

Shadow 1561

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1561 Opening Tartarus

That is why in Mister Moscow eyes, the most dangerous man in the world is not Death Monarch.

It is the Magician who schemes for the destruction of the world.

"It would not be long now" he thought to himself. He could feel the disturbance in Tartarus as he holds one of the keys

And what he holds is the literal key. The literal key to enter Tartarus

By intertwining this key with the Magician Advanced Concealing Formation, he deftly severed the threads of alarm that might have otherwise alerted the vigilant senses of the other eight guardians.

In this moment, the mantle of awareness was his alone to bear.

Right now, the only one who could sense anything that is happening in Tartarus is him.

With a languid exhale, he allowed his eyelids to descend, attempting to surrender to the embrace of slumber.

Yet, as the tendrils of drowsiness began to enshroud him, an electric current of unease surged through his being, rousing him from the brink of rest.

A sudden clarity coursed through his senses, dispelling any remnants of weariness. His eyes snapped open, wide and vigilant, a testament to his keen awareness.

"Shit!" he curses

A single expletive slipped through his lips as his mind raced to discern the source of this unsettling disturbance.

The gnawing sensation of imminent danger crept over him, setting his nerves alight.

His gaze darted around his surroundings, scanning the terrain with acute focus, seeking the elusive origin of the disquiet that had jolted him from his respite.

The air hung heavy with tension as he pieced together the enigmatic puzzle that lay before him.

A whisper of intuition tugged at his consciousness, painting a picture of impending arrivals—forces moving inexorably closer to his secluded vantage point.

A grim realization settled over him, etching lines of urgency onto his brow.

"Somebody is making their way here," he muttered to himself, his voice laced with a mixture of apprehension and determination.

A palpable disturbance rippled through the delicate fabric of the space-time continuum, reverberating with an unsettling resonance that pricked at Mister Moscow heightened senses.

His poised form, ready to launch into action, faltered as a shadow of hesitation wafted over him like a phantom breeze.

A fraction of a moment hung suspended, laden with the weight of choice and consequence.

"If I get up.....then my involvement..."

An internal struggle unfolded

A contemplative gaze swept across the expanse, eyes locking onto the horizon as if seeking answers in the distance.

A heavy sigh escaped his lips.

"I have extended my hand enough," he murmured, his words a whispered acknowledgment of the boundary he had set for himself.

He and the Magicians are not friend. They are simply people bound by benefits.

He sighed

Mister Moscow form remained seated, an embodiment of stillness amidst the tumultuous backdrop of the erupting geyser in the distance

In his chosen stance, he harnessed the art of concealment, blending seamlessly into the environment.

His very presence is shrouded, his aura mingling with the cacophony of chaos that echoed through the area

Even the disturbance of time space continuum could not rip apart the space and time around him..

And so, he became a silent observer, an unseen spectator to the unfolding drama that was poised to erupt.

Swoosh!

A peculiar distortion in the very fabric of reality itself painted an arcane spectacle across the area

As if an unseen hand is weaving intricate patterns of chaos, space quivered and writhed under some unseen force, like a canvas being unravelled from the edges.

The ground, once solid and steadfast, seemed to lose its grip on reality, juddering and trembling under the weight of the cosmic disturbance.

An eerie effect of space manipulation unfolded—a space and time paradoxes that manifested in the swaying of the ground and the disorienting twist of time's tapestry.

Time itself seemed to waver, one side of the tumultuous disturbance area is experiencing a furious acceleration while the other recoiled into a haunting reversal of moments past.

one side having experienced time acceleration and the other experiencing time reversal.

In the very heart of this maelstrom, the space parted like a veiled curtain, birthing forth a portal from which emerged nine figures—eight men and a lone woman.

They emerged from the portal like apparitions forged of determination and resolve, stepping onto the shifting ground of the Geyser with an air of unwavering purpose.

Amidst the tempestuous backdrop, Mister Moscow's gaze narrowed, a bemused glint sparking within his eyes.

"Well, isn't this a sight to behold?" he mused aloud, his voice carrying a thread of sardonic amusement.

He recognizes all ten people. He just never expected to see them here.

Among the figures that materialized from the portal, a woman stood out like a rare gem amidst a sea of shadows.

Her presence seemed almost paradoxical, an intricate tapestry woven from threads of fragility and immense power.

Her petite form belied the tempestuous forces that swirled around her

The defining feature that immediately captured attention was the patch that adorned her left eye.

Yet, it was the gaze of her remaining eye that held an aura of depth, veiled by a misty haze that lent an otherworldly air to her countenance.

As if a sorceress whose origins were etched in the annals of ancient lore, she exuded an aura that transcended time itself.

Her very presence seemed to beckon whispers of bygone epochs, drawing the tendrils of history to curl around her like a shroud of arcane secrets.

Her attire, a resplendent robe of regal purple, bore runic sigils that shimmered with an ethereal light, their faint luminescence dancing in harmony with the very energies of heaven and earth.

The fabric seemed to drink in the raw vitality of the cosmos, resonating with an almost sentient connection to the fundamental forces that wove the fabric of reality itself.

The air around her seemed to ripple and hum, carrying an ancient resonance—a chorus of ages past that sang in harmony with her every step.

She is a vessel of arcane knowledge, a harbinger of truths that transcended the mortal realm.

It was as if the world itself bowed in deference to her presence, acknowledging her as a conduit between the realms of known and unknown.

This woman.....this aura....that eye patch that covered that gaping hole of the eye socket....this woman is none other than the One Eyed Oracle Erika

Most people however called her the Great Oracle.

Her demeanour exuded a sense of quiet strength

"She's here? What did she see? Did she see me?" Mister Moscow could not help but think of such question.

The Great Oracle has always been a headache to many forces of the world. After all, how could you fight someone who could see your future.

From what most people understand about Erika abilities, it is that the only future that she could not see is the future of people who are stronger than her in realm or in comprehension.

Or if those who she wanted to divine have some kind of concealing artifact or some kind of mystical technique to hide from her gaze.

Mister Moscow's gaze shifted from Erika to the imposing figures that trailed behind her—a pantheon of power and might that seemed to embody the very essence of Greek mythology.

Seven men, each a Warlord in their own right, exuded an air of authority that commanded attention.

"The Seven Warlords"

Then he look at the men that is beside Erika.

Two figures flanked Erika, standing like sentinels.

On her right, Antonious stood with an air of maturity that only enhanced his stalwart demeanour.

His once-youthful countenance now bore the rugged touch of experience, accentuated by the confident assertion of facial hair.

Curly locks framed his face, a striking complement to his physique that bore witness to years of merging to evoke a vision of heroism and strength.

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He embodied the very essence of a living legend, a guardian of Erika whose presence radiated both training and discipline.

Adorned in war armor, he emanated an air of valour, a figure reminiscent of a Hellenic deity sculpted with divine precision.

But it was the shimmering gold that lent him an almost mythical aura—the golden hair and armor merging to evoke a vision of heroism and strength.

He embodied the very essence of a living legend, a guardian of Erika whose presence radiated both protection and unwavering loyalty.

Yet, Antonious' presence held no surprise for him.

It is only natural to find the Seven Warlords of Greece and her steadfast guardian accompanying Erika.

After all, the whole world knows their connection with each other

However, it was the figure on Erika's left that jolted Mister Moscow's senses—a twist of incredulity that briefly punctuated his thoughts.

"Lockpick Master," he murmured

"He is also here?" the more Mister Moscow thought about it, the more he frowned.

There is the Lockpick Master, a middle-aged man of around six feet five, stood with an air of quiet confidence.

His hazel eyes held a depth of experience, and his brown hair framed his face under the shadow of his hood.

His attire, a snug-fitting dark yellow ensemble, accentuated his lean and well-toned physique.

His presence in this situation caught Mister Moscow off guard, a surprise in the midst of unfolding events.

Erika's entourage prompted Mister Moscow to instinctively conceal his breath, ensuring he remained unnoticed nearby.

Amidst the scene, the Lockpick Master's voice cut through the air, his words directed at Erika,

"You should have informed Jean about this, as I suggested."

Erika's response was a knowing smile coupled with a gentle shake of her head

"He's occupied," she calmly countered.

"Now, let's proceed. Unveil the entrance to Tartarus," the Lockpick Master commanded with an air of authority, his tone carrying a sense of urgency.

Chapter 1562 Hell is Open

The Lockpick Master sighed

The Lockpick Master's exhalation carried a tinge of impatience, his nod acknowledging the sentiment of the Oracle.

He was never that close to her. But he had dealings with her in the past

"Impatient as ever," he murmured, his words almost lost in the air around them.

From the void space, he retrieved a key, its existence ethereal until brought into the material world.

Carefully inserting the key into an invisible cavity, a peculiar transformation began.

Though nothing is visible initially, a subtle distortion marked the key's advancement.

Then, as the key pushed forward, reality itself seemed to ripple and split, birthing a gate before them.

The atmosphere grew dense, a pall of darkness enveloping the surroundings.

Even the distant geyser's frenetic activity quelled, and the once-vibrant grass drooped, its vitality drained.

Overhead, storm clouds converged, their ominous presence punctuated by resounding thunderclaps and jagged bolts of lightning.

And then they could see it. There is a gate appearing in front of them, appearing like a mirage in the desert

Among this eerie spectacle, the Seven Warlords, Antonius, and Erika turned their gaze to the newly formed gate.

Its obsidian surface bore crimson trim, creating a striking contrast and adding the fear factor of this gate

To traverse the threshold, one had to step onto a patch of dark red soil, a stark demarcation against the backdrop of foreboding darkness.

The Lockpick Master had fashioned an expansive portal, a gateway that bridged Earth's dimension with a distinct realm compressed and parallel to their own.

Though palpably present, this portal existed within the interstice of space, a concealed passage tethered to the very fabric of reality.

Erika's perceptive gaze traced the inscription etched onto the gate's surface, her lips curling in a wry smile.

"Abandon all hope, ye who enter here. Boris sure does have a wicked sense of humor. Though, I guess when he created this prison, he must have never thought that he would be the one inhabiting it"

Yet, the gravity of their mission overshadowed any jest. Erika's sojourn in this alternate dimension remained brief, her resolve unswerving.

"Let's go. We have someone to save"

"Time is of the essence," she declared, a tinge of urgency underlining her words.

The Seven Warlords moved forward in unison, followed by Antonius who stepped purposefully into the space beyond.

However, the Lockpick Master's demeanour suggested a lingering doubt, his figure hesitating at the threshold.

He looks at Erika and then ask

"I fulfilled my Price. I could go now, right?" The Lockpick Master said

Erika only smiles and shakes her head.

"The thing you asked me, how could it so easily be redeemable? I told you that if you are asking for the future, especially the kind of future you are asking for, the Price would be steep. At that time, you agree"

Hearing this the Lockpick Master sighed. He did agree at that time. He just never thought that by agreeing he would now be involved in a prison break

And not just any prison but the black site of all black site in the Republic.

He knows Tartarus because he knows keys and lock.

And he knows that if the Republic knows that there is someone like him who could unravel the security of Tartarus, he would be hunted by them in the future.

But what could he do? Renege on the Price?

He knows that the Price of having your fortune read by the Oracle is a price of Karma, of cause and effect and that kind of price is like a curse.

Ask anyone on the street? Do you want to get curse by fate and destiny itself?

He sighed.

Erika could sense the unease feeling that the Lockpick Master is feeling. If Erika is any other person, she might think of a word to consoled him. But Erika has always been a bit mischievous sometimes

"And if you go now, how do we get out if the Nine Guardians all come towards me?"

Hearing this does not dispel any of the unease that the Lockpick master is feeling. Instead, he feels even more stressed

This is basically reminding him, that breaking in is one thing, breaking out is another.

The Lockpick Master frowned and sighed

"Fine" And then he enters that area that leads to the gate of Tartarus.

Erika however did not immediately walk inside that area

Instead, she looks around, her eyes seem to be seeing something that others could not. She smiles and spoke

"You're here, right?" no one answered her.

But Mister Moscow heart is beating fiercely. Even though she could not have seen through his concealing formation, Erika is right now looking right at his direction

There is a smile on the Oracle face and then for a moment, she just stares at his direction. And then she shakes her head and then enter the portal. The moment she enters the portal, The portal immediately close up on itself.

Mister Moscow seeing this could not help but frowned.

"This would be a big deal after all. today would not be a good day for the Republic " he thought to himself and then quickly go away from this place of right and wrong.

He could already feel that something big will happen if he keeps staying here.

Flying away, a streak of golden light streaks across the skies

All he knows is that Tartarus now is going be fully wrecked.

With the Magician pulling the strings and Erika entering Tartarus, today would be the day where there would be chaos in the Republic.

And Mister Moscow had to keep his safety first before he could save anyone else

"You all have your plans and schemes. I just want to survive" he thought to himself as he was flying away from this place

In the back of his mind, he could not help but hope that those two factions would kill themselves to death fight against each other and don't involve him.

Even a week after the battle the aftermath of that battle is still reverberating across the world

And one would wonder while the whole world is scheming and plotting against each other, what is Death Monarch is doing right now?

That person himself seems very much at ease.

Amidst a world ruled by god-like figures, each move he made was akin to casting a stone into a placid lake, creating ripples that grew into devastating waves, threatening to breach the once-stable shores.

He is the master orchestrator of turmoil, and his demeanour suggested an almost eerie composure in the face of the mayhem he sowed.

head.

"No wonder the Magician had such thoughts" Then he shakes his head.

"But the Magician goes too far. Living in a world that he desired would not bring peace at all"

Mister Moscow is no stranger to violence; it coursed through his veins like an old friend.

Yet, he wielded violence with precision, a means to an end, a tool to carve a path through the thorns of adversity.

To most, violence is an unforgivable sin, a brutal force that is abhorred and they pretend like they would never use such power.

Those same people are either weak enough that they are afflicted by violence, a product of violence or person who sat so high on top of his own pedestal that they could not see, that the ideals they thought in their head would crumble the moment it is faced with reality.

In the real world, force has always win. Whether it is wielded by the righteous or wielded by evil, force and strength rules the world

Right now, Justice prevailed. The world power won the war and so justice win. But of course, justice wins.

Whoever wins, they are justice.

For these individuals who denounced violence, the chasm between their lofty thoughts and the harsh reality below was an abyss they refused to acknowledge.

Though he occasionally enjoyed the chaos sown by his own hand, the Magician vision of the world was like a descent into hell.

It was this perspective that left Mister Moscow wary of aligning with the Rat or the Magician.

And so, the first moment he got, he ran away.

After all, he had held up his end of the bargain. He promised the Rat that he would open the doors of Tartarus to him.

In truth, his vigilance over the area surrounding Tartarus was a mere token of post-service, a half-hearted gesture.

However, with the arrival of the Oracle, the Seven Warlords of Greece, and even the Lockpick Master, the situation now contradicted his cardinal principle of steering clear of trouble.

The need to maintain his cover as Alexei weighed heavily more than ensuring that the Rat could escape the net that is now surrounding him

As for the unfolding drama within the abyss of Tartarus, who would emerge victorious, and who would succumb to the shadows, no longer held Mister Moscow's interest

BOOOM!

A deafening BOOOM erupted with earth-shaking force, splitting the tranquillity of the surroundings just moments after Mister Moscow's hasty departure.

Anyone within the vicinity of the geyser valley was suddenly thrust into a spine-chilling spectacle that would haunt their memories forever.

Many of the levelers in the Republic had already flown toward the Valley of Geyser and when they hear the explosion of course they would look toward the area.

Before their disbelieving eyes, a colossal gate, soaring to a staggering forty feet, seemed to reach for the very heavens, its imposing presence eclipsing the skies.

A malevolent, dark-red aura oozed ominously from the gate's core, as if it held within it all the malevolence and terror of the world.

With a dread-inducing slowness that sent shivers through the spines of those who watched, the massive gate began to creak open.

The sound, a haunting, echoing wail, reverberated across the landscape, sending waves of fear cascading through the hearts of all who heard it.

The Doors of Tartarus, now yawned wide, ready to unleash an enigmatic horror upon the unsuspecting world.

The scene was alive with anticipation, a chilling dance of malevolent forces on the precipice of release.

ROAR! And a roar that shakes Europe echoes endlessly.

Tartarus is now open!

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Chapter 1563 A Sense

As the spectacle unfolded in the Valley of Geysers, another intriguing scene played out in stark contrast within the serene confines of a pristine white palace.

In the heart of this palace, a woman sat in perfect meditation, her legs elegantly crossed beneath her.

She exuded an aura of serene authority, a stark contrast to the tumultuous events occurring beyond her abode.

This woman was none other than Katarina, the Ice Queen.

A sense of icy tranquillity enveloped her, and it was reflected in the chilling maelstrom that swirled around her.

It is as though the very elements had bent to her will.

A gentle snowstorm, far from the harsh and biting blizzards of her domain, circled her petite figure with an almost reverent obedience.

This ethereal display showcased her mastery over the elements, and the snowstorm, guided by her unspoken command, moved with a graceful serenity.

It was as if a gentle zephyr followed her every gesture, turning her meditation into a dance of elemental control and serene beauty.

A woman that seems to be shrouded by regal power and icy grace.

Katarina, the Ice Queen, sat in her tranquil ice chamber

Her meditation is usually a practice of serene solitude, but on this occasion, something disrupted her profound concentration.

With a sudden flicker of alarm in her frosty eyes, she opened them composed countenance.

Her gaze, usually as frigid as the winter's chill, now sharpened like wide, revealing a hint of astonishment that was rarely seen in her composed countenance.

Her gaze, usually as frigid as the winter's chill, now sharpened like an ice shard, narrowing with killing intent.

She had sensed something, a presence so unexpected that it sent a shiver through her.

She never thought that she would sense it.

"I cannot be mistaken," she whispered to herself in a voice as cool as the arctic winds that swirled around her.

"That... is the aura of my brother."

In that fleeting moment, she felt it, an energy so faint, so subtle, that it might have escaped anyone else's notice.

But not Katarina.

She knew her brother's aura intimately

It was weak, as if obscured by layers of other energies, but it was unmistakably him—her brother.

His life force, his energy signature, the essence of his existence.

In the midst of her icy realm, a spark of warmth kindled in her heart

Her Divine Sense extended like an ethereal web, enshrouding the vast expanse of Old Russia.

For the past week, she had scoured every nook and cranny, probing for any trace of her missing brother.

In her heart, she harboured a firm belief—a conviction that her brother is being concealed within some hidden dimension, a realm veiled by layers of enchantments and guarded by the apparatus of the Senate.

Information had trickled down to her through her Azief.

A whisper, a fragment of a clue, that hinted at something ominous known as Tartarus, a place deeply enmeshed with the Republic's secrets.

Yet, even Azief knowledge was shrouded in ignorance when it came to Tartarus.

He had only unearthed this name after inquiries with Sasha.

The realization infuriated Katarina, fuelling the flames of her determination.

It affirmed her suspicions, strengthening her belief that her brother is ensnared within the Senate's grasp.

"I hope Sasha did not hide anything. Knowing her, I would not put it past her"

Before Sasha's ascension to her position as a staunch supporter of Pandemonium, before she donned the moniker of the Nightingale, and even prior to her assuming the mantle of leadership over the Shadow Guard, there were chapters in her past where her path crossed with the Republic.

Sasha harboured no fondness for Katarina, and this sentiment is reciprocal.

However, duty trumped personal grievances in Sasha's world, especially when she served as Azief loyal subordinate.

Whatever orders the Death Monarch issued, she executed without question.

To the rest of the world, Sasha held the unofficial title of Chief of Staff within the Intelligence Division of Pandemonium, a moniker bestowed upon her by both allies and rivals alike.

In the eyes of the people in Pandemonium government, it was more of a nickname than a formal designation, yet it aptly encapsulated her role as the secretive mastermind behind most of Pandemonium covert operations.

Her actions spoke louder than titles, and her reputation continued to strike fear into the hearts of her adversaries, regardless of the names she was known by.

Within the labyrinthine hierarchy of Pandemonium, a seemingly unified front conceals the nuanced distinctions in its covert operations.

On the surface lies Pandemonium Intelligence Division, an entity helmed by a different commander.

To many outsiders, the fine details of this structure remained shrouded in obscurity.

However, among the elite ranks of the Shadow Guards and those who had delved deeper into Pandemonium's inner workings, the stark disparities between these two factions were unmistakable.

Though there were occasions when their duties intertwined, their overarching missions remained starkly divergent.

The Pandemonium Intelligence Division specialized in the art of gathering information, their efforts meticulously aimed at amassing a wealth of knowledge for Pandemonium benefit.

In stark contrast, the Shadow Guards operated on a different plane, transcending the bounds of mere intelligence gathering.

While they did undertake the collection of information, their primary role transcend their allegiance to Pandemonium.

Their unwavering devotion is pledged to Death Monarch.

This distinction is crucial, for it epitomized the essence of their existence.

While some might argue that, in practice, both factions served the same master due to Death Monarch iron grip on Pandemonium, the subtleties of this dichotomy were not lost on those who comprehended the inner workings of Pandemonium's clandestine machinations.

As the head of the Shadow Guards, Sasha bore the solemn responsibility of safeguarding Death Monarch interests with unwavering loyalty.

Her role is a job filled with complexities, demanding a razor-sharp intellect, uncanny foresight, and an unflinching determination to maintain a perpetually advantageous position for herself and her organization.

The shadows in which she operated were replete with intrigue, making it imperative for her to perpetually outmanoeuvre potential adversaries and stay ahead in this unending game of power.

Of course, it helps when your backer is the strongest man in the world.

Several years ago, whispers had first reached her ears—mere fragments of a rumour suggesting that the Republic was constructing a formidable prison.

However, the news surrounding this clandestine project had been conspicuously suppressed, as if a shadowy hand were diligently snuffing out the sparks of information before they could ignite.

In response, the nascent rumour had fizzled into near-oblivion.

Yet, when Azief sought her insights into potential locations where the Senate might have concealed Boris, Sasha embarked on a methodical exploration of known black sites and those locations whose approximate coordinates she had gleaned over time.

This exhaustive search yielded nothing, leaving her grappling with the Boris whereabouts.

Katarina is quite sure that Sasha did not care that much about her brother. But she did it because it was an order.

However, it was then that a long-buried urban legend resurfaced in Sasha mind, like a dormant serpent awakening from its slumber.

The urban legend of Tartarus,

It was a tale entwined with the tumultuous time of the Weronian Invasion and subsequent Occupation—a period marred by political intrigue, clandestine machinations, and unexpected alliance

As the urban legend recounted, the Republic had harboured a clandestine ambition—to construct a prison, a fortress of despair capable of serving a dual purpose.

This endeavour was not merely about incarcerating foes or adversaries but rather crafting a sanctuary concealed so ingeniously that it could seemingly elude even the omniscient gaze of Heaven Will itself.

The intricate design of this stronghold was believed to have been imbued with eldritch secrets, seamlessly melding the physical realm with the arcane.

It was whispered that Tartarus had the power to veil its existence, rendering it impervious to the prying eyes of both celestial and terrestrial beings.

In the annals of clandestine architecture, Tartarus was shrouded in the deepest layers of mystique, a fortress of inscrutable enigma.

Sasha contemplated the veracity of this tale.

Could it be that Tartarus, a prison said to possess the very essence of obscurity and secrecy, was the place where Boris had been ensnared?

Anyway, Sasha told Azief about some place called Tartarus. And Azief told her. It's quite good to have a boyfriend like that, she thought to herself.

Tartarus, if she read the report right is a secret prison, the granddaddy of all secret prison as Sasha put it in her report.

Untraceable, compressed into the fabric of reality of earth. But other than that, Shadow Guard did not know much about this prison other than it could exist.

Since then, Sasha has been spreading her Divine Sense.

Trying to see if she could sense this prison.

Katarina did not ask for Azief help

After all, she knows that he is also concentrating to create the Ten Realms.

When she heard his plans, the first times she hears it, she kind of doubt that he could do it. But after seeing him fight Kaiju and seeing his power, Katarina believe that If anyone could do it, it would be him.

Knowing he would be busy in trying to break through to Essence Creation and also constructing the Ten Realms, she did not feel it right to impose on him.

And she knows this is her problem. Not his.

Of course, if she could not handle it, she would ask his help. Katarina is not that prideful that she did not know how to accept help

Azief is like that. But she is not.

Most of her life, she had to ask for help. And she remembered every one of it.

Every scar on the back of her brother is because she asks for help.

Her brother takes the abuse from their father, all so that he could protect her. And now, it is her turn.

She would abandon pride if she could save her brother. And she also knows that the Senate doesn't want to kill her brother

She knows the dilemma that her brother posed for the Senate. They would not dare kill him to risk a global war with Pandemonium.

So, the only thing she could do is spread out her Divine Sense trying to find her brother. She did not attack the Senate. But she tries to find a way to circumvent the Senate decision.

She knows that the Senators are debating about this matter.

But she could not wait.

If any other Disk Formation levelers did what she did, they would have been exhausted by now.

And she is exhausted.

[Chapter 1564 A Battle](#)

1564 A Battle

Using her Divine Sense like that....it is without a doubt would burden her.

But she thought of it as training.

As she uses her Divine Sense more and more, she could feel the range of her Divine Sense expanded more and more and each time she takes a rest, the next time she uses her Divine Sense she could feel the improvement,

Today, just like the day before, she spread out her Divine Sense all over Old Russia.

Russia right now after the Multiversal Convergence has become so big that if seven billion people were to be brought into the lands of Russia, they would have so many space that one would not know how to deal with so much space.

A village-to-village distance that usually would only take minutes to travel to and from has now turned into distance that would take days if not weeks

That is why she mostly languid on top of her Ice Throne or in her Ice Room meditating while spreading out her Divine Sense.

Because after using so much of her energy to maintain the range and duration of her Divine Sense, it would make her so tired that she could barely move.

Katarina expectations for the day were no different from any other.

She had anticipated the usual tranquillity of her meditative state, a serene detachment from the world's disturbances.

Her routine had been defined by the absence of any jarring intrusions, a semblance of normalcy that she had grown accustomed to.

However, today was far from ordinary.

As the faint feeling of her brother aura reverberated through her senses, it disrupted the tranquil day.

A shadow of bewilderment crept across her countenance, causing her brows to furrow in deep contemplation.

Swiftly rising from her meditation posture, she left the tranquil confines of her meditation room,

She only wears little when she is in her Ice Palace.

Katarina's attire was unlike any other, a blend of mystical charm and modern design.

When within the confines of her Ice Palace, she dressed in garments that consisted of a tight-fitting, sleeveless shirt paired with similarly snug pants.

These garments held a certain allure, exuding an ethereal aura, and emitted a chilling white mist that enveloped the entire palace.

This mystic mist that comes from her would travel outward from her palace and cascaded down the mountains, gracing the cities of Europe with its cold embrace, transforming them into wintry wonderlands.

However, as she emerged from her Ice Room and stepped into the role she was born for, her attire transformed accordingly.

Her clothes shifted into a formidable armor, serving as both protection and an embodiment of her icy powers.

The plated armor encased her chest, adorned with a resplendent, large metal flower that glistened with an otherworldly sheen.

Her lower attire consisted of a billowing skirt, also armoured in the upper region.

This skirt appeared as though it was perpetually shedding snow, while a cold mist swirled around it, making it an eerie yet majestic sight.

Despite the armour grandeur, her stomach and neck remained uncovered, displaying a touch of vulnerability amidst her formidable presence.

But what truly set her apart were the magnificent wings on her back, crafted from pure ice.

Each wing bore a resemblance to a collection of razor-sharp blades, ready to strike with lethal precision.

Her headpiece mimicked the form of wings as well, adding to her ethereal aura.

With one glance at her attire, it was evident that she was preparing herself for battle

With each step she took, she traversed vast distances, covering dozens of miles effortlessly.

Exiting her palace, Katarina cast her gaze towards the distant horizon, where she could see the snow falling gently and the cold winds sweeping across the landscape.

Inhaling deeply, her breath seemed to halt the descent of snowflakes and calm the winter winds.

Her eyes gleamed with determination as her vision spanned thousands of miles, reaching out to verify the faint presence she had sensed earlier.

Yet, despite her efforts, her brother's aura remained elusive.

"It's too far," she mused silently

In front of the entrance of her Palace, there is a sheathe of sword.

And this sheathe is the sheathe of her weapon, the Red Queen, her famous sword.

Instead of drawing the sword from the snow, Katarina made a fluid gesture with her hand.

In response to her command, the snow beneath her feet began to swirl and coalesce, taking on the form of a slender, needle-like sword.

It glistened like ice in the pale light, a formidable weapon crafted from the very essence of her icy domain.

"And she is here too" she mutters and her frown seems to deepen

"I would not mistake it"

When she felt the aura of her brother before she also felt another kind of aura.

As the sensation of her brother's aura faded from her senses, another presence lingered, one she knew all too well – An aura that she does not forget.

The aura she doesn't like

the aura of the Great Oracle.

It is a foreboding sign, and Katarina understood that trouble was afoot.

Since she's here, that means there is trouble.

In an instant, she leaped into the air, her form transforming into a streak of radiant light.

With grace and speed, she soared towards the Valley of Geysers, ready to face whatever challenge lay ahead.

Katarina is going to battle!

Within the solemn confines of the Senate Hall, the dignified senators were embroiled in a heated debate, their voices echoing through the grand chamber.

But the air in the room grew tense as an unexpected intrusion shattered their focus.

A messenger, panic etched across their face, rushed into the hall and halted the proceedings.

With urgency in their voice, they conveyed the shocking news that had just reached their ears

The news broke out almost instantly

Tartarus, the most secure prison of the Republic, had been breached, and a daring attempt to liberate Boris was underway.

A hushed silence descended upon the Senate as the gravity of the situation settled in.

The pallor of shock and fear spread across the faces of the assembled senators. The heart of the Republic had been violated, and the implications were dire.

"Activate the Legion!" one of the Senators shouted.

"What happened? One of the Senator asked

And the more they listen to the explanation, the more dumbfounded they became

One thing is certain. Something big had happened.

"what is Tartarus?"

"Explain!"

"Order! Order!" the Senate devolve into chaos.

As chaos rippled through the Senate Hall, a division emerged among the senators.

Some among their ranks, well-versed in the Republic's darkest secrets, understood the significance of the breach at Tartarus.

They exchanged grave looks, realizing the magnitude of the crisis unfolding before them.

However, there were others whose expressions betrayed sheer bewilderment.

The name Tartarus held no meaning for them, and they were left to grapple with the fear and uncertainty that gripped the room.

As a few senators rushed out of the hall to investigate, they were met with a sight that defied reason.

Dark, malevolent tendrils extended skyward, as if they were the appendages of some unspeakable cosmic horror.

The sight alone struck terror into the hearts of those who gazed upon it, causing some to collapse in fright.

It is like seeing an eldritch horror. Some who have weak will fainted almost immediacy seeing those dark tentacles.

Yet, those who managed to maintain their composure noticed something peculiar about these sinister tendrils.

They emanated an aura that played tricks on the mind, a mesmerizing and unsettling force that preyed on the emotions of the weak-willed.

People with powerful will and mind is not affected.

But if your realm is low and your will and mind is also weak, then you probably would be entranced and shock to death by some kind of dark feeling that would creep into you when you are unaware.

The outside of the Senate echoed with the distant roars of what seemed like monstrous entities, heightening the sense of impending doom.

"What the hell is this?"

The spectacle was not confined to the Moscow ; it spilled out for all to witness across the vast expanse of the European continent.

The unfolding events had the potential to ignite an international incident of unprecedented proportions.

Tartarus had not merely been breached; it had become the arena for a clash of formidable forces.

Among them were the mysterious Great Oracle, the elusive Seven Warlords of Greece, and several mysterious figures whose identities remained unknown to the Senate.

Their relentless confrontation had laid waste to a substantial portion of the Valley of Geysers.

One in every three geysers had been obliterated, their once-potent eruptions silenced by the havoc unfolding around them.

The valley's vibrant ecosystem, teeming with monsters and beasts, had been sent fleeing, their habitats rendered inhospitable.

The very terrain bore the scars of their titanic battle.

Mountains were hewn open, revealing the raw earth beneath, while once-flowing rivers had been drained to mere trickles.

Thunderous explosions reverberated through the land, and the ground quaked violently, registering the tumultuous conflict even in distant areas.

The impact was felt not just physically but also in the collective psyche of those who bore witness to this extraordinary spectacle.

Hearing this the Senators become even more panicked

"Activate all. Bringe everything we have and make sure that Boris is contained and contain all the other people too"

"If you could take down the Oracle, took her down. It's not our fault she enters our dominion. And don't look at those tentacles reaching for the sky. It is nothing good. Unless you are Seed Forming leveler and above, avoid looking at it. Focus your mind into something happy"

Amidst the chaos and apprehension that gripped the Senate, a commanding voice pierced through the turmoil.

It belonged to none other than Senator Kesar Liebner, a figure with a profound understanding of Tartarus and the ominous implications of its breach.

With a sense of urgency in his tone, Kesar issued a decree that resonated with the gravity of the situation.

"Inform the Knights," he commanded, his words carrying the weight of experience and wisdom. "And... inform Jean as fast as possible."

His words reverberated through the Senate chamber, his authority cutting through the confusion.

In this moment of crisis, the Senators recognized the need for decisive leadership, and Kesar had stepped forward to provide it.

Without delay, his orders were set into motion.

The Republic, its institutions now galvanized by the impending threat, began to mobilize its considerable military might.

The battle stars, symbols of their formidable power, were activated and directed toward the Valley of Geysers.

Messengers were dispatched at full speed, their vital messages racing to key figures. The Senate building itself transitioned into Guardian Mode, fortifying its defences.

As Mister Moscow had foreseen, this day would indeed be one of great upheaval for the Republic

Today would not be a good day for the Republic.

[Chapter 1565 A Cabin In the Mountain](#)

1565 A Cabin In the Mountain



She's a Killer Queen

Gunpowder, gelatine

Dynamite with a laser beam

Guaranteed to blow your mind

Anytime

Recommended at the price

Insatiable an appetite

Wanna try?



Within the dimly lit confines of the bar, the ambiance is steeped in nostalgia, as melodies from the era preceding the Fall filled the air.

The establishment is a microcosm of life's various facets, drawing an eclectic mix of patrons.

At the bar counter, individuals nursed their drinks, each glass a vessel for their preferred elixirs of choice.

The clinking of ice cubes resonated through the room, punctuating the air with a subtle rhythm.

Tensions eased with every sip; the world's worries momentarily set aside.

Around wooden tables scattered throughout the space, people engaged in animated conversations.

Friends reconnected, exchanging stories and laughter, their voices rising and falling in animated cadence.

Acquaintances struck up new connections, the hum of chatter a testament to the human desire for connection.

Amidst the lively tapestry of interactions, there were those who preferred the solace of a quiet corner.

These individuals sought refuge in the hushed embrace of shadows, watching the world go by in contemplative solitude.

And then, there was the lone figure occupying a chair near the barstools.

"What a mess," he grumbled, his voice carrying the weight of someone who had seen their fair share of chaos.

His deep sigh seemed to echo

This imposing man stood tall at six feet three, and he has muscular

His very presence exuded an aura of strength and tenacity.

His unruly black hair framed his face, its untamed nature almost mirroring the wildness of his spirit.

It cascaded down, giving him an almost rebellious appearance.

A scruffy beard, flecked with touches of white, adorned his chin, adding an air of ruggedness to his demeanour.

The intensity in his piercing eyes is unmistakable, a window into his unyielding determination.

When those eyes narrowed in anger, those who knew him well could sense the storm brewing beneath his gruff exterior.

Dressed in a simple ensemble of a black tank top and jeans, his attire reflected his no-nonsense personality.

A chain bracelet adorned his wrist, a subtle token of personal significance.

This man is a regular in this bar.

But even though he is regular no one knows him that much. And no one really cares.

In this bar, familiarity is a fleeting concept.

People came and went like whispers in the wind, their stories hidden beneath layers of the past.

The man, a regular among strangers, embodied this sense of anonymity.

Nobody here truly knew him, nor did they particularly care to.

Each patron carried their own stories, and in this place, today's acquaintance could become tomorrow's distant memory.

It is a world where faces and names blurred into a kaleidoscope of fleeting encounters, where stories whispered in hushed conversations were as ephemeral as the next glass raised in toast.

This man sighed again

He looks at the television that is on top of the bar.

There is another name for it but this man like to call it television. It is the term of the Old World.

Most people refer to the world before the Fall as the Old World.

The Fall had irrevocably altered the lives of those who had witnessed it first-hand.

Nearly a decade had passed, marked by the ebb and flow of triumphs and failures.

The survivors of those tumultuous years had developed a unique resilience, a gritty determination, and a stark outlook on life.

For the generation born after the Fall, life, while still far from easy, the life experience is a bit different

This new world that they brought into at least offered a semblance of protection and structure.

They had something to fall back on, someone to rely upon.

It was a different story for the First Generation, those who had borne the full brunt of the apocalypse.

They had experienced the unravelling of the old world and the chaotic birth of the new, carving their existence from the raw, unforgiving landscape of a world forever transformed.

When the Fall first descended upon them, it was an apocalyptic shockwave that left everyone reeling.

Those initial days were nothing short of madness.

The dead had risen in ghastly, zombified forms, and colossal monstrosities roamed the skies, the oceans, and even the depths of the earth itself.

It was a surreal nightmare, and nobody had a playbook for dealing with it.

Complete and utter destruction gave way to unparalleled chaos.

The orderly lives they had known were shredded in an instant.

They stood by helplessly as the very foundations of civilization crumbled around them, power structures disintegrated, and billions of lives were extinguished like candle flames in the path of a ferocious gale.

The new generation, those who came into this world after the Fall, may not lead lives as cushy as those before the disaster, but they do enjoy a semblance of civilization.

In the present day, when colossal monsters rear their heads, local armed forces mobilize to confront and defeat these behemoths.

The scourge of zombified humans has been all but eradicated; society now possesses a deeper understanding of what befalls those unfortunate souls, and they have developed coping mechanisms for many of the world's challenges.

While these titanic beasts and monstrous threats still pose considerable danger, it's a far cry from the utter helplessness they experienced in those grim days following the Fall.

"A different time, a different world" the man said. He sighed as he said these words.

Words that carry a weight of nostalgia.

"Old Lou"

The man nodded.

Despite his name, his visage did not betray his age.

He had recently reached the Disk Formation level, a transformation that revitalized him both inside and out.

Once an elderly figure teetering on the brink of death, he now boasted a muscular physique and the same rugged handsomeness he had possessed in his youth.

Lou is the man that sat on the chair in front of the bar.

"I miss sport" he suddenly said.

John the bartender laughed

"I would like that too. But with the war always going on every few years, no one had the chance to organize anything. What's your sport?" John the Bartender asked

"Football"

"A fellow football fan" Lou chuckles

Then, he shifted his gaze to the television, still blaring news about the Republic, and couldn't help but shake his head.

He sighed, placing a few energy stones on the bar before rising from his seat.

"Turning in for tonight?"

Lou just nod. On the stage, there is a young man that is coming up that is about to play the piano.

Lou knows the kid.

Its Salvatore kid, Billy. The piano man, he thought to himself

He looks around and thought to himself

"It is a pretty good crowd for tonight" But he has no intention to listen to the piano man tonight.

Lou made his way to the entrance, donning his hat and slipping into his coat.

As he stepped out of the bar, he was greeted by a wintry landscape.

Woosh!

The wind howled, pushing the falling snow into swirling patterns. Everything around him is blanketed in pristine white.

12:24

He couldn't help but sigh and mutter, "This damn weather," as he braced himself against the chill.

in pristine white.

He couldn't help but sigh and mutter, "This damn weather," as he braced himself against the chill.

Lou trudged through the snow, each step leaving a deep imprint on the white landscape.

Above him, the snow continued to fall from the grey skies.

Every now and then, a brilliant flash of purple lightning would cut through the heavens, followed by the deep rumble of thunder that reverberated through the land.

The territory he found himself in was nothing short of peculiar.

Here, the weather is in a perpetual state of snowfall, no matter the season.

And as the day waned into evening, the skies would often unleash their fury, painting the heavens with streaks of vivid purple lightning, their brilliance contrasting starkly against the bleakness of the landscape.

Despite the unusual weather, the people who lived in this land had grown accustomed to its idiosyncrasies, forging a way of life amid the constant snowfall and sporadic storms that defined their world.

Before settling in this remote land, Lou had done his fair share of research.

Survival in the post-Fall world demanded knowledge, and he was keen to uncover the secrets and peculiarities of the places he ventured into.

His new haunt, the bar, was no exception.

The owner of the establishment is a figure known simply as Eriksen.

Despite the youthful visage he displayed to him, Eriksen is rumoured to be around ninety years old, implying that he had lived as an old man through the tumultuous years of the Fall.

The mysteries behind his transformation from elderly to youthful were a topic of speculation, but Lou didn't dwell on it too much.

What he did know was that Eriksen had achieved the realm of a Disk Formation leveler, which explained not only his youthful appearance but also his confidence in running a bar in a place where the weather was as unpredictable as the world itself.

This remote establishment is a refuge from the chaos outside, and Lou is content to be a part of the community that had taken root here.

Lou sighed.

And then as he takes his step, he seems to be teleporting. Each time he takes a step, miles of distance is traversed.

And not before long he arrives at his home. It is a cabin built on top of a snowy mountain. He is the only one around here and there is no other people in the fifty-kilometer radius.

He opens the door and quickly shut the door before the snow outside that is raging could come inside

The moment he enters, the entire cabin lit up.

[Chapter 1566 Uninvited Guest](#)

1566 Uninvited Guest

The snow keeps falling and it seems to fall even more heavily than before. Dark clouds gather suddenly and thunder and lightning keep falling.

But there is a cabin on a mountain.

And it perched defiantly on this desolate mountaintop, defied the expectations typically associated with such remote abodes.

It was far more than a simple shelter; it is a luxurious retreat from the unforgiving elements outside.

Upon entering, he casually discarded his coat and hat on a convenient hanger, a routine he had grown accustomed to over the years.

The interior of the cabin was nothing short of opulent.

It boasted six spacious bedrooms, each meticulously designed and appointed, with the capacity to comfortably house up to twelve guests.

Lou's cabin is an extravagant retreat, a stark contrast to the harsh, unpredictable world that lay just beyond its walls.

An open-plan kitchen, dining area, and living room were anchored by a warm, inviting fireplace, providing a perfect setting for gatherings and an escape from the relentless chill outside.

For those who wished to enjoy the crisp mountain air, a balcony extended from the cabin, complete with an outdoor cooking area.

It is a place where one could savour a meal while taking in the breath-taking views that stretched out before them.

The ground floor is adorned with two queen-sized bedrooms, each with its own private bath.

Descending to the lower level revealed three more bedrooms, including two additional queen bedrooms and a bunk room with two sets of bunk beds, all sharing a spacious bathroom.

In every corner of the cabin, the feeling of opulence blended seamlessly with the rugged beauty of its surroundings, providing a retreat of unparalleled comfort amid the tumultuous world beyond.

Lou had cultivated friendships that spanned the globe, forming connections with individuals from all walks of life, from the highest echelons of power to the most remote and obscure corners of the world.

Despite his influential connection, Lou cherished his privacy above all else.

No, precisely because of his connection that he cherished privacy

He had carefully chosen this isolated mountaintop cabin as his sanctuary, a place where the prying eyes of the world's power players could not penetrate.

It is a well-kept secret, known only to a few trusted people, that the unassuming figure who frequented the bar was, in fact, one of the world's great figures.

Exiting the bath, Lou felt a subtle sense of rejuvenation, the relaxation seeping into his muscles.

Quickly, he donned his clothes, his body hardly registering the bite of the cold air that would have troubled most mortals.

As a Disk Formation leveler, he should have been impervious to the whims of temperature, his body capable of regulating its internal climate with ease.

However, the Multiversal Convergence had wrought unexpected changes upon his physiology.

His once absolute resistance to the elements had waned, leaving him feeling the cold more acutely than ever before.

Something changed after the Multiversal Convergence.

And everyone knows and could feel it.

The world had indeed become a more challenging place.

Prior to the Multiversal Convergence, Disk Formation levelers wielded immense power.

They could perceive the world with their Divine Sense, allowing them to traverse vast distances in mere moments.

The whole world was at their fingertips.

However, the Convergence had altered the very fabric of reality that they were used to

Even Disk Formation levelers found it challenging to extend their Divine Sense across the world as effortlessly as they once did.

The laws governing existence had shifted, demanding more from those who sought to dominate them.

The Multiversal Convergence had brought with it a world where strength, adaptability, and innovation were paramount, where even the mightiest had to re-evaluate their capabilities.

But Lou did not hate it that much.

Perfection is the end of progress.

That is what he believes.

Thus, only a perpetually imperfect being could strive to eternal effort of being perfect and as such only an imperfect being is a perfect being.

And it make him feel mortal.

The Multiversal Convergence was nothing short of cataclysmic.

In most other worlds, such an event would have resulted in catastrophic destruction, possibly leading to the obliteration of the entire reality.

However, Earth Prime is unique.

Earth Prime possessed the All Source, a reservoir of unimaginable power and potential.

Lou knows a lot of the secret of the world so he also knows that the World Orb that is mentioned by the system goes by another name

And that it is called the All Source

When the Multiversal Convergence occurred, instead of destruction, Earth Prime experienced a transformation.

The influx of energy from countless dimensions and universes flooded the planet, infusing it with newfound strength and vitality.

"It strengthened the world and it strengthen the rules" he thought in his mind

The All Source played a crucial role in this transformation.

It acted as a cosmic sponge, absorbing the various energies and harmonizing them.

It extracted the good and beneficial aspects, purifying them, while mitigating the harmful or chaotic elements.

This process not only saved Earth Prime from annihilation but also made it stronger, expanding its boundaries and capabilities.

The All Source had turned Earth Prime into a crucible of unparalleled potential, a world where energies from myriad realities converged

More opportunities, more energy and more....chaos

The effects of the Multiversal Convergence were profound, reshaping not only Earth but also the entire Milky Way galaxy.

The once-familiar celestial landscape is transformed into an uncharted frontier of cosmic anomalies.

New stars blazed to life, their radiance illuminating the galactic expanse.

Entire planetary systems, previously unknown, burst into existence, challenging the boundaries of what was once considered the norm in astrophysics.

These newly formed worlds, with their unique ecosystems and origins, is a testament to the sheer complexity and diversity of the Multiverse.

Earth itself underwent a metamorphosis, its size expanding exponentially.

The journey from one continent to another now spanned vast stretches of time, measured not in mere days or months, but in decades and even centuries.

The expansion seemed inexorable, as if the very fabric of space and time is in flux, continually redrawing the boundaries of what was possible.

The Multiversal Convergence was a double-edged sword.

While it had empowered the denizens of Earth, imbuing them with newfound strength and resilience, it had also emboldened the Heavenly Will, the force that watched over the world.

This divine consciousness, now cast its gaze upon those who stood at the precipice of power in this transformed world.

To figures like Lou, who had reached one of the highest echelons of strength, the scrutiny of the Heavenly Will is palpable.

It manifested as a subtle yet oppressive force, an invisible hand seeking to curtail the unfettered potential of humanity.

The capricious weather, the relentless snow, and the world's myriad challenges—all were orchestrated by the Heavenly Will as a means of control and restriction.

Lou understood this delicate balance.

While the Multiversal Convergence had granted humanity newfound might, it had also awakened a higher authority—one that sought to maintain equilibrium in the face of burgeoning power.

It is a struggle as old as time itself, a cosmic dance between human ambition and divine intervention.

This delicate interplay between the heavenly forces and human ambition is not a source of anger for Lou or those who had ascended to his level of power.

They understood it as an inherent part of existence, as natural as the ebb and flow of seasons.

"The matters of the world is not my concern anymore" he muttered to himself and sigh

12:25

Was it a sigh of tiredness or resignation? Only he would know. And now, he at least has his own. Like the gentle sway of wind-blown leaves or the scorching heat of summer, this cosmic balance is an interconnected bond.

The Heavenly Will imposed restrictions to ensure the survival of Earth, while humans pushed their limits in their ceaseless pursuit of growth and achievement.

Balance and interplay of power between the force of heaven and the will of humans.

"The matters of the world are not my concern anymore" he muttered to himself and sigh

Was it a sigh of tiredness or resignation? Only he would know. And now, he at least has his own loneliness to help himself cope

He throws himself on the sofa and he was about to open the television to see the news or hear some music.

He got some music from someone who managed to go to another parallel Earth that had all the same music that their Earth once has.

Of course, because it is a different world, the lyrics of the song changes a little bit.

But, beggars could not be choosers. He was about to relax himself when suddenly Lou's sense went into overdrive and he got up from the sofa.

"Activate stealth protection"

Lou's cabin swiftly came to life as he commanded, activating its security protocols.

The lights momentarily flickered green, signalling that the stealth protection was engaged. This wasn't the first time he'd had to use it, and it certainly wouldn't be the last.

With a newfound sense of assurance, he made his way to the cabin's entrance and peered at the intercom.

There, standing before his secluded sanctuary, was a man he knew all too well.

And that person is looking at him.

And Lou recognises this man

"Shit. It's you"

Chapter 1567 Inkwell

A Few Minutes Ago

Ssszt!

Amidst the frigid wilderness, space itself seemed to tear apart with a haunting sound. From this rift emerged a man, who glanced around, surveying his surroundings.

"Full of snow and winter winds," he thought to himself, his gaze sweeping the bleak landscape.

He then cast his eyes upward, where heavy snowfall and fierce winds obscured his view.

He adjusted his vision, zooming in on a distant mountain peak.

As details of the distant peak came into focus, a sly smile spread across his face. "Is that where it is? Still, it must be heavily protected if I could not see anything," he muttered with a hint of anticipation.

With a sense of purpose, he started his ascent towards the distant mountain peak.

Every step he took left a mark in the pristine snow, creating a trail that wound its way up.

The mountain is an imposing presence, its slopes blanketed in thick layers of snow.

He look toward the top of the mountain and he narrowed his eyes

"Even the peak is modified. He really don't want anyone to know he is here" he sighed

Occasional roars and howls echoed through the air a sign that wilderness thrived in this harsh environment.

Despite the challenging conditions, the man pressed on, his steps steady and unwavering. His breath hung in the frigid air as he climbed ever higher.

As he journeyed through this strange, snow-covered landscape, he couldn't help but muse aloud, "This is odd. I am sure of it."

His words barely carried through the biting wind

In the midst of the frozen wilderness, the man's muttered words seemed to be lost to the wind, vanishing into the vast, snow-covered expanse.

Yet, they held a significance known only to him.

Those who did not know what he is thinking about would not be able to understand what he is saying and what he means. But he was never a talkative person.

But when he is flustered and when he is panicked and when he wanted to calm himself down, he would talk to himself

He produced a unique compass, an item not bound by the laws of physics, but rather, by mystical forces.

His eyes locked onto the compass, finding comfort and validation in its guidance.

With a solemn nod, he affirmed his unwavering conviction.

"It's here," he declared, a newfound determination coursing through him as he stowed the compass away in his pouch.

This time he would no longer doubt it as he put the compass back into his pouch.

Whoosh!

The wind keep getting stronger and the snow keep falling relentlessly

Amidst the relentless snowfall, a solitary figure marched through the unforgiving wilderness.

Cloaked in a bear fur coat, his facial features remained concealed, a testament to the biting cold that gnawed at his resolve.

Overhead, the tumultuous symphony of thunder and lightning played out with awe-inspiring grandeur.

Thunderclaps resonated like the mighty strokes of a cosmic hammer, while jagged bolts of lightning momentarily cleaved the sky, threatening to strike the very earth beneath.

Yet, in the face of nature's fury, the snow continued to fall unabated, its relentless descent creating a serene, albeit perilous, blanket of white.

Undeterred, the man pressed on, his unwavering determination contrasting starkly with the tumult above.

His relentless march eventually brought him to a secluded cabin, a solitary refuge amidst the icy desolation.

As he approached the cabin's entrance, a peculiar occurrence disrupted his course.

In the midst of the pristine white landscape, a sudden burst of vibrant green light radiated around him.

Simultaneously, he felt the weight of an oppressive energy bear down upon him, though the sensation was fleeting, lasting no more than a mere heartbeat.

"He is cautious" this man thought

Then he pushed the intercom button and he announce himself

"I think you know who I am, Inkwell," he announced, his voice carrying a tone of familiarity.

Lou, on the other side of the intercom, recognized the voice immediately and sighed. "It's been a long time since someone called me like that."

The man replied, "I've been searching for you in Ankara."

Lou responded simply with, "I moved."

"Evidently," the man remarked with a hint of dry humor.

A brief silence hung between them before Lou added, "You're going to leave an acquaintance out in the cold?"

Another sigh could be heard from the intercom, followed by the distinctive sound of the cabin's door opening.

With a smile beneath his bear fur-covered visage, the man stepped inside

....

Inside the cabin, the man carefully hung his bear coat on the hanger near the entrance door.

With the coat removed, his appearance became fully visible.

He is a young man, standing around six feet seven inches tall, with distinct Caucasian features.

His bright brown eyes held an air of curiosity, and hazel hair was neatly tied behind the back of his head.

Lou couldn't help but notice the wine gourd tied to the young man's left hip.

"Wine Beggar Louise," Lou stated, a touch of recognition in his voice.

Though the man face had changed somewhat since the last time Lou had seen him, he still bore the undeniable traits of someone Lou knew.

the last time they met Louise ask him to do something he could not do.

He still remember that day sometimes.

He only thought at that time that there is such a magic that could wipe out such a cause and effect. And it is even more terrifying that Louise seems to know that he had lost something.

In a world filled with renowned figures, many known for their extraordinary abilities and influence, there was a select group that Lou recognized as particularly enigmatic and formidable.

Death Monarch, Earthshaker Raymond, Time Master Jean, Mind Manipulator Hiate, Archmage Illusionist Hikigaya, and several others held the power to shape the world, their actions capable of causing cataclysmic shifts.

Yet, among these prominent individuals, Lou was aware of the existence of others like Louise.

These individuals were rarely seen in the grand stage of world powers, opting for a more covert and mysterious approach to their actions.

Despite their relative obscurity, Lou knew their methods were potent and their influence profound.

"I heard you called yourself Lou around this part" Louise suddenly said.

Lou nodded.

"It's the first name that come up from my mind"

"you use my name?" Old Lou nodded

"Inkwell does not really sound like a name don't you think?" Louise only chuckles at this

Despite the seemingly amiable atmosphere between them, both Lou and Louise understood that this is not a friendly social visit.

Louise presence was not born out of deep friendship, and Inkwell decision to admit him into the cabin was rooted in a lack of trust.

To the casual observer, this might appear contradictory – why let someone you don't trust inside your home?

However, for those who knew Inkwell well, they understood that he rarely adhered to conventional common sense.

His actions were often enigmatic

Inkwell has never act according to normal common sense.

Inkwell is not a fighter.

He is a Disk Formation leveler, but he is not exactly the fighting type.

That is not his talent and that is not his Path.

His method is a bit different than other and so, his method of fighting is also very different.

From the moment Louise foot crossed the threshold of the cabin, a subtle transformation unfolded in the atmosphere.

The air seemed to ripple with unseen energy, resonating with Inkwell mastery over the protective enchantments that swirled around every corner of his abode.

The cabin was more than just four walls; it was a fortress of mystic defense.

Every inch of the structure was meticulously woven with protective spells, imbued with the essence of mystical incantations that acts a protection spell.

A network of invisible wards lay beneath the wooden floors, forming an intricate lattice of magical safeguards.

These wards could rival the most fortified cities in the world, rendering this humble cabin an impervious stronghold.

Hidden amongst the rustic decor were devices of arcane origin, each ready to unleash a barrage of mystical energies at a moment's notice.

Enchanted weapons hung from the walls, their gleaming surfaces reflecting the ambient light, attesting to their readiness for action.

Louise felt the weight of this aura the moment he stepped in.

He knew that in this domain, Inkwell is the sovereign ruler.

Here, Louise is a guest, treading cautiously through territory that was not his own.

Unless Louise had reached Divine Comprehension realm, Inkwell is confident he could take down Louise if he began attacking him in this cabin.

Outside, Inkwell did not have such confidence.

Inside, he had one hundred percent confidence to subdue and even kill Loise if he wanted to.

And Louise also understood that the moment he enter, he enters a troop. But he enters anyway. Because that is the only way to make Inkwell trust him

"Why are you here?"

"Someone wanted to meet you"

Hearing this Inkwel eyes frowned.

"Who?"

"It is faster if I show you" and he shakes his wine gourd and Inkwel frowns.

He understood what Louise is implying

"In there?"

"In here....so please put down the ward. Let me work my magic"

Inkwel however did not seem to want to do anything

"You can't trust me?"

"We are not friends" Inkwel said and Louise only chuckles.

He could understand such wariness.

After all, if Inkwel came to him with that same kind of request he would also be like him. So, he rummaged around his sleeve and then brought out something

A black polished stone.

And then he throws it to Inkwel. Inkwel did not understand why Louise give him such a stone and so he inspect it and the moment he inspect it he sighed.

He saw a symbol and he knows who it is that gives Louise this stone and why Louise is here today.

"It's him?"

"It's him. He said you owe him one"

Inkwel sighed.

"it finally comes to bite me in the ass" as he chuckles bitterly

Chapter 1568 Dangerous Obsession

With a resigned sigh, Inkwel waved his hand, dispelling the ward that had cocooned the cabin.

The oppressive pressure that had encircled them faded, and Louise could feel the release of tension in the air.

A smile crept across Louise face.

Louise uncorked his wine gourd, and the atmosphere quivered with the unique sound of space tearing.

Spatial distortions swirled around him, like ethereal ribbons, culminating in the sudden appearance of a man right before him.

This newcomer bore a playful smile, an enigmatic presence. The room crackled with energy the moment this person comes out from the ground

As the man emerged from the gourd, he stretched his neck nonchalantly, as though he had just walked out of a confined room.

His demeanour is casual,

"It felt cramped" he mutters

A staff, intricately carved and radiating formidable energy, is strapped to his back.

This staff emitted an aura that generated black space around him, neutralizing natural laws and energy in its vicinity.

The black space gradually condensed into a miniature floating sphere, orbiting the man like a protective shield.

He is adorned in a tattered and patched purple robe, its appearance not indicative of its true power.

His long hair partially obscured his left eye, adding to his enigmatic aura.

A translucent black cloth veiled the lower half of his face, though his smile is still discernible.

A white mist began swirling around his feet, enveloping him and rendering his figure semi-translucent.

His eyes gleamed with sharpness and determination, an aura emanating from him that could seemingly disintegrate everything in its path.

Inkwell simply said

"Stop that"

The man nodded and roll up his sleeve on his right hand to reveal a watch on his wrist.

But unlike normal watches, there is no numbers inside the watches this watch is clear not used to tell time.

This person then moves the upper layer of the watch and spin it clockwise and suddenly there is an aura that covers his body.

And the area stop dematerializing

"You should have remembered to set it like that each time. If not my entire cabin would be destroyed"

The man laughed a bit and then said

"If you build it simply without so much magic and mystical arts embedded into it, my powers would not affect it at all"

Inkwell only sighed, clearly not wanting to fall into a debate with this person

This person that came out of the gourd is none other than Void, the former leader of the Criem Alliance and is now still one of the most wanted men in the world

Inkwell goes to the kitchen and pour himself some water.

" I thought you are galivanting around the world with the Oracle. I heard some chatter in the old channel that you also seem to be present in Greece. I never expected you to be here"

Void laughed. But his laugh always sound weird. It is the kind of laughter that make people feel eerie

Inkwell then throws the polished stone back to void. It is simply a black polished stone carved with a painting of a cloud.

That is Void sign.

It evolved along the years. In the past, the sign ins a bit different. But during his time as the leader of the Crime Alliance, there is a way for Void to communicate with the people he knows.

One of them is by giving them a sign of a cloud.

Behind the cloud, is nothingness

And everyone who saw this painting would knows that it is Void that is painting it.

Because those who look at the painting would see and feel something that is empty.

Once you touched and see the painting, anyone with energy would feel like they are pulled into a? certain kind of void.

That is why when Louise gave him that stone and when he look at that stone and saw that painting he knew exactly who had come and who had instructed Louise to come to his abode.

"That which cannot be seen"

By knowing things that exist, you can know that which does not exist.

the void is nothingness.

By knowing things that exist, you can know that which does not exist.

That is the void.

When your spirit is not in the least clouded, when the clouds of bewilderment clear away, there is the true void.

It could also be could be called Ku.

Or Sora.

It could be translated as the sky or Heaven.

But it could also mean Void.

And the clouds high in the heavens is Void calling card

"In the Void is virtue, and no evil. Wisdom has existence. Principle has existence, the Way has existence, spirit is nothingness'

The clouds is that sign.

The inspiration come from the Book of Five Rings, the Void chapter.

Since then, Void has always used clouds as his sign, almost like his seal

Void crush the stone into dust and he blows it with his mouth and the ashes flew up into the air.

"How did you find me?" Inkwell ask.

"let's talk about that later. I need something from you"

Inkwell eyes narrowed

Inkwell knew that Void might seem like a stable man but this person has never been stable and any appearance that appear to make him stable is nothing more than just a misconception.

Inkwell knows a lot of crazy people.

One of them is Void. And then there is Narleod. And then another one that is crazier than these two is the Magician

Out of the many crazy people he met, these three people left the most impression on him.

The reason why Inkwell thought of them as crazy is simply because they do not follow the norms of common people and their dreams and desire is too big and too unachievable.

And that is why Inkwell categorised them as crazy people. But this did not mean he look down on them.

It is just that not many people would dare to dreams or desire as much as these crazy people.

And because there is no guarantee that the endeavour they wanted to do could work.

He sighed and then ask

"what is it? If you come here with all this secret measure, it must be because you wanted me to do something. There is not a lot of things I could do."

Inkwell paused for a second before continuing by saying

"I am not good in fighting. You know this. So, if its about fighting I am out. If you wanted to reclaim your seat as the leader of Crime Alliance, I would dissuade you from doing that. The Red Table had assumed control. There is no place for you in the Crime Alliance anymore"

Inkwell paused for a second but Void still did not respond to his words

"So, it is not these things....Do you want me to help with Erika?"

But Inkwell shook his head

"I am not going to step my feet in the mud again" he quickly said

"I do not intend to be involved in the matter of the world power. Right now, I am just trying to be low profile. With the Broker dead, I feel a little bit easier. So, I don't want to be involved in something big"

Inkwell is afraid that Void would ask him to do some crazy stuff like the Magician did.

Some people did not know that the reason for the explosion of the building in Arturia is because of the Magician but Inkwell knows very well, that the explosion is the Magician weapon test run.

He heard from his connection that the black market began selling that weapon. It is clear the Magician is hoarding a lot of energy stone.

He is not that daring that he would dare to incur the wrath of all seven great powers. During that meeting, if Death Monarch, Hikigaya and Jean is not there, how could the casualties be so low? It is estimated if those three Divine Comprehension leveler is not there, the casualties would wipe out almost half the city.

And those who survived would be very little. Not to mention the explosion would take out the entire city square

Void then laughed

"None of that. I know that you did not want to tangle with the world powers and I respect that" At hearing this Inkwell could only snort in disbelief.

Void might appear more refined and gentlemanly than the last time they meet each other but he knows this kid never respect anyone.

Unruly, cruel, manipulative and crazy. That is his assessment of Void. But as years passes by, his craziness also has some kind of method to it.

And that makes him even scarier. And Inkwell knows that Void has this obsession with Death Monarch.

And that is the main reason he is afraid that whatever Void would ask would be something related to Death Monarch.

Death Monarch was no longer the inconspicuous or solitary figure he once was, vulnerable to containment or suppression.

Even in the past, there had been no force capable of effectively constraining him.

However, back then, his influence hadn't extended to encompass the entire world.

Even when he had founded Pandemonium, there had still been numerous heroes and villains throughout the world who could pose a formidable challenge to him.

But now, things were different.

Death Monarch had ascended to the pinnacle of his power.

He stood as the single most powerful individual in the world.

His cultivation had reached unparalleled heights, and he reigned supreme, unchallenged by any other force on the planet.

In the current state of the world, defeating Death Monarch would require a coalition of unparalleled strength.

Hikigaya and Jean would have to join forces, and even that might not be sufficient.

They would need to rally the full might of the factions and alliances standing behind them to stand a chance against him.

To eliminate Death Monarch entirely would necessitate a global conflict, with nearly all of the world's powers uniting in a war against Pandemonium and its formidable leader.

The sheer scale of such an undertaking was daunting, and the consequences, both foreseen and unforeseen, would be catastrophic.

In such situation, the chance to kill him would rise to eighty percent. But even in such scenario, even if the Six great power wins that battle, the aftermath would be tragic.

No world power will be willing to plunge into a war that would bring ruin and destruction on an unprecedented scale.

The potential cost, both in lives and resources, is too immense, and no one is willing to take that gamble.

So, despite the threat posed by Death Monarch, the world remained in an uneasy equilibrium, wary of triggering a global catastrophe.

That is the kind of man that Void is obsessed about.

A man who held the world on the palm of his hand.

Chapter 1569 Changes of Past and Present

That is why Void is crazy. But just because you wanted to be crazy like that, don't drag me into your craziness, Inkwell thought in his heart.

"I don't need you to do anything that would step on anyone toes"

Hearing this Inkwell heaved a sigh of relief.

"Then what is it you want me to do?"

"I need you to build me a box"

Inkwell raise his eyebrows

"You could ask anyone else"

"No, only you could build this box" Then Void look toward Louise and Louise knows this is his cue to make himself scarce

"Go to the second floor" Inkwell said and so Louise listens and goes to the second floor. He is only hired by Void to accompany him to this place.

Other things are not his concern.

Inkwell knows that this must be something secretive so he waves his hand again and the area that he and Void are standing on seems to be separated from the space of the cabin.

They still is in the cabin but if one look at the area they are in, it was like they had vanished.

When Inkwell waves his hand, he had separated the space between the cabin and the area they are standing on. It is more like compressing the space but allowing them to exist in that same space yet undetected.

Even if Louise wanted to spy now, he couldn't.

And then Void brings out something from his bag of holdings.

An orb. The orb is shining green and just by looking at it, Inkwell could feel the powerful vitality coming out of this orb

"What is this?"

"I don't know" Void said with a smile on his face

"All I know is that the Oracle seems to want it from me. And so.....I ran"

"It's something precious" Inkwell concluded

Void nodded

"I believe so"

Void does not know what this orb is. But Loki, Yewa Hafar and the Oracle Erika, they know what it is.

And they have been searching for it. This orb is something that Void had taken from the Vittala Temple

It is the orb that Loki was searching for. It is also the same orb that Yewa Hafar is looking for. And it is one of the reasons why Eriak decided to help and aid one of the most wanted men in the world

Because this orb is the Revival Orb. And this is the Orb that would start the War of the Sovereigns

....

Upon the slopes of Mount Parnassus in Greece, a spectacle of divine grandeur unfolds.

Here, where the heavens kiss the Earth, countless peaks stretch skyward like nature's own sentinels, their jagged forms pointing toward celestial realms.

Among these sacred heights lies the Temple of Apollo, a place of unparalleled sanctity, nestled in the heart of Delphi.

By now the whole world knows that the Oracle had returned and she returned to Greece and once again allying herself with the Seven Warlords

The Temple of Apollo at Delphi has finished construction.

The bonds between the Oracle and the Seven Warlords have been rekindled, casting a formidable aura over this sacred land.

The Temple of Apollo, a masterpiece of architectural prowess, now stands in its full glory.

It is the radiant centerpiece, surrounded by an awe-inspiring ensemble that pays homage to the gods of Olympus.

These sacred structures dot the landscape of Mount Parnassus, like celestial sentries guarding the path to divinity.

Amidst this hallowed landscape, statues of lesser deities and ethereal nymphs adorn the terrain.

Their graceful forms emerge from the mist, lending an air of mystique and enchantment to the surroundings.

As the mist weaves its enigmatic veil, those who embark on the ascent of this sacred mountain are greeted with breath-taking vistas that stretch beyond the limits of human imagination.

The Temple of Apollo at Delphi, a testament to human devotion and divine connection, invites pilgrims and seekers of wisdom to ascend its sacred steps.

It stands as a testament to the enduring power of faith and the profound mysteries of the cosmos, a place where Earth and Heaven converge in timeless harmony.

The ascent of Mount Parnassus follows a path known as the Sacred Way, a rugged trail that winds its way from the mountain's base to its lofty summit.

While the road itself remains unpaved, an ethereal enchantment seems to linger along the very ground trodden by countless pilgrims that wanted to see the Oracle and the Temple.

Most of Eriak Acolytes also lives near the base of the mountain. Only her disciples are allowed to live inside the temple and as for people who are allowed to aspire to become her disciple, they could live near the temples

Even though there is such rules, the rules are not that strict. Those who embark on the path of clairvoyance is scarce and Erika did not make it hard for them

Every few weeks, a few Acolytes would be allowed to live near the Temple and help Erika in her task

Flanking this Sacred Way are treasuries, each dedicated to housing the offerings brought forth by the diverse cities of Greece.

Among these humble tributes lie gleaming treasures of gold, formidable weapons, and shimmering energy stones, all presented with profound reverence.

Yet, despite the alluring treasures lining the route, a profound and universal respect for the sanctity of this place holds sway.

There is many magic in this world.

There is dark magic and there is white magic

There is also a kind of magic that is sacred and divine.

And the offering once given, now become sacred.

And sacred things bears sacred magic.

Once these offerings are placed, they are forever transformed into sacred relics, bearing the very essence of this divine enchantment.

In the presence of such sanctity, even the most covetous hearts dare not lay a hand upon these hallowed offerings.

Taking an offering to the gods would always have consequences.

The act of pilfering from the sacred offerings to the gods is bound by an unspoken law to those who know it: the magnitude of misfortune unleashed was directly proportional to the size of the transgression.

Small thefts invited minor misfortunes, while larger infringements would incur correspondingly greater consequences.

The most perilous act, however, is meddling with offerings that could not be quantified, as it summoned forth a malevolent calamity of deadly proportions.

Widespread wisdom held that tampering with the sacred offerings along the Sacred Way wielded the power to manipulate the delicate balance of cause and effect, irrevocably altering one's destiny and fortune.

Such knowledge instilled in all a sense of reverence and fear, dissuading even the most brazen from laying a hand upon the treasures that lined the path.

Instead, with devout piety, they embarked on their ascent to the temple, cautious not to disrupt offering

This temple however would not have been so honoured if not because of the person living in it

And who is living inside that large temple on the peak of Mount Parnassus?

The One-Eyed Oracle Erika!

...

Erika is in her chamber.

Her chamber is designed like an ancient Greece chamber. It has all that exoticness of an architecture of a distant past.

She is sitting cross legged on the floor and she seems to be closing her eyes. Then when she opens it, there is an aura that burst out from him. But this aura is like a ripple of wind but not strong enough to destroy anything.

Instead, if anyone is in this room right now, they would be surprised when they look at Erika eyes. It is white and cloudy, like her cornea had been covered by some kind of white substance.

And her eyes moves right and left like she is seeing something. She seems to be in a trance.

And then she closes her eyes back and smile.

Opening it back, her eyes had returned to normal.

She is smiling and she seems joyful? and then she laughed.

"He finally did it" And there is a smile on her face

"The Revival orb will be there" she thought.

"But what should I use it for?" she mutter and sighed.

Erika is in her already built temple, on the mountain of Parnassus, inside a temple that is ten times as wide as the original Temple of Apollo

She then sighed

"There is too many variables"

But even though she is sighing, there is a smile on the corner of her mouth. She clearly did not hate it that things has become like this

Instead, she felt even happier.

She needs to calculate more and pout more effort but she is prepared for that.

"I just wish that this is a true hope and not just a false one

"The War of Sovereign might change a little now."

Erika released a deep sigh, her form gracefully gliding out of her chamber.

Through the grand atrium, she soared, ascending toward the heavens.

As she ascended, the clouds gathered around her like a congregation of nature's spirits, the wind howling fiercely but repelled by an unseen force field.

In the boundless sky, she hung suspended, her gaze fixed upon the radiant sun, its golden light painting the world below.

She contemplated the ever-changing tapestry of clouds, the intricate dance of light and shadow over the landscape, and the beauty that unfolded beneath her gaze.

She sighed.

"Death Monarch changes many things. And there is new variables. I need to do another divination to see how many things have changed and how it diverged"

[Chapter 1570 Turmoil In The World](#)

There is a lot of things that Azief done this time that is not according to the script of fate and destiny.

Changes, a lot of changes, big change that is so not easily modified by fate and destiny.

What had started as mere ripples had now grown into a powerful, unrelenting wave, surging forth with an intensity that even Erika found difficult to comprehend.

It was as if the world itself had been stirred from its slumber, shaken by the magnitude of Azief actions, and the consequences were cascading like a stormy sea.

Erika could only describe this tumultuous situation as a raging wave, a force of nature that threatened to reshape everything in its path.

The currents of destiny had been disrupted, and time and space that is determined is now adrift in uncharted waters.

"It's terrifying. It's exciting. And it is full of adventures" she mutters before she laughs a bit. In the original War of the Sovereign, the war started because of Jean. To be more accurate it is because Paulette died and because of that Jean involvement become an inevitability

This is cause and effect.

And then the World Government discover the Revival Orb. Of course, even before then, there are methods to revive people

But the way Paulette died was unusual.

And so, the price of reviving her is a method that even Jean who studied the Laws of time was stunned and could not use it to revive her.

Of course, what most people doesn't know, it is during that time, that Jean found a way to basically rewrite the entire timeline.

In other words, if that didn't happen to him, then during the final Battle, Jean would not have such idea of sending Loki back through time and having the power and ability to do it.

Erika even felt like there is a guiding hand from behind.

The Revival Orb is an orb that contains life energy, vitality that seems to be able to change the fabric of reality of the Omniverse itself.

Certain magical artefact or items could sometimes change the fabric of reality.

But that also depends on the reality of that plane. Some rules are easy to break in a low-level world.

If Paulette had died in a low-level world, Jean could snap his finger and Paulette could be instantly revived.

Because the law in a low-level world is low.

And so, it is easier to manipulate

It is the same logic because Sovereign rarely set their foot on Earth, at least not personally.

Because when they do, the rules of the world had to change to accommodate them who have gone beyond the normal rules. Even cosmic rules bend and shatters under their pressure.

Basically, Sovereign is the ceiling of power hence the saying only Sovereign could kill Sovereign. To put it simply, only a god can kill a god.

That orb has the power to even rewrite reality of high-level world and the moment it was discovered, it is expected that it would create chaos.

The World Government at that time, does all kinds of research on that Orb.

The technology of that time has surpassed the current technology so they could even determine what kind of artefact it is and how it could be used and its effect

The discovery of the Revival Orb was a moment of sheer elation for the World Government. It was as if they had stumbled upon the philosopher's stone, a legendary artifact that promised immortality even for gods.

The implications were staggering.

Their primary plan was to wield this precious artifact as a failsafe.

If any of the Sovereigns they supported were to meet their demise, the Revival Orb would serve as a potent insurance policy, resurrecting their chosen champions.

Additionally, the Orb could be seen as a diplomatic tool, a bargaining chip to entice other Sovereigns to join their cause.

The allure of such a powerful resurrection artifact could potentially sway the most stubborn hearts and tip the scales of power in their favor.

Hirate at that time is still a great schemer and a cunning politician but he also manage to maintaining his power for a long because of his meticulous planning and strategic thinking, especially when it came to gaining an upper hand for the World Government.

And it was not any different when the World Government found the Revival Orb

With the discovery of the Revival Orb, he probably have been working tirelessly on a multitude of schemes and contingencies to harness its power for their cause.

As far as Erika could ascertain, one of the steps taken by the World Government was to commission the creation of a special box.

This box was designed with a singular purpose - to conceal the Revival Orb from even the Divine Sense of a Sovereign, making it virtually undetectable to all but the most astute observers.

However, in a twist of fate, news of this secret project somehow leaked out prematurely.

Among those who received this classified information was Boris, the leader of the Revolutionary Army at the time.

Boris, ever vigilant and always seeking to counter the World Government's advances, promptly shared this revelation with Jean, who was residing in Neverland.

This unexpected turn of events set in motion a chain reaction that would reverberate throughout the world, altering the course of history in unforeseeable ways.

The Orb, once a closely guarded secret, was then at the center of a storm that threatened to consume all who sought its power.

This was the seed of war that would lead to the greatest war between gods on Earth.

The moment Jean learned of the Orb existence, a burning desire to possess it ignited within him.

Driven by this urge, Jean hatched a daring plan. He infiltrated the impenetrable fortress of the World Government, employing his divine method and easily breaking the defense of the World Government.

Jean heist marked the incendiary beginning of a war that would rock the very foundations of the celestial hierarchy.

The battle lines were drawn, alliances forged and broken, and destinies rewritten as gods clashed in an epic struggle for control.

It was a war of cosmic proportions, where the boundaries between divinity and mortality blurred, and the world itself trembled under the weight of their conflict.

But this time.....this time, things are different.

There is now seven great powers and hundreds more faction and forces vying for power in the background.

The situation is also different.

"Like the poisoning of Paulette" Erika still remembers what happen last time.

Paulette would not be in danger until Jena nearly reaches Sovereign. And never before in the history that she knows that Paulette got poisoned with such inexplicable poison that puts her to a coma-like sleep

Jean had asked him if she knows the cure. She said she knows it.

But this is not the right time for him to ask that question. After assuring Jean that Paulette would not die because of the poison, Jean would be returning back to the Republic to handle the matter of Tartarus.

"Well, that is the other problem" she thought to herself as she floated even higher up toward the sky

She is bathing in the sunlight and let the wind up above the sky to blows over her. She takes a deep breath and look down below her. Looking down, she could see the cities below and see her temple. She sighed.

"I manage to save Boris. But I could not hand him to Katarina yet. As long as Katarina get my message she would understand"

"Haish, Tartarus. It is quite a design. But the Republic would be in hot water" she thought and the thought could not help but brings a little bit of chuckle to her

One of the big events that happens in the world after the battle between Kaiju and Death Monarch is none other than Boris coming out from Tartarus.

The other big story is Tartarus itself

Tartarus is a place of torture.

The revelation of Tartarus, the clandestine prison of the Republic, sent shockwaves throughout the world.

This dark and ominous place, concealed from the public eye, had been a well-guarded secret, only to be revealed in such a high profile way.

And in that earth-shaking battle with the Magician, the Rat and a few other masked men, the existence of Tartarus is revealed to the world.

The world gazed upon this grim chamber of torment, where whispers of unspeakable suffering and misery had been concealed for ages.

The Senate, the governing body of the Republic, found itself in turmoil.

Suspicion ran rampant among the Senators, each casting wary glances at their colleagues.

The question on everyone's mind was whether certain individuals had been privy to Tartarus's existence while others remained in the dark.

For those Senators who felt excluded from this circle of knowledge, a pervasive sense of betrayal took root.

They couldn't help but wonder if they had been deceived by their own governing body.

Trust eroded, alliances crumbled, and the delicate balance of power within the Republic teetered on the brink of collapse.

Tartarus had revealed not only the horrors within its walls but also the fault lines within the Senate itself.

The realization that certain members of the Senate held disproportionate authority and power sent shockwaves through the political landscape of the Republic.

It is an issue that demanded immediate attention, for failure to address it could lead to the eventual collapse of the entire political structure of the Republic.

There is already protest from the Senators in the northern Europe.

Jean, Katarina and even Boris had to address the people

But right now, Jean is worried about Paulette who is poisoned and is in a coma. Boris on the other hand had just escaped the prison and probably the Senate would not be too happy to see him.

As for Katarina, her anger is probably at the peak right now. It is already fortunate enough that she did not went crazy and started a massacre in Moscow to avenge her brother.

"I did not see it but I think the atmosphere in the Republic right now must be very tense" she muttered to herself.