

Supremacy 1471

Chapter 1471 Caught Red-Handed!

A couple of days later...

Inside a plush private room of a high-end restaurant, the sounds of a string quartet playing softly could be heard. Crystal chandeliers hung above, casting a soft glow on the luxurious decor.

Jonathan sat confidently, glaring across the marble-

topped table at Mr. Atticus.

Mr. Atticus, ever the picture of sophistication, poured himself a glass of wine from a bottle perched on the table, his fingers adorned with multiple gold rings.

"I trust you've reconsidered my offer," Mr. Atticus began, swirling the wine in his glass, a faint smug expression playing on his face.

Jonathan's eyes flashed with anger. "You think by destroying my land, you could force me into selling? You've got another thing coming, Atticus. That land means more to me than you can fathom. Even if every blade of grass on it withers, I won't sell it to the likes of you!"

Mr. Atticus leaned forward, his face inches from Jonathan's, the smile vanishing. "First of all, I have done nothing to your land, so keep your false allegations to yourself. Secondly, I am merely here to do you a favor, not the other way around."

"Heh, you think anyone would want to get anywhere on your land in its current state? You must be out of your mind." He sneered.

Jonathan leaned in as well, their faces almost touching. "I know what you did. And I will make sure you pay for it."

Pulling back, Mr. Atticus sighed, feigning disappointment. "What a pity, Mr. Jonathan. I was hoping we could come to a mutually beneficial agreement."

"Beneficial?! I will show you beneficial. Just you wait, I ain't dropping this."

"We will see about that."

Mr. Atticus turned on his heel and left the restaurant, not wanting to waste any more of his breath.

After he returned to his car, he reached out to his assistant again and updated him on the situation.

"Do we wait until his anger subsides? He will sell it sooner or later as he can't afford to pay taxes on a useless piece of land." The assistant said.

"I don't plan on staying here for long, so no." Mr. Atticus ordered coldly, "Release the beasts."

The assistant remained quiet for a few moments...Then, with a heavy breath, he replied. "Consider it done."

He wanted to talk him out of his decision, but he understood his boss' personality.

Meanwhile, at a faraway distance, Felix could be seen sitting in a different cafe while having a journal covering his face.

While he seemed engrossed in the news, in reality, his ears were zoned on the conversation between Mr. Atticus and his assistant.

He had mastered the eavesdropping ability to the point, that he could easily zone out all other noises and focus on a single vibrational sound wave across kilometers of distance!

'Release the beasts? How far is he planning to go?' Felix frowned.

He wasn't pleased in the slightest with the current development. After all, the plot of land belonged to Elder Kraken and the fact he allowed it to get poisoned was already rude on so many levels.

Felix had no interest in letting beasts cause a mess as well. As for the reasoning?

He figured out that if beasts invaded the land, it would force Jonathan to hand it over to the government until the situation was resolved.

Mr. Atticus must definitely have contacts that would allow him to use a loophole and snatch the territory before Jonathan could claim it back.

Not wanting to find out, he grouped up with his squad and they readied to make their move after the assistant brought the beasts to the territory.

It was the best window to catch them red-handed in the act.

Many days later...

The night was draped in a cloak of darkness, broken only by the sliver of a crescent moon above.

Along the border of Jonathan's land, an eerie silence hung in the air, but the faint, distant sounds of nocturnal creatures could be heard.

Concealed behind thick shrubs, Felix and his squad waited in ambush. They were equipped with night vision goggles that gave the landscape an ethereal green glow.

They have been camping here ever since Felix heard about the beasts' invasion. Trusting that Mr. Atticus' assistant would have to come personally to oversee the operation, they set up an ambush in all directions.

Soon, the soft crunch of gravel sounded from a distance. A moment later, the silhouette of a truck, barely visible in the dim light, approached the territory.

The back of the truck was covered, but an occasional muffled growl or roar escaped from within, hinting at its dangerous cargo.

As expected, Mr. Atticus' assistant stepped out from the driver's seat. He approached the back of the truck cautiously and began to unlock the doors.

'Ready, team,' Nidam uttered telepathically.

As the assistant swung the doors open, Nidam emerged from the shadows with an authoritative shout, "LAW ENFORCEMENT! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!"

'How?!'

The assistant's face turned ashen as he realized he'd been caught in the act!

He wasn't stupid to not assume that Jonathan might have prepared defensive measures in his territory after it was poisoned.

So, he made his people keep an eye over him to see if he would go to the law enforcement office or hire a private security team.

When he saw that nothing of such sort happened, he kicked off his plan in the depths of the night.

Alas, he had no clue that they were being watched ever since they stepped inside the city.

"GO!"

In a desperate move, he slapped a button on a remote in his hand. Suddenly, alarms blared from the truck, and its rear doors flew open fully, releasing a horde of ethereal beasts that began to scatter in every direction!

"Contain them!" Ravager yelled, hurling water nets toward the beasts. Even Nidam was forced to utilize his shadows to capture the approaching beasts in his direction.

The assistant, seeing his chance amidst the chaos, tried to slip away but found his path blocked by Felix.

"Not so fast." Felix uttered unconcernedly as he used his overpowered telekinesis to pressure the assistant onto the floor.

However, the assistant wasn't a nobody.

He acted as if the pressure had gotten into him to lower Felix's guard, and when he noticed that Felix's tensed shoulders relaxed a bit, a hidden glint appeared in his eyes.

Whoosh!

He exploded from the ground in an instant and charged at Felix with his palms covered in sharp icy claws.

The assault was so instantaneous, that the others barely managed to glance in their direction before noticing that the icy claw was a mere inch away from Felix's neck!

Slice!

In a fluid motion, he swung at Felix, leaving a thin gash along the curve of his neck. Crimson drops splashed onto the grayed plants, gleaming under the pale moonlight.

The surrounding shadows seemed to stir with unrest, but Felix remained still, a smirk crossing his lips. "Expected more from Atticus' right hand."

With widened eyes, the assistant whispered with disbelief, "You...Know, you let me do that."

Felix dabbed at his neck, observing the blood with a clinical detachment. "Now, you're not just involved in land disputes. You've committed an attempt on a state official. Not even Atticus can save you."

Before the assistant could react, Felix appeared behind him akin to a ghost, and struck him in the back of his head, sending a silent vibration wave that disrupted his brain waves and caused him to lose consciousness instantly.

"Traveler..."

As they watched Felix handcuff Mr. Atticus' assistant with a flood of blood dripping down his neck, every one of them felt a sudden chill course down their spine.

His unsettling calmness in such a situation was too creepy even for them...

Chapter 1472 Confronting Mr.Atticus.

Sometime later...

Mr. Atticus received a sudden call while he was doing some cardio in bed with two green-skinned beauties.

'Must be him.'

He thought it was his assistant calling to inform him about the success of the mission. So, he pulled out his sword, causing one of the girls to release a lewd moan before walking fully nude towards his device, which was sitting on the counter.

After seeing his assistant's name on the screen, he smiled faintly and picked up the call.

"How did it go? Were my babies well-behaved?"

"They were a bit rowdy, so we gave them a tranquilizer to quieten them down." Miss Sanae's voice came from the other end of the call, causing Mr. Atticus' sword to go soft almost instantly.

"Who are you?" He asked coldly.

"You will find out if you come to this location in the next half an hour alone. Oh, don't try anything silly, we have more than just your assistant."

Peeep!

The call was hung up immediately, leaving Mr. Atticus standing silently with his head lowered. The girls on the bed remained as quiet as mice, their blood going cold from fear.

They knew that when Mr. Atticus lost his temper, he vented on anything or anyone near him.

Fortunately for them, Mr. Atticus had no time to waste on his emotions.

He suppressed whatever was within him and got himself clothed. Then, he took off towards the location given to him fearlessly.

He acted like this only because the location was a public cafe in the city's center.

...

Sometime later...

Mr. Atticus found himself in a private closed-off room with Miss Sanae facing him.

"I had a feeling I recognized such an obnoxious voice, still, I didn't think it would be really you." Mr. Atticus said coldly.

"Kikiki, it's a pleasure to see you too." Miss Sanae chuckled.

"Where is my assistant and why is he in your possession?" He skipped straight to the crux of the problem.

"Your assistant is in quite a big mess. In fact, I can confidently say that he has put you in a much bigger mess than you can imagine."

The moment Miss Sanae finished her statement, she played the recordings of the assistant poisoning the land and attempting to release beasts on it.

Mr. Atticus' heart skipped a beat after seeing his right-

handed man getting caught red-handed carrying his deeds.

Still, not an ounce of emotion was shown on his face.

"Why are you showing videos of a stranger?" Mr. Atticus said calmly after noticing that his assistant was wearing a face cover.

"There is no use in acting smart and denying your relation to this." Miss Sanae shook her head as she showed a new video of the assistant assaulting Felix...This time, his face was on full display.

While Felix's face wasn't shown, his outfit was, causing Mr. Atticus' expression to turn ugly immediately.

He understood the horrible consequences of assaulting a law enforcer and getting caught during it.

Mr. Atticus had no clue that his assistant was baited by Felix and during that exact moment, he really thought he had a chance of escaping their encirclement.

"This is all we need to make all the law enforcement departments across the realm join hands to investigate even the tiniest dirt particle under your fingernail." Miss Sanae smiled. "So, are you interested in a conversation now or you will keep acting ignorant?"

After a few moments of silence, Mr. Atticus asked with an icy tone, "What do you want?"

He knew that this must be unrelated to money since the law enforcers were involved and rarely did any of them accept bribes due to the massive risk involved.

"First, sign this."

Miss Sanae forwarded an NDA contract to ensure that their conversation would remain here.

Mr. Atticus signed it after a quick read, also wanting to keep this situation as private as possible.

"Now listen." Miss Sanae's smile faded away. "We know about the Fallen Specters' Organization and how you're one of their clients."

Just as Mr. Atticus wanted to react, she placed a finger in front and said, "Don't bother denying it. We have Ravager's little sister under us and based on our investigations, she is a fallen."

"We also know you have told Ravager that you bought her in her current condition, so you can't weasel your way out of this."

Miss Sanae leaned closer, her eyes as serious as ever.

"We don't want you, we want the seller you bought her from and we are certain that a client as big as you are being handled by a bigger fish in the organization."

After she finished her piece, she leaned back in her chair and waited for Mr. Atticus to process the information.

'Are they finally on to them? No wonder the negotiation was left to be handled by this witch. The law enforcers on the case want to keep their identities private until they are certain I am on their side.' Mr. Atticus thought to himself with a deep frown.

He understood that if he was met with a law enforcer, there was no way it could be in a private setting like this.

It was illegal and he could even sue the law enforcer for it, causing their entire case to collapse.

So, Miss Sanae was used as the lead in such 'illegal activities' and thankfully, she was more than dependable.

'Did Ravager sell me out for the sake of revenge or he is actively participating in the case?'

Right now, Mr. Atticus was certain about one thing and that was Ravager's involvement.

After all, he was the only one who knew about the fallen specter under him besides his servants.

'He sure came for revenge sooner than anticipated.'

Mr. Atticus showed an irked expression...He believed that Ravager would have no way to get him since he did everything by the book.

Alas, he didn't consider that he would team up with Felix who was involved heavily in the fallen specters case, which allowed him to make the connection.

"What's your response, will it be you and your empire that you have worked insanely hard for, or some seller in a criminal organization?" Miss Sanae pressured him after seeing that he remained silent for too long.

"The answer is me and always will be me." Mr. Atticus sneered, "But, that doesn't mean I will hand over the seller on a silver platter. You fools have no clue what you

are messing with and the grim consequences awaiting you if you dared go any further."

"We want a name and a witness confession, not a warning." Miss Sanae said calmly, "Are you with us or not?"

"It's your funeral." Mr. Atticus shrugged, "Put me on the witness protection program and I am all yours."

Mr. Atticus had no plans to risk the fall of his business empire over protecting the fallen Specters organization...If only the evidence against him was little, he might have taken a chance, but with the videos in their hands? He wasn't that foolish.

"Heh, by the way, did Ravager agree to this?" Mr. Atticus showed a mocking smile.

"That's none of your concern."

Miss Sanae presented an already signed agreement by Captain Charleson to Mr. Atticus. He laughed in amusement and glanced at the contract details.

When he saw that all the terms would ensure that nothing would happen to both his business and life if he voided any previous binding to assist with this case, he signed it immediately.

With that, he also ensured that not even Ravager could get to him through anything related to this case, which was the reason he asked for his confirmation.

The moment the contract was signed, Felix and the rest of the squad entered the private room wearing casual clothes.

"Will you look at that, I was just asking about you." Mr. Atticus smiled the moment his eyes landed on Ravager.

Ravager gave him a deadly look for a moment before his expression returned to normal, refusing to get triggered.

He knew that the instant he allowed his personal feelings to get in the way of investigation, he would be taken off instantly.

Which was the reason he hadn't said anything about offering witness protection to Mr. Atticus even though it made him sick to his stomach.

"Tell us what we need to know or refrain from opening your filthy mouth again." Nidam uttered coldly while lighting up a cigarette, not caring about the no smoking sign in the room.

With Mr. Atticus being in their program, they were putting their entire career in his hands and if the information in his possession wasn't useful, it wouldn't end well for them.

So, he was a bit on the edge.

"I doubt any of you can handle what I know, but screw it." Mr. Atticus leaned in with a solemn expression and said, "Your objective is none other than the public's favorite politician, the Dark Spirits Warden, Sharky."

'It can't be.' Felix's pulse skipped a beat the instant he heard the name.

"He was the one presenting me to the fallen specters and offering for sale me this moron's little sister."

Chapter 1473 A Night Raid!

Ravager, Miss Sanae, and Nidam's expressions were a mix of shock, disbelief, and anger.

Ravager clenched his fists, his knuckles turning white. "I always respected him for the work he does for the low-

class spirits, but this? He's a warden, for heavens' sake! He's supposed to protect the citizens, not be a part of its underbelly!"

Nidam shook his head in dismay. "I have interacted with him so many times and even attended his seminars. It's hard to believe someone you've looked up to can be this... corrupted."

Miss Sanae's eyes flickered with anger, their usual calm replaced by a storm. "I knew that the organization had a far reach in the government, but this is getting ridiculous. This makes our job so much harder, considering the influence he has."

Felix leaned against the table, rubbing his temples. His thought process was vastly different than theirs.

'Elder Carbuncle, is this why you wanted me to become a law enforcer? Is this why you said that I need to be careful?'

Felix understood that Carbuncle had eyes all over the place, watching and documenting everything since the day he had gotten his scribe's title.

He figured that he watched his wife get abused or something, but now, he started to realize that the situation must be much worse than that.

'It can't be that his wife has been turned into a fallen specter.'

When he recalled how fallen specters become after the transformation, he couldn't imagine how was Carbuncle still holding his sanity...

"I know, shocking right?" Mr. Atticus continued on, "But when I studied the scale of the organization, I realized that he is still a mere member and the leader must be someone above him in rank. So, you are still interested in taking them down?"

"We already knew about that, stop trying to discourage us and spit everything you discussed with Sharky." Nidam ordered with a stern tone, "Don't miss a single detail, everything will be used in court when we bring him in."

"Fine." Mr. Atticus shrugged and began narrating, "He approached me at a party many years ago and told me that he had noticed my lack of trusted servants to continue my empire's expansion. So, he introduced me to the perfect 'product'. Fallen Specters."

"They don't need Lumus, significance they never pose a risk of being banished. They're obedient, almost robotically so. It's like their will has been stripped away. And the best part," Mr. Atticus added with a somewhat excited tone, "They don't register in the system. So you can have as many as you want, bypassing the servant limit."

The last line alone was enough to make them understand that many companies would do everything in their power to buy them in bulk.

After all, there was no such thing as a free agent in the spirit realm...If you want to work for someone, you have to be his servant or the servant of his servant.

In this manner, all spirits would be connected one way or another and run their tasks with the law on their side.

But, the fallen specters were outside of the equation since they had no desire to protect their rights by becoming a legitimate servant.

In other words, as long as their needs were met, they were the perfect workers.

"I knew it was too good to be true, so I told him to give me just one for a trial run." Mr. Atticus chuckled as he glanced at Ravager. "You know who it was."

"Knowing your nature, after the trial run, you must have wanted to buy more." Miss Sanae changed the subject quickly, "I assume you reached out to Sharky and set up a deal?"

"Indeed, I have purchased an additional ten from him months ago." Mr. Atticus confessed truthfully.

Since he was in the witness protection program, it meant that he had already betrayed the Fallen Specters Organization. Instead of playing both sides and withholding information, it was best to do everything in his power to take them down.

In this way, he wouldn't have them as enemies later on if the case fell through and they survived it.

As for his crimes, he was protected from everything related to this case the moment he became a main witness.

"Do you have any proof for the sale going through?" Miss Sanae asked.

"Of course, I have the transactions in paper and even video recordings showing the deals going through, plus the delivery of the fallen specters by Sharky's people." Mr. Atticus smiled, "I have everything to take him down, I will be honestly astonished if you botched the case."

"Just give us everything and be ready when we call you to testify in the court." Nidam said coldly, "We will handle the rest."

"I wish you all the luck in the realm." Mr. Atticus stood up as he affixed his suit, planning to take his leave.

When he arrived at the door, Ravager blocked him and leaned closer to his ear. Then, he whispered with a suppressed tone. "Sooner or later, you will be cast into the depth of the spirit realm to wander for eternity...I will make sure of it."

"Good luck to you too." Mr. Atticus laughed in amusement and walked away, not too bothered by his threat.

Just as he was about to leave the room, he reminded them. "I expect my assistant to be in my office by the end of the day."

With that, he took off.

Felix and the others glanced at each other for a moment before Nidam spoke. "We have our main witness and even evidence enough to put Sharky away for a long time. Let's not mess it up and bring the whole organization down with him."

Everyone nodded in understanding with serious expressions.

The exposure of Sharky made them understand that the organization might have many more governmental officials hidden. If they wanted this to be considered as a real win, all of them needed to be weeded out.

As for Mr. Atticus? They weren't worried about him ratting them to the organization or giving them false information.

If the fallen organization was scary, the law enforcement department was a hundred times scarier...Any smart man would rather screw anyone but them.

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A couple of days later...Near Sharky's Mansion in the Northern District...

The moonlight bathed the grand estate in a cold, silvery glow...As the clock tower chimed midnight, shadows began to move in synchrony, advancing towards Sharky's mansion.

The mansion, known for its magnificence and opulence, now stood as the lair of a criminal.

Captain Charleson's squad, cloaked in the night, moved swiftly and silently...They formed a perimeter around the estate, ensuring no escape.

With a nod from Captain Charleson, Felix walked to the grand entrance and blew it wide open with a single vibratory punch!

"LAW ENFORCEMENT! EVERYONE IS UNDER ARREST! DON'T NOT RESIST!" I REPEAT DO NOT RESIST!"

As the dust settled, Captain Charleson shouted as he stormed in with his team, their presence announcing an impending doom for those inside!

"Law enforcers?!"

"We are being raided!"

"Call the master!"

The servants and guards were thrown into utter confusion at the sudden raid, having absolutely no idea how to behave or react!

The guards were taught to protect the estate from invaders, but these weren't any invaders, making them understand that if they dared resist or harm a law enforcer, their judgment would be separated from their master!

Still, some of them decided to make a run for it out of fear.

Lights flashed as Hazel and the others summoned ethereal chains, securing any servant or subordinate who dared to not comply.

The scene inside was chaotic: servants in their night robes, confused and frightened, subordinates reaching for hidden weapons only to be frozen at the consequences of retaliation.

"What's with this ruckus?"

Sharky roused from his sleep with a muddled look and stepped out of his room in an elegant night robe...His face, usually composed, displayed a hint of surprise and anger at the sight of his people getting arrested in the heart of his territory.

"What's the significance of this?" he bellowed, as Felix and Ravager moved to restrain him.

Captain Charleson stepped forward, his demeanor stern. "Sharky, you are under arrest for trafficking spirits, unlawful alteration of their physical and ethereal forms, and countless other crimes."

Sharky's eyes widened in disbelief, attempting to shake off the hands on him. "You can't be serious! I insist upon an explanation!"

Ravager, holding a stack of evidence, tossed it onto a table nearby. Photographs, documents, and transcripts from covert operations spread out.

"There's your explanation," he sneered coldly.

Chapter 1474 Wickedness And Evil Even In The Afterlife...

Sharky was left stunned at the amount of evidence in their possession...While he couldn't read everything, he saw that many of the shown evidence were heavily related to Mr. Atticus.

This...

"Save it for the court." Captain Charleson interrupted him and put his hands in handcuffs behind his back.

As the squad prepared to leave, the weight of the situation seemed to hit Sharky. The powerful and respected warden was now just another criminal in chains

He looked at Captain Charleson, anger and confusion evident in his eyes. "You'll regret this, Charleson. Trust me, you will regret this

Captain Charleson met his gaze, unwavering. "Justice always finds its way, and if I have wronged you, I am ready to accept the punishment.

"Heh, wronged him? You are too soft captain. With what we know, he deserves to be buried ten meters under a wasteland." Hazel sneered in disgust as she pushed Sharky forward, almost causing him to trip.

Sharky merely gave her a deathly glare and remained silent, knowing that nothing he said or did at the moment was going to help him.

Unfortunately, he couldn't even reach out to the other top heads for assistance...His device had been confiscated and he was too far for a telepathic conversation.

"Clear out the entire mansion...I will escort the captured back to the department." Captain Charleson ordered.

Felix and the others nodded in understanding and spread out using their ethereal forms, allowing them to move through surfaces.

'I will take downstairs.' Felix said after picking up vibrational energies deep underground.

When Sharky turned around and saw Felix disappearing through the ground, his expression couldn't help but turn ugly.

'I am f*cked!'

The fact that he was arrested meant that a judge had approved of an arrest warrant after seeing the evidence stacked against him.

But, to approve a search warrant was much more strict and this made him understand the evidence in their ownership must be pretty damning!

With his mansion being searched, it was only going to get worse for him.

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'Where is she?' Felix frowned as he searched for Carbuncle's wife.

He prioritized her more than anything at the moment and ever since he stepped into the mansion, he was searching for her.

Right now, he was walking down a long twisted flight of stairs, which seemed to be heading into the depth of an abyss.

Descending the stone steps, Felix felt a chilling draft that seemed to intensify with each step, as if the air was thick with despair.

The chaotic intense vibrational waves coming from below didn't make him feel any better about this exploration.

Soon, he found himself at the bottom with a wooden gate closed shut. Felix went through it with his guard raised to the limit.

When he saw a dim corridor on the other side, he ventured deeper and deeper.

'Hmmm?'

Suddenly, the faint sound of whimpering reached his ears the closer he got to the end of the corridor.

When he turned a corner, Felix was met with a gruesome sight: a vast hall, with walls lined with chains and shackles, each holding a spirit...

Machines, tubes, and strange devices were connected to each spirit, extracting their energies into dark crystals that pulsed with a foreboding glow.

The floor beneath them was stained with ethereal blood and tears.

Felix's heart pounded loudly as anger boiled inside him...He had no idea what he was looking at, but he didn't like it one bit.

Even his cold heart was starting to get heated from rage the more he watched those spirits get utterly tortured.

"Help me...It hurts...Sob, please...Help."

"I ca...n't...stand it...any longer...Officer...Hel..."

"Ughh..."

When the nearest spirits saw Felix's outfit and realized that he was a law enforcer, a spark of hope emerged in their bloodshot eyes.

Some begged with tears flooding down their cheeks and some gave him a mere pleading look, either too exhausted to speak or had their tongues pierced by metal spikes...

The sight was absolutely horrendous and Felix never expected in his life to see such wickedness and evil in the afterlife...

"I will free you all. Hang in there."

Felix's unconcerned voice wasn't pleasant to the ears at all, but at this instant, all the spirits who heard it, felt like it was the most angelic melodious voice they had ever heard...

Whosh! Whoosh!

He swiftly moved through the dungeon, using a flaming blade to cut the chains and free each spirit.

He placed them gently on the ground and gave them medication pills to enhance their recovery.

Some were too weak to stand, and others clung to him like toddlers holding onto their mothers for safety and protection...

"I won't leave you...Just close your eyes and take a rest..." Felix promised softly as he caressed their hands until exhaustion finally got into them.

'Guys, request for reinforcement immediately and come down here.' Felix said coldly as he continued freeing the spirits.

'What did you find?' Ravager asked.

'A dungeon full of tortured spirits.' Felix reported indifferently, not softening the blow even a bit.

His squadmates' hearts chilled akin to being thrown into a bucket of ice...Knowing Felix's nonplayful personality made them understand that he wasn't joking with them.

'On our way.'

Without waiting for their arrival, Felix continued moving further in his save mission.

Suddenly, his feet froze in their place after spotting a familiar face in the corner of his eyes.

Stunned, he slowly turned his head until he was faced with a chained and beaten-up small creature reminiscent of a humanoid hamster, covered in soft fur that had turned filthy and matted from neglect...

A large, once radiant, gem rested on her forehead, but it now looked dull, clouded by the pain and suffering she had endured.

Two shimmering, crystalline wings extended from her back, though they were no longer their usual radiant hue.

Instead, they were fractured in places, with edges chipped and splintered...

'Carbuncle's wife...'

Felix kept staring at her without a single blink, his mind went blank at the horrific thought that his elder watched his wife getting tortured at the hands of Sharky without the ability to save her.

'Elder...'

He glanced up, his eyes as cold as ever, but the look he was giving was full of sorrow and sympathy.

He had a feeling that Elder Carbuncle was watching him and his assumption was correct.

Carbuncle stood in his dim office, staring intently into a large, ornate spiritual mirror.

The surface of the mirror shimmered like liquid silver, and within its depths, the scene of Felix discovering his wife in Sharky's dungeon played out.

The soft glow from the mirror illuminated Carbuncle's face, which was an amalgamation of contradictory emotions.

His large eyes, usually twinkling with joy and mirth, were now clouded with pain.

They welled up with tears, but not a single drop spilled, reflecting his determination to remain composed.

His whiskers drooped in sadness. Yet, amidst this profound sadness, there was a gentleness in his gaze—a hallmark of his ever-present kindness.

Even in this moment of deep personal anguish, he didn't let the darkness take away his inherent warmth.

"Bring her home, son. Bring her home..."

Carbuncle murmured as he watched Felix approach her, offering words of comfort and comfort. The sight of his dear junior taking care of his wife filled Carbuncle's heart with gratitude.

Carbuncle's wife looked up as Felix approached, her eyes red and swollen, filled with both fear and hope.

A pained smile tugged at her lips, realizing that her suffering and anguish were finally going to be put to an end.

Seeing her in this state, Felix felt a surge of anger and desolation, a powerful mix that made him clench his fists.

"It will be alright, no one is ever going to hurt you again, no one..."

He moved closer, whispering promises of save and retribution, knowing that the moment she reunited with her husband, no one would dare lay a finger on her again.

When Carbuncle saw that Felix had fed her medicine and put her to sleep after covering her body, he closed his eyes for a short moment.

Then, he whispered softly, "Thank you, little one...Thank you..."

Chapter 1475 A Deeper Level To The Case.

A few moments later, Nidam and Ravager, stepping through the doorway, halted for a moment, allowing their eyes to adjust to the dimness.

The cold stone underfoot, slick with moisture, sent shivers up their spines. But it wasn't just the chilling atmosphere that made them uneasy; it was the sight before them.

Rows upon rows of spirits lay on the ground, their bodies battered and bruised, their chains clinking softly with each ragged breath they took.

Some seemed barely conscious, while others looked like they had fallen into a coma...The stench of despair hung heavily in the air.

It's real...

Ravager's fists clenched so hard that his knuckles turned white. Every ounce of him trembled with rage, and his eyes—normally a calm sea—were now stormy and filled with fire.

"This... this is monstrous," he growled, his voice echoing through the chamber.

Even when he was already informed and prepared himself for a mental shock, he never imagined it would be this horrible.

Nidam, usually the more composed of the two, felt a similar surge of anger. His jaw set tight, eyes narrowing into slits.

The aura around him darkened as a crimson glow emanated from his being, a visible sign of his boiling fury.

"How could someone do this? What's the goal here? Even if there is a goal, how can anything be worth putting already dead spirits in such agony?!" he hissed. "Most of them must have suffered in the living world and they suffer even in the afterlife."

"How can this be allowed?!"

The last statement came out of Nidam's mouth with so much venom directed at no one but the god of the spirit realm...Lord Hades.

"Enough useless whining, no one will save them but us." Felix said indifferently as he carried Carbuncle's wife on his back. "Pick up as many spirits as possible and let's bring them to the surface."

As he flew upward, he channeled his telekinesis control to lift more than twenty spirits and then took them with him outside of the dungeon.

Realizing that it wasn't the time to let their emotions run amok, Ravager and Nidam followed his lead, saving as many spirits as they could.

After a few trips, no one was left in the dungeon and the mansion's biggest hall was packed with rows upon rows of slumbering wounded spirits.

Hazel almost fainted from the horrifying sight, but she managed to catch herself for their sake.

"I am going back," Felix said. "We need to investigate the machines and their purpose."

"I will go down with you." Ravager tagged in.

Nidam gave them permission with a head nod and continued talking with the approaching reinforcement.

He had requested a reinforcement directly from the headquarters. Since he used the enforced emergency call, no one could reject responding to the call unless the chief himself canceled it.

In a short while, a silhouette of a massive, gleaming airship with the emblem of the Law Enforcement Department could be seen descending from the skies.

As the ship landed, its bay doors opened, releasing teams of law enforcement officers, dressed in their pristine uniforms and bearing the insignia of their elite ranks...Alongside them, medics carrying emergency medical kits rushed out.

The officers stormed Sharky's mansion with precision, entering through every door and window, ensuring every corner was checked.

They were prepared for a battle, but what greeted them wasn't the resistance they had expected. Instead, they found that heart-wrenching scene.

Captain Frederick, leading the operation, surveyed the scene, his face a mask of controlled fury.

"Medics!" He shouted, waving his arm in a sweeping motion toward the spirits.

The medical team moved swiftly, setting up emergency stations, and tending to the spirits. Soft, comforting words were spoken as medics tried to assure the spirits that they were safe now.

They attended to their injuries, administered vital essences, and did their best to alleviate their pain.

"What the hell happened here? And where is Charles?" Captain Rashford asked with a suppressed tone.

Captain Quentin, Frederick, and the rest of their squadmates went straight to Nidam.

Even when Nebula saw him and knew that this case was related to Felix and Ravager, she didn't let her competitive spirit run amok.

The sight of the tortured spirits made her just as mad as everyone else, forgetting completely about anything related to their competition.

"Sirs...This is what happened."

Nidam came forward and narrated their entire operation from A to Z, filling them with all the details related to the fallen Spirits organization, Sharky's involvement, and so much more to the point everyone began to question its legitimacy.

Alas, the nightmarish sight before them supported Nidam's absurd claims.

"Captain Charleson has taken Sharky and his people to the station. While the rest of my team are inside the dungeon, continuing their investigations." Nidam finalized the report with a respectful salute.

"I..."

Captain Frederick had so many things he wanted to say like why he hadn't been informed about this much sooner, how could this situation occur in the heart of the capital, and how Sharky get away with this for such a long time.

In the end, he reached out with his hand and tapped Nidam on his shoulder. "Good job, good job..."

"Just doing our duties." Nidam gave him a slight head nod and went to assist the medics.

"Escort everyone back to the hospital if their conditions become stable!" Captain Frederick ordered out loud. "You guys, let's head downstairs."

...

A couple minutes before the reinforcement arrival, Felix and Ravager were seen standing before one of the machines in the dungeon.

Felix was smart to cut off only the chains and leave the machines in perfect conditions, so they could investigate them properly.

"I don't know why, but it makes me feel erratic and uncomfortable the closer I get to it." Ravager commented with a deep frown.

"It's detrimental energy,"

Felix said calmly while analyzing the machines, unaffected by such an aura...He had experienced true evil energy against Lucifer, something much deadlier and abhorrent than this.

'What's this?'

When he approached the machine, he noticed a dark gemstone embedded in its back...It was the one releasing a black aura around the machine.

As a precaution, he requested Ravager to cover his hand in water gloves and he did as he was told.

"Be careful." Ravager warned.

Felix reached out with his hand and extracted the jewel from the machine using force. After plucking it from the machine, it started peeping noisily, sounding an alarm...Ravager shut it down instantly with a single punch and focused back on Felix.

"Hmm? What's wrong?" He asked with knitted eyebrows after seeing Felix's stunned expression as he stared at the gemstone.

Unresponsive, Felix's enlarged pupils reflected deep writings on the gemstone's surface...A writing with a language he could recognize from thousands of kilometers.

A language that accompanied him his entire new life and was one of the reasons for his achievements.

'Universal Codex...Why are there writings on the gemstone with universal codex?!' He exclaimed in utter shock, but no one was there to answer him.

The writings appeared like this:

? ??? XXXX??? o? XXX???? ???S?, ????? ???XXX? ??? ?COM? ????? ?MMMN??,

???? ?? CVPA?D?, O ?XX??? ??????, ??????? ??? ?XXXo?? ????? RRR?????.

F?o? ??? XXX??, ??o? ??? ?o??, XXX?M?? ??? ??PAN??, ????? ??? ?o??.

W??? ?oAA? ???????, XXX ?DA? ?????, ?OOO?? ????? o? ??? XXPAND? XXX?

He kept turning the stone over and over again until he managed to memorize all the letters on it.

He knew that he had absolutely no clue what's the translation for those sentences, but he still memorized them to see if others matched.

"Traveler?"

With a slight push from Ravager, Felix woke up from his daze and replied. "There are some weird writings on this, and I have no idea what they mean."

Felix handed him the jewel and went to check the other gemstones.

When he realized that all of them shared the same writings, he reached an uncertain conclusion. 'Are those enchantments to remove detrimental energy from spirits, like some sort of a spell?'

'If so, how could anyone write enchantments with the universal codex in the spirit realm when even primogenitors and Asna struggle to understand them?' Felix narrowed his eyes, 'Is this really just a simple case of turning spirits into slaves for profit?'

Chapter 1476 The Walk Of Shame.

Felix's thought process was cut off shortly after picking up many vibrational waves from above.

'Looks like reinforcement has arrived.' Felix glanced at the dark gemstone for a moment and left it in its place, not daring to steal evidence.

Since he was on the case, he had access to them anyway, so there was no need to take one.

Soon, the captains and their squads entered the dungeon and began surveying the hall with solemn looks.

Felix and Ravager dropped whatever they were doing and went forward...They saluted the captains respectfully and Felix allowed Ravager to update them.

"We have freed all the spirits from the dungeon, the only thing remaining are those machines and the peculiar gemstones in them."

"Great work." Captain Frederick gave them a pleased look and ordered. "We will take it from here, you should rejoin with your captain in the station."

"Understood."

Felix and Ravager didn't argue back and took off, not bothering to even glance at Selaphel and Nebula's direction.

'This is too dangerous for us...Catching a respectable warden with such heinous crimes will make this case turn into the trial of the century.' Selaphel narrowed her eyes coldly. 'We have to get a piece of the credit somehow from here if we want to win the qualify...'

'Shut the f*ck up, this isn't the time for this.' Nebula gave her a deathly glare, 'You just heard there is a large organization responsible for turning spirits into slaves across the entire realm and this is all you care about?'

'Are you joining the law enforcement department for merely the sake of status?' Nebula asked with a disgusted tone.

Nebula was considered Carbuncle's student and while she was arrogant and a bit bitchy, it didn't mean that she wasn't kind.

The whole reason she had gotten so strong and worked so hard to join the law enforcement department was to protect the weak and uphold order.

Everything about this case made her skin crawl and she wanted nothing more than to punish the culprits regardless if she would get credits or not.

'You know we can do both?' Selaphel pushed her glasses upward as she left one last remark. 'You can care and win at the same time. If you don't think the same, you will be our downfall in this competition.'

Before Nebula could reply, Captain Rashford ordered them, "Recover the machines and make sure not to damage them."

"Understood!"

Ten Minutes Ago...

The clock tower struck midnight, echoing its chimes throughout the streets of the capital. Most would expect the law enforcement department to be quiet at this hour, but tonight was different.

Whispers filled the streets and curious eyes peeked from the shadows, trying to catch a glimpse of the unimaginable scene unfolding.

Captain Charleson walked at the front, his tall figure casting a shadow that stretched across the cobblestone pathway.

Behind him, a procession of handcuffed figures moved in a somber line...But it wasn't the sheer number of prisoners that was shocking—it was the identity of the lead detainee.

Sharky, once a prominent figure in the city, a respectable warden with a mansion that overlooked the capital, now had his hands bound in front of him.

His once proud posture was now slouched, his head lowered, avoiding the piercing gazes of those he once considered his citizens...His fine night robe, which once shone with elegance, was now tarnished with dirt and grime.

'Charleson! You motherf*cker! You will pay for this.' Sharky's lips quivered in anger at the humiliation and shame he was put in.

He knew that Captain Charleson could have kept them on the truck until they entered the department from the garage.

Instead, he let them out near the department's main gate and made them walk behind him in this manner under the public watchful eyes.

"Is that what I think it is?"

"It can't be Lord Sharky, right? He is one of the few pure souls in the government. He can't be arrested."

"It is him...It's really him!"

The citizens' eyes were left utterly stunned as they watched their beloved politician enter the police station akin to a gang boss caught with his subordinates.

Chaos and ruckus began to arise as the news traveled fast and far, causing many concerned and angry citizens to gather near the station's gate.

Even the law enforcers in front of the gate were shocked by the situation, but they cleared the way for Captain Charleson and kept the citizens away from him.

As they reached the courtyard towards the cells, gasps of disbelief echoed from every corner.

Officers halted in their tracks, their faces a canvas of shock and betrayal. Some of the newer recruits whispered amongst themselves, pointing discreetly while others simply stared, unable to comprehend the reality in front of them.

Whispers turned to murmurs, murmurs to discussions. Soon, the news was spreading like wildfire inside the law department.

Suddenly, Inspector Novlar appeared in front of Captain Charleson and his convoy, blocking his path.

"What's the meaning of this, Charleson?"

He asked with a worried and surprised tone, but his heart was filled with inexplicable venom and hatred.

If it was possible, he would have ripped his throat apart. Who could blame him?

He was under the impression that Captain Charleson's squad was working on the case he assigned them...It wasn't like he was stupid to not place eyes on them, but he couldn't even if he wanted to.

Law enforcers were given information on their devices about the identities of any registered spirit near them, which meant if someone chased them for prolonged periods, he would appear on their device multiple times.

Still, he was receiving reports about the case's development through normal channels, and based on the clearance rate, he knew that Captain Charleson and his squad were on it.

Unbeknownst to him, Felix and Miss Sanae were on the case and they were just as smart if not smarter than Captain Charleson!

Just them alone was enough to take down Sharky and expose his operations...Don't even mention having Ravager and Nidam added to the mix.

"I have arrested a criminal." Captain Charleson replied calmly.

"A criminal?" Inspector Nolvar eyed Sharky and said, "I hope you have evidence to convict him...He is a governmental official and you know what happens when we abuse our authority."

"Abuse?" Captain Charleson shook his head, "That's something he was doing, not me."

Before Inspector Nolvar could reply, Captain Charleson stepped forward and expanded multiple holographic screens from his device.

He cleared his throat, silencing the crowd. The weight of the moment was palpable, the gravity undeniable.

"I stand before you all to expose crimes that have tainted the very foundations of our great realm," began Captain Charleson, his voice echoing with authority. "Crimes orchestrated by one of our own."

He pointed at a hologram, revealing photographs of the dungeon under Sharky's mansion, with rows of spirits chained, their bodies bearing signs of prolonged torture. Another showed machines and gadgets used to extract negative energy from spirits.

Another hologram showed Sharky's people loading chained-up spirits into trucks and another hologram displayed Sharky's meeting with Mr. Atticus, discussing the selling of a new batch of fallen spirits.

"The esteemed Warden Sharky," Captain Charleson continued, "is behind a wicked operation that has trafficked, tortured, and exploited spirits for the sole purpose of creating mindless slaves called fallen specters. These acts are not just offenses against the spirits but crimes against the very essence of our realm."

Whispers broke out amongst the officers. Some looked horrified, while others seemed on the brink of anger.

Before Captain Charleson could continue exposing him, Inspector Nolvar stepped forward, his face even grimmer than before.

"The magnitude of these revelations cannot be overstated. We are duty-bound to bring justice to those harmed and ensure that such malevolence never finds root in our realm again!"

"Take those filthy animals to the cells to await for their trials!"

He made a 180-degree switch and only Captain Charleson knew about it. The rest of the officers were seen giving murderous looks at Sharky.

As Sharky walked past Inspector Nolvar, he couldn't help but beseech him telepathically.

'Save me! They have enough to get me kicked from the heavenly plane.'

'Hang in there, I will try to postpone the trial as much as possible.' Inspector Nolvar uttered coldly, 'Don't make any foolish decisions on your own...Trust in the duke and he will take care of this somehow.'

Chapter 1477 Making Sharky Their Scapegoat.

"Tell him to take the fall." Duke Humphrey said calmly.

When Inspector Nolvar visited the duke and reported the whole scenario to him, this was the first thing that came out of his mouth.

He didn't seem enraged, disappointed, or even bothered that his fallen organization was exposed in the open.

One could wonder if he was just too controlling of his emotions or if he really wasn't that bothered.

"I don't think he will agree to that." Orellana uttered with a deep frown.

She and the rest of the four heads joined the meeting through holographic videos the instant they heard the news.

Unlike the duke, all of them felt their hearts chilled at the thought of being caught with Sharky, knowing that expulsion was guaranteed and not even the duke could save them.

"That bastard will definitely take us down with him if we do nothing to help." Marcel cursed.

"I already told him to keep his mouth shut until the trials." Inspector Nolvar knitted his eyebrows, "Charleson will definitely hammer him hard to give up all information he has to bring down the entire organization. He will even tempt him with a deal to save himself from getting kicked out."

All of them showed solemn expressions.

They understood that Captain Charleson was smart enough to target all governmental officials in the organization to purify the realm once and for all instead of just celebrating Sharky's arrest.

Even if he spent his entire life in prison, Sharky would most definitely make this choice if it meant not becoming a wandering spirit again.

As for the rest of the organization? None of them would be offered such a deal even if they came forward after Sharky betrayed them.

This scenario couldn't help but put some bad thoughts in their minds...Thoughts such as, why not step forward and come clean for the sake of their survival instead of leaving their fate at the hands of Sharky.

Just as those thoughts were starting to fester in the minds, Duke Humphrey uttered, "Tell him to confess that he is the mastermind and that no one else is a part of the organization. In addition, he shall confess to multiple hidden places where we store our negativity fuelers and fallen spirits."

"But..."

Duke Humphrey gave Inspector Nolvar an emotionless look and continued on, "We will put Gravus as the prosecutor and Marcel as the judge in his case. With such a confession, you will have a reason to put him in jail without being overly suspicious."

"It's a good idea and I think this is the only way for us to get out of this without too many losses." Gravus agreed.

The others nodded their heads in agreement...Sharky was bound to make a deal to save his own skin from getting kicked out, if so, they might as well make the deal beneficial to them.

Since they were powerful and authoritative officials, it was extremely easy to manipulate the narrative to their side.

"All we have to do is persuade Sharky." Inspector Nolvar narrowed his eyes, "Even though the plan sounds good and beneficial to him, I still have doubts he will agree to take the fall by himself."

No one was that selfless to put the entire blame on his shoulders to cover for his peers in the organization...Especially, when there was no blood relation between them.

"Tell him the plan will commence ahead of schedule." Duke Humphrey shared, causing his subordinates' eyes to widen in shock.

"But, aren't we still far from the target?"

"We have no choice." Gravus shook his head, "Either we go for it now or the ethereal council will find a method to return the fallen back to normal."

"..."

It wasn't like they didn't comprehend what he said, but it still didn't make this scenario any more accepting.

Based on their expansion, the second part of the plan should have taken place in another decade if not more to ensure a 100% success chance.

But now? It was too uncertain if it was going to work out or not.

Inspector Nolvar and the rest didn't dare imagine what would Lord Hades do to them when they failed and got caught.

"This is all because of that little sh*t...The moment he appeared, everything had been falling apart." Inspector Nolvar cursed as he envisioned Felix's face.

Ever since Felix's first day in the heavenly plane, he got entangled with the fallen organization after purchasing Karra and shielding her from them.

While they had no idea how much he was involved in their exposure, the fact that he was part of it in his first year in the heavenly plane made it even harder to stomach.

"Do as I have told you and remain focused." Duke Humphrey said calmly, "Nothing else will matter if we succeed in our plan."

The four heads nodded in understanding and left the meeting to begin their preparation to tackle the trial.

Meanwhile, Duke Humphrey went back to the window in front of his desk and started gazing at the fake stars. His expression was as composed as ever.

However, his hand kept shaking as he reached out inside his robe and tightened his grasp on a small pendant.

It was a symphony of celestial craftsmanship, a true marvel of cosmic design. It was gleaming with a light that seemed to have been woven from the strands of a thousand stars.

The core of the pendant held an intricate celestial orb, a small, condensed replica of a galaxy, slowly rotating with multicolored, luminous nebulae and tiny sparkling stars encapsulated within.

Yet, the most unique thing about it was still the trillion microscopic divine inscriptions written across its entire structure.

As Duke Humphrey caught the pendant, his heart beat fast not out of agitation or fear, but out of absolute reverence and worship.

Then, he closed his eyes and murmured in his mind with a peculiar-sounding language...If Felix heard it, he would have recognized it immediately to be the universal codex!

'O Sovereign, whose voice weaves the celestial symphony, bestow upon me your ethereal whisper and illuminate my being with your boundless wisdom.'

The moment he finished the incarnation, the pendant sprang to life, awakening from its ageless slumber. A sudden and profound silence befell the room, time itself seemed to bow in reverence to the celestial entity.

The tranquil stillness was shattered as a myriad of stars and celestial bodies unfolded around him, expanding and enveloping him within the very essence of the encapsulated galaxy.

It was an ethereal dance of celestial brilliance, a myriad of constellations and nebulae painting the ancient and sacred walls of his office with their stellar radiance.

A luminous crescendo of cosmic light cascaded around him, and, within this symphony of celestial light, two blinding white eyes materialized, emerging from the boundless expanse of the universe.

The eyes, vast and infinite, bore into Duke Humphrey's very soul, a celestial gaze transcending the bounds of mortal comprehension.

With a voice echoing the harmonious resonances of the cosmos, the being spoke, "What's the purpose of the call? Haven't I told you to contact me only during an emergency? The pendant can not keep the ever-roaming eyes of Hades away if you keep exhausting its energy."

"I understand, Godfather...But, we are in an emergency." Duke Humphrey took a deep breath and confessed, his heart about to leap out of his chest in fear. "The plan has been compromised and I don't think we will have enough fallen spirits to cause the universe to punish Lord Hades."

Chapter 1478 The Lands of The Gods...Huh?

"How many fallen spirits are you short of?"

The Godfather asked, not bothering to waste time on what caused the plan to fail or berate the duke for allowing it to happen.

The Celestial Pendant consumed too much energy each second it remained active and there was no way to replenish its energy in the spirit realm.

"We still need more than half a million spirits to have an above 50% success chance." Duke Humphrey answered with a deep sigh.

He might have shown his subordinates an assured front, but he was also under the impression that their plan was bound to falter if they went for it now.

"An entire half a million? What were you doing all of those years?" The Godfather asked with an overbearing tone that almost broke the Duke's back from its pure pressure.

"Godfather, please! I have been careful not to attract Lord Hade's attention. The pendant can only hide what happens around me, but not for the others." Duke Humphrey beseeched.

"I don't need excuses, I need results." Godfather eyed him coldly, "What will I tell the superior celestials if the plan fails?"

"I promise you, I will make it work one way or another...In fact, I already have an idea, but it's too risky and it will cause me to lose the celestial pendant." Duke Humphrey said.

"I don't want to know, just make it happen." The Godfather warned one last time, "The next time we speak, it better be face to face."

After finishing his piece, the celestial pendant retrieved the galaxy back inside its core, expelling Duke Humphrey into his office.

He looked down at the pendant that seemed somewhat dimmer than usual and couldn't help but tighten his grasp on it.

'I only have one chance to fulfill my duty and return to my rightful place.' Duke Humphrey thought with a look of absolute resolve. 'If it means using that method, so be it.'

Meanwhile, in a cold metallic interrogation room within the station, Sharky was seen sitting solemnly with light handcuffs around his wrists.

No one was with him, causing the silence inside the room to make him immerse himself in the events leading to his arrest.

He didn't need to wonder if his reputation was holding up or not as the evidence found in his mansion was enough to make all citizens across the entire heavenly plane denounce him for good.

He was right in his assumption as a shockwave of disbelief, and murmurs of incredulity rippled through the radiant expanses of the Heavenly Plane after watching the breaking news related to his case.

The common folk, their faces a mask of astonishment and betrayal, gathered around ethereal screens projecting the breaking news of Sharky's downfall.

Not all evidence was shown, but just pieces of it were enough to turn everyone against him, even the spirits he helped personally.

It didn't look at all for him and he knew it.

'I might have lost my reputation and life, but I will not get kicked out to the coldness of the ether.' Sharky promised himself with an icy look.

He did as Inspector Nolvar told him to do...Keep his mouth shut and wait for his lawyer to do the talking.

Obviously, the lawyer was also part of the organization and would be the direct link of communication between them.

Right now, he was waiting for his arrival.

Sometime later, a shadow slipped into his isolated cell, a seemingly nondescript figure. He resembled the watchers' race as he had gray skin and four limbs clad in a formal suit.

'About damn time, Evandor.' Sharky gave him an irritated look. 'What's with the delay?'

'My apologies, but I was working out with the heads to craft the best method to secure your safety,' Evandor replied with a forced smile.

'Speak, what did duke say?'

'Sharky...I won't sugar coat it.' he confessed, 'The organization demands your silence, your submission to the role of the condemned.'

Sharky's eyes, gleaming embers of resentment and defiance, met the lawyer's surreptitious gaze. 'And why should I bow my head to such ignominy?'

The lawyer's lips curled into a secret, knowing smile, 'Because, the Duke, plans to accelerate our plan, the second phase dawns prematurely. We need you to take the fall to buy us some time. Our triumph heavily depends on you and the duke understands this very well.'

'That's why we planned on putting our people on your trial to make sure that you will get just jail time.'

'Trust us, we won't get you kicked out of the plane and when the plans succeed, you know the rewards awaiting us.' Evandor uttered with a look of reverence and expectation.

It seemed like the duke wasn't too secretive about his end goal and made sure to share it with the ones he trusted the most.

Well, it was expected as there was no way he could have bought the assistance of such capable governmental officials without an enticing reward much better than remaining in the government.

Sharky remained silent, deep in his thought process...

As a shrewd politician, he had already expected this much to happen.

He was smart enough to understand that he would never get away from this regardless of the duke's authority.

There were some things that no one could influence or pressure regardless of the imposed authority.

'I will be turned into a scapegoat and all of the committed crimes by the organization will fall under my name.' Sharky sighed.

This path was simply terrifying for someone who treated his reputation as his most sacred treasure.

Still, he knew that he had not many options.

He could accept the deal, take the hit, and have a chance of being taken to the promised lands after the triumph of the plan.

Or snitch on the entire organization and make all of their efforts collapse just to secure eternal jail time.

Both options were shit, but beggars can't be choosers...

'The Land of The Gods, huh?' Sharky smiled bitterly with his eyes closed shut.

'I guess you made up your choice?' Evandor said.

Sharky, the whispers of promised lands and celestial destinies coursed through his veins, rekindling the flame of purpose within him.

He nodded, the resolve solidifying within him. 'Very well, I shall be the sacrificed pawn. But remember, the promised deliverance shall await me beyond these chains, the sanctuary of the prophesied lands shall be my sanctuary!'

'Don't worry old friend, it shall be our sanctuary.' Evandor smiled widely before opening his suitcase.

'Let's prepare you for the trial of the century.'

Sharky focused on the documents before him and both of them began working on their defense case.

While this was ongoing, Felix had retreated to a well-lighted hospital room.

He was positioned beside a bed where Carbuncle's wife, her fur a tangled mass, lay motionless, the light from her forehead gem dim and pulsating weakly.

He refused to leave her company, waiting for her to wake up from a coma.

The torture was too much for many spirits, forcing them to enter a peaceful slumber and no matter what anyone did, none of them woke up.

Felix had to keep her company since Carbuncle could not meet up with her at the moment. As much as he missed her and wanted her badly in his life, Carbuncle wanted Felix to give her a choice when she woke up.

A choice of whether she wanted to get her memories back and live with him an eternal life here as a husband and wife or continue being a servant.

In both cases, Carbuncle planned on keeping her around him for her safety, but it was best for Felix to handle these things without his involvement due to his sensitive governmental position.

'What if she rejects having her memories restored?' Felix thought to himself as he stared at her face. 'This will ruin him...'

When he thought this far, Felix couldn't help but feel a slight tingle in his heart, like a bad prominent feeling related to this exact scenario.

'What if I reunited with Asna again and she rejected me?' Felix touched his chest, feeling his cold heart beating rhythmically.

This thought frightened him a little, but not because he was scared of it happening, but of him not feeling anything if it happened...That scared him more than anything.

Chapter 1479 The Trial of The Century.

Felix hadn't forgotten about Asna and he had no plans of leaving the spirit realm without her. However, he feared that she wouldn't want to accompany him anymore for the sake of his safety, which was something he absolutely abhorred.

At the moment, he could do nothing about it as even setting a meeting with Asna was impossible.

Lord Hades would know for a fact that he had his memories restored if he dared even utter her name out loud...So, he could only wish for the best and see how the situation develops.

Suddenly, Felix received a call from his captain, requesting his immediate attendance. Unable to refuse his orders, Felix left the hospital room.

When he arrived at their office, he noticed that Miss Sanae and Mr. Atticus were also there.

"We have just received a court date and the assigned juridical officials in the trial." Captain Charleson informed with a faint smile. "Luckily, Gravus has been picked as the prosecutor and he is known for his merciless treatment of such criminals."

"What if he is also part of the organization?" Miss Sanae shook her head, "At this point, I don't doubt the organization has infiltrated the juridical system and planted moles in it."

"I also think the same, but this is Sir. Gravus we are talking about." Hazel uttered with a tone of utter reverence, "Someone as upright as him can't be part of that organization."

"Haven't you already learned your lesson?" Ravager said coldly, "Even the respectable Sharky turned out to be the nastiest monster in the realm. I don't trust anyone anymore in the government and it's best if we focus our effort on forcing Sharky to confess his peers' identities plus the method to void the fallen transformation."

Ravager was more interested in the second goal as he wished for nothing but to have his little sister return to normal again.

He didn't want to give her new memories and a new personality through the reformation system as it meant losing his sister once and for all.

Plus, he had seen how Arion became after he was given new memories.

He still behaved like a robot and listened to orders perfectly, the only difference was that he had a new set of skills, nothing more, nothing less.

"Making Sharky confess will be difficult, I believe he will keep stalling and stalling for the sake of his..."

Vrrr Vrrr...

Captain Charleson was cut off by his device, causing him to peek at its screen...When he saw the details of the message he received, his pupils were enlarged to the limit.

Before the others could ask him what it was, they all received the same message from Sharky's lawyer.

-Sharky has decided to confess everything for some leniency during the trial.-

"Well, that was a bit too quick." Mr. Atticus chuckled, "I guess my purpose here is done, I am out."

Without awaiting their response, he walked away, not bothering himself anymore with the case.

His entire existence was to testify against Sharky in the trial, but if he was willing to plead guilty, then he didn't need to be summoned as a witness anymore.

Understanding this, they let him go. But, they didn't understand Sharky's reasoning for wanting to confess so quickly.

"I smell something fishy about this." Nidam said with a solemn tone.

"We all do." Captain Charleson ordered, "Let's go see if he is for real or plotting something."

Unfortunately for them, Sharky didn't entertain their request to meet them without his lawyer. His lawyer refrained from giving them any details about what he would confess and his decision to do it.

Unlike the cases in the living world, the law enforcers' job was considered done the moment the trial date was set.

So, they couldn't really force themselves to do anything to Sharky.

Now, it was a battle between the lawyer and the prosecutor, one would try his best to get a good sentence while the other would do the opposite.

Unbeknownst to everyone, both sides were seeking the same result...

Days went by and before long, the day of the trial had arrived...It was set seven days after the imprisonment, which was considered quite early.

The courtroom was a sea of unbroken silence, every present spirit was hanging on the precipice of anticipation, the air thick with the weight of unsaid words.

Sharky was seen surrounded by light chains as he stood in front of a three-judge panel. Marcel was the leading judge and his eyes seemed as cold as anyone else in the courtroom.

Anyone who saw him would have a feeling that he would not show an ounce of mercy to Sharky.

Felix, Ravager, and the rest of the squad were sitting at the back of the courtroom...Even Elder Kraken and many other governmental officials decided to attend the trial.

It was the biggest event to happen in the past century and no one wanted to miss it.

"Defendant, how do you plea of your charges?" Judge Marcel asked calmly.

Sharky took a deep breath and uttered with his eyes closed shut.

"Guilty."

The moment the word left his lips, the entire courtroom collapsed into a massive chaos with spirits cursing, and insulting, and some seemed like they were about to rush him down.

"YOU MONSTER!!"

"HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO YOUR FELLOW SPIRITS!"

"KICK HIM OUT!"

"Order! Order in the court!" Judge Marcel banged the gavel twice as he yelled, causing everyone to break from their emotional response and return to their seats.

After the ruckus was controlled a bit, Sharky's lawyer stood up and requested, "Honorable ones, my client has decided to trade crucial information for the sake of a lenient punishment."

"No mercy!"

"Kick him out!"

"We don't need his information!"

Many spirits didn't like the sound of it very much, but the majority understood that if Sharky opened his mouth, it would help a lot with the dismantling of the syndicate and such.

"It's up to the prosecutor." Judge Marcel passed the baton to his friend.

Gravus stood up while fixing his suit, his charisma and reputation made everyone quiet down as a sign of respect.

"The prosecution team agrees to the deal based on the effectiveness of the information provided." Gravus shared.

Not many spirits were surprised by his decision as it was the right one to make. Soon, everyone focused back on Sharky.

"Speak up." Judge Marcel ordered.

The first words emerging from his mouth caused Felix and the others to have ugly expressions.

"I have founded the Fallen Specters organization all alone," he admitted, his words like poison seeping into the very foundations of the courtroom.

"I discovered the secret... the method to bind spirits into servitude using the essence of negativity."

'Negativity?'

'What's that?'

The assembly erupted into a cacophony of whispers and exclamations, the shockwave from his words rippling through the essence of every spirit present.

Sharky continued, his voice gaining strength, "I transformed this knowledge into a flourishing business, a clandestine market dealing in the shadows of the heavenly realm." He detailed the vile intricacies of his operations, painting a picture of a hidden empire thriving on pain and subjugation, "I've sold these captivated spirits, these 'Fallen', across the entire realm. Their agony, their submission... it was all just a product, a currency for to seeth my greed."

This wasn't all, to make his claims more believable and trustworthy, he revealed many hidden locations, the secret chambers where spirits were chained, their essence slowly poisoned with darkness.

When he was asked about the spirits tortured under his mansion, he confessed that they were called negativity fuelers, explaining that their negative energy born out of despair and pain was the main source of energy to create fallen specters.

This confession didn't fly well in the courtroom as some spirits weren't able to maintain their anger and threw many objects at Sharky's body.

While their anger and reaction was understandable, they were still kicked out of the courtroom.

Uncaring and unbothered, Sharky continued confessing to one crime after another.

The courtroom was turned into a battlefield, each disclosure a blow striking at the hearts of the warriors of light, the defenders of justice.

The images Sharky painted were vivid, the shadows he revealed lurking in every corner, every unturned stone.

He was the architect of this hidden empire, the mastermind behind the shadows corrupting the realm of light.

After he concluded his confession, no one had the energy to speak or react anymore. The atrocities they heard were enough to give them nightmares for decades.

Yet, Felix and his squad didn't seem pleased in the slightest.

'They turned him into a scapegoat.' Felix uttered coldly, 'The noble heading the entire operation must be watching, hiding somewhere.'

If it wasn't for Karra, he would have believed that Sharky was the organization's founder like the majority of the spirits in the courtroom.

Unbeknownst to him, Duke Humphrey was indeed watching the trial.

He was much closer to him than expected as he was sitting next to Elder Kraken at the far back!

'What do you think, brother Kraken?' Duke Humphrey asked.

'I think we need to hold a council meeting.' Elder Kraken replied with a solemn tone, 'Based on his confession, there must be hundreds of thousands of fallen specters across the realm. We have to find them all and help them recover.'

'My thoughts as well.'

Duke Humphrey nodded in agreement but in reality? His heart was already set on using his last Hail Mary before the council could find the cure!

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Sharky was asked multiple questions and he answered them as truthfully as he could.

A question about the fallen specters' cure was also brought up and Sharky told them that he had no clue if it was even possible for the fallen spirits to recover.

This news didn't sit well with Ravager.

'Restrain yourself.'

Felix held his arm after sensing that his partner seemed like he was about to jump Sharky.

'I am cool, I am cool...'

Ravager removed Felix's hand and tried his best to contain his emotions, knowing that it wouldn't end well for him if he dared assault Sharky here.

Meanwhile, Sharky wasn't lying or trying to hide the truth on this topic...He genuinely was clueless if a cure existed since the entire operation was created by Duke Humphrey.

"This is all my client has to say." Evandor concluded.

"We will double-check all the provided information and the punishment will be suggested according to its accuracy." Gravus nodded before sitting back again.

"Trial adjourned until tomorrow."

Judge Marcel stated as he banged the gavel twice...Then, he stood up with the other judges and exited the courtroom.

"That's it?" Hazel remarked with a surprised tone.

"What did you expect?" Nidam said, "He pleaded guilty and confessed, this trial shouldn't have been even prolonged until tomorrow if it wasn't for the seriousness of the Intel."

"Prolonging the trial until tomorrow isn't a good sign." Ravager said coldly, "Whether the information provided was useful or not, that monster doesn't deserve to spend another second in the heavenly plane."

"I disagree." Felix shook his head, "I think being imprisoned for eternity here is far much cruel than kicking him out."

"True, getting kicked out is a scary punishment only because the alternative is much better, but in this case?" Captain Charleson approved, "I would rather have them imprison him forever until he loses his mind than erase his memories and kick him out."

In a sense, getting kicked out was like an instant execution while jail time was a lifetime sentence.

Since there was no death in the spirit realm, the second punishment was a hundred times much worse in the long run.

'I don't trust the government anymore.' Ravager uttered telepathically, 'Who can ensure that he will really stay in jail forever and not get freed after the public forgets about his crimes?'

'The true mastermind is still on the loose and with his authority, he can definitely get him out later on.'

No one argued with this fact.

'With Sharky's confession, it does seem like he has satisfied the higher-ups.' Hazel said with a displeased tone, 'They will definitely try to conclude the case as quickly as possible to avoid the public's outrage.'

The public was indeed enraged after hearing about most of the case's details. They ought to feel angry as it made them realize that they were unsafe even if they followed the rules.

So, the government would accept Sharky's villain story and end this case swiftly.

'If only it was possible to use the memories extraction process on him, we would get all we want.' Ravager said with an irritated tone.

The process was used on Arion before to find out if he had any memories.

Unfortunately, they were allowed to use it on him because he had no identity and it was the only method to investigate more about him.

In reality, this process was fairly dangerous as it might leave the target with some missing memories or even end up with a change of personality.

So, even criminals had the right to block any attempt at extracting their memories.

After all, what if the process was used on a spirit just to ruin him and yet find out that he wasn't the criminal? It was way too fatal.

'So, what now? Do we just let the case get closed in this manner and watch the rest of the organization's members run free?' Hazel said with an unconvinced tone.

Just the notion of Inspector Nolvar not getting punished with Sharky was going to leave them with many sleepless nights.

'What else can we do?' Nidam sighed, 'We can reach out to Gravus and tell him about this, but he will want evidence from us and we have none.'

'We can tell him to force Sharky to rat on his peers for the sake of a much better deal.' Hazel suggested.

'It doesn't work like that.' Felix said indifferently, 'Since Sharky came forward and confessed everything without mentioning the names of his peers, it only means that his survivability was already guaranteed to him.'

'Does that mean someone in the court is on his side? He will most definitely get jail time?' Hazel covered her mouth, 'Don't tell me Sir Grav...'

'Enough with empty speculations.' Captain Charleson interrupted, 'We will find out tomorrow what his punishment will be and base our next move on it.'

Upon hearing this, everyone dropped the subject and began leaving the courtroom one by one until only Felix and a couple of attendants were left behind.

Felix's mind was still occupied with the case.

'With the case developing to this state, should I bring Karra forward as a witness?' Felix frowned, his arms crossed above his chest.

He understood that the noble would be exposed immediately if Karra came forward and ratted him out.

As long as she was included in the witness protection program, breaking the privacy contract terms could be avoided.

However, Felix was still having difficulty with making this decision.

That's because she was going to hand out a high-

governmental official, someone even higher than Sharky.

Her words weren't going to be taken for granted as the truth even if she confessed all of the evil and torture she went through under the duke's hands.

This implied she would be forced to have her memories examined and Felix had no interest in putting Karra under that machine.

Unfortunately, he understood that he couldn't bring her on the stage and ruin a high official's name without consequences.

They would examine her memories forcefully to defend her claims. In other words, if Felix wanted the noble to get caught, he had to compromise Karra.

'Screw this.' Felix shrugged his shoulders carelessly, 'I won't ruin my servant's life for the sake of the realm's goodness. If even Hades doesn't care, why should I?'

Felix could already be said to have closed the corrupted specters organization's case and since he played a huge role in it, he was guaranteed to receive a massive amount of points with his partner from the entire department.

It would ensure they go through the next stage in the captain's governmental position examination.

Plus, he even saved Carbuncle's wife.

'If the ethereal elders council was capable, they should be able to find the mastermind and the remedy to the fallen...As for me? My job here is over.'

Felix stood up and exited the court at last, having no interest in investing any more time in it.

As for the universal codex written on the gemstones? It was an fascinating mystery, but Felix realized that he could do nothing about it with his current position.

So, why give himself an unnecessary headache?

He was merely a passenger in the spirit realm, a traveler one could say...Not a hero sent to bring justice and punish the wrongdoers.

So, when tomorrow came, and Felix heard that Sharky had been decided to serve an eternity in jail with periodical physical punishment, he didn't seem too bothered.

But the same couldn't be uttered about Ravager and his squadmates.

"HOW COULD THEY?! JUST BECAUSE THE INFORMATION CHECKED OUT TO BE RIGHT?!" Ravager yelled as he punched the office's wall as hard as he could, boring a hole in it.

He was absolutely livid that the trial was concluded in this dissatisfying manner...His squadmates shared the same emotion as him, but none of them reacted as strongly.

"Give it a rest...You saw the thousands of spirits saved in those hidden locations." Nidam sighed, "Without his confession, they would have been left there for god knows how many years."

The others seemed to agree with his statement...At the end of the day, Sharky had shown good faith in his confession and if they didn't show mercy in his judgment, no other criminal would dare trust the juridical system again.

So, Gravus and the judges weren't suspected of cooperation at all as it seemed like they had made the reasonable decision.

In fact, the addition of physical punishment, which was a nice way of saying 'torture', made everyone feel like Gravus was still on the side of the right.

After all, an eternal torture periodically wasn't a walk in the park either.

Unbeknownst to them, the punishment was given and accepted by Sharky only because both of them understood that the heavenly plane would soon cease to exist if their plan succeeded...