

## The Fall 324

### Chapter 324: Mr. Black

Zac grimaced at the suggestion but he couldn't think of anything better to call himself.

"Fine, Mr. Black it is," Zac said with some resignation.

He had heard that many Cultivators in the multiverse went by a self-chosen Dao Name rather than their real name while they traveled or visited Mystic Realms. Perhaps he should start looking for a good one so that he didn't find himself in this position all the time.

The two waited for another twenty minutes before the maid arrived once again to inform them that the required people had been assembled. The two got up and after Verana inspected the group and made some small personnel adjustments they left for Port Atwood.

Soon they found themselves in the large lobby of the official teleportation array, and the Tal-Eladar looked around in surprise, some praising the architecture. For all their other differences Zac felt the two had pretty similar tastes in buildings after visiting the Tal-Eladar town. Both seemed to enjoy integrating nature into their homes, making their buildings living and ever-changing.

Verana only briefly looked around the building before her eyes found the large sign by the exit.

"What's the Tower of Myriad Dao?" she immediately asked with a small frown.

"It's a Dao Repository," Zac sighed, inwardly cursing Brazla for his insistence on keeping that sign up.

"How does a baby world possess a Dao repository?" Verana said with confusion. "And why would you choose to broadcast it like that? It seems like a way to invite trouble."

"The system gives out all kinds of things as rewards to quests," Zac shrugged. "And we have our reasons for putting it there."

"The Tir'Emarel Clan would be willing to pay a large amount of Nexus Coins or Crystals for the opportunity to peruse it, and you can name your price for taking one of the eight named inheritances," Verana said.

"I am afraid the things inside are not for sale, but some are available through merit. We can talk about that at a later date," Zac said, ending the conversation on that topic.

The Tal-Eladar had been quite accommodating so far, and it was true that they were stuck here on Earth for better or worse. But hey had just joined his force last week, and Zac wasn't about to give them the keys to the kingdom. They would have to prove themselves before they could dream of even seeing the inside of the Towers.

Verana and Tylia threw each other a glance before following in tow. They quickly exited the teleportation structure, and they were soon met with a contingent of Demon Warriors and Valkyries, both of which glared at the Tal-Eladar behind Zac.

"What dense energy," Verana muttered as she looked at the town still undergoing rapid construction, ignoring the squads who had likely come over to intimidate her. "Did you chose this spot due to proximity to a Nexus Vein?"

"I guess you could say this spot chose me," Zac responded with a sardonic smile, nodding at Joanna who hurried toward them.

"You remember the people from the Tir'Emarel Clan. Settle them for the day. They will join us tomorrow when we head to the new continent," Zac explained. "And please come to my courtyard later."

Joanna nodded and was about to respond but turned toward the sound of a rapid tapping on the ground.

"Honorable Beast Masters!" a voice suddenly resounded from the distance, and Zac saw Calrin run over with as much speed as his short legs allowed him. "You honor Port Atwood with your presence. This humble one is Calrin Thayer, merchant by trade. I was quite delighted to hear that the great Tal-Eladar has chosen to align itself with Port Atwood. Please don't hesitate to peruse our humble wares before heading to battle. You can't bring money with you to the afterlife, so better spend it on our great armors and weaponry!"

Zac rolled his eyes and dragged the Sky Gnome over to the side.

"What's with the show?" Zac questioned. "We are about to head to the underworld."

"Great businessman will always make time for making money, even when facing death. And who knows what dangers lurk down there? Better if I get friendly with these people so I can use their dumb beasts as shields," Calrin said with a shrewd look. "Besides, who knows if they will find treasure down there? We want it spent or traded with us rather than taken home for their clan to inspect."

Zac gave the Sky Gnome a small thumbs-up before heading back to his courtyard, leaving the merchant to make some inroads with the Tal-Eladar. He wasn't interested in the logistics, and Verana had expressed interest to tour the city, so he let Joanna handle that.

This time his place was already occupied as Kenzie sat under the shade of a tree with a crystal in her hand. Zac noticed that it was the same crystal on formations that he had perused himself during the time he was trapped at the entrance to Anzonil's array in the hunt. Zac didn't interrupt her and instead started to go through the merit exchange for things to use while under the guise of Mr. Black.

The Merit Exchange tokens that all Port Atwood citizens carried had the extremely convenient options of opening a screen to display all the available items at any time. However, it was impossible to buy or reserve any items, so one could only browse. The golems had explained it as a motivational tool. If people kept browsing for treasures they desired, then they would work harder to gather merit.

Joanna later arrived as instructed, and Zac filled her in on his plan. He didn't need to worry about her or any of the other Valkyries since they were all bound to him, so he freely told her about how he would pretend to be Mr. Black. Kenzie had stopped reading by this point and instead chosen to listen in on the conversation.

"I have the perfect thing for your disguise," Kenzie said with some excitement after Joanna left to handle things for tomorrow.

Zac skeptically looked at her as she took out a demonic face mask made from some metal, reminding Zac of a Japanese Oni. It was mostly black but had some red details, while a few simple fractals covered the inside. Zac took it with some interest and looked it over.

"Where did you get this thing?" he asked curiously.

"It's Ogras', but I don't think he will mind. It was meant to be worn by one of the villains in his movie," Kenzie explained. "It's a prop."

"His WHAT?" Zac blurted, almost dropping the demonic mask.

"Oh, he hasn't told you?" Kenzie giggled. "He's trying to make an action movie about Cultivation. He has essentially stolen what happened to you and made some alterations. I think this particular mask was made for one of the generals in the incursion that the main character would battle before a final fight with the big boss."

Zac blankly looked at Kenzie for a few seconds before sighing and shaking his head.

"He actually did it. I better get some royalties if he is using my story to make money," he said before suddenly looking up at his sister. "Wait, why do you have that thing if it's Ogras' movie?"

Kenzie looked a bit startled for a second before rolling her eyes.

"I've attached myself as a consultant and liaison between his actors and the human engineers he has scrounged up for CGI," she explained. "So I have access to all kinds of things. Did you know that Zakarith has been made the love interest for the main character?"

Zac's thoughts went to the diminutive demoness he had captured for information back in the day and could imagine how Ogras had bullied the poor girl into joining the production. It was distracting enough that he lost his train of thought, and soon he was back to finding things that would go well with the mask.

The next morning four distinct groups streamed toward the teleporter to transport over to Westbound Harbor, the name Mr. Trang had chosen for the outpost on the desert continent. One by one the people stepped inside the circle and disappeared.

The smallest contingent were the fourteen Sky Gnomes decked from top to bottom in defensive treasures and Cosmos Sacks. Next was a squad led by the Valkyries who guarded around 150 non-combat personnel who would be responsible for setting up camp in the underworld.

Finally were the demonic and Tal-Eladar groups. The demons were a bit subdued because all their leaders were occupied elsewhere, but it didn't stop them from glaring at their old enemies with all they had. The newest additions to Port Atwood wouldn't be outdone in the death stare department, and if glares could kill the whole area would have run red with blood by now.

Zac looked on at the proceedings from the sidelines, having already changed his appearance before appearing this morning. The Spirit Tool sword named [Hunger] hung by his waist, still radiating boundless killing intent. He had chosen not to bind it with a drop of blood because he would probably return it after the incursion into the underworld.

Not binding the weapon would essentially cut the power the sword could exhibit in half, but a weapon wasn't too important to his fighting style as an undead in any case. His power rather came through his shield. As for his robes he had found a pitch-black warriors robe from his gains during the hunt that possessed at least the basic cleaning and resizing fractals. It was nowhere near as good as his real Spirit Tool he got from Yrial, but defense was the last thing he lacked in his current form.

The official story was that Ogras and Zac both were occupied with an important mission, and they had instead summoned Verana and Mr. Black to hold down the fort while testing them out with a hard mission. Mr. Black's true identity was unknown, but he was only said to be extremely strong and ruthless.

A few demons had seemed interested in testing the veracity of the rumors, swaggering over with some bloodlust in their eyes. But after Zac released a deathly aura teeming with killing intent and the Dao of Rot they quickly changed their minds and hurried away, leaving him to his own devices while the groups teleported over to the other continent.

At least it showed that no one could recognize who he truly was, and Zac wasn't surprised. He had completely changed every part of his appearance, and even if he didn't wear the mask he didn't believe anyone could tell who he truly was. He had even taken it off a few times in passing in front of others to quell any unwanted rumors of his identity.

Zac was one of the last to step through the teleporter. After a few minutes of darkness, he stepped out into a scorching hot atmosphere. It had to be at least 45 degrees from what Zac could tell, and if this had been him from before the integration he would have been incapacitated in no time from the billowing heat.

Now it barely registered for him, and only the weakest non-combat personnel were sweating a bit from the suns' rays. He took look around and he had to say that Mr. Trang had found a pretty nice place for himself. It was a secluded bay protected from the winds, and tropical trees lined the sandy beach. The familiar face of the old fisherman hurried over when he saw Zac standing and taking in the view.

"Mr... Uh... Black?" Mr. Trang hesitantly said as he looked Zac up and down.

Zac had already instructed Joanna to inform Mr. Trang of his true identity, because just like during the auction Mr. Trang would be representative of Port Atwood's human faction in the underworld. So Zac simply nodded in response before he was led to a recently erected structure where Joanna, Calrin, and Verana waited.

With them was also Harvath, one of the E-Grade demons who was part of Zac's strike squad against the incursions. It looked like he had been chosen to represent the demon's interest in this venture. Zac looked around the room and took off his mask before sitting down.

"It's good to see you again Mr. Trang," Zac smiled, causing the old man to flinch a bit.

Zac knew Mr. Trang was a bit thrown by the pitch-black eyes, but he pretended to not notice.

"Has something happened? I can't see the mentioned town in the teleportation menu," Zac continued.

"It only opens two times a day at random times, and it stays open for just a few minutes. We believe it is a security measure," Mr. Trang explained. "It was through dumb luck that we noticed it. But it opened five hours ago so it should open again within 5-6 hours."

"Great," Zac said. "I want everyone ready. We're immediately heading down the next time it opens."