

## D. Extraction 781

### Chapter 781 The Messenger

"Great... We are not in a hurry. We just want to make sure that we'll be completely safe." Jin said after hearing Elowen's words."

"Of course, I can recommend two guides who have just arrived in the city. They've actually completed four similar tasks already. They brought people to the Shadow Immortal's domain safely, and one of them even gained a successful audience for the Immortal. You have to trust those two!" Elowen explained with a smug expression as she truly felt proud of those two Arcanists.

"Right, since they're experienced, the price for hiring them would be quite higher than normal escort missions." Elowen added.

"That's fine..." Jin said while still feeling curious as to how other Arcanists were able to meet the immortal. He knew that these Immortals were normally arrogant after being able to possess Divinity.

They would normally disdain listening to others or even giving an audience to others.

"Money will not be an issue. We like to hire them if they're that good." Giorgi added.

Elowen then smiled at these two customers as she asked them to wait momentarily while calling the two Arcanists.

Luckily, it didn't take that long, as she seemed to have a link with their Communication Crystals.

"Meet your guides... Fox and Axe... They were using their codenames and doesn't want to reveal their real names, so don't ask them. However, I can assure you that they were trustworthy people."

Fox, with silver hair and eyes like starlight, stepped forward.

"The Forbidden Forest is a bit too far from here, but I've walked its paths. I'll guide you... With my abilities, we can even avoid the Demons lurking in small groups."

Axe, a bespectacled and scholarly-looking man, added... "And I've entered the Forbidden Forests for several times now. We will be able to avoid trouble as long as you stay with... Furthermore, there were still remnants of the worshippers of the Eminence of the Sea... Make sure not to tell anyone that you want to meet the Shadow Immortal, or we'll be attacked by those hiding worshippers."

Indeed, Fox and Axe were the agents of the Arcane Bureau and working for the Shadow Immortal. Kyle had been working with the many members of the Arcane Bureau all over the world to get real-time updates about the situation of the continent during this invasion.

This time, however, none of the two groups were aware of their secret identities...

Jin and Giorgi exchanged glances. These arcanists weren't truly needed to visit the Forbidden Forest. However, they have to lie low for now and ensure that no remnant of Temporal Energy would be left in their bodies...

They couldn't use spells that could alter time, as the Shadow Immortal with the Dimensional Creature would surely notice it!

They had to approach the territory of the Immortal without being recognized as a Time Manipulator if they wanted a smooth mission.

Even if they had to use their Temporal Spells, that should be when they were fully ready to fight the Immortal head-on and steal the Golden Key from him.

"Very well... Let's talk about the payment." Jin said.

Soon, they agreed to the terms, and the guild even provided them with a free enchanted compass. Elowen explained that these aetheric needles pointed toward hidden ley lines that would allow them to have an easier time avoiding the rifts of the Demons.

"It's created by the Rune Arts Faction and were being given to everyone for a dirt cheap price. The Shadow Immortal assisted them in making this when they entered the Abyss Realm." Elowen explained after seeing their surprised reaction.

She just smiled at this as she had a similar reaction when she learned that the Immortal assisted an Elite Group of Runecasters in studying the Abyss Realm for a brief duration.

It was truly amazing how the Shadow Immortal involved himself in various organizations.

\*\*\*

As they left Aetherholm Arcanist Guild Hall, Fox and Axe led the way.

The city of Aetherholm buzzed with arcane energy as Jin and Giorgi stepped onto the cobblestone streets.

They were in a hurry a while ago but now that they were a bit more relaxed, they realized that this city was actually filled with strong Arcanists.

Ms. Fox hailed a horse-drawn carriage, its wooden wheels creaking as it pulled up. The driver, a grizzled old man, eyed the two familiar Arcanists...

"Heh~ Off to the forest, are ye?" The old man spat on the ground. "Fools, all of ye. No good comes from meddling with the Immortals. I heard that they were just attacked by powerful demons... You have to stay away from them since that Immortal is being targeted by the Demons."

"Haha... You won't understand, old man... Having an audience for an Immortal could change your life. No one wants to pass that opportunity." Fox replied as they boarded the carriage.

This old man was actually Barnaby. Another agent of the Arcane Bureau... Their meeting just now wasn't a coincidence, as this old man would report this mission to the headquarters.

'Two Arcanists are headed to the Immortal's Castle.'

Barnaby grunted, but he cracked the reins, and the carriage lurched forward.

The city faded behind them, replaced by rolling hills and meadows. The sun dipped low, casting long shadows. Fox leaned back, his eyes half-closed.

"Fox..." Giorgi asked. "What do you know of the Immortal?"

Fox's gaze sharpened. She remembered her first experience with the Shadow Immortal, and it was certainly not good, especially regarding what happened in one of their branches, where a huge battle occurred that almost destroyed the entire secret base!

After a few moments, she replied.

"He's no ordinary being. His power seeps into the land, twists reality. But he's probably not invincible. There are chinks in his weapons when I first saw him." She replied nonchalantly, not thinking whether this information was important or not.

Anyway, their conversation was just superficial.

Two days later, they reached the town of Ironridge and paid Barnaby.

In this town, the air smelled of coal and industry.

Here, the next leg of their journey awaited—a steam-powered train that would take them closer to the forest's heart.

The train station buzzed with activity.

Passengers hurried, porters shouted, and the locomotive hissed steam.

Axe, acted like a true escort as he scanned the crowd.

"Beware..." he murmured. "The Eminence of the Sea's influence is strong over here." He reminded as Fox arranged their boarding tickets and payments.

Soon, they boarded the train after they heard its iron wheels screeching against the tracks.

As they looked at the window, the landscape blurred—a patchwork of fields, villages, and distant mountains.

"Three more towns... Three nights of rest. Then we'll glimpse the forest." Fox said.

That was plenty of time...

As the steam-powered train barreled through the verdant countryside, Jin and Giorgi sat by the window, their eyes tracing the landscape.

The rhythmic clatter of wheels against rails lulled them into a sense of security.

More than half a day had passed since they left Aetherholm.

The sun dipped low, casting long shadows across the train's interior.

Passengers dozed while their faces were etched with weariness. But then, something caught Jin's eye—a blur of movement outside the window.

Whoosh~

"What's that? Did you see it?" Jin asked but he didn't have to hear their answer as he could tell from the expression on their faces that they had seen it.

He leaned closer, his breath fogging the glass.

There, for a fleeting moment, he glimpsed a thrall once again. It was a creature of darkness that was racing alongside the train.

Its eyes glowed crimson, and its limbs stretched impossibly long. The thrall moved with terrifying speed, keeping pace effortlessly. No, it was speeding up as the darkness seemed to be helping this creature!

Soon, they could no longer see the thrall!

Giorgi felt something was off with that thrall... They weren't normally that impressive!

"What kind of mutation was that?" He muttered. He could only believe that it was an abnormal thrall.

Jin's mind raced. "That's a suspicious thrall..." he said. "It normally craves for human lives... But it's not attacking. It's just focused on its mission."

Giorgi frowned. 'Is that one of the Vampire's summons?'

He asked Jin through telepathy.

Jin hesitated.

'It can't be. The vampire is dead. Her summons should have vanished.'

Giorgi nodded, but unease settled in his gut.

The thrall's presence defied reason. It wasn't normal—even in a world teeming with demons due to the Invasion, there shouldn't be a thrall on that level.

He glanced at Fox and Axe, who sat across from them. The arcanists exchanged a knowing look, their expressions mirroring Jin and Giorgi's concern.

Fox also used a telepathy on her partner.

'We need to report this to the Arcane Bureau.' She said.

Axe grunted in agreement. "That speed—it's unnatural. The Bureau needs to know."

As the train hurtled onward, the four people decided not to talk about it anymore.

Although Jin and Giorgi felt a little flustered as they thought that they were being targeted by the Vampire, they finally calmed down...

'There's no way that Vampire is still alive.' Jin thought to himself as he slowly relaxed.

Chapter 782 New Companion

The journey of the two Time Manipulators continued.

In the town of Silverbrook, they stayed at the Rusty Griffin Inn. The innkeeper, a stout woman named Hilda, eyed their cloaks.

"You're not from around here..." She said while looking Fox... Needless to say, she was also an undercover agent of the Arcane Bureau and the two agents wanted to make a report here about the suspicious thrall they'd seen.

Of course, that would be done away from the prying eyes of the two clients they have.

"Yes... We're travelers." Fox replied. "And we just need a good night's sleep."

Hilda nodded, her eyes looked shrewd as she looked at Jin.

"We only have two rooms available... Just share with each other."

"We're fine with that..." Axe replied that he wanted to make his report already. After making their payment, Fox informed Jin and Giorgi that they would just buy a few things they needed.

"We'll go ahead and rest then..." Jin replied. Although he was already feeling a bit suspicious of these two Arcanists, he wasn't worried at all since he wasn't feeling any killing intent from them.

It means that even if they had secrets they were hiding, it probably wasn't too important. Anyway, they knew that there weren't a lot of Arcanists or Immortals who could deal with them.

Anyway, their journey continued for a while since after resting in this town, they boarded another train, and this time, they were caught in an incident.

\*\*\*

The rhythmic chugging of the train had been a comforting constant for Axe and Fox as they journeyed from Silverbrook Town.

Jin and Giorgi also seemed relaxed as they confirmed that there were no longer any traces of Temporal Energy in their bodies after several days of discontinuing their use of Time Spells.

Now, they were confident that they would not be detected as Time Manipulators even if a Dimensional Creature was in front of them... At the very least, they would need some time to observe their bodies before they could tell their identity. Of course, it was something that would be difficult to happen.

But as the train slowed to an unscheduled stop in a small, unnamed village, a sense of unease crept over them.

The doors hissed open, and onto the train stepped a group of figures that were unmistakably not human.

"Mhmmm?"

Metallic golems, androids with surfaces gleaming like polished armor, moved down the aisle with mechanical precision.

Their eyes, if they could be called that, emitted a soft glow as they scanned the passengers. Jin and Giorgi exchanged a look of alarm, having never encountered such beings.

Fox, noticing their concern, leaned in. "We're nearing the Immortal's territory..." she whispered. "Expect the security to tighten."

Jin's brow furrowed. "These are the Immortal's minions?"

"In a way," Axe interjected. "They're the creations of a genius alchemist in the Immortal's employ. Talent is a valuable currency here. If you're skilled, I'm sure that Immortal will also invest in you."

Jin and Giorgi could only wryly smile after hearing this.

Soon, the androids approached, one extending an arm.

From its palm emerged a device that pulsed with an eerie light.

It swept over Jin and Giorgi, emitting a series of soft beeps. This was also done to Fox and Axe...

Axe then explained that the artifact was designed to detect demonic possession or malevolent spirits...

After a few moments, the androids found nothing amiss with the two Arcanists. With a nod that seemed almost courteous, the androids continued on.

"Interesting..." Jin muttered as he watched how naturally they moved.

However, their relief was short-lived as a commotion erupted from the next cabin!

Shouts and the sound of scuffling feet reached their ears.

The other androids hastened towards the disturbance, their earlier calm efficiency replaced by swift, decisive action!

"Demon!" A passenger shouted, creating panic in the other cabins!

A demon, somehow undetected until now, had revealed itself.

Its form was a swirling mass of shadows, eyes like burning coals set deep within a face of horror.

"Help!"

"Run!"

The passengers screamed, scrambling to escape the cabin as the androids engaged the creature!

Seeing this, the passengers felt relieved as they believed that they were finally safe.

The battle was fierce but brief.

The Demon lashed out with tendrils of dark energy, each strike dismantling an android with terrifying efficiency!

Thud! Thud! Thud!

In moments, the five metal golems lay in ruins, their parts scattered across the floor!

Another panic ensued. The train's whistle blew a shrill warning as the conductor attempted to regain control.

Jin and Giorgi, along with Fox and Axe, knew they had to do something. They couldn't allow the Demon to wreak havoc...

The Demon that had revealed itself was a mass of shadows and malice, its presence a stark contrast to the mundane journey they had embarked upon.

Jin and Giorgi, careful not to reveal their true nature as Time Manipulators, reached into their cloaks and produced a pair of ancient artifacts.

These relics, etched with symbols of the Mystic Arts, glowed with a potent energy. With practiced motions, they began to chant, drawing upon the artifacts' power to cast spells of containment and banishment.

"By the Mystic Arts, we command thee,

Bound by artifact, we demand thee,

Return to the abyss, from whence you came,

Sealed by our will, in the arcane flame."

As soon as Fox and Axe heard their chants, they realized that these two Mystic Arts Practitioners were Ritual Experts!

They weren't Shamans!

Nonetheless, they had no time to be impressed.

The two of them unsheathed their runic weapons—blades inscribed with mystical runes. These runes weren't simple either, as they had received them from the merchant organization that had been established by the Immortal himself!

They believed that these Runic Weapons were actually made by the Legendary Arcanist of the Continent, Magnus!

As soon as they poured their Arcane Energy into the weapons, they dashed forward!

They moved in unison, their weapons humming through the air, carving runes of light that sizzled against the Demon's form!

The Demon roared, a sound that threatened to shatter the very windows of the train, but the combined assault of mystic spells and runic blades held it at bay.

Passengers cowered, their eyes wide with fear, as they witnessed a battle that defied explanation—a clash of otherworldly forces in the confines of their carriage!

They knew that this was dangerous, so most of them could only pray that they wouldn't die! They also couldn't help but scold the train operators in their minds for not opening the doors immediately!

"This Demon isn't too strong! We can win!" Fox said as she knew that reinforcement won't be necessary.

Axe and the others also felt the same, as the Demon seemed to be really weak... Well, the androids must've taken a lot of its energy just now.

\*\*\*

In the midst of the chaos, unnoticed by everyone in the cabin, a nobleman watched from the sidelines. His gaze was fixed on Jin and Giorgi, a knowing smirk playing upon his lips.

Had Kyle been present, he would have recognized this figure as the Demon Lord, the one who had met with Farah, the Fortune Goddess' Avatar.

Anyway, the Demon Lord's Avatar's interest was piqued by the display of power before him.

As the battle reached its climax, Jin and Giorgi's artifacts pulsed with a final surge of energy, while Fox and Axe's runic weapons glowed with a fierce light.

Together, they struck the Demon. Their powers were able to cut through the Demonic Being in just less than a minute!

Thud!

When the light faded, the Demon was no more—its essence was already scattered to the winds.

The train, once a scene of terror, was now calm. The passengers emerged from their hiding places, their expressions a mix of relief and awe.

The nobleman, the Demon Lord's Avatar, leaned back in his seat, his smirk widening.

"Time Manipulators? Interesting..." He murmured to himself.

Jin and Giorgi, along with Fox and Axe, sheathed their weapons and artifacts. A dozen Elite Androids came equipped with Royal-Rank Artifacts, so they should be able to have a good fight against the Demon. However, after understanding what had happened, the cabin was just cleaned up, and everything was fixed... The train would then continue with their journey.

'What a pity...' Fox thought as she looked at the androids going away... Apparently, he knew that if the group of Elite Androids weren't able to settle this matter in a specific time, a Half-

Immortal or even an Immortal would actually rush to this train to take care of the Demon.

It had happened several times already, and the Arcane Bureau was well aware of it.

But she immediately shook her head since that was a dangerous thought. Some innocent lives might be claimed if that happened.

Then, she looked at their clients, curious about the artifacts they wielded.

She wanted to ask them about it, but this time, a man wearing a nice suit and holding a cane approached them.

"Hello, are you also going to meet the Shadow Immortal?"

Chapter 783 Summoned

Fox exchanged a glance with Axe. They didn't recognize this man, and his Arcane Path remained a mystery. Nonetheless, they knew that the man was an Arcanist...

Caution was warranted since he might even be a worshipper of the Eminence of the Sea.

"We can't tell you where we are going..." Fox replied evenly. "However, what made you think that we're to meet the Shadow Immortal?"

The man's smile remained unwavering as he answered.

"Right... You might be suspicious of me. I'm Bael," he said. "An Arcanist, like yourselves, and I, too, seek an audience with the Immortal. No need for undue suspicion. I just need something from the Immortal."

Axe, ever vigilant, continued the conversation. "What can we do for you, Bael?"

The nobleman's presence intrigued Fox. His motives remained veiled, but she sensed a deeper purpose. As the train carried them toward their destination, they decided to entertain this person to learn more about him. This was one of their tasks as secret agents of the Arcane Bureau.

After all, any suspicious people must be reported to the higher-ups.

Bael looked at the group and spoke.

"I seek an audience with the Shadow Immortal," he said. "To request a drop of his blood."

Jin raised an eyebrow. Everyone here was aware of precious it was. Even Jin and Giorgi glanced at the man who had joined their cabin.



"His blood? What could you possibly offer in exchange?" Axe questioned as he looked at the man. Aside from his hat and hit cane, he doesn't seem to be carrying anything else.

Bael's smile was enigmatic.

"A family heirloom," he replied. "A relic passed down through generations. Its power lies beyond mere sentiment. I can't show it to you though..."

Finally, the Time Manipulators got curious.

Giorgi leaned in. "Why the secrecy? Why not show us this heirloom?"

Bael's gaze shifted, as if considering his words. "Some things are best revealed in due time," he said. "Trust me—it holds a legacy that stretches back centuries."

Fox, ever cautious, studied Bael. "And what do you intend to do with the Immortal's blood?"

Bael hesitated. "That, too, is a secret," he said. "But it involves a debt—one that must be repaid. I already said too much. Can you at least tell me what to expect in the Immortal's Castle or the Forbidden Forest where it lies? I believe that it isn't a secret..."

Axe and Fox looked at each other before they nodded. In any case, they also wanted to brief their two clients about it.

Anyway, they were just basic information to ensure that they would not offend the immortal and die without knowing the reason.

Of course, one of the things they learned was that they were not allowed to fight or destroy any androids...

The two of them listed several things, and the three nodded and made sure to remember all of them.

Since there was still plenty of time, the conversation continued, each of them shared their own motivations for meeting the Immortal.

Jin and Giorgi, despite their initial skepticism, found themselves intrigued by Bael's cryptic tale.

After a little longer, they reached a consensus. The Time Manipulators nodded with each other.

"You may join our small group," Jin said.

And so, with Bael now part of their journey, they prepared to continue.

Soon, the train's wheels ground to a halt, and the passengers disembarked onto the platform of Moonshade Town.

The air here was different—a blend of pine and wood smoke, tinged with a scent of Elemental Arcane Energy.

Well, the town was nestled at the edge of the Forbidden Forest!

Bael, the enigmatic Arcanist they had met on the train, stepped onto the platform alongside Jin, Giorgi, Fox, and Axe.

His eyes seemed to be filled with curiosity as he surveyed the place.

"Shadow Immortal... We will meet soon... I really hope you're the one I'm looking for." Bael, the Demon Lord's Avatar, muttered.

\*\*\*

Deep within the heart of the Forbidden Forest, where ancient trees clung to every crevice, the Shadow Immortal's castle stood.

Its spires were high and were already shrouded in mist and veiled by enchantments that defied mortal comprehension.

The castle was the fortress of an Immortal, its very stones imbued with the essence of darkness.

But today, the castle was in turmoil.

It was now filled with tension, and the Immortal's attendants moved with urgency.

Kyle, the Shadow Immortal himself, paced the obsidian halls. His eyes, as dark as the abyss, held a storm of emotions—rage, curiosity, and a hint of fear.

Just a while ago, the thrall had arrived. It was Lisa's messenger and its form was already starting to collapse when it reached the castle...

However, with its eyes glowing in crimson, its voice echoed through the castle's corridors.

"Lisa is dead," it intoned its words like shards of ice. "The Vampire has fallen."

Kyle's heart skipped a beat when he heard this.

Lisa—the half-immortal, the one with his Divine Blood—had been one of his loyal companions and friend...

After she obtained the Vampiric Bloodline Orb and transformed into a True Vampire, she trained a lot until her vampiric abilities became unparalleled and her cunning unmatched.

With his help, she had danced on the edge of immortality as her existence was already a defiance of the natural order.

And now she was gone.

But how? Who had dared to challenge her?

The Immortal's mind raced. Lisa's death was no ordinary event. It was a seismic shift in the balance of power...

Even if she faced the Half-Immortals of the Arcane Bureau, or even the Merlin, she would definitely not die with her abilities.

Farah, the Fortune Goddess, had also promised him that her side would remain quiet for now. It means that the killer should not be her Holy Saint.

'Is it the Demon Lord? But how did he fail to notice this thrall's presence?' Kyle mused.

Anyway, he felt truly disturbed by the news. He couldn't understand how Lisa had failed to escape if she had found herself in danger.

Lisa's escape abilities—the Blood Mist, the swarm of bats—had been legendary.

If she really could not escape, she would definitely last for a long time if she battled. After all, her Vampiric Spells could replenish her life force and defy death itself.

Kyle could only lean on the nearby pillar and sighed.

Whoever had defeated her was no ordinary adversary.

Anyway, Kyle's decision was swift.

He sent one of his Avatars and two of his Immortal Soldiers to investigate where Lisa had fallen. He actually wanted to go by himself, but he was warned by the two Dragons who were listening to him.

Well, since Lisa was killed just like that, and the thrall had actually arrived to send the message, they couldn't help but think that there might be a trap. It was better to stay in the castle for now.

It was reasonable, and he could only agree.

However, Kyle's eyes burned.

He was prepared to go to war if he knew who the killer was.

And so, the Immortal's castle buzzed with activity. The Avatar and the Soldiers departed, their forms dissolving into shadow.

The others also started contacting the nearby informants to understand what happened to the King and get a report directly from the witnesses.

Soon, their contacts with the merchant organizations, Arcane Bureau, Church of the Lord of the Secrets, and the spies of the Millton Kingdom were used to gather information!

\*\*\*

Meanwhile, far away from the chaos in the central continent...

Deep within the ocean depths, where light dared not penetrate, and pressure crushed the feeble, the ocean floor stirred.

The very fabric of reality quivered as ancient forces converged.

The remnant worshippers of the Church of the Eminence of the Sea, with their unwavering faith, had gathered in secret—a clandestine congregation of zealots who sought communion with their deity!

Halvor, the Eminence of the Sea, was no ordinary god.

His dominion extended beyond the waves, touching every ship's hull, every sailor's prayer. His wrath could summon tempests, and his favor could part the seas.

But today, the remaining worshippers sought more than mere blessings. They sought to summon him as per the revelation from one of their priests!

Soon, the ritual began.

It was a symphony of chants, together with their sacrifice.

The worshippers recited in ancient language, but they had practiced this for a long time and they wouldn't make a mistake!

They traced sigils on the ocean floor, their fingers leaving glowing trails. The currents responded, swirling around them, carrying their devotion to unseen realms.

Soon, a path for Halvor to use had started to open.

The water trembled. The very sea floor cracked, revealing a chasm—a portal to realms beyond. Halvor's form materialized—

a titan of scales and foam with eyes like fathomless whirlpools.

His presence was a tempest, a tidal surge that threatened to engulf even his followers.

The worshippers knelt, their eyes wide with awe and fear.

Soon, Halvor's voice echoed through the worshippers' minds...

"You have done well."

Chapter 784 Barriers

"You have done well."

This voice came from Halver, the Eminence of the Sea, and the deity they were worshipping.

However, for some reason, instead of feeling delighted, these words terrified the worshippers even more...

And then it happened—the worshippers screamed, their life force was soon drawn into the chasm.

"My lord! Why are you doing this?!"

"Please, calm down!"

"Why have you forsaken us?!"

These were the plights of the strongest Arcanists in the Church. However, Halvor didn't care at all, as if the people he was killing weren't his followers who had obeyed his orders for a long time!

Halvor remained silent as he concentrated on taking their lives!

Soon, the waters churned, a vortex of energy spiraling upward.

Then, after taking everyone's lives, Halvor's form shifted, as he formed a human shape, but with eyes that held the ocean's depth... However, he hasn't absorbed everyone's energy yet. He only absorbed their life force and not their Arcane Energy yet.

'Mhmm... This is uncomfortable... I guess I have to use this as well.' Halvor thought as he looked at the blob of Arcane Energy, he had collected from the fallen High Priests and other Arcanists of his church.

Soon, Halvor completely absorbed their essence, their memories, and their magic.

Slowly, he perfected his human shape.

Soon, he became a deity in mortal guise.

Then, he moved and came out of the water... He didn't even make a splash as he floated above the seawater!

There, he realized that there were hundreds of worshippers on a cliff waiting for his arrival!

As soon as these worshippers sensed his Divinity, they all knelt down as they knew that it was none other than the deity they were looking for!

Halvor didn't bat an eye after seeing these worshippers. However, he considered for a moment before he floated near them and descended.

Halvor's human form stood among them, his eyes reflecting the depths of the ocean.

\*\*\*

Halvor's emergence from the water was a sight to behold.

He defied the natural order, his human form still looked ethereal.

However, it was only for a brief moment as his human form seemed to have adjusted after going out of the sea feeling the air.

At this time, the worshippers, waiting on a nearby cliff, watched in awe.

Their faith had summoned him, and now they knelt, their foreheads touching the rocky ground as they couldn't help but cry. They've finally seen their deity!

The atmosphere was filled with anticipation as they waited for the blessing of the Eminence of the Sea!

This time, Halvor's gaze swept over them—a thousand souls bound by devotion.

They had sacrificed much—their secrets, their fears, their wealth—to bring him forth. And now, he stood among them, his human form a vessel for ancient power.

The worshippers trembled.

The remaining Priest, clad in a green robe, raised his head and stood up before he stepped forward.

"Eminence," he said, his voice echoing off the cliffs, "We seek your guidance. The Shadow Immortal encroaches. The Demons are also targeting us... Even our allied Arcane Organizations no longer helped us. Please lead us! The whole world is now against us!"

Halvor's eyes narrowed after hearing the Shadow Immortal...

They had a previous conflict where his Avatar was destroyed by this Shadow Immortal.

That was the reason why he had come here once again. This time, this Avatar was possessing over 80% of his spirit!

He was confident that he would win against the Shadow Immortal, especially if he worked with the Demon Lord!

"I need your life essence..." Halvor said to his devoted followers.

He had already taken the lives of their strongest—first-class Arcanists and master-class Arcanists. Their life essence would fuel his purpose... However, it wasn't enough.

The remaining Priest raised a dagger—an artifact of coral and moonlight.

"Then I shall take my life to show you my devotion! Please avenge us!" he said.

Halvor considered.

The other worshippers' fear could be felt—their hearts beating in unison. They had no idea that they would have to sacrifice their lives here!

However, the other fanatics seemed to be excited to offer their lives!

"Mhmm... A worthy offering," Halvor murmured. "Your sacrifice shall not be in vain."

And then it happened once again. The worshipper's screams and their essence were drawn into him!

Halvor absorbed their memories—the taste of salt on their lips, the whispered prayers, the dreams of lost ships and forgotten islands.

For those Arcanists, their magic flowed into him. It was filled with power and pain.

Many of the worshippers fell, their bodies dissolving into mist as Halvor waved his hand.

It was almost as if the cliff wept, as a waterfall of souls rushed through his body.

Halvor's human form stood still as he looked at the ones who didn't claim their lives.

The remaining worshippers just watched, their previous awe now tinged with terror. They didn't expect this to happen!

"Why?" one cried. "We followed your words!"

"Please stop this!" another pleaded.

However, Halvor's voice was cold, devoid of mercy.

"Your lives," he said, "will be used for a much grander purpose. It is your blessing to become my strength."

And so, in just a few moments, the worshippers vanished—their devotion repaid in blood and sacrifice. Halvor's purpose for gathering followers was finally completed.

After a while, Halvor looked to the east with a smile.

The Forbidden Forest awaited, and the Shadow Immortal would soon know—a new enemy had entered the game, and the tides of fate shifted once more.

\*\*\*

Meanwhile, in the eastern part of the Ruri Kingdom, the Forbidden Forest loomed before Fox's group.

It was a tangle of huge and ancient trees, and their branches were like skeletal fingers reaching for the sky.

Fox and Axe, seasoned guides, led Jin, Giorgi, and Bael through the dense foliage. The atmosphere here was thick with Arcabe Energy, and the ground seemed to pulse with runes as well.

It felt as if the huge forest was part of a single Formation Art!

It was such a strange sensation!

Nonetheless, as they ventured deeper, Fox whispered to everyone...

"Remember, the fog can play tricks on the mind. Stay close."

Jin nodded, his eyes scanning the shifting shadows created by the mist.

Giorgi, didn't seem to care about the mist, but he adjusted the strap of his satchel.

Bael, the enigmatic Arcanist, followed silently, his gaze darting from tree to tree.

After a while, the outermost barrier of the castle blocked them. It would probably be seen by normal humans as a stone wall that couldn't be passed but to Arcanists, it was a shimmering veil of energy that was filled with power.

Furthermore, they could also see several androids guarding this area, or perhaps, checkpoint.

"These androids are really interesting..." Jin muttered, seeing their metallic forms standing in sentinel. Their eyes glowed with artificial intelligence, and their limbs moved like humans.

At this time, Fox stepped forward, her voice was clear.

"We seek passage to the Shadow Immortal's castle," she said. "We are from Arcanist Guild! We are also guides who can send people up to the fourth barrier."

The androids scanned them—beams of light sweeping over their bodies. Their internal algorithms processed the data, cross-referencing it with their database. "Purpose confirmed," one of them intoned. "Proceed."

The group passed through, the barrier parting like a curtain.

It was easy, and the other three didn't even question why...

But beyond lay another challenge—the second checkpoint. This one was different—a barrier of shifting illusions, a maze of mirrors and whispers. The androids here were more formidable, their eyes sharper.

Giorgi frowned. "What is this?"

Fox's expression tightened. "This is the four barrier... It has another name, the Illusion Barrier," she said. "It tests your resolve, your clarity of purpose. If you are only doing business and don't want to meet the Immortal, you won't have to pass through here. We can go to another path... We would at least meet his trusted aides that way..."

"Why is he doing this?" Bael asked curiously.

"Well, I heard that the Immortal had numerous visitors before. It was difficult to attend them all for the lone Immortal. Because of that, he decided to only meet people or Arcanists with certain status or strength. If you pass his tests, he wouldn't mind meeting with you, and he might even be the one to request your meeting immediately if you are able to overcome all the barriers with your own abilities."

It was Axe who replied this time.

At this time, Bael chuckled as he couldn't help but find this amusing.

"Hahaha... So it was like that. Is there a chance that I can become one of his people if I pass this?" Bael asked.

"Of course! You might become a permanent resident in his castle! I heard there are only a few people who managed to do that, though." Axe answered.

"Anyway, you don't have to pass the four tests that he made. If you just pass a single one of them, you will gain the right to meet the Immortal."

At this time, the two Time Manipulators looked at each other. They certainly wanted to meet the Immortal, but they were concerned that they would get recognized as Time Manipulators.

They couldn't allow that to happen.

However, Bael, the Demon Lord, seemed excited!

"I'll go first!"

Chapter 785 The Calm before the Storm

Bael's eagerness to confront the Illusion Barrier sent a ripple of anticipation through the group.

"Good luck! After you all enter, we will be leaving this place. This is as far as we can go. Whether you meet the Immortal or not, it will now be up to your own abilities." Axe said as he also looked at his two clients.

Bael only nodded at this reminder as he stepped forward to enter the illusion barrier.

Soon, a veil of shimmering illusions enveloped him, distorting reality with seeming guidance from spirits.

'Interesting...' Bael mused as he felt his body entering the illusion.

He actually found himself in a mirror room! The forest was long gone, and he couldn't tell whether it was hypnotism or if he had been really transported to a mirror maze room!

He could tell that it wasn't a simple Formation Art made by Arcanists but it involved Divinity in the process!

However, this didn't stop Bael at all as he forcibly moved and didn't even care if a mirror blocked his path!

Well, he actually wanted to cause a commotion so he could finally meet the Shadow Immortal. However, he wanted to do it in a way that the Immortal wouldn't be too wary of him.

'Let's see...' Bael muttered.

The reflections within the mirrors shifted, morphing into tantalizing visions of power and desire, each tempting him with a different path.

'Did he use the Deadly Sins' power on this?' Bael couldn't help but think of this after seeing the way the illusion was arranged.

This time, he decided to stop using his brute force as he wanted to see the origin of the Formation Arts.

Bael's eyes narrowed as he focused his will, seeking the truth within the labyrinth of illusions.

As he strode forth, the illusions grew more intricate, it actually tried to look into his memories and desires to tailor a test that would push his resolve to the limit.

Shadows danced at the edge of his vision as he felt the Shadow Immortals' Divinity around him...



However, it could do nothing against him!

Bael's navigated the twisting corridors of the Illusion Barrier without stopping!

Each step brought him closer to the end. It was supposedly a test of his innermost fears and desires laid bare before him, but it wasn't working on him at all...

However, at the last stage of the Illusion Maze, something unexpected happened.

Suddenly, a figure materialized before him, clad in shadows and wielding an ethereal blade that shimmered with arcane power.

The figure spoke with a voice that resonated through the chamber...

"You are a failure, Demon Lord. You can never obtain the power---."

Without hesitation, Bael drew upon his inner strength, his eyes blazing with cold killing intent.

With a swift motion, he slashed through the illusions, dispelling the mirages that sought to ensnare his mind.

As the final illusion shattered, a blinding light engulfed Bael, revealing a small resting house in the middle of the forest.

'That last illusion contained Draconic Runes... I can't be mistaken.' Bael stopped for a moment as he knew that it was definitely not good news. No matter what, Draconic Runes, or any of their spells, works really well against Demonic Arts.

Nonetheless, Bael was still confident that he could win any battle against such species.

With a deep breath, Bael gazed into the resting house or the log cabin.

Of course, he decided to enter it as he felt someone's presence inside.

As Bael entered the log cabin, he felt a faint aura of ancient magic.

The interior was cozy yet enigmatic, with icicles dancing across the walls like they were alive...

In the center of the room, seated at a simple wooden table, was an elderly Arcanist whose presence exuded a sense of timeless wisdom.

Bael recognized this man as he received many reports from the scouts he had sent to this realm. He was even regarded as someone who would destroy many of their Rifts.

Without a doubt, it was Merlin, the Overseer of the Realm.

'So he was hiding here all along... I guess he's only relying to the Immortal to take care of everything now. That's not a bad decision.'

Bael couldn't help but smile at the unexpected sight of Merlin, a powerful figure that should be protecting this realm.

Though he concealed his true identity as the Avatar of the Demon Lord, a sense of unease lingered beneath his façade as he knew that the Overseer had a special Fusion Spell that could inspect him.

Nonetheless, if the Fusion Spell wasn't use, there shouldn't be anything to worry about.

"Mhmm..."

"You passed the test quite easily," Merlin spoke, his voice carrying the weight of age and experience. "Do you wish to meet the Immortal now, or do you seek to undertake the remaining trials?"

Bael's thought for a moment as he weighed his options.

However, before he could reply, Jin and Giorgi emerged from the veil of illusions, they seemed to have seen something in that illusion as their expression didn't seem that good.

Nonetheless, their eyes lit up after seeing the log cabin.

It was beckoning them to enter, so they did just that.

Merlin's gaze shifted to the newcomers, he couldn't recognize these people so he already had a hint of their identities.

He knew that they were visitors of this realm...

'Well, it's not my task to stop them...'

With a subtle nod of acknowledgment, he turned back to Bael, his gaze piercing through the veil of pretense.

"Before you make your decision, let me illuminate the path ahead," Merlin began, his voice a melodic cadence that resonated with ancient knowledge. "The remaining trials are trials of the mind, body, and spirit. Each one will test your innermost strengths and weaknesses, forging you anew in the crucible of the Immortal's domain. This is what the Shadow Immortal wanted."

Bael listened intently. He actually felt compelled to take the challenge!

Furthermore, this would make him more desirable in the Immortal's eyes.

Soon, Merlin detailed the nature of each trial as the three visitors listened.

\*\*\*

In the meantime, in the castle at the center of the five layers of barriers, Kyle was meditating in his room.

This meditation would allow him to produce more Divinity as the four Immortals taught him the method of conversion.

It was a slow process, but it was better than waiting for his Divinity to naturally form.

'Hmm?' Kyle frowned as he felt something off.

Just now, he received a report from Constance through telepathy. This information came from the Arcane Bureau as well.

'After Lisa died, I got visitors that the Arcane Bureau had no idea about,' Kyle mused, his brow furrowed in contemplation.

For some reason, unease came to him, and he couldn't ignore it. He believed that it was his Extrasensory Perception Spell working.

Apparently, Fox and Axe, loyal agents of the Arcane Bureau, had already relayed their findings to Constance, their reports painting a picture of events beyond the ordinary.

The presence of unknown visitors who had now surpassed the illusion trial sent ripples of concern. After all, for someone to be unknown from the Arcane Bureau, they must've lived in the deeper mountains and hadn't used any form of identification ever since they were born. It was almost impossible for an organization of their scale to miss this.

Just as Kyle decided to delve deeper into the mysteries that surrounded those three visitors, a message from Director Virgo of the Arcane Bureau was sent to him, its urgency evident in every word.

"The Avatar of the Eminence of the Sea has been revived." It was the message he heard.

It was obviously a concern to Kyle as the Eminence of the Sea was a troublesome being...

"They're coming at me together? Fine... I don't care anymore. Even if the Demon Lord joins in... They'll be facing my full strength." Kyle muttered as he decided to prepare.

The implications of the Avatar's resurrection were dire as his followers might really cause trouble in various cities...

'They might spread diseases once again... I hope the bureau can take care of it in case it happened.' Kyle mused, as he didn't feel right knowing that many innocent lives would be taken.

As Kyle grappled with the weight of this revelation, a sense of duty and resolve welled within him. He wanted to take care of this Avatar immediately!

However, as he prepared himself and wore his Artifacts and planned to get the help of his Dimensional Creature to find the Avatar, a solemn warning echoed through the corridors of his obsidian castle!

The voices of Orden and Ryzoir, his two ancient dragons, resounded with a sense of urgency and foreboding.

"The Demon Lord is coming, stay in the castle," Orden's deep rumbling voice reverberated through the stone walls, its timbre laced with a primal instinct for danger.

"I can sense his presence," Ryzoir's serpentine hiss intertwined with Orden's words, creating an aura of unease that permeated the air.

## Chapter 786 Injure Me

"The Demon Lord?"

Kyle paused, his gaze flickering between the two dragons, he had to take this warning seriously.

The appearance of the Demon Lord, a figure of legendary power and dark intent, added a new layer of complexity to the unfolding events.

'Are they planning to attack me together?' Shane thought as he believed Halvor and the Demon Lord were working together. Farah also hinted that matter when they previously met.

Kyle took a deep breath as he decided to instruct everyone working in the castle.

Except for a few individuals and summons, everyone has to enter their designated shelters to avoid being caught in the battle.

Yes, he was expecting a fierce battle that will come to the castle soon.

Although Kyle was confident with his set of Arcane Spells, Immortal Spells, and Demonic Spells, he still had no idea about the limit of the Demon Lord himself. He didn't want any unnecessary sacrifice to happen in this battle.

Lisa was already a huge casualty, and he didn't want the others to add to that.

"Then I should get someone to look into those three visitors. Their timing was too coincidental to the arrival of Halvor's Avatar..."

Normally, Kyle would have ventured forth to meet the visitors himself, but a sense of wary vigilance stayed his steps.

Instead, he entrusted the task to the two True Immortals. There was no way he would doubt their abilities so he knew that they were perfect for this task.

"Your servant will follow..."

With their flowing blonde hair and features that transcended gender, the True Immortals radiated an aura of otherworldly grace as they accepted Kyle's orders and made their way to the third barrier.

It was almost instantaneous.

They swiftly arrived at the spot where they could feel the presence of the marked visitors.

As they approached them—Bael, Jin, and Giorgi—who stood on the cusp of the unknown trial, a tense silence hung in the air.

The True Immortals' presence elicited a mix of curiosity and apprehension from the trio.

No matter what, the three of them didn't think that they would immediately get the Immortal's attention and welcome their arrival. Their gazes locked on the two Immortals in a silent exchange of unspoken questions.

Soon, one of the Immortals spoke.

"We will be the ones testing you," The blonde Immortal wearing a long white robe and a sword on his back declared...

His voice carried a note of authority as he exuded with the power of Divinity.

The three visitors did not doubt the presence in front of them. It was indeed an Immortal working for another Immortal!

At any moment now, a battle seemed to start among them.

Bael, Jin, and Giorgi, who were all hiding their identities as someone equal or stronger to an Immortal, couldn't help but wryly smile.

Bael, a Demon Lord disguised as a nobleman, and Jin and Giorgi, Time Manipulators disguised as Mystic Arts Practitioners, understood the gravity of the challenge that lay ahead.

First of all, they weren't allowed to show their true abilities, or the Shadow Immortal would attack them!

"Work together to injure me..." The Immortal suddenly commanded, his words taunting them! It stirred the very essence of their beings!

'Even if we're disguised, we will not be defeated by the likes of you!'

The three of them had these same thoughts!

With a shared nod of agreement, Bael, Jin, and Giorgi stepped forward, their movements were fast and almost instantaneous as they positioned themselves for the battle that awaited.

Each of them cloaked in the guise of a Mystic Arts Practitioner, they channeled their 'Mystical Energy' and readied themselves to face the True Immortal in a test of skill...

"Hahaha! That's it! Show me your strength!" The Immortal taunted once again.

The clash of Spells and Mystical Artifacts, reverberated through the clearing as the combatants engaged in a dazzling display of Arcane Spells!

Bael, his true form hidden beneath a veil of nobility, used a Cursed Item of the Dark Arts Origin and unleashed a torrent of Dark Energy! This Cursed Item released a swift and relentless curses aiming to immobilize the Immortal.

Bael knew that his two companions were Time Manipulators, so they should possess several spells to kill the Immortal if they wanted...

Soon, Bael knew that an opportunity to strike came in! However, Jin and Giorgi seemed to purposely miss the chance!

'They don't want to kill the Immortal?' Bael thought as it appeared that he didn't know the true plans of these Time Manipulators.

'Are they being worried that the Immortal would realize their identities?' Bael mused, but he decided to continue doing his best as an 'Arcanist...'

Jin and Giorgi, used a Mystic Arts related to Haste Spell with a tinge of Time-Based Technique. It was subtle and wouldn't be noticed at all.

With each move, Jin's fist found their mark with unerring accuracy, exploiting the slightest gap in the Immortal's formidable defenses.

However, his fists weren't too effective since he wasn't using his Time Spells to twist the Immortal's defense.

Meanwhile, Giorgi waited for an opportunity to strike while watching Bael and Jin fight against the Immortal, who seemed to be passively absorbing their attacks in a deliberate manner.

'I don't care if you're observing our moves...' Giorgi thought to himself.

With a flick of his wrist, he released his Arcane Energy, creating ripples in the space that disrupted the True Immortal's movements and left him vulnerable to their coordinated assault.

It wasn't a Time-Based Spell but it was reaching that level already. It should not be enough to be pointed at as a Time Manipulator.

As the battle intensified, the atmosphere started to feel heavy with the abundant energy being released as the combatants pushed themselves to their limits! At the very least, to the limit of their current disguised identities!

Bael, Jin, and Giorgi were already tempted to just show their real might and eliminate this immortal!

'I still need to find the Extraction Ability... I need to be patient and meet the Immortal...' Bael said to himself as he was feeling annoyed and wanted to kill the Immortal already.

'We need to find the Golden Key! We have to do this!' Jin and Giorgi said to themselves.

However, the True Immortal, a being that could be said to be paragons of their own, didn't seem to care about their condition.

He absorbed or met their combined onslaught with his left hand behind his back, while his blade moved like a blur of steel that deflected their attacks with ease!

"Hahaha! This is it! Give your all!" The Immortal taunted. It seemed as if he was truly having fun fighting them!

Jin, his speed was unmatched, darted in and out of the fray, and his strikes started to reveal his martial prowess that tested the True Immortal's reflexes to their limits.

With a lightning-quick flurry of blows, he aimed for the gaps in their opponent's stance, each strike a calculated risk that paid off with devastating effect.

Boom!

Finally, Jin landed a clean blow on the Immortal's hand, aiming to disarm his weapon!

Giorgi, waiting for this opportunity, unleashed a torrent of mystical energies that warped the very reality around them.

Yes, it was a Mystic Arts that was filled with Illusion!

However, it was as if threads of time wove a shimmering veil of distortion, causing the world to bend and twist in ways that confounded the True Immortal's senses and left him open to their relentless assault.

The other Immortal frowned at this technique, but he didn't think that it was a time manipulation spell. It only seemed like a strong illusion that could affect even the Immortals.

Amidst the chaos of battle, Bael, the Demon Lord in nobleman's guise, added his own dark magic to the fray.

He pulled out a black bell and rang it...

Clang~

At this activation of Spell, Shadows danced at his command, coalescing into tendrils of dark energy that lashed out at their foe with malevolent intent.

Each strike carried the weight of centuries of darkness, seeking to ensnare the True Immortal in a web of nightmarish power.

"Mhmm... This guy had plenty of impressive Cursed Artifacts... Is he a King of a small nation?" The other Immortal couldn't help but have this idea.

As the confrontation reached its peak, a tense silence descended upon the clearing, broken only by the clash of steel and the crackling of arcane energies.

In this crucible of battle, the illusion that the Time Manipulators seemed to test the Immortal's loyalty to the Shadow Immortal! It was a powerful Illusion Spell!

However, the Immortal finally decided to release his Divine Energy to escape from the Time Manipulator's illusion! This Divinity also removed all the Curses and Dark Tendrils summoned by Bael's Artifacts!

In the midst of this epic clash, a silent understanding passed between Bael, Jin, and Giorgias they fought as one!

At this time, Jin and Giorgi also realized that Bael was actually the Demon Lord! It was because of their sensitivity to Demonic Energy he subtly released!

The two looked at each other as they considered whether to escape now or just act like they didn't know it at all!

However, it was too late!

The second Immortal who had been watching them seemed to have noticed something and made his move!

Chapter 787 Helping the Shadow Immortal

As the battle continued between the Immortals and the visitors of Shane's castle, Farah, the Avatar of the Fortune Goddess, sensed the impending danger that threatened the Shadow Immortal.

With multiple powerful entities converging on him simultaneously, she knew she had to intervene to alleviate his plight.

"I must help him..." Farah whispered to herself, her gaze fixed on a hidden base of the Dark Arts Faction. Kyle may be aware of his conflict with the Dark Arts Practitioners, but he wasn't aware of their plans right now.

Within the shadows of the building that Farah was looking at, a group of Dark Ritualists conducted an ominous ritual to summon the Death God, a being of unfathomable darkness and power.

"They might really succeed at this rate..." Farah thought as she actually felt quite worried. Her Avatar wasn't really that strong in combat after all. This Avatar was really just made to bless her followers. It wasn't meant to fight otherworldly beings.

Whoom~

Soon, a strong surge of energy came out of the building.

Farah's heart raced with urgency as she realized the gravity of the situation. Without hesitation, she channeled her divine energy, creating a protective barrier around herself to shield from the malevolent forces converging from the base of the Dark Arts Faction.

\*\*\*

Meanwhile, within the depths of the hidden base, the Dark Ritualists continued chanting ancient incantations.

As they did this, their voices echoed ominously in the chamber. The temperature lowered, and the air grew thick with an oppressive aura as dark energies swirled and coalesced, forming a gateway to the realm of the Death God.

As the ritual reached its climax, a rift in reality tore open, unleashing a chilling presence that sent shivers down the spines of all who beheld it.

None of them knew if it was an Avatar or not, but they could tell that it was indeed the presence of the the Death God. It was cloaked in shadows and wielding a scythe of pure malice. It had materialized before the awe-struck Ritualists and Dark Magicians!

Farah, sensing the imminent threat, focused her divine powers to disrupt the dark ritual and weaken the Death God's connection to the mortal realm.

Although it had already materialized, the realm of the dead was still open, and she could still try to do something about it.

Soon, a blinding light erupted from her, dispelling the shadows and disrupting the ritualistic energies that bound the malevolent entity.

In a clash of divine and dark energies, the chamber where the ritual proceeded trembled with the intensity of the clash!

As the Death God's sinister gaze fell upon the spot where Farah concealed herself, a chilling realization dawned upon him.

"Is it the Fortune Goddess?" he growled, recognizing the source of the disturbance that was troubling his entry into the mortal realm.

With a deafening roar that shook the very foundations of the chamber, the Death God focused his malevolent intent on breaking free from Farah's interference and unleashing his wrath upon the world.

With a surge of dark energy, the Death God completed his materialization, his form solidifying in the midst of the ritual chamber.

With a contemptuous glance at the bewildered Dark Arts Practitioners who had summoned him, he closed the rift through which he had entered the realm, severing his connection to their control.

Ignoring their pleas and tremors of fear, the Death God strode purposefully out of the crumbling building, his gaze fixed on the elusive Fortune Goddess!

Emerging into the moonlit night, the Death God's presence cast a foreboding shadow over the landscape as he sought out Farah, the Avatar of the Fortune Goddess.

"Gahaha! Found you!" The Death God laughed as she looked at the appearance of the beautiful Avatar of the Fortune Goddess. The figure was still hiding through a concealment spell, but it was nothing in his eyes.

Sensing his approach, Farah stepped out from her concealment, her eyes meeting the malevolent gaze of the Death God with unwavering resolve.

"You have no place in this realm, Death God." Farah spoke with a voice as resolute as steel. "I will not allow your darkness to consume the light of hope that shines within this world."



The Death God's response was a guttural snarl. It was a taunt and a promise of imminent destruction as he raised his scythe, wreathed in shadows, ready to strike.

"The Demons are already here! This Human Realm is over! You're just delaying this world's end! It's inevitable!" The Death God shouted as he charged towards the Avatar of the Fortune Goddess.

The ensuing battle was a dance of light and darkness, each combatant weaving intricate patterns of magic and divine energy in a deadly display of power.

Farah immediately flew into the sky to avoid damaging the surroundings with the Aura of Death that the Death God was emitting. Her movements were quick as she evaded the Death God's relentless assaults.

"Hmph! You think too highly of yourself." Farah muttered.

With a wave of her hand, she conjured tendrils of radiant light that lashed out at her foe, forcing him to retreat momentarily.

In retaliation, the Death God unleashed a barrage of shadowy tendrils that sought to ensnare Farah in their malevolent grasp.

With a swift sidestep and a burst of divine energy, she shattered the dark tendrils, pushing back against the encroaching darkness.

"Hahaha! So the Fortune Goddess is only this strong... I should've done this a long time ago if I knew you're this pathetic!" The Death God laughed as he charged once again. This time, he was even more serious.

As the battle between Farah and the Death God intensified, the sky was filled with chaotic energy. They unleashed powerful spells and countered each other's moves with immortal spells!

Farah, calling upon the powers of the Fortune Goddess, cast the "Radiant Nova" spell, sending forth a burst of blinding light that seared through the shadows surrounding the Death God!

The intense brilliance forced him to shield his eyes, momentarily disoriented by the sudden flare of divine energy.

In response, the Death God chanted the incantation for "Eclipse of Despair," a spell that shrouded the battlefield in a veil of darkness, draining the vitality from Farah and weakening her defenses...

It wouldn't normally affect Farah but since she just finished casting a spell, her Divine Energy wasn't stable yet.

However, despite the oppressive gloom, Farah remained steadfast, she was focused on killing the Death God as she countered with a "Luminous Shield" spell, creating a barrier of pure light to repel the encroaching darkness.

"Impressive! However, your Avatar doesn't have enough Divinity!"

The Death God, sensing Farah's weakness, unleashed a series of "Soul Drainer" spells, dark tendrils reaching out to sap her strength and drain her life force.

Farah gritted her teeth against the onslaught, her form flickering with ethereal light as she summoned the "Healing Radiance" spell to mend her wounds and restore her vitality.

The battle raged on, a clash of light and shadow continued as the two battled in a dazzling display of immortal might.

Farah and the Death God moved with an intent to kill, each anticipating the other's next move in a deadly game of cat and mouse.

As the confrontation reached its peak, a surge of dark energy burst through the air, striking Farah with a vicious blow that sent her reeling.

"Aahhh!" Farah was injured, and she felt the pain!

Blood trickled from a wound on her shoulder, a grim reminder of the Death God's malevolent power. It was too unfair for her since she didn't have many offensive Immortal Spells since she was only an Avatar!

Nonetheless, she knew that she couldn't die here yet. As long as she stays alive, her church will allow her to remain strong, and their faith will fill her Divinity once again.

'Tsk... I don't want to do this but—'

Realizing the gravity of her injuries, Farah made a split-second decision to retreat, her mind racing with thoughts of strategy and survival.

With a final burst of divine energy, she created a blinding flash of light to cover her escape, disappearing into the shadows as she sought a momentary respite to tend to her wounds.

The Death God, also wounded and weakened from the fierce battle, watched Farah's retreat with a malevolent glint in his eyes, his form flickering as he struggled to maintain his grip on the mortal realm.

After all, he just fought against someone who was at the peak of the Holy Arts! He was definitely not in a good position to begin with.

Luckily, he had prepared enough as he thought that he would face the Shadow Immortal. Aside from that, Farah was only an Avatar who did not specialize in combat. If not for that, his unstable form would've been sent back to the Realm of the Dead!

With a guttural growl of frustration, he vanished into the darkness...

He also needed to recuperate before even thinking of meeting the Shadow Immortal, who possibly had the Divine Extraction Power!

Chapter 788 New Body

Farah, still injured from her previous battle, returned to her secret chamber in the Holy City's Cathedral...

No one had noticed her arrival, not even the Young Saint of the church.

As she entered her chamber deep within the hallowed walls of the Cathedral, she immediately felt refreshed.

The chamber was filled with soothing Divinity that healed all her injuries and replenished her power.

Clack... Clack...

Her steps echoed softly against the stone floors as she made her way to the heart of the chamber, a place bathed in a soft golden light that emanated from a sacred altar at its center.

Although she had replenished her lost Divinity, it was still not enough for her. The Avatar had limited capacity, and if she wanted to get stronger, she had to do something about it.

She contemplated for a moment while her eyes were closed.

After some time, she opened her eyes and it was burning with determination.

"Fine... I'll do it." She said as if she was talking to someone.

Silent and unseen, Farah moved with a sense of purpose as she prepared for the ritual that would bestow upon her the strength she needed to face the Death God.

She actually disliked losing. The battle that made her retreat was quite an annoying feeling.

"I want to at least take an arm or two... Then I'll be satisfied." Farah muttered while her eyes were filled with a burning desire to fight against the Death God.

Soon, the chamber was filled with the faint scent of incense, its heady aroma mingling with the flickering candlelight that danced upon the walls, casting shadows in the now dimly lit space.

Alone in her solitude, Farah knelt before the altar, her hands clasped in silent prayer as she called upon the divine energies that flowed through her being.

Although she merely wanted to obtain more power from her main body, it wasn't easy at all. After all, her main body and this Avatar were separated not just by a simple distance but a whole realm!

She had to open the realm where her main body was.

With a whispered incantation, she began the ritual, her voice was soft but resonant with power as she sought to draw upon the wellspring of her true essence.

It was a language that not any of the Arcane Academies were aware of.

Whoom~

As the ritual unfolded, a shimmering aura of ethereal light enveloped Farah, illuminating her beautiful features with a radiant glow that spoke of her connection to the divine.

The room temperature suddenly became higher because of the energy being released. Soon, she channeled the blessings of the Fortune Goddess, and her form was imbued with a different essence that made her physique a lot stronger.

However, changing her physique to accommodate a higher Divinity was just the first step...

With each passing moment, the ritual grew in intensity, the very fabric of reality seeming to warp and shift around Farah as she communed with the source of her power.

Beads of sweat glistened on her brow as she focused her will, her eyes alight with a fierce resolve that belied her earlier injuries and setbacks.

And then, in a wave of strong divine energy, the ritual reached its climax.

A brilliant burst of light erupted from the altar, engulfing Farah in a halo of shimmering radiance that seemed to transcend the physical realm.

"Yes... This is it..."

In that moment of transcendent power, she felt a surge of strength and divinity flow through her, imbuing her with a newfound sense of clarity... Her eyes became calm and she felt as if everything was finally in her control.

As the light faded and the chamber fell silent once more, Farah rose to her feet, her eyes burning with an inner fire that spoke of her firm decision to exact vengeance.

She had succeeded in calling upon the powers of the Fortune Goddess' Divinity!.

"I guess I have to inform the Shadow Immortal that I'm helping him..." Farah mused as she believed that getting a favor from the Shadow Immortal would bring her something better in the future.

Of course, she didn't intend to send a message directly. She also couldn't use telepathy since the Shadow Immortal was currently in his castle, which was protected by a series of barriers with the power of the Dragons and Immortal's Divinity. There was no way to send a message to him with magic at this point.

Because of this, she decided to inform Teresa and Clare about this. These two members of the Untainted Sentinels had some past with the Shadow Immortal, and she was quite happy to help them meet the Shadow Immortal.

After informing the two through her telepathy, Farah stepped out of her secret chamber, ready to confront the looming shadow of the Death God and prove that even an Avatar could defeat a Death God.

\*\*\*

Meanwhile, as the Death God, wounded and seething with dark energy, materialized within the secluded branch of the Dark Arts Faction, a strong sense of foreboding settled over the shadowed halls.

"Someone's here..."

"This..."

"Is this the Death God?!"

"Yes, it's his presence... The ritual of the seniors must've been successful, but why aren't we informed?"

The few members of the Order of the Evanescent Vessels present felt a chill run down their spines as they sensed the malevolent presence that had entered their midst. They could only guess that it was the Death God based on the familiar aura.

Among them stood Lesley Hoffman, the 14th Squad Captain of the Order, her fiery red hair cascading around her shoulders, and her eyes, which also seemed weary, were filled with desire.

From the Death God's point of view, Lesley's presence could be easily seen.

After all, Lesley bore not only the Blessing of the Death God but also the mark of one of the Deadly Sins—the Sin of Pride, a potent combination that marked her as a formidable force to be reckoned with.

"Kekeke... I have really chosen a great one... You can probably handle two more blessings from different High Immortals."

As the Death God's gaze fell upon Lesley, a twisted smile played across his spectral visage, his voice echoing with dark promise as he addressed her...

"Lesley, my chosen one... I will give you my power... You are a genius, Lesley... Fight the Shadow Immortal yourself!" The Death God said as he intended to live inside Lesley's body!

"Wait!" Lesley's eyes widened as she heard those words and saw the presence of the Death God in front of her!

It happened so quickly and she wasn't given a chance to decline at all!

If possible, she didn't want the Death God in her body as she believed that she would just lose her control over herself! Although she desired power, she wanted to be in control and not become a puppet!

Unfortunately, the Death God didn't seem to care about her opinion at all!

After he said those words, a shroud of darkness enveloped Lesley as the Death God's essence merged with her own, their spirits becoming intertwined in a sinister pact that would forever alter the course of her destiny!

The process happened so swiftly since Lesley was already his Blessed One, to begin with!

Soon, the power of the Death Gods surged through her veins, suffusing her with a dark energy that crackled with malevolent intent.

Luckily for Lesley, the Patriarchs of the Dark Arts Faction seemed to have expected something like this. However, they expected that the Shadow Immortal would be the one to attempt to control her body so she already received an Arcana that would help her suppress any power or spell that tries to control her!

At that moment, the Arcana, an orb in her pocket, immediately reacted, and the Death God realized that he had started being trapped in Lesley's body!

"You---"

The Death God didn't expect such betrayal from his Blessed! He had never thought that Lesley would attempt to destroy him inside her body!

Meanwhile, the other Dark Magicians in the branch watched in awe and trepidation as the Death God's presence made itself known and entered Lesley's body!

\*\*\*

"Lesley!"

"Captain! Are you alright?!"

"Call the First Captain! Hurry! Tell him that the Death God's Spirit entered her body!"

"We need to call an Exorcist!"

"Fool! This must be a blessing to Lesley! Just wait!"

Whispers of fear and reverence rippled through their ranks as they beheld the unholy union between Lesley and the malevolent deity.

If Lesley indeed received another blessing, they couldn't help but feel impressed, and they were aware of the magnitude of the power now at her command.

Soon, Lesley opened her eyes, and the pain she had felt in the beginning had already disappeared. She didn't speak and only looked at her palm before showing a wide smile on her face.

Some of the magicians bowed their heads in deference, recognizing the gravity of the situation, while others exchanged nervous glances, uncertain of what had become of the 14th Captain.

Chapter 789 Kyle the Shadow Immortal

"C-captain? Is that still you?" One of the members of the Order of the Evanescent Vessels asked.

"Can you still recognize us?" Someone from the 13th Squad asked, and she was Lesley's friend. She was worried that Lesley's soul was already gone and the Death God's soul gained full control over her friend's body.

However, Lesley didn't seem to hear their words as she focused on her newfound power. She felt incredibly strong and she knew that her current Spell Models would not be able to show her real might.

Although she had incredible Fusion Spells, she knew that she would be able to release stronger Spells...

'I have to learn more Forbidden Dark Arts or my strength will be wasted...' Lesley thought as she confirmed that the Death God's Spirit had truly become hers!

Instead of being consumed by the Death God, she was able to reverse it and gain control of the Death God's power!

There was also a faint Divinity in her body that she easily recognized after fighting against Kyle...

"Right... I guess we will be meeting soon..." Lesley muttered to herself after recalling the Shadow Immortal's identity.

The air hummed with tension as the shadowed chamber became filled with Lesley's dark aura...

"Hahaha..." Lesley laughed at this thought.

This scared the Dark Magicians but Lesley looked at them with an assuring gaze.

"I'm fine... I actually benefited from that attack just now."

Lesley, her form now suffused with the dark power of the Death God, felt a surge of exhilaration and power, unlike anything she had ever experienced.

Aside from that, the power of the Sin of Pride that coursed through her veins mingled with the Death God's malevolent energy, fueling her with a strange yet formidable power within her body.

With a plan forming in her crimson eyes, Lesley turned to face the Dark Magicians that had just arrived.

They were the Captains of other Squads and Elders of various Dark Arts Faction families.

Her voice was laced with an eerie echo as she spoke, "The Shadow Immortal will regret the day he crossed paths with me. With the power of the Death God at my command, I will be bringing him down... Please relay this information to the Patriarchs..."

Although Lesley was already a lot stronger than before, she still respected the Patriarchs of the Dark Arts Faction. Because of that, she wanted to inform them about her plan and hoped that they would be helping her.

After all, she knew that the Patriarchs possessed the power to drain the Shadow Immortal's Divinity. They needed Kyle's Divinity in order to help the Patriarchs, who were Half-Immortals, become True Immortal!

This was the perfect chance for them to attain their dreams, and she was planning to help them achieve that state!

\*\*\*

In the area at the third barrier of Kyle's castle...

Boom! Boom!

As the forest trembled and the mountains quaked under the force of the True Immortal's battle against Jin, Giorgi, and Bael, the third barrier not too far from Kyle's castle shook as it bore witness to the cataclysmic clash of powers.

"Hahaha! This is amazing..." Bael, no longer concealing his true nature as the Demon Lord, unleashed a torrent of dark energy that rents the very fabric of reality.

It happened after Jin and Giorgi were thrown back by a powerful spell that the second Immortal had sent to them. The two crashed to the earth with a resounding impact, creating a small crater where they landed.

After gasping for breath, they exchanged a glance with gritted teeth as they prepared to face the challenge that was about to come. They didn't care about the pain at all since they were worried that the Shadow Immortal would notice their identities as Time Manipulators.

"So you're indeed a demon... You hid it really well." The Immortal spoke, still unaware that he was the Demon Lord's Avatar himself.

The Immortal had never encountered the Demon Lord, so it was quite difficult to differentiate the Demon Saints and the Demon Lord himself.

Bael, his laughter echoing through the battlefield like a harbinger of doom, fixed his gaze upon the blond Immortal with a malevolent gleam in his eyes.

"Haha... I'm not finished yet."

With a sinister grin, he made a dramatic gesture, shattering one of his five rings with a resounding crash that reverberated through the shattered landscape.

The Immortal frowned after seeing this. Magic Artifacts that needed to be shattered weren't unusual. There were many one-

time-use Artifacts even in Shane's castle.

However, the ring that the Demon had destroyed felt completely different.

"Limiter?" The two Immortals said at the same time, realizing the problem that had surfaced.

Bael smiled after hearing this, the Immortals were right. It was indeed one of his limiters! Even if he was only an Avatar, he was already extremely strong after conquering several Realms!

"You're right!"

As the limiter shattered, it took a few more seconds before Bael's true Demonic Aura was unleashed in a swirling maelstrom of dark energy that cloaked him in an aura of malevolence and power.

This time, the True Immortals already had some guesses.

"So it wasn't the first rank Demon Saint... We're actually facing the Demon Lord himself..."

"No... It's the Avatar of the Demon Lord, to be exact."

The air crackled with the palpable weight of his demonic presence, sending shivers down the spines of all who beheld him.

With a flick of his wrist, Bael invoked the first of his Demonic Spells, known as Shadowbind.

Dark tendrils of energy coalesced around the True Immortal, binding him in place and sapping his strength with each passing moment.

The True Immortal struggled against the inky chains that ensnared him, but to no avail, as the shadows held him fast.

"Mhmm? That's weird..." Bael muttered as he realized that he was unable to really sap their energy. It was as if something was stopping him. Nonetheless, it doesn't change the fact that he was able to bind one of the Immortals.

Next, Bael turned to the other Immortal and unleashed Hellfire Fury, a Demonic Spell that summoned infernal flames to rain down upon the True Immortal with intense flame!

The red and black flames danced and flickered with an unholy light, engulfing the battlefield in an inferno of dark energy that threatened to consume all in its path.

The other True Immortal could only focus on defense as he still needed to gather enough Divinity... He needed time to do that!

As the other True Immortal fought to break free from the shadowy bonds and the relentless assault of hellfire, Bael's laughter rang out like a sinister nightmare, his eyes gleaming with dark delight at the chaos he had wrought.

Nonetheless, he wasn't finished yet. He could already feel the Shadow Immortal's movement from the castle, and it would not be long before he gets here.

He wanted to at least kill one of the True Immortals here before he arrived!

'I'll trust that those two Time Manipulators would also act once I injure the Shadow Immortal.' Bael mused for a moment as he glanced at the two Time Manipulators in the corner of his eyes.

He knew the limit of his strength even if he released all the limiters in his body. After all, the body he was using would be the one to collapse first if he really released all his limiters.



At most, his body could handle three limiters to be released and if he did the fourth one, his body would probably last for about 20 seconds. He would probably fail to get the Divine Extraction from the Shadow Immortal with that limited time...

'Well, that is if the Shadow Immortal is the one truly possessing it.' Bael thought as he started another chant.

With each word and gesture, he would release a series of Demonic Arts that tested the limits of the True Immortal's endurance!

As Bael, the Demon Lord, prepared to deliver the final blow to the bound True Immortal, a sudden shift in the air alarmed him.

In a split second, he realized what was happening. It signaled the arrival of Kyle, the Shadow Immortal. With a burst of speed that defied comprehension, Kyle materialized behind Bael in a flash of shadow and light, his clenched fist crackling with pure Holy Energy.

Before Bael could react, Kyle's fist connected with a resounding impact, sending shockwaves of radiant energy coursing through the Demon Lord's form.

His punch was filled with the power of the Holy Smite!

Boom!

The onslaught of Holy Energy seared through Bael's dark aura, causing him to stagger and reel from the unexpected strike.

With wrath forming in his eyes, Kyle unleashed the full force of his power, channeling the divine energy of his Celestial Arts into a spell known as Divine Lightning. A blinding burst of holy light erupted from the sky, engulfing Bael in a sparkling wave of purifying and lethal energy that seared his demonic flesh and scorched his dark essence!

Chapter 790 The Relics

"Aaack!" The Demon Lord's Avatar cried in pain after being hit by Kyle's powerful attacks!

As soon as he was hit by the Holy Smite and the Divine Lightning, he immediately removed one of his limiters in order to endure the pain!

His Dark Aura was replenished and was replaced by a more violent Demonic Essence!

However, Kyle was not finished yet. He was merely testing the power of the Demon Lord!

Drawing upon the depths of his Celestial Arts' Spell Models, he invoked one of the spells he extracted from a True Immortal, Mind Break, a technique that targeted the very core of his target's consciousness.

With a focused intensity, Kyle activated this Spell as it invaded the depths of Bael's mind, seeking to shatter the Demon Lord's will and bring him to his knees!

As the force of Divinity brought by the Mind Break Spell enveloped Bael's being, a primal scream of anguish echoed through the battlefield, reverberating with the echoes of torment and despair.

To Kyle's surprise, this Avatar of the Demon didn't have a strong protection in his mind!

"Aahh!"

The Demon Lord writhed in agony, his mind assailed by visions of his darkest fears and deepest insecurities, laid bare before the searing light of Kyle's divine power.

Seeing such a rare opportunity, Kyle pressed on, his gaze never left the Demon Lord as he sought to break through his defenses and deliver a decisive blow that would tip the scales of the battle in favor of the forces of light, it was his Divine Extraction!

Just now, he actually tried using it on the Demon Lord's Avatar, but it failed!

He believed that he still had to weaken the Demon Lord in order for his Divine Extraction System to activate on him.

However, in a bold gambit to withstand the onslaught of the Mind Break Spell, the Demon Lord made a critical decision to release his third limiter, fortifying his mental defenses and rendering the Spell more bearable.

As Bael unleashed the power of his third limiter, a terrifying wave of malevolence swept across the land, shrouding the region in a suffocating Demonic Aura that twisted the very fabric of reality.

Whoom~

Kyle watched as Dark clouds coalesced overhead, swirling ominously as a black miasma seeped from the depths of Bael's being, staining the sky with tendrils of shadow that writhed and coiled like malevolent serpents.

'This is scarier than the appearance of the Death God... I guess he's really the Demon Lord's Avatar.' Kyle thought as he took a deep breath to gather his Divinity.

The air was now filled an oppressive energy, charged with the raw power of darkness as Bael's influence spread like a creeping plague, casting a shroud of fear and dread over all who felt its touch.

"Kekeke... Shadow Immortal, why don't you show that mysterious powers of yours..." Bael said, unaware that Kyle already tried but failed.

Nonetheless, as he spoke, the Demon Lord's presence loomed large. His aura was above those Seven Deadly Sins that he had fought before.

The one in front of him was definitely a harbinger of chaos and destruction that threatened to consume everything in its path.

During this time, as the Demon Lord removed his third limiter, the others also felt the changes in the continent.

Indeed! Across the continent, the Demon Saints, Demon Generals, and a myriad of Demonic Creatures sensed the awakening of their master, their hearts filled with a primal reverence and fear at the overwhelming power that radiated from the Demon Lord.

"So... Father had already made his move..." Entei, the unranked and strongest Demon Saint, looked in the direction of the Demon Lord's aura.

He couldn't help but feel excited about this.

The very earth trembled beneath their feet, echoing the tumultuous upheaval that had been unleashed upon the world.

The Demon Lord's Avatar was truly showing its might in the whole continent!

This move had, of course, threatened the many Arcanists Organizations and many of them were truly worried.

However, as soon as they realized the location where the Demon Lord was showing his might, many of them couldn't help but hope that the Demon Lord would die!

"So he really went to the Shadow Immortal's base." Lesley muttered as she felt the presence of the Demon Lord.

"Mhmmm... My favorite student probably needs help, huh..." Heinz Becker muttered as he glanced at the 'Perfect' Arcanists that he made... There were a dozen of them and they all possessed the special spells of the Malefic Branch!

He thought for a moment before he ordered them to hurry to Kyle's castle...

Elsewhere, Miya of the Church of the Lord of the Secrets, or Maya Featherstar, also decided to help Kyle even without the orders of the Church Elders. With her connection to the Lord of the Secrets, she knew that she might not be able to fight against the Demon Lord, but her newfound powers could surely change the tide of battle!

"Just hold on, Kyle..." Miya muttered.

Of course, many of Kyle's enemies, like those from the Church of the Three Paragons, wanted him to perish. However, they wanted him to at least bring the Demon Lord with him if he dies.

Nonetheless, this doesn't matter to Kyle at the moment.

Undaunted by the unfolding darkness, Kyle stood firmly on the ground, his gaze focused as he called upon the might of his Celestial Arts to combat the encroaching evil.

With a deep breath, he summoned forth a barrage of Divine Lightning that streaked across the sky, illuminating the dark clouds with bursts of blinding light that crackled and sizzled with celestial energy.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

It didn't end there.

Emboldened by the power of his spells, Kyle channeled the Fiend's Wrath, a potent incantation that imbued him with otherworldly strength, bolstering his physique and aura in the face of the encroaching darkness.

"These lightning strikes only tickle me, Shadow Immortal. You have to do something better!" The Demon Lord said as he waited for Kyle to use his Extraction Powers to steal it.

He also sent a telepathy to the Time Manipulators to help him in time! If they did not do it, he threatened to kill them and aim to invade the Time Manipulator Realm!

\*\*\*

On the other hand, Kyle ignored the words of the Demon Lord. Instead, he called upon his Ember Spirit and Wind Spirit, ethereal beings of fire and air that materialized at his side, ready to lend their aid in the struggle against the forces of darkness.

"Kill that Demon!" Kyle ordered as the two moved in unison, combining fire and wind spells to create a Fusion Spell!

However, this was only meant as a distraction!

With quick incantation, Kyle invoked the Meteor Summon Spell, calling forth a cataclysmic storm of flaming meteors that hurtled toward Bael with unstoppable force.

As soon as Bael destroyed the attacks of the two Elemental Spirits, he saw the sky blazed with fiery arcs as the meteors descended upon him!

Bael frowned a little as he noticed the Divinity imbued on these meteors... Kyle must've used a lot! Nonetheless, he didn't panic.

Boom!

The meteor descended, shattering the ground with earth-shaking impacts that sent shockwaves rippling through the battlefield.

A moment of silence occurred as Kyle watched the area where the meteors descended. It had certainly changed the terrain of the surroundings.

"That wasn't enough to kill you. Come out now." Kyle said as a black miasma gathered at the center of the crater...

It was none other than Bael, the Demon Lord.

"Kekeke... Not bad... It must've consumed a quarter of your Divinity." Bael said.

As he emerged from the devastating impact of the meteors, his form was shrouded in the remnants of the cataclysmic event, only a small fraction of his Demonic Aura had dissipated, leaving him still a formidable and terrifying presence on the battlefield.

The ground around him lay in ruin, scorched and shattered by the force of the celestial onslaught... It was surely a testament to the titanic clash of powers that raged between him and Kyle.

Unfazed by the relentless assault, Bael's crimson eyes gleamed with a malevolent light as he surveyed the battlefield, his gaze locking onto Kyle with a grim plan.

The remnants of the fiery meteors smoldered around him, their flames casting an eerie glow upon his darkened visage...

"This is actually refreshing for some reason..." Bael laughed as he looked at the flames.

On the other hand, Kyle wasn't idling after he summoned his meteors...

Bael glanced at Kyle and frowned...

Well, this time, Kyle was suffused with a radiant aura that pulsed with the power of the Creation Ring, the Temporal Timepiece, and the Stormbringer Sword- the three precious Artifacts of the Three Paragons.

The air crackled with Divine Energy as he wielded these legendary relics!

With a swift motion, Kyle unleashed a torrent of divine energy, channeling the power of the Artifacts into a devastating attack against the Demon Lord.