

## Shadow 1551

### [Chapter 1551 Tartarus](#)

Alexei has something to think about even in his days of seclusion. And now meeting with the Rat, he now has new things to think about and even many more question

Like who is this new person beside the Magician? The Magician and the Crime Alliance has cooperated with each other but those who knows about this cooperation should know that this cooperation between them is done grudgingly

pandasnovel.com The Magician never like the Crime Alliance. And there were many times that the Magician killed the members of the Crime Alliance.

And the Crime Alliance also did not like the Magician that much. The only reason they cooperate is because sometimes their interest aligned.

And because of that, the Criem Alliance had done some research on the Magician. Alexei of course has access to these files and so he knows something about the Magician.

He knows that this person does not trust anyone. And he had little allies. He is an outsider. He does not bow to the world powers but neither did he identify himself with the rebels and he abhors the Crime Alliance and what it stood for.

All in all, this is a person who fight against the world.... alone. So, hearing that he now have an ally, set some alarms in Alexei heart.

At least at this moment, their interest still aligns with each other.

Because he does not know why is this person helping the Magician?

Any sane person would not help him.

In the past when his people began contacting the Magician, he already did an extensive review of the magician and what he concluded is that the Magician is a crazy person.

What he wanted to accomplish is not sane at all. So, he wonders, who is the person that would aid such insane person?

He looks again at John and he frowned.

He did not believe that John came here simply to remind him of this thing. There are other ways of contacting him that does not requires him to come here

To come here to Moscow, so close to the Senate, so close to Jean quarters and the Ice palace. This is a very dangerous place to be right now. Especially for the Rat.

Alexei has got some winds that there are people that are searching for him. He heard from a guy that he knew that heard from another guy he knew that the Speedster is sniffing around for the Rat

And that is not good. That is not good at all.

"Out with it. I don't think you came all the way here just to tell me this inconsequential thing. You have to jump through hoops of security scrambling but if this is all you need to talk about, you could call me through some secret back door line. There is no need for you to come to Moscow at such a..." Alexei tries to find the word before settling into "sensitive time"

John's smirk, his eyes gleaming with an enigmatic glint.

He savoured the moment, seemingly basking in the wintry atmosphere that surrounded them, as if drawing strength from its icy embrace.

"You're right. I do not come here simply to tell you all of this"

Alexei waited for him to spit it out

"I came here because I need your help with something"

And Alexei nodded.

He might not like the Rat but he still depends on this person. Right now, Alexei knows that the Crime Alliance needs all the ally they could get

"What do you want?"

John did not answer immediately. Instead, he looks toward the distance. He closes his eyes for a few second like he is savoring the coldness that is now enveloping Moscow.

Then he opens his eyes and spoke

"Smuggle me into Tartarus"

Hearing this Alexei frowned. For a moment, he did not say anything. There is silence and this silence is pressuring.

"That's not an easy ask" Alexei said and he paused for a second before saying

"I require something of equal value to make this worth it. If I do this, the world forces would be convinced that there is a mole among them. This is a high-risk task. Unless you have some great treasure or some worthy information that could make this trade equal, I have to decline"

For a moment there is silence between them

In Greek mythology, Tartarus is the deep abyss that is used as a dungeon of torment and suffering for the wicked and as the prison for the Titans.

Tartarus is the place where souls are judged after death and where the wicked received divine punishment.

Originally Tartarus was used only to confine dangers to the gods of Olympus.

In later mythologies, Tartarus became a space dedicated to the imprisonment and torment of mortals who had sinned against the gods, and each punishment was unique to the condemned.

In Roman mythology, sinners (as defined by the Roman societal and cultural mores of their time) are sent to Tartarus for punishment after death.

Virgil describes Tartarus in great detail in the Aeneid, Book VI.

He described it as expansive. It is surrounded by three perimeter walls, beyond which flows a flaming river named "the Phlegethon.

To further prevent escape, a hydra with fifty black, gaping jaws, sits atop a gate that screeches when opened.

They are flanked by adamantine columns, a substance that, like diamond, is so hard, nothing can cut through it.

Inside the walls of Tartarus sits a wide-walled castle with a tall, iron turret.

Tisiphone, one of the Erinyes who represents vengeance, stands sleepless guard at the top of the turret lashing her whip.

Roman mythology describes a pit inside extending down into the earth twice as far as the distance from the lands of the living to Olympus.

The twin sons of the Titan Aloeus were said to be imprisoned at the bottom of this pit.

But in The Republic, there is also a prison.

A secret prison known only to a few. And this prison is called TartarusI think you should take a look at

This Tartarus is a prison of the highest kind, filled with all kinds of horrors that the world could offer.

Not many people know how the prison looks like. But Alexei knows

Tartarus is a prison veiled in secrecy and known only to a select few within The Republic, existed as a place of unimaginable horrors.

It is the abyss of torment, where the malevolent souls and the wicked were confined, enduring divine punishment for their transgressions.

That is basically political talk for political enemies, enemies of the state and enemies of the world

Within its dreaded walls, the very essence of fear and despair permeated the air. The red dark aura permeates the entire prison.

The prison's construction itself is an enigma, designed to be labyrinthine and disorienting.

Its twisted corridors and shifting walls could bewilder even the most astute navigators, leading them to wander aimlessly amidst the oppressive darkness.

At this, the Republic took some inspiration from one of the World Government Labyrinthian prison design where one need to have a certain item to successful walk inside this labyrinthine structure

The World Government has something that is called the Lantern of Direction

Those who hold it could go wherever his heart desire. The description of this particular magical artefact is not really understood by many people.

Oreki the Thunder Monarch had uses it to save Raymond and Sofia during Pandikar coup.

It is a place called the Maze and that is where the Republic got the idea. Not only it fits with the whole concept of Tartarus nit also could make full play of vairtaiosn in array formation and could eaiusly be superimposed on top of energy lode.

Lantern of Direction showing him where he need to go even though he is inside the most

For those who are not versed in the methods of array formation, illusion, curses and dark magic, Tartarus is a place of no escape, and for many, the agony of eternal confinement awaited.

The first layer of horrors lay in the forms of grotesque and monstrous beings, from colossal titans to sinister entities that defied mortal comprehension.

Chthonian-like monsters.

The Dark Seekers has a name for them.

Anomalous Entities.

The Dark Seekers of the Republic caught these entities and then imprisoned them and those that they could tame they would throw it into Tartarus making it even more of a horror than it is supposed to be

These abominations lurked in the shadows, ever watchful for any signs of weakness among the prisoners.

The condemned faced their deepest fears embodied in these monstrosities, each a reflection of their darkest sins and past wrongdoings.

Moreover, dark and malevolent magic permeated every inch of the prison, twisted and intertwined with the very fabric of Tartarus.

Incantations of suffering and forbidden rituals were etched into the prison walls, amplifying the torment of the captives.

The very air pulsed with arcane energies, each whisper carrying the promise of excruciating pain.

One of the most dreaded chambers within Tartarus was the Chamber of Nightmares, where the prisoners were subjected to the most potent illusions designed to exploit their deepest traumas and fears.

Each captive is forced to confront their darkest memories and relive the moments of their worst mistakes, tormenting their minds until their sanity hung by a thread.

The infamous Hydra Gate stood as the last barrier between the prisoners and the outside world.

Its fifty black, gaping jaws seemed to mock any hope of escape, while its blood-curdling screeches struck fear into even the bravest souls.

Only those with indomitable wills could pass through this nightmarish gate, and even they faced the risk of being torn asunder by its ravenous maw.

Deep within Tartarus lay the heart of the prison—a dark, foreboding castle with a towering iron turret.

At its pinnacle stood Tisiphone, one of the Erinyes, mercilessly lashing her whip as she kept vigil over the damned.

Of course, this is not the real Tisiphone.

But an illusion of her.

But an illusion added with some magic make it real.

And the fear and the despair added to the power of the prison, creating its own rules and laws when you enter Tartarus.

But perhaps the most insidious aspect of Tartarus was the despair that gripped the prisoners' hearts.

Hope is an elusive illusion, forever out of reach, leaving them in a perpetual state of hopelessness.

The chilling echoes of tormented souls resonated within the prison walls, a constant reminder of their unending suffering.

In this realm of perpetual darkness and anguish, time itself seemed to lose meaning.

Centuries could pass like fleeting moments, and every day felt like an eternity.

For those confined within Tartarus, the concept of redemption was but a distant memory, and the idea of freedom seemed as unattainable as the stars in the night sky.

the realm of Tartarus—a living nightmare, where every breath was agony and every moment a struggle against the void of despair.

It is a place designed by the Republic to break the spirit and punish the wicked, a reminder of the consequences that awaited those who dared to defy divine order.

And the divine order is the order of the strong.

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## **Chapter 1552 Playing With Fire**

The divine order of the strong currently is the world power and in Europe it is the Republic is the divine order

In the hidden annals of the Republic, Tartarus is a prison so clandestine that only a select few are even aware of its existence.

Tartarus is the black site of the Republic, a place of dread and despair where the most dangerous and malevolent individuals are confined.

Its very existence is a well-guarded secret, known only to the highest echelons of the Republic's inner circle.

The secrets of Tartarus are closely held, known only to the few individuals entrusted with overseeing its operations and guarding its darkest secrets.

Alexei knowledge of Tartarus is not due to mere happenstance; he is one of the rare few chosen to serve as a guardian of this dreadful prison.

Tartarus boasts nine doors, each leading to a different realm of suffering and torment, and each door is guarded by a chosen custodian.

These nine guardians are known as the Guardians of the Nine Directions, and they represent the Republic's ultimate authority over this shadowy domain.

Among the guardians stands Jean, the Time Master, and the Center Guardian of Tartarus.

Jean's role is pivotal, as he holds dominion over the central door, connecting all other doors and realms within the prison.

Alexei, himself, serves as the Guardian of the North, one of the eight other guardians entrusted with maintaining the prison's security and secrecy.

The identities of the other guardians remain shrouded in mystery, veiled in the shadows like the sinister depths of Tartarus itself.

Even he did not know all the other guardians as they rarely meet and greet each other

Each guardian presides over a particular door, ensuring that no person shall pass without authorization.

The guardians are chosen not only for their loyalty but also for their unyielding resolve to carry out their duties without question or hesitation.

The exception to this was Jean who rarely in the prison or cares about the prison that much

As the secrets of Tartarus persist, the prison remains concealed from many senators and Republic officials, their knowledge limited to only the most essential and highest-ranking individuals.

Its existence is so deeply obscured that even those who are aware of the prison dare not speak its name aloud, for fear of inviting peril upon themselves.

Tartarus is a chilling reminder of the Republic ability to wield darkness and terror as weapons in the pursuit of its goals.

The prison's enigmatic nature and the horrors concealed within its walls strike fear into the hearts of those who know of its existence, a grim testament to the lengths the Republic will go to maintain its grip on power and secrecy.

Alexei is the Guardian on the North. There is the Guardian of the South, the East, the West, the Northeast, the Southeast, the Northwest and the Southwest.

Nine directions, nine doors, nine guardians.

Since the creation of Tartarus no one has ever been able to break into it or break out of it. One of the reasons is because not many people knows that it exists.

The other reason is because of its nature as an invisible prison that no one could see

Alexei look at John and then said

The revelation that John knew about the existence of Tartarus surprised Alexei.

The prison's secrecy had been meticulously maintained, and its invisibility had contributed to its impregnable reputation.

"It is surprising that you know about the prison. But Tartarus is not exactly a good place to enter. And if you are entering, then that means there is something you wanted to do. And the things you wanted to do; I doubt that it would be a small thing"

John smiles a little

His smile seemed to imply a sense of defiance; his gaze unwavering. He turned his attention to Alexei, questioning the sudden interest.

"Since when do you care so much about my actions?" he retorted playfully. "Can you manage it, though? Can you smuggle me into Tartarus? That is all I want to know. Can you do it? And if you could do it, would you do it?"

Alexei thinks for a second and then ask again

"What could you pay me with?" John smiles and then said

'The world shattering, reality bending kind" John answered.

And hearing this Alexei could not help but laugh

"How about a few secrets?"

"What kind of secret?"

'The world shattering, reality bending kind" John answered.

And hearing this Alexei could not help but laugh

But he did not doubt John. The rat is many things. And because of that he believes that the Rat knows many secrets.

The Rat had always been a slippery figure, weaving through the shadows and surviving in the world of deception and intrigue.

It is precisely because of these qualities that Alexei believed in the credibility of John's offer.

Over the years, the Rat had made enemies and allies alike, accumulating a vast network of connections and acquiring knowledge that few could rival.

It is this web of secrets that made John a valuable and dangerous asset, a double-edged sword that could give him an advantage or pull him into a whirlpool of things he did not want to get involved with.

Alexei's mind raced with possibilities; his curiosity piqued by the prospect of gaining access to information

He is a man who trades is secret

He knew that he was stepping into treacherous waters, but he is a man who thrived on risk and calculated moves.

The gamble is worth taking, for the rewards were too great to ignore.

John could see that Alexei is interested. And from that second, John knew he got him

John's smile widened, a glint of triumph in his eyes.

He knows he has succeeded The Rat has always been a master manipulator, but he has also chosen his allies carefully.

And in Alexei, he saw a partner who could complement his ambitions.

The moment continues and there is silence between them

Amidst the biting cold wind and the falling snow, Alexei stood in silence, his gaze fixed on the distant horizon.

The ever-increasing aura from the foreboding Ice Palace seemed to seep into the air, creating an atmosphere of unease.

It was as if the very environment mirrored the complexity of the situation he found himself in.

John's proposal hung in the air, and Alexei weighed the potential gains against the risks.

He was no noble-hearted hero, but a cunning and manipulative spy driven by his own self-interests.

The offer of world-shattering secrets was undeniably alluring, but he knew better than to trust the Rat completely.

Theirs was a bond forged out of convenience, not camaraderie.

Their alliance was a dance of veiled intentions and hidden motives.

Each had their own agenda, and neither could afford to let their guard down.

As the cold continued to swirl around them, Alexei's nod conveyed a reluctant agreement to the proposition.

The cold wind is still blowing, the snow keeps falling and that aura from the Ice Palace is still increasing

"The snow is too cold," Alexei muttered, and John instantly grasped the hidden meaning behind his words.

They had always communicated in riddles and veiled language, a necessity in their line of work. John knew exactly who Alexei was referring to.

In the world they navigated, every word carried weight, every phrase held a deeper connotation.

It is a conversation of coded messages and subtle cues, a way to protect themselves from prying eyes and ears.



Such oblique conversations had become second nature to them, a means of survival in a world of espionage and intrigue.

The snow....who else could it referred to? John has his problems. And Alexei also has his own problems.

Then Alexei spoke.

"I hope the secret would be worth it" This time it is John turns to simply nod and not say anything

These two people who have a very different objective look in the distance, looking at the snow falling, feeling the cold wind blowing and look at the tall high Ice Palace in the distance like some kind of tower of doom

And then Alexei ask

"Who do you want to see?"

Smiling John answer

"Europe problem"

And Alexei look toward his side, looking at John like he is crazy. He wanted to say something but he held his tongue.

Europe problem could only refer to that person. To that man. Boris

"No wonder, he came to me" Alexei thought in his mind.

Instead, he sighed and look again toward the distance

"I can do it"

With that answer, John chuckles and he no longer look toward the sky. Instead, he walks away from the garden and in just a few moments, he already went out of the residence.

Alexei is now alone in the pavilion, and he sighed.

"I don't know what you are planning to do Magician. But this.... this is like playing with fire." He muttered to himself.

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Tartarus has always been cold and somber, dark and eerie. After all, Tartarus has a reputation to maintain as a place of unimaginable horrors

Tartarus is a prison inside the dimension of Earth own reality. In a way it is very similar to the Sangmin Mirror Dimension

The different was that Tartarus is like a brane. An extra dimension that is forced to exist in Earth own familiar reality and space time.

Unseen particles make the prison even more unseen and even more intangible. The creation of such a prison is a remarkable progress of science mixed with magic beyond mortal comprehension

The prison itself has some trace of many deep issue of science, physics, quantum mechanics and quantum entanglement like space time symmetry and extra dimension theory all baked into its construction

In a way Tartarus is a brane of extra dimension on Earth. Tartarus is in a dimension of its own, hidden from the world because of its own different rules and warped sense of its own rules.

However, even though Tartarus is invisible, they could affect the world and the universe. Hence it has a solid place where it is tethered into the reality of Earth

There are lots of things that one cannot see with the naked eye that turn out to be based in reality.

This extra dimension occupies a barren place.

This place itself is barren and have no people inside it or any living creatures other than some monster nest and dungeons.

It is a valley.

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### **Chapter 1553 Chaos All Over the World I**

This extra dimension occupies a barren place.

This place itself is barren and have no people inside it or any living creatures other than some monster nest and dungeons.

It is a valley.

Specifically, the Valley of Geysers. It is a geyser field on Kamchatka Peninsula. Before the Fall, it has the second largest concentration of geysers in the world.

It is six-kilometer-long basin with around ninety geysers and a lot of hot springs.

Situated on the Russian Far East, predominantly on the left bank of the ever-deepening Geysernaya River, into which geothermal waters flow from a relatively young stratovolcano, Kikhpinych.

Before the Fall, it is part of the Kronotsky Nature Reserve and incorporated into the World Heritage Site "Volcanoes of Kamchatka"

The valley even before the Fall is difficult to reach, with helicopters providing the only feasible means of transport.

It is a pulsating geyser. In 2007 there was a mudflow damage. There is not many people that visit there though there is tourist that come there

Foreign tourists were allowed into the valley in 1991. About 3,000 tourists visited the site annually

However, with the arrival of the Fall, the once serene valley transformed into a nesting ground for a myriad of monstrous creatures.

The eruption of chaos unleashed an influx of deadly beasts, making the Valley of Geysers a treacherous and perilous place to tread.

The serene beauty was replaced by an eerie and forbidding landscape, shrouded in the mysteries of the unseen extra dimension.

No living beings dared to enter the valley now, except for those drawn by perilous quests or those who sought to confront the malevolent forces lurking within.

As the forces of Boris reclaimed the land under the banner of the Revolutionary Army, the Valley of Geysers became a place of significant interest.

Its unique natural features and remote location made it an ideal spot to study and potentially harness for the new Republic's advancements in technology and magic.

After the revolution succeeded, and the Revolutionary Army became the Republic with access to newfound technologies and powerful magic abilities, the military faction saw an opportunity to establish a clandestine prison—a black site unlike any other.

The black site of all black site.

This hidden prison would serve as the ultimate detention facility, capable of containing the most dangerous and formidable adversaries to the Republic's stability and security.

The decision to build the prison in the Valley of Geysers was not arbitrary.

Its remoteness and natural defense provided a level of security that few other places could match.

Not to mention that after the Fall, there is hardly any settlements around this area and it is barren and since it become even harder to tread, it is the ideal place.

The volatile geysers become even more volatile and the treacherous terrain filled with nest of monsters surrounding the valley acted as a natural deterrent to potential intruders, making access to the prison nearly impossible without the Republic knowledge.

The construction of the prison was a remarkable feat, combining advanced technology, magical expertise, and scientific knowledge that pushed the boundaries of mortal comprehension.

Using the principles of the unseen extra dimension, they built an invisible, intangible prison—one that existed within the very fabric of Earth's own reality, yet hidden from the perception of ordinary beings.

The laws of time and space were carefully overlaid onto the prison, creating a complex and intricate web of dimensions that defied mortal comprehension.

Powerful invisibility formations were woven into the very fabric of Tartarus, making it undetectable to the naked eye and shielding it from the prying senses of both mortal and supernatural beings.

These formations were designed to distort light, sound, and energy signatures, rendering the entire prison hidden from any form of conventional detection.

In addition to the invisible barriers, various magic research and techniques were integrated into Tartarus's construction.

The fusion of magical spells, rituals, and enchantments allowed the prison to manipulate reality itself, bending and warping its own existence to remain hidden and inaccessible.

Within Tartarus, the laws of nature seemed to twist and turn, creating a surreal environment where time flowed differently, and spatial dimensions overlapped and intertwined.

It was as if the prison existed on the fringes of reality, occupying a place beyond mortal comprehension—a place that lay hidden even from the most perceptive beings in the world.

The convergence of science and magic in Tartarus's creation led to a prison that transcended the limitations of the physical world.

It became a place where the boundaries of reality were blurred, and the laws of the universe seemed to be mere suggestions rather than unyielding rules.

The Republic's most brilliant minds, both scientists and magicians alike, contributed their expertise to ensure that Tartarus remained an impregnable fortress, capable of containing the most powerful and dangerous individuals.

Of course, most of these scientists did not know what they were building at the time. And those who knows about it is sworn to secrecy, put under surveillance and in some cases have their memories wiped away.

Shockingly enough, even Pandemonium did not know the existence of this prison. Not Katarina, not the Senators.

The only one who knew of the existence of this prison, is the high-ranking military members during the decision of the construction of this prison, the nine guardians of the prison, Boris who was one of the designers of this prison and a few influential senators of the Senate.

Beyond the Republic's borders, whispers and rumours circulated about the existence of Tartarus.

However, the secrecy surrounding the prison proved effective in shrouding its true nature in mystery.

Those who heard the rumours could only speculate about the prison's purpose and capabilities, with no concrete evidence to validate their claims.

Even Sasha, renowned for her intelligence network that spans the globe, faced difficulties in confirming the validity of the rumours surrounding Tartarus.

The elusive nature of the prison and the Republic's ability to keep it hidden made it challenging to obtain concrete evidence or first-hand accounts about its existence.

While she might have come across whispers and speculations, Sasha knew better than to take unverifiable sources at face value, especially when dealing with a place as secretive and enigmatic as Tartarus.

Similarly, the other world powers also treated the rumours about Tartarus with scepticism.

Despite their vast resources and intelligence capabilities, they encountered the same barriers in attempting to uncover the truth behind the supposed hidden prison.

But right now, is anyone paying attention to this prison?

No one. All over the world, the forces of the world is trying to find ways to survive the aftermath of Death Monarch victory.

Jean is now scrambling all over the world trying to find an antidote for his woman. Hikigaya went back in Japan and knowing him, unless no one provokes him, he would stay there.

Death Monarch wanted to implement the creation of the Ten Realms, converging the continents of the world and separating it into ten super mega continents so that that it would be easier to manage

In Lotus Order, there is a lot of new problems. It began in Indonesia. And like a bushfire it spreads rapidly.

The Lotus Order faces not only rebellion in Indonesia but also several other uprisings spreading across Asia.

The Order's hold on their territory is becoming increasingly tenuous as dissidents take advantage of the chaos to challenge their authority.

When the pirates and the Crime Alliance was attacking the territory of the Lotus Order, the warlords all over Asia see the current weakness of the Lotus Order.

Lotus Order itself was never an overlord of these countries in Asia and they were once beat down by the local warlords many times

it is not until Pandemonium interference that led to a peaceful coexistence between Lotus order occupied territory and the warlords all over Asia.

But with Death Monarch plans and the change of the world, with thousands of continents all over the world, many people does not think that they have to stay in Asia.

However, when Death Monarch speak about creating another ten continents, merging the continent into ten mega super continents, even the warlords began to have some ideas.

A Lotus Order the size of Asia is already tempting enough but a Lotus Order the size of which could rival the size of Earth in the past before the Multiversal Convergence could make anyone eyes bulged with excitement.

After all, Lotus Order is given the mandate by Pandemonium and the mandate is simple.

If you have the strength, the ability to convince people to let you rule over them, then your position is worthy and virtuous.

If not, then it is a change of dynasty, a change of power. In other words, the world powers need to have enough force of power to make people submit.

When Death Monarch created the Seven world power, changing the geopolitical faction in the world, his vision was simple.

He was appointing steward for the world. He did it not because he is an altruistic person. He did it because he can and because it is not hard for him to do it.

Lotus Order took up the order and regardless how they do it, they managed to come on top. But, everything under the Heavens has its own rule and law.

And time passes and things changes.

And these rebellions, all of this probably because they wanted to change the head of the Lotus Order.

In Indonesia, a group of warlords has grown unruly and defiant, rallying their forces against the Lotus Order's rule.

Fuelled by grievances and a desire for independence from the so called Lotus Lords, they wage guerrilla warfare, attempting to destabilize the Order's control over the region.

In India, a sect of powerful ascetics has risen

These mystics seek to overthrow the Lotus Order's dominance over them and also to wipe out the warlords in India that have been killing and pillaging all the cities.

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#### [Chapter 1554 &nbsp;Chaos All Over the World II](#)

##### 1554 Chaos All Over the World II

Because of the Fall, the most affected regions on Earth is Australia, China, and India.

China population which reaches nearly one billion in the past is now only around a handful of million people scattered all over the world

India is the same.

Their population was rising before the Fall but the Fall put a full stop to that reducing India population to only around two million people.

The more populated a place is before the Fall, the stronger the monster that was there. Japan was an exception

India took a lot of time to recuperate and their warlords that rose during those unstable years of the Early Fall did not help

India now has a problem that they never had before.

They have too much land and resources but not enough people to live in it.

Because of that Indian warlord lack people.

And when the Lotus Order offers them a seat on the Lotus Order Council, some of them agreed. But those that agreed exploits the Indian people

Some of those who were oppressed under the warlord attribute this to Lotus Order nonchalance.

The things that these warlords did, violated the Geneva Convention multiple times.

Even though Geneva Convention is a thing of the past, there is still a code of conduct one should not cross and this was reiterated in the World Council.

And Pandemonium look seriously at this kind of thing and even have the desire to hold the Order of Thinkers responsible for human experimentation.

The Lotus Order let the warlords in India do whatever they wanted and the ascetic rises and began to point their weapons toward Lotus Order and the warlords in India.

In China, a faction of leveller, calling themselves the "Heavenly Sword Alliance," are openly challenging the Lotus Order's supremacy.

However, this is not surprising. Every once in a while, in China, there would be this uprising and rebellions.

There was many of such rebellions in the past. There was that Dragon Slaying League. The Yellow Sky Societies and many more

This is just another one of those rebel factions wanting to take power from the central authority

Not everyone was happy when Emperor Wei become the Lotus Order leader.

The Southeast Asian region also witnesses the "Winds of Freedom," a coalition of coastal nations and island communities, united in their quest for autonomy and resistance against the Lotus Order's expansionist policies.

All in all, the Lotus Order is in quite a bind right now

The Eurasian Steppe is also making a move trying to attack the Lotus Palace.

Amid these multiple rebellions, the Lotus Order also faces unprecedented challenges to its territorial integrity and ideological dominance.

Their resources are spread thin as they attempt to quell uprisings and reassert control.

Internal divisions and dissent among the Order's own ranks further complicate their efforts to manage the situation.

As the Lotus Order grapples with these rebellions, other world powers watch closely, contemplating whether to exploit the chaos or seize the opportunity to further their own agendas.

The delicate balance of power in Asia teeters on the edge, and the world holds its breath, uncertain of what the future holds.

On the other side of the world, in Antarctica, the Order of Thinkers had to deal with a different kind of problem

Was it because of the Multiversal Convergence? Was it because of the great fluctuation of energy that erupted in the Ten Seas during the battle between Death Monarch and Kaiju?

No one knows the cause but there is a startling development that occurs in the mysterious and dangerous Blood Sea

The Blood Sea becomes even more treacherous. Its crimson water become even redder and darker.

All kinds of vision seems to appear just a few days after the war ended.

Usually, this kind of inexplicable phenomena will be a subject of fascination among scholars and researchers within the Order.

However, recent events have escalated its peril to a new level. The Order of Thinkers arrived at a terrifying conclusion after they take their measurement.

The Blood Sea has expanded its boundaries, encroaching upon nearby territories and wreaking havoc on the land.

Its malevolent influence extends beyond its original confines, causing strange mutations in nearby flora and fauna.

Creatures that venture too close to its shores exhibit abnormal behaviour and gain unnatural abilities, becoming more aggressive and destructive.

The monsters seem to become, in a simple way of speaking, Chthonian. Becoming intangible and horrifying in a way that is different than usual, attacking souls and minds.

Worse yet, reports surface of shadowy figures lurking within the Blood Sea, emerging during the night to conduct dark rituals and sacrifices.

It seems that some people have found a way to harness the power of the Blood Sea. This however did not deter the researchers of the Order of Thinkers as they become even more interested in the secrets of the Blood Sea.

The intentions of these people that sometimes emerge during the night from the depths of the Blood Sea, remain shrouded in mystery, but their actions have escalated the danger surrounding the already ominous body of water.

Meanwhile, in South America, the League of Freedom faces a colossal threat from a titanic monster that emerged from the depths of the Amazon rainforest.

This gargantuan creature, known as "Earth Jaw," possesses the ability to manipulate the very earth beneath it, creating earthquakes and reshaping the landscape at will.

Earth Jaw's colossal size and insatiable hunger for life force have led it on a destructive rampage across the Amazon, consuming all living beings in its path and depleting entire rivers to quench its unyielding thirst.

The League of Freedom, with their diverse array of formidable warriors and mages, face the daunting task of stopping this monstrosity.

But from the reports, many have died trying to stop it

with each passing day, the monster grows stronger, absorbing the essence of the land and its inhabitants.



There is talk that Narleod would bring the Storm Tide to land and face off with this monster. And that is what is happening in South America.

Then there is also North America where the World Government after returning home, also have many problems to deal with

Raymond now have the trident of Poseidon after being gifted by it by Death Monarch

Some people speculated that this is Death Monarch methods to gain the goodwill of the World Government.

It might also have something to do with Raymond path toward Divine Comprehension realm.

Currently, the World Government finds itself lacking a formidable powerhouse to effectively deter other world powers.

In the past, when Hikigaya ascended to the Divine Comprehension realm, the World Government maintained its prestigious position as one of the top three global powers.

However, the situation shifted when Hikigaya chose to separate Japan from the World Government's sphere of influence, leading Oreki and his followers to follow suit.

As a consequence of these secessions, the World Government's high-ranking members are now only at the Disk Formation realm, a level of strength that might still overwhelm smaller powers but is not on par with Pandemonium and the Republic.

Notably, Pandemonium boasts the formidable Death Monarch, while the Republic has the mysterious and mystical power of time with Jean in throne as the strongest person in the Republic

In comparison, the World Government currently lacks any Divine Comprehension realm experts, putting them at a disadvantage.

This shift in power dynamics has ignited speculation and concern among various factions.

Some interpret Death Monarch Azief gifting of the Trident of Poseidon to Raymond as an attempt to bridge this power gap and garner goodwill for the World Government.

However, the significance of this artifact in Raymond's journey towards Divine Comprehension remains uncertain.

Nevertheless, the absence of a Divine Comprehension realm expert within the World Government leaves them in a precarious position amidst the ever-changing currents of the world's power struggles.

It appears that Hirate, the President of the World Government, is placing a significant bet on Raymond potential to achieve a breakthrough into the Divine Comprehension realm.

With the World Government currently lacking a presence at that level of power, Raymond's ascent could be the key to solidifying the organization's position as a dominant force in the world.

By gifting him the Trident of Poseidon, which holds immense power from its origin during the Multiversal Convergence, Death Monarch Azief has seemingly shown his support for Raymond's advancement.

If one thinks about it, Death Monarch had also help Hikigaya during his breakthrough to Divine Comprehension realm during the Multiversal Convergence War

The trident's origins tie it to the divine realms of Olympus, making it a potent artifact that could aid Raymond in his journey.

Hirate likely sees Raymond as the best hope to fill the void left by Hikigaya departure and to equalize the strength of other world powers like Pandemonium and the Republic.

Raymond's success in reaching the Divine Comprehension realm could make him the pillar of the World Government, providing unmatched strength and stability.

And then there is an unexpected news coming from Greece.

Rumours abound as news spreads of a potential alliance between Greece and Japan, reportedly originating from the Golden Syndicate.

While yet to be confirmed, such an alliance would undoubtedly have significant implications for the geopolitical landscape, potentially reshaping the balance of power in the world and probably creating another new world power

For Greece to consider such a strategic partnership, it's evident that they are seeking support and backing from a formidable ally.

Aligning with Japan could offer Greece the strength and resources needed to bolster its position on the global stage and pursue its interests more assertively.

And there seems to sightings of the Great Oracle in Delphi. Erika the Great Oracle is back! And with it the Seven Warlords of Greece began to move.

And when they move, Greece moves.

#### [Chapter 1555 &nbsp;The Man In the Cell](#)

##### 1555 The Man In the Cell

The gang of Pirates all over the Ten Seas find themselves in a state of disarray, their previous strongholds and influence now fractured in just a few days.

Without the Pirate Lords showing their face, and the vacuum of power that is left after many of the Pirate Lords left the area, an internal power struggles seems to be in the horizon

The aftermath of the war have left them weakened and struggling to find new leadership and direction.

Simultaneously, the Crime Alliance now lies in shambles.

Many of their high-ranking members were killed during the War and even the middle man of their operation was not spared.

And with the war lost, there seems to be consensus that the Crime Alliance is the weakest they have ever been since their formation

The dramatic shifts in the global power structure have sent shockwaves through all nations and societies, leaving them grappling to regain their balance in this new, uncertain world.

The sudden vacuums of power have sparked both opportunities and challenges for various aspiring factions, each vying to fill the void and assert their dominance.

Governments and authorities worldwide are working tirelessly to adapt to the evolving landscape, seeking new ways to address emerging threats while preventing potential power vacuums from giving rise to even greater instability.

As the dust begins to settle, the world's eyes are on the unfolding events, anxiously waiting to see which forces will rise, which will fall, and what new equilibrium will ultimately be established in this transformed reality.

In the Republic of Europe, within the confines of her Ice Palace, Katarina's frustration reaches a boiling point, and her complaints resonate with the force of nature.

The consequences of her anger manifest in cold winds sweeping across the continent and a blanket of snow falling over the once temperate lands.

Initially, the wintry effects were limited to Moscow, but as her brother's continued imprisonment remains shrouded in mystery, her wrath spreads further.

Like many Senators, Katarina is unaware of her brother's precise location, which fuels her fury even more.

But she also has learned some politics and intrigue.

Instead of slaughtering all the Senators, the kind of way that she is used to, it seems she is coercing the Senate to make a decision.

And the way she does that is simply by protesting. And when deities like her protest, the effect could be felt all over the world.

The snowfall becomes symbolic of her dissent, covering Europe in a hushed yet forceful display of her displeasure.

The cold winds intensify, causing rivers to freeze and temperatures to plummet significantly below their usual levels.

Moscow, in particular, experiences an extraordinary accumulation of seven feet of snow.

Through this wintry outburst, Katarina forces the Senate to confront the consequences of their actions, or inaction, regarding her brother's fate.

This is her protest.

And sooner or later the Senate had to open their eyes and open their ears and make a decision.

The return of Death Monarch and Katarina, coupled with the ensuing war, has left the entire world on edge, grappling with unprecedented chaos and countless challenges.

The tumultuous events unfold on a global scale, sparing no region from the impact of these seismic changes.

Amidst this whirlwind of transformation, it becomes difficult for the world to focus on issues such as a distant and unknown prison.

The magnitude of events triggered by Death Monarch's return and Katarina's actions is immense.

The world finds itself entangled in a web of conflicts, power struggles, and shifting alliances.

Each nation and faction must deal with its own set of problems arising from the aftermath, making it hard to spare attention for matters seemingly unrelated.

In the midst of this storm, Azief emerges as a catalyst, capable of maintaining an apparent tranquillity when he refrains from action.

The world appears to be a calm and serene lake in those moments.

However, once Azief decides to make his move, it is akin to a massive boulder being cast into the previously placid waters. The impact is profound, sending powerful ripples and splashes in all directions.

A few years ago, if someone told the people in power that one person could have this much effect to the world they might laugh it out loud

In history, group action always dictates society and not the other way around

In this new era, in this new world, one person could really change the world.

Death Monarch is one of that people and each of his action has far-reaching consequences, rippling through societies, governments, and power structures.

His every decision has the potential to reshape the world's dynamics, sending shockwaves across continents.

In the midst of these unfolding events that shake the world to its core, there exists a figure shrouded in darkness, hidden away from the prying eyes of the world.

This person, confined to a cell in the depths of Tartarus, remains oblivious to the chaos and upheaval occurring on the surface.

Because this person is in a cell in Tartarus.

The dimly lit cell casts eerie shadows on the person's obscured features, making it difficult for anyone to discern this person identity.

Deep within the vast expanse of Tartarus lies an intricate network of countless cells, stretching seemingly into eternity.

Among this labyrinth of imprisonment, one cell stands apart, distinguished by its occupant.

Tucked away in the northern sector of the prison, this particular prisoner holds an air of extraordinary significance.

The cell's positioning in the northern sector carries great weight, forcing other inmates in that area to be relocated elsewhere.

This fact alone speaks volumes about the individual held within its confines.

Shrouded in mystery, this special prisoner's identity remains veiled, obscured from the prying eyes of the outside world.

In the confines of Tartarus, a sprawling prison with countless cells stretching far and wide, there exists a peculiar and extraordinary inmate.

This prisoner's cell, unlike any other, commands the entire northern sector of the penitentiary, a testament to the figure's enigmatic significance.

Within the dimly lit confines of this special cell, a man stands, his body bearing the indelible mark of the Bratva—a tattoo etched onto his arms and neck, signifying his past affiliations.

Once a formidable and robust individual, his sturdy frame and straight posture were once feared and respected.

Now, however, the passage of time and the harsh realities of his captivity have left their mark.

The man's hair, once jet black, has been bleached white by the trials of his life.

His imposing height, standing at seven feet tall, only emphasizes the gravity of his presence, but it's marred by a visage that tells a tale of pain and hardship.

His menacing countenance, once a symbol of fear, is now intertwined with weariness.

Gone are the days of muscularity and vigour; his body, now half-naked, bears the burden of countless scars, some so deep that they obscure the very symbol that once defined him.

His once imposing muscles seem to have withered away, and his frame appears scrawny, a stark contrast to the power he once wielded.

His bloodshot eyes tell a story of sleepless nights, and the visible tremors in his once-sturdy frame betray the toll of enduring hardships.

But even amidst the gruelling torment he endures, there is an unwavering determination that refuses to be quelled.

Adding to his punishment, a peculiar and cruel device clings to his shoulder—an intricate lock fashioned like a circlet, piercing through his very bones and fastening behind his back.

A literal shoulder lock, designed to drain his spirit and sap away his once indomitable strength.

Yet, despite the physical and psychological toll, this resilient soul clings to his faith with unyielding conviction.

Of course, the shoulder lock is not there just to torture him. But it is also to lock his energy making him unable to call his beast.

But even in his current circumstances, he never lost faith

Boris opens his eyes and look around his cell. There is still that thick mist of red aura filling the lower  
11:32

part of his prison.

When wraiths of different kind come near his cell, while it sapped other people good memories and left them in a state of nightmare, this person always seems calm

And during such moment when the wraith of Tartarus tries to take the happiness and bring about nightmares, it is only during these times that his eyes is full of defiance and determination

This man forced to stand in his own cell without ever being able to sit down comfortable and force to see himself wither every day is none other than Boris Ivanov, the former Right Chancellor of the Republic , the older brother of Katarina the ice Queen

Boris opens his eyes and look around his cell. There is still that thick mist of red aura filling the lower part of his prison.

Even though he is uncomfortable and there are some inconveniences, he was tortured the same way other prisoners of Tartarus is tortured.

In the beginning, he still spoke. He curses and he threatened those people.

"If Jean come in once in a while, then I could still negotiate with him. But he did not even come"

Boris is the designer of this prison. And he knows the monsters in it. But of course, the monster had grown and the variety of monsters and Chthonian horrors in the prison had increased since the time he designed this

Even he is surprised with the development of the prison.

"They are too hardworking. If only the Senators in the Senate work as hard as these prison administrator" he suddenly thought and he chuckles at his own thought

The only thing that Boris never thought when he proposes the plan for this prison, was that he would one day be one of its inhabitants.

But, because of that, he has some kind of advantage. The cell that he is in is a special cell designed for him.

### **Chapter 1556 The Trace of Grand Path**

Because everyone that knows about the existence of this prison knows that he is the one that designed the idea for Tartarus, they were worried that he would find a way to break out of the cell and in turn break away from the prison

So, the cell he is right now is not connected to the wall of Tartarus.

What most people don't know about Tartarus is that Tartarus itself is a living dimension.

It might not be as smart as human but it has instinct and it has some kind of sentient thought once in a while

The people imprisoning Boris in this prison feared that Boris might know how to manipulate the prison walls and so, a cell was crafted for him and then they relocated every other prisoner in the northern sector to other sector making him unable to spoke with anyone

He has been left alone for months. Boris understood why. They could not kill him and they fear the consequences of torturing him if one day he were to be released

When he first enters the prison, he wanted to meet Jean. But he also knows that the chance is slim. Boris knows the original nine guardians of Tartarus.

But the management of the prison is not exactly under the purview of the Senate. It is in a black book, hold by the Secret Keeper of the Senate.

And by now, most of the Guardians is probably something that he did not know. And the Secret Keeper of the Senate is not exactly chummy with the Senate and him particularly.

The Secret Keeper is one of Republic trump card and also someone who.... walk outside of the rules of the Senate. The Secret Keeper sometimes does not even reside in the Republic territory.

And Boris did not touch the management of the prison. Because he never felt the need. Because in the past, the Senate is his senate.

But when the Senate is no longer his senate, he is now regretting the fact that he did not pay more attention to Tartarus.

As for Jean, even though he is the Center Guardian of Tartarus, one of the Nine Guardian, he simply took the position without doing much work.

Because never before in the case of Tartarus that someone managed to break out.

And all the other eight guardians are already enough to ensure the security of the Prison. Hence, even though Jena technically howls the position of the Cenetr Guardian, the amount of time he had gone down to Tartarus and inspect the prison could be counted in one hand.

To some people, one might not understand why Boris would want to meet with Jean.

After all, they are supposed to be enemies.

But only he and Jean understand it.

And even though Boris did not know what happened after he is being imprisoned, those people in the Senate knows that Jean did not approve of what he did

But he also did not bust out Boris out of prison. In other words, he remains neutral.

So, after a while, he did not say a thing. He just waits.

And what is he waiting for? A change in situation.

The fact he is still alive and he is still in prison, means there is a chance.

Killing him...would open a can of worms all over Europe. And the Senate knew that and the Senators also knows that.

And it because of that he is still alive. Until they could pull out all of his influence all over Europe and the world, they still have to wait.

And since they could wait, Boris would accompany them in waiting.

Boris sighed

Years changed a man and it changed him. In the past, such injustice would fill his heart with frustration. But now, now he is very patient.

The fact that they betrayed him did not kill him, means he still have a chance.

And that chance will come.

And so, before that chance comes, he just has to wait. Some people believe that his sister had died. And that Death Monarch died with her.

Boris do not believe that.

He refuses to believe that.

Of course, if he knew what is happening outside the wall of Tartarus, he would be very overjoyed

Katarina is alive. And she is out there, complaining, shrouding the entire Europe with dark clouds and snow fall.

Outside, there is already people that is trying to force the Senate to release Boris.

He did not know all of these.

And he does not know the passing of night and day.

Here, everyday seme the same. It felt like time passes but it also felt like time had not passes at all

It is always gloomy, always dark like the prison itself wanted to drain you from all of your happiness.

Boris opens his eyes for a moment and in his mind, he practices the methods of taming. After all, even though he is more preoccupied with matters of the state, he also a very accomplished Beast Tamer

He would not get the title of Beast King if could not tame beast.

There are many people with Beast Tamer class in the world. It is not that unique of a class. But not many people reach the level that Boris had reached

The monsters he could control reach the level that could fight against Disk Formation. Beast Taming is a different kind of way toward strength

But there are thousands of Ways and Path, and each Way and Path need to be proven

Whether it be the Way of Invincibility, Way of Perfection or the Way of Beast Taming, all of this is Way and Path.

But Boris still could not see his Grand Path



Just like Death Monarch thought all those years ago, Boris is not a And those who could persist, those who could endure, and those who could prove the Wayt is the winner.

But Boris still could not see his Grand Path

Just like Death Monarch thought all those years ago, Boris is not a person that could see the Grand Path.

But now, in this prison, with nothing else to do, all he could do every day is thinking.

And he developed a new method in his mind and the more he thinks about it, the feasible his thought became and so he created his own technique.

And he could feel a kind of trace.

A trace of a path.

Of an aura.

Of some kind of connection.

Of course, he did not think deeply of this but if its Katarina, Jean, Hikigaya, Raymond, Oreki, Death Monarch and Loki feel this aura, they would instantly know that this is the aura of a Grand Path

Like a gate, like a road.

A gate that needs to be opened. A road that guides.

Even though he could not use any of his energy, he could still use his mind to create new methods.

That is one of the things he had learned to do when he is in captivity.

Like the day before and the day before that

Beyond the confines of his cell, a haunting wind sweeps through the air, carrying with it eerie whispers from the ethereal realm.

Haahhhh..

Boris, with a firm resolve, simply closes his eyes, attuning his mind to the enigmatic presence approaching him—the wraiths.

As one of the architects of this prison, he possesses invaluable knowledge that renders him immune to the sinister methods employed by these otherworldly entities.

The wraiths, spectral beings driven to drain joy and happiness from their victims, wield an insidious power—the ability to infiltrate dreams and twist them into harrowing nightmares.

Among many other horrifying abilities that they possess

In the recesses of the mind, they have the capacity to mould any thought into a sinister manifestation.

What you mind could think of, it could morph into it.

But even in the face of such malevolence, Boris remains unafraid.

Because he knew the weakness of the wraith.

it could not rid of obsession

Each day, he diligently awakens, exercising his mind like a masterful artisan shaping intricate sculptures.

He harnesses the power of obsession to counteract the wraiths' maleficent influence.

Rather than cower under the shadow of despair, Boris transforms his cherished memories into unyielding fortresses of determination.

When the wraiths encroach upon his cell, every day, their dark presence attempting to siphon all that is good and joyful, Boris's eyes become a defiant flame, and his will an unbreakable bastion.

He stands as a testament to resilience, his spirit fortified by the knowledge that the wraiths cannot extinguish the flames of his indomitable spirit.

And maybe because of this tempering, every day since the past few months, that allow him to slightly feel the Grand Path.

In the confines of his cell, Boris impatiently awaits the arrival of the wraith.

His gaze fixes upon the cell door, a mere five feet away, tantalizingly close.

He snorts, contemplating the deceiving proximity of his only escape route.

In Tartarus, however, distance is an illusion—this prison is not merely a place of confinement but a realm of mental and physical torment.

Within these grim walls, hope is an intangible concept, an ephemeral dream that never truly materializes.

Any glimmer of hope is but a fabrication, a mirage that fades into nothingness upon closer inspection.

The cell door, seemingly within reach, may lead to another barrier or an illusory passage, a spatial trap that taunts him with the illusion of progress.

In this desolate prison, hope is akin to the futile efforts of Sisyphus, eternally condemned to roll a boulder uphill, only to witness it roll back down every time.

It is a poignant reminder of the pointlessness of aspiration within the cold embrace of Tartarus.

That is how pointless hope is in this prison.

## **Chapter 1557 Break In**

From the very moment Boris was thrust into the relentless embrace of Tartarus, he instinctively abandoned any semblance of hope.

The irony, however, lies at the entrance gate of this abysmal prison

—a stele bearing a familiar phrase etched into its surface: "Lasciate ogne speranza, voi ch'intrate"—  
"Abandon all hope, ye who enter here."

It serves not as a warning but as a sombre reminder, a guide to all the souls who have crossed that threshold before him.

The inscription stands as a grim testament to the cruel reality that awaits those condemned within these foreboding walls.

It echoes through the desolate corridors, resonating in the hearts of the prisoners, a constant reminder that hope is a futile companion in this nightmarish realm.

Boris, unlike most new prisoners, never had the chance to witness the inscription on the stele at Tartarus' entrance.

The only reason that he knew about it is because he was the one that told the architect of the prison to add that stele

Typically, new arrivals would be subjected to a haunting tour, a grim introduction to the desolate horrors that awaited them within the prison's walls.

Yet, Boris' circumstances were far from ordinary.

In a cruel twist of fate, he was denied even the awareness of his surroundings when he first awoke in Tartarus.

The world around him was obscured, shrouded in a haze of disorientation and pain. T

he treacherous betrayal by the Senate had cast him into this accursed realm without warning, without the chance to brace himself for the torment that awaited.

The excruciating grip of the shoulder lock, piercing his shoulder blade, was the brutal awakening to his new reality.

The physical pain became an emblem of the deeper wounds inflicted upon his spirit.

In the depths of this nightmarish prison, Boris found himself imprisoned in more ways than one.

While others might have entered Tartarus with a foreboding sense of dread, he had been thrust into the abyss blindfolded, his journey into despair obscured by the shadows of betrayal and deception.

By the time he regained consciousness after the Senate betrayal, he found himself already in the cell, with the shoulder lock piercing his shoulder blade.

"When I am released..." he did not finish the word

Haaah...

The haunting sound of the wraith drew nearer, its eerie presence creeping ever closer to Boris' cell.

But Boris was ready.

With practiced precision, he shut off any other distracting emotion, channelling his focus into a source of strength that burned within him like a fierce fire.

It was his happiest memories, the cherished moments of the past, that fuelled his very existence in this nightmarish place.

Obsession, he understood well, could take many forms—be it fuelled by love or hate.

And for Boris, his obsession was clear and unyielding: to return home, to be reunited with his sister—the sole family he held dear, the only family that truly mattered.

As the wraith attempted to invade his mind, to sap away the happiness and replace it with despair, Boris clung to those memories with an unwavering resolve

But before the wraith could come any closer, a deafening BOOOM! reverberated through Tartarus, shaking its very foundation.

Boris, who had been deep in concentration, was startled by the sudden explosion.

Following the blast, an unsettling symphony of roars erupted—

monsters, beasts, and the horrors of Tartarus all united in an overwhelming cacophony.

"what the hell?" he thought to himself.

Frowning, Boris tried to make sense of the chaos unfolding outside his cell.

The sounds of battle, screams, and alarms melded together, creating a dissonant symphony that drowned out any other sound.

Something extraordinary was happening, a disturbance that seemed to have set Tartarus ablaze.

Curiosity mingled with caution in Boris' mind as he strained to perceive the source of the upheaval.

It is an uncommon occurrence in this dreary realm, where monotony and despair were the norm.

Whatever was transpiring beyond the confines of his cell was both intriguing and concerning.

With every passing moment, the turmoil intensified, like a storm gathering strength before unleashing its full fury

The reverberations of the explosion and the tumultuous symphony of sounds outside his cell continued, filling the air with an aura of unpredictability.

A sound of battle, a sound of scream. A sound of alarm. And for a moment these are all the sound that Boris could hear

The sense of time became elusive in the chaos that had ensued. Whether it had been half an hour, an hour, or a few hours, Boris could not tell, but at last, the tumultuous sounds ceased. The roars, the battle cries, and the symphony of horrors had subsided, replaced by an unyielding alarm that continued to echo through Tartarus.

Boris had come to a realization amid the turmoil—a breach had occurred within the prison's impenetrable walls. Someone had successfully broken into Tartarus, an audacious feat that left Boris both intrigued and astounded.

A wry smile touched his lips as he contemplated the irony of the situation. Most people sought desperately to escape Tartarus, to flee its torment and despair, but here, in this obscure realm, a bold interloper had chosen to enter its dark abyss.

"That's funny," he muttered to himself, the sound of his own voice carrying a mixture of amusement and incredulity.

"Most people want to break away from Tartarus, and not break into it."

The intruder's audacity was undeniable, and Boris couldn't help but be curious about the individual who had dared to venture into this forsaken place.

Whoever it was, they must possess extraordinary strength and cunning to bypass the many layers of defense that safeguarded the prison.

Amusement flickered in Boris's eyes as he contemplated the situation.

The intrusion into Tartarus did not rattle him; instead, he found it somewhat entertaining.

After all, what hope did the intruder have of escaping this nightmarish prison?

The very moment Jean arrived to defend the prison; the audacious interloper would be caught in an inescapable trap.

"A Divine Comprehension realm is no joke. Though, if Jean came, I think he would spare this old friend a look" he thought to himself. Jena might not care whether he is imprisoned or not.

But, he knew Jean.

And he knew Jean did not covet the High Chancellor post.

To him, probably because he used to wield power, he knows there needs to a balance to it.

As for the reason why, Jean did not make a move after his imprisonment, Boris could guess why. Sometimes, even a man powerful as Jean is forced by circumstances.

Sometimes the position you are sitting in is like a shackle

"A pity" he thought

He believe that whoever that break in this prison must have been bored of living

Boris knew Jean well, and he had witnessed first-hand the power and skill that made him a formidable force.

Any attempt to breach Tartarus would be met with an insurmountable defense. Yes, they could break in. But could you get out?

That's the problem. Getting in might be hard but it is not impossible. But getting out....now that is a challenge like a herculean task

Jean presence alone could thwart the most determined escapees, let alone an intruder who had ventured in of their own volition.

As the alarm continued its relentless cry, Boris couldn't help but shake his head.

This person, whoever they were, had chosen a futile path. It is as if they were trying to swim against a raging current that would inevitably drag them under.

As chaos erupted and the tumultuous sounds reverberated through Tartarus, Boris couldn't help but entertain a fleeting notion—that perhaps someone had finally come to rescue or free him.

The number of individuals capable of breaching the impregnable walls of Tartarus is exceedingly small—scarcely more than a handful. It was a thought that briefly flitted across his mind, offering a glimmer of hope in the midst of the mayhem.

However, as quickly as the idea surfaced, Boris dismissed it.

The reason is clear, and he knew it all too well.

The number of individuals capable of breaching the impregnable walls of Tartarus is exceedingly small—scarcely more than a handful.

Among those few, there were six particular individuals

Each one possessed extraordinary abilities and strength, but when he pondered the possibility of any of them mounting a rescue, doubt settled in.

Among the select few capable of breaching the impenetrable walls of Tartarus, Boris could count approximately six individuals.

One of them is Hikigaya, the Illusionist Archmage another Divine Comprehension realm.

However, their relationship was not one of close friendship but rather that of mere acquaintances.

Boris knew that relying on Hikigaya for rescue is an unlikely prospect, as their connections didn't run deep enough to warrant such an audacious intervention.

Hikigaya is known to be a man of calculated decisions, and he wouldn't readily involve himself in the Republic's affairs unless directly provoked.

He might not seem like it but a warlord like him could not be simple.

Moreover, even if the Republic were to meddle in his own affairs, Hikigaya wouldn't resort to elaborate schemes or intricate maneuvers to rescue Boris from Tartarus.

That simply wasn't his way of handling matters.

Boris recognized that Hikigaya approach to problem-solving was direct and pragmatic.

If the Republic posed a threat to him, Hikigaya would undoubtedly confront the issue head-on without resorting to covert operations.

Consequently, seeking Hikigaya aid for a covert prison break was a notion Boris dismissed.

Boris held firm in his conviction that Hikigaya, with his straightforward and confrontational nature, would never resort to convoluted plots if he had an issue with the Senate.

Instead of engaging in intricate schemes, Hikigaya would prefer to meet his adversaries head-on, launching a direct assault on the Senate to address any grievances he might have.

"Hikigaya could be low profile when he is weak but when he has power, he moves like lightning and mow down all opposition. Nice people don't become warlords and nice people don't become rulers of the world."

"Wind, Forest, Fire, Mountain"

"as swift as wind, as gentle as forest, as fierce as fire, as unshakable as mountain."

And that has always been Hikigaya method

Boris knew this well, having observed Hikigaya approach to conflicts in the past.

And there is another reason that knew that Hikigaya could not be the one breaking in

Boris is confident that Hikigaya remained oblivious to the existence of Tartarus.

Hikigaya, with his focus on other matters and priorities, seemed an unlikely candidate to have stumbled upon such classified information.

Tartarus thrived in the shadows, a hidden realm concealed from the world, and it was improbable that Hikigaya had any knowledge of its existence.

Boris contemplated the other potential contenders who might possess the capability to infiltrate Tartarus and liberate him from its grim clutches.

## **Chapter 1558 The Six People**

Among the few that Boris considered is Death Monarch and his sister, Katarina.

Yet, he quickly dismissed the notion that either of them had orchestrated this audacious intrusion.

Especially not Death Monarch

The prospect of Death Monarch masterminding such an incursion is met with scepticism on Boris part.

Their relationship is marked by a profound absence of camaraderie; they were far from being allies.

Boris always harboured a deep-seated aversion to Death Monarch, a sentiment that had festered over time.

Death Monarch is not his friend and he is not his.

And Boris always hated Azief guts

The source of this animosity lay in part due to his sister's unwavering admiration for Death Monarch, a sentiment that Boris struggled to reconcile with his own emotions. The complex tapestry of his feelings because his own sister keep pining for him

Probably any man that made his sister fall in love would always be someone that Boris would not like

And like Hikigaya, Boris is certain that Death Monarch remained unaware of Tartarus's existence.

This is not the kind of thing that he pays attention to. After all, you could count the years that Death Monarch is on Earth.

Most of the time, he is on other worlds, having his own adventure.

If not that, he would seclude himself in his Palace in Pandemonium. And his approach to governing has always been kind of *laisses faire*.

Likewise, Boris held no doubt that his sister Katarina, despite her own strength and influence is equally ignorant of Tartarus's existence.

If she had been privy to the prison's secrets, her reaction would have been swift and decisive, and Tartarus would have faced utter upheaval in the wake of her efforts to free him.

Tartarus, formidable though it may be, bore its limitations, even within the scope of Boris meticulous design.

It stood as a testament to his architectural ingenuity, a labyrinthine expanse intended to confine a wide array of beings and potential threats.

However, Boris is acutely aware that not all entities could be adequately restrained by its confines.

The likes of Death Monarch, who had ascended to the zenith of the Divine Comprehension realm, existed beyond the parameters this prison was engineered to encompass.

Death Monarch's power and mastery over the Laws of the world is of such magnitude and beyond any of his comprehensions and the comprehension of the architect that build this prison

that the very architecture of Tartarus could not hope to constrain him.

The prison's barriers, though designed with all kinds of magic and protection measure, would undoubtedly crumble under the force of Death Monarch's might.

His transcendence into a realm that surpassed the prison's capacity of power, the ceiling of power that this prison could contained rendered him an uncontainable force

As for Katarina, in theory, if she were to become cognizant of Tartarus's existence, her authority could authorize the release of its captives.

Yet, Boris recognized the disparity between her pursuits and those of politics and imprisonment.

Her interests lay in domains untouched by political intrigue, and his conscious decision to withhold knowledge of Tartarus from her precluded any involvement on her part.

"I'm really regretting that I did not tell her about this prison right now"

As for why he thought that Death Monarch will come, it is because of his sister. But that is another story.

The remaining trio in Boris's contemplation consisted of Loki, Sasha, and the elusive Lockpick Master.

Among them, Loki stood out as a figure with an uncanny knack for having his finger in every proverbial pie.



Boris knows that Loki is like a repository of diverse knowledge, with insights into a wide array of subjects.

"And he has the Book" he muttered. Boris knows that after Loki killed the Broker, he took "That Book"

However, Boris found it incongruous to attribute such a conspicuously flagrant and impactful intrusion to Loki's calculated and subtle modus operandi.

While Loki's skill set made him a plausible contender, Boris questioned whether Loki's motivations aligned with orchestrating such an overt operation.

Loki's typical approach is characterized by intricate manipulation and the weaving of complex schemes.

The brazenness of the prison break seemed to clash with Loki's preferred mode of manoeuvring within the shadows.

Boris hesitated to attribute this audacious breach to the trickster, sensing a misalignment between the act and Loki's customary enigmatic methods.

This kind of method suit people like Raymond.

Boris's conviction grew as he eliminated each potential candidate from his mental roster.

Amid his consideration of Loki, he found solace in the belief that Loki's involvement is unlikely.

"Owing something to that Trickster is never good."

Even if Loki were the architect of this daring intrusion, Boris is disinclined to embrace the idea of being rescued by him.

His intimate understanding of Loki's character left him with a clear awareness of the trickster's modus operandi.

Loki is notorious for his selective benevolence, reserving his assistance for those who could offer something of value in return.

Boris harboured no illusion that Loki's motivation, if he were the orchestrator, would be driven by altruism.

Rather, it would be a calculated exchange, a transaction woven with intricate strings and hidden agendas.

With a deep-seated distrust of Loki's cryptic maneuvers, if he is saved by Loki, he believes that he would be a pawn in the trickster's elaborate game.

The prospect of being indebted to Loki is a chilling notion that gripped Boris's thoughts.

In his estimation, there existed no other thing to him that is more daunting than being beholden to the trickster.

"I would rather stay in Tartarus than throw myself into Loki's arms. That would be like escaping from a horde of elephants only to run into the mouth of a lion"

Loki's actions have always been shrouded in an intricate web of intentions, rendering his true motives virtually inscrutable.

This inability to decipher Loki's true intentions bred an acute sense of unease within Boris.

Trust, a fragile and precious commodity, is not something Boris could afford to extend to someone as...to put it politely, tricky as Loki.

The very foundation of trust rested upon a shared understanding and a predictability of actions.

Yet, with Loki, predictability is an illusion, and understanding his true motives is akin to grasping at elusive shadows.

Thus, Boris's reservations in relying on Loki is very well-founded, stemming from the unnerving knowledge that dealing with the trickster meant embracing the unknown and navigating a treacherous path laden with concealed pitfalls.

Sasha the Nightingale, possessed an air of mystique that defied easy comprehension.

the commander of the Shadow Guards, she commands an assembly of around fifteen thousand, her influence is woven through shadows and secrets, leaving ripples in the tapestry of clandestine operations.

across the intelligence community.

The very mention of her name sent whispers of intrigue echoing across the intelligence community.

While the existence of Tartarus might elude the knowledge of many, Sasha's position within the intricate web of espionage led to speculation.

It wasn't beyond the realm of possibility that she concealed knowledge of the prison's existence behind a mask of feigned ignorance.

After all, Sasha wielded her own brand of secrets, and in a world where information is power, feigning ignorance might serve her plans more effectively than revealing understanding.

Amid the cloak-and-dagger realm she navigated, Sasha herself probably maintained her own clandestine enclave, a black site that hummed with the potency of hidden truths.

This very endeavour hinted at a deeper understanding of the concealed and the forbidden.

The intersection of her operations and the existence of Tartarus raised the question: Could she truly be unaware?

As the highest authority within the formidable ranks of the Shadow Guard, Sasha is the weaver of fates, orchestrating the intricate intelligence operation all over the world

Her role as commander and the one trusted the most by Death Monarch probably granted her access to a tapestry of knowledge that few could fathom.

With each covert maneuver and each veiled revelation, she held the strings of a realm that existed beyond the grasp of ordinary perception.

The Shadow Guard, a moniker that conjured notions of fantasy, harboured the essence of a clandestine brotherhood.

Yet, beneath this illusion lay an organization akin to the CIA, draped in the allure of shadows and shrouded in enigma.

Their methods, like Sasha's own, is defined by secrecy and manipulation, a whisper in the dark.

"But it would not be her. I bet my head" he thought to himself.

However, the notion that Sasha might orchestrate a rescue mission seemed implausible.

If anything, her intentions might align more with keeping him ensnared within the depths of Tartarus.

To her, his prolonged imprisonment could be a desirable outcome, a chess piece positioned precisely where it suited her agenda.

Considering the intricate web of her machinations, it appeared unlikely that she would take such overt action to liberate him.

Rather, if Sasha's influence extended even to the shadows of Tartarus, it could be deduced that she might harbour motives beyond a simple rescue.

the prospect of her personally facilitating his release seemed far from probable.

"So, it would not be her" he muttered to himself

#### [Chapter 1559 Different Intention](#)

Then there is the Lockpick Master

This man has a reputation and that reputation is that he is a prodigious locksmith. That is what he called himself

Prodigious locksmith.

And the thing he could break is not just the realm of breaking mundane locks, but the arcane and mystic barriers as well.

Boris encounters with him trace back to the tumultuous days of the Fall, almost a decade ago when the world was still embroiled in the clutches of upheaval.

Their paths intersected within the shadows of the Revolutionary Army, long before the Republic emerged on the global stage.

In the volatile tapestry of that time, alliances were forged and allegiances shifted like sand in the wind.

Amid this chaos, Boris found himself in the company of the Lockpick Master, a man who bore a unique skill set.

The Lockpick Master ability went beyond mere keys and tumblers, encompassing an unparalleled command over enchantments, arrays, and formations.

This man uncanny ability was on full display during their initial meeting, where he effortlessly navigated through barriers that seemed impenetrable to others.

His skills, bordering on the mystical, rendered him capable of unravelling the most intricate and arcane locks, a feat that astonished even Boris.

Over time, their acquaintance matured into a sporadic companionship.

The Lockpick Master abilities underwent an evolution, expanding and intensifying as the years progressed.

Each encounter with him always left Boris in awe

It was in his presence that Boris heard the boasts, the audacious claims that no lock, no matter its complexity or enchantment, could evade his skilful touch.

This self-assured proclamation was not mere arrogance; rather, it was a glimpse into the depths of a rare talent that had been honed to perfection over the years.

Before the Fall reshaped the world order, the Lockpick Master had a life that seemed worlds away from the current life that he is living.

From what Boris understood, before the Fall, he has a Ytube channel. He told Boris that before the Fall he is an Ytuber known for picking various locks on camera on his channel

His YouTube channel was a stage for the spectacle of his abilities.

With each video, he demonstrated the art of picking various locks, sharing his expertise and passion with a burgeoning online community.

The artistry of manipulating mechanisms, of overcoming the barriers that guarded secrets, became his unique narrative.

As the subscriber count climbed ever closer to the fabled milestone of one million, his online presence was poised to ascend to new heights.

But then came the Fall—a cataclysm that tore through the fabric of reality, plunging the world into chaos.

He told Boris his name in the Ytube channel. It is Lockpickingdefendant? Or is it the Lockpicking master?

Maybe a Lockpicking Lawyer. Anyway, it is something like that.

Yet, despite the Lockpick Master astonishing abilities, Boris remained sceptical that this man is the orchestrator of the audacious intrusion into Tartarus.

The act seemed too direct, too overt for someone who had always exhibited a finesse in his operations.

This divergence from his modus operandi cast doubts on the Lockpick Master involvement, leaving Boris to ponder the true identity of the figure behind the breach.

BOOOM!

The resounding explosion ripples through the otherwise stagnant air, sending shockwaves across the northern sector of Tartarus.

In its wake, the disruptive noise tears Boris from his contemplations

Amid the echoing reverberations, a fleeting thought crosses Boris' mind, a rare glimpse into the intricate labyrinth of his own musings.

In a reality where survival is a primal instinct and danger looms at every corner, pondering the depths of one's inner reflections is a luxury seldom indulged.

The aftermath of the explosion casts a hush over the surroundings once more, a temporary cessation of the disquiet that permeates this realm.

"I guess I really am bored" he thought to himself.

Boris is a man of many thoughts but in this kind of situation you would rarely think about this kind of thing

A whisper of irony dances in Boris' thoughts, highlighting the peculiarities of his existence—how in the midst of chaos, he finds himself momentarily bored, an ironic trait of human for diverse emotions even in the direst of circumstances.

But the silence is fleeting, swept away by the crescendo of roars and screams that cascade through Tartarus.

The alarms, their piercing wails, pierce the stillness once more.

And then once again, there is silence.

"Another sector breached?" he mutters to himself

Yet, this time, Boris' demeanour undergoes a subtle shift.

The mask of calm that had cloaked his features falters, and his eyes narrow with discerning scrutiny.

A sense of unease snakes its way into his consciousness, unfurling like tendrils of shadowy doubt.

The rapid succession of events triggers a cascade of questions, each more pressing than the last.

The breach of another sector is accompanied by the collective outcries of imprisoned souls, the rhythm of battle and anguish echoing through the labyrinthine corridors.

The tides of uncertainty surge within Boris as he raises his unspoken inquiries.

"Why is Jean not coming yet?"

The rhythm of battle energy, the ebb and flow of the guardians' vigilance, is conspicuously absent, casting shadows of doubt over the established equilibrium.

Where are the other guardians? Why is there no fluctuation of battle energy?

Where is Jean? Where is the other eight guardians?

Where, indeed, is Jean? The absence of his presence forms the epicentre of Boris' growing apprehension.

His mind races to uncover the puzzle pieces of the unfolding turmoil, the silence of guardians and the unexpected breach

A shiver runs down Boris' spine, a chilling realization that slices through the currents of his thoughts.

Amid the cacophony of chaos that has engulfed Tartarus, a previously overlooked possibility claws its way to the forefront of his consciousness

In his calculations of potential saviours, his focus was directed solely towards those who might come to rescue him, to free him from the clutches of Tartarus.

But, as the echoes of turmoil resound and the corridors of his mind expand to encompass the unexplored, Boris is struck by an unsettling realization—a realization that casts a macabre shadow over the situation.

Could it be that amidst the bedlam, amongst the explosive breaches and the wails of imprisoned souls, there lurks another motive, a darker agenda?

The very notion sends a chill down his spine, an icy gust that mirrors the grim undercurrents of his contemplation.

As the turmoil swells around him, Boris finds himself entwined in a web of possibilities, each strand of thought coiling with uncertainty.

In the midst of hope and desperation, the flip side of the coin reveals itself I think you should take a look at

There is a possibility...that someone would sneak in to kill him.

"Someone wanted to kill me"

The realization hangs heavy in the air

"That would be another possibility" the moment he thinks of this possibility, he immediately understood something.

Right now, outside his cell, there are two possibilities.

One of them is a possibility that someone break into this prison and wanting to break him out.

The other one....is that someone wanted to kill him.

Destruction or salvation

And he did not know which one is coming.

BOOOM!

A resounding explosion reverberated through the air once again, a visceral shockwave that seemed to draw nearer, the force of its impact pulsating through the walls of the North sector.

As the echoes of the blast subsided, an uncanny hush descended, shrouding the prison in an even more unsettling stillness than before.

Boris, ensconced within his cell, felt a shiver trace its way down his spine.

This wasn't like the previous tumult; it was different, more ominous.

The cessation of the roars that had once filled the air only intensified the eerie atmosphere, leaving behind an almost suffocating silence.

The silence itself seemed to take on a sinister quality, like a predator lying in wait before striking.

It was the calm that precedes the storm, a heavy foreboding that wrapped around Boris like a cold embrace.

In this stifling quietude, he found himself holding his breath, every nerve on edge.

And Boris waited. Because that is the only thing he could do right now

To wait

And then, breaking through the suffocating stillness, a new sound emerged—footsteps.

Ttak!

Ttak!

Ttak!

Each step, deliberate and measured, seemed to echo with a sense of purpose, a direction.

The steady rhythm of those advancing footsteps is like a drumbeat of impending uncertainty, growing louder with every passing moment.

The aura of apprehension within Boris' cell was palpable.

His narrowed eyes betrayed a mixture of vigilance, a readiness to confront whatever lay beyond his cell door.

The footsteps drew nearer, a relentless progression

And it is walking toward his cell.

The cadence of footsteps drew nearer, each footfall reverberating like an ominous heartbeat in the tense air.

At first, the sound is a mere whisper, a distant echo that teased the edges of Boris' perception.

But as moments stretched into minutes, those echoes coalesced into a relentless rhythm, steadily growing in intensity.

An aura seems to be gathering

The once-subtle sound of footsteps began to assert itself more forcefully, like an approaching storm gathering strength.

The echoes expanded, filling the confined space of Boris' cell until they became an almost deafening symphony of anticipation.

Boris' frown deepened as he strained to make sense of the approaching presence.

He couldn't shake the feeling that this encounter would not be good for him

Call it intuition, call it experience.

Nothing good is coming.

Frustration mingled with the tension as Boris couldn't contain himself any longer. "Who's out there?"

his voice sliced through the stillness, a demand for answers that echoed down the corridor.

The abruptness of his shout seemed to halt the footsteps in their tracks, a fleeting pause that hung heavy in the air.

Boris' heart raced as he awaited a response, his gaze fixed on the entrance to his cell.

But the seconds stretched on, and all that greeted him was an unyielding silence.

The lack of an answer only served to heighten his sense of unease, as if he had just stirred a hornet's nest

And then, like an eerie refrain, the footsteps resumed.

The sound, now with renewed purpose, started anew—each step a deliberate, calculated advance toward his location.

There is a methodical determination in those footfalls, a persistence that hinted at sinister intent.

"Heh," Boris snorted, his lips curving into a defiant smile.

It is a facade, a façade of bravado that he presented to the impending unknown.

His outward appearance displayed a veneer of calmness, a veneer that barely masked the tumultuous storm raging within him.

His heart, a wild symphony of pounding beats, betrayed the calm exterior he projected.

Each beat resonated through his chest

Boris knew that his attempt at composure is nothing more than a feeble defense mechanism, an attempt to steady his nerves in the face of what was to come.

With each measured footstep drawing closer, the thin veneer of calm threatened to crack.

The sound of those footsteps, an unrelenting cadence, seemed to reverberate through the very core of his being.

It is a sound that carried weight, each footfall like a heavy footfall on his soul.

The tapping of the footsteps, crisp and deliberate, echoed like a macabre countdown—a sombre march toward an uncertain fate.



## [Chapter 1560 Linchpin](#)

Ttak!

Ttak!

Ttak!

The rhythm is steady, unrelenting

Despite his best efforts, Boris couldn't silence the nagging premonition that gnawed at the edges of his consciousness.

He felt as if Death itself was drawing nearer, its approach marked by the unyielding footsteps that echoed like a grim harbinger.

The tapping seemed to reverberate through the walls of his cell, resonating like an unspoken evil omen  
Boris' fingers clenched involuntarily, his palms moistening with a sudden dampness.

The smile he wore, a mask of defiance, seemed to waver imperceptibly.

"I don't want to die today" he thought to himself. Boris is the Right Channcleor of the Republic.

While he do not want to die, if he is supposed to die today, he would surely not die like a coward.

The sound of the footsteps grew unnervingly close, each echoing beat resonating with an almost palpable tension.

"It's here," Boris thought to himself, his heart racing in tandem with the approaching presence.

His gaze, steady yet expectant, lifted toward the small opening in the front of his cell door, an anticipation hanging in the air like an unspoken question.

Abruptly, the footsteps ceased, plunging the surroundings into a heavy silence.

Boris breath seemed to catch in his throat as a profound stillness settled over the space.

Then, a sound—a subtle yet distinct sound—pierced the silence

Slowly, as if teasing the boundaries between revelation and concealment, a presence materialized at the threshold of his cell.

Boris gaze fixed on the silhouette that stood before him, an ethereal figure cloaked in a nebulous haze.

The contours of this figure seemed to blur at the edges, merging seamlessly with the obscurity that enshrouded them.

It was as if the very air around this person held a veil of mystery, as if the shadows themselves had woven an enigmatic shroud around their form.

The details remained elusive, hidden within the shifting dance of light and shadow that embraced the figure.

"Concealing magic" Boris thought in his mind

Boris eyes, narrowed with a mix of apprehension and intrigue, locked onto the silhouette. His mind raced, grappling to discern any defining features, any glimpse of identity within the foggy outline.

And yet, even as his senses strained, the figure remained tantalizingly obscured

But, there was something he is certain of the moment he saw that person.

Then Boris heard the sound of his cell door being unlocked and Boris eyes narrowed.

"Shit!" he cursed

Boris fought against the unrelenting grip of the shoulder lock, agony coursing through his body with each strained movement.

Yet, his determination remained unwavering, his muscles taut with resistance, his face a mask of fierce defiance.

Each attempt to break free only seemed to fuel the searing pain but he keeps trying to move.

The chain rattles as Boris struggle to get out

But he could not stop trying to struggle.

From the moment he saw that person looking at him from that opening on his cell door, he could tell that person is not coming here to save him

Because when their eyes met with each other.... Boris could feel it. Boundless killing intent directed at him

This person breaks into the prison to kill him!

....

In Tartarus, there is chaos but outside, the world seems like there was nothing wrong

There is a lone figure perched upon a weathered boulder, near the opening of Tartarus.

his demeanour a stark contrast to the volatile surroundings.

The air itself seemed to acknowledge his presence, carrying an aura of tranquillity that belied the imminent eruption of the boiling geyser nearby.

Beads of sweat remained conspicuously absent from his brow, his form untouched by the searing temperatures that is around him.

Even the creatures, fierce and wild, gave this place a wide berth, as though an invisible boundary had been drawn around this person.

There is space time fluctuation all around these areas and even titanic beast learns to avoid this kind of place

As for this mysterious person, he seems to be lazing around on the boulder.

Concealing formations, intricate and arcane, traced their patterns around him, weaving a tapestry of protection and secrecy that warded against prying eyes and meddling energies.

Upon the ground beneath him, an arrangement of stones revealed itself, a pentagram formed by their careful placement.

Each stone occupied a specific point, aligning harmoniously to create the geometric symbol when viewed from above.

At the heart of each stone lay an energy source, their radiance infused into the very fabric of the formations that cocooned the area.

These energy stone powered these formations.

Within the protective embrace of these intricate formations, an array of curious and arcane objects lay scattered

Among the collection, a feather rested delicately, its once vibrant hues now dimmed as if touched by the passage of time itself.

Nearby, a bowl of blood exuded an eerie aura, its crimson vitality slowly succumbing to an unseen malevolence.

13:40

A lifeless chicken, its form frozen in a permanent state of demise, occupied another corner, a symbol malevolence.

A lifeless chicken, its form frozen in a permanent state of demise, occupied another corner, a symbol of sacrifice.

Its feathers, once resplendent, now appeared muted, as if drained of the vitality that once animated them.

Adjacent to the avian remains, the tail of a giant lizard extended, its scales seemingly dulled

Completing this peculiar tableau, a solitary blue fish lay suspended in its final repose

Its cerulean sheen had dulled to a ghostly pallor, a spectral echo of the vibrant creature it had once been.

Yet, as the seconds ticked away, an insidious transformation gripped these artifacts of power.

A malevolent force, like a creeping darkness, manifested within the very heart of the formation.

Its corrosive touch turned once-potent elements into dust, an unholy erosion that seemed to consume their essence with each passing moment.

The feather, the blood, the chicken, the lizard's tail, and the fish—all met the same fate, dissolving into particles that mingled with the air, lost to an unrelenting maleficence.

Within the protective embrace of the concealing formations, this disintegration played out in eerie silence

Perched atop the weathered boulder, a figure of distinct refinement commanded the scene.

Clad in a meticulously tailored suit that whispered of old-world elegance, the enigmatic man sported a bowler hat that lent an air of timeless sophistication.

His lean, statuesque frame seemed to effortlessly exude an air of authority

Strands of obsidian hair cascaded down his neck, elegantly bound in a tidy manner

To those versed in the secretive realms of intelligence, the figure's identity is no enigma.

He is known, feared, and whispered about across the clandestine echelons.

Mister Moscow, the cryptic moniker by which he was recognized, served as the representative to the Red Table

Veiling his countenance in a tapestry of intrigue, swathes of black and crimson fabric concealed his visage, each fold seeming to possess a life of its own, an unnerving vitality that occasionally writhed and stirred as if imbued with a sinister animation.

Behind this shroud of mystery lay the sharp mind of a tactician, an orchestrator of schemes that spanned the shadowed depths of political machinations.

In a hushed murmur that brushed the edge of audibility, he spoke to the tempestuous air around him.

"The Magician is playing with fire,"

And he sighed

But what the world doesn't know is his other person

Another persona lay hidden beneath the veneer—Senator Alexei, a man of the Republic who expertly maneuvered the currents of power within its hallowed halls.

In this moment, perched upon the precipice of intrigue, Mister Moscow's intent is clear.

His presence here is no accident

He has the key.

Specifically, the key to the Northern Gate of Tartarus.,

And here is the northern side of the Geyser area.

A site where Tartarus is hidden in plain sight

Amid the tumultuous events that unfolded within Tartarus right now, he stood as the sentinel, ensuring that the ripples of chaos would not breach reality and that it would not alarm the other guardians,

The Rat wanted to kill Boris. And he could guess why.

Killing Boris would create an international incident.

Snared in the intricate web of geopolitics, every action held the potential to set forth a cascade of consequences, and Boris' situation is no exception.

The very notion of his demise held within it the seed of an international crisis that the world, still weary from recent conflicts, could ill afford to endure.

Death Monarch, a figure who straddled the precipice between guardian and manipulator, stood as a staunch sentinel against the resurgence of global warfare, a determined hand working to avert the calamity that a large-scale conflict would undoubtedly unleash.

Yet, in the intricate plots and schemes of power, there existed a delicate equilibrium that could be easily upended.

The prospect of Boris' death, should it be orchestrated under the cloak of the Senate's imprisonment, bore the potential to unravel the tenuous balance that had been so arduously maintained.

The very act of extinguishing his life within the Senate's clutches held the potential to ignite a maelstrom of retaliation and vengeance that could spiral into a cataclysmic chain reaction.

If such situation where Boris is killed under the Republic imprisonment, Katarina, driven by the fires of vengeance, would not be content to let her brother's demise go unanswered.

Katarina would want revenge.

The tendrils of Death Monarch's favor, woven through the tapestry of their relationship, would not act as a barrier against her pursuit of retribution.

And knowing how Death Monarch favors Katarina, even if he would not support her, he would not obstruct her.

his tacit acceptance of her path would, in essence, be an endorsement that would galvanize her cause.

And in such situation, The Senate surely had to choose to fight

That would then bring Jean into the forefront. And if Jean comes to the front, then Death Monarch also have to stand up

With the stage set for a clash of titans, the world would inevitably bear witness to the fight between Death Monarch and Jean

Death Monarch, positioned as both observer and arbiter, would be compelled to intervene in the spiralling turmoil, the same for Jean who is the Left Chancellor of the Republic.

the Rat and the Magician, shadows shrouded in enigma, stood to gain from the unfolding chaos.

The very fabric of stability that the world had begun to yearn for would be threatened anew, the tendrils of uncertainty and conflict reaching far and wide.

The looming spectre of a world plunged into a devastating war, orchestrated by the intricate machinations of puppet masters, remained a dire threat that could not be ignored.

Amidst the silent turmoil of this complex tableau, Boris stood as a linchpin—a pawn whose fate could tip the balance and usher in an era of chaos and upheaval.

And the Rat and the Magician would like this situation to happen.

