Death Monarch.

What he wanted to destroy is the world powers.

All of them. Every last of them

And the Magician shares the same view. That is why the Rat who always betrays people, for some inexplicable reason seems awfully loyal to the Magician.

But it is not inexplicable at all.

Those people that wanted the Rat to be loyal to them have never had something that the Rat deemed important.

The path is not the same, so how could they walk the same path?

Every person has their own desire and their own lines and their own rules. And the Magician way, his path is the same path that the Rat wanted to walk on.

And so, people of the same path should walk together.

As for Alexei after hearing about what John have to say, he ponders for a second before saying

"The will of the people?" he scoffed.

But when Alexei thinks about it again, he found out that the upper management really did ignore this one part of the equation

But in this world, with the mystical energy all over the world, even an inconsequential oath had binding power

Even more so, when wills converge and desire could move the Heaven.

The will of the people then is not just a word. But sometimes it could act as a shield. And at other times, it could be a sword that could cut.

Alexei remember that Katarina slashes her sword. And her sword cut Kaiju. How could such a sword cut Kaiju?

Some people still could not find the answer to that question. Katarina is clearly a Disk Formation leveler? As for Kaiju, when he holding that trident, he possesses the power to fight equally with Death Monarch

Some people speculated that Death Monarch is on the peak realm of Divine Comprehension realm so at that time, Katarina sword should not be able to cut Kaiju.

But it was that sword that cut Kaiju and led to his defeat. No one expected that.

And it is also because of that the snow keep falling.

Because people feared that Katarina could cut that sword again. And this time, that sword might fall toward the Senate.

Alexei was never a fighting maniac like some of the powerful people in the world. He likes to settle things with negotiations and words

But just because he is not a fighting maniac does not mean he does not fight. Those who survived the Fall are all battle hardened warriors in their own way.

And just like everyone else in the world, he also thought about that sword. And why it could cut Kaiju

He is not a swordsman and he does not use sword, but clearly, there is something to learn there.

"The number one beauty in the world, the Ice Queen Katarina

She wears white, untainted like the first snow that falls from the heavens.

Her sword is red, crimson like blood.

The Red Queen comes out, a Fairy from the White Palace comes from the West"

There is many such words about Katarina.

He thought about that sword strike and he felt it has something to do with accumulating momentum of invincibility. But why does he think about that sword strike right now

Because the will of the world, the will of the people, emotions and desires is like that. Intangible things that could be made tangible.

Like an aura of invincibility that could cut down Gods and Demons, who's to say that the will of the people could not move the Heavens and bring down Heaven Punishment?

Who's to say merit does not shield?

Who's to say that evil will be punished and good will be rewarded by these forces?

Will of the people, the Will of the Heaven, these intangible things is now becoming tangible.

"What a world , what an era" he thought to himself.