

Card Apprentice Daily Log

- Chapter 1117 Good Friend

Chapter 1117 Good Friend

[1,041 words]

Date- 4 April 2321

Time- 9:09

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital, Royal Palace

"Your highness, the warp array is ready. Demigod Baylor and his should be arriving," the aide informed Colleen that she would be at the royal warp array to receive their guest demigod Baylor and his wife.

"Backster, I don't know what is going on between my granddaughter and you, I want you kids to resolve it among yourself. I will not interfere, as long as it does not affect your work.

Remember, not one royal court minister is allowed to leave unless they pass the screening of your item card 'Heart's Mirror'," saying that Colleen hung up on Backster and flickered to the royal warp array formation to welcome the demigod Baylor and his wife to the southern region.

As Colleen flickered to the warp array, she saw the vague figure of a man and a woman solidify on the warp array, demigod Baylor and his Wife were here.

Arriving at the southern royal palace demigod Baylor and his wife were surprised to see Colleen Heatsend personally receive them. Even though Colleen had just broken through to the demigod realm her status and authority were far greater than demigod Baylor who had stepped into the demigod realm years ago. So the couple was astonished to see the Queen of the south herself receive them at the royal warp array.

"Welcome to the south," masking her anger and resentment towards Sansa, Colleen as host was the first to greet the couple.

"Thank you, your highness," Covering their surprise the couple thanked Colleen. As the demigods, Baylor and his wife did not need to follow royal etiquette and rather kept the greetings casual.

"If you don't mind me asking, what brings such a young couple as yourself here? Don't tell me you are on your honeymoon here, I love the southern region but it is not a romantic getaway I would choose," Colleen did not bother with small talk, spoke her mind then tried to cover it with rhetorical conversation.

The couple was puzzled by Colleen's question but Sansa chose to answer her knowing her man was a man of little words, "No we are not here for our honeymoon, we are here to adopt our friend's orphan son as our own."

"Too bad you guys are not here for your honeymoon but adaptation is good too. You guys must have been close for you to adopt your friend's orphan son," Hearing the purpose of the Baylor couple's visit Colleen was taken aback but relieved that it had nothing to do with her starting an internal investigation into the royal court or Cole.

"We were childhood friends but due to some unfortunate circumstance, she had to move here with her husband. We haven't been in touch with each other for two decades now but recently we received news that she and her husband died in a dungeon raid leaving behind their orphan child. So we decided to step up and take care of her only child as best friends. This is the least we could do considering she was such a good friend to both of us, God bless her soul," Sansa passionately spoke, explaining the situation to Colleen in detail.

'Oh, she is good,' Hearing Sansa's story, Colleen remembered that the mother of the kid who invented the silver milk powder was Sansa and demigod Baylor's friend. If she recalls correctly Sansa had sent nearly 3 dozen card emperors to kill the boy. Colleen was finding it hard to believe that the woman who wanted to kill the boy so badly would want to adopt him, what was she planning? Was she planning to get close to the boy and use her origin card on him and make him her puppet?

Whatever she was up to, clearly she was not adopting the boy out of the goodness of her heart nor for her best friend. According to Clown Mask, she was the mastermind behind the boy's parents' death. Seeing how devious and conniving Sansa was firsthand, Colleen barely managed to keep her act together and not tip off the enemy as it was hard for her to control her urge to punch Sansa to death, "Wow, you are good."

"Excuse me?"

"I mean you are a good friend," Colleen lied, barely managing to cover her tracks.

"Your highness, we are doing just what anybody else in our place would do," Sansa said, trying to be humble but it did not come off as such.

"You're being humble," Colleen said barely managing to keep her face straight, and asked, "By chance does your friend happen to live in the blossom district's third-rate city, Sky blossom city?"

"Yes," demigod Baylor answered before Sansa could. Though he was not interested in the small talk he gained interest in it hearing Colleen mention the city Ellen used to live in.

"The kid you two are planning to adopt, by chance does he happen to be named Dalton Wyatt? His mother, Ellen Wyatt seems to be related to the central capital's Duskborn family," Colleen slowly steered the conversation to make it clear to Sansa and demigod Baylor that the kid they were interested in was under the radar of the southern royal family.

Listening to Colleen mention the boy's name, both Sansa and demigod Baylor barely maintained their calm but not for the same reason as the other.

Demigod Baylor was excited because he would not have to waste time finding the boy.

While Sansa was excited because she thought her husband was about to learn the news of his nemesis's orphan's death. This will save them some time and they could return to the central capital with less drama.

"Yes, your highness, that's him. We are here to adopt him," Demigod Baylor answered excitedly.

"If it's him, this is going to be difficult," Colleen wrecked her brain to think of reasons to stop demigod Baylor from adopting the kid. Her reason for doing so could not be more apparent. Right now the boy was a goose laying a golden egg for the southern royal family, how could they hand him over to someone else just because they asked?

"..." Hearing Colleen tell demigod Baylor that it was going to be difficult for them to adopt the boy, Sansa almost wet herself out of the suspense of the big reveal.

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Chapter 1118 This Life Just For You

[1,052 words]

Date- 4 April 2321

Time- 9:21

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital, Royal Palace

The ecstasy Sansa was feeling right now could not be described with words. Apart from other reasons for Sansa to operate her organization from the shadows, the rush Sansa felt witnessing the aftermath of the destruction caused by her as the third person, was why she never got bored of her second identity as Matron. This right here was one of Sansa's many fetishes as a highly intelligent sadistic sociopath.

Masking her pleasure with anxiety and worry she asked Colleen, "Your highness, why is it going to be difficult for us to adopt that child?"

A deep frown had formed on Demigod Baylor's head, he gazed at Colleen waiting for her to explain herself.

Colleen knew Sansa did not care about the boy so she did not fall for her act but from the reaction of demigod Baylor it seemed to her that he was being serious when he said that he would adopt his friend's orphan son. This gave her a headache, as she would have to come up with a good reason if planned to stall demigod Baylor from adopting the boy.

Colleen thought hard and then said, "I say that because Dalton Wyatt has been accused of serious crimes. Right now he is under royal custody as we investigate his crimes. Forget adopting him, you people will not be able to meet until his innocence is proven."

Having said that, Colleen could not help but thank her daughter for having foreseen something like this and spreading the rumors that the boy was a fraudster who defrauded the southern emperor on every social media outlet available.

Unfortunately for Colleen, if only she had contacted her granddaughter she would know that there was a better excuse she could use than the one her daughter had cooked up. But that thought never crossed her mind and Anna did not bother to report back to her family that the boy died because she was aware he faked his death successfully for the second time and felt that the unrest this misconception could create was not worth it.

"What?" Sansa exclaimed in disbelief. This time her disbelief was genuine as she was waiting for Colleen to report the boy being assassinated but instead, she heard something outside her expectation.

"What do you mean?" Demigod Baylor's gaze at Colleen turned unfriendly and a baleful aura leaked from his body. As someone who oversees big responsibilities and passes life-altering judgments, this was unexpected from demigod Baylor. He instantly assumed that Ellen's son was being framed and his heart just jumped head first with only one feeling which was to defend the boy no matter what. His mind did not even bother to wait for a second and listen to either side and judge who was right and who was wrong. For him, all that mattered was that Ellen's son was in trouble and he had to save him at any cost.

That was how much he was unreasonably in love with Ellen. His love for her knew no bounds, he was willing to suffer for eternity just to see her happy. That was why he helped his love elope with someone else and now he was going to do everything in his power to help her orphan son so that her soul could rest peacefully in the afterlife.

For a powerful demigod with a palace full of achievements, this was his Demigod Baylor's baggage. Any man in his place would be disgusted with their actions but not him, in his words,

'This Life Just For You, My Dear Ellen.'

Feeling the malice-filled aura leaking from the demigod Baylor, the palace guards and the royal guards jumped into action to defend their queen. From the aura leaked by the palace guards, it can be seen that the highest realm among them was card semi-demigod and they made most of the palace guards. As for the Royal guards, they were all in the demigod realm.

"Kid, as a favor to your superiors back at the central capital, I will forgive you this once. So learn to control your baleful aura because if there is a next time I will take one of your arms even if it means getting on the wrong side of the old bones watching over the central capital," Colleen warned demigod Baylor as she signaled the guards to stand down.

She meant every word she said and as the queen of the south, she had the power to do so and withstand the consequences that would follow.

Demigod Baylor was the poster boy for the Central government. If someone were to harm him it would be equal to hurting the prestige of the central government. So the old generation who were protecting and overseeing the current government would not like Colleen hurting Demigod Baylor for whatever reason she had. But that did not matter to Colleen as she was a Heatsend, their wealth may not be close to what the government had but their strength and authority were not to be underestimated.

With Colleen's warning, Demigod Baylor controlled his emotions and hid his aura. Then he apologized to her, "Please forgive my rudeness, your highness."

"Demigod Baylor, you must be busy cleaning the central government's mess, I can understand you not being able to keep up with current news but what about your wife? The whole world is talking about what your friend's orphan did, I am surprised that neither you nor your wife has heard about it yet," Colleen frowned as she said this trying to imply how serious this issue was. As for taking a shot at Sansa, she could not help herself. Compared to the plans Sansa has for her family and the southern region this was nothing.

"Sansa, what is her highness talking about?" Demigod Baylor asked his wife who appeared to be still trying to understand the situation.

"Honey, I too have been busy lately, I don't know what her highness is talking about," Sansa instantly answered her husband with a lie.

She had heard about the silver milk powder fraud, but she lied because she did not want her husband to blame her for not informing him about this matter and considering that she was the one who asked him to wait and head to the southern region later, she would come off as deliberate and purposeful.

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Chapter 1119 Soldier Queen

[1,239 words]

Date- 4 April 2321

Time- 9:34

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital, Royal Palace

"Aren't you guys the power couple of the week?" Colleen spoke sarcastically, knowing Baylor was the central government's janitor and Sansa was the shadow head of a secret assassin clan.

"Your highness, I guess this is the southern hospitality I have heard so much about," Sansa could bear Colleen taking shots at her but talking smack about her darling was not something she could tolerate.

"Yes, now that you have experienced it, you can leave the way you came. And please do not visit again, you two are not welcome here," Colleen was not bothered by Sansa's comment. Yes, she was the queen of the south but she started as an army grunt, she was where Anna got her street charm.

Demigod Baylor leaking his baleful aura in presence of Colleen was already a crime punishable by death, the only reason Colleen was letting him walk was out of face for his masters.

As for Sansa, as much as Colleen wanted to kill her on the spot and eradicate cancer infesting the southern region once and for all, she was not hundred percent sure that she could kill Sansa in a single blow or detain her.

According to Clown Mask, killing Matron's physical body or detaining it would not work because her origin card which allowed her to manipulate others' memories also granted her something similar to immortality with the help of a few additional mythical cards.

That's the reason why Sansa would dare to travel to the heart of her enemies' territory. She was not being overconfident, she was prepared. There was a reason why the Supreme Leader had to consider all of his cards before going against Sansa. She was the perfect example of how dangerous things can come in pretty packaging. The current paw clan was just Sansa being low-key, those who have seen Clown Mask's vision would know what Matron was really capable of. There was a reason why Matron was able to hold two of the five regions when the three mischiefs overturned the world.

Feeling that hunting an ignorant tiger was less risky than hunting a wounded tiger, Colleen chose to swallow her anger and send the couple on their way even though Demigod Baylor had given her enough reason to kill both of them.

"Your Highness, I'm sorry but I'm going to be a little rude here. I am not leaving the southern region without Dalton Wyatt," Demigod Baylor declared. Demigod Baylor was confident of his power and believed as long as he did not break any laws Colleen could not touch them. Therefore he did not hesitate to go against Colleen.

The only reason Demigod Baylor used the Royal Wrap array to enter the southern region was as a courtesy to the Heatsend Royal Family, he represented the central government so he thought it would be polite to greet the royal family on his way. And now he was regretting it.

"Sigh, I come to greet you guys when you come to my house, but you guys, not only dare to reveal your baleful aura but challenge me, guards throw these two out, and if they dare to enter the southern region again kill them," Colleen ordered her royal guards which consists of only demigods.

Colleen did this not because demigod Baylor dared to challenge her instead she did not the boy who invented Silver milk powder to learn about demigod Baylor who wanted to adopt him.

Right now, the Southern Royal family was the only one the boy could depend on and Colleen wanted that to continue. The boy was already daring and rebellious enough without anyone backing him, if found a backer in demigod Baylor, then the southern royal family could not control him anymore.

Colleen knew the boy would be attending the Morningstar university in the central academic city one day and she could not separate him from the world for long but that day was still far, many things could happen during that period. So for now she did not want the boy to know he had people he could depend on out there.

It was not longer about protecting the boy from Sansa's nefarious plans for him but about keeping the interest of the Heatsend royal family and the southern region.

"Your Highness, you can throw us out of your palace but you cannot stop us from entering the southern region," Demigod Baylor brought up the law but he should have known better than to use the law the central region down here, in the south region.

"Kid, the entire southern region is my family's property if I say you two are not allowed here then no one in this world can oppose me on that," Colleen said oozing a majestic aura. She wasn't just a queen, she was the soldier queen. Valleys of the Way beyond still echoed with her endeavor and terror.

Unlike everyone else in her family, she was not blessed with the unparalleled bloodline, she was able to stand here today all because of her effort and hard work. Born to commoners and raised by their hard-earned honest living, arrogance was ingrained in her bones. Be it the central government or devils or the supreme beings, she dared to fight them all.

"..." demigod Baylor was speechless out of disbelief that Colleen so blatantly disregard the law agreed upon by the government and the five royal families. For someone who has lived worshiping the law, Colleen's words were nothing short of blaspheme. But he could argue he heard Colleen repeat herself, "Guards, throw them out."

"Honey, let us leave. We can always return when we have all the facts," Sansa said not wanting her husband to be humiliated out of his stubbornness, no matter how much she wanted to see the look of loss and helplessness on his face after learning about the boy's death she did not want him to suffer under the hands of the southern royal palace's royal guards.

Demigod Baylor nodded feeling what his wife said made sense. He was not fully aware of the situation and his unstable emotion had led to a bad first impression, stubbornly using force here would only make matter worse. Once he gets the entire picture he could use his connections in the government to resolve whatever trouble Ellen's child was in.

Hearing Sansa Colleen added, "My advice to you two is don't struggle you will only be making it harder on yourself."

The couple chose to ignore Colleen's advice and walked towards the warp array planning to return before they were forced by the royal guards.

As the couple walked into the warp array they were lost in deep thoughts. Saving Ellen's son occupied demigod Baylor's mind as for Sansa, she was confused, 'What the heck did just happen?' were her exact thoughts.

From the queen of the south, Colleen, personally receiving them at warp array to her husband being humiliated to being thrown out of the southern region, none of it was within her calculation. She felt like she was missing something. She had heard that the Queen of the South was unruly and wild but that was not enough to explain what was happening right now.

What could it be?

Was her second identity revealed?

No, the soldier queen seems more hostile toward her husband than her.

Why was that? Did he offend her in some way?

As far as she knows these two should have never have run into each other until today.

What am I missing?

...

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Chapter 1120 Demigod Gilliam

[1,083 words]

Date- 4 April 2321

Time- 9:57

Location- Central Region, Central Capital, Central Warp Building.

Walking out of the warp array, demigod Baylor without waiting for Sansa said, "Sansa, you head home. I get to the root of this and return to dinner with Wyatt."

"Sure honey and please take..." demigod Baylor had already left the building Sansa could finish her sentence.

The last time Sansa had seen her husband this angry was when the Duskborn family had exiled Ellen and her husband.

Yes, he was angry at the Duskbron family who were punishing Ellen for marrying her lover and breaking the marriage contract between her and demigod Baylor, himself. Nothing about him made sense when it came to Ellen. Demigod Baylor was not angry at Ellen for betraying him, instead, he held her elope.

As if this wasn't crazy enough now he was willing to face off and make an enemy out of the Southern Royal family for Ellen and her lover's orphaned son. How crazy was that?

If anybody shouldn't be making claims about Crazy then it was Sansa, she was the woman who willingly married the man who was madly in love with another woman who had started a family with another man.

'We are one crazy ass couple,' thought Sansa as she shook her and summoned her grimoire to send out revised orders to her minions in the southern royal palace.

[Find out why the Soldier Queen is angry with the demigod Baylor. And dig up everything about Silver Milk Powder and how the royal family is connected to it, not the one royal family falsely spread in the media outlet, dig deeper. And lastly, I want the list of Soldier Queen's favorite keens and friends in ascending order.]

Only Sansa knew what she would do with the list of Soldier Queen Colleen's favorite keens and friends. But considering that she ran secret spies and assassins clan, it could not be more apparent.

...

Leaving his wife behind, demigod Baylor headed straight to his command base surprising his subordinates for the second time today. The first was when he asked for leave and the second time was now because of his sudden appearance. But if they gave it a thought, working during his leave, that was in line with the demigod Baylor they knew.

"Good Morning, General."

"Good Morning, Sir."

Demigod Baylor's subordinates saluted him as he made his way to his office.

"General, what are you doing here? Did you not apply for a two-day leave?" demigod Gilliam, a Lt. General and the assistant to the General asked demigod Baylor.

"Not now, Gilliam. Call back all personnel on personal or medical leave. As long as they are conscious, I want them to report to duty asap. And ask everyone present in the base to stop what they are doing and meet me at the conference room in five minutes," demigod Baylor ordered Gilliam before slamming the door of his office shut as he prepared to change into his spare work uniform which he kept in his office for an

emergency. As a demigod, he was not required to follow these formalities but as a general, he chose to.

"Right away, sir," Gilliam said to the door that was slammed shut in his face and could not help but think, 'Who poked this bear? The last time he was this motivated the entire command base smelled like a fish market as no one had time to use a shower card...'

Gilliam shuddered just thinking about the consequences of demigod Baylor's wrath. In the end they caught the culprits and it was a big win for society and justice alright but what about them? The entire base had to work for weeks from their office and site, the unlucky few were cheated on by their marital partners. All they received in return was an atta boy from their superiors. No incentives, no increments, no promotion, not even a day of leave. They were called to work the very next day.

Shaking his head, Gilliam summoned his grimoire and relayed the sad news to the other Lt. Generals and Major Generals. With that, as if a chain reaction, loud and exaggerated sighs began to sound in the command base one after another as demigod Baylor's new orders spread like a wildfire in the base.

Ding *Ding*

Soon Gilliam's notification was bombarded with letters of premature retirement and resignation from various officers, especially the ones who were on personal leave or medical holiday. In response, Gillian sent the following text,

[Request denied, report to command base asap or head to the way beyond.]

Gilliam did not take these letters of retirement and resignation seriously because this has become a routine ever since the demigod Baylor took charge of this command base. Besides these officers could not do anything but submit their letters and forms as the army held the final rights to decide who gets to retire or resign.

Soon the office door opened and a handsome uniformed demigod Baylor walked out of it, Gilliam saluted him before grudgingly using his card to wear his military uniform adding, "Sir, the conference room isn't ready yet."

As a demigod, Gilliam was not required to wear a uniform but because his immediate superior was wearing one he could only reluctantly change into one.

"..." Seeing Gillian use a card to change into his uniform demigod Baylor frowned. As he strongly believed that if a soldier could not spare a few seconds to change into his uniform how could he take his job seriously? Shaking his head he headed toward the conference room.

Seeing demigod Baylor frown, Gilliam felt a little of his resentment toward his General clear as he knew it bothered demigod Baylor when people would use a card to change into their uniform. This little back and forth was what made their duo cute.

"Wait for me," Gillian yelled as he followed demigod Baylor to the conference room which was crawling with uniformed men and women. The expression on their faces looked very much like the students who got informed that the maths teacher was taking over the gym period to catch up with the syllabus.

Entering the conference room the uniformed demigod Baylor did not bother to greet his personnel or give them an explanation. Instead, he directly yelled, "Okay, listen up everybody, our next target is the southern royal family."

Hearing demigod Baylor the crowd broke into a hushed murmur, taking this as his cue Gilliam spoke up, "Boss the royal families do not fall our jurisdiction."

Demigod Baylor glared at Gilliam and thunder, "Well then, starting today they fall under our jurisdiction."

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 1121 Witch Hunt

[1,040 words]

Date- 4 April 2321

Time- 10:18

Location- Central Region, Central Capital, Unknown, Command Base.

Hearing demigod Baylor declare that starting today they will be investigating the southern royal family despite it not falling under their jurisdiction just because he says so came as a huge shock to them. They were astonished that demigod Baylor dared to make claims like that.

But the smarter ones knew there was more to the story here. The last time they saw the demigod Baylor make claims so brazenly, the entire central region did not see peace for half a decade, leading to the exile and imprisonment of many high-ranking officers running a secret corrupt club within the central government.

"I don't want to hear any excuse, do what you do best and dig up whatever you can get on the southern royal family. I want an initial report on my desk within an hour," demigod Baylor did not give the crowd time to recover and gave them their orders before asking them to disperse, "Except for squads A, B, and C the rest of you disperse."

"Yes, General," the crowd said collectively before hurrying to their workstation.

Seeing the last of the crowd leave except for squad A, B, and C Gilliam asked demigod Baylor, "Sir, now can you tell us what this is all about?"

"First, explain to me the recent news about a fraud related to the southern royal family," demigod Baylor asked instead of clearing the confusion of his subordinates.

"Sir, are you talking about the rumor where the southern emperor helped a fraudster from a third-rate city in the southern region to get a patent for a fake product?" squad A's squad leader asked not being sure whether the General was talking about the incident he spoke of.

"I am not sure, tell me more about the fraudster in question," demigod Baylor asked squad A's squad leader to give more details.

"That, sir, I did not bother to..." squad A's squad leader hesitated not knowing how to tell his superiors that he did not have the information he was looking for. As a veteran officer, he knew how to talk to his superiors but he stuttered in front of the demigod Baylor as he was his idol.

"If I may General, I have done my due diligence about this case so I think I have more to offer," squad C's squad leader stepped forward saving her colleague some embarrassment in front of his idol.

Squad A's squad leader gave squad C's squad leader an understanding nod thanking her. demigod Baylor's gaze switched to squad C's squad leader and he said, "Go ahead Major."

squad C's squad leader nodded and began by saying, "I have been following this since the first it aired in the news. I gotta say this whole incident stinks of suspicion."

With that, squad C's squad leader went on to explain the silver milk fraud to the crowned bring up to speed. But before she could get to her suspicion about the case, demigod Baylor stopped her asking, "How did the Southern Emperor come in contact with a random high school senior in a third-rate city?"

Squad C's squad leader hesitated to answer but then she shyly said, "Southern Emperor is known to enjoy the company of handsome men, and from the photos of the boy he is quite the looker. So I think the southern emperor might have taken a fancy to him and the boy took it as an opportunity to pull off the biggest fraud of the year."

"Biggest fraud of the year? From the way I see it since no money was exchanged this afraid is just another failure that managed to gain the spotlight because of the involvement of royalty," Gilliam commented, disagreeing with squad C's squad leader.

"Lt General, I heard after successfully gaining the patent for his game product, silver milk powder, the boy sold its entire production and distribution rights to the southern emperor for a huge sum.

You guys did not hear this from me but one of my contacts in the central reserve bank who is also investigating this case as a hobby said that she traced transactions of a huge sum of money between the southern emperor and the boy. That is not counting the private transaction they did under the table," Squad C's squad leader tried hard not to sound like a gossip as the only female squad leader but this case was just that good she could not help herself.

"Production and distribution rights for a fake product? No that's just genius but considering the wealth and expenditures of the southern family that amount of money is nothing to them," Gilliam lamented and it seemed like he was jealous of the boy's haul from the fraud. Considering he was a demigod his jealousy made no sense but considering that he was stuck with a dead-end job in the central government it made sense, he missed the thrill of counting a lot of money with questionable origin.

"So all the trials lead toward the boy defrauding the southern emperor?" demigod Baylor asked squad C's squad leader with a deep frown because Ellen's son's crime seemed more serious than he thought they were. He would not be surprised if the southern royal family hanged him for this but it was a surprise that they did not sentence the boy to his death yet. No matter the crime, a crime against the royal family would be given the most serious sentence, so what was the hold-up in Ellen's son's case?

"Yes, General," squad C's squad leader nodded in affirmation.

"Squad C, use your contacts in the central reserve bank to get me the copy of transactions between the boy and the southern emperor.

Squad A, you guys head to the Sky Blossom city and get a status on the boy. Don't use the warp array or teleportation array to travel through the borders, you guys have permission to use the chariot.

Squad B, get in touch with the researchers that claimed this product to be fake and assemble them in the base's lab."

Demigod Baylor gave the three orders their orders but never explained to them his interest in this case. Before Gilliam could remind him of that, demigod Baylor's grimoire rang with a text notification,

[Field Marshal Henricks,

Report to my office asap.]

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Chapter 1122 Guardian Angel

[1,106 words]

Date- 4 April 2321

Time- 10:24

Location- Central Region, Central Capital, Unknown, Command Base

Reading the text demigod Baylor frowned, as a general, he doesn't have a lot of people he needs to answer to but field marshal Henricks was one of the people he needs to answer to. Having opened an investigation into the southern royal family his superior calling to have a good old fashion chat with him did not come as a surprise to him, what astonished him was that it hasn't been more than a few minutes since he made his intentions public and it had already reached the ears of the Field Marshal. This could mean only one of two things, the Field Marshal's office was just that capable or there were rats hidden among his subordinates keeping tabs on him and feeding it to their real masters.

Sigh demigod Baylor let out a sigh remembering how tedious it was for him to get rid of the rat infestation when he was conducting the internal investigation to shut down the corrupt officers club in the central government. It hasn't been long since then and new rats have already filled the burrows of the old rats. This time he planned to not get rid of them, instead keep them around and pretend as if he was not aware of their presence and monitor them, since there was no point in getting rid of the old rats when new rats will immediately replace them.

"You three keep me updated on the mission I have assigned you. Any questions?" demigod Baylor's question was rhetorical but it was also to check the loyalty of the three squads that he hand-picked.

"No, Sir General," the three squads shouted in unison. As soldiers, they were trained to follow orders and not question them. Yes, they were curious why their general was showing a sudden interest in this case but they knew better than to speak their curiosity. They felt that if there was something they needed to know their general would inform them.

With the three squads passing his small test, demigod Baylor felt a little delight and then added, "Good, you can take your leave now."

"Yes, Sir General," the three squads left the conference room in an orderly fashion after saluting their General.

Demigod Baylor wanted to follow them out and head to the field marshal's office but was stopped by Gilliam, "General, you never explained your sudden interest in the royal families, particularly the southern royal family."

"Lt General Gilliam, the day when Field Marshal Henricks recommended you as my assistant to me, I agreed because I thought that you were a man of integrity. I am hoping I am still right about it and you will not let me down," demigod Baylor did not immediately answer Gilliam and instead asked him not to betray his trust.

"..." Hearing demigod Baylor, Gilliam went silent, it was not clear what he was thinking. But then he asked, "Are you doubting me or should I take it as a warning?"

'Are you doubting me' and 'Should I take it as a warning' were two different questions, the former meant what it said, however, the latter meant more than what it said, that the demigod Baylor had already decided that Gilliam was a rat and warned him.

Demigod Baylor shook his head remembering that he planned to act blind when it came to the existence of the rats and quietly monitor them. So he ordered, "Lt General Gilliam, I require you to go to the southern royal palace and personally inform her highness, Soldier Queen Colleen, of our investigation into her family as a courtesy, after all, they are royalty making them eligible for this small privileges."

"General..." Gilliam immediately felt lightheaded hearing demigod Baylor's orders, knowing that this order was akin to sending him to a sleeping supreme being's domain and poking it awake, the ending to this act could not be more apparent, his death.

"Lt General, is there a problem?" demigod Baylor asked Gilliam as he glared at him.

"No, Sir General," Gilliam immediately yelled, feeling that even if he answered a second later demigod Baylor would not hesitate to attack him shouting insubordination.

"Good, now get going immediately. I don't want the Royal family learning of our investigation into them through somebody other than us and remember to keep me updated all the way," demigod Baylor ordered and then headed towards the field marshal's office.

Since the southern royal family would somehow learn of his investigation into them sooner or later demigod Baylor wanted to achieve two things by doing this, first and most important one was to repay soldier queen Colleen for her warm hospitality. And

the other was to show Gilliam his place. Yes, he remembers his plan for the rats but he could not help himself, they were just too disgusting.

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Walking out of the conference room, the three leaders of squad A, B, & C had their own meeting in squad A's leader's office having sent their subordinates to prepare for their missions.

"So, which one of you two will take the honor of informing her highness, Matron?" asked Squad C's leader.

"Do we need to? With her majesty's ability she should have already learned the information through our memories, right?" Said Squad B's squad leader.

"I don't want to have another discussion about that paradox, so this time I will take the honor of informing her majesty but next time one of you two better step up," Squad A's Squad leader summoned his grimoire and called the encrypted contact as he spoke.

"Hello,..."

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"Good, remember to report to me before you report to my husband. Now get back to what you do best," Giving the three squad leader's their orders Sansa hung up the call.

They say that there is a woman behind every man's success and for Demigod Baylor it was his wife Sansa aka Matron. Demigod Baylor became the youngest demigod known but it was Sansa who helped him become the youngest General ever in the current government.

When Demigod Baylor joined the central government, he did not waste time ruffling a lot of feathers which formed many dark clouds above his head but miraculously he was never once struck by the lightning from the dark clouds, instead every time miraculously the dark clouds above his head would clear as if a guardian angel was protecting him. Interestingly enough, it was not a guardian angel but a shadow, Matron and her hidden clan of assassins and spies, the paw clan.

"If only you were this thoughtful about the living," Sansa uttered as she stared at the void referring to demigod Baylor being considerate about his late unrequited love and her dead son.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[1,216 words]

Date- 4 April 2321

Time- 10:48

Location- Central Region, Central Capital, Unknown, Field Marshal Office

"General, Field Marshal will be seeing you now," the assistant to the Field Marshal informed Demigod Baylor as she opened the door to the Field Marshal's office.

Demigod Baylor nodded to the assistant and walking into the office he heard a thud as the assistant closed the door behind him. Then he searched the room to find the wrinkled skinny figure of the Field Marshal occupying the office couch holding an expensive old bottle of rum instead of his chair, his throne. And saluted, "Field Marshal, General Baylor reporting sir."

"Son, for once can you not be so uptight? I called you here as your mentor, not as your Field Marshal," Henricks said as he fetched two frozen glasses from the office bar and filled each one to the brim with the expensive old rum. Then looking at demigod Baylor who was still standing by the door he added, "What? Are you waiting for an invitation?"

"Mentor, only you would prefer to drink rum in a frozen glass," demigod Baylor commented as he walked to pick up the glass of rum offered by his mentor.

"It reminds me of drinking cheap rum from my frozen military-issue mug from my time at the way beyond, did you know that back then before we sealed the Storm Supreme, the Frozen Peaks used to be frozen and so cold that even mugs created from A-rank ingredients would break because of the temperature. Imagine being stationed there," Henricks spoke reminiscing his time as a soldier, and then added, "You are one to speak, I offered my good rum believing you would reject saying you don't drink on duty. Look at you emptying the glass in one chug, was your visit to the southern region that bad?"

"Yes, I finally understood why you call the royal families arrogant bastards," demigod Baylor used to believe that the Royal families deserved small privileges compared to the common man because of the sacrifice made by their ancestors for humankind but today his encounter with soldier queen Colleen had him develop a small opinion about that.

He did not have an opinion about the privileges given to royal families but the fact that they act as if they were above the law.

"I heard," one of his Generals creating a scene at one of the royal warp arrays, it was near impossible for Henricks not to hear about what happened. His question earlier was just to hear what demigod Baylor thought about the incident.

"I take it that's the real reason you called me down here," demigod Baylor doubted.

"Hey, I meant it when I said I called you here as your mentor, not as your Field Marshal," Henricks was proud seeing his student doubt him, he was always worried his student was too kind and good for his job but now he took pride on being proven wrong and then continued to say, "Before you go judging me I have a good news for your unfilial ass, you can continue your investigation into the silver milk fraud incident."

Cough demigod Baylor choked on his rum hearing his mentor say that he could continue his investigation into the silver milk fraud incident. This was a huge deal as it meant he could head to the southern region and ask the southern royal family to arrange a meeting with Ellen's orphaned son.

"Before you get too excited I have bad news too," Henricks added immediately before the joy of the good news could sink in.

"What are the conditions?" demigod Baylor was smart enough to know that nothing good comes without a price so he did not beat around the bush and directly asked his mentor to rip the bandaid off.

"Your investigation into the silver milk powder fraud will be unofficial, meaning if you get caught red-handed by the southern royal family I will deny any knowledge about it, and depending on the evidence your punishment will vary. Which is to say any investigation you will conduct about this case will be at your own risk. Knowing this, are you still going to continue with your investigation into the silver milk powder fraud?" Henricks asked demigod Baylor.

"..." hearing Henricks demigod Baylor was confused and could not help but wonder if Gilliam was not working for his mentor.

"And one more thing, you will have to write a 1000 words letter apologizing for your behavior toward Colleen, this is non-negotiable. If the other three Heatsends learn you leaked your baleful aura towards their family member, they will not hesitate to slaughter a blood river from way beyond and southern region to the central capital just to claim your head, so if I were you I would make the letter of apology my priority," Henricks added.

"So, Gilliam is really not your rat?" demigod Baylor asked Henricks because if Gilliam was the spy his mentor kept by his side to monitor him then he should have known that

he had ordered Gilliam to visit and personally tell soldier queen Colleen that he had opened an investigation into the Heatsend Royal family.

"Kid, what did you do?" Henrick asked in distress seeing the confused expression on his unfilial student's face.

"Well, I..." demigod Baylor went on to explain his misunderstanding with regard to Gilliam and his orders to Gilliam.

"Fuck, call him back right now, they will kill him. The Heatsends are not to be messed with," Henricks yelled at this unfilial disciple but seeing him not take action he shouted, "What are you waiting for? Gilliam's corpse? Just call him already."

"Calm down, if you are not behind Gilliam then who is his real master?" The only reason demigod Baylor doubted his mentor was Gilliam's master because he recommended Gilliam to him as his assistant. So thinking about it for a second he asked his mentor, "If not to monitor me then why did you recommend Gilliam to me?"

"Y-you, why would I keep spies next to my disciple? I recommend him to you because I felt he would make a good tool for you but instead of using him, you sent him to his death. Now, I am starting to regret not having sent Gilliam to monitor you instead," Henricks almost forgot to breathe hearing his disciple, he no longer took pride in the new side of his disciple, and he prayed it was not too late for him to get his kind disciple back. However, seeing his disciple still not summoned to call Gilliam and retract his orders, he yelled, "Call him off already."

Demigod Baylor did not react to his mentor's yells, instead, he silently enjoyed his rum as he found the caring side of his mentor appetizing. To see the great field marshal who was famous for being rampant at the way beyond act like this, Baylor found it cute. The reason he was so casual about this was that he still had his suspicions about Gilliam, he could never trust a man who would use a transformation card to wear his uniform.

Seeing his disciple not move a muscle Henricks summoned his grimoire to call off Lt General Gilliam from walking to his death but before he could make the call his grimoire rang, hearing that demigod Baylor said, "You should pick it up, it must be Gilliam's real master."

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[987 words]

Date- 4 April 2321

Time- 10:57

Location- Central Region, Central Capital, Unknown, Field Marshal Office

"You are wrong, it is Gilliam himself," Henricks said, identifying the grimoire ID calling him.

"He called you directly? Should his call not be forwarded to your office's communication staff? Since when did you start giving your personal grimoire ID to anybody with less authority than a General? Heck, as your disciple I did not have your personal grimoire ID until I actually became a General," demigod Baylor complained feeling a little dissatisfied toward his mentor.

Field Marshal Henricks ignored Lt General Gilliam's call and looking at this complaining disciple he said, "Here's a fun fact, every General has an assistant of Lt General rank in demigod Realm. When you got promoted as a General, there weren't any Lt General of the demigod realm willing to serve as the assistant to the General, under you. I could have let some semi-demigod realm Lt General fill that position but then others would use that to undermine your authority. So my office reached out to a few outstanding Lt Generals of the demigod realm, asking them if they were interested in filling the position.

Ever since I became a Field Marshal, when my office asks something they don't hear a no for an answer, but that day, everyone that my office reached out to rejected them, including Gilliam. I don't blame them, you have achieved what they couldn't in one-fifth of the time of their entire lifespan. They were both embarrassed and jealous of your achievements. Working under somebody younger would be a constant reminder of that embarrassment and jealousy. Having achieved the demigod realm, these card apprentices are proud, stubborn, arrogant people and they have every right to be as they have achieved what billions of others could only dream of.

So out of respect for their hard work and dedication, I did not try to force them with my position's authority. Instead, promises were made, and let's just say except for Gilliam, others valued their pride more than their ambition. That's how he ended up with my grimoire ID."

"Then you highly recommended him to me so that I would not go through the list of candidates for my assistant and learn that not many people were in favor of my new promotion. You did not have to do that, you know. I wouldn't let something so little get to me," demigod Baylor appreciated the fact that his mentor was looking out for him but he could not help but feel that his mentor was underestimating him.

"Kid, I knew you would not understand. That's the reason I acted on my own," Henricks shook his head seeing how his disciple was still underestimating the role of office politics, sometimes he cannot help but wonder how he made it this far with this mindset.

How could he not get the simple fact that as the only General with an assistant in the semi-demigod realm, it would not be hard for other Generals to undermine his authority? A capable and powerful assistant was very important as on most occasions when the General was busy, the assistant to the general acted as the substitute for the general. Now how would a semi-demigod fair against demigods? Even though their titles were the same, people did not need reasons to undermine the only semi-demigod in the room.

Knock *Knock* The assistant to the field marshal entered the building, after knocking to let her intrusion be known. Before she could speak about her purpose of intrusion, the field marshal spoke, "Is it Lt General Gilliam?"

Hearing the field marshal, the assistant was surprised because he was correct, "Yes, sir. Do you want me to put him through?"

Turns out, since the field marshal was not answering the call to his personal grimoire ID, Gilliam decided to call his office with no other options left. Clearly, he knew visiting Soldier Queen Colleen and informing her that they were opening an investigation into her family would only hasten his journey to the afterlife.

"No. Inform him that the field marshal knows about my orders to him. And he should keep the field marshal updated about his mission," Before Henricks could answer his assistant, demigod Baylor answered.

Had someone else dared to do this then the assistant to the field marshal would have yelled capital offense and subdued the culprit waiting for the field marshal to give out punishment fitting the crime. But she knew demigod Baylor was the field marshal's favorite disciple, so she overlooked his offense and looked at the field marshal waiting for his orders.

"Are you sure the people behind him will reach out to me to call off his mission?" Henricks asked his disciple.

"They will have to unless they don't mind sacrificing a Lt General and demigod realm pawn. Besides, once he makes it to the southern royal warp array, I will call him and cancel his mission. This just a gamble, if it works it will save us a lot of time," Learning that Gilliam was not his mentor's rat, demigod Baylor became cautious because as his assistant Gilliam had a lot of power in his command base, he could not just ignore this rat like the others crawling in his base.

"Since you have thought it through, I will go along with it," Henricks said and then signaled his assistant to follow his disciple's arrangement and added, "Ask the

personnel to track Lt General Gilliam's call logs, I want to know who he is in contact with within these few hours."

"Will do field marshal," With her new orders the assistant exited the office.

"You have the authority to do that?" demigod Baylor asked his mentor in disbelief.

"Now you know why I don't need to place my people by your side to monitor you," Henricks said, enjoying the look on his disciple's face. Track call logs of Lt General and a demigod one of the few perks available to the Field Marshal.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 1125 Hui Rin

[1,129 words]

Date- 4 April 2321

Time- 11:05

Location- Central Region, Central Capital, Capital Warp building

"Fuck," Gilliam cussed after the field marshal's office hung up on him. Then he called an encrypted grimoire ID with a deep frown, knowing that if this person was not willing to help him, then he would become the infamous sacrifice of political chess in the central capital that people kept gossiping about.

"Uncle Gilliam, what did the Field Marshal say?" a young voice answered Gilliam's call. It seems they were related.

"Young Master Hui Rin, the Field Marshal, did not receive my call. So I called his office, I did not get to talk to him but he seems to agree with the General," Gilliam spoke very respectfully. He wasn't this respectful when he spoke to demigod Baylor, his immediate superior. It was apparent that he was more worried about this person than demigod Baylor.

"That is not a surprise, considering the relationship between them. It seems they are starting to doubt you, Uncle. So, for now, just lay low and do as they say," Hui Rin ordered nonchalantly. Seeing how the Field Marshal who never broke his promise

ignored Gilliam's call, Hui Rin knew that the cover of his pawn by the side of the Matron's husband was blown.

"Young Master, I will not hesitate to lay my life for you but I think in my current position I can be of more service to you alive than dead," Gilliam did not dare to question Hui Rin's orders and instead politely tried to negotiate for his life.

"Uncle, relax. They might not care about your death but they will not dare to offend the southern royal family no matter the cause. Just report back to them once you make it to the southern royal palace by then they will have to lose their poker face and call off their mission to you," It did not take long for Hui Rin to see right through demigod Baylor's gamble and decide to go all in.

"I will do as you say, Young Master," Gilliam had no choice but to follow Hui Rin's arrangements however he felt that what Hui Rin said sounded reasonable. As he hung up the call he could not help shaking his head, getting a sense of why the Great Elder supported Hui Rin in the race for the heir to the Yin-Yang Harmony sect's leader.

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After Gilliam ended the call, Hui Rin called a grimoire ID saved in his grimoire contacts as Karl.

"I was just about to call you," Karl said, answering Hui Rin.

"Why?" Hui Rin asked in surprise as Karl would only contact him when he required him to do something.

"Mike was killed this morning..." Karl went on to explain the events of Mike's death and that he could not shake the feeling that there was a conspiracy behind Mike's death.

"Ji Feng would not betray the sect or our faction, he would rather die than do something like that," Hui Rui asserted. As Ji Feng was one of the sect disciples from his faction that he had carefully selected to maintain the desolate punisher array covering each branch of the circle.

"I agree with you, that is why I believe Matron is behind," Karl said pensively.

"That would explain a lot but then you will not like the reason why I called you," The majestic Hui Rin finally showed some fear in his voice. As an incarnation of Karl, Hui RIn's life and death were in Karl's hands so his emotions could not help but surface as he was about to give him the bad news.

"What is it?" Karl's voice grew deeper preparing himself to hear yet another bad news.

"My spy next to Matron's husband got made," Hui Rui said in a single breath.

"Do they know he is working for you?" Karl decided to get a clear picture of the damage before pointing fingers.

"No, they got nothing. They are just suspicious of him. I wanted to get rid of him but then asked him to break all contact and lay low thinking that he could be of use someday, after all, it is not easy to cultivate a Lt General," Hui Rin explained his response to the situation to Karl in detail.

"This is a big loss, we need someone else next to him no matter the cost, this time if possible one of us, he is the only known weakness of Matron. Wait... don't bother yourself with this, I will arrange someone else for this matter. As for you, the heir race of your sect is your top priority. Don't let other matters disturb you, I handle them. If you need anything, call," saying that Karl ended the call.

...

Date- 4 April 2321

Time- 11:09

Location- Central Region, Central Capital, Unknown, Field Marshal Office

"Had I known of these perks earlier, I would have stayed at the way beyond to gather a few more merits, it would help me become a field marshal faster," demigod Baylor said in awe of the authority held by the field marshal. Tracking call logs was not a big deal as a General, he too could get someone to do it but tracking the call logs of a demigod and a Lt General was a totally different story.

"Hahaha, no amount of merit will help you with that, Field Marshal seats are limited. Unless one of us retires or dies, you do not stand to be promoted to field marshal anytime soon. Not to forget that there are a lot of capable card apprentices to be considered before it is your turn," Henricks found his disciple's ambition funny, finding it impossible to achieve.

"As if seniority has ever stopped me from achieving what I wanted," demigod Baylor said arrogantly. Considering what he had achieved so far he had the capability to be arrogant.

Seeing his ambitious disciple, Henricks was reminded of his young self and missed that ambition. Sitting at one of the highest positions, there weren't many things he could aim for now. Some would delusion themselves into aiming for something like world domination or world peace but Henricks knew better than that. Therefore he decided to invest his power and time in the younger generation that showed promise. Seeing the growth of the demigod Baylor, Henricks felt like he placed the best bet.

"Kid, you haven't given me your answer yet," Henricks reminded demigod Baylor that they were not done with their previous conversation.

"Well, you did not tell me the entire story so what did you expect," Demigod Baylor was not naive enough to think that Henricks would let him abuse his authority as a General for a personal vendetta, especially against the royal families. Clearly, there was more to the story than Henricks was telling him.

"Fine, there is a small suspicion that silver milk powder is not a fraud but real..."

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Chapter 1126 Deep Waters

[1,038 words]

Date- 4 April 2321

Time- 11:16

Location- Central Region, Central Capital, Unknown, Field Marshal's Office

"A powder which can help mortals cultivate active soul control percentage, don't tell me you believe something like that is possible. Even if it is, I am sure that a teenager would be the last one to discover it," demigod Baylor said, hearing his mentor claim that a few among them, the higher-ups, believed that the silver milk powder might not be a fraud that the media outlets claimed it to be.

"Here's the deal, if somewhere down in the southern region is a way to help mortals stimulate their active soul control before contracting a grimoire then the government would like to be the one to regulate it. The allure of something with such capabilities is not easy to ignore..."

The uncertainty of this case and your personal interest in it is the reason why you are getting the opportunity to lead it. Otherwise, it would not land on your lap but someone with more seniority," Henricks's explanation did not really explain why the government was willing to spare resources for something like this. It only made it more apparent that he would rather not go into details about it.

"Could you be any less clearer? Sigh, please, just be honest with me," demigod Baylor said in frustration. He did not care what the government was up to, but he did not like

the fact that the government had taken interest in Ellen's son's fraud case. First the soldier queen Colleen had suspiciously turned hostile toward him when he said he was going to adopt Ellen's son and now the government was asking him to run a covert mission to check if there was more to the silver milk powder fraud case. So he could not help but worry that there was more to it than he was being let on.

"Kid, even if your title has changed to General you are still a soldier. Do you want me to teach you that soldiers don't get to question their orders?"

"You don't have to remind me that but I thought you called me here as your disciple and not your subordinate," demigod Baylor glanced into his mentor's eyes and asked.

"Why are you being stubborn about this?" Henricks warned his disciple to not dig further.

"You know exactly why," demigod Baylor did not show signs of backing down with his mentor's warning.

"Boy, that girl really did a number on you. Your wife is a saint to tolerate your whims," Henricks scoffed, knowing exactly why his disciple was being so stubborn.

"No, she was the best thing that ever happened to me. And yes, I have a good wife," demigod Baylor said defending both the women in his heart and life.

"Sigh, I take it you have already arranged your subordinates to gather the researchers who had claimed that the silver milk powder is a fake?" Henricks seems to have finally given up and decided to lay it all out for his disciple.

"Yes, I did," demigod Baylor answered seriously seeing his mentor cave.

"Well, you can call them off. They will not find or will be able to reach those researchers," Henricks spoke mysteriously.

Hearing his mentor demigod Baylor frowned his brows pensively and said, "Is it because the government has already detained those researchers?"

"Most of them have been detained, as for the remaining, they, themselves, are formidable or have strong backgrounds. Since the government can't reach them, your people certainly cannot," Henricks said as he filled his emptied glass with rum to the brim.

"I thought we were the government," demigod Baylor said feeling tense, according to his mentor the case involving Ellen's son was not as simple as it seemed on the surface.

"Don't kid yourself, I as a field marshal don't dare to say I am the government, let alone a mere general such as yourself. Remember we are military and we work for the government," Henricks schooled his disciple.

Demigod Baylor shook his head, seeming to not agree with his mentor, and said, "What's the point of detaining the researchers? Didn't they claim that the silver milk powder was a fraud? Am I missing something here?"

"Let me ask a question, what will you do to a patent when you know that the product granted with the patent is a fraud?" Henricks's voice grew serious as he asked his disciple this.

"I will revoke it," demigod Baylor answered without thinking.

"Right, but the southern royal family did not do that, instead they left it alone saying an investigation is still underway. Why would the southern royal family do that?" Henricks's eyes grew sharp as he spoke the last few words.

"That is it?" demigod Baylor, who was seriously listening to what his mentor had to say, had a complicated expression on his face right now and thought maybe it was time his mentor retired as he sounded exactly like his uncle who was a conspiracy enthusiast.

"There is more, the patent office which granted the silver milk powder its patent has been closed down, and its staff have been detained by the southern royal family for investigation," Henricks could feel that his disciple was looking at him with a weird sympathy however he decided to ignore that look but what Baylor said next made him hard to ignore it, "Field Marshal, I think you should take up a hobby. It will keep you busy."

"Kid, I am being serious. These small things individually don't make sense but once you put them together with what the researchers found with regards to the silver milk powder you will start to notice that the southern royal family's recent actions are very suspicious," Henricks tone turned solemn when he said this.

"So, it all comes back to the researchers detained by the government. Just tell me what did the researchers find, to make the government interested in a small fraud case," demigod Baylor said, feeling his mentor was not a good storyteller as he was at the end of his patients listening to the field marshal.

"The researchers claimed that the effects of silver milk powder described in the paper submitted by the boy to apply for the patent were possible if the ingredient named silver milk mentioned in the recipe of the silver milk powder existed..."

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 1127 Perfect Patsy

[1,197 words]

Date- 4 April 2321

Time- 11:27

Location- Central Region, Central Capital, Unknown, Field Marshal's Office

"So, has there been any indication to the fact that the ingredient named silver milk exists?" demigod Baylor did not bother to question what his mentor said because if he spoke about it to him then he must have strong reasons to back it up.

"No, there weren't any. Until, Dr. Luna Lorn, a descendant of the southern royal family, a researcher at the morningstar university, applied to borrow the dungeon relocation apparatus for a hefty price," Henricks's claims finally start to make sense to demigod Baylor.

"So you believe that the said Silver Milk ingredient mentioned in the recipe of the Silver milk powder is a new ingredient discovered in a dungeon?" Once his mentor brought up the dungeon relocation apparatus, demigod Baylor's mind immediately jumped to this conclusion.

"Yes, that's the spark that brought this case to the notice of the government. However, no matter how rational the speculations seemed they were still speculations after all, not enough for the government to risk making an enemy out of the royal families," Henrick's explained that if the government interfered and investigate the southern region based on speculation then the southern royal family will not be the only royal family they will be offending but the other three royal families too.

Because today it was the southern region then tomorrow it will be either one of them, the only way these royal families could stop the government from encroaching on their rights was by standing together against the government despite their differences.

"From what you said so far, it seems the government is certain that the silver milk powder is not a fraud," demigod Baylor said, feeling that it was a slam dunk based on the speculations so far.

"Yeah, no. There is a problem," Henricks said with a hint of embarrassment. And then added, "In the papers submitted by the boy to apply for the patent, he has described the

properties, soul pathways, arrangements, and vibrations of the ingredient he termed as silver milk. This is where the situation gets complicated."

"I don't understand," said demigod Baylor, not understanding how the properties, soul pathways, arrangements, and vibration of the ingredient called silver milk became the problem.

"Considering the alluring application of the silver milk powder, the government had recruited five demigod realm diamond rank array masters and card creationists well versed in creation rule to use the properties, soul pathways, arrangements and vibration of the silver milk ingredient described in papers to recreate it," Henricks paused and drank remain rum in his glass.

"So, were they able to recreate it?" demigod Baylor asked knowing that if they were able to recreate the ingredient then the government would be having a heated talk with the southern region instead of asking him to do a covert investigation off the books into it.

"Not yet, they are still at it. Things like this take time but with passing days the government is losing its confidence," Henricks knew that research work took time but the government did not have the patience for it. Hence, when demigod Baylor opened an investigation into the southern royal family, overreaching his authority, instead of reprimanding him the government decided to use him as his personal interest, in this case, made him the perfect patsy.

Many people had a bone to pick with the southern royal family but only demigod Baylor's interest clashed with the silver milk powder incident. So in case, demigod Baylor or his people were to get caught snooping around regarding this. Then the government could appease the southern royal family by claiming that demigod Baylor abused his authority for his personal grievance against the southern royal family and they had no idea.

As if the southern royal family would fall for that but they would have to swallow it since the government's hand would clean since demigod Baylor would be taking all the blame and allowing the government to open an investigation into demigod Baylor and his crime.

By opening an investigation into demigod Baylor and his crime, the government would be able to investigate the silver milk powder patent fraud. This was why demigod Baylor made the perfect patsy for the covert operation into the silver milk powder patent fraud of the southern region.

Right now the government has no reason to claim jurisdiction in the silver milk powder patent fraud, but that would not be the case if demigod Baylor were to be caught snooping around that case by abusing his power.

Why demigod Baylor? Why not someone else? Demigod Baylor's relationship with the mastermind behind the silver milk powder patent fraud gave the government enough leverage when they would begin fighting with the southern royal family for jurisdiction over the silver milk powder patent fraud. This way the government would get what it wanted while keeping its hands clean when it came to law but ethically nobody's hands were clean.

The government did not have the patients to do things by the book, who knows how long it would take for the researchers to recreate the ingredient, silver milk, using its properties, soul pathways, arrangements, and vibrations available. That was assuming that the southern royal family did not omit a few details to buy themselves enough time.

All this became apparent to demigod Baylor when his mentor laid it all in front of him, but he could not help but ask, "What's the government's endgame here? Even if they prove that silver milk powder exists, its patent belongs to Dalton Wyatt and he has already sold its entire production and distribution rights exclusively to the southern royal family. What is the government trying to achieve here?"

Demigod Baylor was right, the patent already belonged to someone, and there was no place for the government to intervene there.

Henricks did not immediately answer his disciple but instead became emotional and said, "Thank you. Thank you for not doubting my intentions."

Despite learning that the government was planning to use him as the scapegoat to achieve their agenda and his mentor, Henricks, instead of protecting his disciple's interests was playing the role of devil's advocate by mediating the government's intentions for him to start a covert investigation into the silver milk powder patent fraud case off the books to him, Demigod Baylor did not blame Henricks, he did not speak one word about it nor did he resented Henricks because of it. This action of demigod Baylor moved Henricks's heart and today he genuinely felt that he really bet on the right horse.

"Field Marshal, you are not the one who should be thanking me, it should be me thanking you. If not for you watching out for me it would not be possible for me to grow into what I am today. I could never doubt your intentions for me. Even now, there must be a reason why you want me to do the government's bidding," demigod Baylor was not being humble or saying this to be polite, he genuinely thought so.

"Hahaha," Henricks laughed out loud, trying to mask his teary eyes, and shouted, "If I were to die now I will have no complaints. Having nurtured a disciple like you, my life has one less regret."

...

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Chapter 1128 Cold Hard Truth

[1,028 words]

Date- 4 April 2321

Time- 11:38

Location- Central Region, Central Capital, Unknown, Field Marshal's Office

"Field Marshal, please don't speak of death so lightly," Demigod Baylor said with an earnest tone, he really wished well for Henricks.

"Stop it, you are starting to sound like Jody. But seriously, now that you know the government's plans for you are you still going to continue with your investigation into the silver milk powder case?" Henricks knew what his disciple's answer was going to be yet he had to be sure.

"I have to, though not for the government but for Ellen's son. He seems to have gotten himself into something way in over his head, I don't know the full story but it seems he needs me," demigod Baylor spoke as if he held the responsibility for Ellen's son.

Hearing him, even Henricks could not help but lift an eyebrow as the most admirable thing about his disciple was also his weakness, his loyalty.

"Seeing how you, who had not applied for leave in decades, suddenly applied for two days of leave to adopt that boy, I realized how much this meant to you, I do not understand it, but I know it is important to you. So when the government approached me with their idea, I did not think twice to accept it on your behalf. And I was right to do so," Henricks said, making it clear that he was not in favor of demigod Baylor's obsession with Ellen but out of love for his disciple he reluctantly took part in enabling him.

"Field Marshal, you informed me of the government plans for me but what about its plans for Dalton Wyatt that is if it turns out that the silver milk powder is not a fraud?" demigod Baylor did not seem to care about the government using him as a pawn in their nefarious plans, he seemed to be more worried about what government planned to do with Ellen's son if the product he was granted a patent for was not a fraud.

"This is where things get interesting, in case the government gets a certainty that silver milk powder is everything it claims to be then you will be the biggest winner," Henricks's

eyes shone brightly just imagining the future where even the mortals could cultivate their active soul percentage without requiring to contract a grimoire.

"I don't understand," said demigod Baylor, unable to understand what his mentor was trying to imply.

"Kid, you recall when I said you cannot become a Field Marshal because the number of Field Marshals is limited and you do not have the seniority to compete for it even if an opportunity arises? Well, this is your chance to level the playing field," Henricks did not get to the point but kept speaking in riddles and using honeyed words clearly he was trying to prepare his disciple for what he was going to say next.

"No, I don't care about being a Field Marshal, if it means I have to use Ellen's son to gain it," Demigod Baylor had spent enough time with his mentor to know what he was trying to do.

"Don't be so quick to reach a conclusion, you did not even let me finish what I had to say. It is not as bad as you," Henricks said, trying to convince his disciple to listen to what he had to say till the end and then reach a decision.

"Field Marshal, I don't know what you are trying to say but I know enough to be certain that you plan to use Dalton Wyatt to get me out of the hot water and pave a way for my career. I appreciate you looking out for me but I will not be a part of it nor will I let anyone put Ellen's son in harm's way," demigod Baylor said resolutely without allowing his mentor to explain how the government planned to use the boy.

"You do know that if the government cannot use you then they will find someone they can use, like for example the Duskborn Family," Seeing his disciple being stupid, Henricks spoke the hard truth and added, "I will be honest with you, the main reason the government is willing to use you instead of millions out there is that they believe that I control you. And since they control me, it works. You see where I am going with this?"

"..." hearing the cold hard truth dropped by his mentor, demigod Baylor was without words.

"It's like in kindergarten if you play by the rules of the adults you get to keep your toys or else..." Using his disciple's silence as an opportunity, Henricks decided to school him, "Kid, let me remind you again, the military is the government's dog, we protect our masters and do their dirty laundry without asking questions, usually we guard the walls but recently with the usher of prolonged peace we are required more in here than at the borders to help our masters keep their errand boys in check. So don't make the mistake of thinking that we are the government. The club of corrupt officials and officers in government that you busted a few years ago, had made the mistake to think they were the government, and guess what happened next? Their names landed on my desk. Considering this was an easy opportunity to earn merit and make a name, I passed it to my favorite subordinate, you."

"Field Marshal, I am trying hard not to jump to a wrong conclusion so please tell me what should I make out of what you just said," demigod Baylor selected his next words very carefully.

"Kid, don't blame me. This is how I have been able to make it this far, as your mentor I am showing what I know. But it is up to you whether you decide to take the same route I took. No matter what you end up choosing I will respect your decision," Despite his means, Henricks was only doing the best for his disciple to the best of his knowledge. He would rather force people with high ethics into power than people who would do anything to come to power.

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Chapter 1129 With In Government's Calculation

[1,103 words]

Date- 4 April 2321

Time- 11:44

Location- Central Region, Central Capital, Unknown, Field Marshal's Office

"..." demigod Baylor was having a hard time processing what his mentor had just revealed to him. Mostly because he wasn't sure whether he and his mentor were talking about the same government. It seemed his definition of the government did not align with his mentor's definition of the government. He wanted to confront his monitor about this but he knew that if he wanted the answer for that he would have to follow the path his mentor had laid out for him but then there was no turning back.

"Kid, in a scenario where a miraculous item like the silver milk powder was to exist, do you really believe the government and the rest of the world would just sit and watch as things played out? Just think about the storm that would follow, do you really believe a teenager can withstand something like that? He will be among the first to be swept in it. Even you will not be able to shelter the boy from something like that. The smart bet for you would be to take the government up on its offer before the Duskborn family or the others do. If you really care about the boy, this is the only way you can be of help to him," Henricks did not spare any card at his disposal to persuade demigod Baylor to follow the government's plan.

"Will the boy really be safe if follows the government's arrangements for him and me?" demigod Baylor finally spoke up feeling his mentor was right about the government being the safest place for Ellen's son because he would be there to make sure of it.

"First listen to what I have to say and then you be the judge of it," Henricks smiled, finally getting the full attention of his stubborn disciple's ears, and continued to explain from where he had left off earlier.

"In the case of the scenario where the item silver milk powder exists, then the government needs the boy to cooperate with them to get the exclusive rights for its production and distribution. In return, the government is not only willing to provide the boy an asylum but also give whatever the southern royal family promised the boy for his cooperation," The reason why Henricks and the government assumed that the southern royal family had negotiated terms with the boy and not taken him hostage was because once the silver milk powder becomes public, the entire world will need the southern region and the boy to answer a bunch of questions regarding the origin and ownership of the item. As long as their story adds up, there will not be any place for the government or any other force to intervene with regard to that. So it was important for the southern royal family to have the boy on their side and the only way of making sure of that was by keeping the boy happy. Which meant that the southern royal family had promised the boy reasonable conditions.

"So that is where I come into the picture with my off-the-book covert investigation into the silver milk powder fraud, the government is excepting me to get caught by the southern royal family while snooping around this case because this way they not only get a reason to fight for jurisdiction over this case with the southern royal family but also to use it to make me Dalton Wyatt's savior. Show him that there is still someone in this world who cares about him and someone he can put his trust in..." demigod Baylor suddenly went silent as he spoke the last sentence.

"Don't think too much into it, this is for the best. The first thing, the government will do once they get shared jurisdiction over this case is try everything in their power to introduce you to the boy. Since you have already gained the boy's trust, with your history with his parents, it will be easier for you to adopt him.

Once you are legally responsible for him, you have to get him to confess the truth about the silver milk powder. If it is really a fraud, then you will be punished for abusing your power and the kid will be fined for his crime. But if it turns out that it is the real deal. Then you will have to convince him to turn against the southern royal family saying that they threatened him to give them the exclusive right to the production and distribution of the silver milk powder. As for what comes next let the government will worry about it, while your happy family of three enjoys each other's company in a secured location. Regardless of whether the item silver milk powder turns out to be a fraud or not, in the end, you will get what you wanted, to adopt the boy," Henricks painted a beautiful picture of how things will play out from here on if demigod Baylor were to just follow the government's plan.

Demigod Baylor was not born yesterday to know that things do not usually go as planned, so he was not quick to buy the sweet lies his mentor was selling. There were so many variables in the picture his mentor laid out that nobody could predict that they would happen exactly as they planned them. Demigod Baylor brought one of them up, "What if the southern royal family had asked the boy to take an oath in the presence of the world's will and its rules? I know if it is an unfair oath then the government can force the southern royal family into undoing the oath. However, what if it is not, what if they had negotiated a fair deal? Even if we are able to get the boy's trust it will be too late for us to do anything."

"Kid, the time that had lapsed since your fight with Colleen to the moment I texted you to meet me in my office, should not be more than half an hour, however within that time the government not only figured out your reason for visiting the southern region, but also your reaction to your fight with Colleen, and came up with the best possible scenario from which they can continue to prolong the current peace in the world. The government is a lot more capable than everyone gives it credit for. But to assure you, I will let you in on a secret," Henricks paused, and summoning his grimoire he called his assistant and ordered, "Jody, send in Agent Forger."

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Chapter 1130 Agent Lois Forger

[1,081 words]

Date- 4 April 2321

Time- 11:53

Location- Central Region, Central Capital, Unknown, Field Marshal's Office

"Field Marshal Henricks, General Baylor," a suited tall blonde woman with a blind right eye greeted Henricks and his disciple. This woman was peculiar, she came off as a mysterious person. It may be because despite being fully capable of healing her right eye as a semi-demigod she chose not to or there was a story behind it. Seeing how the lady Agent had put thought into how she looked and dressed, it was clear that she did not, not, heal her right eye out of choice.

"General Baylor, meet Agent Lois Forger aka the miracle," Henricks introduced the tall blonde woman to his disciple and then added, "She is how the government plans to ensure the current peace."

"The Miracle?" Demigod Baylor asked, a little baffled. As a demigod, he has been in the presence of a lot of women not of choice of course but never had he spared them a second glance however there was something about Agent Forger that made him gaze into her dim eye, yes, her blind right eye. Glancing deeper into it he felt as if all his worries were being swallowed by it, he found that a weight was lifted off his shoulder, and suddenly he was reminded of his mother's warm embrace, the safest place on this soil...

"Neat trick, pity you are not a demigod," demigod Baylor commented, the entire time he was aware of the reality while he explored the mystery of Agent Forger's right eye.

"Respectfully, General, I wasn't trying," Agent Forger did not lie, she never activated any kind of ability or particularly targeted demigod Baylor. What demigod Baylor expired just now was just like the heat from the fire, if the heat was this strong then one had to wonder how strong would the fire be but then to figure that out one would have put their hand into the fire.

Demigod Baylor could not help but lift an eyebrow hearing the female agent, ever since he had become a demigod, there weren't many people that dared to challenge him let alone a semi-demigod. So demigod Baylor proactively added, "Interesting, someone is letting their pseudonym get to their head."

"Then I will politely have to ask the General to enlighten me in the arena," Forger took demigod Baylor's provocation seriously and challenged him to a fight.

"Enough," Henricks yelled, putting an end to the sparks flying between demigod Baylor and Agent Forger. And then glancing at Lois he sternly said, "Agent Forger, I know the government pampers you with many privileges but in the military you will follow proper conduct, when we are done here you will write a 1000-word letter of apologizing to General Baylor, got it."

"Yes, Sir, Field Marshal," Agent Forger agreed to her punishment without a word.

"Good, before we get to the business, General, it's better if you do not provoke Agent Forger, her abilities are a bit peculiar," There was a reason why Lois was addressed with the pseudonym 'The Miracle' and why the government pampered her. And demigod Baylor was going to learn it soon.

Demigod Baylor could not help but look at the female agent in a new light listening to his mentor. As Demigod Baylor's mentor Henricks had a better understanding of what his disciple was capable of, so for him to ask him to stay clear of the female agent meant that he thought demigod Baylor was not a match for 'The Miracle'.

"Okay," seeing Baylor and Lois behave, Henricks began the dialogue, "General, you must be aware of how for years now the Empire has been blaming our government of stealing their miracle."

"Yes, isn't that just a folklore that the church spun up for their followers to hate our government and the four royal families?" Demigod Baylor answered but could not help once again glance at Lois feeling she was somehow connected to what his mentor was about to say.

"No, that's not folklore, they speak the truth. We did steal what they believed as their miracle, and she is it," Henrick revealed, handing Lois a frozen glass of rum.

"What? I don't understand?" Demigod Baylor asked in confusion. Honestly, he felt that if he understood what his mentor meant then there was no turning back for him, he would become a part of the world that his mentor was in. Maybe it was already too late for second thoughts.

"They kidnapped me from the Empire when I was a toddler," Lois said nonchalantly as she spits back the rum she just sipped into the frozen glass and placed it on the tea table, causing the field marshal to frown. He hated it when people did not know how to appreciate good rum. If it were his disciple who did this he would slap him silly but it was the pampered daughter of the government, he could only show his displeasure but not act on it.

"What? Cold rum is not my cup of tea," Lois complained without bothering for the proper military conduct while addressing the Field Marshal.

"I don't blame you, I blame those old fools for pampering you too much," from the conversation between Henricks and Lois, it was apparent that they knew each other for a while now.

"Our government stole a toddler from the empire? How come I did not hear something like this until today? And you, you are okay with that," Demigod Baylor interrupted the duo's conversation and questioned them in utter shock and disbelief.

"General, you have done your share of covert operations in a foreign land to know how this goes," Henricks answered nonchalantly as if it was not a big deal.

"The Empire had kidnapped me from my mother so, I don't really care that these group of old guys kidnapped me from the empire," Lois spoke as he summoned her grimoire, pulled out a bottle of red wine, and began to chug it.

"..." Demigod Baylor noticed how Lois, unlike Henricks, addressed the government as a 'group of old guys' he felt he had heard something that he should not have heard.

"Yes, that's the stuff," Lois said, wiping her lips with the back of her hand.

"That's it your going to write another 1000-word apology letter for that glass of rum you defiled," Hearing Henricks, Lois looked at him wondering if this old gentleman was being serious, and could not help but look at demigod Baylor for an answer.

"Field Marshal loves his rum," Baylor uttered in his mentor's defense having regained his calm.

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Chapter 1131 The Right Eye Of The World

[1,068 words]

Date- 4 April 2321

Time- 12:04

Location- Central Region, Central Capital, Unknown, Field Marshal's Office

"Whatever, I will write the damn apology letter," Lois agreed, wondering how to write an apology letter to a glass of rum.

"Good," Henricks nodded, having sought justice for the wasted glass of rum, and turning to his disciple he said, "You must have already noticed that Agent Forger has the physique of the legends, it is called 'The Right Eye Of The World.'

"The physique of the legend," hearing his mentor demigod Baylor became serious and his look became dignified having heard the stories of the legendary physique, 'The Right Eye Of The World.' No wonder his mentor said that her abilities were peculiar. If someone were to fight Agent Forger not knowing what she was capable of then they would definitely face a devastating loss even if they held the clear advantage in terms of the realm.

"Now you know I wasn't really trying," Lois gloated, seeing the dignified look in Baylor's eyes.

"Don't be full of yourself, earlier you may have stood a chance but now that I know what you are capable of, you just lost your only advantage," Demigod Baylor felt that the realm difference between them could make up for Lois's apparent advantage.

"Don't kid yourself but if you really feel like that why don't we head to the arena," Lois did not bother to be polite or follow the proper conduct while addressing her superiors.

"If you two really want to do that, I can make that happen but for now, SHUT THE FUCK UP!" Henricks yelled at the two for forgetting where they were.

"My apologies, field marshal," Baylor immediately apologized to his mentor. As for Lois, she snarkily said, "I will submit a 1000-word letter of apology."

"Both the letters of apology better be at my desk by evening," Henricks said, deciding to teach Lois a lesson since the old fools from the government could not be bothered to.

"They will be," Lois said, trying hard to sound serious.

"Now where were we, yes, her physique is the Right Eye Of The World, also known as the Eye of Miracle. For now, all you need to know is that with her present you do not have to worry about any oath between the southern royal family and the boy. That is it, now that you know all the facts are you still willing to undertake the off-the-books covert operation into the silver milk powder fraud case?" Henricks did not go into details about how Lois's physique worked or how it would help them with the oath taken in the presence of the World's will and its rules. Instead spoke the specifics asking Baylor for an answer.

Demigod Baylor thought for a second and said, "Since our government is willing to let me in on this secret weapon of theirs, then I assume the government has already gotten the certainty that the item silver milk powder is not a fraud."

"All I can say is that you know enough to play your part, so what is your answer going to be?" Henricks repeated himself without acknowledging his disciple's assumption.

"Now that I have met her, do I even have a choice in this?" Demigod said acting helpless, implying he knew too much to back out now.

"Good, that you understand that," it wasn't Henricks that spoke these words but Lois, having lived a life of secret, she knew exactly what it meant for demigod Baylor to meet her and learn the secret about her physique. The choice was already made for him. As for why Henricks asked him repeatedly, it was just to figure out where Demigod Baylor stood on the path that was chosen for him.

"Good, I am in but one last question, what is the price of your miracles, Agent Miracle?" Being able to cheat the oath taken in the presence of the world's will and the rules was not something heard off, even if a legendary physique such as 'The Right Eye of the World' were to be involved, there was no mention of such a thing being possible in history. Considering the sensitive nature of this, it was understandable why there was no mention of this in the history books but fooling the world's will had to come with a price otherwise the Government would have already abolished the four Royal families making use of Lois's physique.

"General, you don't have to worry about that, you do your part and let me worry about the rest," Said Lois but she did not deny the fact that her miracles came with a price.

Listening to Lois, Demigod Baylor frowned but before he could assume the worst, Henricks spoke up, "I promise you the boy will be fine."

Seeing Henricks promise that Ellen's son will be fine, Baylor decided to trust his mentor and said, "Good, then I will get started right away but I hope that I get to meet a few of those researchers detained by the government to build a strong case against the southern royal family and leave a trail of evidence of my crime."

"Don't worry everything is being arranged as we speak, Agent Lois will brief you about what to do next when it is time," Henricks knew despite the risk involved the deal was too good for his disciple to pass on because the only other option available for him to help the child would be to fight the Southern royal family head on. His disciple was strong but not strong enough to take on an entire region that was mostly responsible for pushing back the supreme beings back into the way beyond.

"Good, I will take my leave now. When it's time, you know where to find me," saying that Demigod Baylor decided to leave but before he could do that Lois suddenly said, "Since you are one of us now, a heads up, your subordinates were caught by the southern watch at the border of the southern region trying to cross the border illegally. I hope they got their stories straight."

"Does it matter? Doesn't the whole plan depend on me getting caught anyway?" Baylor said nonchalantly, as for his subordinates, he was not worried because he knew the southern royal family would not harm them, at best they would imprison them for a few months before releasing them.

"Should I be worried about your lack of enthusiasm, General?" Lois asked demigod Baylor with a frown.

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[999 words]

Date- 4 April 2321

Time- 12:13

Location- Central Region, Central Capital, Unknown, Field Marshal's Office

Demigod Baylor did not bother to answer Lois and turned to leave the field marshal's office. But paused as he opened the office door, hearing Henricks say, "General, once this ordeal is laid to rest, we can discuss your place in the real government."

Demigod Baylor did not turn around, just nodded his head in response as he walked out of the office and closed the door behind him. Seeing this Lois frowned and sternly enquired Henricks, "Field Marshal, are you sure he will get on board without making any waves?"

"Once the helplessness of their situation becomes a reality, they always come around and cozy up to their new identity. Aren't I the living example," Henricks assured Lois.

"Then why did you not go into the details when explaining my physique to him, particularly about the fact that as the price of using my miracle, the boy will be crippled for life," Lois asked, feeling that if Henricks was this confident about his disciple following his footstep then why did he not choose to be forthcoming about everything to his disciple right from the get-go.

"Because there's a chance that thing might not get to that point," said Henricks.

"Whatever, I think it would have been best if you had told him the entire truth," Lois did not agree with how Henricks handled the recruitment of demigod Baylor. And then recalling something she added, "Speaking of recruiting, we got the news that Asong Young has been cured of her chronic disease. Do you still want to recruit her? Others feel that Asong will not be able to see our bigger picture."

"So we help her see it. Considering her sense of justice and compassion it will be a simple task. And now that she has a long life to look forward to, it will be easier for her to see what we see," Henricks has an eye for innocent talents, whom he believed to be worthy to carry his dream under his guidance. This was the other side of Henricks he did not show to his disciples, it is because of this fanatic side of his that he was able to form a firm foothold among the shadows that governed the current government despite coming from a humble background.

"Fine, I will have someone reach out to her but before you officially recruit her, she will have to undergo screening for the second time," Lois was not surprised by Henricks's new side because this was the side of Henricks she was most familiar with.

"Knowing Asong that is not necessary but if that is what it takes for you to calm your nerves about her being recruited then sure go ahead and do as you see fit however don't break her in the process," Henricks spoke nonchalantly, and then switched the topic asking Lois, "What about the Dungeon relocation experiment conducted by Dr. Luna? Were our operatives lurking among the demon worshippers successful in their mission?"

"Unfortunately no, instead we lost a lot of good people," Lois said, feeling pity for the agents that died in action.

"What happened? Why am I hearing of this now," Henricks was enraged that he was not informed about the result of the mission until he, himself, asked for it.

Henricks's rage was justified as he was the mastermind behind the plan to leak the news about dungeon relocation apparatus being borrowed by the southern royal family to demon worshippers in order to use them to get their agents to infiltrate the experiment conducted by the southern royal family and get the clear picture of what the southern royal family was really up to down in the sky blossom city, was it a ruse to distract them from the real action and if not, should they be worried about it?

"Field Marshal, the agents involved were the secret force of the government. I am only sharing the mission results out of courtesy please try and understand," Lois did not flinch in face of Henricks anger and calmly handled him.

Listening to Lois, Henricks swallowed his anger knowing the secretive nature of the organization, and enquired Lois about the specifics of mission execution, "What happened? Have the demon worshippers grown so weak that they could not even put up a fight against the small temporary base of the southern watch? Then what's the point of still maintaining their existence, we should just wipe them out."

"Hold that thought, they were strong and fully prepared, even managed to summon a Devil but luck did not favor them. Turns out that his majesty Heatsend has already chosen his granddaughter Anna as the next heir to the southern region. She made use of the array covering the southern region and slayed the Devil summoned by the demon worshipers. This operation was doomed to fail from the start not because the demon worshipers were not strong or our agents were not prepared enough, instead our intel was outdated. No point crying over it now. At least one good thing came out of this, we now know who the next generation leader of the southern region is going to be," Lois explained why the demon worshippers and their agents failed the mission, apparently, it was not that they weren't prepared or strong enough but they had bad intel.

"What is old Heatsend thinking? Considering his erratic nature I can understand him not passing the throne to his son but at the least, he should care about the southern region and its people that he and his ancestors have been protecting for centuries. Why her? Everyone knows that girl is bad news. If he was not satisfied by his son he could have just chosen his daughter, except for her taste in men and obvious shortcoming in growing her child, I heard that she has the making of a brave general and a wise minister," Henricks commented, hearing that Anna was chosen to be the next ruler of the southern region.

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Chapter 1133 Mighty Hubby

[1,019 words]

Date- 4 April 2321

Time- 12:14

Location- Central Region, Central Capital, Unknown, Field Marshal's Office

Walking out of his mentor's office Baylor did not immediately leave with rage in light of the confidential information he just received. Instead, he approached Jody, his mentor's assistant, "General Jody, about Lt.General Gilliam's call logs, can you share a copy of it with me?"

"Baylor, you know better than to ask me that. But since you have asked, let me remind you that what you are asking of me is against the proper protocol. I cannot share Lt.General Gilliam's call logs with anyone unless the Field Marshal permits it," Jody said without even sparing Baylor a glance.

Demigod Baylor did not argue with Jody and summoning his grimoire he took out an expensive and old bottle of liquor and placed it on Jody's desk saying, knowing why she was acting cold towards him, "Sorry, I couldn't make it to your son's wedding reception, I got caught in something important during the work."

Jody glanced at the liquor bottle before saying, "I will forgive you since I know you are not lying and because I like your wife, she was the life party after the couple left for their honeymoon."

Placing the liquor bottle in her grimoire she then said, "Though I can't share the call logs with you, I can tell you that Field General will not be happy with them because it is a dead end since who every Lt.General Gilliam was contacting was smart enough to use encrypt grimoire ID."

"Weren't the communication guys able to get past the encryption?" Baylor asked in displeasure as he still did not know who his assistant was actually working for.

"Nope, the conversation was too short for them to do that," Jody answered.

"Thank you, why can't I get an assistant like you," Baylor thanked Jody for the information.

"You could if you were not so uptight every time and this charming with everyone," commented Jody and then added, "If you are thinking of trading up your assistant, I might have a few recommendations, after you busted the corrupt officers club in the government, everybody's opinion about you has changed for the better. Word around the block is, being under command is one of the few fastest ways of accumulating merits."

Demigod Baylor understood what Jody meant, people believed that his command got the good missions because he was close to the Field Marshal. Demigod Baylor would have ignored such words considering the rumors generated out of jealousy but with his new knowledge about the government he knew better.

"Not yet, but I will remember your offer," saying that Demigod Baylor left the Field Marshal's office and headed straight to his command base to process what he discussed with his mentor and Lois.

This was the first time he had felt this helpless ever since he became a demigod. A shadow organization that can use demigods and high-level figures as chess pieces, demigod Baylor no longer understood the world he lived in. The news that the government that he believed in and worked hard to protect was just a puppet government, shook him the most. To think his mentor, a respected Field Marshal, and a powerful Demigod, was acting as a lobbyist for the organization running the current government, Demigod Baylor could not imagine how powerful this organization was. But this also made him look at royal families in a new light as they managed to stand on equal footing with them for centuries. Demigod Baylor did not care as long as they helped him keep Ellen's son safe.

...

Date- 4 April 2321

Time- 20:01

Location- Central Region, Central Capital, Baylor Mansion

Sansa summoned her grimoire being notified of an incoming call,

[Mighty Hubby Calling...]

The caller was her husband, Sansa didn't waste any time answering the call, "Are you working overtime?"

"Yes," Demigod Baylor answered awkwardly and then said the reason for his call, "I will not be able to make it for the dinner, so don't wait up for me."

"Is Ellen's son's situation that bad?" Sansa asked, faking the worry in her voice.

"Don't worry, I got it all under control," Demigod Baylor replied with a heavy heart.

"You know I can't help it until I see you and Ellen's son at my dinner table," Sansa was surprised that demigod Baylor had not heard about the boy's death yet but she did not let it hinder her acting.

"Listen, there is something I can't discuss with you, you are going to hear about it in the news but remember there is nothing to worry about it is all part of my plan," Knowing what the future had in store for him demigod Baylor decided to warn his wife about it because he knew she was the only person left in the world who would genuinely worry for him.

"Honey, I don't know what you're planning but do what you need to do, and remember to come home later I will be waiting for you right here, in our home, in sickness and happiness. Can you promise me that?" Sansa stopped faking it hearing the rarely heard uncertainty in her husband's voice and genuinely speaking from her heart.

"I don't deserve you," Demigod Baylor choked as he spoke these words, and calming himself down he said, "I promise you, I will always return to you until death do us part."

Though Baylor had promised this life for his unrequited love for Ellen, all Sansa asked him of was to be by her side and share his sorrow and happiness with her, as long as these two did not cross each other he had no qualms about promising Sansa what she asked for.

"Good, I will be waiting for you," after Sansa said that Baylor hung up as no more words needed to be spoken based on their mutual understanding of each other. They were an odd couple, one of a kind.

Though Demigod Baylor's heart had no place for Sansa, he had always been the model husband. He never felt short in that department, the problem was he could never bring himself to do what actually truly defined a marriage, still, he managed to check all the boxes except that one.

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Chapter 1134 Sansa's Offer

[1,004 words]

Date- 4 April 2321

Time- 20:07

Location- Central Region, Central Capital, Baylor Mansion

After the concerning call with her mighty hubby, Sansa's brows narrowed as she deeply contemplated what her husband said. He warned her and said everything about to happen was part of his plan, but Sansa who had her spies in his office knew that the squad her husband sent to the southern region to covertly investigate the situation surrounding the silver milk powder fraud case had already been detained by southern watch this afternoon at the border of the southern region. And other two squads also had no luck in the mission assigned to them by their general.

With no leads to start with Sansa could not help but wonder where did her husband come up with his so-called plan. Listening to her husband it was clear that something was afoot, therefore Sansa could not help but feel she was missing something.

Sansa had her minions working on this silver milk powder case, but there was no progress so far. Not because her spies were not capable enough, but instead because she was late to the game, the southern royal family had cleared all clues involving this case and the government had also acted to suppress the people who had been claiming that the item silver milk powder was a fraud. The government and southern royal family, the actions of both of them had caused Sansa to suspect maybe Ellen's spawn had invented something that many respected and reputable researchers could not.

Now, she was starting to regret killing the boy so early. Because if the item silver milk powder was really capable of what the boy claimed it would be, then she had just killed the fortune that was coming her way with her own hands. Yes, she hates the boy, he would be a constant reminder of Ellen to her husband if left alive but she could have gotten rid of him after she had manipulated him into handing over the patent for silver milk powder to her. With riches from sales of silver milk powder, she could nurture an army.

Sansa already had the paw clan but in order to gather the resources to maintain them she had them doing jobs that would risk revealing their existence defeating the whole purpose of the secret assassination clan. Thanks to her origin card she has been able to keep her organization hidden so far but the chatter of a secret assassination clan manipulating the Central capital and other region's market by assassinating important figures of the society has been circulating among people, and in recent days these chatters have only grown louder. Despite the risk, she had to continue with that cycle because that was the main source of income for her paw clan. Blackmailing and manipulating memories can only get things done to an extent unless self-interest was involved and for that, she requires a lot of capital and resources. But if she were to get her hands on the patent of the silver milk powder she could break this cycle.

Unfortunately, she had killed the boy and made the government the final winner. However, thinking that the biggest loser was not her but the Duskborn Family and she was able to foil the plans of the southern royal family, Sansa found a little condolence.

The reason Sansa thought the government was the biggest winner was that with his parents dead and the Duskborn family disowning him the boy was legally considered an orphan. So after his death, the patent will automatically transfer to the state, giving the

government full rights to silver milk powder. Knowing how domineering the government can be they will definitely do everything in their power to nullify the exclusive production, supply, and distribution right the boy had granted to the southern royal family. It would be fun to watch the southern royal family and the government battle it out but the real kicker would be the look on the faces of the old bastards from the Duskborn family when they realize the amount of wealth that could have been theirs was now being monopolized by the government.

Sansa wanted to make use of her deep sleeper spies she planted in the southern royal family to enquire about the situation of the silver milk powder but she did not bother to because with the boy's death, there was only one end, and she did not want to get caught up in that storm. As for her husband, when the time comes she will be there to shoulder his burdens for him.

Sansa who had finally decided to not act in this matter suddenly received a call from an unexpected acquaintance, she was surprised as the person calling her was one of Karl's incarnations. Answering the call Sansa said, "I never thought that I would receive this call."

"The offer you spoke of that day, does it still stand?" Karl's incarnation spoke softly.

"So you have finally decided to get rid of the shackles binding you?" Sansa asked, trying to gauge if Karl's incarnation was really serious about her offer or if it was just another one of Karl's ploys. But considering that she had sealed the memories of Karl's incarnation about her offer to him and the only way he could unlock them was out of sheer desperation and helplessness, he should not be lying. After all, him remembering the memory meant that he really had no other choice.

"It is either this or death," Karl's incarnation's voice was filled with sadness knowing the consequence of what he was bargaining for.

"Good, since you remembered our conversation then you should know what to do next. Once you have equipped the card that I gave you, leave the rest to me," Sansa assured Karl's incarnation.

"I remember, but are you sure this will work?" Karl's incarnation asked Sansa skeptically.

"You ask as if you have other choices," Sansa reminded Karl's incarnation that if he wanted to get rid of the shackles binding him he had no choice but to trust her.

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Chapter 1135 Sales Pitch

[1,009 words]

Date- 4 April 2321

Time- 20:19

Location- Central Region, Central Capital, Baylor Mansion

Sansa did not continue to argue with Karl's Incarnation who called her agreeing to her offer instead she ended the call since all that needs to be said had been said. Now it was up to Karl's Incarnation to take action only then could she work her magic.

Decades ago when Sansa's paw clan allied with the fast-rising organization known as the Circle, she and Karl had reached a peace and mutual development agreement. But both knew that the other would not hesitate to stab a knife in their back when given the chance.

Yes, knowing each other's secrets allowed these two to trust each other but it also made them fear the other most. Therefore despite their alliance, each did not spare any effort to get the upper hand in the alliance between them.

For years Sansa tried to turn one of Karl's into her minion but that wasn't possible because if she tried to manipulate any of Karl's incarnations they would immediately inform Karl not to mention Karl could just access the memories of his incarnation using his origin card, therefore it was simply impossible for Sansa to plant a spy or turn one of Karl's incarnation into her lackey.

Karl and his army of clones were starting to prove the most formidable enemy Sansa had ever faced so far as her origin card which was the foundation of her unique operation was being countered by Karl's origin card and unique way of operation.

Learning the obstacle for her to gain an upper hand in her alliance with Karl, Sansa decided to dig deeper into Karl's origin card info and how his organization operated believing that there had to be something there that she could use to get what she wanted.

Achieving these two objectives wasn't easy for Sansa and her paw clan because she had never come across such a closed, tight-lipped, and secretive organization before, the upper management of the Circle was entirely made of Karl's Incarnations making it impossible for outsiders to get any information on the organization members let along the information on how the organization operated. As for Karl's origin card info, it was a dead end from the start.

Sansa could just kidnap a few of Karl's known incarnations and read their memories then kill them but that would be in violation of her alliance oath with Karl, she had unwittingly tied her own hands. But she had no other option because if she had put off an alliance with Karl, who knows what would happen next? So, she could only place the safe bet.

With limited options, it took a while for Sansa to come up with a counter against Karl, which was to offer his Incarnations a second life, one that was free from the shackles of Karl's origin card that was limiting their current life.

What made Sansa think that this would work?

Though Karl's incarnations were basically his clone, they had their own individuality which entitled them to their own grimoire and origin cards but this individuality of these incarnations was forcibly bound with Karl by Karl's origin card allowing him total control over his Incarnations.

Every individual yearns for freedom, and so did Karl's incarnations. Most of them had their own plans for their life, not everybody's plans of world domination like Karl and Sansa. But thanks to Karl's origin card his incarnations were always an arm's length from true freedom. They all had their life planned for them before they were even born, which was to be pawns in Karl's ambition for world domination.

Sansa could offer Karl's incarnation exactly what they yearned for their entire life, getting rid of the shackles that limited them to be nothing more than Karl's pawn in his great plan. But there was a problem.

What Sansa was offering Karl's incarnations was too good to be true for them, so it was not a surprise that they did not trust her when she approached them with an offer that she thought they wouldn't be able to refuse and immediately rejected her. So in desperation, Sansa could only erase and replace the memories of the incarnations she approached, so that Karl would never get wind of what she was up to.

Seeing how none of Karl's incarnations were willing to trust her and take a leap of faith, Sansa was back to where she started thanks to her origin card. Karl's Incarnations weren't being cowardly but practical, though suppressed under Karl they were leading a good life, who to say that would continue once they take Sansa's offer if it was possible? Like Sansa's Paw clan, the Circle too gave its members lots of benefits which were very attractive even for those of Karl's Incarnations who were born in big families and clans.

The biggest advantage of Karl's origin card was that he could refine the babies of high-ranking people in society. Once these babies grow up they not only help Karl infiltrate these families and sects but also become the connecting bridge between these families and Karl's organization the Circle. Allowing the Circle to grow in every possible direction in the world market. This was the main factor that made Circle a very strong organization despite its very short history.

With her brilliant offer being rejected by Karl's incarnations Sansa wrecked her brain to understand what she was missing. She had a good product in her hands but she was having trouble selling it to the target audience. Yes, she needed a better sales pitch.

With that in mind, Sansa began to consider what she offered to Karl's incarnation from their perspective. This way she could come up with a good sales pitch to sell her product to her targeted audience.

Then she realized, no matter their difference Karl and his incarnation consider each other one big family. And if she approached them asking to turn on each other it would be equal to asking them to turn on themselves and no matter how good her offer was she would be rejected all of the time.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[1,007 words]

Date- 4 April 2321

Time- 20:21

Location- Central Region, Central Capital, Baylor Mansion

With time Sansa came to realize that Karl's incarnation will not turn on Karl no matter how much he oppressed him because in their mind Karl was equal to their creator, their God, and no matter how cruel a God was towards his devotee, the devotee would never dare to rebel against him unless they were to be pressed to the brink of desperation by the very god they trusted.

So Sansa's new sales pitch was entirely different from her previous sales pitches. Yes, Sansa struggles a lot to come to the realization that turning Karl's incarnations on Karl would not be possible by anybody but Karl himself or death.

Everyone feared death, the same was true for Karl's incarnations, the only reason Karl's incarnations followed Karl's arrangement for them was that their life and death were controlled by Karl.

Karl's Incarnation never tried to tell their parents or the families or sects they were born in what Karl had done to them when they were still in their mother's womb because they felt they would not understand them and they would lose them and everything they came with.

The thought of their families learning that they were Karl's incarnation haunted each of Karl's incarnations. This secret of theirs made them feel all alone even if they were born into a big family with lots of people looking after and supporting them. What they were going through was impossible for normal people to understand, especially their parents.

This secret of Karl's Incarnations was shared by each one of them, this secret was what became the thing that connected them. Even though they were born and lived in completely different environments they felt like they lived the same life. All of them could relate to each other. For Karl, they were nothing more than clones, but for his incarnations, each of Karl's incarnations was their brother. Even if they were willing to betray Karl, their creator god, they would not betray their brothers.

Therefore Sansa needed an excellent sales pitch that was not only worth it but would also convince Karl's incarnation to not only betray Karl but his incarnation whom they considered as their brothers, that was not freedom but a one-time pass from death.

Yes, death, people are willing to do crazy things that they would not have considered before just to avoid death. And Karl's Incarnations were people in their own right. But for this to work Sansa would have to play a long game and wait for the results to come to her.

That was why when she approached Karl's incarnations this time around, she did not wait for Karl's incarnations to answer or erase the memories of their meeting from their mind; instead, she sealed them while adding a two-part trigger to the sealed memories. Such that the sealed memories would only be unsealed when Karl's incarnations were experiencing sheer desperation and facing imminent death. The moment when Karl's incarnations were very likely to give Sansa's offer a fair shot. Not many have taken Sansa up on her offer until the one that called her today. Sansa did not know what was different about this one but she was going to find out soon.

The two-part trigger Sansa added to seal memories in Karl's incarnations not only unseal the sealed memories when the specified condition was met but also replace these sealed memories when the specified condition was met.

The condition to replace the memories was that Karl's incarnations were not approaching Sansa about her offer within the next minute of their memories being unsealed.

This way if Karl's Incarnation were not taking Sansa up on her offer then they would not be able to warn Karl about this.

So hearing one of Karl's incarnations call her today about the offer Sansa finally gets to know the result of the long bet she had placed. As far as Sansa was concerned she had not won the bet until Karl's incarnation had equipped the card she left for them to use so that she could help them start a new life free of Karl's shackles.

The memories sealed by Sansa in Karl's incarnations mind won't only spoke of what she could offer them but also about triggers to replace the memories and the location of the card that could allow her to help them achieve what they deemed impossible, get rid of Karl's control over them.

"Ah, he finally equipped the card. what took him so long," saying that Sansa began to explore Karl's incarnation's memories. The card she asked the incarnation to equip gave her complete access to the incarnation's memories.

Curious, Sansa began to explore what was so different about this incarnation of Karl and why he was willing to betray Karl and his brothers.

Turns out the reason this incarnation of Karl was willing to betray him was that he was going to be executed by Karl over one mistake despite his years of loyalty and achievement.

Learning this Sansa nodded her head understanding where this incarnation was coming from. Seeing a potential drama behind this, Sansa decided to dig deeper into this matter, and what she learned shocked her down to her core.

'Refining Unborn babies into incarnations'

'Refining Incarnations into origin cards.'

Sansa was numb to how cruel and bizarre this world was but what she learned about Karl's origin card had her gasping for breath. She knew Karl's incarnations were special but she did not know that they were this special.

Originally Sansa thought, similar to how she could manipulate other people's memories with her origin card Karl's origin card allows him to turn living people into his incarnations, according to her that was cruel enough but she never imagined that Karl's secret would involve even bigger cruelty.

Karl refined unborn babies, big whoop, Sansa overcame that in no time without throwing up but after learning that Karl could refine his incarnation into an origin card and use them as if they were his origin card Sansa's breathe fastened, she unknowingly had cold sweat covering all over her body.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 1137 Lowkey Karl

[1,020 words]

Date- 4 April 2321

Time- 20:32

Location- Central Region, Central Capital, Baylor Mansion

Until now Sansa was under the impression that Karl had purposefully stunted the growth of his organization and did not make big moves despite being capable of it, mostly because he did not have the power required to stand his ground in the company of other world leaders. Yes, he had an army of incarnations occupying influential positions in big families, sects, and organizations who were supporting his organization and helping it to reach its current glory. But influence and manpower can only get a person so far, in front of absolute strength nothing mattered.

Because of this, somewhere deep in her heart Sansa looked down on Karl a little feeling that once his secret got out Karl would lose everything he built within months. This did not mean that she underestimated what Karl or his organization were capable of, this was just her way of feeling superior to Karl by comparing the pros and cons of the individual organizations they built. And she was not wrong to think so. Though both of the organizations had their ups and downs, Sansa's paw clan was more versatile compared to Karl's Circle.

But now learning that Karl's origin card was capable of more than just refining unborn babies into incarnations, refining his incarnations into origin cards, Sansa understood that Karl was more hidden than she gave him credit for. He was not only using his incarnations to build and run a big organization but also enhancing his individual strength.

Digging through the memories of Karl's incarnation, Sansa tried to figure out exactly how strong Karl was, meaning she wanted to figure out exactly how many origin cards did Karl own and what each of them was capable of but to her surprise, she could not find a lot of information on that because of the hierarchy system that Karl used to run his organizations core management, his incarnations. The hierarchy system used by Karl was both merit, strength, and background based. Yes, the incarnation's contribution to the organization, its strength, and what family it was born in were all the factors used to be placed in Karl's hierarchy system. Most of the incarnations never get to meet Karl unless they have something to offer.

Therefore within this hierarchy system, the incarnations did not know all the information, the information circulated based on a need-to-know basis. Meaning the incarnations got to know the information only when they needed to know at the time they needed to know it. Sansa finally understood why she did not get accurate information about Karl's origin card from the first incarnation of Karl, she used her origin card to manipulate him.

When Sansa first tried to infiltrate the circle using her origin card, she chose to target the branch leader of one of the Circle's branches in the central region. Upon going through his memories she made shocking discoveries about the Circle and the person running it, Karl. But the information she learned through that particular incarnation was not as detailed as the one she was going through right now. If that day she had the entire information of Karl's origin card and the way he ran his organization maybe things would have turned out differently.

"Sigh," Shaking her head Sansa sighed knowing that crying over spilled milk was a waste of time, and proceeded to watch the drama behind what forced this incarnation to take her offer when other incarnations of Karl's did not.

Going through the memories, Sansa learned that this Incarnation used to be card emperor when she planted her seal in him and over the years now he had reached the semi-demigod realm. Interestingly, he was one of the semi-demigods in charge of safely retrieving Mike, the branch leader of Circle's branch in sun blossom city. Going through this part of his memory Sansa could not help but frown learning that Karl thought Sansa was to blame for the loss he suffered in Sun blossom city.

Sansa disagreed with that, yes she tried to use the circle as a scapegoat to take the blame for killing the boy but she was not the one who was backing Ji Feng the despise of the Yin-yang Harmony sect, and feeding him information about his incarnation's origin card. And not to mention that She did not have Mike killed, his incompetence did. She was actually counting on Mike to kill the spawn of her husband's unrequited love instead he got outdone by a card soldier and a suicidal card lord.

After complaining a bit about Karl blaming her for his loss in sun blossom city Sansa moved on because there was nothing she could do about it. If Karl was willing to believe that she was conspiring against him then nothing she said or did would change his mind so it was not worth mulling over. But she too was puzzled by the questions that made Karl believe that she was the one conspiring against him, Ji Feng, why did he do what he did? With the death of Ji Feng, this question was going to be a mystery. So she moved on to the most important information from this memory, Karl's incarnation was one of the candidates to run for the heir to the sect leader in the Yin-yang harmony sect.

Now, this information surprised Sansa just when she thought that Karl's origin card could not surprise her anymore. Karl's incarnation becoming the heir to the sect leader in the yin-yang harmony sect meant that in a possible future, Karl could gain total control over the yin-yang harmony sect. A sect with ages of history and unimaginable influence in the five regions would become a pawn of Karl's, now if that wasn't scary then what was?

Think of this possibility, Sansa could not help but wonder how many influential organizations have Karl's incarnation taken over or were close to taking over. Yes, she could do the same with her minions but the effect was not the same, there was a huge

difference between her minions and Karl's incarnations, Loyalty was a good place to start with.

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Chapter 1138 Consciousness Transfer

[1,024 words]

Date- 4 April 2321

Time- 20:45

Location- Central Region, Central Capital, Baylor Mansion

Just as Sansa was mulling over just how strong Karl and his forces were, her grimoire notified her of an incoming call, it was Karl's Incarnation.

"So, what next?" Karl's incarnation asked as soon as Sansa answered her phone.

"I have gained access to your consciousness, you can place the card I gave you back where you found it so that others of your kind can use it if they need to," Ordered Sansa. This way she was not only hiding the physical evidence but also keeping the options open for other incarnations of Karl.

"Heading there now," Karl's incarnation stealthily returned Sansa's card to its original hiding spot and then asked, "What do I do now?"

"All the preparations are done, now we wait for Karl to start refining you into his origin card, seeing the right moment I will transfer your consciousness into a new body free of the shackles binding you to Karl. Or if you want I can transfer your consciousness to a new body now but you will have to attempt suicide to cover our tracks. However going through your memories I can see that you are a survivor and not someone who would choose suicide, so choosing the latter has the risk of Karl growing suspicious of the circumstances surrounding your suicide. So my advice is you face Karl but I am fine with whatever you choose," Sansa advised Karl's incarnation to the best of her knowledge.

"You're right, I will confront Karl. That is the only option with the least risk. But are you sure this conscious transfer will not raise any suspicion as after refining me Karl will not only gain my origin card but also my entire memory? If my consciousness is transferred

to a new body at the last moment of the refining, then won't he be missing my memories?" Karl's incarnation made a sound point.

"No need to worry, I will not only just be transferring your incarnation but swapping it with a duplicate one. This way he will get the new set of memories of yours that I have carefully crafted erasing any sign of contact and the arrangement between the two of us. Relax, when it comes to manipulating memories I am a pro, you have nothing to worry about, you are in good hands," Sansa assured Karl's incarnation.

"I never imagined that I will be trusting life in your hands, funny how things turn out, huh," Karl's incarnation made small talk to distract himself from the rampaging thoughts in his head.

"Buddy, if you want to make small takes I am not your girl, find someone else. And, I will be monitoring your memories, so don't get any funny ideas. When the time is right I will deliver on my promise," warning Karl's incarnation from having second thoughts Sansa hung up on him.

Sansa's origin card could work wonders however it had its drawbacks it could not affect card apprentices in a higher realm than her. So she should not be able to monitor or manipulate Karl's semi-demigod realm incarnation's memories. But when Karl's incarnation willingly equipped her card he gave her origin card a backdoor into his memories. Giving her permission to do whatever she wanted to his memories.

Giving full access to his memories to Sansa, Karl's incarnation had lost almost all of his worth in Sansa's eyes. If not for Sansa wanting to use this particular Karl's incarnation as the poster boy for her offer to the rest of the incarnation of Karl, she really did not have any more reason left to make do with her promise to him. What was Karl's incarnation thinking? Well, Karl had not left him much choice in this matter. Since Karl had no qualms about refining him into an origin card despite salving for him for centuries, he too did not have any qualms about selling information on Karl for a shot at true freedom.

Hanging up on Karl's incarnation she monitored his memories and every thought he had such that she could turn him into a brain-dead moron before he did irreversible damage to the only counter she came up against Karl. Now that she knew what Karl was really capable of, Sansa needed this to work to continue the balance in her alliance with Karl or to reach the balance she thought was there.

Consciousness transfer was one of the new abilities of Sansa's origin card, it awakened this ability after it underwent baptism when Sansa ascended to the card emperor realm. This ability allowed Sansa to transfer the consciousness of her victims into her origin card or a new body, herself included.

When Sansa's origin card awakened this ability Sansa did not think much of it but when she consulted one of her brilliant card creationist minions about this he opened a new

path of possibilities for her origin card to her, Immortality. Immortality by transferring consciousness into a new body. Her origin card alone could not achieve this, but thanks to a sequence of high-end cards created by her overachieving card creationist minion she could achieve near immortality without large drawbacks.

Sansa did not choose to hide her ability to achieve something similar to immortality from her minions, instead, she used it to increase their loyalty toward her and the organization. She promised that those of her minions with a lot of merits will be resurrected using this ability of hers in case they die in action. And the members of the paw clan who were nearing the limit of their age were also promised a new, young and improved body in exchange for merits.

This ability also gave birth to a new form of punishment in the paw clan for the repeat offenders, transferring the consciousness of those that sinned into the body of an opposite gender or the body of a monster or imprisoning their consciousness in their origin card, etc.

This new carrot and the stick created by using her origin card's new awakened additional ability worked like a charm, her minions were never more enthused since the introduction of the consciousness transfer based reward and punishment system.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[1,492 words]

Date- 4 April 2321

Time- 21:16

Location- Central Region, Central Capital, Baylor Mansion

"Please spare my family," Sansa was monitoring Karl's incarnation's memories as he begged Karl not to harm his family for his mistakes. She was meticulous and careful about monitoring Karl's incarnation's memories because the timing of consciousness transfer had to be perfect otherwise they would risk Karl becoming aware that something was amiss.

"Nonsense, your family is my family, why would I hurt them, we are one after all. I hate that it has to end like this but it was nice knowing a part of me this closely," Sansa watched through Karl's incarnation's memories as Karl activated his origin card preparing to refine his semi-demigod incarnation into an origin card.

The timing was the key here, Sansa had to make sure that Karl or his origin card did not realize that she or somebody or something had swapped out his incarnation's consciousness with a duplicate one.

And Sansa stuck to the timing and successfully managed to transfer Karl's incarnation's consciousness into her origin card while living behind a modified duplicate consciousness behind.

"I can't believe it, it worked," Sansa was surprised seeing how smoothly she was able to achieve her agenda without tipping Karl off.

Sansa has rehearsed and used consciousness transfer on and for her minions but she never had she used the consciousness transfer under such circumstances. So she was not sure if she could pull it off but it appears she had underestimated herself. Yes, she did assure Karl's incantation that she got this despite having her doubts, she did nothing wrong as that's the part of the job, the hunter does not spook the deer as he hunts it.

Patting her back for a job well done, Sansa immersed her consciousness into her origin card to communicate with the consciousness of Karl's incarnation.

"Hey, I told you I could do it. So how are you feeling?" Sansa asked

"I am fine but I am a little disappointed, this was not what I had in mind when I heard consciousness transfer, it all happened so fast, one moment I feel my body being refined and the next moment I feel my consciousness being pulled by an unknown force, and now I wake up to your sound. I guess I had high expectations," answered Karl's Incarnation's consciousness.

"Since you have the strength to blubber I'm and on, I believe you, you are fine," Sansa did not bother to entertain Karl's incarnation's small talk and instead headed straight to deciding what happens to him next.

"..." Karl's incarnation was not bothered by Sansa's words as he did not have time for that right his thoughts were occupied with fearing for his future. A question kept popping into his array of thoughts no matter how much he tried to ignore it or suppress it, 'Did he transfer from one slave camp to another?'

"Hey, focus. I don't have time to waste on your little paranoia," Sansa had full access to Karl's incarnation's consciousness, so she could hear his thoughts and knew what he was worried about. But she did not bother to waste time assuring him because actions were more powerful than words, or at least in this case.

"Yes, I am with you. What do you need me to do?" Karl's Incarnation cooperated with Sansa readily knowing his life and death were now in her hands.

"Now you choose," said Sansa.

"Choose what?" Karl's incarnation enquired Sansa but in his thoughts, he screamed, 'There it is.' The thing he was dreading was finally going to happen.

"Can you just relax? Listen, here's the deal, I am going to tell you this one time, do not make me repeat myself, okay?"

"Yes."

"I promised you a free life and I am going to give it to you, I am a woman of my word. You have nothing to worry about here, alright?"

"Yes."

"All I am asking you right now is to choose what type of body you want your consciousness transferred into. An artificial one or you want to refine a living person into your new body. Whichever body you end up choosing I am fine with it and I will get that one for you. Do you understand me?"

Sansa still ended up assuring Karl's incarnation about her motives for him. She had no choice, he was so paranoid that every word she said to him was filtered by his thoughts such that they all sounded the worst possible thing.

There was no way Sansa could talk to Karl's incarnation, his mental condition was not right. So to get through to him Sansa had no choice but to use her words to calm him down, to allow her to take action, providing her with the chance to prove that her intentions for him were nothing but good and not malice driven.

"I do. And since you are asking I guess there are advantages and disadvantages to opting for transferring my consciousness to either of my body," Hearing Sansa say out loud that she was going to hold up her end of the promise, Karl's Incarnation finally found some peace.

Why did he trust Sansa's words? First, he had no choice in that matter, and second, the thing about self-made criminal masterminds like the Matron and the Supreme leader was they were people of principle. Nobody knew about honoring one's word better than them.

"Yes, an Artificial body will be specifically designed for your consciousness but if you opt for that you will have to cultivate active soul control from the start. However, I can promise you that the artificial body will be created to display the peak talent and abilities of a mortal.

Nonetheless, if you were to opt to refine a living person into your new body, their realm, and soul energy becomes yours, you do not have to practice from scratch but further advancement in your realm will become difficult. If you were to choose this option I can get you a demigod realm body at best.

"Now you know the options choose one," Sansa explained the pros and cons of the two types of bodies Karl's interaction could transfer his consciousness into in a very detailed manner. Now it was up to Marl's incarnation to choose.

"If I were to choose to refine a living person's body into my new body will I get to assume their original identity and live their life? Do I get a choice on whose body to refine as my new body?" Karl's incarnation came up with reasonable doubt which anybody in his position would wonder.

"Sure, why not?" answered Sansa casually without giving it much thought. With what her paw clan was capable of this was nothing, she could help Karl's incarnation assume an existing person's identity.

"So can you help me refine Karl?" Karl's incarnation stated his choice to Sansa. He was not trying to be smart with Sansa but he really hoped that if he could assume anyone's identity in the entire world then it had to be Karl. The reason behind this choice made by Karl's incarnation was obvious.

Listening to Karl's incarnation ask her to get him the body of his previous boss, Sansa rolled her eyes and said, "How about I transfer your soul into a pig monster's body instead?"

"Geez, you could have answered with a simple no," argued Karl's incarnation.

"And you could have just chosen someone whom I actually make available for you," Sansa did not plan on letting it turn this argument into a debate so she asked, "Just state your, or I will make the choice for you. Believe me, when I say you will not like what I will choose for you one bit."

"Fuck it, you are right I should stop obsessing over my past and get over with it. I always wanted to make my own life. Now that I have been presented with an opportunity I don't want to take any shortcuts. But before I opt for the artificial body, can you tell me what age my new body will be and what my new identity will be?" Karl's incarnation finally reached a decision, but he still had doubts about an artificial body. He was okay with starting and building up from scratch but not okay with his new body being a toddler.

"Any age, gender, or race you want it to be. As for the identity, I will have my guys figure something out. And if you have any suggestions about the kind of identity you want, you can talk to them when you have a body. So what is it going to be, huh?" Sansa patiently answered Karl's incarnation's doubts.

With the capabilities of the members of her paw clan, creating a fake persona along with the birth certificate to other government IDs was not a big deal for them. Or She could just model the artificial body in the shape of an actual living person so Karl's incarnation

can just assume their identity. All this was not even a problem worth mentioning for someone with Sansa's capabilities.

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Chapter 1140 Forgotten Dunes, Evan Freeman

[1,080 words]

Date- 4 April 2321

Time- 21:32

Location- Central Region, Central Capital, Baylor Mansion

"Excellent, then I chose my artificial body to be shaped in the form of my previous body's 17-year-old self. And I want all the stats of the body to be at the peak of what a mortal can achieve," Karl's consciousness spoke the details he wanted in his new artificial body.

"Out of all the handsome faces you can have your artificial body shaped after, you chose your previous self?" Sansa asked sarcastically.

"Why? I believe that my previous body was very handsome and attractive," Karl's incarnation was pretty confident about the looks of his previous self but Sansa's sarcastic remark made him doubt himself.

"Did your mom tell you that?" Sansa teased Karl's incarnation.

"Yes, she did. So did my ex-girlfriends, wife, daughters, daughter-in-laws, and granddaughters," Karl's incarnation sincerely answered Sansa's rhetorical question leaving her without words.

"If you are fine with it, I have no problem. What about the identity you would be using?" Sansa could care less how Karl's incarnation's new body looked. She was just being polite so far.

Why would Matron who commands a secret assassination clan be polite with a mere consciousness of a special type of incarnation? Obviously, she wanted something from it. And that was to get Karl's incarnation willing to become her poster boy to persuade other incarnations of Karl to switch sides.

The more Incarnations of Karl Sansa helped betray Karl, the more information Sansa would get on Karl by using the memories of Karl's incarnation that betrayed him.

With Sansa's ability she could just edit the memories of consciousness of Karl's incarnation in her origin card into believing that he got everything and more than what he was promised but considering that all of Karl's incarnations knew she can manipulate memories, none of Karl's incarnation would believe this incarnation of Karl whom Sansa helped escaped vouch for her. Therefore she planned to have Karl's incarnation take an oath in presence of the world's will and its rules to convince other incarnations that Sansa was really here to help them.

Why did Sansa, herself, not take the oath? Because If she took an oath then she would have to follow it. Sansa would rather keep her options open so that if and when the time comes her hands would not be tied by some stupid oath she took. Nobody knows what will happen in the future. That was why when it comes to taking an oath, smart people don't take an oath in presence of the world's will and its rules unless they have to.

Sansa knew that if she played nice it did not guarantee that she would get Karl's incarnation to speak and vouch for her in front of other incarnations of Karl but she felt that it did not hurt to try. If that did not work out she always had her unique set of skills ready to get him to do what she wanted.

"Speaking of my new identity, when I was actually a teenager I did not get to attend college, I heard it's a life-changing experience. Though delayed I would like to try it now. So, what kind of identity would I need to get it to Morningstar university?" Karl's incarnation expressed his regret of not having been fortunate enough to attend college during his teenage years so now with the new body he wished to achieve what he could not then.

"I understand you want to attend a top ten university but why Morningstar university and not any other university?" Sansa asked Karl's incarnation curiously.

"There are two reasons for that.

First, the alumni of Morningstar university are more famous and accomplished when compared to the other nine universities of the top ten universities.

Second, I have noticed that for some unknown reason, all the true heirs of royal families, sects, and clans opt for Morningstar university Six out of Ten times,

Most royal descendants choose not to attend Morningstar university because their genius cousin was attending it so they do not want to be compared to them or compete with them. I want to attend Morningstar university to experience what drives these people to attend it," Karl's invention explained why he chose to attend Morningstar university out of the top ten universities.

"If it is just that then I can answer it for you, I learned the secret behind this from my minions who happened to be royal descendants. Apparently, the Morningstar university has an ancient vestige, Forgotten Dunes, famously known as the holy place to comprehend time rules and meanings. To enter that ancient vestige you need to be an overachieving student with outstanding grades or have a quota. These quotas are divided between the royal families, government, hidden sects, clans, and the other top nine universities. This information is so confidential that neither the university students nor the general public know about it," Sansa explained to Karl's incarnation why Morningstar university attracted more student traffic from royal and high-end backgrounds compared to other top nine universities.

"Does this mean you can get me an identity to attend the morning star university? My artificial body and the age of my consciousness won't be a problem, right?" Karl's incarnation was enthused about attending Morningstar university but he had concerns about his actual age and artificial body getting in the way of his dream.

"You don't have to worry about that. I have a few minions with capable origin cards just for things like this. What you have to worry about is regaining your realm before the university ends recruiting for this year's batch of students. Or else you can try next year," Sansa assured Karl's incarnation.

"No, I want to attend this year's batch."

"Then you don't have much time. The university will be stop recruiting in less than three months from today."

"Three months is enough time for me to regain my realm to meet the eligibility criteria of the Morningstar university. I will practice day and night to make it happen," Karl's incarnation vowed.

"You can, I do not doubt that. And finally What name will the new you be using? Same as the old one or something new?" Sansa assumed since Karl's incarnation stuck to his old looks he would stick to his old name too.

"No, a new start deserves a new name, from here on I am Evan Freeman," Karl's incarnation chose a new name for himself, Evan Freeman, embracing a new and free life.

"Good name, Evan. Now sleep, I will wake you up when your artificial body is ready."

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