

Shadow 1571

[Chapter 1571 Her Hope](#)

The very nature of Tartarus is a stain on the Republic reputation.

Tartarus isn't just a prison; it is a place where torture is employed not for the sake of extracting information or maintaining order, but as a means of intimidation and sadistic pleasure.

It is now quickly becoming a symbol of the darkest aspects of the Republic governance. And with it the fall of the image of the Republic

And if that is the only thing that happened because for the revelation of Tartarus then it could still be excused or pacified by other measures

But, there is another thing that happened after the revelation of Tartarus.

Within the grim confines of Tartarus resided a motley assortment of inmates.

Many were political adversaries of Boris, individuals who had dared to challenge the inner circle of the Senate.

Others were branded as enemies due to their perceived subversive actions against the Republic.

And then there were those who truly deserved the label of monsters, criminals whose heinous deeds had placed them beyond the pale of society.

Yet, what made Tartarus all the more disturbing is the presence of innocent individuals among its inmates.

People who had been unjustly accused, framed, or caught up in the political machinations of their time found themselves imprisoned alongside the truly wicked.

Their suffering is a testament to the broken justice system of the Republic that had allowed such a place to exist.

The Republic even with their wars had always has this kind of pristine image compared to the World Government or the sketchy pas of the League of Freedom.

Among the Three Great Powers of Pandemonium, World Government and the Republic, the Republic has always had a more benevolent image

Like a torch bearer for democracy. But the existence of the prison upended that image.

When Tartarus was breached, and its captives were set free, the world bore witness to the chaos that ensued.

Innocents were released, their lives shattered by their time in the hellish prison.

Meanwhile, the monsters, now unshackled, roamed the world, hiding in shadows and striking fear into the hearts of all they encountered.

The events surrounding Tartarus left an indelible mark on the Republic's history, tarnishing its reputation both at home and abroad.

There is also the public opinion of the world.

The revelation of Tartarus, the Republic's secret torture prison, sent shockwaves through the international community.

It is a revelation that tainted the Republic's image and raised deep concerns about the treatment of prisoners within its borders.

In stark contrast to the Republic, the realm ruled by Death Monarch strictly prohibited the creation of torture chambers.

Their laws is designed to prevent any form of cruel and inhumane treatment of prisoners.

This stance is not merely an arbitrary decision; it had been codified in the World Convention, a collective agreement that governed the conduct of the world powers in various matters.

One of the key principles established in this convention was the prohibition of torture.

It is widely recognized that torture rarely yielded reliable confessions or information.

Instead, it served as a means to release the dark and sadistic impulses of those who engaged in it, leaving victims physically and emotionally scarred.

It is either Death Monarch, or the officials of Pandemonium that had articulated this position, and it had been embraced by the international community.

The World Convention also established strict guidelines for human experimentation, permitting it only under specific and tightly regulated conditions.

However, torture is unequivocally deemed unacceptable, a practice that violated the fundamental principles of justice, humanity, and dignity of humans and of living beings.

There is a global consensus against torture and the people who sees the Republic right now are all condemning them now.

International law, particularly the legal framework upheld by Pandemonium, unequivocally declared that torture and all forms of ill-treatment is categorically illegal.

The commitment to these principles is non-negotiable, and the entire world is watching, ready to hold nations accountable for any violations.

Sasha, as the head of Death Monarch's intelligence services, operated under a shroud of secrecy, and her methods remained veiled in mystery.

However, one thing is clear: Death Monarch, the ruler of Pandemonium, is known for his unwavering resolve.

When he made a decision or set a policy, there is no room for ambiguity. His actions spoke volumes about his principles.

In the realm governed by Death Monarch, torture is not a tool of punishment or interrogation. If someone had earned his displeasure or posed a threat, the consequences is swift and decisive.

Death Monarch had the power to eliminate individuals entirely, erasing them from existence.

This approach, while undoubtedly severe, work very effectively and efficient to maintaining order and justice within Pandemonium.

The harrowing years of the Weronian Occupation cast a grim spotlight on the stark difference between taking a life and systematically degrading the very essence of a human being.

In the crucible of war's brutality, the distinction became painfully evident.

War, with its ceaseless horrors and unrelenting carnage, exposed the darkest facets of humanity.

Those who had witnessed this abyss yearned for a world where the light of compassion and empathy prevailed,

Conversely, there were those who seemed intent on plunging the world even deeper into darkness.

For them, survival is paramount, and they believed that ruthless methods were the key to achieving it.

Killing, in the context of war, was tragically inevitable, but it remained a stark act—a moment of termination, swift and brutal.

However, the degradation of a human soul is an entirely different realm of cruelty.

When one treated another human being as less than human, as a monster, the consequences were profound.

The psychological scars ran deep, and the dehumanized individuals often emerged from such ordeals as distorted versions of themselves, their humanity fractured.

The bitter truth was that, when subjected to relentless cruelty, even the most ordinary souls could be driven to the precipice of monstrosity.

When you treat someone like a monster, you should not be surprised when you create monsters.

Individuals who ascend to the echelons of power, much like Death Monarch, possess a profound understanding of the enigmatic concept of souls. They recognize that the soul is a potent force, a complex interplay of darkness and light.

While the history books that emerged after the Fall may have omitted certain details, those who lived through the harrowing crucible of the Weronian War understood all too well the depths of darkness that had shrouded that tumultuous era. It was a period marked by horrors too dire to be confined to mere words on pages.

In the wake of these revelations and the unearthing of Tartarus, the Republic now found itself confronting a formidable backlash.

Boris, is now in Greece alongside the Oracle. Who knows what the Oracle is planning in her temple?

Surely, holding Boris means that she has a plan. And since Boris is there of his own free will, and under the protection of the Seven Warlords of Greece, it is clear Boris remains to be a problem for Europe

Meanwhile, Katarina remains in Moscow, poised to make her presence felt within the halls of the Senate.

Her intent is clear: to hold those responsible for the Tartarus breach accountable.

Her actions are bound to send ripples through the political landscape of the Republic.

Jean, on the other hand, prepares to return to his Clock Room, where the comatose Paulette awaits his care.

As he would inevitably re-enters the Republic, he must grapple not only with the personal ramifications of these recent events but also with the daunting task of addressing the fallout of the breach into Tartarus.

And amidst the chaos and upheaval, Death Monarch remains elusive, possibly secluding himself somewhere trying to break through his strength to the next realm of power

The world may be unaware of his current whereabouts, but it is certain that his actions, his plans could not be stopped by the current events of the world.

Erika's unique connection with Death Monarch provides her with occasional glimpses into his activities and thoughts.

In this momentous period, as Azief embarks on the ambitious endeavour of creating the Ten Realms, the focus of attention has shifted away from the Republic.

The Republic's internal turmoil and the fallout from the Tartarus breach have gone unnoticed by Death Monarch, as Katarina has remained unharmed and thus, the situation has not reached his ears.

On the international stage, the world powers, although aware of the unfolding events, are cautious and reluctant to become entangled in the complex and treacherous politics of the Republic.

For now, they prefer to remain on the side lines, preparing for their own undisclosed agendas and biding their time.

As Azief grand design takes shape and the Republic grapples with its internal strife, the world watches with bated breath, knowing that the balance of power in this realm is poised on a knife's edge, ready to tip in any direction, and that the actions of those involved will undoubtedly shape the course of history.

"It is simpler if things did not change. But if things did not change, there is no hope. I just have to cope with it"

As she descended gracefully from the sky, her thoughts echoed with a simple yet profound truth: change, however daunting, for her....it is her hope.

[Chapter 1572 The Story Of An Old Man](#)

The mountain, veiled in the shroud of night, reverberated with eerie sounds that sent shivers down the spine of the uninitiated.

The relentless howling of creatures beyond the veil of darkness seemed to be a titanic wolf, its voice resonating like a lament from another realm.

Intermittently, a thunderous roar pierced the night, echoing through the vast labyrinthine chambers of the mountain.

It was the Minotaur, a monstrous denizen of the mountain, confined beneath its rocky prison by the indomitable power of the Seven Warlords.

Amidst these primal cries, the wind whispered its own eerie melody as it raced through the jagged peaks and twisted passages of Mount Parnassus.

Its cutting sound sliced through the stillness, a haunting symphony that only those who had chosen to reside amidst the mountain's mysteries could truly call familiar.

To these inhabitants, such eerie nocturnal serenades were the lullabies of their rugged lives, a part of the very essence of the surroundings of this mountains.

Right now, inside a temple, on the top of Mount Parnassus, there is a man kneeling in front of a woman who is bathed in a majestic aura.

This man is Antonius and he is kneeling in front of the One-Eyed Oracle Erika. Sometimes he would look at her and there is worries on his face.

He looks at Erika and he could see her veins popping up and he wanted to tell her to take it easy but he knows that it is not his place to say that, so he did not say anything

And there is silence in the temple for around fifteen minutes. Antonius did not get up and he simply waited.

He wanted to say something to Erika, maybe, to ask her to take it easy maybe to ask her to rest....but the words did not come out and he sighed.

Erika, seated beneath the sheltering canopy of a towering tree, radiated an aura that transcended the earthly realm.

Her presence, like an ethereal beacon, extended its influence skyward, casting ripples across the ground below.

Within the temple's diverse chambers, one held a unique design—a chamber with an open sky ceiling.

Stepping within, looking at the design of this particular chamber one could feel the embrace of the limitless heavens that enveloped all who ventured inside.

The sensation is akin to being cradled within the very bosom of the sky itself.

The feeling of being chased by the wind, and feeling the touch of heaven

The chamber, a perfect circle, bore an open ceiling that invited the elements to partake in its sanctity.

When the heavens wept, the chamber bathed in the tender caress of falling raindrops.

When the sun reigned supreme, its radiant beams refracted and danced within the chamber, lending their brilliance to neighbouring sanctuaries.

This space is a marriage of Earth and Heaven, where the terrestrial and the celestial coalesced in harmonious unity.

A slice of Earth, a slice of Heaven.

And when it is night like this, with clear skies and twinkling shining star in the heavens, the chamber transformed into a realm of enchantment.

The moon, a luminous guardian in the inky firmament, bestowed its ethereal glow upon the temple.

Bathed in its silver radiance, the chamber became an otherworldly sanctuary, hauntingly beautiful in its celestial embrace.

Antonius praised it once when he was here.

Erika designed this place. Not far away from this Temple, there is even a man-made waterfall.

It falls from a thirteen feet high peak, and the water is clear like the blue of sky and giant eagles and griffins would fly around the peaks in the afternoon and sleep in the flat peaks on the night.

Magical, beautiful, tantalizing. That is what he felt each time he comes to the temple.

There is a reason why this particular chamber has such a different design from the other chamber.

It is because there is a tree. This tree is tall and is around fifteen meters tall that it make people feel wonder when they see such tree.

This tree growth is shocking to other people that watch it.

It was just planted a week ago and now it has reached fifteen meters tall.

There is many branches and on each branch there is a fruit.

This fruit has variety of colours., Sometimes it is red mixed with blue, sometimes it is orange mixed with pink and others it had other different kind of combination of colours.

And it emanates an aura of Time.

Around the base of this extraordinary tree, the very fabric of space itself seemed to warp and ripple at times.

It was as if the surrounding environment momentarily transformed into a sheet of paper being crumpled and then swiftly smoothed out again.

This peculiar phenomenon added an element of enchantment to the already mystical atmosphere. I think you should take a look at

Erika had a particular affinity for this tree and the space it inhabited. It was here that she crafted her unique concoctions, harnessing the tree's arcane energies to infuse her drinks with a touch of the extraordinary.

And now, she cut the skin of the tree and from the cut, a blue clear sap come out from the cut.

She take one of the glasses around her and put the glass near the cut as the sap drip into the glass.

If one did not know that it came from this tree, it almost seems like the sap is a clear blue water

It is the bluest colour one could see.

She did not yet answer Antonius question. But Antonius knows Erika. And so, he is patient. Because he knows, Erika always has meanings in her actions.

He waited.

And she waited.

And then the glass is full. And she drinks the sap. Finished drinking it, she brought something out of her sleeve.

A paper. And she hold it out and Antonius took the paper.

And when he touches the paper, a word appear.

"Inkwell"

Antonius took a second before he ask

"A codename?"

Erika nodded.

There is silence between them. Erika then took a knife beside her and then make a cut on

"there is a tube and this tube is connected to some chute"

Antonius did not understand why Eriak suddenly said something about a tube and a chute but he knows better than to interrupt so he just keep listening.

"This channel of tube is very magical. When someone wanted to send a message, one would throw the message into one of these chutes in another country, or in another continent, and the message would arrive in a secret building. Of course, right now, that channel is outdated but during that time, no one could break through this channel and it is one of the most secure channels to trade secrets"

Erika smiles and then she made a sound with her mouth

"Tting!"

She muttered like the sound of a bell, like the sound of something hitting a metal tube. And Erika eyes which is clear just now suddenly turns cloudy, and Antonius knows that she is seeing through the Veil again.

And she is in a trance. Right now, Antonius sees her and look at her but Erika right now is probably in that moment, the moment that she is seeing right now

And she is unconsciously recreating it

That sound of a bell that comes from her mouth probably reflect the vision that she is seeing right now
She might be hearing a sound of ringing and imitate it.

Antonius look around and he could see that there is the herb tea that she always drinks is there and he heaved a sigh of relief. Sometimes, when she looks through time, there are times that such act bring heavy taxation to the body.

In such cases, the herb tea would alleviate the fatigue

"That building was in Ankara" she mutters and Antonius keep listening

"There is a dark room. The room is large. And inside that large and dark room, there is an old man"

She paused for a second and she laughs

"He has quite the life story. Old but strong. He survives all of those young people and manage to find a job even after the Fall."

Right now, Antonius is sure that Erika is telling the story of Inkwell. This is one of Erika method.

When she gave a task to Antonius, especially when the task involves a person, usually Erika would do this kind of tracing past and present method.

It is so that he would have enough information about the person he is about to meet.

"there is an event in his life that made him think of running away. It was a day like any other for him. Messages came and he relayed them. However, that day, a message came and it is from that message that seeds of doubt began planted in his heart about his organization strength"

"At that time, he has wrinkly skin, a weakened body and he wears a monocle glass that could see through things and detect lies and abnormalities. His back is a little hunched" And Erika laughed a bit.

Antonius had long ignored the laughter of Erika when she is in trance. It is impossible to know why she laughed and whether she laughs or because the vision she saw is laughing and she is imitating it.

[Chapter 1573 Old Wanderer](#)

"That old man could feel from that moment when the message came that something is wrong. It is like an instinct of sorts. Surviving all those life and death encounter, it is understandable that he develops a certain kind of sense toward danger"

"When he opens the tube, there is a scroll. He knew that in the scroll, there is a name. And when he reads the name, he was shocked. The name is Azief"

"his eyes widened. 'Well...is this really the target? Is the HQ going crazy?' the old man said to himself. The organization has never had any conflict with that person and it has always been a policy of this organization not to try to stir any conflict with that person."

When Erika spoke this time, her voice turns into a voice of an old man. Erika make a motion like she is tightly holding something

"And the old man called the people on top"

'Is the Higher up really intending to target this person?' The old man ask 'Hmm. Hmm. Hmm' The old man nodded his head as he listens to the higher ups. And then he sighed.

'I will relay the orders to the Operatives in the Field. But....this intel better be good. Or we will be sending our operatives to their death'

"The old man then enters a chamber. In this chamber there are many new. The old man went to The Seat. It is somewhat throne looking seat. However instead of being made of marble stone or stone throne seat it is made of wires and electronic devices. He sits himself on that throne as something from the chair jutted out. It is an electrical cord that looks like a snake as it rises up. Then it pierced itself onto the hole on top of the old man head as his eyes turns cloudy and he lean down on the throne"

"His mind travel the whole world as it connected with all of the announcement device in other secret buildings of the organization that is spread out all over the world. His voice then announced, as all of the organization devices picked up his announcement"

There is a pause for a second then Erika voice changes and her voice echoes again inside the chamber

"A new target has been decided. Danger level: SSS+. The organization has decided to accept the job. There is only a limited time window for us to finish this task as the condition of the target is only vulnerable for now. One must depart now after getting the task. The completion reward is posted along with the target location later"

'Your new target is Death Monarch'

Hearing this Antonius quickly realize who this Inkwell was.

"The Messenger!"

At the same time, Erika eyes turns to normal.

She nodded and she smiles

"He is the Messenger. And he is Inkwell. Because his job is to use ink to write names of soon to be dead people. A well of ink to write a thousand names" and she laughed.

Most people get their nickname from their powers, or their unique features.

Like herself who once known as the Oracle.

Then when her power grew and her influence grew, people called her the Great Oracle.

And then when the world saw her with only one eye, people called her the One-Eyed Oracle to distinguish her from other clairvoyants.

Even though there is not many clairvoyants in the world, there is still a few of them. Erika knew for a fact that Lotus Order also have a fortune teller in their capital, and that the Crime Alliance also have their own clairvoyants.

Most world powers and powerful forces all over the world have one or two people with the abilities of clairvoyance but what sets Erika apart from the other is that never once, her prediction veered of path and never once her prediction is wrong.

And because of that when people spoke of Great Oracle, everyone understand who this Great oracle is referring to

But Inkwell is different.

"I thought he was dead. I heard rumours that Void kills him"

Erika laughed at this

" the whole Crime Alliance thought he was dead"

"A charade?" Antonius asked

"a charade" she replied

"Inkwell wanted to run away from that moment" she sighed a but as she closes her eyes and bitterly smiles

"He was always the most level headed person in the Dark Syndicate. He knows that the Crime Alliance could not fight against Death Monarch. Probably at that time he could already see the future that the Crime Alliance would be suppressed by Death Monarch and the world powers"

Antonius listening to this sighed.

Right now, the whole world take it for granted that the Crime Alliance would fail against the world power but those who lives at the time of the Crime Alliance peak of power would probably not see it that clearly

During that time, the Crime Alliance was expanding at an unprecedented rate. They even have cities and countries under their thumb.

At that time, the world powers of the world was not as united as it is today.

At that time, there seems to be trend that the Criem Alliance could be another force to be reckoned.

Of course, now they are like things that could be beaten at will. And that is probably because the world power is united and when they are united, how could the Crime Alliance withstand such force that could render Heaven and Earth apart?

The fact that Inkwell could see this shows he is also a smart person in the world. It is not so easy to be so objective when you are in the game

But he did. And in a way, Antonius admire that. So, his sigh is long and full of regrets.

Erika did not know what Antonius is thinking about right now but she keeps explaining things about Inkwell

"He believes that if the Crime Alliance wanted to become strong, they should remain in the shadows and not try to meddle in the matters of the world power"

"Light might not always win against darkness. But if Darkness try to encroach openly, those who are in the light would band together and even those who are affected by darkness would be affected and join with the Light"

She sighed and then chuckles

"He believes the Darkness should be dark, unassuming, formless and not be stupid and reveal themselves to the light. That is what terrifying about darkness. The unpredictability, the uncertainty. The unknown. Once it is known, once light is pointed to it, Darkness is not that terrifying anymore" she laughed.

Antonius then asked

"Are you happy? Or is it something I do not understand again? Antonius asked. Erika shook her head.

"This time, I am laughing because I am happy."

"Why?"

"I wanted to end a war" she said and she smirks. But Antonius did not understand. But he is used to it. Not understanding.

After all, he lives in the present. And he sees only the present. At times, he would recall some past memories. But Erika is different. Her eyes sees through past, present and future.

It might seem like a great ability but he had seen many times where Eriak would be confused on where she is and when she is at.

She called it Time Concussion.

At times, she is so engrossed in a certain point in the timeline that she might not be able to recognise where she is and when she is at a certain point of time.

And that would drive anyone crazy. I think you should take a look at

Sometimes, even when she is at the present, she wonders whether she is walking in the present or she is walking inside an illusion of the past, a feeling of a déjà vu that is never ending.

So, he do not pretend to understand. He decided only to listen and try to empathize.

He sighed and then ask

"what do you want me to do to him? Should I kill him?"

"No, just watch over him. It is not time yet" She then leans her back to the tree and Antonius that this is his que to leave.

Antonius leave and the Oracle close her eyes, divining past, present and future

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Below the mountain, there is an old man. This old man walk along the mountain path, passing through the shacks of the Acolytes of the Oracle.

But none of these acolytes saw this old man. They did not see this old man and they did not see the two wolves accompanying him

This old man wears an eyepatch on his right eye and he walk with two wolves and two ravens. The ravens could be seen by the Acolytes but the Acolytes did not care that much seeing ravens.

After all, they also have ravens around their shack and hut. This old man has a long unkempt beard and he wear grey robe.

But even though he looks like a humble old man, what humble old man walk the Sacred Way and at such a time?

What kind of an old man who could hide himself from the eyes of the Acolytes of the Oracle?

What kind of an old man that his presence is not even noticed by the Great Oracle himself?

The old man look around and he smiles as he saw the tributes, gold and minerals all over the side of the Sacred Way.

"What a familiar aura. A bit of the Norns, a bit of the Three Fates" but he shakes his head and laugh a bit.

"Borgan aura. Her child. Her hope. And her dreams"

And the old man sigh

This kind of old man that could hide himself to tis extent is certainly an extraordinary old man.

And even though he walks in a humble way, there is an air of mystery that he is shrouded with.

When he looks around, his eyes are piercing and he sees things other did not.

His gaze gives the impression that he possesses great insight into the world's secrets. When he walks the Sacred Way, he walk up with a staff.

It is more accurate to say that it is a walking stick. On his waist, there is a pouch. This old man with one eye is the ruler of Asgard and the Eight Realms

Odin Allfather.

He had seen that last survivor, the last son of Yrinia and he could see that the Fates has a hold on him

"What a....dirty deal" he sighed and then said

"May you escape all the bitter things which the wreathed spindle of apportioned Moira has spun for your fate — if the threads of the Moirai ever obey!"

In the Temple of the Fates, Clotho stop spinning her thread. Lachesis stop measuring and Atropos stopped cutting

They all looked at each other and their eyes are cloudy and they snorted

"Odin" the moment Odin refers to tehri name, they could hear it.

Even though they are separated by trillions of galaxies and trillion of light ears, separated by all kinds of dimension between then, they could still hear someone calling their name.

"The One Who Spins, the One Who Allot and the Unturning"

Odin words echoes in their ears.

If any mortals dare spoke the way Odin spoke about them, they would already use the power of fate to play around.

And why is it that they are angry?

Simple.

Odin spoke of them in such disdain. But they could not do anything.

Those who reached Odin level has jump out from calculations of fate.

The only fate and destiny that could restrain them, is the fate and destiny that is written in that Writer book.

The One with the typewriter.

The One in that garden.

Only His fate could not be changed if he decided on it. But, His love is strong and so, there is always a chance. Always some hope. Always a little bit of love.

And Odin....he is seeking for that chance, for that hope.

Odin look at the skies and his eyes pierces straight through the Temple of Fates and it was almost like the Three Fates and him is looking and starting at each other

Odin laughed and avert his gaze and not before long, he arrives near the temple of Delphi.

And then he releases his aura and the Oracle opens her eyes.

And she flew to the front of the Temple. On the steps of the temple, she saw an old man. Her eyes narrowed.

Odin in the guise of a wanderer look behind him and see the Oracle. He smile sand said

"Greetings, wise Oracle. I have heard of your renowned foresight, and I seek your guidance"

And Oracle eyes narrows even more

The wind blows the cold mountain air, and the howling of wolves in the distance could no longer be heard and roars of the Minotaur quietened

Only an old man and a seer of the future looking at each other, I front of the steps of the Temple of Delphi

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[Chapter 1574 Prologue: Pursuit Of Power](#)

A month had drifted by in the wake of the colossal clash between the Dark Alliance and the World Powers.

Across the globe, nations and factions were still grappling with the seismic repercussions of that titanic battle.

In this post-war landscape, loyalties had shifted like sand underfoot, and alliances transformed with equal swiftness.

It was clear to all observers that a new era had dawned, one marked by the supremacy of the Seven Great World Powers.

A discernible global trend had solidified—the world was on a trajectory towards division....divided into seven world power, seven world bloc

The seven world powers stood as the dominant forces, each carving out their own sphere of influence.

In response, other factions either bent the knee in submission, forged uneasy alliances, or artfully circumvented the reach of these burgeoning world powers, choosing instead to tread their own distinct paths.

The dust of a month had settled since the earth-shattering battle, and the world is irrevocably changed.

In the wake of the conflict, a multitude of high-ranking officers from the world powers had met their demise, leaving a power vacuum in their wake.

There is reorganization of the officers and officials in all of the great powers.

And there is also the change that is happening toward the Crime Alliance

The once-mighty Crime Alliance, which had once cast a long shadow over the world, found its influence at an all-time low.

Its surviving members scattered like rats, hiding in the darkest corners of the globe.

Some, it was rumoured, had even fled Earth altogether, seeking refuge in distant planets or galaxies, only to return to Earth at a time more favourable to their safety

As for Kaiju, the dragon-like beings from another world, he had vanished into the folds of uncertainty.

Since the conclusion of the battle, his whereabouts had become an impenetrable mystery, leaving the world to ponder his fate in uneasy speculation.

As for the great power Jean, with the weight of leadership heavy on his shoulders, returned to the Republic.

His presence is sorely needed as the Senate faced the tumultuous aftermath of the battle and the exposure of Tartarus

Alongside him stood Katarina, her icy authority as High Chancellor unwavering.

The world now knew of the dire condition of Paulette, poisoned by some kind of creature during the battle, her life hanging in the balance as she lay in a coma-like state.

Jean determination to find a cure for his beloved is unwavering, and he would stop at nothing to bring her back from the brink.

Katarina, on the other hand, took swift and decisive action the moment she assumes power, showing a kind of political talent that she had never shown before.

Mobilizing the legions of the Republic, she spearheaded the effort to recapture the horrors unleashed when Tartarus was breached.

Her icy palace, a symbol of her power, was a hive of activity as she coordinated the mission.

Simultaneously, diplomatic discussions were underway with Greece.

Greece and the Republic would soon convene to address the matter of Boris

This would surely spark new discussion about who shall sit in the Right Chancellor seat and whether Boris should be reinstated.

Whatever the end of this discussion is, Greece is probably wanting to take some benefits now that Boris is with the Oracle in the Temple of Delphi

In the corridors of international diplomacy, whispers and speculations were rife. Greece, not content with its discussions with the Republic, seemed to be extending an olive branch towards the Empire of Japan.

The purpose?

To engage in dialogue with the Illusionist Archmage Hikigaya

Rumours swirled that this could herald the birth of a new alliance, one that would stand apart from the established order of the Seven World Powers crafted by Death Monarch.

A neutral world power, arising from the fusion of Greece and Japan, would undoubtedly reshape the geopolitical landscape in ways that no one could predict with certainty.

As for those who attacked Tartarus, their name is not known to the common people but those of high stature and of great position all knows that there is someone called the Magician

This man known only as the Magician had thrust himself into the annals of history with his audacious assault on Tartarus.

While his true name remained shrouded in mystery to the common populace, those in the highest echelons of society are now well aware of his existence and his ominous agenda.

The question that plagued the minds of many was a simple yet profound one: Why?

Why had the Magician orchestrated such a daring and destructive assault on one of the Republic most secretive and secure institutions?

The answer, it seemed, was equally straightforward: Chaos.

The Magician's intentions were clear, at least in their overarching aim.

He sought to sow the seeds of chaos and disorder, and what better way to achieve this than by eliminating a figure as powerful and influential as Boris?

The death of the Republic leader would undoubtedly unleash a storm of political turmoil, power struggles, and uncertainty that could engulf the entire world power.

The chilling realization dawned on those who delved into the intricate web of this poisonous plan.

If Boris had indeed perished within the confines of Tartarus, the consequences would be nothing short of catastrophic.

First and foremost, Katarina would undoubtedly cast blame upon the Republic for the death of her brother.

Her wrath, they surmised, would manifest in a vengeful spree against the Republic political leaders, potentially leading to their deaths.

However, the ensuing turmoil would not stop there.

Katarina actions, driven by grief and anger, would almost certainly ignite a powder keg of political unrest within the Republic.

As chaos spread like wildfire, the Republic would find itself teetering on the precipice of civil war.

And should civil war erupt, it would inevitably draw the attention of Jean.

The Time Monarch would not stand idly by as the Republic descended into chaos.

His intervention, in turn, would provoke the one figure even mightier than himself: Death Monarch to involve himself in this matter. I think you should take a look at

The mere thought of a showdown between Death Monarch and Jean sent shivers down the spines of those in the know.

The two men are titanic forces, and their conflict would be a cataclysmic event.

However, the ripples of their battle would not be contained within their own ranks and it would not be a small event.

The very factions they led, Pandemonium and the Republic, would be dragged into the fray.

This, in turn, would trigger a domino effect, pulling in the remaining five great world powers, each with its own interests and alliances.

The outcome of such a world-shattering war is.... inconceivable.

Whether Pandemonium or the Republic emerged victorious, the world itself would be left scorched, ravaged, and forever changed.

Such a conflict would not only break the world—it would remake it in the image of chaos and devastation.

If this is not considered a poisonous plan, which plans could be considered poisonous in the world.

The world could only sigh in relief that such plans did not come into fruition.

And there is news of the Great Oracle return

And that news sent ripples throughout the world like a stone dropped in a tranquil lake.

Her temple, perched majestically on Mount Parnassus, seemed to touch the heavens themselves.

The mountain, with its numerous peaks that almost pierced the clouds, now held even greater mystique, as if the very thorns of Olympus extended their embrace to the celestial realms.

Its presence commanded a sense of reverence and awe from visitors, as they knew that within these sacred walls, the Oracle held the reins of fate.

Word of the Oracle resurgence travelled far and wide, drawing dignitaries and seekers of knowledge from the four corners of the Earth.

From humble scholars to mighty rulers, all humbly ascended the slopes of Mount Parnassus to beseech the Oracle for glimpses into the tapestry of time.

Meanwhile, Arturia island underwent a remarkable transformation after the war.

Once known for its roguish past as a pirate haven, it had emerged from the shadows, like a phoenix reborn.

Security around the island is now impeccable, and peace reigned around the Turbulent Sea.

Arturia island is now celebrated as one of the safest sanctuaries within the Ten Seas.

Its streets buzzed with vibrant commerce, its inhabitants flourishing under the newfound prosperity.

In a grand gesture of diplomatic significance, Death Monarch, ruler of Pandemonium, proclaimed a regular summit among the Seven World Great Powers every seven years, with Arturia as the chosen venue.

This decision shows Arturia newfound prominence

Each summit promised to be a place of international discourse, where the powers of the world could seek common ground and navigate the ever-shifting tides of geopolitics.

This has been spoken by Death Monarch and it is clear that this is considered a compensation from Death Monarch to the city lord of Arturia.

Amid the tumultuous events that unfolded after the war between the Dark Alliance and the World Powers, those who inhabited this world were left in a state of bewilderment.

The sheer magnitude of developments and shifting alliances would be enough to send anyone head spinning.

Yet, a prevailing sentiment among the population was gratitude that these events hadn't escalated into another global conflict.

The battle at Tartarus and the close call is enough to make people fear for the future

If Boris had died, if the Oracle was not there, today, they might be a war between the world powers

So, even with all the changes in the world, the common people is already grateful that there is no great war erupting among the world power

There is an underlying understanding, a collective awareness among the people of the world that the world is now teetering on the brink of a precipice, and any wrong step could plunge it into chaos.

However, amidst these complex and ever-changing dynamics, one figure remained an enigma to most - Death Monarch.

Having returned to his dominion of Pandemonium, he had chosen seclusion, a state of introspection, and solitary contemplation.

By now, the plans to create the ten realms has been spread all over the world. And everyone knows what Death Monarch is trying to do.

This undertaking involved the amalgamation of all the world's landmasses, followed by their division into ten distinct territories, each encircled by its own sea.

It is a grand design, and opinions on it were as diverse as the lands themselves.

This is an ambitious undertaking and probably could only be done by Death Monarch who possess great powers control the rules and laws of the world

Among the populace, there were those who raised objections, seeing it as an unsettling alteration to the world order.

They questioned the implications of such a transformation, both for the balance of power and for the lives of ordinary people.

Concerns over the potential upheaval and uncertainty that this plan might bring to their lives were voiced with trepidation.

Conversely, there were those who accepted Death Monarch's vision with open arms, seeing it as an opportunity for a new beginning, a chance to transcend the limitations of the old world and forge a new destiny.

They believed in the promise of a more equitable distribution of resources and opportunities across the Ten Realms.

For those who objected their voice could not be heard because after the world power went against the Crime Alliance, there is no other force on earth that could restrain the seven great powers

If they united into one cause, there is no power on earth that could stop it. And it is the same for this plan

Some people however agree and find that Death Monarch plan is to establish order and make sure that the world would not be split into two each time two powerful being squared off against each other.

There is pros and cons to everything. So, right now, the whole world is kept waiting

The world watched with bated breath as these political machinations unfolded, aware that the repercussions would echo far and wide

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[Chapter 1575 Mortal](#)

While the whole world is waiting to see what Death Monarch would do, he is actually right now is in a secluded forest in one part of the world.

He did not wear his robe.

Instead, he is half naked, with no clothes covering his body. He wears a ragged pants and he now has a beard.

The sound of rivers could be heard and the chirping of birds mixed with the sound of nature around him.

Azief takes a deep breath. He is now sitting on a boulder. Beside him, there is a fishing pole tied to the rock.

Yes, everyone has been speculating what Death Monarch is doing.

Who would have thought that Death Monarch right now is fishing in a forest, half naked, wearing ragged pants?

The forest whispered with the soothing symphony of nature's sounds—a chorus of birdsong and the gentle babbling of nearby streams.

Azief gaze right now is fixed on the fishing line he had cast into the water, a simple and unassuming pursuit.

He waited, patient and unhurried, for a fish to take the bait.

There was no rush, no urgency.

He knew that, with a mere thought, he could command the fish to leap into his hands.

Yet, instead of such a display of power, he chose to embrace the natural flow of life.

In this moment, he sought clarity—a respite from the maelstrom of events that had unfolded in the past month.

Azief mind had found a peculiar sense of serenity, a calm that descended like a gentle mist over his thoughts by doing these simple mundane things.

It was as if the cacophony of the world had dimmed, and a profound, indescribable contentment enveloped his heart.

He contemplated this elusive sensation, realizing that words, however eloquent, could not capture its essence.

It defied easy description, defying definition or categorization.

Instead, it is a state of being, a harmony between his inner self and the world around him, a quiet but profound equilibrium.

It is not like he become fully content but it is that kind of feeling

Like you have eaten and had your fill and for a moment, there is only that slice of happiness of that moment lingers on and make your heart and mind calm

And he needed that.

For Azief, peace and tranquillity often seemed like distant dreams.

His life has been and probably will always be a tumultuous journey, marked by the deaths of many and countless harrowing ordeals.

He himself had killed so many people that he had lost count

What he yearned for, more than anything, is a simple day of peace.

However, such moments proved elusive when you are the most formidable being on Earth.

It wasn't just the constant stream of challengers seeking to test their mettle against him.

The weight of the world seems pressed upon him

"Pandikar force me to this path" he mutters sometimes. But as years goes by, he could no longer use that excuse.

After all, he had matured enough, that he no longer blames anyone. Of course, when the blame is not his, he would not take it but he learns how to accept that some things happened because of his decision and not others.

But all of these are distractions.

These distractions often impeded his relentless pursuit of strength, the quest that had driven him for so long.

Peace to him.....is like a lone star shining in the darkest of nights.

People might say, you are already the strongest in the world, why do you act like there is someone chasing you from behind if you did not pursue strength?

But these people that say such a thing does not know the dangers that lurks in the universe, the supreme beings, the Chthonian monsters, entities that are not all benevolent and kind roaming in the Universe, ready to pounce when it sees weakness

In this vast and unforgiving universe, strength is a necessity.

Azief understood that the pursuit of power, at least for him is a matter of survival.

He knew that the moment he let his guard down, the moment he stopped striving to be stronger, the universe would seize the opportunity to unleash its malevolent forces upon Earth

"Earth grows to fast and too much. It would be a surprise if some beings would not target it"

Like a predator that seek for its prey, and earth is like a shining lantern in the void of a dark forest.

Those same people that ask that question did not see that outside of Earth, there is all kinds of threats.

The Multiversal Convergence had irrevocably altered Earth's status in the cosmic order.

It was no longer an isolated, insignificant blue planet lost in the vastness of space. Instead, it had become a beacon, a shining signal to the rest of the universe that it now possessed the potential to rival other galactic systems. I think you should take a look at

And when you are shining that bright, it is like informing to the universe, that you are there. And that is not a good thing.

This newfound prominence is a double-edged sword.

While it hinted at Earth rising power, it also made the planet a target for countless cosmic threats that lurked beyond.

The universe, with its myriad of civilizations, advanced species, and ancient beings, now saw Earth as a potential rival, a realm to conquer or dominate.

It meant that the world is no longer sheltered from the grander conflicts of the cosmos, and the dangers lurking beyond its atmosphere were now more real than ever before.

But for now, Azief didn't want to think about all of these problems.

The troubles and challenges that spanned the globe, the intricate webs of political intrigue, and the cosmic threats beyond the stars could all wait.

For now, it was just him and the tranquil stream, the rustling leaves, and the patient anticipation of a fish nibbling at his bait.

The soothing sounds of nature provided a symphony that eased his mind, if only for a brief respite from the complexities of his extraordinary life.

In the simplicity of that moment, Azief found a rare slice of peace,

Simple problems, simple worries

Azief had absorbed all of his energy into his own body and then seal it.

One of the abilities of a Divine Comprehension leveler, is that they have full and total control of their energy.

That means they could unleash their energy into a mass of energy that could cover planets and they could use that to seal their own energy and that is what Azief had done to himself.

In this state, he is no longer Death Monarch.

He is just Azief, a man seeking respite from his extraordinary life.

It was as if he has shed the heavy armor of his power and was allowed to exist as a simple being, unburdened by the weight of his own strength.

And instead of flying all over the world, and looking and eradicating the remnant of the Crime Alliance, Azief seal his own energy and become like a normal person.

Probably no one in the world would think of such thing.

As for this area that he is in, of course, this forest that he is in is still in Pandemonium.

It is just far from any civilizations.

Azief had deliberately chosen this remote locale for his retreat.

While the rest of the world buzzed with activity and intrigue, this forest remained tranquil, free from the presence of real monsters that had once terrorized the land.

Those titanic beasts that had once roamed these woods were no more, vanquished by Azief own hand before he settled here.

It was as if he had vanished from the world's view, and most people could only speculate about his whereabouts.

Many assumed he might be deep within a cave, his form cloaked in meditation, drawing upon the very essence of the world to advance his power.

However, that is not what really happened

Instead, he embraced simplicity in its purest form.

In this secluded haven, he could feel the natural rhythms of the Earth and felt the energy of the Heaven, the gentle rustling of leaves in the wind, and the murmuring of nearby streams.

The forest, for all its tranquillity and picturesque beauty, was far from a haven of absolute safety.

From the very moment Azief ventured into its depths, he was plunged into a struggle for survival.

His self-imposed energy seal had stripped him of the godlike powers that had defined him for so long.

Here, he couldn't conjure matter from thin air or shape the elements to his will.

Instead, he had to revert to the basic instincts of survival—seeking shelter, searching for a clean water source, and hunting for sustenance.

In essence, he had to rediscover how to exist in this world as an ordinary mortal.

The world he was now a part of was one teeming with life, from the smallest insects to the grandeur of ancient trees.

Yet, it is also a world fraught with danger.

Azief found himself constantly on guard, keenly attuned to the rhythms of nature and the threats it concealed.

He crafted makeshift tools from fallen branches, honing his survival skills with each passing day.

In this endeavour, he rediscovered the satisfaction of simplicity, the thrill of a well-earned meal, and the sense of accomplishment that came from overcoming nature's challenges.

So, while this forest might appear as a fantasy realm of serene beauty, Azief's daily existence is a testament to his resilience and adaptability.

In this tranquil yet unforgiving environment, he embarked on a journey of self-discovery, shedding the trappings of godhood for the raw, unfiltered experience of life as a mortal.

Chapter 1576 Favoured By Fate

As the weeks rolled by, Azief found himself gradually adapting to the rhythm of his newfound mortal life.

He had successfully constructed a shelter for himself—a rustic hut perched high in the branches of a massive tree.

To reach his arboreal abode, he had crafted ladders, allowing him to ascend with ease.

In this elevated sanctuary, the daily stresses that once weighed on his shoulders seemed distant and less formidable.

The symphony of nature's sounds, the whispering leaves, and the ethereal play of sunlight filtering through the canopy, all became part of his daily existence.

Azief had come to appreciate the simplicity of his surroundings.

The challenges of survival were no longer daunting, but rather invigorating tests of his ingenuity.

Every meal he secured with his own hands, every drop of clean water he collected, everything felt.....novel

It was like he was living his fantasy dream.

When he was a young boy, he had always yearned for a treehouse.

However, the trees in his neighbourhood weren't conducive to such constructions, and he never had the chance to experience that particular thrill.

As he grew older, life took him on a different path

The innocent dreams of youth were often overshadowed by the grim realities of adulthood.

But now, here in this remote forest, perched high among the branches, Azief is finally able to indulge in a piece of that childhood fantasy.

At least, now that he is old, he could fulfil that part of the dream.

The treehouse, cleverly positioned not far from the serene stream, has become Azief's refuge in this newfound mortal life.

From this vantage point, he could descend with ease, go fishing in the babbling brook, roast his catch over a crackling fire, and then retire to his sanctuary.

In the weeks since his retreat to this tranquil forest, Azief had experienced the myriad emotions of mortality once more.

He felt fatigue settle into his bones, irritation at the mundane challenges of survival, frustration with the limitations of his current state, and the occasional longing to simply quit this endeavour.

These feelings, alien to the godlike existence he was accustomed to, reminded him of the profound difference between the realms of divinity and humanity.

When he is in Disk Formation realm, he could not do such a thing like sealing all of his energy and experience what's it like to be mortal again.

The reason is because the fundamental differences between the realms.

Disk Formation also focused on cultivating the body.

So, theoretically, he could seal his energy when he is at Disk Formation level, but even if he does that, his body is still very powerful.

So, even if he had no magical abilities when he seal his energy in Disk Formation leveler, he would not experience fatigue and his punch alone could pulverize a low-level world,

But when he became Divine Comprehension leveler, the body is like energy. And so, even the body is affected.

So, he could seal it completely.

He couldn't help but cast an expectant glance at his fishing rods. Observing the stillness of the waters, he mused aloud, "No fish today?"

His patient gaze remained fixed on the fishing lines, which showed no signs of activity. The temptation to employ use supernatural abilities tugged at him, but he resisted, shaking his head firmly.

"It would feel like cheating if I do that," he muttered to himself with a wry smile.

Fighting off the boredom that crept upon him, he shifted his focus to the captivating scenery stretched out before him.

In this tranquil forest, danger, while not overwhelmingly imminent, still lurked in various forms.

Among the trees and foliage, some creatures and low-level monsters roamed.

Azief has learned to navigate this environment and avoid these potential threats.

However, in dire situations, he is always ready to employ a small fraction of his energy to ensure his safety.

After all, his training does not involve him to become a mortal but simply to experience the feeling of being mortal

He could not do that if he is dead.

But why? Why did he have to experience being mortal?

Azief had found out that absorbing energies is not the only way to break through to Divine Comprehension realm

Or it might be more accurate to say that even if you gather all of the energy that is required to break through, you would not break through. Because there is something missing.

Azief felt that when he first tried to break through. And that is the reason he is a mortal right now To find what is missing.

Azief pondered a fundamental question: Why do living beings evolve and grow stronger? Typically, beings evolve in response to challenges and difficulties, forging themselves in the crucible of adversity to become stronger. But in his case, Azief was already recognized as the most potent being on Earth. Consequently, there was no external force on the planet capable of exerting sufficient pressure to drive him to evolve further.

Azief quest to discover that missing element led him to a unique approach: deliberately weaken himself. He reasoned that by reducing his own strength, he could expose vulnerabilities within himself.

He isn't certain if the final obstacle to breaking through was physical, mental, or perhaps a combination of both, but he is determined to find out.

As he was thinking of this, he suddenly saw the fishing rod being pulled.

"Here it is!" he exclaimed, smiles fills his face as he got up and pull the fishing rod.

A large fish is pulled out from the stream. It looked like a catfish but it is bigger and it? is purplish white. Azief did not know what it is, but he has been eating this for quite some time and it felt like a catfish.

"I don't have to go hunting today" he thought to himself. He look at the fish and look very satisfied with it.

And then with a skip he run to his tree.

Below it there is all kind of spices and all kinds of knife.

The spices he got from Sina who came to vast him a? couple days ago.

As for the knife, he crafted it from stones, and from other minerals he found scattered all over the forest

It did not take long for him to cut open up the fish, remove the gut, and slather it with salts and spice and prep it as he simply lay down on the ground, looking at the slice of heaven from the few gaps of the branches of the trees above him

And then he pour some cooking oil and make a roasted fish.

Sometimes he steams it but today he is so hungry that he wanted to make a fast dish. But he did not forget to pair it with a? bowl of rice.

Of course, there is no such thing as paddy farms in this forest. This is Sasha who sent him some rice.

And as he eats it he laughs.

He never thought becoming a mortal again, he would crave such basic needs.

For the past few weeks, all thoughts about the world problems, the future problem all of them fades away.

Like dust that has been cleared off by a gust of wind.

That is how he felt

All he could think about is where to sleep, what to eat, how to hunt, how to fish, basic simple thoughts and slowly he is reaching a state where he is joyful and carefree.

Azief as Death Monarch is anything but joyful and carefree. When he frowns, it was like the problems of the world is all contained in his frown. And when he spoke, it is all about the affairs of the world

Sometimes, in the monotone of his daily life, he even forget why he wanted to become strong.

And when he reached the peak of Earth, as the strongest person in the world, he fears that he would be satisfied and that he would be stagnant.

That is one of his fears.

And another one of his fears is that he slowly forgets how to fear Death.

He has always been able to dance around the edges of life and death that he slowly have this mentality that he is invincible

And this feeling as only strengthened when he saw himself in the future, possessing powers that no other beings in the world could possess.

He saw himself in a perfect form, unbeatable and invincible.

But that image of him, is not something he wanted to be.

There is something eerily terrifying about him of the future. Like he is not alive but a tool guided by only the desire to destroy.

That.....is not what he wanted to be.? But that vision, also makes him feel like he could not die.

When he met the Creator he saw cause and effect and he saw the terrifying power of destiny and fate and see the connection of time and space.

And then combined with everything he had learned and knows, he felt that destiny and fate has a plan for him

Of course, that plan is probably not something that Azief wanted for himself. But that doesn't matter.

What is important that he knows that destiny and fate has a plan for him and because of that he knows that destiny and fate would protect him like some kind of son of destiny of chosen one.

And that makes him not fear death. It is like knowing that whatever you do, as long as you are useful, you would not be liquidated.

And that is the feeling he felt. And so, death, felt far and distant from him. And when death is far and distant, he no longer fears.

He jump into danger like it is the natural thing to do.

And it should not be like that

This is not him.

Chapter 1577 The Ten Rings

Of course, this kind of behaviour could not be compared to him in the past.

After all, he has a bit of cowardly side.

Some people are born brave and some people have to fight and survive to become brave

Sometimes, you have to have this determination of do or die attitude to become brave.

One choice, one decision is the dividing line between cowardice and bravery.

And when Azief was young, he made this choice.

He made this choice when he fight against that giant crocodile on the shore of Pahang river.

He made this choice when he fights against that alien protector to get the Six Sabers. he made this choice many times.

He made the choice to be.....brave

But when he saw the vision that Erika had showed him of the future, the daring attitude he have towards life is not because he made a choice

It is because he knew.

Because he knew that fate and destiny could not let him die that easily

Luck and fortune is on his side.

But Azief also knows that fate and fortune is also fickle, like the gods and deities

When he fears death, that is when his potential burns the brightest.

When he fears death, an in spite of it, keep dancing at those edges of death grasp, that is when he shines the brightest.

Knowing that you could die and still fighting it and keep running forward, missing death by an inch

Because all hopes, dreams, love, passion, all the good things in life could all disappear if he dies, because there is something at stake, that he could burst with the greatest power he could muster, overcoming his own limitation and going past beyond it.

The desire to survive, the desire to live.

But now.....now that he has no opponent in the world, what he fears is slowly disappearing.

He fears stagnancy.

He knows that outside of this world, there is all kinds of Supreme Beings.

Azul is one of them.

That is a Supreme Being that come from ancient times.

And when Azief mentioned ancient times here, he did not mean two or three thousand years ago but during those primordial times.

Azul was in existence during time infancy. When time itself just have its concept born in? the world.

This is an ancient being that is very old and very ancient.

And there is probably a few others lurking all over the Omniverse.

Each of them have terrible powers and magical abilities that would defy reality.

Even though a Divine Comprehension leveler could already be considered a powerhouse in the universe he knows that in some other galactic set, there is beings that is stronger than these.

"I need to fear death again" he mutters . And he close his eyes. Waiting for the fish to be roasted.

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Under the luminous moonlight, Azief tree house stood as a quaint oasis amidst the serene forest.

It is neither too large nor too small, striking a harmonious balance with its natural surroundings.

The tree house is divided into three cozy bedrooms, each adorned with simple yet rustic furnishings.

Azief has crafted an ingenious lighting system using a special mineral that gently illuminated the space when activated.

This allowed the interior to maintain an exotic yet soothing ambiance, seamlessly blending with the forest's beauty.

As he sat within the tree house, Azief could feel the gentle breeze brushing against his skin, the coolness of the night air contrasting with the warm illumination inside.

The sounds of the forest provided a soothing backdrop, crickets chirping in harmony with the distant rustle of leaves.

The moon, a radiant orb in the clear night sky, cast long, captivating shadows through the tree branches that framed his dwelling.

Then he sat down on the floor and take one of the handkerchiefs lying around on the floor and then laid it out in front of him.

And then he slowly pulls the rings from his finger. Many people knows that Aeryon had ten rings he wears around his fingers

But not many people knows the power of these rings.

And he put down a blue crystal.

"these rings. This crystal. That roar. The Gate. All of it might be connected" he thought to himself.

These rings might be Ethernian in nature. If that is the case.....then these rings must be some kind of a powerful item.

The Ten Rings are all powerful items, each one with all kinds of ability. As for the blue crystal it seems to have some kind of ability to alter reality itself.

It was this blue crystal that save him and manage to keep the condensed Law Avatars from splitting back up into Law Avatars when he was trying to break through to Essence Creation.

"But, how do I access it?" Azief ask himself. He had tried many methods. He tries to break it. But even with his powers, none of it could break this blue crystal.

He had also tried to put energy into the blue crystal. While it did absorb the energy, it did not show any sign of being activated.

"Is there something I am missing?" he asks himself and he sighed. He has been trying to access this blue crystal for a few weeks now.

Then he changes his gaze to look at the Eternal Rings.

He took one of the rings and the moment he took it, he could feel an echoes and in his ears is the sound of a song, like a hymn, like an anthem, like a melodic sound that exist in all of existence.

Hard to explain, even harder to describe.

Azief could tell that this must be the Ring of Songs.

Azief rarely uses this ring.

But since he is in the forest, secluding himself, sometimes he would sing the songs that he got from the rings. These songs don't have lyrics and the words are not something that he recognizes.

But when he sings it, he could "feel" the meaning of the song. It doesn't make sense but nothing about the rings make sense.

It is like you don't need words to understand the song. And when he sings it, it felt like he had been singing it for a long time

Before, he had the Song of Poisonous Mist. The effect of the song is to create poisonous mist.

But the song is fueled by emotion, like a kind of magic that synchronize and vibe with the world.

This song in particular, is born from his evil thought, from his poisonous heart. The negative your mind, the more powerful this song became.

There is also the Song of Sun and Moon

When he sings this song, he could not help but cry, a melody so sad, a kind of feeling of sorrow that mourns the end of sunset and the beginning of dawn

This one song seems to have many intangible effects.

There are a few others like Hymn of Disaster

Singing this hymn create lighting storms, dust storm, earthquakes, sky splitting thunder storms in the skies, and flooding acid rain that melts metal.

The clouds would be dissipated and the sun rays would be turned into a poisonous light ray that melts skins and kills plants and other living things

There is also the Ten Thousand Song of Life

There are ten thousand songs transmitted into his mind. These ten thousand songs are actually one song.

Ten thousand song and stories compressed into one song titled the Ten Thousand Song of Life.

there is no hint of what emotions that he had to channel when singing the song. And these songs are like a song that stuck into his head. And now, after a while, he found something special about these song

Forget all the song he learns. Forget all the melodies, the anthems. The Ring of Songs is like a conduit

He did not need to know the name of the song. He did not need to sing it one way or the other.

What he needed to do is sing and feel the song. There is no lyrics needed.

Those who could understand the song, could understand the feeling behind the song. It is like a person who heard a sound and the sound moved a person heart so much that one could not help but be affected by it

But the Songs that Azief would sing, would stimulate the laws of the world.

Like a Song that has been sung from the beginning of time. Like a Song that echoes endlessly across the ages.

A sound, a voice echoes and reverberates and each song brings alive new worlds.

So, Azief has found a way of how to uses this ring. This ring probably has more songs to offer. But he also knows there is no need to follow the knowledge given to him by this ring.

Because each song, as long as he thinks of it, and thinks of it hard enough, he could materialize it by singing

He put down the ring. And then he took another ring. And this is the Ring of Words.

The moment he picks it up, there is voices in his ears and in his mind, he could see words.

Though none of the words that is floating in his mind right now is words he could understand.

Every once in a while, he could see alphabets that he could understand and comprehend but there are also words and alphabets he did not understand

But most of them are words and alphabets he had never seen before and never heard before.

Maybe, it is because he sealed his energy and he is now a mortal that he could experience these kinds of things.

Before, he did not hear the song and did not see the words.

Or maybe, there is something that changed about him that made him able to feel a deeper connection with these rings.

He did not know which is which.

The Ring of Words as he understands it is a ring that possesses words.

That is his current understanding about this ring.

It is a ring that possess words.

But what kind of words?

Forbidden words, ancient words, taboo words.

Chapter 1578 Hope

There is the word Stop. When he speaks the words, everyone could understand that it is the word "Stop"

But, only Azief knows that when he said Stop, the words that came into his mind is Banti. That word is the word that came into his mind and this word Stop everything

The true effect of the word affects the Laws of the world, and it did not simply stop the movement of an enemy or a friend.

It is stopping everything. Time, Concepts, particles, atoms, magic. Words that have power to alter reality

What kind of words is it, what kind of language is it that just speaking make the world stop?

Azief rarely uses these words not because he couldn't speak it. But when he uses it, he could feel the energy draining from him

The longer he uses it, the more of his energy is being drained. Like the word Stop.

If he speaks it, while he could stop his enemy, he could not stop too much thing. He could not stop death, time, concepts and many more

Because the more he stops things, the more fatigued he became.? That is why he rarely uses it.

There are a few words that he had understand using the ring of words

There is the word Stop

Then there is the word Reverse

The word Reverse is also something that is terrifying when it is understood to the apex level.

Azief had once uses it but the most he could do with the Reverse spell is to reverse the damage done to him if he is fast enough.

Sometimes he could even reverse enemy position and movement helping him to avoid many lives and death situation.

Reverse spell in its ultimate understanding could reverse Time, reverse life and Death and probably even reverse one reincarnation cycle and reverse cause and effect.

But just like the word Stop, it takes too much of his energy when he uses it.

Then there is the word Reveal

It is the simplest word to speak. When Azief speak one of any of these words, he felt like his head is about to explode.

The more things his word affect, the more painful the headache.

As for this word Reveal, the effect of this word is to reveal certain things. And it is the only Word that he rarely uses

He knows it reveal something. But Azief also knows there is backlash if he uses it too much. And the words and its effect might seem simple.

After all, with the word reveal, the connotation is simply to reveal something. But what if the things his Word will reveal is things that is beyond his power.

"And there are many things in this world that even I could not calculate" He then think of something, smiles bitterly and added

"And there are also certain people I could not calculate" he mutters to himself as he is holding the ring.

For places there is the Ten Seas. His Divine Sense might be able to fill the entire ten seas but the further the area from his true body, the blurry the image become and the more secrets it hides. And some of the Ten Seas looks like fog in his Divine Sense.

And there are still many such places that he could not fully calculate or see even using his Divine Sense and he is already one of the strongest Divine Sense users on Earth.

His Divine Sense alone could smash mountain. He did not even have to wave his hand to crush things or living beings.

He could just think of it and the pressure that is crystalized into an attack of the mental could turn tangible and level out mountain and reap lives.

But even then, it is something his Divine Sense could not calculate.

Imagine if he uses the Word Reveal and it reveals to him what is hidden. But what if what is hidden is hidden for a god reason.

What if there is an artifact, a source of energy that surpasses the Divine Comprehension realm?

Wouldn't that lead a backlash to him?

Azief had felt the effect of a backlash.

And it is not something that he wanted to experience again

Then he also has the Word "Clouds, Wind and Rain"

When he first understood it, he felt that the wind pushes the clouds, and the clouds bring rain.

The wind brings with it the smell of death, the clouds gather and formed into a shield, bringing down a rain where one life time span is equal to a raindrop.

Alive when it falling, dying when it is dropping.

Clouds, Wind and Rain is the simplest and easiest to use since it had something to do with energy manipulation.

At first, he thought that the Word is an attacking method.

The Clouds, moved by the wind, the wind moves the rain and the rain attack the enemy

But then as he experiments with it, what he thought is an attacking method could also be interpreted differently

Azief had reason to believe that the words that he spoke, is the word of the Ethernas. And each word could contain thousands of meanings

The Wind came, pushing the clouds, the rain descends bringing life. Look at it another way, it is a nourishing method

Different in intention, different in emotion could create a different kind of method.

Then there is also the Word Bloom.

And the word requires comprehension.

Bloom requires him to understand what it means to bloom

That understanding would act as the catalyst for the words to be realized. Bloom could mean the blooming of life.

Or it could be understood simply as a flower cultivated for beauty.

It could mean the completion of something, a bud blooming into beautiful flowers. It could mean many things.

But the words must base on something that he believes. And something he feels. And as he looks at his other rings on the floor of his tree house, he sighed

"The rings are all different. And they all have their own specialties. But if there is one thing in common about them all it is that all of them is powered by emotions, feelings, understanding. And once this is understood, you could move the world, the Universe to bend according to your will" He close his eyes for a moment and sigh. Azief had many thoughts right now

There is a reason that tonight unlike any other nights, he laid down the rings and also bring out the blue crystal.

Because as he examines the ring, he found out something about these rings. He never notices it before.

Was it because he never paid attention to it before? Or was it because it was not there before.

Whatever the case, he found there is marks on his rings.

Each ring has a mark. The mark is very small. It even looks like scratches

Maybe that is why he never thought to much about it. Because it looks like scratches. And before, he thought that it is possible to have scratches considering that the ring is old.

But the more he understood these rings, the weirder the fact that there are scratches on the ring.

This ring had followed Azief through everything. Even through black holes and dimensional warping and smashing but through all of that, this ring remains as it is. Without a scratch.

That alone shows the durability of this ring.

When Azief was lazing around one day and looking at the ring, and playing around with it, only then he notices the marks.

And then as he looks at the other ring, he also saw this mark. Since then, he had bene trying to figure out what this mark means.

If one looks at only one ring, it might seme like there is only one scratch.

But if Azief write all of the marks on paper, Azief began to realize that it looks like an alphabet. And he recognizes these alphabets.

Ethernian alphabets. This is only his speculation but he is convinced that this ring is Ethernian in nature.

And so, for the last few weeks, he has been trying to arrange the rings into words. A word that makes sense.

And tonight, just the night before it, he once again tries to rack his brain, trying to make sense of these rings and the scratches.

He looks at it and he try to arrange the sequence of the ring so that it would form a word. But the more he tries it, the more it become more disorderly

He tries to arrange it for an hour but nothing comes to his mind.

Then a wind blows and one of the rings roll to another ring. Azief eyes narrowed

"What kind of wind is that?" he thought as he looks at the window. He then got up and close the curtain and then as he was about to pick up the ring, he stopped

"hope" he said with his eyes widened. He turns his body and look at the rings. He aligned the ten rings in a straight line and then he visualizes the scratches to be written vertically and he gasped

"Hope"

"It is hope"

....

[Chapter 1579 Regret](#)

There is an old man in front of the temple of Delphi. This old man appears at night and no one would notice him

But only one person would notice him

The Great Oracle Erika also knows that this old man is not ordinary but she never talks too much or try to pry too much about the old man.

The more it is like this, the more Erika did not say anything inappropriate. Instead, she would accompany the old wanderer.

And tonight, Erika is sitting beside the old man, on the steps of the marble stairs leading to the entrance of the temple

Both of them are looking at the stars above.

"No more question tonight?"

Erika asks

The old man shook his head

"You have been here yesterday. And today you came again. Last night, you ask me riddles. Tonight, you asked me question. It has been two nights. Would three nights be the charm? At the third night will you ask me to craft poems?"

"There is ritual to these things" the old man said as he chuckles.

Erika only smirks.

This is the wanderer that have come late at night yesterday, who greeted Erika, and spoke

"Greetings, wise Oracle. I have heard of your renowned foresight, and I seek your guidance"

At that time, her eyes could see nothing and so, because of that she knows who is in front of her.

Knows who this old wanderer with one eyed, two raves, two wolves and a staff is.

Odin. But since he did not say anything, she did not say anything. She knows that He knows and He knows that she knows.

But there is ritual to these things. And Eriak does not dare to reveal this old god identity.

Odin is not someone who Erika could uses her magic against. This is a being who is a powerhouse in the Omniverse.

Wherever he goes, he could survive and wherever he goes, he is an Overlord.

One snap of a finger could turn her into dust. Of course, she is curious. Why come down here?

Why descend toward Earth?

Why now?

She has many questions but she also knows as long as Odin wanted to remain a wanderer, the question she should ask, is question an Oracle should ask a wanderer.

She knows the kind of question she could ask and the question that she could not.

Odin seems to be looking at something far in the distance. His eyes seems to be deep, and it was like there is stars in his eyes.

But Erika did not dare to stare.

Erika just sits beside him, not saying anything.

"Maybe, I should give that kid a little help" Odin suddenly said. Erika eyes narrowed

The words and actions of Odin always have meaning. She had a hunch almost immediately.

Which kid that Odin is referring to? If Odin is here, then the layout of this old God might have begun

But the kid...could it be referring to....she did not dare to let her thoughts go wild. Sometimes preconception could be dangerous.

She fears this is also a scheme. If she acted based on this word, who knows if this word is a catalyst for her to enter into a trap

So, it is better to forget it and stick with her own plan.

Odin waves his hand and a gust of wind flew out from his sleeve and then it dissipated. It was more like the gust of wind was teleported away.

But Erika did not try to find out where that wind of gust goes. Even if she tried, she doubt she could follow it with her Divine Sense.

Then Odin smiles

"Hope" he said

"What a.....wish" he mutters. Erika did not understand what Odin is trying to say and she felt it is time for this night meeting to end

The stars twinkles in the heavens and the howling has stopped so; it is time for her to end this ritual tonight

She then said

"Old wanderer, I will retreat first and we will meet again tomorrow. There is water on the entrance and food if you want it"

The code of hospitality must not be forgotten, she thought to herself

She gets up from her seat on the stair step but right before she about to pat her bottom to remove the dust, the old wanderer suddenly spoke

"I thought to wait for three days."

"Hmm?"

The old wanderer chuckles and shakes his head

"It seems things have once again moved into a different direction. Some threads are cut, and some threads are being connected. What a marvellous event!" he said as he laughed loudly, joyfully, full of emotions. I think you should take a look at

He did not get up from his seat but instead, he turned to look toward Erika and then said

"Things have changed. Two days is enough, I guess"

Hearing this the Oracle's eyes narrowed toward the old wanderer and a sense of danger enveloped her.

Then the old wanderer suddenly said

"You should know my identity"

"An old wanderer" she answered. And the old wanderer

"Odin. That is what many beings called me. Odin, the ruler of Asgard. That is my job. Odin the Allfather. That is my title. I have many names and many titles and many roles. I am....Odin" And the moment he said it, like something taboo had been uttered, thunder roared in the sky.

Dark clouds gathered above the temple, covering the moon. The Heavenly Will noticed. It had noticed before but before is different

Now, Odin is basically revealing himself to the people of this world. And Odin's aura seems to be rising.

The Heavenly Will, how could it not notice? And how could it not respond?

So, the dark clouds gathered, and the sound of thunder and lightning began to roar in the Heavens.

The Acolytes of the Oracle below the mountain could see the dark clouds and hear the sound of thunder and lightning

But as they tried to divine the source of this, these Acolytes all shouted and warned the others not to divine it.

"Heavenly Will!" one of them shouted and that word is enough to stop the others.

They look at the raging skies and then they look toward that temple on top of the mountain and they could not help but think that tonight's event probably is because the Great Oracle did something

And this is not something that they could meddle in with. So, some of them quickly flew off far away from the mountain and would return only if the Oracle called them or when this matter abated.

The pressure of Heaven rolled down to the mortal world and the earth shook and the heaven trembled!

On the top of Mount Parnassus, with countless peaks and valleys, there is the Temple of the Great Oracle.

And the pressure of Heaven cracked the towers of structures all around the temple. The gathering clouds became even thicker and the sound of thunder became louder.

Odin ignores the gathering clouds

Erika sighed and then look at the wrath of Heaven above her head in the form of a thick thunder clouds and she could not help but said

"This is inappropriate" her face is sour.

Odin did not play according to the script. Didn't you want to do this kind of trading back and forth of riddles to imitate the rituals of your methods.

Why now, suddenly break the ritual and confess? If you confess like this, how could Erika dares act casually

She bows her head and said

"Your Excellency Odin descend down to Earth. Your Excellency must have some divine purpose"

Erika even in her last life did not break into Sovereign realm. So, she did not dare to show disrespect.

Those who tread that path could treat each other equally but those who did not even reach that step, must know that there is Heaven looking at them, and it is disrespectful to glare at it.

It would be like a mortal trying to stare down the sun. What would happen to such a person? That person would be blind.

Does Erika wanted to be blind in one other eye? She does not and so she bows.

Before, Odin is an old wanderer and so she act casually, sitting beside him, talking with him like an old friend

But Odin has now acknowledged his identity, so it is not appropriate for her to act like that again.

And Oracle eyes narrows even more as he saw Odin hunched figure slowly straightened up. His robe billowed with purple aura and his smile is terrifying

He took a step and look at her eyes. Erika did not dare to look straight at Odin eyes so she look down.

Odin laughed

"We are very similar but also very different. I lost my eye, trying to see the Truth. I see it and my eye is the price" he chuckles. Even as the thunder roars, his voice is very clear to Erika ears.

"The thing that is taken by that kind of magic could not be reversed. I am capable of many things. I could destroy planets just by thinking of it and birthed creatures just from my thoughts. I could get cut up a million times and stull return back to my original shape. But my eye, I could not revive it, could not rejuvenate it and so, this eye socket of mine is always empty"

"Magic is like that. And certain magic requires price that some people could not bear. Millions of years had passed and I still could not feel the trace of my eye" Odin seems to be telling a story. And Erika simply listened

He paused, and Erika ask

"Do you regret it?"

Odin look at the sky. But his gaze did not seem to care about the clouds and thunder and lightning.

Instead, his gaze seems to look further out from this Earth. Erika does not know what Odin is seeing

Odin eyes penetrate the dimensional barriers, pass through countless of dimensions and worlds and his gaze rested onto a garden.

A garden that seems to be sailing across the starscape. And there he sees a gardener tending to a garden, cutting off rotten fruit and rotten wood.

And at times, sow seeds and water the soils. Odin sighed, close his eyes for a second and then he answer Erika question

"For a thousand years, I did not regret it. Another thousand years, I thought it was worth it. A thousand years later, I began to doubt. Another thousand years and I ponder. A thousand years more and I regret it"

[Chapter 1580 A Vision Of Light](#)

The night is shrouded in an eerie silence as the wind carried the cold mountain air through the ancient forest.

The once-echoing howls of wolves and the distant roars of the Minotaur had faded into the background, leaving only the rustling of leaves and the occasional hoot of an owl.

In this stillness, a meeting of is taking place—an encounter between a God and a mortal.

A sigh of regret seems to come out from the mouth of that God. Erika on the other hand was surprised.

Knowledge, who would not want it?

Truth, who would not want it?

Odin sacrifice his eyes and he sees these two things and because of that he is the strongest and because of that he is one of the powerhouses in the Universe

But today, he spoke his thought and he spoke his heart and the answer to her question is that, he regrets

For a moment there is silence between them. Erika for a moment do not know what to ask.

And then the question that came out from her mouth is only this

"Why?"

Odin smiles and shook his head.

"My answer might be different from yours. After all, the time you have is not as much as me. It took me thousands of years before I felt such feeling. In the end, the feeling you might feel might be different from what I feel"

As Odin spoke, the atmosphere around him grew increasingly charged with energy.

The air itself seemed to hum with tension, and his words carried a weight that resonated deep within the very fabric of the world.

Above the temple of Delphi, dark clouds gathered ominously, as if responding to Odin declaration.

These clouds swirled and coalesced, forming a stormy barrier that blotted out the moon and stars.

It is as though the heavens themselves is bearing witness to the impending clash of wills.

Erika, the Great Oracle, felt the pressure mounting.

Her temple, protected by ancient formations and wards, began to quiver under the oppressive force of the gathering storm.

It was a test of wills, a confrontation between a God and the Will of this World, and it threatened to shatter the protective barriers she had meticulously maintained.

But like Odin, she also did not care much about the Heavenly Will. Instead, she look toward Odin and sighed

"Why now? The last time, you did not meddle in this muddy affair? Why meddle now?"

And she sighed again, long and hard.

This is because she is slowly discovering that more and more things did not go according to plans and fate and destiny is now truly messed up right now.

The future that she knows is slowly turning into a blurry image. The possibilities of some future is disappearing.

And that is not a good thing for her. Of course, she is excited that things are changing but it also makes her feel anxious and uncertain.

Odin smiles and said

"That is before. Now it is different. There is now a big enough deviation"

"It could still lead to the same conclusion"

Odin however chuckles

"I don't know. I think I feel a little bit..." and he paused for a second before chuckling again, like he had remembered a joke only he knows and added "hopeful"

There is another moment of silence between them and Erika then ask

"Why are you here? I doubt Your Excellency just wanted to chat with me?"

Odin waves his hand and then said

"There is no need to be so formal" Odin walk along the step

"Walk with me" he said and Erika could only follow. He walk together with Erika as they enter the temple

Odin look around the temple and he smiles

"All kinds of herbs, all kinds of magic. It seems you pay attention to this kind of thing. I even sense a trace of a few ancient magic. It is really enviable that even the full revert of time and space could still retain a bit of your memories from a non-existent timeline. Is it Borgan blessing? It must be" Odin seems to be talking to himself but his voice is loud enough so that Erika could hear him

Odin wanted to hear.

Clairvoyants, true clairvoyant that truly possess the Gift are all connected by a force. This force comes from Borgan, and it is this force that allows them to see past, prese and future.

Borgan is a big part of that. In other, Borgan is the manifestation of that force

Odin however still did not explain why he is here and what he is doing.

"Do not be too alarmed, little Oracle. I just wanted to see you. I see the shadows of the Three Fates behind you. Those three sisters also wanted to manipulate you. Their magic could not touch the fate and destiny of the people of this world"

She nodded

Odin smiles and then said

"Did you know, those three sisters sent an agent of them to this world?"

Hearing this Erika eyes narrowed.

"I sense nothing"

"And there lies the brilliance of the Three Sisters of Fates"

"You know the agent?"

"I could even tell you"

"What's the price?" Erika ask.

Erika could feel like Odin is saying this precisely because he wanted her to be curious of the agent of fate.

But, she also knows that the moment Odin tells her this, she must know. Or she would not be at ease in doing any of her plans.

It is a bait.

But it is a good bait.

But Odin did not immediately pull the fishing rod.

Instead, he then said

"that dragon like creature, do you know where he is right now?" Erika shook her head.

She could guess who Odin is referring to I think you should take a look at

But she is not that interested in Kaiju.

Odin seems to be able to see what she is thinking and he said

"That is an anomaly. It is better to pay attention to it. This is cause and effect. And this is fate and destiny. And when you fight against such things, why do you think it would not fight back?"

Hearing this Erika ponder for a moment. Odin chuckles

Odin walk again to the center of the temple as he look at the open sky design of the chamber and then he look upwards

Once again, his eyes seems to shine like he is seeing something in the distance. He chuckles but did not say anything

And so, it is up to Erika

"What's the price?"

"Memory. One particular memory. I want that, and I tell you the name of the agent"

Erika frowned. A memory could be simple or it could be complicated.

"What kind of memory?"

Odin smiles.

"I would not touch memories that would hinder you in your objective" he said.

"Please give more details about this memory"

Odin come closer to her, whisper a few words, and Erika sighed.

Then she nodded

"This is a part of your plan?" she ask.

"It might play a part or it might not. Until the moment came, I would have no way of knowing. For now, I think of it, as one of my plans"

"The name" she said.

Odin laughed

"You know this person." He paused for a second before saying

"Fir Her Waz"

Hearing this she sighed.

"I understand" she said.

Odin nodded and he was about to walk out from the temple. Erika follows him and there is silence as both of these people walk together

A few second of silence and Erika could not help but wanted to ask a question

"Will this be worth it?" she ask.

Odin halted for a moment and laugh.

He knows what she is referring to

He is here to stop his own Ragnarök. And when Poseidon throws that trident of his, isn't he also making a bet.

Since he makes a bet, since the Jade Emperor made a bet, Wargod make a bet, Borgan make a bet...then why should he not also make a bet?

And since he makes a bet, why not bet all of it?

Odin sighed and said

"I find worth in it. So, it is worth it" Hearing this Erika could only smile and then she ask again.

"Will I see you again?"

"Let's hope not" he said and Erika chuckles. For an ancient God, Odin could sometimes be very approachable.

Maybe, the long passing of time had made him a little bit mellow. Or maybe he is just good at hiding his sharp edges.

Erika did not ask what Odin is planning.

It is rude to insult someone like that with a question like that

After all, Odin did not ask her about her plans.

Why should she pry from Odin?

And even if she wanted to pry, if Odin did not want to say it, why bother offending such a being?

It is better to say little than to say too much

"Ah, the rings" Odin suddenly said when he arrived back at the entrance of the temple

"That is interesting" before Erika did not understand what Odin is talking about but the moment she heard Odin spoke about rings, she felt her eyes burning and she bows her head in pain.

She could feel her veins on her face is throbbing.

And then a vision came to her.

Ten rings, a light and that's it.

And she finally knows who Odin is looking at.

She endures the feeling of pain, look up and look at Odin.

"You are looking at him. It seems all of you are began to bet. How much would you bet?" she ask.

But Odin did not show any sign of answering that question

Odin smiles and as he takes a step toward the stairs, he slowly faded out and then disappears like he is nothing but the figment of her imagination.

The dark clouds that gathers over the temple slowly receded and the sound of thunder and the flashes of lightning quickly disappear.

Erika sighed.

"I don't know what his plans are but at least now I know about Fir Her Waz" there is many plans that she had to change right now

But then she look toward a direction.

It is the same direction that Odin was looking before and then she sighed

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