

## Supremacy 1461

Chapter 1461 Trailing To The Source.

'What are you trying to do?' Ravager inquired.

'There is more than meets the eye in this case, and it will be a shame if we let it go like this.' Felix answered.

'I also think the same.'

'Good, I am planning to use Arion as a bait, and we can kick off a new case if we managed to find the person behind his situation if there is any.'

'I don't have a problem with that.'

Ravager was more than pleased with this as it enabled him to continue on his little secret revenge plot as well.

...

The sprawling streets of the capital were bustling as always and amidst this labyrinth, Arion Delmar stood, seemingly aimless and bereft of purpose.

The passing spirits hardly paid him any attention, most of them engrossed in their own affairs.

At a nondescript junction, Felix and Ravager positioned themselves, blending seamlessly with the surroundings, waiting to see the course Arion would take.

Alas, days passed, and Arion's movements were aimless, sometimes meandering, sometimes sitting for hours on end, as if waiting for something to ignite a spark within him.

Since Felix and Ravager had day shift with their squad, Felix had to leave following Arion to Sekiro.

Unfortunately, days went by and no one had appeared to pick up Arion.

'Maybe he has caused this upon himself.' Ravager sighed in frustration at the lack of results.

'It can't be, you have read about his past. He valued his safety and comfort more than anything.' Felix shook his head.

After going through his past information, they collected some data, but nothing too deep since the device couldn't show private Intel to just anyone in the government.

Because they were working on this off the record, they couldn't even interrogate the people around him.

'Well, no one is taking the bait, and we can't commit to this case without any decent leads.' Ravager warned, 'Those two b\*tches keep solving cases, and we can't accept anything until we conclude this.'

While Ravager wanted to get revenge on his sister, he knew that it would be ten times easier by becoming a captain...He didn't want to lose his chance chasing after a false lead.

Unlike Felix, he didn't have any knowledge about the fallen, so it was normal to be skeptical after days with no results.

'You can return and pick up another case, I will stay on this for another week.' Felix shared calmly.

Ravager thought about it for a moment and then shook his head. 'No, we are in this as partners, and it's best to tackle each case together.'

'As you wi...' Suddenly, Felix's expression turned serious. 'We have movement.'

The moment Ravager heard this, he turned around and saw a mysterious figure approaching Arion.

He was cloaked in deep green and bearing the emblem of a crescent moon, the stranger seemed to exchange a few words with Arion, causing both of their pupils to expand.

'He is talking.'

'I can see that.'

'But how, he didn't seem to be faking his condition.'

'...'

Seeing that Felix remained silent, Ravager stopped his series of questions and focused on Arion who began following the stranger.

In reality, Ravager's heart was beating rapidly in agitation as this situation reminded him of his little sister greatly.

His sister became like a robot who will do anything he asked from her and if he didn't order her, she would keep gazing somewhere in silence.

'He must be his master.'

This made him recognize the identity of the stranger.

'Let's give a chase.'

With stealth befitting their roles, Felix and Ravager tailed the duo as they navigated the serpentine alleyways, moving away from the central streets, past the merchant's quarter, and finally into the more desolate outskirts of the city.

Here, structures were sparser, and the grandeur of the central realm gave way to simpler, earth-toned homes.

The stranger led Arion to a humble abode, its walls rough-

hewn and roof thatched, reminiscent of ancient dwellings from long-forgotten eras. Once Arion and the stranger disappeared inside, Felix and Ravager kept a decent distance from the house.

They knew that as law enforcers, if they were caught snooping on them, getting kicked out of the government wouldn't be the only punishment received.

'Do your thing,' Ravager said.

Closing his eyes momentarily, Felix channeled the element of vibration, aligning his senses to the faintest of sounds.

From within the walls of the house, the vibrations began to form a discernible pattern, weaving the story of what was transpiring inside.

At first, the hum was soft, almost like a gentle whisper – the creaking of floorboards, the rustling of cloth. But then, a new sound emerged, one that made Felix focus on it.

It was the voice of the stranger, low and menacing, dripping with venom. "You worthless creature! I gave you an easy order to buy me a pack of cigarettes, and you ended up lost in the other side of the city for over a week!"

Arion's feeble responses, either too soft or stifled by pain, were drowned by the stranger's wrath. With every accusation, there was a chilling sound – the sharp slap of flesh against flesh, the thud of a body colliding with a wall.

Unreactive to the heartbreaking noise, Felix continued to eavesdropping.

"How can you be so dumb?! I was told that your worthless kind are the best and cheapest available servants in the market, but you almost got me in deep trouble with the law enforcers!"

The beating continued nonstop.

"Screw this, I am returning you and getting my refund!"

With one last thud, the assault was stopped so as the stranger's tirade. Felix disengaged his ears from the house and opened his eye again.

'What happened?' Ravager asked.

'He got beaten... badly.'

Ravager's expression hardened, eyes reflecting fury and determination as this situation made him imagine what his sister had gone through under Mr. Atticus.

Still, he took control over his emotions and asked, 'What's our next move.'

'We will follow the master, he uttered something about getting a refund.' Felix shared, 'He will take us to the real culprit, and we can take action from there.'

'Refund, is he treating him like a product.' Ravager got furious again.

'Seems like it.'

'This feels wrong on so many levels.'

'Let's go.'

Felix ended their discussion after spotting Arion and his master taking off into the dark alleys again.

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The musty alleyways of the black market were alive with the whispers of illicit deals, and the shimmering specters of otherworldly beings.

Among the stalls and shadowed recesses stood an infamous small shop, an business both mysterious and hated known for selling servants of all kinds.

Arion was dragged forward by his so-called 'master' inside the shop. His steps were staggered, weakened by the assault he had endured.

The bruises on his face and arms were painful reminders of his lost memories and the cruelty he had experienced.

Pushing Arion ahead, the master barked at the shop owner, "This one's defective! I demand a refund!"

The shop owner, an aging spirit with a sly glint in his eyes, leaned forward, examining Arion critically.

"You've mishandled him," he remarked, pointing to the evident bruises.

"Our servants are rare commodities. Their minds are fragile, They need guidance, not violence."

The master scoffed, "I didn't pay for a broken toy. Refund my Lumus now!"

The shop owner sighed, a long-suffering expression on his face. "Returns aren't accepted here, especially not for damaged goods. However, if you're struggling to use him, I can advise."

The master's eyes narrowed suspiciously, "Go on."

Leaning in, the shop owner whispered, "Fallen servants are unique. Their power comes from their lost memories, a void that can be harnessed. Teach him, train him,

but do so with care and patience. The void in their souls can be filled, directed. If used right, he can be more potent than any ordinary servant."

The master hesitated, mulling over the shop owner's words. "And if I can't use him?"

The shop owner smirked, "Then, my dear customer, perhaps it's not the servant that's flawed, but the master."

"We will see who's flawed!"

Growling in frustration, the master yanked Arion by the arm, exiting the shop... Then, he took his leave, having no idea that he had guided two sets of predatory eyes on the shop.

Chapter 1462 The Witness Protection Program.

'Should we storm in?' Ravager asked.

'No, we have to play this smart.' Felix rejected.

He comprehended that even though they were led to the fallen spirits' seller, they could not confront him about it.

He would easily deny everything and without any evidence, they could not arrest him.

'We need Arion's master to give away the seller. Unlike him, we have a reason to bring him for questioning.'

'Arion's unclosed case.' Ravager commentated.

'Let's go.' Felix agreed and disappeared into the shadows, chasing after Arion's master.

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The dark alleyways were a stark contrast to the vibrant hustle of the main streets. Sounds of haggling and the clinking of essence coins echoed in the distance.

Arion's master dragged him along, his grip punishingly tight. Clearly, he was still upset after getting looked down upon by the servants' trader.

Just as he was about to take a corner, two figures stepped out from the shadowed doorways, blocking their path.

Ravager, with his piercing eyes and an intimidating aura, stared down the master, while Felix took a measured step forward, his demeanor calm but authoritative.

"Going somewhere?" Felix asked, a hint of coldness in his voice.

Arion's master heart almost lept from his throat in fright after seeing Felix and Ravager's outfits.

The notion of being caught doing something wrong by law enforcers would sap the wind out of anyone.

'Don't panic, don't panic, you did nothing wrong.'

Arion's master relaxed his emotions somehow and then spat back defiantly. "What's in it for you?"

Ravager took a step closer, his eyes as cold as ever. "You seem to have mistreated your servant. That's a violation of Spirit Realm regulations."

The master sneered, "He's mine. Bought and paid for. None of your business what I do to him unless he came forward and reported me."

"Come on ask him, see if he will do so."

Knowing that Arion wasn't going to utter a single word, Felix didn't bother to play his game.



He summoned a binding chain of light, wrapping it around the master and immobilizing him.

This was one of the law enforcement equipment used to seize the criminals with minimum effort.

"You can't do this to me! You are abusing your authority!" He screamed for his rights.

"Shut up." Felix zapped him through the light chain, causing the master to convulse in pain.

Then, he dragged him to the law enforcement department while Ravager brought Arion with him.

...

After booking an interrogation room, Arion's master never stopped screaming and banging on the table, crying over the unjust treatment he received.

"I will sue you! You hear me! I will sue you!"

"Sue us for what?" Ravager sneered, "You have already confirmed that Arion is your servant. He has been picked up by us a week ago and found out the abnormalities within him."

"As his master, you must have had a great part in his memories' deletion and personality disorder."

Upon hearing this, Arion's master felt his knees buckle under the table at the realization that his association with a fallen specter was about to bite him in the ass.

He assumed before that Felix and Ravager had no case against him, which meant it was illegal to arrest him, and he could put them in deep trouble if he complained to the court.

But now? They had every right to bring him in as his master.

"I had nothing to do with his mental problem! I swear on Lord Hades' name!" Arion's master changed up real quick...Instead of protesting, now he was trying to save his own skin.

"He was all beaten up and wounded. It's highly likely he became like this through a never ending cycle of abuse. I have seen many similar cases so as the court. Good luck defending yourself with a swear." Ravager sneered.

He was bluffing to intimidate Arion's master through a mixture of lies and truth. It seemed to work just fine on their target as he had started to hyperventilate.

"I really didn't do it! I bought this useless servant a month ago, and he was like this from the start!" Arion's master emphasized again, sweat flooding down his forehead.

He understood that it didn't look good for him since his servant was really abnormal and as his master, he was the first suspect.

The last thing he needed was to become a criminal after a single illegal purchase.

"Where did you buy him and from whom?" Felix asked.

Arion's master bit his lips hard as his eyes darted between Felix and Ravager, seemingly wanting to talk but at the same time not having the courage.

"You have to understand that we are on Arion's case, and if you don't start cooperating to back up your story, you will leave us with no choice but to charge you and investigate your entire life." Ravager pressured.

"I can't...I signed a strict contract with the seller." Arion's master confessed, "I will get 100% thrown out of the heavenly plane if I talked."

"You will suffer a similar fate if you were investigated and the leads pointed at you." Felix said.

"I am innocent, and you will find nothing." Arion's master replied, but his tone didn't seem that confident.

It was understandable as he wasn't a low ranked spirit. He was a small big shot in the city and to reach his current position, he had to do some shady moves.

So, while he was confident that Arion's situation wouldn't bite him as hard, he wasn't sure about the rest.

"How about a deal?" Felix suggested, "Tell us what we need to know on the record, and you will join our witness protection program."

'Traveler! You shouldn't make promises you can't keep.' Ravager chided, 'Witness protection program is used only on big cases under captains' leadership.'

'I know what I am doing, trust me.' Felix replied.

Felix comprehended that he couldn't protect someone from a contract termination penalty unless the end results justified it.

The witness protection program was used only on large scale cases since their results affected cities or sometimes even the entire plane.

Such cases were almost nonexistent and appear once in thousands of years if not longer since no one was bold enough to cause such a mayhem under Lord Hades' nose.

But, Felix was confident that the fallen specter case was a massive hit due to its relation to a noble.

"If you can guarantee me that, I will spill everything I know." Arion's master replied with a serious tone.

"Stay around, we will contact you soon." Felix threatened, "Don't you dare tell anyone about this or there will be no deal, and we will come at you with everything we got."

"Don't worry, I am not that stupid." Arion's master scoffed.

He was a mere customer and not part of the fallen specters' organization. So, he had no plans to be their scapegoat in the slightest.

After he took his leave without his servant, Ravager turned to face Felix and shook his head.

"I have no idea what you are trying to do."

"You will understand later on, for now, we have to convince our captain to take this case and put our witness in the program." Felix revealed as he walked away with Arion following him close.

Felix knew that it would be impossible to solve anything related to the fallen case with his current rank...But, if he included his squad in it and had the support of his captain, it would be a different story entirely.

The only issue with this was the fact his captain wasn't easily convinced to even take a different path on the road, don't even mention an entire new case.

One that required witness program to launch it!

"Sigh, we are going to fail miserably."

"Just let me do the talking."

"That doesn't make me feel any better about this."

"..."

## Chapter 1463 Grim Findings.

Felix and Ravager went straight to the squad's office after discovering their captain was there.

The room had shelves filled with records of cases, artifacts, and souvenirs from resolved incidents.

The dim light from a vintage lamp washed over Captain Charleson, seated behind a massive wooden desk. His eyes, always sharp, skimmed through a case file.

Felix cleared his throat, drawing the captain's attention. "Captain, I need your backing on Arion's case."

Captain Charleson glanced up, his expression unreadable. "That memory-wiped specter? Why?"

"Because this isn't an isolated incident. I am certain that there's an underground market where these spirits, with their memories and personalities wiped clean, are being sold off as servants," Felix explained.

Charleson leaned back, his eyes narrowed in focus. "That's a grave allegation. Do you have any proof?"

"We have Arion's master, willing to turn in the seller. It's an intricate web, and if we pull the right thread, the whole system might unravel," Felix replied.

Captain Charleson's eyebrows knitted in concern. "This could be a massive operation. Messing with spirits' memories and identities? It's against every code we stand for."

Felix leaned in, "Exactly, Captain. We must shut it down. Think about it. How many more Arions are out there, reduced to nothing more than empty shells for someone's dark pleasure?"

While Captain Charleson seemed in favor of supporting Felix, he didn't give him his word right away. He switched his focus to Ravager and ordered, "Spit it, What do you guys need from me?"

Ravager glanced at Felix before sighing deeply, "We kinda need the witness protection program to buy Arion master's help. He wouldn't come forward without it due to the strict contract he signed with the seller."

"I knew it." Captain Charleson gave them an irritated look, "You think I am foolish to keep risking my career and reputation to support your crazy actions?"

"I did it once in our previous mission, but don't make it a habit." He scolded.

Captain Charleson was righteous, but he wasn't dumb to keep putting his career in the hands of Felix.

Using the witness protection program implied breaking a contract willingly without any punishment involved.

Such injustice and rule-breaking needed to be justified through significant results and not many captains were bold enough to do this for their cases.

"Captain, I know what you are thinking, but you should read the details of the case first and you will understand how big this case is." Felix stressed, "It's one of those cases that can get any captain a straight promotion to a high inspector position right away. It will be really disappointing to see such an opportunity get wasted."

Upon hearing so, Charleson began considering it for real.

'If it's a real case with a big underground organization behind it, then bringing them to justice will do me more than just get a promotion. I might even be considered to run for the Department Chief position if he ever decided to step down.'

'But, can I really trust this troublemaker?' Captian Charleson thought as he stared at Felix's nonchalant expression like his agreement or rejection meant nothing to him.

'I should take it and run my own investigation before using the witness program.'  
Captain Charleson decided to take the safer approach and study the case on his own before making a real decision.

"Bring me everything you know and I will take it from there." He ordered.

"Thank you, Captain. We won't let them get away with this."

Felix nodded in understanding and took off with the surprised Ravager behind him. When they left the office, he couldn't help but ask Felix.

"Did you know he will agree?"

"Of course." Felix replied calmly, "Haven't you researched his past? He is strict on everyone but mostly on himself due to his high ambition to climb the law enforcement department's ladder. As long as the risk was justified, he would most definitely take a leap of faith in this case for the sake of his ambition."

"I see."

Even though Captain Charleson had yet to fully agree, both of them were certain that he would accept the case after reading its details.

As they expected, the moment Captain Charleson studied the file and met with Arion, he realized the seriousness involved and didn't hesitate to assign the case to his squad.

He brought everyone to a meeting and began assigning them roles on the case.

"Hazel, I need a full detailed background check on the victim. You have permission to question his coworkers, family members, and anyone related to him."

"Nidam, I need you to bring in the master and check what kind of information is in his possession. If it was note-

worthy, we will put him in the program, if not, we will find other ways to interrogate the seller without his assistance."

"Rookies, since you brought the case to me, I won't leave you aside." Captain Charleson ordered with a stern tone, "You will be responsible for finding related cases or victims. The procedure imposed was to help anyone with lost memories to regain them and if they can't, give them a new identity. So, there must be some victims who went through the system without anyone putting an extra effort."

Felix and the others nodded in understanding. If it wasn't for Felix's knowledge about the fallen specters and his desire to find a big case, he would have followed the protocol like anyone else.

After all, everyone was overworked with many cases at once and not many would put in extra effort when no one told them to.

"Report back when you find some decent results."

With that last statement, everyone scattered outside of the office to carry on their missions.

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A few hours later...

Felix and Ravager were seen burying their heads deep in hundreds of holographic screens.

They were inside the department's record cabinet room, a sprawling chamber with towering shelves that had the musty smell of old paper and the weight of countless histories recorded within.

Files were stacked and crammed into every nook and cranny, some dating back hundreds of thousands of years if not millions.

Dust particles floated in the air, lit by the dim overhead light.



Suddenly, Felix stood up pulled out a thick folder, and placed it on the wooden table next to a growing pile.

Then, he scanned it with his crystal device, and the folder's content was translated into a clear hologram.

The haunting image of a vacant-eyed spirit stared back at him from the case photograph, making Felix realize that he had landed on another victim.

Ravager, looking through another set of files, raised an eyebrow, "This is our fifth record with a similar case today, and I have a gut feeling we're just scratching the surface."

Felix's face turned grave. "It's far worse."

He spread out numerous files in front of Ravager, all with eerily similar circumstances.

"All these spirits had their memories wiped clean, much like Arion. And the more disturbing fact? Every single case was concluded within days of being filed."

Ravager's eyes widened in shock. He quickly skimmed through a couple of reports. "No thorough investigation, no leads followed, just... closed? How is this even possible?"

He understood that many law enforcers follow the rules and procedure to the letter, but there was bound to be someone with a slight interest in the reason why the casualty lost his memories.

"Keep searching, I have a bad feeling about this." Felix uttered with a solemn tone.

Felix didn't want to say it out loud, but he honestly began to believe that there was someone with high power inside the department, making sure those cases ended in a similar manner.

In fact, he always had his doubts about this right from the start.

In his eyes, it shouldn't be possible for Miss Sanae to find out about the Fallen Specters organization while the law enforcement department had absolutely no idea.

He always had a suspicion, but he never took it too far, believing that Miss Sanae got lucky or something.

But now? His doubts were becoming clearer and clearer with each similar case he found.

After more than twelve hours of nonstop digging, both Ravager and Felix looked at each other with grim expressions.

"We have counted over a hundred of these cases spanning three decades. They were effectively silenced, buried deep within the archives."

Ravager clenched his fist. "Who would have the power and influence to do this? To make sure these cases never saw the light of day?"

"I'm not sure, but whatever is happening, it's systemic and deeply rooted," Felix replied, "We have to take this to the captain and he will know what to do with it."

"I agree."

Felix and Ravager cleared their table and returned all the files back to their places before taking their leave.

Unbeknownst to them, their captain was called by his superior the moment the case was accepted...

Chapter 1465 The Fallen Spectres Organization's Five Heads.

"I will handle it." Nidam gave a slight nod and took off immediately.

"Hazel, what did you find on the victim's past." Captain Charleson asked.

"Nothing much." Hazel shook her head, "Everyone I asked said the same thing. Arion was in a deep debt and his gambling den was on the verge of being shut down. No one knows if he has cleared off the debt or not, but the gambling den declared bankruptcy and he has disappeared ever since."

"He must have been turned into this after failing to pay his debt." Felix reasoned.

"My thoughts exactly." Captain Charleson ordered, "Hazel, did your investigations find the identity of the lender?"

Hazel shook her head, "No one knew the lender personally besides Arion. I will try to unravel his identity."

"Good, we need every lead we get." Captain Charleson turned to Felix and Ravager. "I want you boys to dig deeper into those hundred cases and try to find any leads as well. Prioritize the newest ones."

"On it."

Captain Charleson clapped his hands and said one last time with a serious tone. "This is a whole different battle than what we are used to, so be careful and avoid making even the slightest mistake."

Everyone understood what he implied and exited the office with grim expressions. The notion of having a superior part of the fallen organization and keeping his eyes on them would send the creeps down anyone's spine.

They were certain that if they made a single mistake, he wouldn't hesitate to seek their early departure from the department.

It was even harder on Felix and Ravager as they were still trainees and amidst active competition.

'We wanted a big case to win the competition, now I doubt we will make it through.' Ravager sighed.

'As long as we follow the rules, we will always be in the right.' Felix replied calmly.

'I hope so...'

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On the other side of the coin...

A closed-off meeting was held between the Five Heads of The Fallen Specters Organization.

The air in the underground chamber was cold, with only a few mystical orbs illuminating the area.

Sharky, with his characteristic sharp-toothed grin, lounged on one side of a massive, ancient stone table.

On its surface, a map of the spirit realm, glowing with various points of interest, resembling an active warfare map.

Many cities were colored green, but the majority were either colored red or orange with a percentage number above them.

The other three heads, Orellana with her fiery eyes, Gravus who looked solid like a stone, and Marcel who constantly seemed to phase in and out of existence, took their positions around the table.

In the midst of them stood Inspector Nolvar, wearing an emblem that showed his rank as the High Inspector, but at this moment, he was one among equals.

Inspector Nolvar cleared his throat, "The situation has become precarious. Charleson and his squad are creeping up on our operations. I have already commanded for the sellers to lay low and planned to make it difficult for his squad. But, we still need a legit strategy in case this situation lasts more than we anticipate."

"Why not just eliminate the problem at its root? I've never been a fan of subtlety." Sharky said with an icy tone and murderous eyes capable of slicing through solid walls.

He was a whole different character than what he displayed in public, which wasn't shocking considering he was the closest thing to a politician.

Orellana, tapping the table with her crimson nails, retorted, "Because a sudden disappearance would raise even more suspicion. We need to divert their attention."

She was a Green Warden, representing the interest and benefits of the spirits with the green color in the realm.

Gravus, with his deep, subtle voice, suggested, "We could plant misleading evidence, and send them on a wild goose chase."

His thought process was befitting of his status as one of the highest-paid public prosecutors in the heavenly plane.

His job was to defend the interests of the public and government like any other normal prosecutor.

He had caused an unfathomable number of spirits to be sent either to jail or kicked out of the plane entirely, making him feared across the entire realm.

Marcel added his own input, "Or introduce another threat in the realm. A decoy. Something they can't ignore. That would buy us time to complete our operations."

Marcel was a high-ranked judge with a great standing in the jurisdictional system, possessing enough authority to affect the entire legal system.

"I agree, we can't halt our operations for even a moment. So, telling our sellers to stay low was a bad move." Sharky stated, "The duke is rushing the operation for a reason. We don't know it yet, but he will hang us alive if he hears that we are slowing down."

"That's true." Inspector Nolvar said with a deep frown, "But, we should at least send away Quillon. He will most definitely be approached due to his relation with the case."

"I have no issue with that."

"Seconded."

Everyone agreed at once.

Quillon was the one selling Arion away and he was the only direct link the squad had at the moment to the fallen organization.

"Charleson will most definitely erect a wide search to find him."

"Don't worry, I won't approve of it." Inspector Nolvar said.

"You need a reason to do it without making it too obvious." Solomun suggested, "We should create disturbances in the outer regions. Nothing lethal, just enough to create new emergency cases."

"Indeed, we can even use the opportunity to force them into deployment and buy us some time."

Inspector Nolvar might not force squads to accept cases, but when it came to emergencies, he had the authority to halt any ongoing investigation and deal with the emergency first.

"I guess we have a plan?"

"This is all for now."

Everyone looked at each other for a few moments before Gravus informed, "If this issue isn't solved by the next two weeks, I will inform the duke personally."

"..."

"..."

"..."

No one disagreed with him or attempted to talk him out of it.

They knew that Gravus was already doing them a huge favor by not informing the duke right away.

That's because he was the duke's right hand and most trusted soldier, abiding by his will like it was a god's decree.

...

A couple of minutes later...

Gravus was seen in Duke Humphery's office.

He was standing upright with his hands folded behind his back, wearing a formal black suit that went well with his gray short hair.

"So, that's what happened." Duke Humphery uttered.

"Yes." Gravus nodded.

He had just sold out his peers without a second of thought, updating the duke about everything that happened.

Fifteen days? What a joke...He wouldn't be referred to as the duke's second arm if he hid information from him.

"Handle it as you fit." Duke Humphrey said.

"I will get it done as fast as possible." Gravus uttered as he bowed down akin to a butler. Then, he excused himself.

While it seemed like Duke Humphrey didn't show much of a reaction to the situation, he was a bit concerned.

'That boy is getting too close to our operations while he has a connection to Kraken.'

He wasn't scared of Felix but by the idea of Elder Kraken getting involved in this case.

'Hades won't bother himself to get involved in these matters willingly, but if it was introduced during the elders' council, his presence alone will force all elders to work to the best of their ability to stop our operations.'

'I can't afford to have the strategy fail, not now, not after I spent eons on it.' Duke Humphrey's eyes twinkled with an extraordinary light, 'I was cast away from the heavens and this is the only way to return. And I will return, I will return no matter what it takes.'

Chapter 1466 A Hired Gang of Misfits!

Sometime later...

Nidam had returned to the office with an irked expression, the horrid smell of cigarettes was all over his body.

"The seller is gone and has disabled his crystal device. There is no way to reach him." He reported.

"They sure moved fast." Captain Charleson sighed.

He already expected this much to happen, but he still held a bit of hope that his assumption of a traitor amidst them was false.



Now, he was convinced.

"Label him as a fugitive and dispatch a wide search across the heavenly plane." He ordered.

"On it."

Nidam left the office and made the request after filling in the seller's details...He might have been an underground seller, but he was also an active merchant in the daylight.

'Will it get rejected or approved?' Captain Charleson narrowed his eyes, awaiting the response from Inspector Nolvar.

Alas, he waited, waited, and waited. After half a day, no response was delivered yet, causing his suspicion about him to get more real.

In the end, Captain Charleson decided to confront him about his delay as he knew that the more time they wasted, the harder it would get for them to find Quillon again.

Just as he was about to walk out of his office, the serene, almost mundane atmosphere of the law enforcement department was abruptly shattered when sirens began to wail, accompanied by the frenzied flashing of red emergency lights.

Captain Charleson's expression turned solemn, knowing that an emergency had occurred.

When he glanced at the nearest digital board, it displayed a live feed from the bazaar, showing a group of rowdy spirits.

Their forms were blurry and distorted, laughing and wreaking havoc...Their ethereal fingers swept through stalls, taking whatever they pleased, leaving shopkeepers and patrons in sheer terror.

-All law enforcers on duty head to the bazaar immediately! I repeat all law enforcers on duty head to the bazaar immediately!-

Everyone heard the announcement and took off in a disciplined manner in the direction of the bazaar. Even Felix and Ravager were forced to halt their research and join them.

"Attention all units!" Inspector Nolvar's voice boomed over the intercom of the squads he was responsible over. "We have a 10-31, a mass burglary at the grand bazaar! The culprits are a gang of low-class spirits. They are currently making their escape on hover motorcycles. I want them intercepted and apprehended immediately!"

As the video feed continued to play, an aerial shot showed the gang zooming out of the bazaar area on motorcycles, their engines letting out an eerie, ghostly roar. Trails of spectral energy followed them, the visual representation of their raw power.

"Captain Charleson, you are the lead of this operation!" Inspector Nolvar ordered and made sure everyone heard it.

"Roger."

Captain Charleson agreed in a professional manner, not showing an ounce of dissatisfaction even though he was certain this entire situation occurred to hold him back.

"Damn it, why is that bastard's team always getting the best missions?" Nebula cursed in displeasure.

She was seen flying with her squad in the direction of the main doors.

"Stop complaining, it's orders from the inspector." Seraphel said calmly, "All we have to do is keep outperforming them and they will have no chance to win even if they accept ten missi..."

"Get out of the way." Before she could finish her sentence, an overbearing cold voice interrupted her from above.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

When she lifted her head, all she was met with was a hot wind breeze passing her.

"Traveler!"

Nebula gritted her teeth after noticing that it was Felix and Ravager...None of them bothered to turn around and continued on their path until they arrived at the main gates.

They picked the fastest aerial motorcycles and took off on them without waiting for their squad.

They weren't acting on their own. Captain Charleson told them to go ahead since he was confident in their strength and capability.

'We can't let them apprehend the gang members.' Selaphel eyed Nebula and she gave her a slight nod in understanding.

Without bothering to ask for their captain's permission, they sped away from the squad and gave chase on another motorcycle.

"Ayaya, must feel nice to be motivated and eager." Their captain yawned lazily, not bothered in the slightest by their blatant disrespect.

"Captain Rashford, do we follow them?"

"Nah, let them have their own little competition." Captain Rashford waved his hand carelessly.

...

Whoosh Whoosh!!

'We have company.' Ravager shared with a faint snicker as he looked behind him and noticed Nebula and Seraphel right behind them.

'Ignore them.' Felix said indifferently.

He knew that those two were planning to steal their targets. There was no reason to chase after them otherwise.

'There are three members of the gang five kilometers away.' Ravager shared, "They are speeding away."

"Let's give a chase."

Felix revved the engine and increased his speed to the limit, flying right above the heads of the spirits in the bazaar!

He was extremely precise in his drive, making effortless manipulations to avoid pedestrians, vehicles, and shops without reducing his speed at all!

Meanwhile, Ravager wasn't as optimal and had to pull the breaks on multiple times, which forced him to get behind bit by bit.

'Is there anything he isn't good at?' He commentated, a bit awed and annoyed at the same time.

Unbeknownst to him, Felix was adapted to moving at much crazier speeds, this was nothing to him.

'You ain't getting to them before me.'

When Nebula saw Felix pulling away, she also increased her speed and used even her time acceleration ability to push further!

In a split second, both of them pulled ahead of Ravager and Seraphel, forcing them to try their best to catch up.

Alas, the moment the criminals went through the complex labyrinth of alleys, Felix and Nebula left them to eat their dust.

'I will go around and intercept them!' Ravager shouted.

'I am waiting for you on the other side.' Seraphel informed.

Ravager and Seraphel glanced at each other for a moment before they went in two separate directions.

...

The neon-lit alleys of the capital painted a surrealistic landscape as the night was illuminated with vibrant hues of blues and purples.

The hovering motorcycles, with their riders, seemed more like shadows slipping through these arteries than tangible entities.

Their engines hummed, echoing through the labyrinthine alleys, as they tried to shake off their pursuers.

'We have two enforcers on our tail, they are coming at us harder than expected! We need assistance!'

The gang's leader requested for support with cold sweat dripping on his back after hearing the faraway hum of unfamiliar motorcycles.

He was paid handsomely by one of their VIP clients to create some chaos in the market and escape with his gang.

Since they were professional riders and used to live in the underground and run criminal activities, none of them felt scared of being apprehended.

That's how much they trusted in their own skills and they actually back it up.

Alas, if it was any other law enforcer, they might have gotten away easily, but not from these two monsters!

They were right on their tails, their competitive spirits ignited by the chase and the promise of points based on their performance.

With a cold smirk, Nebula accelerated her bike, which responded with an ethereal glow, "Bet I nab them before you, Traveler!"

"Give it your best."

Felix retorted indifferently, swerving his bike expertly around a tight bend, nearly grazing the walls.

"Dodge this!"

The instant he appeared in the next alley, one of the criminals threw a sparkling grenade behind, which exploded into a cloud of disorienting mist!

Nebula, anticipating the move, ascended her bike just in time, hovering above the mist, while Felix swerved into a side alley to avoid it.

'Split up!!'

Using the labyrinth to their advantage, the criminals split up, each taking a different alley.

Felix and Nebula quickly communicated telepathically, deciding to split up too.

'I've got the one on the right!' Felix said.

Nebula, focusing on her target, replied, "Left one's mine."

They might seem like enemies and fought each time they met, but it didn't mean that they would sabotage each other by chasing the same target and leaving the other two to escape.

At the end of the day, their performance would be judged by their own captains, and if they heard about any foul play between them, none of them would like the result.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

The alleys became a dizzying blur of lights and shades as both Felix and Nebula skillfully navigated through them.

'He will show up in the sixth line if he keeps the same pace.'

Felix, relying on his innate sense of direction, predicted his target's next move and went around to intercept him.

As he anticipated, his target burst through the sixth line with a swift slide across the wall. Alas, he didn't expect Felix to be already waiting for him there.

"Vibration shockwave."

He unleashed a powerful vibration shockwave at the biker, causing him to lose balance and crash into a big garbage bin while the bike went to the other side.

Almost immediately, the criminal used his ethereal form, wanting to escape through the buildings.

Alas, Felix predicted as much and whipped him using the shimmering light chain, entangling around him akin to a snake.

The chain was capable of holding into ethereal or physical forms, which was one of the reasons many criminals get easily caught.

"You..."

Zzzzzzz!!

Felix zapped him with full power until white appeared in his eyes, causing him to drop to the ground akin to a lifeless corpse.

Felix swiftly used a similar handcuffs to the light chain and threw him inside the bin.

"Stay here for a while."

Then, he took off in the direction of the last one.

Meanwhile, Nebula employed her spacetime abilities to disorient her quarry, making him believe he was heading at full speed, but in reality, he was crawling in the air.

By the time he realized, it was already too late and he suffered from the same fate as his partner.

'Boys? Boys! Respond!'

The remaining criminal was the gang's leader and his expression was nothing but relieved after realizing that his two gangmates were caught.

'I have to get out of here! This is getting too risky for my liking.'

Vrmmm!!!

He increased his speed to the limit and started doing some crazy moves in the alleys to pull as much distance as possible from his pursuers.

Alas, just as he was about to leave the central alleys and emerge on the outskirts of the city,



Two light chains flew from the sky and caught him by the neck and torso, leaving him hanging in the air akin to a suicidal chicken.

"Let go, I caught him first."

"No wonder you use glasses in the spirit realm, you sure as blind as a bat." Ravager snorted at her request while tightening his hold over the light chain.

"Resorting to insults? How crude." Seraphel remarked in displeasure while also maintaining her grip on the gang's leader.

Both of them were pulling in different directions, causing the gang leader's eyes to pop out of his head as he was being choked by Ravager's chain.

With a deathly purple face covered by his mask, he beseeched,  
"I...Surrender...Let...Go...I am...Dying..."

Alas, his husky voice was surrounded by the noise of the roaring motors and the argument of those two.

"Let go."

"He is mine!"

"I have caught him first and have it in recording!"

"So do I."

"I...Am...Losing...It"

With one final breath and foam all over his mouth, the gang's leader fainted and remained hanging in the air akin to a pinata...

Chapter 1467 Hindering The Investigation.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

A few moments later, Felix and Nebula arrived at the scene and witnessed their partners quarreling over the ownership of the leader's capture.

Naturally, they went to back their partners.

"How shameless, trying to steal our target in broad daylight." Nebula warned, "Let go or we will report this to the higher-ups."

"Be my guest." Felix replied calmly.

"There are other targets on the loose, we are wasting time like this and will be punished." Seraphel tried to scare them, "Based on your low cases success rate compared to us, who do you think will be punished more?"

Felix ignored her threat and glanced in the direction of Nebula.

When he noticed that she wasn't carrying any criminal, he smiled coldly and said telepathically. 'Ravager, don't let go.'

Then, he turned around and sped away inside the Labyrinth of alleys.

"Hmm?"

"Where did he go?"

Both Selaphel and Nebula were left surprised and confused for a short moment before it clicked in Selaphel's mind.

"Nebula! He is aiming at your target! Chase him!"

The moment Nebula heard this, her expression turned for the worst and she gave chase at her fastest speed.

Alas, she didn't consider that Felix would be shameless enough to try and steal her criminal, so she didn't hide him properly.

Felix managed to find him easily by tracing back her trail. Without slowing his speed for a moment, he picked him up from the ground and threw him in the back of his motorcycle!

"Agh!!! You shameless prick!" Nebula was left even more furious after seeing this scene.

Knowing that Felix's original target must be somewhere here too, she kept chasing after Felix wanting to steal him too.

Too bad, Felix was smarter than that and he led her away from his hidden criminal in the bin. Meanwhile, he informed Ravager about his location and told him to give up on his target and pick up the secured one.

'On it.'

With a faint snicker, Ravager released his light chain, causing the leader to fly in the direction of Seraphel due to the build-up pressure.

While she was fumbling to catch him in the air, he had already taken off to the location.

'Ravager is going after their apprehended target!' Seraphel informed her partner.

Alas, there was nothing Nebula could do about it as she was taken quite a decent distance from the location.

In the end, Ravager secured the criminal and regrouped with Felix outside of the labyrinth of alleys.

"You thieving f\*ckers! This isn't the end of this." Nebula gritted her teeth as she watched them head back to their squad.

She wanted to stop them and retrieve her prey, but she couldn't touch them or harm them as it was against the rules.

Felix and Ravager ignored her murderous intent and continued on their journey unhindered.

Too bad, while their plan was quite intelligent, it didn't really work too much in their favor.

Unbeknownst to them, they had given up on the gang's leader for two gang members and the leader always had more worth to him.

Well, they couldn't really be blamed since all gang members were covered up from top to bottom and there was no way of knowing their identities unless they got exposed.

...

Sometime later...

"Good work, We have managed to capture seven of the gang members. It's unfortunate that the rest have gotten away, but they can't hide forever."

Inspector Nolvar disclosed with a solemn tone as he stood in front of more than forty law enforcers.

"Those gangs have always been a nuisance to the heavenly plane, but none of them dared to be as bold as today. So, we are going to set an example for the rest by using them." Inspector Nolvar ordered, "Captain Charleson, continue on your duties and close this case by capturing all of the involved suspects. You have permission to label them as fugitives and utilize the wide search system."

Captain Charleson remained silent for a moment before proclaiming out loud, "Understood."

While the other squads and their captains were showing envious looks at such a great opportunity falling in Captain Charleson's hands, he and his squad had a bad taste in their mouths.

'This isn't an opportunity, this is a blatant hindrance to our investigations of the fallen organization.' Felix narrowed his eyes coldly.

He understood that Captain Charleson wouldn't be able to prioritize the investigation before he concluded this case first since he was given all the assets possible.

If he failed to close it in a decent period of time, his reputation would take a massive hit and his credit score might even get lowered.

The worst part, he couldn't search for the seller anymore since it would seem like the assets allocated to him were being misused for individual cases.

'He sure cabled our hands.' Ravager eyed Inspector Nolvar.

Uncaring about their reactions, Inspector Nolvar turned around and left.

The captains approached Captain Charleson and congratulated him on the case acceptance, knowing that if he managed to capture the entire gang, his credits would increase substantially.

Then, they took off too.

"Traveler, your luck won't last forever." Nebula took a jab at Felix with an irritated tone before following after her captain.

Felix ignored her and walked with his squad back to their office...They were discussing the situation telepathically.

'Captain, what's our next move?' Nidam inquired, 'The seller is gone and our request to put him in the system will be denied 100%.'

The wide search system was used for fugitives as it forced everyone, whether a law enforcer or a citizen to keep an eye on the fugitives and report to the authorities the moment any lead was discovered.

In addition, the companies were banned from serving and helping the fugitives and if they dared to ignore the law, the department had every right to confiscate their entire business.

So, no one dared to protect the fugitives and in the same manner, criminals kept their crimes on the low to avoid getting flagged like this.

'If this gang was hired by them, then, they will make sure to keep them updated about our movements and waste our time in a meaningless chase.' Captain Charleson stated.

'Meaningless or not, we still have to do it.' Hazel sighed.

'Captain, our problem is lack of manpower, How about we inform reliable captains about the case and include them?' Ravager suggested, 'At this point, the credit isn't worth fighting this all by ourselves when we have the inspector trying to sabotage us.'

'Your idea is good, but it's not the best.' Captain Charleson shook his head, 'Not everyone is like me, who will dare ignore an order from a superior. I have no interest in begging anyone to help out.'

Captain Charleson had a great sense of justice and honor, which was one of the main reasons he was still committed to this even after all of this.

But the same couldn't be uttered about the majority of the captains. Some couldn't care less and wanted nothing but to increase their ranks and some would rather avoid putting themselves in such a sticky position with the higher-ups.

'How about an external help?' Felix offered, 'I have been working under Miss Sanae's bureau and she is an amazing detective. We can outsource her bureau and I am certain her expertise will come in handy.'

'Miss Sanae? Hmm...' Captain Charleson thought about it carefully.

Felix always wanted to add Miss Sanae to this case, so she could introduce the fallen organization's information to the squad without needing him.

If he brought it out on his own, it would seem like he was gunning at them from the start and Felix didn't want to leave such an impression since it would seem somewhat of a personal agenda.

'I disagree, that crazy witch will bring more mess than help.' Hazel was the first to reject.

'She has a sort of a bad reputation and I believe most of her proof will come illegally, which is useless to us.' Nidam supported.

Captain Charleson listened to their inputs and remained silent for a couple of minutes.

After arriving at the office, he turned around and ordered Felix, 'Contact her in private and set up a hiring deal. At this point, we can use some shady investigators when dealing with traitors.'

'On it.' Felix nodded.

Chapter 1468 A New Target! A New Opportunity!

Meanwhile, Miss Sanae was seen chilling on the balcony with a bag of golden crystals in her arm, counting each one with a relaxed expression.

"Ahh, money sure is nice." She murmured while watching the sunset.

Vrrrrr...

Suddenly, her device vibrated...When she saw the caller's identity, a wide grin broke on her face.

"It's about time."

...

Half an hour later...

Miss Sanae entered the premises of the law enforcement department while wearing a consultant badge, allowing her limited access to the building.

Felix was leading her to the office after striking a swift recruitment deal. Both of them already discussed the details before it even happened, so it didn't take much time.

After arriving at the office and a couple of pleasantries between her and the squad, they got straight into the heart of the issue.

"I believe Traveler has already updated you on the situation." Captain Charleson requested, "Your intake on the matter is highly needed."

"First of all, the details of the case resembled greatly one of mine."

"Hmm?"

"What do you mean?"

Miss Sanae took a deep breath and began narrating everything related to the fallen specters organization, leaving them at the end with widened pupils and hearts beating rapidly in agitation.

"Erasing memories is nothing but a side effect...The real crime is the fact those 'fallen' specters can't get kicked out of the heavenly plane even if their brightness score reached zero." Captain Charleson tightened his fists, "No wonder things are kept secret for such a long time, many spirits must have accepted the transformation process willingly due to their desperation, having no clue that they would live their lives akin to obedient machines."



If those spirits were kidnapped, there were bound to be missing alerts or such in due time. But, when they were willingly giving themselves off, how could the law enforcers know or interfere?

"It's much worse than that." Miss Sanae shared, "I believe a powerful nobleman is the head of the entire organization. I don't know his purpose yet, but it can't be good."

"A noble...Only governmental officers above wardens in authority were able to purchase enough territory to be called a noble." Hazel took a deep breath, "So, the inspector isn't even the end boss."

"The Fallen Specters organization is believed to have existed for decades now and for it to remain secret for such a long time only implies a deep connection with all sectors of the government, not just the law enforcement department." Miss Sanae informed.

"Do you have information about the identities of those entities?" Captain Charleson asked.

"Not a clue." Miss Sanae shook her head, "They are hidden way too deep."

"If what you are saying is right, then no one from the government can be trusted with such information," Nidam said with a stern expression.

"That's self-explanatory."

Everyone seemed more serious than ever as this scenario made them feel like they were going against the government instead of an organization. It was way scarier to be the enemy of the government with the kind of authority it possessed.

"Enough stressing over this. Let's do what we can and the rest will be covered by itself." Captain Charleson said, "For now, I will take care of the gang's case with Hazel while the rest of you return to working on the past victims' backgrounds."

"We need any leads we get now that Quillon is out."

Captain Charleson was certain that there would be more similar cases falling over his lap the moment he concluded this one to keep him away from touching the seller.

So, he could only give up on him for now and focus on other leads.

"I think I have a lead."

Suddenly, Ravager spoke up with a suppressed tone...His fists were tightened and his expression didn't seem too well.

When everyone noticed this, they remained silent and waited for him to speak. Instead, Ravager used his crystal device to show a holographic image of a young woman with strikingly familiar features.

Her eyes, however, were vacant, devoid of the spark that typically characterized living spirits.

"This," Ravager began, his voice slightly quivering, "is Massia."

He paused, collecting himself before continuing, "My sister."

A murmur of surprise rippled across the room. None had known about this part of Ravager's past.

"She disappeared years ago after our separation and ever since then I have been trying to find her." Ravager continued, "It didn't take me long to find out that she was a servant under Atticus."

"I approached him for a trade, but he struck a deal with me to win him the heavenly plane's tournament to hand her over. I worked my ass off to make it happen." Ravager clenched his fist, anger apparent in his eyes, "And when I did it, he handed me this unrecognizable version of my little sister."

'No wonder.'

It all clicked in Felix's mind after hearing Ravager's side of the story...He always had a feeling that Ravager was hiding something, but he didn't think it would be like this.

Captain Charleson leaned forward, "And you believe she's fallen?"

Ravager nodded, "I do. The symptoms match. The memory loss, the vacant look, the absolute obedience. It's all there."

The room fell silent as the gravity of Ravager's revelation settled in. Here they were, investigating the fallen, and one of their own had a deeply personal connection to the case.

"I know that the protocol is to put me aside from the case due to my personal involvement, but I beg you to use me." Ravager said with a fire burning in his eyes, "I will not rest until the perpetrators serve justice and Atticus is merely the start."

Captain Charleson remained silent for a moment. Then, he sighed, "First of all, I am deeply sorry for what happened to your little sister. I believe that if it wasn't for our desperation to find a lead, you wouldn't have opened up. So, I will keep you around, but you must give me your word that you won't let your emotions get the best of you. We can't afford to make mistakes."

"I am more involved in this than anyone, so don't worry." Ravager uttered coldly, "I will never do anything to jeopardize the case."

"Good." Captain Charleson's expression suddenly switched to solemn. "Thanks to you, we have a new target. Atticus is considered a powerful businessman in the city and he has a decent network and connections with the government. So, it won't be easy to find a lead through him."

Soon, he smirked coldly, "Fortunately, just like any other businessman, he has many shady illegal deals and we just need to use them to our advantage."

"If we manage to succeed, he will most definitely give us a big name in the corrupted spirits organization as there is no way he will be treated in the same manner as other buyers," Nidam added.

"Exactly."

"So, the plan for now is simple." Captain Charleson ordered, "Me and Hazel will handle the gang and other new cases thrown at us while you guys try your best to find a way to make Atticus cough up his seller's identity."

"As long as we catch a single seller, the entire organization will fall apart akin to dominos." Captain Charleson uttered, his eyes filled with conviction.

There was a reason why Inspector Nolvar and his people were worried about Quillon falling into their hands.

The law enforcement department had plenty of ways to extract information from criminals and not even inspector Nolvar could stop them from doing their job if they caught one!

"Move out."

Chapter 1469 Setting Up a Trap.

A couple of weeks later...

The squad stayed true to the plan and worked their best to fulfill their duties.

Captain Charleson and Hazel focused on interrogating the captured gang members with extreme methods to obtain information about the other members' whereabouts.

Fortunately, the leader was caught, which made the case much easier to conclude. They struck a swift deal with him, promising him jail time instead of getting kicked out of the plane if he gave out on his people.

He took the plea deal in a heartbeat as he wasn't loyal enough to throw himself off the heavenly plane for the sake of other people.

If it wasn't for Captain Charleson wanting to end the case swiftly, he would have never given out such a sweet deal and would rather kick everyone out.

After the rest of the gang members were captured across the entire heavenly plane, the case was considered concluded.

Alas, before they could even celebrate, Inspector Nolvar appointed a new emergency case related to another gang, using Captain Charleson's efficiency and competence in solving the past case to his advantage.

Captain Charleson was forced to take it against his will and continue wasting time on things unrelated to the fallen specters.

Meanwhile, Felix, Miss Sanae, and the rest were struggling immensely to find dirt on Mr. Atticus.

They spent weeks, using whatever means necessary to expose any shady deal he was up to, but to no avail.

They refused to make any contact with him until they got something concrete and damaging, so he wouldn't alert the organization about their target.

"Finding his dirt illegally can be achieved through my network and a considerable sum of money, but it won't do us any good." Miss Sanae sighed.

She was seen hanging in her own office while having a holographic screen of Felix and the others in front of her.

They decided to limit their real-time meetings to avoid the all-seeing eyes of Inspector Nolvar.

"There bound to be something we can find through legal channels." Ravager said coldly, "That bastard has many different businesses across the entire city. He can't maintain such a large empire without getting his hands dirty."

"I think we should set him up." Nidam suggested, "No matter how much we dig, there will be no water to be found. We have to make him lead us to the water source, then we can dig."

"It's a good idea, but how about its execution?" Miss Sanae shook her head, "Atticus isn't dumb to fall for a trap. He is extremely intelligent and will smell bullshit from a mile away."

Everyone nodded in agreement and remained silent, seemingly each thinking of a way to make it work.

Felix turned to glance at Miss Sanae and asked, "I heard rumors that Atticus has forced many land owners to sell their territories to him at a cheap price for the sake of his beasts/animals husbandry business. Is it true?"

"I don't have evidence to prove it, but I am certain he has done this before and still doing it in the shadows to expand his main business." Miss Sanae replied.

Mr. Atticus had a large business empire that revolved mostly around his animals/beasts husbandry company.

He possessed hundreds of farms across the entire heavenly plane and provided all sorts of dairy, plant, and meat products. He also sold beasts and animals in bulk to other companies.

To expand such a business, land was a main priority...Alas, it wasn't an easy task to obtain good pieces of plot that weren't already claimed.

Hence, Mr. Atticus must rely on treacherous methods to obtain such territories and there was no way his current empire would be this massive without him doing so.

"Knowing his greed, if we dangled a piece of territory before him, he wouldn't hesitate to make a move." Ravager expressed.

"My thoughts exactly." Felix nodded.

"That's all fine and well, but how will we get a piece of land to set up the trap?" Nidam smiled wryly.

If even Mr. Atticus was having trouble with such an issue, how could they even imagine purchasing one?

"We don't need to buy one, we just need to act like we own it for the sake of the trap." Felix said indifferently, "I know someone who will lend us a small piece of land with no questions asked."

"Who?"

Everyone was left surprised and couldn't help but want to know the person's identity. Too bad, Felix didn't bother entertaining their curiosity.

"Just find me a trusted and unknown businessman from another city." Felix said, "Mr. Atticus must not know him, but at the same time, he should feel comfortable to bully him."

"Smart, you want to put the land under his name, so when Atticus runs his background check, he won't be suspicious of anything." Miss Sanae said.

Felix nodded and then added, "We just need either him or his subordinate to be caught in the process of land usurping. Whether the deal went through or not, it won't matter much."

In this manner, Felix could get a piece of land for the setup and not lose it in the process!

"I don't know how you will get the land, but we are ready to help with anything." Nidam approved of the plan.

In the absence of the captain, he was responsible for the decisions taken.

"I will contact you when I secure the land, and finish the rest of the preparations." Felix said calmly, "We only have one chance to sell this, let's not screw it up."

With that being said, Felix left the meeting and reached out to Elder Kraken.

The moment the call was picked up, Felix went straight to the point and requested, "Elder, I have a favor to ask."

"Shoot." Elder Kraken replied causally.

"I need a small piece of the plot away from the capital that isn't publically registered under your name." Felix informed me, "I will be using it for a case and will return it later on."

"I don't know what your preference is, so choose one from the list." Elder Kraken didn't ask Felix too many questions about the case and straightaway agreed to help him.

After he sent the list of territories under his name, Felix's eyelids couldn't help but twitch.

'He sure is loaded.'

There were so many pieces of plot to count and they were spread across the entire heavenly plane.

Some seemed useful and rich with resources, and some were like barren lands after a hot summer.

The most shocking part? The ones on the list were private properties and no one was able to know the owner's identity!

"This will do just fine."

After a few minutes of analyzing many great pieces of plot, Felix picked one with lush forests and great flat green surfaces, which were perfect for farms.

He made sure that the plot wasn't too massive, so Mr. Atticus wouldn't be suspicious that a small businessman could own it.



Then, he thanked Elder Kraken and returned with the news to the squad to start their preparation.

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A few days later...Inside Mr. Atticus' Office.

Seated behind a heavy wooden desk, Atticus was reviewing some documents when his assistant entered the room.

"Sir," He began cautiously, "I thought you should be informed immediately. A piece of land, quite important in potential, near the city of Hope, has just been purchased."

Atticus's eyes darted up, interest piqued. "Oh? And who is the fortunate owner?"

"A businessman named Jonathan. He's new to the scene but seems to have deep pockets."

Atticus leaned back, steepling his fingers...The allure of a new piece of land was too tantalizing to ignore.

"Do we have any information on this Jonathan?"

The assistant handed over a file. "Not much. But initial observations suggest he's a genuine businessman whose main business is to flip land, houses, and other assets."

Mr. Atticus perused through the file, absorbing every detail.

"Jonathan..." he mused, "We'll have to arrange a meeting. If he's inexperienced, we might be able to make a advantageous deal."

The aide nodded, noting the aggressive glint in Atticus's eyes. "I'll see to it right away."

## Chapter 1470 A Devious Tactic!

The Next Morning...

In a lavish lounge with golden lighting and a soft interior, Jonathan and Mr. Atticus were seen sitting at a mahogany table.

The serene view of the city of Hope outside the window only added to the ambiance.

Jonathan, dressed in a crisp white suit, sat on one end of a mahogany table, a relaxed smile playing on his lips. Opposite him, Mr. Atticus, always impeccable in his dark tailored suit, had a steely glint in his eyes.

"Mr. Jonathan," Mr. Atticus began smoothly, "I've heard a lot about your recent acquisition near Hope. It's prime land, perfect for development."

Jonathan took a sip from his wine glass, nodding appreciatively. "Yes, it's a beautiful piece of land. I've had my eye on it for a while."

Atticus leaned forward, the weight of his presence pressing down on the table. "I'm prepared to offer you a generous sum for it. Think of the profit you'd make."

Jonathan chuckled, "It's not about the money, Mr. Atticus. I've done well for myself, and that plot is where I plan to retire."

Unfazed, Mr. Atticus tried another angle, "How about a partnership then? You will receive royalties from anything produced on your land."

Jonathan shook his head, still smiling. "I appreciate the offer, but it's a personal project. That land means more to me than just profit."

"Name your price. Everyone has one."

Jonathan leaned back, locking eyes with Atticus. "Some things, Mr. Atticus, are priceless. And for me, that plot of land is one of them."

"Is that so?"

Mr. Atticus' soft attitude began to dispartate...His eyes became colder as he stared at Jonathan.

As a businessman, he would never consider using illegal methods if the legal path could lead to the same results.

But now?

There was a tense silence, the air thick with unsaid words and power dynamics. Finally, Mr. Atticus let out a sigh, nodding in acknowledgment. "Very well, Mr. Jonathan. I respect your decision."

Standing up, Mr. Atticus extended his hand, which Jonathan shook firmly.

"Thank you for your time," Mr. Atticus said, his tone gracious but with an undertone of finality.

As Mr. Atticus left the lounge, Jonathan watched him, wondering if he really had given up on the plot of land.

'Good work.' Felix complemented Jonathan...He had watched and heard their entire discussion from a far distance.

'Sir, he doesn't seem like he has any plans to snatch it forcefully.' Jonathan said.

'If you were seeing his face now, you wouldn't think the same.' Felix replied, his eyes affixed on Mr. Atticus who entered his hovercar with an icy expression.

Felix was right in his assumption as the moment Mr. Atticus stepped inside the car, he reached out to his assistant and sneered. "He said he wanted to retire in it, let's see if he will have the same thought later on."

"What approach should I use?"

"Make it barren."

"Consider it done."

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The sun dipped below the horizon, casting a reddish-

orange hue over the sprawling expanse of Jonathan's temporary land.

Vibrant greenery stretched as far as the eye could see, with birdsong filling the air.

Near the boundary, a sleek black vehicle approached discreetly, stopping just out of view. From it emerged Mr. Atticus' assistant, holding a metallic briefcase and having his face hidden.

He was tall, thin, and had an air of quiet efficiency...Dressed in all black, he blended with the shadows.

He snapped his fingers twice and a pack of crow-like blackbirds emerged from the back of the car.

They kept hovering above his head, seemingly scanning the new unfamiliar territory.

Opening the briefcase, the assistant took out several small vials filled with a dark, viscous liquid.

He glanced around, ensuring he was alone, and then he poured the veils inside automatic sprayers before attaching them to the birds' ankles.

It took him more than fifteen minutes to finish the process...When he was done, he made a weird-sounding whistle and the birds immediately spread out across the entire forest.

The automatic sprayers were activated the moment the birds toggled into the depths of the forest, spraying the toxic substance over the fertile land.

Wherever the poison landed, the life force seemed to drain away instantly.

Plants wilted, turning gray and brittle, birds and small animals fled, sensing the imminent danger, and the ground itself became hard and cracked...

'Based on the territory's size, it should take half a day.' The assistant timed his watch on his device and leaned against the car, waiting patiently for the birds to finish the job.

Unbeknownst to the assistant, everything was being watched and recorded by Nidam as he was using his shadow abilities to hide himself from detection.

"Don't they want the land to be luscious for the sake of their farms? How can they do this?" Ravager said with a solemn tone as he watched the live feed from Nidam's device.

"My best bet is that they have the antidote to the poison," Felix remarked.

"How devious, poisoning other people's lands, forcing them to sell them cheaply." Miss Sanae said coldly, "Since no one wants to buy a barren land, Mr. Atticus will be the sole party interested in buying it and he can lowball the price as much as his heart desires."

"Devious indeed."

It was truly the perfect plan as long as the assistant never stepped inside the private land. Right now, he was more or less a few meters outside of the territory, which made sure that Jonathan wouldn't be alerted at his intrusion.

As for the birds? They were considered harmless animals...If it was beasts or big animals, they would be alarmed.

Hours passed, and by dawn, a once-verdant paradise had turned into a wasteland. The transformation was devastating, the desolation absolute...

The assistant whistled again and the birds returned to him, accepting some treats as their reward before getting inside the car.

Then, he dialed a number on his phone.

"The deed is done, sir," he reported coldly.

Mr. Atticus responded from the other end, satisfaction evident in his voice. "Excellent. Await further instructions."

With that, the call ended, and the assistant went away.

At this point, the deal was sealed in their eyes and it was only a matter of time before Jonathan reached out to them for a quick sell.

...

"How can they be this bold in their crimes?!" Jonathan expressed furiously.

He had just received the news about what happened from Felix and even when the territory wasn't his own for real, he still couldn't help but show such reaction.

It was understandable as he never knew that there were some diabolical businessmen to this degree living amidst them.

"As long as you understand the law, you can be bold as much as you would like." Miss Sanae stated calmly. "They knew that even if you reached out to the law enforcers, the only thing they would do is run a swift investigation before calling it an unfortunate natural cause."

"True, if they were assured in their poison's undetectability, they wouldn't have dared to use it." Nidam nodded.

Since Mr. Atticus was so confident in their plan, it only meant that they had done this plenty of times before and they had never been caught or convicted.

"What's next then?"

"We let them play their ploy and gather as much proof as possible." Felix uttered coldly, "The tape isn't nearly enough to incriminate someone as prominent as him."