

Card Apprentice Daily Log

- Chapter 1501 Death

[1,129 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 10:09

Location- Dark Realm, Blood Dome OF Darkness, Dual Gate Dungeon Vicinity

"Run"

As soon as the two devils heard the Field Marshal's whisper they scattered and ran toward the red light curtain in opposite directions of each other.

When there were three of them they did not have the confidence of going against the Field Marshal, now when it was just the two of them they did not even entertain that thought and just ran for their lives.

However, reaching the red light curtain they found that they could not enter it to return to travel to the real dark realm from this makeshift one.

"Frog, why can't I enter the gateway?" the furry devil yelled at the frog devil and turned to find that the frog devil too could enter the red light curtain that brought them here. Thinking of something, it asked the Frog Devil aloud, "Frog, you did get her to sign a contract to cancel the summon once we help her, right?"

Unable to enter the red light curtain the frog devil grew distressed, and answered in frustration, "I did. I had her enter a contract stating that she will cancel the summons if we destroy the dungeon from outside or help her enter it. I even made sure to specify that she should immediately cancel the summons after getting what she wants."

"Then why are we not able to enter the dungeon gate?" the Furry Devil enquired, finding it hard to believe that Ada would ignore the contract risking her life.

"I don't know why," Frog Devil answered, then a sudden thought crossed its mind and it screamed, "Unless she did not enter the dungeon and is standing at the edge of the dungeon gate."

"That bitch—" the Furry Devil paused in the middle of cursing Ada as it felt a presence above it. It was none other than the Field Marshal.

Then under the gaze of the Field Marshal, the Furry Devil felt an external energy filling its body at incredible, pretty soon it started to feel bloated and sluggish.

The external energy had filled to the brim in its body's cells long ago but it kept stuffing inside its body's cells through force until every cell in the Furry Devil was rendered immobile.

The Furry Devil hadn't experienced anything like this before it was scared and confused. It tried to move its energies but found that they were too sluggish and would not move matter how much it commanded them to.

Then the Field Marshal's hand pierced its left shoulder and dug out its devil core. Storing its devil core, the Field Marshal threw the Furry Devil's body barely alive next to the barely alive Bug-eyed Devil and Lady Devil Erving.

Then the Field Marshal slowly made her way to the Frog Devil. Hurting other devils did mean much to the Field Marshal but this one she was disgusted by it and not to mention it was the one who tricked her. I think you should take a look at

Seeing the Field Marshal near it, having witnessed the end of its allies it did not dare to fight against the Field Marshal. Rather it activated its last resort without hesitation.

The Frog Devil's last resort was not a power attack skill but more of a defense skill that would guarantee its survival against any kind of enemy.

"Thousand Tadpole Works," shouting that the Frog Devil shot all of the spikes on its body in the surrounding area. Then its skin fell to the ground lifelessly.

In the Air, the thousand or so spikes of the Frog devil burst like fireworks. However, it was far from a firework as each of these spikes spewed billions of microscope tadpoles in the air which showered down on the ground.

"Disgusting, Fire Rule- Infernal Inferno," Soon a storm of Fire rule power swept the entire inside the blood dome of darkness while avoiding the dungeon gate and the fragile bodies of the three devils burning all the tadpoles of the frog devil.

With her eyes, the Field Marshal scan the entire area under the blood dome of darkness, and finding no trace of the Frog devil she relaxed. Then she scanned the frog devil's dried-up skin to find that there was no devil core in it.

Upon discovery, the Field Marshal shook her head understanding that the Frog Devil's last resort was a rebirth type of skill with came at the cost of consuming its devil core. However, even if one of its tadpoles manages to survive it can be reborn again.

So as of now technically the Frog Devil was dead. With that Field Marshal had defeated all four of the devils, and as a result, the Blood Dome of Darkness covering the dual

gate dungeon vicinity shattered into pieces, and the red light curtain surrounding the vicinity of the dual gate dungeon was lifted.

As for the Field Marshal, she returned to her original spot and stood guard at the dungeon gate with the bodies of the three devils stacked in front of her. She did not appear to worry about Ada entering the dungeon.

Then a teleportation circle formed next to her and a figure appeared in it. It was Lorenzo, her husband. Nodding at her husband the Field Marshal handed him the three devil cores and then pointing at the bodies of the three devils she said, "I told you I will get you the ingredients for the array formation didn't I?"

"Yes, you did," Lorenzo answered with a wide smile. Taking the devil cores from his wife, Lorenzo headed towards the bodies of three devils and examining them he informed, "They will do. I will start setting up the array formation right away."

"Are the preparations inside the dungeon done? A rat managed to escape in it," Field Marshal answered emotionlessly.

"..." Lorenzo was surprised to hear someone managed to get past his wife and enter the dungeon. It took him a while to process it and then he replied, "Yes, all preparations inside the dungeon are done. Let's hope the rat is strong enough to test-run them for us."

...

The dungeon gate was like a small tunnel and Ada stood by the edge of it without entering it and waited there, till the Field Marshal killed the remaining two devils, muttering to herself, "Devils don't own a patent on trickery. Even if they did, I am a part devil it should amount to something."

Just then Ada saw a drop of fluid enter the dungeon gate, upon a closer look the drop appeared to contain thousands of tadpoles. Curious, Ada captured the drop and stored it safely. Thinking that it will make a perfect gift for her Master.

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Chapter 1502 Abel Chase

[1,045 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 10:12

Location- A-rank Dual Gate Dungeon.

After safely storing the tadpoles of the Frog Devil Ada stepped foot into the Dual Gate Dungeon.

Before the mission, the central government had no idea what kind of dungeon the A-rank Dual Gate Dungeon Connecting the Western Capital to the Southern Capital was. Neither did they care to figure it out. So Ada had no idea what she would be stepping into.

Walking into the dungeon Ada was greeted by a blinding light show she had no choice but to close her eyes for a second. And when she opened her eyes to a metropolitan city.

Yes, there was a freaking metropolitan city inside the dual gate dungeon.

"I take it you are the card apprentice from the central government who is going to test-run the dungeon security," A masculine male voice suddenly sounded alerting Ada.

Ada immediately searched for the source of the voice to find a hunky male with nasty scars on his face wearing a white lab coat. He appeared to be in the card lord realm and emitted a calming ambiance despite his appearance.

Seeing the alerted look on Ada's face he introduced himself to her, "Hi, I am Abel Chase. The elected City Lord of the dungeon metropolis, acknowledged by both Western and Southern royalty."

"What?" Ada asked in confusion. She did not hear a word the man just spoke as he was lost in his calming ambiance. It has been a while since she had been in such a company.

Ada knew she was on enemy grounds and she should not be feeling as such but she had no control over her heart and emotions. Even her brain said, if she has such a feeling in the enemy ground then could this place even be considered as an enemy ground? And what does it say about her Master and fellow teammate who never gave her such a feeling? Was she even walking the right path?

"Let me reintroduce myself, ..." Abel Chase reintroduced himself to Ada patiently.

"How can there be a functioning metropolitan city in a dungeon?" Ada asked Abel, unable to understand why there was a metropolitan city in the dungeon.

"We built it," Abel replied.

"You built it, but it hasn't even been a week since the dungeon was found. What about the dungeon refresh? Won't the whole city be erased when that happens?" Ada had thousands of questions running through her mind and she did not hesitate to ask them to Abel forgetting that he was her enemy. For some reason the presence of Abel made her feel safe and let her guard down.

"About two hundred and fifty thousand card apprentices worked around the clock to make this happen. This city is the product of their blood and of course not to forget the funding and resources provided by the Southern and Western royal families.

As for the dungeon refresh, both dungeon cores of this dual gate dungeon have been modified with the latest Soul energy generators. Together they generate enough refined soul energy to power a city ten times this one. However, the extra soul energy powers act as a standby power source for the city's defense system so it all works out. So, you do not have to worry about dungeon reset. I think you should take a look at

If you want I can give you a tour of the city before you start the test run. The shopping district and food court are the main attractions of the city," Abel briefly explained about the city to Ada and offered to show her around the city.

"..." Ada was taken aback by Abel's offer and she did not understand the 'Dungeon security Test Run' he kept talking about.

"Right now the shopping district and food court are only being used by the staff so it has limited attractions to offer but it is peaceful, however, once the city opens to the general public it will be busy," Abel said, seeing Ada hesitate to accept his offer to take a tour of the city.

"... I will take the city tour," Ada after a lot of hesitation. She was here to destroy the dual gate dungeon and she could do it after taking the city tour.

"Great," Abel cheered with a gentle smile, then summoning a grey-colored chariot he added, "Hope on."

Ada was mesmerized by Abel's smile and unconsciously claimed the chariot. Seeing her seated, Abel asked, "By the way what should I call you?"

"Ada, Ada Davis," Ada shyly answered.

"Nice to meet you, Miss Davis."

"Don't, Ada is fine."

"Okay then, you too will have to call me Abel then."

"Sure, Abel."

When the chariot gained enough longitude, Ada saw two enormous Platinum pyramids surrounded by a lush forest and then tall buildings.

Following Ada's gaze, Abel flew the Chariot toward the nearest pyramids and introduced their purpose to her, "they are the modified soul energy generator. The pyramid you see is just the outer shell made using refined SS-rank petrifying Platinum.

Thanks to that shell, not even SSS-rank attacks can get through to the modified dungeon cores they are protecting underneath them. All forms of energy that come in contact with petrifying platinum lose their magnitude as if they were petrified.

Ada, you sure have your work cut out for the dungeon defense test run. If you don't mind me asking what have you planned for the test run? Anything short of SS-rank Skills or Items will not be able to leave a dent in this city as the whole city is made using refined S-grad ingredients."

"I have prepared some SSS-rank items. But from the looks of it seems my preparation is not enough," Ada answered with a grim face, realizing that the SSS-rank items that her team leader Arnas and teammates gave her by sacrificing one of the item card slots of their grimoire were useless.

The items Ada had on her could at most destroy a few buildings but not the dungeon cores were very modified and protected by huge pyramid shells made of SS-rank petrifying Platinum. Depressed, she muttered, "It seems both royal families have heavily invested in the development and protection of the dual gate dungeon?"

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Chapter 1503 Flame Of Vengeance

[1,053 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 10:14

Location- A-rank Dual Gate Dungeon.

"Yes, after all this trade route will not only bring lots of taxes but will play an important role in the development of the two regions," Abel replied as he flew the chariot towards the city's food court asking, "By the way do you want to stop by for drinks?"

"drinks?" Ada looked over the skyline of the dungeon city in depression wondering if she should go through with the mission even if all she could manage to achieve was the destruction of a few buildings.

Or she could use her origin card's ability to turn all 250,000 works in the city into her swarm and sacrifice them to summon a few devils? The devils should have a way to destroy this city, right? Maybe just the presence of devil-rank beings in the dungeon alone should be able to destabilize the dungeon into collapsing.

'This might work, should she start with the juicy hunk next to her? No, let's see where this date goes first. Ada, you naughty girl, what are you thinking?' Ada thought to herself and answered, "Aren't you slick? Turning a tour of the city into a date."

"Date? Your words, not mine," Abel answered with the corners of his mouth turned up.

"Hahaha, you are a talker aren't you," Ada let out a smile and then said, "I will have whatever you are having."

"Then beer it is," Abel said, landing the chariot in front of a bar.

"Inviting a girl for a beer this early in the morning, what are your intentions, mister?" Ada joked as she climbed down the chariot.

"Don't tell me a few glasses of beer is enough to scare you," Abel said, retrieving the chariot. Then he entered the bar with Ada who said, "Yep, you are up to no good. But I knew you were trouble the moment I laid my eyes on you. So, do your worst."

Sitting at a table, the couple ordered two beers and waited. As they waited, Ada decided to revive one of her bodies under the effect of Mobius Presence.

However, to Ada's surprise, she found that she could not access her grimoire to revive her other body. With this development, Ada panicked. Only to hear Abel say, "I forgot to mention before, the artificial sun illuminating the city is called the silent sun, an high level silent rule array formation.

Because of its presence, only authorized personnel can use their grimoire in the dungeon city. You did not feel its effect after entering the dungeon city because the array masters have made it so considering the comfort of the inhabitants and visitors of the dungeon city.

If you plan on starting your dungeon security test run you have to think of a way to bypass it first. Just so you know, As the acting city lord of the dungeon city I am decided who gets the authorization." I think you should take a look at

"..." Ada silently stared at Abel for a while before saying, "I am guessing there is no way you will give me the authorization."

"That depends on how this date ends," Abel said as the barmaid delivered their order.

"..." Ada stared at Abel thinking, 'Shameless bastard.'

"Just so you know if we skip the drama of me flirting, you pretending to be a prude, and just get to the happy ending part sooner then you might get your authorization," Abel gave Ada a friendly hint.

Listening to Abel's words it could not be more obvious what he was asking Ada to do for the authorization to use her grimoire in the dungeon city. Ada cussed Abel with every cuss word she could think of in her mind but she did not let it show on her face. As the mission was at stake here.

"I found you charming but you had to ruin it by being your true self," Ada said, looking at Abel with disgust.

"Believe me this is not my true self, I would never reveal my true self to a central government slut and devil worshiper no less. Besides, I am just trying to prove my point here. You bitches from the central government will sell your body if it helps your mission," Abel spoke his mind revealing his hatred for the Central government and the Devil worshippers.

"What about you? Will you not sell your body for your Western Region and its people if needed, Prince Chase?" Ada was not offended by Abel's words, instead, she calmly used his words against him. Then she looked at this hated filled eyes and felt like looking in a mirror.

"I would never let the circumstances of my Western region and its people fall to such a point. Don't change the topic, you dogs of the central government do not serve the interest of people but your masters. How can you compare to me?" Abel answered and he hated the thought of being compared with dogs of the central government.

"Yes, I serve the interest of my master and you serve the interest of your people. However, the fire of hate and vengeance in your eyes will lead your people to such a day. It may not be today, tomorrow, or shortly but one day it will.

Unless you learn to harness that fire of revenge of yours for something productive. As I did. After all, You and I are of the same kind. Burning everyone that tries to get close to us with our flame of vengeance."

"Shut up, you and I are not the same. The central government killed my mother and threw me to a pack of hungry monsters. Do you see these scars on my body? I never removed them with any beautification cards because they are the marks of my will. My will to survive—"

"Your will for vengeance, be honest to yourself. Accept your hatred, and you will find that nothing is more empowering," Ada said excitedly. As she knew if there was ever a person who would understand her then it was the person sitting in front of her, Abel Chase.

"I am only serving my Master because it serves my flame of vengeance. What about you Prince Chase? Does serving your people serve your flame of vengeance?"

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Chapter 1504 Old Prophecy Die To Make Way For New Legends

[1,075 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 10:24

Location- A-rank Dual Gate Dungeon, Dungeon Metropolis

Listening to Ada's words Abel went silent. As Ada's words kept echoing in his mind until he wondered if serving his people served his will of —

"Hahaha, what happened my friend? Did the cat get your tongue? Then let me help you see the true you. Serving your people does help you serve your will of vengeance. I bet your family also saw that and sent you a prince to be a city lord of a dungeon city. For the rest of the Western region, it is a step toward progress but for you, it is nothing but a fancy cage. Completely cutting you off from the fight for the crown of the West."

Ada's words implied that the reason Abel served his people was that if he manages to win their hearts then he will be one step closer to sitting on the throne of the West region.

If he manages to become the next ruler of the Western region then he can lead the West and other regions willing to follow him into a war against the central government

that insulted his mother and killed her before his eyes and then threw him to a pack of hungry monsters to be eaten alive.

Aware of Abel's ambition his family sent him, a prince, to become the City Lord of the Dungeon Metropolis built in the dual gate dungeon. Showing the elders, leaders, and families of the Western Region that Abel was out of the race for the next ruler of the Western Region.

"You bitch, shut your mouth. Nothing you say can poison my mind, enough with your vile whispers. I will execute you right away," Abel yelled at Ada and almost jumped over the table to kill her but stopped himself from doing so.

Abel gave such a huge reaction to Ada's words because those words had crossed his mind long ago even before Aba spoke them and he suppressed them knowing that going against orders of the crown was a huge crime and with that he would be fully out of the game and not even have a chance to make a comeback which he currently did.

"Hahaha," In response to Abel's reaction, Ada let out a gentle laugh. Removed her devil skull mask and she revealed her breathtakingly gorgeous face.

Seeing Ada's face for the first time Abel was lost in her perfectly symmetrical face and deep red eyes. Her beauty was alluring but had a homely feeling to it. It surfaced warm feelings in Abel's heart that he thought had died with his mother.

Ada slowly got up from her chair and walked around the table. She stood behind Abel and hugged him from behind and rested her face next to his face putting her body weight on him. Ada's left cheek touched Abel's right cheek, and their body heat exchanged.

Abel's face turned red, getting a wisp of her body fragrance. Then feeling her breast press against his back the warm feelings were no longer just coming from his heart but his meat shaft was also brimming with warm energy. I think you should take a look at

"My dear prince, accept your darkness. It is more empowering than you can imagine," Ada whispered.

Abel did not know how to respond as his mind, heart, and nether region were all lost in various thoughts. His mind said that the royal family has thrown him out of the throne race, and his heart said that the royal family was looking after him, but his genitalia said that why was he wasting time with useless thoughts. He should drag Ada to a love restaurant in the dungeon city and have his way with her.

"Prince, I will leave Dungeon City untouched as a gift of our first meeting. A gift from one who accepted darkness to another who is lost in darkness. May you find the strength to accept the darkness in you," Ada said, preparing to leave the dungeon city without completing her mission.

"What bullshit are you spewing? You can't even summon your grimoire properly under the Silent Sun illuminating the dungeon city. How dare you boast about destroying it?" Abel yelled, calling Ada's gift a bull. Claiming that she could not muster enough soul energy to detonate herself let alone destroy the dungeon city.

"You are in the wrong impression my darling prince, if I wanted to I can kill you right now. Let alone destroy the dungeon city," Ada answered nonchalantly as her body started to emit soul energy.

"Impossible! How?" Feeling the soul energy emitted by Ada and the soul energy circulating through her body Abel was shell-shocked.

"I dared to enter the enemy territory alone, do you think I will not come prepared against a few silent rule array formations?" Ada left Abel's side and once again wore her devil skull mask.

"How is that possible? The Silent Sun is an SSS-rank silent rule array formation. How can you, a Card Lord, have the ability to repel its effect?" Abel asked in disbelief.

"Just like how you Card lords managed to create an SSS-rank array formation and SS-rank petrifying pyramids inside a A-rank dungeons. So honey, don't sweat the details," Ada then summoned a knife and said, "I need your help with this."

Seeing Ada summon a knife, Abel hurriedly got from his chair in defense. However, Ada threw the knife into his hands, and as soon as he caught it she threw herself at it and the knife pierced through her heart. Her blood rushed out, staining both of them.

"You despicable bitch. I do not like owning others' favors. I will pay you back no matter what," Abel said, staring into Ada's eyes as he slowly laid her dying body on the bar floor.

Ada let out a gentle smile and with her dying breath she said, "I will be waiting for you in the darkness. Accept the darkness in you, it will lead you to me. Do not keep me waiting for too long. It gets lonely out here—"

After Ada took her final breath, Abel used fire rule power to burn her corpse without hesitation as he knew this was only one of Ada's many bodies. And ordered his men who had gathered seeing the scene, "Search the whole city, increase guards at important locations. We cannot take chances with someone like this."

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[1,026 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:45

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

The wind stood still as the pillars of red light surrounding the Southern capital began to expand, alerting Ann, Jill, and the demigod teams.

As for Dalton Wyatt, his eyes were closed and his body appeared to be vibrating from time to time without the care of the danger in the outside world. Not to mention the Corpse Doppelganger eyeing him with its bloodshot eyes.

Destroying the City array and dodging the attacks of 250 turrets using Adaptive Resonance Disruption, had consumed too much of its energy than it would like to display. Hence its bloodshot eyes.

Thankfully the demigod team sent by the Southern Royal family to hunt it was cautious of it because of the power it displayed earlier allowing it to take a breather to enter the 'One with the world' state physically to recharge its energies and also for its original to consume a few elixirs to bring her back to her top condition.

As for why the Corpse Doppelganger was staring at Wyatt when the rest of the people in the city were looking at the expanding pillar of red light was because its original body had become obsessed with Wyatt seeing him try and replicate her move to achieve one with world state physically.

It took her years of practice and experience to come up with a way using adaptive resonance disruption to achieve that state physically and master it.

However, Wyatt was almost near achieving it, having just seen it. She could not understand how he could be close to achieving something believed to be impossible for the card apprentices across the world after just watching her do it.

Did Wyatt also have a unique pair of throat, ears, and sense of sound like she did? Was that why he was able to do what she did? No, he was not emitting a noise like she did. He was genuinely controlling the vibrations of his physical body's soul pathways to match that of the vibrations of nature surrounding him then the world itself.

How was he doing that? Was it not already determined fact that card apprentices aren't capable of accurately controlling the vibrations of their physical bodies, after having done various research and being collectively approved by all of the greatest minds of the world?

As the user of Adaptive Resonance Disruption, Arnas knew that what Wyatt was doing was impossible and nothing short of a miracle.

Yes, the experienced diamond-grade card creationists and array masters were able to control their physical body's soul pathway vibration to match that of low-level array formations but what Wyatt almost achieved was beyond that. I think you should take a look at

Wyatt had almost managed to match his soul pathway vibrations with his surrounding nature now he was trying to tune into the rhythm of the world itself.

Not to mention it appeared as if every time he failed to tune into the World's vibration he would get closer with the next try.

What Wyatt was doing required a lot of focus and concentration. Arnas would understand if he was doing this in the laboratory conditions but he was not, he was trying it for the very first time that too directly in the field.

There were several reasons for Arnas to be obsessed with what Wyatt was doing. If not for her mission she would just spend the day watching him try and achieve the 'One With the World' state with his physical body.

While Arnas could not figure out how Wyatt was able to control the vibrations of his soul pathways so precisely, she would have never guessed that the answer was so simple, his origin card's ability soul energy manipulation.

Yes, being introduced to the Adaptive Resonance Disruption through Arnas's Corpse Doppelganger, Wyatt watched it use the principle of absolute resonance disruption to destroy the city array formation and dodge thousands of energy properties but both of them did not manage to impress him however her using the same principle to become one with the world physically to replenish her energy did.

Wyatt had watched Agent Louis enter the 'one with the world' state physically several times. However, she achieved it naturally through her physique. Meaning there was no technique to explore and copy unless he studied her physique. Which was not reasonable.

However, in the case of the humanoid figure in black, it was different. She had a specific technique designed for her specialty to achieve the 'one with the world' state physically. Now this was something Wyatt could work with especially since he had the soul energy manipulation ability.

Copying and modifying the technique used by Arnas's corpse doppelganger with the help of his soul pupils and the Hive AI was not a big deal for Wyatt. But there was a problem.

The problem was tracking the vibration of the world at different locations. Arnas made use of her excellent ears and unparalleled understanding of sound to track the vibration

of the world. This was a skill honed by Arnas through years of experience and not like a technique that could just be copied, replicated, and modified.

Though Wyatt had Soul energy manipulation and the modified technique at his disposal he did know how to track the vibrations of the world. So he decided to think of a way by trial and error.

That was when Wyatt began to use his Soul energy manipulation ability to control his physical body's soul pathway's vibrations. Then used the modified technique he created using the technique displayed by Arnas's corpse doppelganger to match his physical body's soul pathway vibration to the vibration of nature's soul pathways.

Having achieved this, Wyatt began to sense the nature surrounding him in a new light that he had never heard or read of. Becoming one with the surrounding nature Wyatt began to search for the vibrations of the world believing if Arnas can use her excellent ears and unparalleled knowledge of sound to detect it, so could he. With this, Wyatt obsessed to search for the voice of the world in nature through his physical body.

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Chapter 1506 Gaining The Attention Of The World's Will

[1,026 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:46

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

While Wyatt was obsessing over finding the voice of the world and synchronizing his physical body's soul pathway vibrations with its vibration the beams of red light surrounding the Southern Capital had expanded enough to overlap with each other forming a curtain of red light.

As soon as the curtain of the red light formed the clouds above the Southern Capital city turned dark. Scary lightning flashed followed by deafening thunder.

However, the dark clouds only lasted for a second. Soon the whole world within the red light curtain was illuminated with a shade of red. It appeared as if the entire city and the clouds above it were dyed with blood.

"All teams retreat to secure positions by the turrets, stay on high alert, and do not engage the hostile without my permission," Ann had a good knowledge about devil worshipers and their devil summoning rituals but she had never read or heard of a devil summoning sacrificial ritual like this one.

With no knowledge of what the enemy was summoning Ann had the demigod teams surveilling and securing the borders of the Southern Capital retreat to a secure post next to the turrets. Asking them not to attack any hostile unit without her orders.

Ann had 75 demigods and 250 turrets at her disposal to face off against an unknown number of unknown enemies. The firepower at Ann's disposal was more than enough but against an unknown enemy nothing was enough.

Therefore, she needed the demigods to not act until she had a clear picture of what they were dealing with and the number of enemies they were dealing with. So she could come up with the best possible strategy to deal with the hostile forces and protect Wyatt at the same time.

As the world was dyed in red the bright flashes of lightning and defending sounds of thunder became a lot brighter, louder, and more frequent as a heavy rain started to power down on the city. The wind inside the city which had become still suddenly became violent and loud. As if a strong wind was brewing with the red light curtain.

Despite such huge changes occurring in his surroundings, Wyatt appeared to be unaware of it and immersed in his obsession to track the vibrations of the world. Jill and Ann acted in time to use their power to shield him from rain or else he would be drenched in rain water.

However, the changes in Wyatt's physical body's soul pathway vibrations had become longer and more frequent. It appeared as if he was getting closer to what he was being so persistent for regardless of time and place.

The bright lines began to take shape on the red light curtain that turned out to be rune circles of an unknown language. Once the rune circles were completely formed bright lines began to extend out of the rune circles to join with the other and become one huge rune circle.

It was at this time that a storm descended on the Southern capital city. Ann and Jill acted together to make sure nothing disturbed Wyatt's epiphany. I think you should take a look at

However, their faces paled when a dominating presence suddenly covered the entire Southern capital.

They hurriedly got on their knees as the will of the world revealed itself in the Southern Capital in response to the devil summoning a sacrificial ritual in its vicinity. Even the southern royal demigod teams around the city got on their knees greeting the World's will.

Unlike Field Marshal Heatsend who was able to communicate with World's will none of the demigods in the Southern Capital were capable of such a feat. However, their demigod-level spirituality helped them perceive that the World's will was enraged by the red light curtain and gave them a premonition of imminent disaster.

As for the Corpse doppelganger of Arnas, it did not greet the world's will. Instead, it was obsessively staring at Wyatt because he had come a long way in trying to achieve the one with the world state physically.

As someone who was in the 'one with the world' state physically the Corpse doppelganger could accurately feel the wrath and anger of the Will of the world. However, Arnas did not care about that. She completely ignored the World's will.

Instead, she used her physical 'one with the world' state to precisely monitor the changes taking place in the vibrations of the soul pathways of Wyatt's physical body.

In a few minutes, Wyatt had made so much progress in using the concept of adaptive resonance disruption to try and enter the 'one with the world' stage physically that Arnas was impressed by his feat that it prompted her to time and again wonder how he was doing it.

Arnas believed that even if the boy failed to achieve the 'one with the world' state today then it did not mean he could not achieve later but the question was if Wyatt would be alive to do so.

Once the Supreme leader was done with him then her Master would have fun with him, and after that what awaited him was death. So in a way if Wyatt failed to achieve the 'one with the world' state today then he would never be able to achieve it in his short but brutal lifetime that awaited him.

Regardless of Arnas's confidence to capture Wyatt today, she did not know that the actions of the central government were going to work in favor of the boy and help him achieve the rumored 'one with the world' state physically.

While the presence of the red light curtain and growing rune circles inscribed on attracted World Will's attention and Wrath. The World Will's attention soon moved toward Wyatt.

In the area filled with capable demigods, only two people were capable of communicating with it one was an SSS-rank Corpse Doppelganger and the other was a Card Master.

Since Arnas completely ignored the World Will it had no choice but to focus on Wyatt who was in sync with his surrounding nature.

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

Chapter 1507 Gaining Enlightenment

[1,012 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:47

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

The attention of the World's Will toward Wyatt was special but it was more like an elder paying attention to their junior when they were facing difficult times and sometimes they lend a hand.

This time Wyatt who was obsessively trying to find the vibrations of the world was in luck as he had not only managed to gain the attention of the World's will but thanks to the dire circumstance surrounding him, the world's will was feeling generous. As a result, he managed to gain the guidance of the world's will in his pursuit.

Yes, the World's will decided to lend a hand to Wyatt in his struggle to achieve the 'one with the world' state physically. This was an unexpected turn of events and a perfect example of hard work and intelligence weren't the only equation to success but luck was also a part of it.

Wyatt who was constantly varying his physical body's soul pathway vibrations in search of the vibrations of the world suddenly felt a calling. It was the vibration of the world reaching out to him. The thing he was obsessively searching for had suddenly reached out to him.

Just then Ann, Jill, team one, team two, and the Corpse Doppelganger who were in his immediate vicinity or line of sight all witnessed enlightenment descend on Wyatt.

"Fuck, he did it."

"He managed to turn an epiphany into an enlightenment."

The demigods began to exclaim in envy watching Wyatt gain enlightenment. Gaining enlightenment was already an enviable achievement but gaining enlightenment for achieving the 'one with the world' state physically was just beyond words. Enough to turn the eyes of demigods red with envy.

The most shocked of all present by the enlightenment gained by Wyatt was Arnas as she has been monitoring Wyatt's progress in achieving the 'one with world' state physically from the start. And only she knew that though Wyatt had made a lot of progress in achieving the 'one with the world' state physically he was missing the core key to it, the vibration of the world.

Wyatt was unable to track the vibration of the world. Without that his progress so far in achieving the 'one with the world' state physically was useless.

Therefore she believed that despite his struggle and intelligence Wyatt's limited life span would come to an end before he would ever be able to achieve the 'one with the world' state physically.

Though Arnas was enthused to see Wyatt modify her technique to achieve the 'one with the world' state physically, she was not a fan and was sore about the fact that he was achieving it faster than her. I think you should take a look at

After all, she had to go through years of practice and punishment before she finally locked down the technique and achieved the 'one with the world' state physically. So it was not a surprise that she would not be thrilled to watch someone achieve it effortlessly in a lot less time than her.

So knowing that Wyatt had such potential but did not have the time for it, Arnas felt her inner sadistic urges tingling. She could not imagine the stratification she would get when the boy would die not being able to achieve the 'one with the world' state physically when all he needed was little time to achieve it. Just knowing this got Arnas excited.

So imagine her shock when she saw the boy gain enlightenment in his pursuit to enter the 'one with the world' state physically. She felt betrayed and as if the whole world was working against her.

It's hard to imagine how she would feel if she knew that it was indeed the world guiding Wyatt to achieve the 'one with the world' state physically. Now that would be very hard for her to recover from.

Ann and Jill who were using their ability to shield Wyatt's physical body from the storm had bright smiles pasted on their faces.

Especially Ann, as she could not be more happy about her decision to not awaken Wyatt from his epiphany to retreat him back into the Southern royal palace grounds. The pressure of commanding 15 teams of demigods was not small. Especially since each one of the demigods in the 15 teams was willing to follow her to their deaths.

Though Ann was not like the hot-headed Anna but a logical thinker who lived and breathed risk management she lacked the confidence to lead the people as she only read about being a leader but never actually been a leader with the presence of Anna she never actually got the chance to.

Therefore, Wyatt gaining enlightenment was a huge deal for her and a big boost for her confidence as a leader.

While Wyatt's enlightenment led to various feelings in those that witnessed it. Wyatt himself was currently preoccupied with discerning the vibrations of the world. Though the World's will had helped him find the vibration of the world. It was up to him to discern it.

The vibration of the world appeared to be one and uniform but it wasn't. It was a synchronization of various vibrations representing the various energies of the world just like how the vibrations of Wyatt's physical body's soul pathways were different for various organs and systems but together they formed a single and unique soul energy signature.

Thankfully, Wyatt had the trusted Hive AI, which not only recorded the way to find the vibration of the world for him but also helped him discern it as a synchronization of many vibrations.

Now using the Hive AI Wyatt planned to find an equation to harmonize the vibrations of his physical body's soul pathways with the vibration of the world.

That was, Wyatt was not trying to discern each individual vibration that was forming the vibration of the world but trying to discern a way to add his physical body's soul pathway vibration to it. Hence, achieving the 'one with the world' state physically.

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Chapter 1508 Back To Back

[1,094 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:48

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

Becoming one with the world physically meant to become a part of the world. Just like how the flowing river, boundless oceans, tall mountains, the restless wind, etc were all part of the world despite being different from one another, Wyatt could also be a part of the world despite being different.

Though the rivers, oceans, mountains, wind, etc had different forms and states they all lived in harmony with one another giving an image to the world as we know it today. This was only possible because the vibrations of the soul pathways of these entities were in resonance with each other.

This resonance between the different vibrations of the various soul pathways allowed them to synchronize and form a signal vibration known as the vibration of the world. This was why the vibration of the world varied from place to place, location to location.

That was why Wyatt wasn't just trying to harmonize his physical body's vibration with the vibration of the world in his current location but using the Hive AI to come up with an equation that would allow him to harmonize the vibrations of his physical body's soul pathways to the vibrations of the world in any place or location.

However, this was easier said than done. Fortunately for Wyatt, as if the World's Will could read Wyatt's mind it extended its guidance to help him come up with the equation, extending his enlightenment.

Feeling the descent of evil, the World's Will had become very generous today. In a way, Wyatt had to thank the central government, Matron, and other conspirators for this. If not for their planning and hard work. Wyatt would never have the fortune of coming this close to figuring out an equation to enter the 'one with the world' state physically whenever and wherever in the world.

"Is this kid the illegitimate son of the world or what?" Leader of the team one blurted in disbelief. Witnessing the enlightenment of the boy become stronger, gaining a second enlightenment. He wasn't the only one that thought this way the other demigods did too.

In their journey to become a demigod, they all have had the fortune to enjoy one or two rare enlightenment in their lifetime spanned over centuries. However, none of them ever experienced or heard of an individual gaining back-to-back enlightenment.

So it was not a surprise that they would feel that way watching Wyatt gain two enlightenments back to back. They never knew gaining enlightenment would be so

easy. They sort of felt like they were living life in hard mode when Wyatt was living his life in easy mode. Guess that was the life of a genius, they consoled themselves.

Jill looked at Ann, with her eyes begging the question, 'Is the leader of the team one correct? Is Wyatt an illegitimate son of the world?'

Ann rolled her eyes at Jill implying, 'Are you stupid?' I think you should take a look at 'A simple no would have sufficed,' Jill glared at Ann.

The rarity of enlightenment was known to everyone, so it was not surprising that even someone like Jill and the demigods feel envy and jealousy toward Wyatt for gaining two enlightenments back to back.

The most envious of Wyatt gaining two enlightenment that to back to back was none other than Arnas. She was starting to question her life. Wondering since when did it become so easy to figure out a way to enter the 'one with the world' state physically just because they suddenly felt like it.

It took years of research, trials, and experimentation for Arnas to come up with calculations that would help her use adaptive resonance disruption to enter the 'one with the world' state physically.

Yet, here was a mere card master who was able to come up with better calculations to enter the 'one with the world' state physically just because he felt like it. Not to mention the fact that it only took him a few minutes to come up with calculations that took her decades.

Arnas couldn't be blamed for doubting her life and existence. Anyone in her place would feel the same way. Fortunately for her, she would never know that she was partially responsible for the two enlightenments bestowed on Wyatt by the World's Will.

In the penthouse of the prestige four seasons, Sansa felt like she had eaten a swarm of flies. This morning she was conflicted about whether to kill Wyatt or brainwash him. Now when that choice was stolen from her Sansa was certain she wanted to brainwash Wyatt and add him to her collection.

'Flower thief, what's the hold-up? The boy has closed his eyes and is defenseless. Go and grab him already,' Sansa enquired the flower thief through a grimoire call watching from the penthouse glass window that Wyatt was immersed in enlightenment and could no longer defend against the Flower thief's empty beast.

'Your Highness, I want to do exactly that but my empty beast is too afraid to even enter the vicinity of the boy. I have never felt the empty beast expressing fear, today is the first time. The empty beast appears to be scared even to stay in this location. I don't know why,' Flower thief explained his difficulty to Sansa.

'You useless fool, I will handle this personally,' Sansa then used her origin card to access the Flower thief's memories and through it, she accessed the memories of the empty beast.

The flower thief was not lying, the empty beast was scared silly. If not for the flower thief's orders the empty beast would not even dare to be in the southern capital. Sansa then further explored the memories of the empty beast to learn that the reason it was afraid was because of the presence of the world's will in this area.

Upon further probing into the empty beast's memories, Sansa was surprised to learn that the presence of the World's Will mostly focused on Wyatt. Helping her understand that the world's will was responsible for his sudden enlightenment.

However, what shocked her most was when she tried to edit the empty beast's memories to remove its fear of World's Will, she failed to do so as the fear was stemming from within its instincts which were forged by several evolutions that it had inherited from its ancestors. So just changing its memories would not help here. Sansa had no choice but to watch as such a golden opportunity slipped by.

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Chapter 1509 Sinister Arrival

[1,068 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:48

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

While Sansa was gritting her teeth over a missed opportunity. Somewhere in the space of the Southern Capital, Henricks looked at Wyatt who gained back-to-back enlightenments and nodded his head impressed by the achievement.

Unlike Sansa, Henricks did not plan to make use of this opportunity to kidnap Wyatt mostly because he did not want to hinder Wyatt's enlightenment and development. Besides, he felt like he would have several chances to kidnap Wyatt as long as the Central government forces did well to keep Field Marshal Heatsend busy.

Thanks to his origin card, Henricks, even though could not be considered as one of the strongest in the world, he had very few card apprentices to be worried about.

Therefore, he was pretty confident that in this struggle between the various conspirators for Wyatt he would come on top no matter what. So he decided to sit back until his competition eliminated each other.

With the arrival of the second enlightenment, Wyatt felt his thought process increase and understand what he could not previously. All he had to do was ask the right questions and the answers would present themselves to him.

With such miraculous assistance, Wyatt began to revisit all the obstructions he faced when he tried to come up with the equation to enter the 'one with the world' state physically whenever and wherever.

And this time around what earlier appeared to be incomprehensible were now revealing their secrets to Wyatt themselves. The process of figuring out the various variables and comprehending their parameters had now become fluid and easier than ever.

Together with the enlightenment and the assistance of the Hive AI, Wyatt was finally closer to creating an equation that would tell him just the right frequency to vibrate his physical body's soul pathways to resonate with the vibration of the world and achieve the 'one with the world' state physically whenever and wherever.

"Is it wrong of me to think that Wyatt could not pick the worst time to gain enlightenment," Ann muttered to Jill as they watched the numerous rune circles on the red light curtain come together to form one big array of rune circles.

After its formation, the array of rune circles began to pulsate rhythmically, signaling the arrival of something sinister and evil. All eyes stuck to the red light curtain, except for Team One that was guarding the boy, and Team Two that was monitoring the humanoid figure in black.

However, their attention was soon stolen by a bright beam of white light that shot into the sky illuminating the southern capital and eliminating the red shade and the dark clouds covering it. Receding the storm that was rampaging in the city.

As the sky cleared at the center of the bright beam of light, Wyatt could be seen floating while emitting a serene soul energy signature. His closed eyes suddenly opened, bright and pure brimming with knowledge.

The demigods in the city were having a hard time distinguishing his presence from that of his surroundings. They were seeing him but when they tried to feel his presence they could not distinguish it from its surroundings. I think you should take a look at

"The kid has achieved the 'one with the world' state physically."

"Incredible, just incredible."

The demigods were without words for Wyatt's achievement. They felt joy and envy at the same time.

Having achieved the demigod realm they all were aware that there was a connection to achieving transcendence and the 'one with the world' state physically. They all have been trying and searching for various ways to become one with the world physically.

However, their progress was negligible. Similar to their strength compared to seasoned demigods like Field Marshal Heatsend. So seeing a mere card master achieve the 'one with the world' state physically they felt a shiver of hope that they too could achieve it one day. This was why they were more happy about Wyatt achieving the state that they desperately sought.

Soon the bright beam of light vanished, however, with its withdrawal the storm and dark clouds did not return except for the red shade illuminated by the red light curtain.

Opening his eyes Wyatt began to make note of the changes in the city grounds and looking at the red light curtain he said, "So they have summoned devils and demon army to bolster their numbers."

However, before he could explore the red light curtain with his soul pupils, he felt malice directed at him in the force of the world.

This surprised Wyatt because the only will in the force of the world apart from his was the World's Will. Since the world's will had helped him create the equation to achieve the 'one with the world' state physically then it would not have any malice toward him.

Pizzled Wyatt searched for the source of the malice directed at him through the force of the world and soon he found that the malice directed to him belonged to the humanoid in black.

How could he have forgotten it, he almost sinned. After all, it could be considered his half-teacher for teaching a wide range of possibilities and applications of the vibrations of soul pathways. Forgetting one's teacher was a sin.

"What the—" Wyatt almost cussed after suddenly learning that the humanoid was not a demon or a card apprentice but a living corpse, a corpse puppet to be exact.

Wyatt had never seen a corpse puppet of such high rank, not to mention the high-rank transformation skill it was using. Therefore he was on the fence about its race. Was it a human, a demon, or a monster? He did not know until the force of the world hinted it to him.

Thanks to the connection between the corpse puppet and its master, Wyatt was easily able to track the puppet master to the outskirts of the city using the force of the world they both were connected to.

Wyatt was a little taken aback to learn that someone used a corpse puppet to destroy the Array formation protecting the Southern Capital for generations. However, feeling an evil and sinister presence fill the city atmosphere, Wyatt no longer spared thought to it and looked at the red light curtain and the menacing figures of varying shapes and sizes walking out of it.

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

Chapter 1510 Devils And Thier Demon Army

[1,033 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:49

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

The time in the Southern Capital appeared to have come to a halt as an ominous air filled the city and made it hard to breathe. The attention of every soul within the city was drawn to the red light curtain and the sinister figures that were slowly marching into the city through the red light curtain from all directions.

The sinister figures were none other than the summoned demon army, a total of six demon armies consisting of 300 demons could be seen coming out of the red light curtain. The demons in the demon army ranked from demon lord to demon emperor of demons

Once the demon army entered the card world and assembled themselves, all 2100 of them let out a war cry expressing their ferocity. Their cruelty was visible in their eyes and the brutal weapons they carried.

The war cry of the demon army continued welcoming the six demonic figures oozing an eerie evil aura that spread throughout the city as they exited the red light curtain. Then each of the six figures hovered over their respective demon army, these figures were none other than the devils leading the six demon army.

As soon as each demon and devil entered the card world they all were greeted by the wrath of the Card World's Will and their peak strength was suppressed by it. Even with their strength suppressed the ferocity in the eyes of the demon army or the devils leading them did not decrease in the slightest.

The six devils each looked at the empty city, ignoring the 75 demigods and the 250 turrets guarding the city their attention was directly captured by the Southern Royal Palace Grounds, specifically the two array formations covering it, the Golden Gate array formation and the Timeless array formation.

"Little girl, this is not what we agreed," A devil covered in black feathers spoke with her blood-red beak while her gyroscope head turned to look at an empty stop next to the red light curtain.

From that space, a humanoid figure wearing a devil skull mask revealed itself, and asked the devil in puzzlement, "This slave doesn't understand your highness."

"This whole city is part of a big array formation that doesn't allow demon sacrifice within it," the feathered devil said aggressively.

The array formation the feathered devil spoke of was none other than the Golden Gate array formation which had refined the entire area on which the Southern capital was built.

"Your Highness, this slave has destroyed the array formation covering the city as promised," Ada humbly replied, not daring to raise her voice. I think you should take a look at

"I can see you have destroyed the city array formation but there's another array formation, the ground underneath the city is a part of it," the feathered devil patiently explained about the Golden Gate array formation to Ada. The devil, though aggressive, had to be considerate of Ada as she had summoned it using its true name.

"Your Highness, if you are talking about the Golden Gate array it is just for show as most of its ability is limited by the other array formation covering Southern Royal palace grounds," Ada argued that the Golden Gate array formation's functions were being limited by the other array formation covering the Southern royal palace grounds so the devils would not worry about it.

"..." the feathered devil frowned, unable to understand if Ada was purposefully acting ignorant. But thinking that Ada did not know they, the six devils, planned to sacrifice their demon army and arrange the blood dome of darkness array formation to temporarily turn the southern capital into a part of the dark realm, she thought Ada might not understand her.

"Lady Devil Penna, I don't think summoning the blood dome is necessary. Except for those towers being a little bothersome, they are not a threat to us here. There are so many descent vessels here, let's possess one, kill the rest and leave before the powerful humans arrive," A devil with a snake body covered with grief-stricken humanoid faces in place of scales spoke up saying that they should complete the contract with Ada and scatter before the powerful card apprentice that can be a threat to them arrived.

Then the human face snake devil looked at the other four devils and asked, "Agreed?"

Three devils nodded in agreement, however, one devil with a giant grey humanoid body carrying a wooden hourglass filled with golden sand on its back did not agree. Instead, it slowly took to the air saying, "I don't care what you guys want to do, I am here to get my revenge and if you get in my way I will kill you all."

Listening to the giant hourglass devil the expression on the faces of other devils became unsightly. However, none of them dare to argue with it and let it be.

Flying to a certain height, the giant hourglass devil looked at only the Card Master present in the city and yelled, "Dalton Wyatt, I have returned to collect your soul."

...

While the six demon armies and the six devils assembled, Ann was busy arranging the manpower at her disposal. She did not have the leisure to be scared that the bastards from the central government had summoned not one or two but six devils.

Handling one or two devils was too much but now they had to face 6 devils. Ann commended herself for her foresight to assemble 15 demigod teams and activate the turret function of the Golden Gate array formation as protection detail for Wyatt.

Thanks to this Ann was not that worried about facing the six devils and their demon army. What worried her were the conspirators that were hiding in the dark waiting for an opportunity to capture Wyatt.

Faced with six devils and their armies, Ann did not lose sight of the prize, protecting Dalton Wyatt. She was willing to let the devils run among as long as she could get Wyatt to safety. As currently, his life was worth more than the Southern capital itself for the Southern Royal family.

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Chapter 1511 Devil Merchant Ezra

[1,074 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:49

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

After a lot of consideration Ann at the risk of disagreeing with Wyatt decided to retreat to the safety of the Timeless array formation covering the Southern royal palace grounds.

The rampage of the six devils and the damage to the Southern capital was unavoidable, right now the only thing that mattered was to protect Dalton Wyatt at all costs from any that wished to harm him.

Ann suddenly remembered the conversation she had with her mother this morning regarding Wyatt's protection detail.

'Ann, honey, your preparations for Wyatt's protection detail are enough but there will come a time when you will have to act to protect Wyatt from himself. Do you understand what I am saying?'

Ann did not understand what her mother was trying to hint at back then but now watching Wyatt recklessly hover in the air despite the city being surrounded by six devils and their demon army not to mention the unknown number of enemies hiding in the dark Ann understood what her mother was trying to say with words, 'Saving Wyatt from himself.'

Right now, Ann felt as if Wyatt did not know fear. As she could not see the slightest hint of fear in his eyes. Instead, she found pure excitement in them. Yes, Wyatt appeared to be excited witnessing the arrival of six devils.

Ann could not help but wonder when did Wyatt develop suicidal tendencies? Was it when he faked his death?

Regardless if he cared or did not care for his life, she did. Not just because of her feelings for him but because his life represented the life of billions of people across the world. His well-being represented the well-being of billions of people across the southern region and beyond. Every breath he took was not just for him but for the people of this world. He had to live so the people of this world could live a life worth living.

Resolving her mind, Ann decisively came to a decision that regardless of what Wyatt thought she was going to retreat him to the safety of the royal palace grounds. However, just when she was planning to order him and the team to retreat while the other teams covered them a deafening outcry interrupted her—

"Dalton Wyatt, I have returned to collect your soul!"

Listening to the devil's shout Ann, Jill, and the 15 demigod teams were all shocked. Their eyes moved to the source of the sound, only to find a grey-skinned humanoid giant with a mohawk and boar tusk sticking out of its mouth carrying a huge wooden hourglass containing golden sand on its back.

Looking at the devil, Ann quickly began to bark orders, "Team four to team fifteen, form a group of six and deal with the six devils and their demon army with the support of the turrets. Teams two and three cover our backs from hostiles while team one guards our retreat back to the Southern Royal Palace grounds." I think you should take a look at

"Affirmative, Your Highness Southern Emperor," all teams responded in unison.

Ann flashed next to Wyatt, grabbing his hand she pulled shouting, "Let's go!"

However, the next second Ann found that she was only holding Wyatt's detached arm, not the entire Wyatt. He had sacrificed his hand to escape her grasp. Considering his incredible regeneration prowess Ann was not worried by this but she frowned seeing Wyatt not cooperate with her. So she yelled at him in frustration, "Wyatt, what are you doing? I am in charge of your security detail, you do as I say. Get back here, we are retreating to the royal palace grounds this instant."

"What's the rush Ann, the party just got interesting. Stick around, today we tell the world, Dalton Wyatt is nobody's property," Wyatt yelled as he looked at the hourglass devil with his soul pupils feeling a similar demonic energy from it.

The humanoid figure in black suddenly moved, alerting teams one, two, and three. However, seeing it was heading toward the devil and not Wyatt they did not act but decided to wait and watch.

"Devil Merchant Ezra, this is not what we agreed on. Pick a vessel you like, possess it, kill the rest, and leave," nearing the hourglass devil the corpse puppet ordered it using its true name.

"And who might you be to tell me what to do?" Devil Merchant Ezra questioned the corpse puppet with a deep frown.

"It doesn't matter who I am, just follow the summon contract and we are golden," The corpse puppet, unlike Ada, did not care about addressing the devil with politeness and

humbleness just to satisfy the devil's ego. But acted blandly as if this was just another deal.

"Oh," Devil Merchant Ezra looked at the corpse puppet in disgust and threw a punch at it saying, "I'm tired of this charade. I don't care about the summoning contract."

Seeing the incoming giant fist the corpse puppet released a noise while preparing to dodge the fist but before it could react it was blown to smithereens.

Destroying the corpse puppet to bits with a single fist the devil slowly retracted its fist and with a deafeningly loud voice it announced, "I don't care about the rest of you, I am here for Dalton Wyatt's soul and anyone who comes in my way be prepared to meet your end."

The demigods from the fifteen teams of the Southern royal family were dumbstruck seeing the devil merchant Ezra kill the humanoid figure in black with a single punch. What's shocking about this was that none of them saw the devil's first hit the humanoid figure in black. Yet, it was blown to smithereens before any one of them could react.

The humanoid figure in black was not an ordinary opponent, it was able to destroy the city array, dodge thousands of soul energy projectiles aimed at it effortlessly and enter the 'one with the world' state physically. It was so strong that the entire team two had to think twice before engaging it in a decisive battle.

Someone of that caliber was defeated by the hourglass devil merchant Ezra with a single punch which they did not even manage to see connect with its target. All of the pits of their body were sweating a river with just the thought of going against such an opponent.

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

Chapter 1512 Unforeseen Development

[1,044 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:50

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

Losing both her corpse puppets, Arnas had lost her eyes and ears from both the battlefields, the southern capital and the dual gate dungeon. Now she could only depend on the narration of her teammates to learn about the progress on the battlefield.

Losing two highest quality SSS-rank corpse puppets was unexpected but the rebellion of devil merchant Erza was shocking. Especially, considering that his strength was way-way stronger than what the central government had gauged. If they knew he was this strong they would have asked Ada to summon another devil in his place.

Arnas was frustrated, unable to understand how the devil Ezra destroyed her corpse puppet when she did not even see or feel his attack land on her, was he hiding his strength from the get-go?

And how come he was able to so blatantly breach the summoning contract and not face any backlash? Unless his true name was not Ezra but something else.

Does that mean that everything the central government knew about this devil was false? Devil Marchant Ezra was one of the oldest devils recorded by the central government, so its history was quiet clear to them but now al that seems to be false. How deep was this devil hiding?

The million-dollar question here was why would someone so cunning and calculative be willing to reveal himself now for the soul of an insignificant card master no less. Unless the devil considered that the soul of the card master in question was worth more than maintaining its cover that it had worked centuries to build.

After a lot of contemplation, Arnas came to the conclusion that a soul valued so much by the devil must have something special about it. With this new development, Arnas had to make new changes to her plans though the priority of her plan remained the same, to kidnap Dalton Wyatt.

'What the—' Sansa who was watching the central government's mistake unfold almost cussed watching the SSS-rank Corpse puppet be defeated in a single move from the mohawk devil carrying a huge hourglass on its back.

However, what concerned her even more than the death of Arnas's corpse puppet was that the devil's actions were odd. Why would a devil from the dark realm be after Wyatt, a mere card master's soul?

Was there something special about this soul that she did not know about? Considering Wyatt's performance so far, it was highly likely. Since a devil of such caliber ignored so many demigod vessels and went after Wyatt's soul meant it must be precious.

The more Sansa tried to understand why the powerful mohawk devil carrying an hourglass on its back would greed after the soul of a card master like Wyatt the more

she started to feel like there was a big secret related to Wyatt's soul. I think you should take a look at

Having learned that the world's will was helping Wyatt to comprehend how to enter the 'one with the world' state physically by granting him two enlightenments back-to-back through the memories of the empty beast, Sansa felt that her hunch about there being something special about Wyatt's soul was right.

Getting this impression Sansa grew eager to get her hands on Wyatt and explore his memories to understand the mystery of why a powerful devil from the dark realm was after his soul. She was more eager to make Wyatt part of her paw clan than ever. As for her hatred for Wyatt's mother, she finally found the prize to let go of that hatred.

This question wasn't just plaguing Sansa but everyone in the Southern Royal family and Central government forces too. They could not help but wonder why such a powerful devil was after the soul of a card master. Nobody could understand why an existence like the devil from the dark realm even knew about Wyatt.

"Change of plans, teams 6 to 15, split into 5 groups and handle the other five devils. Teams 1 to 5 protect Wyatt at all costs and retreat to the royal palace grounds," Ann barked new orders to demigod teams, seeing the situation change so fast.

Ann thought the devils would blindly rampage and the conspirators would use this moment, when her forces were divided fighting the devils and their demon army, to try and capture Wyatt.

Ann's deduction of the plans of the central government forces was spot on but it did not matter because of the unforeseen variable known as Devil Merchant Ezra which even the central government forces failed to predict and control.

The unanticipated actions of the giant devil with a mohawk and a huge hourglass strapped to its back with a bulky golden chain had the situation spiral into the worst possible scenario. A scenario that no one was in control of, not even the central government forces who started this chain of events.

Unlike Ann's previous assumptions, the devils were not rampaging but the powerful one of them directly targeted their primary priority, Dalton Wyatt. It was one thing to retreat when the devils and their demon army were busy aimlessly rampaging but now that one of them had set their sight on Wyatt it would be very difficult for them to retreat while fighting off a devil.

"Wyatt, pissing off people in this world wasn't enough, you had to piss off a devil too?" Jill said sarcastically as her apparition hovered next to Wyatt.

"Jill, is it my fault that people want to steal from me? This devil wants my soul while your father and his friends want my VR universe. Clearly, I am the victim here," Wyatt commented that Jill was blaming the victim.

"Are you calling my father a thief? Wyatt, for the last time, my father had nothing to do with this incident. In a way you owe him, because if not for him informing me about the collaboration between the central government and Morningstar University forces, you would never be this prepared as you are now," Jill defended her father aggressively.

"Fine, I believe you," Wyatt said without giving it much thought because he was in no mood to argue with Jill when devil merchant Ezra's eyes were locked on him.

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Chapter 1513 Too Fast

[1,015 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:50

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

Locking onto its target the mohawk devil carrying a large hourglass on its back slowly moved toward it. This surprised the demigods and the rest, leaving them wondering why the devil was moving slowly instead of rushing toward its target.

Did it want its prey to despair as it slowly approached it? As expected of a devil, indeed. Even in this situation, it dares to play and tease its prey. Well considering the prowess displayed by the mohawk devil, it had what it takes to be arrogant and prideful.

"Fire," seeing the devil move toward them at a not rushed but not too slow pace, Ann ordered the turrets to open fire on it.

With Ann's order thousands of soul energy cannons each powerful enough to kill or mortally wound a demigod aimed at the devil and open fire at her signal.

Seeing the humans begin their attack the other Five Devils do not stand back and order their demon armies to commence the attack on the city. Five devils and 6 demon armies rush to the city aiming for the turrets.

However, the advance of each of the five devils was stopped by 5 groups made up of two demigod teams respectively.

Feathered Devil Penna, the human face scaled snake devil, and the other three devils each were surrounded by the 10 demigods. At their peak strength, a decisive battle against ten demigods would not be mortal to them but now that their strength was sharply decreased by the world's will they had to thread cautiously against them.

This was why Feathered Devil Penna wanted to sacrifice the demon army and arrange a blood dome of darkness temporarily turning the southern capital a part of the dark realm. This way not only would they regain their full strength but the demigod's strength would be suppressed by the world's will. Turning this decisive battle between them and the demigods into a one-sided slaughter.

However, the ground underneath the city was refined into an array formation that prohibited demon sacrifices within it. So they could not sacrifice 2100 demons of the realms demon lord to the demon emperor to summon the blood dome of darkness. I think you should take a look at

And now because of this one hiccup, the decisive battle of five devils against fifty demigods was looking in favor of the demigods. However, as long as they were careful and did not underestimate the demigods they could come out on top.

Apart from not being able to summon the blood dome of darkness, the devil with a mohawk bothered all five of the devils, for not sticking with the plan. To be honest, they were mostly pissed at the mohawk devil because it had managed to breach the summoning contract using a false name and was able to do as it pleased in the card world.

However, none of them dare to complain or voice their thoughts seeing how strong that devil was. Yes, the mohawk devil's strength came as a shock to the devils too and none of the five devils seem to know the mohawk devil's true name. If not for the central government forces summoning them together with it, they would never have known that a giant devil with a mohawk existed.

The mohawk devil walked leisurely toward its target with an hourglass strapped on its back using a bulky golden chain not fearing the incoming thousands of energy projectiles aimed at it.

However, just as the energy projectiles were 250 meters from it, in a fraction of a second, instantly, the slowly strolling mohawk devil appeared 250 meters behind the thousands of soul energy projectiles aimed at it. Then it peacefully proceeded toward its target ignoring the thousands of soul energy projectiles that exploded behind it.

Every demigod witnessing this scene held their breath for that fraction of a second because both their eyes and spiritual sense were not able to register the movement of

the mohawk devil. They did not know how the devil was able to move from 250 meters in front of the soul energy projectiles to 250 meters behind the soul energy projectiles in less than a fraction of a second.

The thousands of projectiles were about to reach the mohawk devil in a fraction second however the devil managed to move 250 meters past it, which could only mean that it was way faster than the energy projectiles themselves. This meant that the mohawk devil had transversed 500 meters in total while making it past thousands of soul energy projectiles in less than a fraction of a second.

It was as if the mohawk devil had used an instant teleportation skill which was impossible as the 250 turrets were constantly disturbing the city's space making it impossible for either the devils or demigods to use space rule or space skill.

Even the five devils who witnessed the incredible feat pulled by the mohawk devil could help feel a sense of security, knowing that as long as they held off until the mohawk devil had its fun then it would take care of all the demigods. Not to help them but because the demigods were its prey.

As devils themselves, they did not expect the mohawk devil to help them or plan to ask it for help. However, they knew that any devil would not be able to resist the temptation of 50 demigod souls. Therefore, they were confident that once the mohawk devil has achieved its goal it will immediately take action against the demigods.

It is at that time, they need to select a vessel and escape because five devil souls were also tempting for a devil as strong as that. These devils were not here to have a decisive battle with the demigods but to find a suitable vessel and hide in the card world to full fill their own agendas. One of them being starting their own cult in the card world to establish a constant supply of pure souls and special souls through sacrifices.

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Chapter 1514 Dark Vessels & Incarnations, Time Rule

[1,054 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:50

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

Devils and demons don't just invade other realms for fun or just because they are bored, they do it for rare resources, pure souls, special souls, etc. However, collecting these resources while being suppressed by the world's will and hunted by local powers would be difficult.

So, they start a cult in the said realm, where they give the fanatic believers small immediate benefits such as lending their power for valuable offerings such as rare resources and souls.

But establishing a cult in a foreign realm was easier said than done. Especially with the world's will suppression and the local powers hunting them to please their world's will.

The other realm's wills were not kind to invaders, especially devils and those related to them. Making it hard for devils and demons to start a successful cult in other realms. As a solution to this problem, the devils came up with a new technique, dark vessel refining.

The Dark vessel refining technique was where a demon or a devil refines a native of the other realm to be their incarnation in the other world. This way their incarnations can access their full power in other worlds and do their bidding in the other world. Making it easier for the devils and demons to establish their cults in other realms.

The original plan of the six devils summoned by Aba in the Southern Capital was to erect a blood dome of darkness, then each of them would select a suitable dark vessel to refine them into their incarnations in the card world, and kill the rest before scattering to the far reaches of the card world so no powerful card apprentice could track and kill them to please their world's will.

However, they could not erect the blood dome of darkness, yet they decided to proceed with their plan anyway with a slight adjustment that they would help each other refine a dark vessel using the six devil battle formation before declaring war on all 75 demigods and 250 turrets.

But this plan also failed before they commenced it as the sixth devil, the one with the mohawk and a huge hourglass strapped to its back, chose to go rogue. If only the mohawk devil followed their plan they all would have a vessel in the card world that would allow them to display their full strength without being limited by the world's will suppression. Then they would not have had to worry about taking on 10 demigods at a time.

However, the mohawk devil had to show off and went off on its own. Without the mohawk devil, they were one devil short to use the Six Devil battle formation to fend off the demigods while they one by one chose their dark vessels and created their incarnations.

And now they who could have massacred the entire Southern capital were left to defend and buy time so once the mohawk devil was done having fun with its prey then it would come after the demigods for their souls. I think you should take a look at

The five devils only saw their trouble and thought that the mohawk devil was so arrogant because of it and never stopped to think that maybe the mohawk devil had troubles of its own.

When finally the decisive battle between devils and the Southern royal family forces began, somewhere in the space of the Southern Capital Henricks looked at the mohawk devil intently. Especially the huge hourglass it was carrying on its back as he blurted to himself in shock, "Time rule."

The first time the mohawk devil used its time rule was when it destroyed Arans's corpse puppet with a single punch. When it happened there was nearly no disturbance in the time of the card world. So, even though Henricks suspected the devil used the time rule, he did not conclude hastily. However, he was certain that the mohawk devil was using the time rule when it dodged thousands of soul energy projectiles in less than a fraction of a second.

Hendricks was not shocked that the mohawk devil was using the time rule but over the fact that it was using the time rule in the card world as the time of the dark realm and card realm was different. This meant the time rule and its meaning in the two realms were different.

Because of this, the mohawk devil would have to deduce and adjust its time rule to the time of the card world before it could use its time rule in the card world.

Just like how the Field Marshal had to deduce and adjust her space rule to the space of the dark realm to use the space rule inside the blood dome of darkness.

This was also the reason why the four devils summoned by Ada near the dual gate dungeon after setting up the blood dome of darkness never bothered to disturb the surrounding space to stop the Field Marshal from using the space rule. However, when they realized that the Field Marshal was using the space rule it was already too late.

Now the questions that were plaguing Henricks were how was the mohawk devil able to use the time rule in the card world so fast and when would the southern royal family's forces realize that the mohawk devil was using the time rule?

If the Southern Royal family's forces were slow to catch on to the truth like the four devils killed by Field Marshal Heatsend. Then their end will also be like the four devils.

In any realm time rule was a hard rule to master even for the beings at the peak of the power realms so it was rare to face opponents who have mastered time rule.

Considering that facing off a devil was not common for regular demigods, let alone a devil with time rule mastery. Not to mention the time rule being different in different realms, so the demigods from the Southern Royal family never stopped to think that maybe the devil was using the time rule.

As things were unfolding right now in the Southern Capital, it appeared the Southern family forces would not realize that the devil was using the time rule anytime soon.

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Chapter 1515 Time-Related Relic

[1,032 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:50

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

Henricks did care if the Southern Royal family's forces would realize the Mohawk devil was using the time rule or not, however, if he wanted to kidnap Dalton Wyatt then his strongest contender was the Mohawk devil. Time rule trick to deal with even for him, so he had to get rid of it fast either by using the forces of the southern royal family or understanding the trick to its fast adaptation to time rule in the card world.

Henricks had strong reason to believe that the mohawk devil was able to adjust to the time of the card world because of the huge wooden hourglass the mohawk devil had strapped on its back. And its slow stride also had something to do with the hourglass.

After observing the mohawk devil for a while, Henrciks noticed that the slower the mohawk devil walked the faster the sand fell from the upper section to the lower section. However, whenever it used the time rule, a certain quantity of sand from the lower section of the hourglass would magically return to the upper section. And when it stood still the sand would stay still.

Though Henricks has not exactly figured out what the hourglass on the back of the mohawk devil did, he had come to an assumption through observation the following,

> The sand in the upper section of the hourglass represents the time of the dark realm.

- > The sand in the lower section represents the time of the card realm.
- > The motion of the sand from the upper section to the lower section represented, the devil's time rule mastery adjusting to the time of the card world.
- > The time taken for the devil's time rule mastery to adjust with the time of the card world appeared to depend on its movement.
- > The slower it moved the faster the adjustment progressed and the faster it moved the slower the adjustment progressed. However, if it were to stay still its adjustment would also come to a halt until it starts to move again.
- > The devil could use the time rule while its time rule mastery adjusts to the card world's time but it would face a penalty for doing so.
- > The penalty was that the progress of the devil's time rule mastery adjustment to the card world's time would regress depending on how long the devil used the time rule during adjustment. I think you should take a look at

Having made these assumptions Henricks wondered why the devil did not bid its time to completely adjust its time rule using the hourglass and instead chose to announce a wan on the entire southern capital declaring Dalton Wyatt as its target.

Unless there were other conditions and prohibitions of the hourglass that the devil needs to adhere to. Either way, it was dominating the battlefield and it appears if no other unexpected variables pop up then the mohawk devil would be able to achieve its goal.

Henricks was able to deduce the mohawk devil with a single glance however he could not understand what Dalton Wyatt was up to standing in the center of the battlefield. Henricks knew Wyatt was ignorant enough to believe the Southern royal family's forces would be able to protect him.

So Henricks could not help but wonder what it was that gave Wyatt, a card master, confidence to stand amidst the battlefield of devils and demigods and smile with a look of excitement in his eyes.

Right now Wyatt did not have any bearing of a genius scholar like Luna and the rest of VR-Universe fanatics described him. Instead, he looked more like a battle-crazed madman who loved to get high on adrenaline.

The Henricks had successfully schemed and killed one of the masters of the organization running the puppet central government without anyone suspecting him of it. Was able to climb the ranks of that very organization while starting a rebel army against the organization from within it. And could deduce the trick of the mohawk devil

after a few minutes of observation but was unable to understand the game plan of a card master realm teenage card apprentice, Dalton Wyatt.

Yes, Henricks believed that Wyatt had a game plan here. Someone capable enough to climb from the identity of an unknown orphan in a third-rate city in the backwaters of the southern region to a VVIP of the southern royal family living in the royal guest palace number one would not risk their life without a game plan. Henricks wrecked his brain but he could not deduce Wyatt's game plan.

Henricks soon stopped figuring out Wyatt and continued to further deduce the strength of the mohawk devil and hourglass on its back. Knowing that he would have to fight against it if he planned to kidnap Wyatt in its presence.

"Wyatt, let's go," Ann and Jill stressed simultaneously.

Seeing that the Mohawk devil effortlessly dodged the thousands of energy projectiles they understood that the Mohawk devil was on another level compared to all other devils and demigods present in the Southern Capital. Meaning they were not a match for the Mohawk devil.

In the face of such a strong enemy, the only option that came to their mind to protect Wyatt was to retreat to the Southern Royal palace grounds as fast as possible. Unfortunately, Wyatt did not follow their arrangement and patiently waited for the devil's arrival with excitement in his eyes.

"Your Highness, permission to use against Dalton Wyatt," seeing that the Southern emperor was not able to get Wyatt to cooperate and the devil closer to them with every passing second, the leader of team one asked Ann permission to use force to take Wyatt back into the Southern royal palace grounds.

"You dumbass, if we retreat to the royal palace grounds then we will be risking the life of everyone within the royal palace grounds. Do you see the hourglass on the back of the devil? It is a relic with time-related abilities." Wyatt blatantly scolded the demigod for not figuring out that the mohawk devil was using time rule.

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Chapter 1516 Strange Chain

[1,023 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:51

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

Being called a dumbass by a teenage card master, the leader of team one did not get mad as he decided to focus on the second part of Wyatt's harsh words to him.

He immediately looked at the hourglass strapped on the mohawk devil's back and intently scrutinized it but he could not feel any time rule from it not to mention he did not feel any disturbance in the card words time too.

Reaching this conclusion he didn't immediately dismiss Wyatt's words instead he looked at Wyatt and asked, "Are you sure? I don't sense any time rule or disturbance in time."

The reason the leader of team one confirmed with Wyatt once again was because the mohawk devil using the time rule would put things into perspective and explain its actions so far.

However, common sense dictated that considering the amount of time it has been since the devil was summoned to the card world was not long, the devil's time rule mastery couldn't adjust to the card world's time so fast regardless of how high its mastery of the time rule was.

That was why the demigods did not bother to point out that the devil was using the time rule in attacks. Not that they were embarrassed of being wrong but that was just common sense.

"You are not able to sense any time rule power from it because of the bulky chain strapping the hourglass to the devil's body. The chain seems to be made of some special type of material that absorbs any type of rule power and grows heavier," Wyatt explained to the 25 demigods that were protecting him.

The reason Wyatt was going easy on the demigods with his words this time was that if not for his soul pupils he too would not have noticed the oddity with the chain strapping the hourglass to the mohawk devil's back.

However, the demigod's close-mindedness still ticked him off. Can't they just think for themselves that devils from another realm might be carrying items and using skills unknown to them? And be prepared to face anything.

"..." Listening to Wyatt's explanation, the demigods glanced at the golden chain strapping the hourglass to the back of Mohawk devil's body however they could not sense it absorbing rule energy however they did sense the change in the weight of the golden chain every time the mohawk devil took a step.

If Wyatt had not specifically mentioned that the chain gets heavier every time it absorbs the time rule then they would not have bothered to try and sense the weight of the chain.

Right now the mohawk devil was using the chain like a belt, in a decisive battle who wastes time weighing the belt of their enemy? If not for his soul pupils pointing out the peculiarity of the chain even Wyatt would not have bothered to do so. I think you should take a look at

"I couldn't sense exactly what you said from the chain but there is indeed something strange with it. Its weight keeps increasing with every step the devil takes. So, I will choose to believe you for now," the leader of team one was not able to confirm that the chain was helping the devil mask with its use of time rule power by actually absorbing any form of leakage and a sign of time rule power being used.

However, he was able to confirm the change in the weight of the chain as Wyatt said. So he decided to trust Wyatt's words that the hourglass strapped to the back of the mohawk devil was an extremely rare time-related relic.

"How are you able to tell that the hourglass is a time-related relic and the chain was a special item when the rest of us demigods could not do it?" the leader of team three asked Wyatt. The other demigods also intently stared at Wyatt waiting for an answer.

Listening to the question Wyatt frowned and said "Now is not the time to talk about that. Tell me you guys have some measures against the time rule."

When Wyatt said this all the demigods present looked at each other before turning to Ann, who said, "Wyatt, the time rule is not easy to counter unless one is well-versed in the time rule themselves."

What Ann indirectly meant was that there wasn't a single card apprentice who had time rule mastery among the demigods present. Now that was very apparent when none of them could tell that the mohawk devil was making use of the time rule.

"There has to be an item or some sort of array we can use against the mohawk devil's time rule mastery?" Wyatt asked Ann with hopeful eyes only to see her dejectedly shake her head without answering.

That was when a demigod pointed out, "We have the timeless array formation covering the southern royal palace grounds. Within it, the devil will not be able to use the time-related relic or its time-rule mastery. All twenty-five of us can surround it and then defeat it."

"No, by doing that we will be risking the lives of the royal family. So be grateful that I am not punishing you for coming up with such a stupid idea," the leader of team one thundered at the demigod.

Knowing putting the royal family in harm's way was a capital crime punishable by death. So the leader of team one was not kidding when he warned the demigod who came up with the stupid idea to trap a snake in the hen house. Doesn't he know the snake will eat all the eggs? He didn't, otherwise, he would have kept such a stupid idea to himself.

"None of us is capable enough to counter the devil's time rule, we will have to act together. For that, first, we help the southern emperor retreat to the Southern royal palace grounds and secure Wyatt under the protection of the timeless array formation. Then we will try our best to hold back the devil until reinforcement arrives."

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Chapter 1517 True Relic

[1,007 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:51

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

"Wait, how do you guys plan to fight against the devil's time rule mastery? Didn't you guys just say you had no way to counter the time rule?" Wyatt asked the leader of team one eagerly. Not that he was worried about the demigods but he was genuinely curious how the demigods planned to counter the devil's time rule mastery.

The leader of team one wanted to brush off Wyatt's question but seeing the enthusiasm in his eyes he sighed and answered, "We are going to use taboo cards to share our divinity and gain power close to a transcendent. Hopefully, we can take down the devil with us."

The divinity of a demigod was what set them apart from mortals, it was like individuality. Sharing it with others would taint their divinity with the individuality of the other person who shared.

When the divinity gets tainted the growth of the demigod gets completely halted and they cannot do anything about it unless they get rid of the thing tainting it. Which was easier said than done. This was why the demigods did not immediately think of using the taboo card of sharing one's divinity as this move was a desperate last resort.

Listening to the demigod say that they would be using taboo cards to share their divinity and achieve the strength closer to transcendence for a limited time at a severe price Wyatt immediately lost interest in the way they planned to counter the devil and its time rule mastery.

"That won't work, you guys are seriously underestimating the time-related relic the devil is carrying. Who knows what kind of time-related skills the relic has? If we proceed with your plan, the devil will not only massacre you guys but also destroy the timeless array formation covering the southern royal palace grounds to get to me," Wyatt immediately voted against the plan proposed by the leader of team one.

The soul pupils were a false relic and with them, Wyatt was able to achieve so much despite being limited by his realm. However, the mohawk devil was carrying a true relic with time-related skills and it was not limited by its realm, Wyatt could not begin to imagine what the mohawk devil was capable of with the help of its true relic.

This was why he believed that the devil would not only be able to defeat the 25 demigods who are sharing their divinity to temporarily achieve greater power but also destroy the timeless array formation if needed.

"Wyatt, I do not mean to be rude but timeless array formation is invincible. Do not make light of it or us. Please, trust and retreat to the royal palace grounds," the leader of team one said politely despite his eyes showing that he has taken offense from me repeatedly claiming they would lose and the timeless array formation would be broken by the mohawk devil. I think you should take a look at

"Ten minutes ago you would have said the same thing about the city array formation of the Southern Capital but look what happened? A corpse puppet was able to effortlessly destroy it. Do you want to put to test if you will be proven wrong again or just be smart and think of a better strategy," Wyatt reminded the demigods about the tragedy of the city array formation and warned them not to be so confident about the timeless array formation only to be proven wrong.

"I have had it with you. You are just finding faults with our plan. If you think you are that smart then come up with a better plan. But you can't because you do not want to return to the royal palace grounds and that is why you are putting down every plan the leader comes up with. Your Highness, please allow us to use force to help you retreat to the royal palace grounds," one of the team members of team one snapped, he finally had enough of listening to Wyatt find faults in their plans and blatantly talk down to them.

Seeing the team atmosphere then tense while the enemy approached, Jill felt like biting her nails but she couldn't as she was in her spiritual body. So she hurriedly spoke her mind, "Guys, whatever you decide, decide past the mohawk devil is getting closer. You know despite his slow stride he is fast."

"Wyatt, they are right. Unless you have a better plan we can only retreat to the royal palace grounds and hope the reinforcement arrives before an irreversible loss occurs."

"Good, I do have a plan. I will handle the devil while the rest of you go take care of the 5 devils and their demon armies," Wyatt answered with a deep voice so Ann and the rest would take his plan seriously knowing that what he was saying may sound absurd and far-fetched to their ears.

"Enough Wyatt, it's no time horse around. I did not want to resort to this but you forced me—" Before Ann could finish giving her orders to the demigods Wyatt interrupted her saying, "Who said I was joking? You guys handle the other devils and demons, leave this one to me."

"Don't tell me you plan to borrow the strength of the devil once again?" Ann said immediately feeling that Wyatt was being serious then she added, "Wyatt last time you were lucky enough to trick the devil. Please don't push luck and tempt your fate. This time around you might not be so lucky. So, why don't you just cooperate with our plan."

"Who said anything about borrowing the power of the devil? Remember how I said I will show the world not to underestimate Dalton Wyatt? This is how," Wyatt declared and then he began to walk toward the mohawk devil, with every step Wyatt took his body size kept growing and his soul energy signature grew stronger and fiercer.

"By slaying a devil."

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Chapter 1518 Sacrificing One To Save Many?

[1,031 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:51

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

"Wyatt, that is a devil with a time rule mastery. Regardless of what you have planned, you can't possibly think that you can defeat a devil. Do you have a death wish?" Ann suddenly appeared in front of Wyatt who was advancing toward the mohawk devil and tried to stop him from stupidly challenging it. She couldn't understand where Wyatt was

getting these suicidal tendencies from. If challenging a devil to a decisive deathmatch was not suicidal then what was?

The twenty-five Card demigods were still processing the Card Master's arrogant words. They were dumbstruck not because of what Wyatt said but because he planned to do what he said, slay a devil.

A card master dared to challenge a devil. Not just any devil but the one which all twenty-five of them together do not have the confidence to defeat. They were used to the whims of Royal children and guests they occasionally have to protect but this one tops them all. Dalton Wyatt was fucking crazy, now they all understood why the princess asked them to keep an eye on him when guarding him.

"Ann, step aside. I know what I am doing. I want to live more than anyone else. Trust me, follow my plan and everything will be okay," Wyatt assured Ann and walked past her.

Ann wanted to grab him and quickly carry him to the royal palace grounds but she restricted herself from doing so and instead said, "Promise me you will be fine."

Wyatt paused in his tracks finding Ann's words genuine and then continued his stride after promising Ann, "Yes, I promise you."

For some unknown reason, Ann trusted Wyatt. Not that he could defeat the mohawk devil but that he would be fine. Then she signaled the demigods who were prepared to use force and drag Wyatt back to the royal palace grounds at her command to step back and not take action.

Then adding to their dismay she even ordered them to follow Wyatt's plan, "Teams 1 to 5, join the 5 groups and help them defeat the five devils and demons."

"Your Highness, what about the mohawk devil—" the leader of team one immediately asked Ann but was interrupted midway by Ann, "Wyatt said he will take care of it. So he will take care of it. The rest of you go help others kill the remaining five devils."

Listening to Ann's orders the twenty-five demigods looked at her in disbelief, but they did not wait for Ann to repeat her orders and they rushed to complete the given orders.

"You are going to let him walk to his death just like that? Do something damn woman," Jill's spiritual body hovered around Ann blaming her for being useless. I think you should take a look at

"Why don't you try stopping him then?" Ann screamed at Jill. Right now she was holding in a lot, especially the fact that she went against her mother's orders to save Wyatt from himself by letting him fight a devil.

To others, this might not be a big deal but to her, this one incident questioned her entire existence. After all, she was the ideal daughter. Listening to her mother and elders was her thing. Now that she had broken that, what was the purpose of her existence then?

...

Watching Wyatt walk towards the mohawk devil with his aura slowly rising limitlessly and the other 25 demigods leave his side and join the 50 demigods facing the feathered devil, human face scaled snake devil, and the other three devils all the conspirators hiding in the dark were blown out their mind.

Some even wondered if the Southern Royal family planned to sacrifice Dalton Wyatt to the Mohawk devil in exchange for sparing the rest of them. This was especially true for the five devils who were doing their best to save their asses when faced with ten demigods each.

These five devils were the ones that were most shocked when they noticed that twenty-five more demigods were joining the initial 50 demigods fighting a decisive battle against them. Meaning now each of them had to face 15 demigods.

Seeing Wyatt walk toward the mohawk devil get, the five devils began to cuss the mohawk devil in their minds seeing him effortlessly get the soul he was after, while the rest of them were struggling desperately to save their life.

"What the fuck do you mean?" Arnas cussed at Ada, who updated her about progress so far in both the missions, after learning that Wyatt was heading towards the mohawk devil while demigods protecting him left to fight the remaining five devils.

Ada herself was puzzled by this action of the Southern royal family, however, she did not think that the Southern royal family was sacrificing Wyatt for the rest. As alive Wyatt was worth more than 75 demigods to them. This could only mean that the Southern royal family was up to something.

"Ada, check if Wyatt approaching the mohawk devil is the original Wyatt. After all, there is a probability that the Wyatt walking toward the Mohawk devil might be a clone or a powerful card apprentice disguised as Wyatt," Arnas thought the Southern royal family might have used misdirection to replace the boy with one of his clones or a very powerful demigod with time rule mastery. Otherwise, what else could explain a card master approaching a devil after his soul?

Listening to Arnas, Ada too felt that what she said was possible. Even though they sounded far-fetched they were a lot more reasonable than what it appeared, a card master sacrificing himself to the devil to protect his allies.

"Give me a second captain," Ada then communicated with one of her bodies inside the Southern capital through her devil skull mask and instructed it to verify Wyatt's identity.

It did not take long for Ada's body to complete the task assigned to it and provide Ada with the answer. Then Ada forward it to Arnas in a state of utter confusion, "Captain, it is the original Wyatt who is approaching the mohawk devil and there is no deceit to it."

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

[1,010 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:52

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

"You sure?" Arnas confirmed with Ada once again. To which Ada answered, "Unless the SSS-rank item you gave me is faulty, I am sure of it as that is what the SSS-rank item said."

"Fuck!" Arnas cussed in frustration unable to understand why the Southern royal family would be willing to send Wyatt to the mohawk devil. Were the Southern Royal family playing to sacrifice Wyatt for the lives of the seventy-five demigods? At least that's what it looked like.

However, regardless of what the Southern Royal family was thinking no harm can befall Wyatt. Forget the plans of the supreme leader, her Master was not kind to those that fail him.

If Arnas pissed off the supreme leader, the worst he would do to her was swallow her soul and integrate it with his. But her Master would not grant her death but make her beg for it. Yes, so regardless she could let any harm befall Dalton Wyatt until her Master gets what he wants, the VR-Universe.

Arnas then immediately summoned her grimoire and using the secured channel she order the two teams, "Both teams move in, capture Dalton Wyatt right now and meet at the rendezvous point."

"But captain what about our plan," the vice leader of Arnas time asked only to hear her cuss, "Fuck! The plan. I don't know how you will do it but get me, Dalton Wyatt. If the devil takes his soul our Master will rip out our souls from our living bodies. I don't have to tell you this but I would rather die than let my soul fall in our master's hands."

"Affirmative," listening to hysterical Arnas, the two teams also realized how serious the situation was. Their Master's erratic mood was not new to them. They had to get Wyatt before the devil took his soul.

Unlike the other members of the central government forces, Arnas did not even have the choice to kill herself because her life was controlled by the Supreme Leader.

Arnas was not the only one acting hysterically, Sansa was too. Like the central government forces she too believed that the Southern Royal would sacrifice seventy-five demigods to protect Dalton Wyatt from the mohawk devil.

Imagine her shock when she saw the demigods guarding Wyatt leave his side and move to fight other devils while Wyatt walked towards the mohawk devil by himself. I think you should take a look at

Like the rest, she too assumed the obvious based on what it appeared. The Southern royal family was sacrificing a card apprentice for the lives of seventy-five demigods.

Summoning her grimoire Sansa immediately contacted Flower Thief and ordered, "What are you waiting for? Go, capture Dalton Wyatt. The demigods protecting him have left."

"Your Highness, the demigods might have left but the mohawk devil is eyeing him and the rule devil has time-rule mastery," Flower Thief was just a regular spoiled card emperor a month ago and now he was being asked to steal a prey from the mouths of a devil with time rule mastery. He could not muster the courage to do so.

"Flower Thief, you failed time and again but this is your last chance. If you fail me this time, I will have your family killed in front of your eyes and replay that memory in your mind in a loop for the rest of your life. Now you know what's at stake go fetch me Dalton Wyatt," Sansa ruthlessly threatened the code name Flower thief with the lives of his family members and an eternity of mental torture.

"Your wish is my command, your highness," Flower Thief replied solemnly. The one thing he was thankful for in this life was his family.

Though they scold and shame him for being useless he knew they did so out of love. If not for them he would never become a card emperor. They kept telling him that he has so much potential and he should apply himself to doing something but they never forced him to do anything he did not want to until he, himself, took the initiative. Regardless of what he chooses, they would be enthusiastic for him. For them, he was willing to sacrifice his life.

After ordering Flower Thief Sansa was not done, next she contacted the demigod team from Morningstar University and ordered, "It's time for you guys to take action. Capture Dalton Wyatt and head directly to the university. Be careful, other than the mohawk devil, the central government force might also interfere."

"Affirmative, see you at the university," the demigod teams from Morningstar University answered without emotion and appeared to be very confident despite knowing one of their opponents was a devil with time rule mastery.

While Arnas and Sansa took drastic measures to ensure Wyatt's safety seeing that the Southern Royal family appear to have given up on him, Henricks was in no better mental state than them.

Henricks too did not understand why the Southern Royal family would send Wyatt to the devil and the rest of their force to deal with the other five devils. This reflected very badly on the Southern Royal family's part but he felt they had a game plan considering how confidently Wyatt was approaching the devil with his aura and size increasing with every step he took.

It almost appeared as if Wyatt was heading to pick a fight with the mohawk devil. Seeing this confidence of Wyatt, Henricks held off taking action until the last second after all that was when his Origin Card shined the most.

Seeing his prey heading toward him the mohawk devil's stride got even slower. But the corners of its mouth turned up seeing that the demigods did not dare to interfere with its business. And thought, 'Humans are so easy to fool. To think that they believed I will leave them alone once I have Wyatt's soul, fucking idiots. The look on their face when I harvest their souls will be priceless, HaHaHa!'

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Chapter 1520 Time Rule Meaning- Time Flow

[1,034 words]

1520 Time Rule Meaning- Time Flow

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:52

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

The mohawk devil's stride continued to get slower and slower. Since the prey he sought was delivering itself to him he figured he should prepare for the next step by adjusting his time mastery to the card world's time faster.

However, soon the mohawk devil felt numerous strong card demigod soul energy signatures head toward his target. At first, the devil thought they were arriving to protect Wyatt. But then he felt a malice in their intent directed toward Wyatt so he knew they were not here to stop him but steal his prey from him.

The mohawk devil's understanding turned into realization and the realization turned into rage, be it in the jungle or the dark realm, stealing the predator's prey was one of the greatest sins one could commit against them. The enraged mohawk devil let out a deafening roar expressing the rage it was feeling, "Roarr!"

The mohawk devil wasn't the only one Wyatt had also noticed the unknown huge masses of soul pathways heading toward him. He could tell that these soul pathways belong to the demigod conspirators.

Wyatt thought these people will not show up until the very last moment, then take advantage of the chaos to achieve their agenda and leave before anyone could react.

However, he did not expect them to reveal themselves this early. Putting him in a dilemma when he just wanted to go all out against the mohawk devil.

After the demigods neared Wyatt, they all revealed themselves. The demigods appeared to belong to two different factions and from the looks of it, though they did not have any crest or such on them, it was apparent that one faction of demigods belonged to Morningstar University and the other faction of demigods belonged to the Central government's covert force.

Seeing a mass of unknown demigods show themselves next to Wyatt, Ann's heart almost jumped out from her chest as she could tell that these demigods were not there to help Wyatt but were after him. Seeing this she began to reconsider her decision

Just when she was about to call back the demigods and have them help Wyatt. Her grimoire notification rang reminding her that she had received a text from Wyatt. Which read, 'Ann, stand down I got this. Just have your people defeat the other five devils as fast as possible.'

The demigods of both factions kept one eye on their enemy and one eye on their price, Dalton Wyatt. After giving each other threatening stares they began to argue.

"Central government forces back off, we will take the boy away, and once we learn all the knowledge required to create the VR-Universe as promised we will hand him over to you," A demigod dressed like he was out attending a fancy party but not a battle against devils and demigods spoke and his voice resounded in all four directions.

"Since when has it become the turn for the sissys from the morning star university to order us around? You bookworm learn your place and step aside or we don't mind reminding you that you belong at the feet of the central government," the Vice-captain of

Arnas's team aggressively thundered and then added, "We will take the boy and you guys can come to central capital to take your treats just like good dogs."

"HaHaHa," listening to their vice-captain's domineering words the central government team burst into a loud laughter.

It was typical of the central government forces to believe that everything below the sky was theirs. Especially, everything in the central region with no exception.

However, the Morningstar undivseisty and the other top nine universities would beg to differ. They worshiped knowledge and believed that the central government was nothing but a gathering of illiterate brutes who tried to solve everything with muscle and that would be the death of them.

Regardless of what the two factions thought of each other and the differences between them, they appeared to be acting as if the mohawk devil with the time rule mastery did not exist. They entirely ignored it, whether it was out of confidence or just ignorance but these demigods had managed to piss the mohawk devil off.

"How dare you ants try to steal my prey from me? Are you guys tired of living?" the mohawk devil yelled in fury. But was immediately cussed by one of the demigods from the central government forces, "Shut the fuck up you fat bipedal boar. If not for your pork brain meddling with our plans we would not be out here arguing with these bookworms. You stay quiet and wait for your turn. If you want to save your bacon leave before we deal with these nerds."

The demigod from the central government force's description of the mohawk devil was accurate. Once you remove the hourglass on its back and the bulky chain all that was left was brown fur, tusks, meaty body, pig nose, and hoofs. Yep, it did look like a bipedal boar.

As a mighty devil, being called a boar and pig by an inferior begin was just the greatest embarrassment the mohawk devil could suffer. Causing the mohawk devil's fury to rise and max out, its mind was filled with madness it could not calm down unless it had inflicted ten times as much shame and pain on the inferior begin.

The mohawk devil no longer cared about planning ahead. Instead, unleashed the power it was conversing, "Death to you all. Tremble before my might, time rule meaning: Time Flow - 1:3600."

As the mohawk devil invoked the time spell the surrounding wind and clouds became still. The world appeared to have paused even the demigods for two factions who were glaring daggers at each other appeared to be frozen as they were.

Even Wyatt stood still like a statue. Neither of their hearts was beating. Not just their heart all their bodily functions seemed to have stopped and all chemical reactions in

their body seemed to have been paused mid-way yet somehow their body temperature did not decrease which was absurd.

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Chapter 1521 Time Shield & Time Hack

[1,085 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:52

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

Though all the entities in the vicinity of the mohawk devil were trapped in its time rule meaning- Time Flow. It however was not affected and could move around freely. As a matter of fact, it appeared to move around more freely than before.

The truth was that the mohawk devil had used its time master to create a secondary time flow overlapping the original time flow just for himself where 1 second of the original time flow is equal to one hour.

Meaning, a second for everyone in the original time flow was equal to an hour to him, thanks to the secondary time flow which he created such that it overlapped with the original time flow. This was why every entity appeared to be paused.

There was a drawback to this as well, while everyone lived a second he would have lived an hour regardless of if he stopped his skill midway. Time was not forgiving to those that abuse it.

The fact to notice was that the sand in the hourglass strapped to the mohawk devil's back appeared to be flowing in a reverse direction, the sand from the lower section of the hourglass was flowing to the upper section of the hourglass defying the laws of physics. This phenomenon somehow appeared to be related to why the mohawk devil no longer moved at a slow pace.

Mohawk devil's eyes glanced over everyone trapped in its time flow before it vanished and appeared right in front of the demigod who had just insulted it by calling it a boar and comparing it to a pig.

Then it clenched its sausage fingers into a fist and threw it right at the face of the demigod. However, just as its fist was about to hit the demigod's face it meet with an invisible resistive force that was countering the force of its fist stopping it from landing on its target.

The mohawk devil was surprised by this turn of events. Soon an apparition of a huge golden analog clock appeared above the group of demigods belonging to central government forces and suddenly their bodies resumed their function. Seeing this the mohawk devil immediately took a backstep and retreated.

Seeing the mohawk devil how was retreating, the demigod from earlier yelled in anger, "You fucking pork brain, you have done it now. Nobody can save your bacon today, not even if the will of the dark realm comes in person to save you."

Not just that demigod, but all the demigod members of the central government forces were visibly angry. That was because due to the mohawk devil's time ability, they ended up using two of their precious one-time-use Time Shield skill cards.

...

[Card Name: Time Shield

Card Type: Skill Card

Card Rank: SSS-rank, Legend Grade

Card Rate: 17-stars

Card Durability: One-Time-Use

Card Effect: Whenever the user or their party is attacked by time skill it will activate and protect them once and help them tap into the new time flow created by the attacker.

Addition effect: Time Shield ConnectionI think you should take a look at

Note: A party contains 5 members]

Time Shield Connection: if the Time shield card of your ally gets activated your time shield card will also be activated through the time shield connection.

...

Since there were two teams of the central government at the site, for all 10 of their members including Ada and Arnas to awaken in the new time flow created by the mohawk devil, they ended up using two Time Shield cards.

Thanks to the time shield the demigods from the central forces were able to tap into the secondary time flow created by the mohawk devil.

"Let me help our friend from Morningstar University to awaken to the new time flow," another demigod from the central government team said as he prepared to attack one of the demigods from Morningstar University, awakening them to the new time flow by forcefully consuming their time shield cards. Since they lost two Time Shield cards it was only fair their rival lost some.

"No don't awaken them, two of you take the boy and head straight to the rendezvous point and bring the boy to our Master while we will hold back the devil and Morningstar University forces," the vice-captain ordered the team.

"But Vice-captain—" The two demigods who were assigned with the task to capture Wyatt while the rest of their forces tried to hold back the devil and the morningstar university forces despite being outnumbered wanted to protest the plan of their vice-captain but he interrupted them saying, "The faster you two escape with the boy the faster we can also escape, understood?"

"Yes," the two demigods nodded and headed to Wyatt while the vice-captain ordered the rest, "Prepare your taboo card and activate them on my signal."

However, before they could they saw an apparition of a digital clock appear above the demigods from Morningstar University and it read 1:3600. With that they too were able to tap into the secondary time flow created by the devil and freely move in it.

"What the? How?" the demigods of central government forces mumbled in shock. As far as they know there was only one high-grade card that helped card apprentices defend against high-level time skills, the Time Shield card. But the demigods from Morningstar University used an unknown high-grade Time card to tap into the secondary time flow created by the devil. Though it was slow it did not require the user to be attacked to trigger. In some ways, it was better than the Time Shield card.

"I see you brutes are still using the old-school Time Shield card created by one of our alumni centuries ago. Behold our new and improved version of the Time Shield card, the Time Hack card. It activates as long as it senses a disturbance in the world's time flow," the leader of the Morningstar University team explained to their enemies. Morely like showing off the achievements and advancement of their university's Card creation R&D department.

[Card Name: Time Hack

Card Type: Skill Card

Card Rank: SSS-rank, Legend Grade

Card Rate: 25-stars

Card Durability: One-Time-Use

Card Effect: Whenever the card registers any disturbance in the world's time flow it automatically activates and begins to hack into it. When the hack is successful the user and their party members can tap into the newly discovered time flow.

Addition effect: Time Shield(same as the time shield card), Time Shield Connection

Note: A party contains 5 members]

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Chapter 1522 Chain Whips

[1,042 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:52

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

"Sure, you have a fancy card, good for you. Let's talk about work now. How about we first take care of the devil and then we can fight over who will get the boy," the vice-captain of the central government team proposed. He was impressed by the time hack card but he would not give the bookworm of Morningstar University satisfaction by showing it.

"Sure but whoever lands the last hit gets to keep the devil's relic, unknown chain item, and its core," the leader of Morningstar University teams agreed but also proposed a wager.

Killing the mohawk devil came first for both factions because neither of them wanted to waste any more of their one-time-use time-related skill cards and the best way to do that would be to kill the mohawk devil with the time rule mastery.

These time cards were precious and expensive as they were created by buying time rule power from the card apprentice who has time rule mastery. There were very few people who attained time rule mastery which resulted in the limited supply and the very

high demand for it in the market together leading to the heavenly price of the time rule power.

Time rule power was the most expensive thing across the myriad realms let alone the card world. This was the reason why these time cards were only one-time-use skill cards and not permanent skill cards.

With both the factions joining hands to kill the mohawk devil, thanks to their various capable cards they could easily kill it despite its time rule mastery but after killing it the question of distribution of the loot between the two factions would arise. After all, the loot of the mohawk devil was very attractive.

Especially, its hourglass relic, unknown chain item, and its devil core which contained its time rune. All three of these were very precious items, even equipping one of them would increase these card demigods' strength by leaps and bounds. The devil's time rune in particular.

So it was not a surprise that these demigods would covet them enough to join hands with the enemy and forget about their real priority to kidnap Dalton Wyatt.

"I agree. Let us begin then," The vice-captain thought that his counterpart in Morningstar University's forces made a sound point so he immediately agreed with him.

Or at least that's what he wanted his enemies to think. Because while the demigods of the two factions were busy dealing with the mohawk devil, their teammate Ada would kidnap Wyatt with the help of her origin card, Mobius presence, then leave before anyone realizes what transpired.

"Great, but before we start I think two demigods from each of our forces should stay behind to protect Wyatt. What do you say?" The leader of the Morningstar University forces recommended that two members of each group should stay behind to protect Dalton Wyatt. With this, he unknowingly put up a huge hurdle in his opponent's plans. I think you should take a look at

"Sure," the vice-captain of the central government team did not let his emotions give him away and calmly agreed to the opponent's recommendation.

'Vice-captain, what do we do now?' one of the demigods mentally asked.

'We proceed with our plan with a slight change. Ada will use one of the SSS-rank items we gave her to ambush and kill demigods of Morningstar University then kidnap Dalton Wyatt and leave. As for you guys you pretend like you have Wyatt to confuse remaining enemies,' the vice-captain improvised the plan on the spot. Though this one was a lot riskier than the previous one still it was worth a shot.

Leaving two demigods from each of their factions behind to protect Dalton Wyatt, the members of both factions circled the Mohawk devil. Seeing the demigods block all its path the mohawk devil stopped retreating and yelled, "You insects are seeking your death."

"No, we are seeking pork. Say, do you happen to have any pork?" the demigod of the central government faction who insulted the mohawk devil previously insulted the mohawk devil again.

"Hahaha, you think you are funny, you damned insect," the mohawk devil dashed at the demigod throwing a punch to his chest but as soon as he commenced his attack three demigods attacked him from behind.

Both the factions though confident in their numbers and cards did not underestimate the devil, its relic, and time rule mastery. They planned to encircle it and slowly kill it.

However, to their surprise the mohawk devil which was attacking the funny demigod suddenly paused and the bulky golden chain starting the huge hourglass relic on its back extended from both ends, long enough for the mohawk devil to use them as whips.

Holding the whips made of the unknown bulky golden chain in each hand, the mohawk devil skillfully used them through his mental strength such that each one of the chain whips skewered through one demigod and then wrapped around another demigod.

The funny demigod and the other three demigods attacking the mohawk devil from behind were either skewered by the chain whip or wrapped in it, rendering all four of them immobile.

The mohawk devil used two chain whips to take down three demigod attackers and its demigod prey in a blink of an eye. Seeing this the rest of the demigods were shocked. What was more shocking was that the speed of the chain whips, it was as if they were traveling through time. And they were, by making use of the leaked time rule power the chain absorbed earlier from the mohawk devil and the hourglass relic.

"Not so funny now are we," the mohawk devil scoffed looking at the demigod who insulted it repeatedly. Then it added, "You are lucky. Normally, I would show the meaning of hell to those that dare to insult me but today I do not have the luxury so I will give you and your friends a painless death. Sacrifice."

With the command of the mohawk devil, the chain whip began to absorb the vitality of all four demigods, shocking the remaining demigods who could only watch as their comrades died in front of their eyes.

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

Chapter 1523 Ada's Dilemma & Plan

[1,032 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:52

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

Watching their comrades die in front of their eyes by having all of their vitality sucked dry by the mohawk devil, the demigods noticed something astonishing that shocked them to the core and made them realize that until now they had been in a huge misconception that they were the hunters killing the predator but when actually they were the prey of the predator.

As the four demigods lost their vitality the sand in the hourglass that was flowing in the reverse, from the lower section to the upper section suddenly began to flow normally from the upper section to the lower section.

It appeared as if by sacrificing the vitality of the four demigods to the hourglass relic the mohawk devil was able to extend the amount of time it was able to use time rule mastery in card world without having adjusted its time rule mastery to the card world time.

Uncovering this secret the demigods realized that it wasn't just them trying to hunt the predator but the predator was also trying to eat them all.

Morningstar University had two teams of demigods, that was 10 demigods. The Central government had two teams of demigods but two were missing, that was 8 demigods. The Morningstar University forces were told that the missing two members of the central government's team were conducting a covert operation to 'PROTECT' the dual gate dungeon near the Southern Capital.

In total, 18 demigods tapped into the secondary time flow created by the mohawk devil at the Southern Capital. Of which 4 had stayed behind to guard Wyatt. So 14 demigods came to fight the mohawk devil. The fight had just begun and they lost four demigods to the mohawk devil.

The remaining ten devils cautiously retreated out of the range of the mohawk devil's chain whips. Then the leader of the Morningstar University forces asked the devil, "How

are your chains able to use time attacks without triggering our Time shield and Time Hack card?"

Listening to him the other demigods were shocked as they did not realize this issue until he pointed it out. Making them further vary of the mohawk devil and its unknown chain whips. Whom they ignored and insulted a few seconds ago. I think you should take a look at

"Simple, the chain is only using the time rule power to reach its target but when attacking the target it doesn't use the time rule power. Therefore, your fancy time cards that only activate when receiving a time attack never activate," the mohawk devil appeared to be a little happy having sacrificed four demigods to the hourglass relic. It had noticed this when it first attacked the funny demigod earlier and failed due to the time shield card.

Listening to the Mohawk devil the leader of the Morningstar University forces confirmed that the chain whips of the Mohawk devil were creating a short-term third time flow to travel to its target and erase it when attacking their target.

This third time flow was created for such a small period and erased that even their time hack card could not register it and get triggered. Honestly, he was impressed by the time rule mastery and intelligence to use it shown by the Mohawk devil.

While the demigods and the devil were having a decisive battle, Ada who had her presence hidden using Mobius Presence was having an internal struggle. Right now her mortal enemy, Southern Emperor, was totally defenseless being stuck in the original time flow. She could go and kill her using the high-grade items her team gave her but she also had to complete the mission of ambushing the two demigods from Morningstar University and kidnapping Wyatt.

If she kills the Southern emperor first then her presence will become visible to the demigods and the devil and lead to the failure of the mission. But if she kidnapped Wyatt first then it was impossible to tell how the devil would react once it notices its prey was missing. It could erase the second time flow to search for the culprit in the original timeline freeing the southern emperor. It was quite a dilemma.

Thankfully she had 12 bodies 9 of which were free for her to use at present however she pleased. Ada only summoned 3 bodies, planning that she would kill the southern emperor while the three other bodies of her will ambush two demigods and kidnap Wyatt at the same time. They all would act at the same time so that they don't give themselves away after all the mobius presence deactivates once they come into contact with other being.

With her next course of action planned, Ada and three of her bodies separately headed to their targets. Ada was overjoyed that she would get her revenge so early. However, what brought her more joy was that she will not be killing the Southern Emperor but

using a curse on her that will strip her of all her card apprentice powers and turn her into a mere mortal.

Once the Southern Emperor was agonizing in the pain and shame of having been reduced to a mere mortal, Ada planned to kill everyone close to the Southern Emperor one by one starting with Wyatt. Bringing further misery and pain into the Southern Emperor's life.

Ada whose goal was to make the Southern Emperor suffer had made it her mission to learn everything there was to learn about the Southern Emperor so she knew about the Southern Emperor's origin card which only a select few in the world knew about. This was thanks to her new position in the organization running the central government.

She had already confirmed that the Southern Emperor in front of her was the Southern Emperor's origin card by using the item she got from Arnas to identify the real body of Wyatt. This was why she had a special SSS-rank curse prepared for the origin card of the Southern emperor. When she uses this curse on the origin card of the Southern Emperor it will also spread to the Southern Emperor too, as they both were one.

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Chapter 1524 Two Incidents To Downfall

[1,053 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:52

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

As all four of Ada's body approached her targets preparing to do their respective tasks simultaneously, something unexpected transpired out of Ada's calculations.

Just when she was about to close on Southern Emperor's origin card she felt a presence behind her and before she could react it grabbed her by the back of the neck and snapped it effortlessly. Killing Ada instantaneously. Then the presence stored her corpse and the SSS-rank curse in her hand then vanished into the thin air.

Feeling one of them who was supposed to curse the Southern Emperor's origin card had died, the other three bodies of Ada who were approaching their targets, two

demigods from Morningstar University and Wyatt, paused in their tracks and immediately turned to look toward the Southern Emperor's origin card but they were too late.

The presence that killed one of them was long gone. This came as a huge shock to each of them because the body of Ada that died was under the effect of their Origin Card 'Mobius Presence' before being attacked. This could only mean that the presence that killed one of Ada's bodies could see them even when they were under the effect of their origin card 'Mobius Presence.'

While they were confused and trying to piece together what just happened the three of them felt a warm breath on the back of their neck, then they suddenly heard the demigods they were supposed to ambush and kill yelling.

"Hey, who are you guys? How are you able to tap into the secondary time flow?"

"Just Die."

"No!!!"

Listening to their words it was apparent that the demigods who could not sense their presence a second ago now could see them. The trio were dumb stricken wondering, 'How can they see them when they were under the effect of their origin card 'Mobius Presence'?'

Before they could find the answers their heads were rolling and they died. While one demigod of Morningstar University questioned the three bodies of Ada, the other demigod just decapitated all three of them, skipping the drama. As for the two demigods from the central government, they could only desperately watch as Ada's three bodies were slaughtered.

The demigod who killed the three unknown card lords wearing a similar devil skull mask looked at the two demigods from the central government suspiciously having heard them yelling no as he killed three card lords and questioned them, "Do you perhaps know those three card lords? Should I have spared their lives?" I think you should take a look at

"Yes, we could investigate who they were and how they got so close to us without any of us discovering them. I think there is a third faction eyeing Dalton Wyatt," one of the two demigods from the central government made up a story on the spot to cover their asses.

"I see, don't worry I think I know which faction they belong to," listening to the demigod from Morningstar University say this the demigods from the central government panicked and nervously asked, "Which faction do they belong to?"

"Isn't it pretty obvious? Judging by the demon skull mask worn by the three card lords and the fact that they could tap into secondary time flow, I guess that they are devil worshippers who belong to the Mohawk devil's cult.

I guess the devil might have asked them to capture Wyatt masking their presence. Fortunately for us, something went wrong midway otherwise the devil would have pulled a fast one on us.

At first, I thought they belonged to you guys after all you guys were responsible for devil summoning but seeing how the Mohawk devil is rebelling and has killed three of your demigods so far, not to forget the SSS-rank corpse puppet at the start. Now I think you guys got played by the mohawk devil and his cult big time.

This is why I guessed the third faction here is the cult of the mohawk devil," the demigod from Morningstar University proudly explained its speculation in front of the demigods of the central government without the slightest clue that they were the real culprits who sighed in relief learning that the bookworms were not expecting them.

However, the two demigods of the central government wondered what went wrong. Why did the presence of Ada's three bodies suddenly reveal to them and with all of Ada's bodies in the Southern capital dead what now? No matter how hard and desperately they thought of the events that occurred or tried to come up with a new plan, nothing crossed their mind.

The original body of Ada in the central government's secret base near the Southern Capital was shocked by the fact that her perfect plan to cripple the Southern emperor while completing the central government's mission had fallen apart and failed in just a few seconds.

She was almost driven mad by trying to figure out what transpired. She wanted to know what went wrong as she had no idea as to why her perfect plan failed. She replayed all the events that occurred in the Southern Capital in sequence repeatedly in her mind but still could not figure it out.

There were two incidents that she could not figure out and stopped her from understanding why her perfect plan failed. The first incident was when the mysterious presence that killed one of her bodies that was planning to curse the Southern Emperor's origin card instantly and then the second incident was when the presence of other three bodies trying to ambush the two demigods from Morningstar University and kidnap Wyatt suddenly had their presence revealed to everyone despite being under the effect of her origin card 'Mobius Presence.'

Ada had a strong feeling that the mysterious presence from the first incident was somehow responsible for the second incident too. Just when she was wrecking her brains about who the mysterious presence was, Ada sensed Arnas's presence entering her room and then heard her say, "Regardless of the success of the two missions, our

master will be disappointed in our performance so mentally prepare yourself for the consequences of disappointing our master. "

Listening to Arnas's advice, Ada's body unconsciously began to quiver. Seeing this, Arnas shook her head and left quietly.

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Chapter 1525 Enhanced Soul Pupils

[1,014 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:52

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

For some mysterious reason, the time rule did not seem to have any effect on Wyatt. He learned of this the first time Chris Chase used his origin card to win a few SSS-rank Skill/Item/ingredient cards in a Card Egg auction. Then confirmed this again when Chris Chase used his origin card multiple times trying to escape the Southern Capital card creation association's auction house.

So when the mohawk devil activated its time rule meaning time flow to create secondary time flow overlapping the original time and use it to kill the SSS-rank corpse puppet and to dodge the thousands of projectiles fired by the cannons of 250 towers, Wyatt found himself mysteriously accessing the secondary time flow.

This was one of the main reasons why he was confident he could fight against the mohawk devil. However, he did not want to reveal to others that the time rule did not affect him so he hoped that the Southern Royal family's demigods would have a way to deal with the time rule but unfortunately, they did not.

So in a do-or-die situation, Wyatt had no choice. He prepared for the decisive battle with the mohawk devil deciding that if there was a need he would explain to everyone that the time rule did not affect him because he had a relic or mastered a time rune that gave him immunity to time rule attacks.

However, before he and the Mohawk devil could fight it out the demigods from Morningstar University and the Central government stepped in. These arrogant shits

ignored the devil and fought over the possession of him. Wyatt patiently waited on the sidelines, having decided to fight the winner of the brawl between Morningstar University forces, Center government forces, and the Mohawk devil.

Wyatt quietly watched as a struggle between the three started, the devil activated its time rule using its relic, and the two factions allied to defeat the devil. But things changed when he took notice of a figure wearing a devil skull mask who had her presence hidden while summoning three exact copies of herself.

Normally Wyatt would not have been able to see this with his soul pupils when he was pretending to be stuck in a time trap. But thanks to him entering the 'one with the world' state physically the range and angle of his soul pupils had increased considerably. It was like he had grown extra pairs of sharp eyes in all directions.

Wyatt immediately recognized the figure wearing the devil mask, she was the demon worshipper who attacked sky blossom city. However, there was something different about her. Through her soul pathways, she uncovered that she was using skills similar to that of a certain demigod who once tried to kill him, Agent Uri.

Having discovered this anomaly many questions ran in Wyatt's mind. To find the answers to those questions he decided to once again hack into Ada Davis's grimoire.

Back in the sky blossom city, he had hacked Ada Davis's grimoire and roughly traced her original body to the central academic region. That was how he knew of her name and troublesome origin. I think you should take a look at

Knowing her connection to demon worshipers he wondered if Ada was behind the summoning of the six devils and their army. Well, he will find answers to that in her grimoire.

Since had already hacked into her grimoire once it was not hard for Wyatt to use Hive AI and his superbrain card to hack into her grimoire again.

In seconds all of Ada's secrets hidden in her grimoire were at Wyatt's fingertips. Going through Ada's grimoire, he came across her acquired physique 'Limitless Immortal' and her Second origin card 'Mobius Presence.'

To Wyatt's surprise, Ada's acquired physique was more troublesome than her first origin card. As for her second origin card, it had very limited use but with a perfect user, it was one overpowered origin skill.

Ada had returned a lot stronger than Wyatt had last seen her. He learned that it was thanks to her joining the Central government forces. That explains why her new skills resembled that of Agent Uri. Unfortunately, Wyatt could not access her conversation logs as they used encrypted channels. He could try to force his way in but one

monitoring the channel will immediately know someone was trying to peek in. So he could only give up.

Unable to figure out what Ada was up to now through her grimoire, Wyatt monitored the actions of all four of her bodies to deduce what they were up to. Three were headed his way while one was headed in Ann's way.

'Not good,' Wyatt thought, remembering Ada's hatred for Anna. However, he did not understand how a card lord planned to attack a card emperor even if she was defenseless and trapped in time. But then witnessing Ada remove an SSS-rank curse from her storage card Wyatt was shocked and worried.

Similar to how Anna equipped the dummy ring card in her grimoire's item card slot and gave me the dummy ring to use, Ada too had been given an SSS-rank curse from the central government forces.

Then Wyatt saw two of the three bodies of Ada heading his way had also taken out two SSS-rank items from their storage card and headed towards the two demigods from Morningstar University. While the remaining body of Ada took out a powerful sedative from the storage card and headed towards Wyatt.

Seeing this, Wyatt instantly understood that Ada's four bodies planned to curse Ann, kill two demigods from Morningstar University, and kidnap him. Thanks to the effect of her second origin card 'Mobius Presence' no one will know what actually transpired.

Having learned Ada's plan Wyatt's mind raced to think of a way to not only save Ann who was trapped in time but also himself and the two demigods from Morningstar University guarding him without revealing that he was not affected by the mohawk devil's time rule meaning time flow.

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Chapter 1526 Two Incidents To Downfall Explained

[1,021 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:52

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

Wyatt's thoughts raced through all the crucial information about Ada's physique and origin card. After all, he had to face four of her while pretending to be trapped in the original time flow. Now this was going to be challenging.

His efforts were not in vain as in a stroke of brilliance, he devised a flawless strategy to thwart the efforts of all four of Ada's bodies, all the while concealing the fact that he remained unaffected by the mohawk devil's time trap.

First Wyatt decided to foil the scheme of the body of Ada who was headed toward Ann holding an SSS-rank curse. Since he did not care for the lives of the demigods from Morningstar University as much as Ann's life.

In preparation for attending the university interview and confronting Sansa, Wyatt had covertly and strategically dropped many tiny pebbles containing his pseudo calamity soul gem on his way over from the Southern royal palace grounds.

Fortunately one of them was right next to the spot where Ann was standing. So as soon as Ada approached her, Wyatt had one of his mutated souls move to the pseudo calamity soul gem, reconstruct a new body in the shape of an Old Ben using the Myriad transformation devil physique, and enter the 'one with the world' state physically.

When in the 'one with the world' state physically even demigods had a hard time separating Wyatt's presence from the surrounding let alone Ada, a card lord. She never saw it coming as it quietly and swiftly approached her from behind.

However, once Wyatt's mutated soul neared Ada, its killing intent toward her revealed its presence to her but it was too late. It had already grabbed her neck from behind and soon twisted it, ending her life instantly and painlessly. Especially, without making any commotion.

After killing one of Ada's bodies, Wyatt's mutated soul immediately stored her corpse in a storage card along with the SSS-rank curse item. Then it immediately morphed its body back to a tiny pebble with a pseudo calamity soul gem and the mutated soul returned to its original body.

Ada had acquired a fancy physique 'limitless Immortal' which would fit well with Wyatt's mutated soul. Though he was still on the fence about the 'limitless Immortal' physique as long as he had her corpse he could always use blood fate plunder to try and rob her corpse of that physique. He liked to keep his options open.

As for the SSS-rank curse that Ada carried with her while she died, Wyatt could put it to good use as long as the card apprentice who lent the item to her did not recall it.

During this process, Wyatt made an interesting discovery that the Myriad Devil transformation physique and the physical 'one with the world' state fit very well together. Especially when Wyatt morphed into inanimate objects like a pebble etc. This combo

would give him extraordinary stealth prowess. There might be other possibilities that he would have to further explore. I think you should take a look at

With one of Ada's bodies down there are still three more left for him to take care of. However, unlike the previous time, none of his pseudo calamity soul gems were nearby where the three bodies of Ada were.

Nonetheless, Wyatt had a more creative approach to this. When entering the 'one with the world' state physically the surroundings of the person in that state becomes a part of him.

Just like how Wyatt's vision was sharpened and enhanced to be able to view the world in 360 degrees in this state. Similarly, his control over his surroundings had gotten to the point where it was as if they were a part of his body.

Especially, the wind present in his surrounding acted like they were an extension of his skin and hair. If Wyatt wanted to the air would form an extra layer of invisible but durable soft armor covering his entire body.

However, Wyatt had a different plan for the wind which was now a part of his body. When the three bodies of Ada were distracted by the death of their fourth body he made use of the wind to touch the back of their necks. Though they only felt a cold breath on their neck, it was Wyatt touching them through the wind.

The reason why Wyatt did this was that according to the info of Ada's second origin card 'Mobius Presence' as long as the person under its effect comes in contact with those that don't share its effect that person loses its effect.

So once Wyatt touched the three bodies of Ada through the wind the effect of their second origin card 'Mobius Presence' was lifted. Hence, the demigods from Morningstar University could now sense their presence. Which led to Ada's three bodies being decapitated by one of them.

Until the very end, the three bodies of Ada had no idea how their presence was revealed. The dumb-stricken expressions on their faces were savory and a unique sight. This would be one of the mysteries that Ada would never solve and it would plague her till her death.

With this Wyatt had put an end to Ada's scheme successfully without revealing that he was not trapped in the original time flow but had tapped into the secondary time flow created by the Mohawk devil.

Having dealt with Ada, Wyatt continued to pretend to be stuck in the original time flow as he keenly observed the battle between the mohawk devil and the demigods in the secondary time flow the devil had created.

Meanwhile, he heard the conversation between the demigods from both factions about Ada's identity and he was barely able to control himself from bursting out in loud laughter.

Listening to the demigod from Morningstar University confidently speculate that Ada was part of the Mohawk devil's cult who betrayed central government forces, Wyatt felt that just because someone studied at Morningstar University, one of the top ten universities, it did not automatically make them smart.

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Chapter 1527 Battle Of Devil And Demigods

[1,074 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:52

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

The Mohawk devil glanced casually at the demigods, who were now stepping back cautiously. It wore a mischievous grin as if it found great amusement in observing the mix of uncertainty and fear woven into their expressions.

The grin on the mohawk devil's and the look in its eyes irked the remaining demigods. Especially, after watching it kill their comrades.

So in a dazzling display of power, the ten demigods stood tall, their eyes blazing with an aura of determination. With a mere thought, they summoned an endless array of swords that materialized out of thin air, each blade gleaming with a mesmerizing glow that reflected their fierce sword intent.

The air crackled with energy as the swords hovered and spun around them, forming an intricate and intricate dance of steel. The demigods' mastery over their sword intent was evident in the way they effortlessly controlled the movements of the blades, weaving an enchanting tapestry of lethal elegance.

The swords seemed to sing a symphony of their own, their harmonic clangor resonating throughout the surroundings. It was a mesmerizing spectacle, a manifestation of their inner strength and unyielding will, both awe-inspiring and intimidating.

As the ten demigods continued to conjure more swords, the space around them became a swirling vortex of deadly beauty, leaving any who witnessed it in awe of their otherworldly abilities.

At that moment, they were not just demigods; they were living embodiments of the timeless art of swordsmanship, channeling their essence into the ethereal sea of blades, leaving an indelible mark on the fabric of reality itself.

With their combined might and skill, the demigods unleashed a torrent of a thousand swords, each imbued with raw elemental power, aiming to vanquish the mohawk devil that stood before them.

The blades sliced through the air with a velocity that defied comprehension, surpassing the speed of light itself, leaving streaks of luminescence in their wake. As the swords hurtled toward their target, the very fabric of reality seemed to tremble in response to their immense force.

With an air of arrogance and a sinister smirk, the devil beheld the incoming torrent of thousands of swords, dismissing the demigods' efforts as futile and vain. It reveled in the spectacle, finding amusement in the demigods' attempts to challenge its might.

As the swords drew closer, the mohawk devil's crimson eyes gleamed with cunning intelligence. Swiftly, it unleashed a pair of twin chain whips, crackling with an otherworldly aura—the power of time rule itself. The chains whirled and twisted in the air, creating a cyclone of time rule power, forming a storm of time that shielded the devil from the impending assault.

The blades collided with the tempest of time, and an ethereal dance ensued. The chains seemed to warp and bend, slowing down and accelerating in unpredictable patterns. The swords struggled to pierce the barrier, but they were thwarted by the devil's mastery over time rule. I think you should take a look at

The mohawk devil's laughter echoed through the battlefield, reveling in its dominance over the flow of time and its ability to outwit the demigods. It relished the sight of their frustration, savoring each moment as the storm of time continued to repel the onslaught of swords.

The demigods, undeterred by the mohawk devil's defensive maneuvers, gathered their resolve, determined to find a way to breach the temporal storm. They synchronized their efforts, their minds united as they focused their energies on countering the mohawk devil's mastery of time rule.

The malevolent tempest of time unleashed its wrath upon the battlefield where the demigods waged their valiant attack. As the storm swirled and surged, its ominous force broke through the demigods' every Time Shield and Time Hack card, rendering their efforts futile.

With a resounding boom, the tempest of time expanded voraciously, its swirling maw widening to engulf all the demigods within its relentless grasp, they grew desperate as the last of their time shield / time hack card was used to protect them. This, the once mighty demigods found themselves ensnared in the clutches of this maleficent phenomenon.

Inside the belly of the tempest, an eerie and haunting aura surrounded the mohawk devil as it harnessed its insidious power. In a macabre dance of annihilation, the devilish force drained the very life essence from the demigods, leaving them weakened and lifeless, like withering blooms in a desolate garden.

As the last vestiges of vitality were absorbed, the once-proud demigods fell, their brilliance dimmed and extinguished in the face of this overwhelming force. The storm of time had spoken, leaving nothing but silence and sorrow in its wake. It stood as a haunting reminder of the unforgiving nature of existence and the relentless march of time, sparing none in its path.

The mohawk devil wielded the stolen vitality like a wicked offering, channeling it into the hourglass relic on its back. As if responding to some unholy pact, the relic responded in kind, its sand shifting with sinister intent. The lower chamber of the hourglass relic which was almost barren, now teemed with the sinister sand oozing the essence of time rule, swirling in a maleficent dance.

In the bleak aftermath of the dreadful battle, the remaining four demigods left behind to protect Wyatt stood frozen, their hearts heavy with grief, as they beheld the harrowing sight of their fallen comrades.

The devil's sinister presence loomed large, casting a malevolent shadow over the land, and its malicious laughter sent shivers down their spines, leaving them paralyzed in fear.

Their bodies shook uncontrollably as if trying to escape the cruel reality unfolding before their eyes. Each heartbeat echoed the pain and sorrow of losing their brethren, and yet they couldn't tear their gaze away from the approaching malevolence.

The devil's steps were deliberate, slow, savoring the fear it instilled in the demigods, relishing every moment of their torment. With every footfall, the ground beneath them seemed to quiver, mirroring the turmoil raging within their souls.

As they stood there, helpless and desperate, a spark of resilience flickered in their eyes despite knowing that they were no match for the mohawk devil's strength but the fact that they would die was a strong motivation for them to seek revenge for their fallen comrades.

At this moment the demigods from both factions were in sync. Maybe it was because they understood each other's grief and thirst for vengeance. With strong determination, they moved together to exchange their life for vengeance.

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Chapter 1528 Proceeding Toward Dessert

[1,138 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:52

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

"Divine Share"

The four demigods, despite hailing from two different factions, willingly shared their divinity among themselves displaying a remarkable unity among unexpected people. What made this possible was their purpose, a singular pursuit of retribution, which served as the gluing factor that allowed them to transcend their factional divides.

As their divinity converged, the boundaries of their individual identities dissolved in the crucible of shared purpose. Vengeance was the tapestry woven from their disparate threads, a common goal that fused their divinity into a singular, unstoppable force.

Granting the four demigods an opportunity to, at last, graze the edges of transcendence was akin to offering them the elusive key to a realm they had yearned for with unwavering hearts.

Alas, this euphoric sensation was not bestowed upon them without extracting its pound of flesh. Yet, such a toll paled in significance, for the determination to exact vengeance upon those who had wronged their fellow warriors burned within them, overshadowing any heed to personal sacrifice.

Endowed with the powers of a near transcendent-like existence, the four demigods possessed the formidable might to boldly evade the clutches of the malevolent mohawk devil that sought to sacrifice them to its relic. Yet, curiously, they opted not for the path of evasion, defying the conventional logic that would dictate any flight. Currently, they only cared about their vendetta.

Undeterred by the potential consequences, these four demigods remained resolute, unwaveringly committed to their cause. With an unbreakable bond forged through shared divinity, they were now prepared to lay down their very lives, embarking on a mission of vengeance to honor their fallen comrades.

The four demigods were driven by an unquenchable fire for vengeance within them. Driving them mad enough to go as far as to confront any challenge, even if it meant death for them because they were no longer four individuals but one. They had four bodies but their intent was now one.

Having shared their divinity with their thirst for vengeance as their medium, the new prowess they gained came with a new identity, vengeance, the real factor that drove them to share their divinity in the first place.

As the soul energy of the four demigods surged dramatically, the mohawk devil's ugly grin shrank. It sensed that with no way out, its prey had decided to face death head-on, as long as it meant taking it down alongside them.

Empowered with abilities that eclipsed ordinary demigods and hinted at the fabled transcendence whispered of in every demigod's reverie, the four demigods exchanged resolute glances. A shared determination radiated from their eyes as united in a common vendetta, they surged forward as one cohesive force, their sights set firmly on the sinister mohawk devil that lay ahead. I think you should take a look at

As the four demigods charged ahead, their eyes blazing not with fear of mortality but with an unquenchable thirst for retribution, the mohawk devil couldn't help but feel a flicker of uncertainty. Then recalling the ten demigods it had vanquished earlier, it recognized that the demigods' powerful time cards had already been consumed and exhausted.

With the weight of this realization, the mohawk devil's visage transformed once more. The shadow of uncertainty that had momentarily touched its expression gave way to the resurgence of its malevolent grin. A renewed air of self-assuredness enveloped the mohawk devil, bolstered by the belief that the formidable strength the four demigods now wielded paled in comparison to its mastery over the time rule.

As the four demigods stepped within its striking reach, the punk-like demon swung its pair of chain whips infused with its time rule power, all while releasing a mocking chuckle that soon transformed into an unrestrained scornful and jeering laughter that echoed through the secondary time flow.

The swift motion of the twin chain whips was nothing short of astonishing, evidently under the influence of the mohawk devil's time rule mastery to amplify their velocity. In a blink, they closed the gap to their intended objective, yet they missed their target by the narrowest of margins, grazing past their marks by the width of a single hair.

The reason the twin chains did not manage to hit their target despite their speed was not because of the lack of the devil's aim but because of the incredible agility and reflex displayed by the four demigods. Akin to the name transcendent, their speed seemed to astonishingly transcend the time rule. They never knew one could be that fast.

The twin chains' inability to successfully strike their mark, despite their impressive agility, stemmed not from any shortcoming in the devil's aim, but rather from the remarkable dexterity and lightning-quick reactions exhibited by the four demigods.

Resonating with the very essence of edging at the boundary of transcendence, their swiftness appeared to remarkably surpass the confines of time rule. The sheer rapidity they displayed was so extraordinary that it left them in awe, never before having comprehended the possibility of achieving such astonishing levels of speed.

Even the mohawk devil found itself taken aback as it witnessed the four demigods effortlessly sidestepping its assault. This unforeseen turn of events began to raise significant worries within the mohawk devil's mind, prompting a sense of genuine concern to take root.

As the four demigods adeptly dodged the mohawk devil's assault, the expressions of astonishment and apprehension that played across the mohawk devil's countenance only served to bolster the confidence of the quartet. With renewed assurance, they advanced towards the devil, intending to exact retribution for their fallen comrades and settle the score once and for all.

Yet, the very instant when the four demigods, suffused with confidence, drew nearer to the mohawked devil, a broad grin crept across the devil's face as the time rule power oozed out of it. In a resounding proclamation, it bellowed, "Temporal Quick Sand!" while attacking them with its twin chain whips accelerated by its time rule.

Abruptly, a sensation enveloped the four demigods, akin to the sensation of their very movements decelerating. With their current prowess, it was impossible. But it turns out the mohawk devil had slowed down their flow of time in the secondary time flow created by it, an ingenious tactic wielded by the devil to tilt the odds in its favor.

In close quarters the devil's twin chain whip had the boost of time rule power instantly skewered through the four slow demigods with ease and instantly began to sacrifice their vitality to the hourglass relic. The four demigods, as a last ditch effort, tried to donate their shared divinity but to their horror, they found that impaled by the unknown chain their access to the soul energy, rule power, and their divinity was sealed.

Completing its meal, the mohawk devil proceeded toward its dessert, Dalton Wyatt.

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Chapter 1529 Moving On

[1,084 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:52

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital, Central Government Secret base

Learning that all eight members of the two teams she led to the Southern Capital to complete two missions had become the nourishment to the devil they summoned, Arnas was dumbstruck. Her mind nearly collapsed trying to comprehend this. Wondering, how could a perfect plan go so horribly wrong.

Soon Arnas, a proud semi-demigod, felt her knees go weak as she collapsed to the floor realizing what this meant for her. Unlike her team, she did not even have control over her life to end it. Listening to the commotion Ada rushed out of her room and saw Arnas collapsed with her knees on the floor and with a look on her face that appeared to have seen a ghost.

"Team Captain, you okay?" Ada cautiously asked Arnas. She too had become aware of the deaths of all eight demigods from the central government as their names erased themselves from the secured channel they were using to converse with each other.

This basically meant that they had failed in their secondary mission to bring the creator of the Vr-Universe, Dalton Wyatt, to their Master. Which would not make their master happy. That meant the punishment they would face after returning to the central capital had increased by a few folds.

Just imagining the wrath of their master even Ada too felt her knees go weak but she held her own. Wondering if it was worth it for her to return to the side of her Master.

Unlike Arnas, Ada did not bother to try and understand what went wrong with their plan to capture Wyatt because after one of her four bodies in the Southern Capital failed to curse the Southern Emperor's origin card due to an unfathomable presence she had come to a realization.

After repeatedly going through her memories trying to uncover who was the unfathomable presence that effortlessly killed one of her bodies that were under the effect of her second origin card 'Mobius presence' and left swiftly without leaving behind any trace. But she always came back with no answer, almost causing her to go crazy.

That was when she decided to let go of her obsessive search which then helped her realize that they, the forces of the central government, were not the forces controlling the events in the Southern Capital from behind the scene but there was another power controlling the city from shadows whom they had no idea about.

Seeing how they acted to protect the Southern Emperor's origin card it was clear this unknown force was in favor of the Southern Royal family. With this realization, Ada was not surprised that they failed in their mission to capture Wyatt.

Even if the devil had not killed them then they would have died in the hands of the other faction hidden in the shadows of the city quietly controlling everything the battle in the city. I think you should take a look at

Knowing that right now, what awaited her at the central government was torture and pain that would make her thirst for the sweet release of death. Ada Looked back at her time by her Master's side and she realized that there was nothing more her Master could provide her with.

She acquired an amazing physique and gained a superb second origin card that fit well with her first origin card and her acquired physique. Not to mention the treasure trove of demonic techniques and arrays.

Especially the one which allowed her to grow her mental strength by sacrificing living beings which would help her grow the number of perfect bodies she could control using her limitless immortal physique. Her master had nothing more to give her instead he would like her to show him how many bodies she can actually control using her physique 'Limitless immortal.'

And also he had become a shackle around her neck stopping her from taking her revenge on the Southern royal family and also has been actively trying to limit her development so she can depend on him more.

She still was unable to figure out why the all-powerful organization that controlled the central government from behind the scenes was not keen on overthrowing the four royal families and controlling their regions directly.

Instead, choose to sabotage them from behind the scenes. Ada believed that there was more reason for it than just the political ones that they used as an excuse.

Therefore Ada thought her master might never allow her to destroy the Southern royal family like she wanted to instead staying any longer with him would only bring in an opportunity for him to make her more dependent on him and slowly brainwash her.

These reasons why Ada came to a sudden decision to not return to her Master's side and felt that it was no longer fit for her future development. Instead, go on another adventure to find a place that would help her hone her powers and grow stronger.

Strong enough to take on the Southern royal family and anyone that comes her way of achieving that.

But Ada knew it was not easy for her to leave her Master because he and his friends ruled the entire world. Anywhere she runs off to he would find her and have his people fetch her. And from then on what awaited her would be gruesome torture until her spirit broke allowing him to brainwash her and turn her into one of his dogs.

If Ada really wanted to get away from her Master then she would have to find a way to leave this world and move to another world, which was simply impossible. However, when this thought crossed Ada's mind her eyes sparkled with brilliance as if she had found a way to do just that.

Ada gave Arnas, who was helplessly staring into the void out of sheer desperation and fear of what awaited her at the central capital, one last look. Then heading back into her room she locked the door and cut her wrist to gather a pool of blood on the floor.

Soon she began to conduct a demonic sacrificial ritual. As a result, a beam of light wider than a person's waist shoots out from the pool of blood and touches the ceiling of the room. Then without hesitation, entering her origin card's devilization, Ada stepped into the red beam of light. Bidding goodbye to the card world she embraced the darkness within her.

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Chapter 1530 Bo, Bitch!

[999 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:52

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

Sacrificing the life force drawn from a total of 18 demigods, the sands in the hourglass relic's lower chamber had nearly reached its full capacity. Had the mohawk devil not expended a substantial amount of sand during the battle against the demigods, the lower section of the hourglass relic would have been completely filled by now.

Had the mohawk devil accomplished such a feat, its mastery of time rules would have seamlessly synchronized with the card world's time rule, courtesy of the hourglass relic's magical influence. Consequently, the devil would have become independent of relying on the hourglass relic's sands to wield its time rule mastery within the card world. Freed from constraints, it could employ its time rule to its utmost desire and without limitations.

Regrettably, the mohawk devil fell just a few sands shy of attaining that state. The secondary time flow it had initiated was still in effect, causing the sands within its hourglass relic to flow in reverse. Gradually, the sands from the lower section of the hourglass were migrating to the upper section, hindering its progress towards the desired outcome.

However, the devil did not choose to erase the secondary time flow. As its real prey was within its sights and it could no longer wait to get its hand on Wyatt's soul.

The mohawk devil closed in on Wyatt, haunted by memories of the shame and humiliation inflicted upon it during their previous encounter. Its existence had turned into a torment ever since that defeat, leaving it feeling uneasy within its own being. The disgrace of succumbing to a mere mortal gnawed relentlessly at its soul. Thoughts of defeat consumed its mind, and the pursuit of vengeance became the sole driving force keeping it alive.

The mohawk devil had meticulously plotted its revenge, envisioning subjecting Wyatt's soul to untold tortures from countless realms. Nevertheless, it had not anticipated such a swift opportunity to exact vengeance, as it had barely been a day since their initial encounter when it was summoned to the Card World under its alias, the Devil Merchant Ezra.

As the mohawk devil drew nearer to the trapped Wyatt within the original time flow, a sense of nearing culmination surged through its being. Its already hideous expression contorted further, and its crimson eyes glowed with eager anticipation for the long-awaited vengeance. The mere thought of subjecting Wyatt's soul to all the untold tortures of myriad realms brought the devil almost to the brink of euphoria. I think you should take a look at

In a twist of fate, just as the mohawk devil believed victory was assured, Wyatt defied all expectations. He moved with a swiftness beyond that of a mere card master, surprising the devil with an unexpected punch. The impact was formidable, carrying the force of something far greater than a regular demigod's strength yelling, "Boo, Bitch!"

The devil's giant form was propelled backward, hurtling through the air for an astounding 200 to 300 meters before finally coming to a halt. The battleground fell into an eerie silence. Unfortunately, all onlookers were either dead or trapped in the original time flow otherwise they would be left in awe of Wyatt's unexpected might.

"How... how do you possess the ability to tap into the secondary time flow?" The mohawk devil inquired, its voice tinged with bewilderment. The shock it experienced transcended the realm of words, leaving the devil utterly confounded by Wyatt's unforeseen prowess.

"Hello, Belphegor. It's a pleasure to meet you as well," Wyatt replied with a composed tone. Simultaneously, he underwent a remarkable transformation, his stature expanding to an impressive 9 feet, now matching Belphegor's height. Wyatt flexed his muscles deliberately, gauging the newfound strength surging within him.

"How is this possible? When we last met, your strength was no more than that of a demon soldier. It hasn't even been a day since then, how can you possess the strength of a demigod? What sorcery are you using?" Belphegor exclaimed, his disbelief evident in his voice. He couldn't fathom how Wyatt, who exuded the aura of a card master, now showcased a might surpassing that of a typical demigod. His vast knowledge of myriad realms proved inadequate in comprehending the abrupt surge in Wyatt's power.

The time zones in the card world and the dark realm diverged significantly. The span of a single day in the dark realm equated to ten days in the Card World. When Wyatt initially summoned Belphegor on 5th April, only 8 days had elapsed since that event. From Belphegor's perspective, it had scarcely been a day since he lost the wager to Wyatt. Thus, the shame of that defeat lingered in his mind as if it had transpired just today. Therefore, the magnitude of shock from witnessing Wyatt's astounding growth in strength overwhelmed Belphegor. He struggled to comprehend what was right before him, as it felt surreal and beyond the bounds of reality.

"Let's set aside talk about me for now. When we last met, you were no more significant than an earthworm, and now you've transformed into an overgrown pig. When will you reveal your true form, my friend?" Wyatt conveyed these words not to taunt or shame Belphegor, but to convey that he understood this current shape was not the devil's genuine embodiment.

"...", Belphegor fell into a momentary silence, attentively listening to Wyatt's words. The truth was undeniable: his current form was not his genuine self. But this fact remained a well-guarded secret, known only to a select few beings scattered across the myriad realms. Even within the devil merchant code, the vast majority of devils and demons believed his present embodiment to be his true nature. Hence, the devil found himself taken aback.

The fact that Wyatt had discerned his true name during their initial encounter left him astounded. Now, in their second meeting, Wyatt had immediately uncovered the veil of his incarnation. It led Belphegor to ponder just how much Wyatt knew about him and the extent of his knowledge.

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

Chapter 1531 Attending Early Admission Interview

[1,010 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:52

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital, Prestige Four Seasons, Exlor Hall

As Wyatt's primary body confronted Belphagor, one of his mutated souls embarked on another mission. It entered the pebble containing a pseudo calamity soul gem, located closest to the Prestige Four Seasons. With its newfound orders, the pseudo calamity soul gem shed its pebble encasement and underwent a remarkable transformation, crafting a new body in the likeness of Wyatt. This entire process was directed under the commands of Wyatt.

Having acquired a corporeal form, the mutated soul rushed towards the Prestige Four Seasons at an astonishing pace, knowing it was already seven minutes late for its Morningstar University early admission interview. Hopefully, the interviewers had not left yet and would be kind enough to overlook its tardiness.

Upon reaching the Prestige Four Seasons, Wyatt's mutated soul faced a slight delay in locating the Exlor Hall, but eventually, it found the designated venue. However, to its dismay, the hall was deserted, devoid of the expected interviewers. It seemed they had already left.

Nevertheless, Wyatt's determined mutated soul refused to give up. Undeterred, it resolved to search the interviewers' hotel rooms, determined to present its case and plead for a second chance. Leaving no stone unturned, it vowed not to leave until it had the opportunity to make its appeal and secure that coveted second chance.

Based on the meticulous information gathered by Wyatt regarding the early admission interview and the interviewers, it was evident that Prof. Sansa Orian held the reins of this critical process. She occupied the penthouse at the Prestige Four Seasons during this time.

Determined to make a compelling appeal for a second chance, Wyatt's mutated soul resolved to head directly to the penthouse. There, it intended to beseech Prof. Sansa Orian, expressing genuine eagerness to secure a spot at Morningstar University. This was not just a whim; Wyatt's mutated soul felt that if it earnestly plead his case with an

unwavering determination to Prof. Sansa Orian and showed her how much he yearned for this opportunity. Then she might give him a second chance at the interview.

Upon arriving at the penthouse, Wyatt's mutated soul discovered that it was not deserted as expected. Brimming with excitement, it boldly stepped inside, only to be greeted by an unexpected presence – an elderly man, Prof Hadley. This same individual had been instrumental in aiding Wyatt with valuable information for Morningstar University's early admission interview. However, to the mutated soul's bewilderment, Prof Sansa Orain was conspicuously absent from the penthouse. She was nowhere to be found, leaving an unsettling air of mystery behind her sudden disappearance.

"Fuck," Wyatt's mutated soul cursed, realizing that Sansa might have utilized a time card to avoid being ensnared in the original time flow. Observing her allies succumb effortlessly to the devil's onslaught, she probably made the calculated decision to flee the city before the devil wreaked havoc on it.

...

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:52I think you should take a look at

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital, outskirts

"Your Highness, I have found the central government's hideout," an ethereal apparition of a female humanoid head materialized before Sansa, its presence emanating an air of reverence. Then the voice of the flower thief sounded from within it reporting his discovery of the central government's clandestine hideout, situated on the outskirts of the Southern Capital.

"Finally, is there anyone left inside?" Sansa reproached the Flower Thief for the prolonged delay in discovering the hideout and inquired whether he had thoroughly investigated it.

"As anticipated, your highness, we found only a single individual inside. It is the semi-demigod who was leading the central government teams. However, she appears to be emotionally unstable, possibly due to the failure of her mission and the loss of all her comrades at the hands of the devil," conveyed the Flower Thief, politely sharing the results of his investigation into the central government's hideout with Sansa.

"That's good. Lead the way," Sansa commanded with a tone that unmistakably conveyed her disappointment in the Flower Thief's performance that day. Nevertheless, she acquiesced and followed him to the hideout, resolute in her mission.

Despite the help of the time hack card to access the secondary time flow cast by the devil, the empty beast remained reluctant to emerge in the Southern Capital, irrespective of the time flow. Its terror of the World's will surpassed the Flower Thief's ability to control it. Maybe the empty beast was just looking out for its ignorant master.

Following the lead of Flower Thief, Sansa ventured into the heart of the central government's hideout. There, she discovered Arnas, kneeling on the floor in a state of utter powerlessness, her gaze fixed into the void, as though life's purpose had deserted her. Arnas appeared indifferent to the presence of unauthorized intruders in the hideout, not even bothering to turn and see who it was. She continued to lament her miserable fate, feeling trapped without the freedom to end her own life.

"Arnas John, anyone catching sight of you might think that you died with your eyes wide open," Sansa remarked as she positioned herself in front of Arnas, locking eyes with hers.

"Just kill me. There's nothing you can get from me," Arnas declared, her words did not stem from defiance but rather from a sense of desperation. Her demeanor seemed to implore Sansa to put an end to her suffering by killing her. Even the Flower Thief, witnessing her condition, couldn't help but feel compassion for her plight.

"I come not as an executioner but as a bearer of gifts," Sansa declared, her voice resonating clearly, leaving Arnas bewildered and perplexed.

"What if I said there was a way for you to get a new start, would you be willing to embrace it?" Sansa inquired, gazing into Arnas's lifeless eyes, hoping to catch a glimmer of hope within them. Then she went on to add, "Though it will not erase your past it will definitely not let it catch up to you."

"I know you will take it since it is way better than other options at your disposal."

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

Chapter 1532 Unknown Greater Power

[1,601 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:52

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

"Belphagor, are you going to remain rooted there, or will you come over and give your buddy a tight hug?" Wyatt playfully taunted, observing the Belphagor's deep contemplation.

"Hey, kiddo, your soul energy signature is muddled with curse energy. What did you risk this time to amp up your strength?" Belphagor inquired, skepticism written all over his face. He couldn't fathom how the boy, who eight days gambled his soul to borrow power to take down a semi-demigod and save his sweetheart, could now possess abilities surpassing even regular demigods.

Belphagor refrained from hastily ending Wyatt's life and claiming his soul for a specific reason. After experiencing defeat in Wyatt's hands, he developed a newfound respect for the young man. Hence, he approached the situation with caution, unwilling to be careless against an adversary he now recognized as formidable.

Belphagor wasn't convinced that Wyatt would sacrifice himself solely because a devil offered to spare others in exchange for his life. He saw Wyatt as someone far more cunning and strategic, possessing a game plan that needed thorough comprehension. He understood that Wyatt's intelligence surpassed the notion of making such a rash and selfless decision.

This was why Belphagor did not immediately take action instead took his time to gather his thoughts and understand what Wyatt was up to. He refused to rush headlong into action instead he sought to discern the intricate web of intentions woven by the young enigma before him and learn where and what Wyatt's true purpose was.

"Even if you are my buddy, I'm afraid that's classified information," Wyatt retorted calmly, his attention momentarily diverted towards monitoring the progress of his mutated soul, which had set out on a mission to put an end to Matron once and for all.

"Your soul belongs to me. I will not allow you to willfully damage it or wager it with someone else," The Belphagor declared his claim over Wyatt's soul confidently implying that he had harvested Wyatt's soul.

"Sure buddy, then why don't you come get it," Wyatt retorted playfully, beckoning Belphagor with a confident gesture of his finger.

In the face of Wyatt's taunting gesture, Belphagor's composure wavered his initial intent to withhold vengeance temporarily giving way to an overwhelming surge of fury. Succumbing to his emotions, he abandoned caution and lunged ferociously at the boy, driven by the determination to deliver a swift and decisive blow to his head, seeking to end Wyatt's life in an instant.

Like a blazing comet streaking through the heavens, Belphegor's unparalleled speed was a sight to behold. In the blink of an eye, he closed the gap between him and Wyatt, summoning the primal force of his physical body into his fist. With unrestrained power, he unleashed a devastating punch aimed at Wyatt's face, the sheer intensity of his strike would blow up his head like an exploding watermelon which would shatter into countless fragments.

As the tempestuous fist hurtled towards him, Wyatt's demeanor remained unwavering, his steady gaze fixated on the oncoming threat. Yet, instead of flinching or evading, a mesmerizing spectacle unfolded before their eyes. A human hand materialized in front of Wyatt, seemingly borne of perfect muscles, intercepting Belphegor's mighty punch with astonishing ease. The humanoid arm's appearance was similar to Wyatt's arm filled with incredible strength, halting Belphegor's advance in its tracks and rendering him momentarily motionless. A profound sense of wonder and uncertainty filled the air, as the clash of two forces painted an otherworldly illusion between the boy and the devil.

Wyatt's remarkable feat of catching Belphegor's punch effortlessly left the devil utterly astonished. With a newfound sense of vigilance, Belphegor hastily withdrew his hand and quickly retreated with his eyes fixed on Wyatt with a complex fusion of fear and bewilderment written across his face.

Belphegor felt as such because Wyatt's floating humanoid arm stopped his punch with more than just strength. To be accurate there was no force behind Wyatt's floating when it caught his punch puzzled Belphegor deeply. His fist felt a suction force, previously unknown to him, lay within the floating arm. Like a voracious vortex, it had absorbed the entire kinetic energy behind his punch, halting his attack without a struggle. I think you should take a look at

In the wake of this revelation, a newfound caution for Wyatt's unyielding prowess swept over Belphegor, prompting him to proceed more carefully, as Wyatt appeared to have gotten his hands on quite a troublesome ability that was too strong to overcome with mere physical strength.

"Is that the best you can muster? You colossal swine!" Wyatt's triumphant shout pierced the air as yet another of his floating fists materialized alongside Belphegor. Swift as lightning, it delivered a resounding blow to the devil's face before he could react. The force of the punch sent Belphegor hurtling through the air, propelled an astonishing distance of 200 to 250 meters before he finally came to a jarring halt.

The impact of the punch was nothing short of cataclysmic. The devil's once fearsome visage was distorted, his two formidable tusks broken and rendered in a state of disarray. The sight of his shattered facade stood as a testament to the overwhelming power concealed within the floating arms that Wyatt conjured, leaving the mighty Belphegor both humbled and astounded before his formidable adversary.

"..." Belphegor gasped, gazing upon his shattered tusks with wide-eyed astonishment. His eyes then shifted towards Wyatt, who stood motionless as if rooted to the ground since the onset of the tumultuous battle, utterly bewildered. The unfathomable question lingered in his mind: How could Wyatt's mere conjured fist hold such unimaginable physical might?

With a mischievous glint in his eyes, Wyatt playfully goaded Belphegor, "Hey buddy, let's remove the safety gloves and get serious, shall we? Don't say I didn't warn you when I claim your life before you unleash your full might!"

His voice brimmed with confidence, a daring challenge flung into the air like a gauntlet. Wyatt had paid a lot to gain the power that lay within him waiting to be unleashed. The time had come for him to display the depths of what he was capable of to the world.

As the words hung in the air, the battlefield seemed to hold its breath, anticipating the impending clash of wills. Belphegor's demeanor shifted, recognizing the subtle transformation in Wyatt's aura. It was no longer that of a mere demigod but something else more profound.

Fueled by Wyatt's provocative remarks, Belphegor refused to indulge in verbal jousting. With a flourish, he unleashed his twin chain whips, their metallic serpents dancing in the air. But that wasn't all he had in store. Channeling his mastery of time rule, he concocted a mesmerizing spectacle, creating a tertiary time flow overlapping the existing secondary and original time flows.

This newly crafted time flow was longer than the other two time flows, exclusively for the deadly dance of his whips to traverse, seeking out Wyatt as their prime target. It was a breathtaking display of skill and rule power, showcasing the awe of Belphegor's unparalleled prowess.

Wyatt's soul pupil beheld the twin chain whips hurtling towards him, guided by the enigmatic tertiary time flow. As the whips drew nearer, his vision split, revealing a breathtaking spectacle of two overlapping realities. One reality showcased the paused secondary time flow, while the other unveiled the moving tertiary time flow.

Such an otherworldly display failed to perplex Wyatt, for he was no stranger to this wondrous phenomenon. Many a time, he had witnessed the intertwining time flows whenever the malevolent Belphegor unleashed his chain whips upon the demigods.

After much contemplation and profound introspection, Wyatt had grasped a crucial realization: his body and soul possessed the remarkable ability to acclimate to different time flows, but this adaptability was contingent on the time flow directly influencing him. The devil's cunningly crafted tertiary time flow, a product of its time rule mastery, currently exerted its influence solely over his vision, allowing only his soul pupils to embrace its essence and perceive its manifestations. However, the rest of his physical form remained firmly entrenched in the familiar grip of the secondary time flow.

As a result of this dichotomy, he found himself in a perplexing state—a keen observer of the impending chain assault, yet incapacitated to evade it due to the temporal incongruity between his perception and his body's response. Within Wyatt, a potent struggle unfolded—an inner conflict between his perception of time rule and the constraints of his physical body.

Having discerned the flaw in his enigmatic immunity to the time rule, Wyatt had devised a method to surmount it. This involved him using the physical one with the world state to form a harmonious connection with the world around him. In this state, he aimed to assimilate as much of his surroundings as possible, making them a part of his physical body. When the devil's chain whip entered this vicinity, it would influence the interconnected surroundings that had become a part of him, triggering his mysterious immunity to time. This, in turn, would enable him to access the tertiary time flow brought about by the devil. Once Wyatt's body could harness this tertiary time flow, he would adeptly evade its effects.

Wyatt's keen deduction proved accurate, for the moment the infamous Belphagor's chain whips slithered into his surrounding, he felt the tertiary time flow the chain whips had used to travel faster than the secondary time flow. Embracing the mystical tertiary time flow, he deftly sidestepped the vicious whips, mere hairs' breadth away, much to Belphagor's astonishment and bewilderment. This sudden twist had left even the devil himself shell-shocked.

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

- Chapter 1533 Misplaced Confidence

Chapter 1533 Misplaced Confidence

[1,109 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:52

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

Belphagor's jaw dropped, unable to hide his astonishment. Witnessing Wyatt expertly maneuvering his time-rule-empowered chain whips was nothing short of awe-inspiring. The very feat of dodging those whips, infused with the enigmatic power of time rule itself, surpassed all expectations. Even the four mighty demigods, who had sacrificially

merged their divinity to ascend closer to transcendence, found themselves only barely capable of evading the relentless onslaught of those time-rule-infused chain whips.

As Wyatt showcased the same extraordinary accomplishment, it became evident that he now embodied a strength that rivaled the collective might of the four divinities. His newfound prowess hinted at a power greater than that of an elite demigod let alone a regular one, making him a formidable force that could stand toe-to-toe with the power closer to transcendence.

This was no ordinary power wielded by a mere above-average demigod; instead, it emanated from one who had sensed the transcendence. The sheer magnitude of this newfound strength forced Belphegor to regard the strength displayed by Wyatt with utmost seriousness. It was evident that Wyatt had tapped into a realm beyond the conventional, harnessing forces that few could comprehend. The very thought of getting an easy win over Wyatt now seemed folly, as the gap between their abilities had drastically decreased. In the face of such unparalleled might, even Belphegor, a seasoned figure of power, could not help but acknowledge Wyatt's current strength, regardless of its temporary nature.

"Kid, it appears you've struck a deal with a formidable patron this time. Who is it? Is it Baal? That insufferable bastard has been plotting against me for ages. It should be him," Belphegor's disbelief grew as he was sure that Wyatt's newfound power truly belonged to him or that one of his devilish adversaries had intervened to aid him out of spite.

In the realm of uncertainty, suspicion danced with curiosity, leaving Belphegor to ponder the true origin of Wyatt's might. The sinister undercurrents of past grudges only served to fuel his doubts, wondering if an old nemesis had covertly lent their strength to the young demigod, aiming to settle the score through Wyatt's newfound power.

In disbelief, Belphegor wrestled with two undeniable reasons that made him doubt Wyatt's newfound might. Firstly, a mere eight days ago, Wyatt had been lingering within the humble ranks of the demon soldier realm, a stark contrast to the overwhelming strength he now wielded. The rapid ascent from insignificance to greatness was a riddle yet to be unraveled.

Secondly, and more perplexing still, was the peculiar amalgamation of curse energy interwoven within Wyatt's soul energy signature. Such an eerie blend of energies suggested that Wyatt had ventured down a treacherous path and struck a sinister deal with an enigmatic patron. The veil of mystery surrounding his newfound strength was thick, making Belphegor keenly aware that Wyatt could not have borrowed his newfound strength without paying any cost or making any sacrifice. I think you should take a look at

"Why concern yourself with the origins of my newfound strength? It can be a new patron or something else, who cares? Instead, let our fists do the talking and see whose power reigns supreme," Wyatt retorted playfully, he was wise enough to keep Belphegor in the

dark about the source of his power. After all, some secrets were best kept shrouded in mystery, especially from your enemies and right in the middle of a decisive life-and-death battle.

"Listen up, you dumb fuck! Your soul belongs to me, and I won't stand for you bartering away my possessions. Confess that you haven't struck a deal with another devil to gain your newfound strength," Belphegor roared as his frustration boiled over. The notion of Wyatt striking such a dangerous bargain with another devil did not sit well with him, and he was determined to get to the bottom of it.

Belphegor's problem was not with Wyatt's search for a new devil or whatever as a patron to draw strength from. What truly concerned him, however, was the nature of the pact Wyatt struck with this new patron in exchange for that strength. If another devil already held a claim on Wyatt's soul, even if Belphegor killed him, he would be unable to harvest his soul, for it would journey to the realm of the devil with rightful ownership.

This would imply that the mighty demon Belphegor would essentially be offering Wyatt's soul to another devil on a silver platter. This notion unsettled Belphegor greatly because killing Wyatt, extracting his soul, and subjecting it to eternal torment were essential to erasing his tarnished pride. That's why he genuinely cared about the source of Wyatt's strength, who provided it, and what price was to be paid.

"That's it your's up," With a scowl etched across his face, Wyatt did not like being cussed at by the likes of Belphegor. In a burst of fury, he let out a fierce battle cry and charged at the demon with all the strength he could muster, his fists clenched and ready for the clash that was about to unfold.

As Wyatt's charging form came hurtling towards him, Belphegor simply scoffed, his malevolent grin widening as he mockingly chanted, "Temporal Quick Sand." The very fabric of time seemed to respond to his wicked incantation, weaving a treacherous trap to ensnare his impulsive adversary. Nearing Belphegor the ground beneath Wyatt's feet rippled and shifted like a devious mirage, threatening to halt the flow of time itself.

As Wyatt unwittingly stepped into the treacherous embrace of Belphegor's temporal quicksand, the demon's confidence soared, and a wicked grin spread across his face. With calculated precision, he unleashed his twin chain whips imbued with time rule power, hurtling them toward Wyatt with the assurance of a master strategist. This very move had proven its might in the past, effectively slowing down and killing four formidable demigods who had dared to share their divinities to gain power almost near the realm of the transcendent. Belphegor relished the memory of that triumphant moment as he now sought to ensnare Wyatt in the same inescapable grasp.

Fate had a cruel twist in store for Belphegor, for it wasn't Wyatt who stumbled into the temporal quicksand but the demon himself who, in his arrogance, wielded this skill against one immune to the time rule. With a swift and unexpected maneuver, Wyatt dodged the incoming chain whips effortlessly without being slowed by the temporal

quicksand covering the vicinity, leaving Belphegor dumbfounded and vulnerable. In an instant, the tables turned, and a punishing fist met the devil's face, delivering a satisfying blow as retribution for his misplaced confidence.

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Chapter 1534 Infernal Temporal Stride

[1,080 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:52

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

The moment Wyatt's powerful fist connected with Belphegor's astonished face, the devil was propelled rearward. Yet, he swiftly reclaimed control over his body compelling it to an abrupt halt, and stood suspended in mid-air.

Noticing that Wyatt's punch didn't pack the same punch as before, Belphegor stared at Wyatt with a blend of surprise and puzzlement. He was surprised because Wyatt seemed unfazed while moving through the tricky temporal quicksand, and he was puzzled because he was certain Wyatt had put all his strength into the punch, yet it didn't measure up to the earlier blow that had broken his tusks.

However, Belphegor didn't dwell further on the fact that Wyatt's punch wasn't potent as earlier, as his focus was entirely consumed by the realization that his two prominent time-rule-based attacks, which had successfully taken down around 8 demigods before, were now proving ineffective against Wyatt.

Belphegor had a sense that his time rule mastery wasn't merely falling short against Wyatt; it was like they held no sway over him. This feeling intensified when he witnessed Wyatt effortlessly walking through his temporal quicksand skill.

The only individuals Belphegor recognized as capable of such feats were major players within the Dark realm and adherents of the Devil Merchant Code. Thus, he couldn't help but speculate whether one of those figures was the patrons whose power Wyatt was currently harnessing. If this turned out to be true, Belphegor knew it was going to be a struggle for him to cleanse the stain off of his pride.

If those entities were ready to grant Wyatt such a significant portion of their power, it implied that what Wyatt had offered them in exchange for borrowing that power held immense value. Belphegor sincerely wished that Wyatt's soul wasn't included in the deal. If it turned out otherwise, his quest for revenge would remain unfinished, even if he was the one responsible for Wyatt's miserable end.

"Listen closely, you arrogant bastard. I have decided. Regardless of whom you have sold your soul to once I'm done killing you, I am willing to sacrifice a piece of my own existence just to seal your soul right back into your lifeless body just so that I can subject you to all the torment that the myriad realms have to offer," Worried by the secret behind how and what Wyatt had exchanged for his current might, Belphegor resolutely chose to sacrifice a fraction of his own life intending to seal Wyatt's soul in a way that prevented it from fulfilling whatever pact Wyatt had struck to obtain his present power.

"You pig bastard, have as many wet dreams in that pork brain of yours as you want but. Ugh!" Wyatt said in disgust and his eyes conveyed the same to the Belphegor.

"You despicable swine, indulge in your perverse fantasies within that pork brain of yours all you desire but keep me out of them. Ugh!" Wyatt spat out in revulsion as he gazed at Belphegor in disgust.

Wyatt's disgust-filled gaze provoked Belphegor into a thunderous roar as he invoked one of his abilities, bellowing its name, "Infernal Temporal Stride!" In the blink of an eye, Belphegor disappeared from his initial spot, his figure was nowhere to be seen.

As Belphegor triggered yet another of his time-infused skills, Wyatt remained composed, suspended in mid-air, unwaveringly anticipating Belphegor's move. In a matter of seconds, six floating humanoid arms materialized behind Wyatt, seamlessly joining together to form a protective barrier. This arms shield materialized just in time to intercept Belphegor's surprise punch, which had seemingly materialized out of thin air behind him.

What was more noticeable was the fact that, upon his reappearance, Belphegor's stature had expanded drastically, stretching from a previous 9 feet to an imposing 21 feet. Notably, even the hourglass relic fastened to his back, and the golden chain adorning him had enlarged proportionally to accommodate Belphegor's new stature.

Once more, Belphegor stood in sheer bewilderment as he witnessed Wyatt successfully intercepting his punch. Yet, what truly unsettled him was the inexplicable suction force that seized his fist upon contact with Wyatt's floating arms, which had joined together to form a protective barrier on Wyatt's back. Upon the impact of his fist with Wyatt's arms Belphegor felt as though these arms had drained every ounce of power from his blow, causing it to come to an abrupt halt.

Belphegor had noticed this previously when he had attacked Wyatt but was easily blocked and countered by him. In the heat of the movement and clouded his rage Belphegor had neglected it but seeing the same repeat itself, he made note of it feeling that Wyatt was using a troublesome ability.

"Your ability to halt this time-rule-based attack indicates it's not Baal bestowing you with his might. Yet, the enigmatic pull in your grasp bears a semblance to Beelzebub's power. Did you strike a deal with that insatiable wretch and offer up your soul to him?" Believing that Wyatt had harnessed power from one of his adversaries, Belphegor resolved to employ tactics he had used against them in his confrontation with Wyatt. Observing the failure of the Infernal Temporal Stride against Wyatt, he crossed Baal off the list of potential devils aiding Wyatt.

"Is that pathetic display supposed to be an attack? Your mind must be truly stuffed with pork, you wretched pig!" Wyatt's voice thundered. Simultaneously, one of his suspended fists materialized above Belphegor's head, delivering a powerful blow that sent him hurtling down, crashing into the ground below.

Belphegor's employment of the Infernal Temporal Stride skill resembled his utilization of the Chian whips. Instead of channeling power into the chain whips, he was infusing his physical body with the time rule power. However, upon entering the tertiary time flow, Belphegor refrained from immediately launching an assault on Wyatt. Instead, he maneuvered around Wyatt in a circular manner for a full minute, which was equal to a second in secondary time flow, before striking him from behind. Wyatt found himself pondering the reason behind Belphegor's choice to adopt this approach rather than directly engaging him.

Based on Belphegor's words, it seemed that he had effectively deployed a comparable maneuver against a Devil named Baal. The success could have stemmed from Baal's utilization of a specific artifact, relic, or tactic to counter Belphegor's time rule mastery. Otherwise, Wyatt could think of a possibility where such an attack could prove effective against an adept in the time rule.

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Chapter 1535 The Flaw

[1,044 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:52

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

Lying sprawled on the ground, Belphegor pondered why he hadn't been able to defend against Wyatt's punch aimed at his head. Based on the force behind the two previous punches from Wyatt, Belphegor believed he had measured Wyatt's overall strength. Consequently, he decided to enlarge his physical body, hoping to overpower Wyatt with the increased might that came with it. Surprisingly, not only did Wyatt successfully fend off Belphegor's attack, but he also managed to swiftly floor him with a single punch.

Belphegor had endured three punches from Wyatt by now, carefully examining each blow. He came to the realization that Wyatt's skill in neutralizing the impact of incoming punches was far more problematic than he had initially believed. It wasn't merely a matter of Wyatt absorbing the force of his opponents' strikes; he was also capable of storing that energy as his own. This meant that Wyatt's subsequent attacks packed added damage, combining both his own strength and that of his adversary.

Belphegor had finally comprehended the reason behind the varying strengths of Wyatt's punches. The initial strike held not just Wyatt's own power, but also harnessed the force of his opponent. Similarly, the astonishing might of the third punch arose from the amalgamation of both Wyatt's and his enemy's might. However, this was not the case with the second punch, leading to its notably diminished strength in comparison to the first and third punches.

After deciphering Wyatt's ability to absorb force, Belphegor's investigation wasn't complete. He faced another challenge, one more vexing than Wyatt's force-absorption prowess. This power rendered Belphegor's mastery over time rules and time-based skills almost ineffective against Wyatt. When he employed his infernal temporal stride skill, hoping to discern if Wyatt utilized an item similar to the one Devil Baal had, which countered his time rule. Yet, he found this wasn't the case. Nevertheless, in this process, Belphegor uncovered a peculiar trait about Wyatt: it seemed that Wyatt couldn't access the tertiary time flow unless Belphegor drew closer to him.

While operating within the tertiary time flow, Belphegor spent a minute circling around Wyatt. During this minute he observed and discerned that Wyatt remained confined within the secondary time flow. However, when Belphegor advanced to launch an attack, he witnessed Wyatt swiftly accessing the tertiary time flow. This occurrence held significant significance, inviting deeper contemplation.

"Hey, kid, did you comprehend the time rule?" Belphegor inquired skeptically, although he was well aware that Wyatt hadn't really grasped it. If Wyatt had indeed understood it, the hourglass relic fastened to his back would incessantly push him to offer up Wyatt as a sacrifice to it. Belphegor posed this question as a test, curious to witness Wyatt's response. Sometimes, a person's reaction could reveal a great deal about them, particularly when caught off guard.

"Belphegor, when are you gonna stop tiptoeing around? You won't snag my soul like this. Quit overwhelming your tiny brain with overthinking. Let your fists do the talking," Wyatt exclaimed, genuinely surprised by Belphegor's cautious approach.

It was unexpected to witness Belphegor, a powerful devil who held command over the time rule, exhibiting such restraint. Not only was he cautious, but he also displayed remarkable patience. Belphegor was comfortable biding his time before taking action and rarely allowed his anger to take the reins. It was no wonder he managed to deceive the Central government, passing off a fake name as his real one.

Nevertheless, owing to his inherent cautious disposition, Belphegor had abandoned his former recklessness in the wake of witnessing Wyatt's formidable prowess. Every action he took now appeared to be a careful assessment of Wyatt's power and limits. It seemed Belphegor was unwilling to unleash his full might unless he was confident he would win or there were no conspiracies at play. This shift in his approach led Wyatt to rue showing off his newfound strength.

Belphegor lacked a binding summon contract that would prevent him from departing the card world; he could simply retreat to the dark realm if something were to spook him. As a result, even though Wyatt was confident that his current strength could triumph over Belphegor, he refrained from initiating the confrontation. Instead, he waited for Belphegor to overconfidently instigate the fight. However, given Belphegor's cautious demeanor, it appeared that such a scenario wouldn't unfold anytime soon.

"Hahaha, looks like you've made quite the gain with that demon merchant token I provided," Belphegor chuckled. He believed that Wyatt had utilized the devil merchant code to acquire knowledge about him and his adversaries to establish connections with them to assist him in killing Belphegor. This could clarify why Wyatt promptly recognized that his present body was not his original, but an incarnation. Furthermore, it might explain Wyatt's ability to access the secondary time flow Belphegor had created, without needing to trigger time-based cards like the demigods had to or comprehend the time rule.

"Your demon merchant token? I earned it fairly—" Wyatt's words were cut short as Belphegor swiftly took action. Without a sound, Belphegor triggered the infernal temporal stride, stepping into the tertiary time flow, while confining Wyatt to the secondary time flow. With a single fluid motion, Belphegor hoisted himself up from the ground. As he soared through the air, he underwent a remarkable transformation, expanding his stature from 21 feet to an imposing 110 feet. His massive palms then came together, sandwiching Wyatt between them at an insane speed.

Wyatt's attentive gaze swiftly captured Belphegor's initiation of a time-rule-infused assault. The instant Belphegor's palms entered the vicinity that had become part of Wyatt when he entered one with world state physically, his own body gained the ability to tap into the tertiary time flow. Acting without delay, Wyatt extended his mysterious

force-absorbing prowess to the surrounding environment that was now part of him, enveloping himself in a foreboding, shadowy diamond-like barrier.

Belphegor's colossal hands abruptly halted upon encountering the protective barrier encompassing Wyatt, their momentum absorbed by it. He suddenly acted hoping that with incredible speed he could exploit the flaw he noticed while Wyatt accessed the tertiary time flow, that he could only access it when he was close to him. However, his attempt was in vain as Wyatt reacted faster than his attack.

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Chapter 1536 Time Annihilation Hybrid Rune, Temporal Annihilation Fist

[1,021 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:52

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

Belphegor was not wrong to think that he could use his incredible speed to take advantage of the fact that Wyatt could only enter the tertiary time flow when he was close to him as he had no idea that Wyatt's eyes could see into the tertiary time flow which allowed him to react at an insane rate.

"Curse Energy," the towering Belphegor, standing at a height of 110 feet, gazed at the protective barrier shaped like a black diamond that enveloped Wyatt. He muttered to himself, realizing that Wyatt's technique of absorbing forces was connected to a curse. This curse-based ability was distinct from the skills employed by Beezlabub. Nevertheless, the overwhelming intensity of the curse energy brought to mind a specific devil, although this devil was a loner by nature and unlikely to share her power with anyone.

As Belphegor pondered the curse energy that Wyatt was manifesting, he witnessed an astonishing transformation. Wyatt's stature expanded significantly, evolving from a mere 9 feet to an imposing 110 feet same height as Belphegor. Now standing at this towering height, Wyatt launched an assault on Belphegor. With a mighty fist, he delivered a forceful blow, channeling not only his own strength but also the energy he had absorbed from Belphegor's previous attack.

Observing the situation unfold, Belphegor swiftly employed the infernal temporal stride ability. However, his intention was not to directly counter Wyatt's impending strike but rather to evade it. Recognizing that Wyatt's forthcoming fist blow would harness the energy accumulated from his earlier assault, Belphegor promptly initiated a retreat through the tertiary time flow. Wyatt, witnessing Belphegor's retreat, momentarily halted his attack. Not wanting to waste the force he had accumulated from Belphegor's attack.

"Why the sudden hesitation, Belphegor? Has your confidence wavered? Where's all that boldness you displayed when you were boasting about reaping my soul?" Wyatt taunted the devil, mocking his decision to withdraw instead of engaging in combat.

"Boy, don't be full of yourself. If you are that confident about yourself try not to dodge my next attack," Belphegor retorted. With a fluid motion, he wielded his chain whips, allowing them to spin through the air before coiling around his hands like a pair of chain gauntlets. Employing the Infernal temporal stride once again, he charged toward Wyatt while uttering an incantation, "Temporal Annihilation Fist."

Using his soul pupils, Wyatt observed Belphegor's rapid approach and readied himself mentally to respond to the impending strike. The moment Belphegor closed in on him, Wyatt swiftly accessed the tertiary time flow, infusing his fist with the energy he had earlier absorbed from Belphegor's attack. In an instant, their fists collided with each other, resulting in a powerful clash.

The energies propelling the two fists interchanged, propelling Belphegor backward once more due to the power behind Wyatt's punch. Surprisingly, Belphegor didn't appear disheartened by this outcome; instead, a smirk adorned his face. His amusement grew as he observed Wyatt's form gradually dissipating into the air, carried away by the wind. Evidently, his Temporal Annihilation Fist possessed an enigmatic effect to it, which was now gradually eroding Wyatt's existence. Looking down at his diminishing body, Wyatt let out a confused and frustrated exclamation, "What in the world?"

After carefully dissecting the mysterious curse-infused ability that Wyatt employed to neutralize the impact of Belphegor's strikes, Belphegor deduced that Wyatt's technique primarily absorbed physical force and was ineffective against spiritual energy. With this understanding, Belphegor altered his approach. Instead of relying solely on his physical might, he harnessed the potency of his hybrid rune, Time Annihilation – a profoundly destructive ability in his arsenal. This calculated shift in a strategy aimed to exploit Wyatt's skill condition that it can only absorb physical power, enhancing Belphegor's chances of success of defeating Wyatt.

While Belphegor exhibited traits of caution and cowardice, uncommon for a devil of his formidable might, his approach was characterized by meticulous planning and careful calculation. He left no margin for mistakes. Belphegor reserved his decisive actions for moments when victory was virtually guaranteed. Only when he was absolutely certain of success would he willingly embrace the prospect of going all in against an adversary and only if the situation demand it. The results of his cautious and well-calculated

actions stood plainly before him: the formerly proud and confident Wyatt who did not spare a chance to taunt him stood there suspended in mid-air as his 110ft body dissipated with the wind.

"Hahaha," Belphegor erupted into laughter as he observed Wyatt's physical form gradually disintegrate and dissolve into the wind. It was as if his long-starved thirst for vengeance had finally been quenched, even if just a little. The taste of it only whets his appetite for more. The anticipation of harvesting Wyatt's soul and subjecting it to a myriad of excruciating torments filled him with grim satisfaction. He could hardly contain his eagerness to inflict every torment he could conceive upon Wyatt's captured soul.

"Boy, you said that only by killing you could I reap your soul. Behold, I have killed your physical body. What do you have to say now?" Belphegor's voice rang out, a blend of triumph and sadistic amusement. "Hahaha, I eagerly anticipate the anguished cries your very soul shall emit as I subject it to torments that your limited mind cannot even comprehend," he proclaimed, his laughter bordering on manic as he awaited that anticipated moment of desperation. Belphegor relished the idea of witnessing Wyatt's despair and savoring it.

Yet, as Wyatt's physical body was about to be disintegrated, the devil's expected expression of desperation did not appear on his face. It was as though Wyatt harbored no fear of his imminent death. This was a letdown for Belphegor, who exclaimed, "Why are you not pleading for life or shedding tears for your misguided choices to go against me? Cry, you freak! Cry! You're ruining this for me."

"Belphegor, I'll grant you this much – your assault did manage to catch me off guard. However, the same attack will not work on me twice," Wyatt retorted before his face began to disintegrate and his physical body was completely destroyed.

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Chapter 1537 Devoid Of Time

[1,023 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:52

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

"What is this guy blabbering about? Doesn't he realize it's all over for him? I won. His soul is mine to pick," Belphegor pondered, tuning in to Wyatt's last words before his body crumbled into dust. Then, he realized that Wyatt's Ego Gem and Grimoire were nowhere in sight. Weren't they supposed to fall after the card apprentice met their demise? When he had defeated the 18 demigods, their shattered Ego Gems and Diamond Grimoires had all fallen, and he had gathered and stored them in his personal space item.

Coming to this understanding, Belphegor anxiously scanned the battlefield repeatedly, relying on his spiritual senses, as he knew that after obliterating Wyatt's physical form, his soul ought to be within his Ego Gem. Despite his persistent and thorough search, he couldn't detect even a hint of its presence. Time was of the essence – if he intended to dedicate a portion of his own life to imprison Wyatt's soul within the Ego Gem, a move that would render any pacts Wyatt made with other infernal beings regarding his soul difficult to fulfill as he was employing forbidden arts to lock the soul away. So he had to locate it promptly.

A couple of seconds later, the phrases Wyatt uttered before his body crumbled into dust echoed within the devil's mind once more, and this time Belphegor grasped the intended meaning of those words. With this understanding dawning upon him, Belphegor clenched his teeth, his face contorting into a grotesque expression as he mumbled, "That bastard isn't dead." In no time, the anger that had seemed to simmer down burst forth like a volcanic eruption, and he bellowed, "Show yourself, you scoundrel! Have you had your fill of amusement at my expense? Reveal yourself, you miserable bastard!"

Belphegor's shout reverberated across the secondary time flow, yet there was no response. Nevertheless, he persisted in shouting like a crazed devil. The humiliation of being deceived brought back memories of his most disgraceful history – being defeated by a mere mortal. The amalgamation of past and present shame bore down on his pride, and this burden amplified his rage to an unprecedented level, overpowering his usual cautious and fearful demeanor.

Belphegor couldn't fathom how he had fallen for another trick, especially after swearing to never again underestimate his opponent. Yet, facing the might of the Temporal Annihilation Fist, nobody emerged unscathed from a direct blow. Thus, when Wyatt took that devastating attack head-on, Belphegor grew confident in his triumph and began his celebrations prematurely, unaware that the battle was far from over. That cursed Wyatt – he had become Belphegor's nemesis. This was the reason Belphegor exercised an abundance of caution when dealing with Wyatt. He recognized that Wyatt, despite his mortal origins, was not to be underestimated, especially due to his shrewd intellect.

"Reveal yourself, you sneaky bastard! If you don't, I'll begin attacking the folks in this city, starting with the girl you sought to protect when you borrowed my power," Belphegor shouted, pointing at Ann. His purpose was evident. If Wyatt persisted in toying with him and purposeful embarrassing him, Belphegor would shift his focus to individuals Wyatt held dear, coercing him to step out of hiding.

Novel Wyatt's decision to remain concealed within one of his pebble-encased pseudo calamity soul gems scattered throughout the city wasn't driven by a desire to further humiliate Belphegor, but rather, he aimed to decipher Belphegor's Temporal Annihilation Fist. This particular strike was a manifestation of an absolute void where there was no concept of time. His elder gigamite physique's defenses proved futile against its inexorable power. Once touched by this attack, one became a fragment of nothingness, with no means of evasion or defense available.

Following Wyatt's directives, the Hive AI diligently reviewed battle footage, aiming to deduce Belphegor's attack and formulate an effective defense. Wyatt recognized that until the Hive AI cracked this puzzle, he could feign his demise. Yet, the devil soon discerned this ruse and used Wyatt's companions as leverage to coerce his appearance before the Hive AI completed her analysis. Now, Wyatt had no choice but to show himself while thinking of a way to defeat Belphegor while evading the formidable Temporal Annihilation Fist.

"Hahaha, what happened you do not like a good game of hide and seek? Since you couldn't find me, does that mean I won?" Abruptly, a colossal human figure, standing at a towering 110 feet, materialized from the streets of the Southern Capital – Wyatt had revealed himself to Belphegor. His ongoing taunts were aimed at diverting Belphegor's attention to himself, ensuring it didn't shift toward his companions. However, Wyatt executed this plan with careful consideration, as he aimed to prevent Belphegor from becoming so exasperated that he would redirect his hostility toward those close to him stuck in the original time flow.

"Yes, indeed, and your prize is a Temporal Annihilation Fist," Belphegor affirmed.

As soon as Wyatt made his presence known, Belphegor wasted no time and lunged towards him, employing infernal temporal stride, his fury reaching its zenith. Having learned the overwhelming potency of Belphegor's fist, Wyatt deftly evaded the attack retreating out of Belphegor's melee range. Consequently, Belphegor's Temporal Annihilation Fist struck nothing but empty air, creating a fleeting void that sealed shut within a matter of seconds.

This time while evading the attack, Wyatt took meticulous care to observe Belphegor's Temporal Annihilation Fist, and in doing so, he stumbled upon a staggering revelation – Belphegor was inherently unable to control and harness the full might of the Temporal Annihilation Fist. Hence, Belphegor had ingeniously sheathed the ends of an unknown chain around his hands like protective gauntlets. These chain gauntlets effectively absorbed any uncontrolled energy emanating from the Temporal Annihilation Fist, preventing potential harm to his own hands whenever he wielded the devastating technique.

Wyatt also observed that each time Belphegor unleashed the Temporal Annihilation Fist, a substantial amount of sand from the lower portion of his hourglass relic

diminished significantly. Should Belphegor employ this technique a few more times, the lower chamber of the hourglass relic would be entirely drained of temporal sands.

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Chapter 1538 Original Time Flow Resumes

[1,008 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:52

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

After employing the temporal annihilation fist consecutively on two occasions, Belphegor quickly realized that this ability might be depleting a considerable amount of sand from the lower compartment of his hourglass relic faster than he had anticipated. As a result, he firmly resolved to employ this skill only when he was confident of striking Wyatt and also to manage the sands within his relic more efficiently.

"Erase secondary time flow," Belphegor chanted recalling his time ability. Since for some unknown reason time rule was basically useless against Wyatt, Belphegor felt there was no point in continuing to maintain the secondary time flow or using the time rule against him for that matter.

However, there was another significant motive behind his actions. He aimed to lure more demigods into recklessly confronting him or aiding Wyatt. This would allow him to offer them as sacrifices to the hourglass relic, thereby replenishing the sands in the lower section of the relic.

The moment Belphegor eliminated the secondary time flow, the original time flow, which happened to seem stuck, began to appear to move at a regular pace. The 250 turrets resumed their slaughter of the demon army, while the 75 demigods continued their pursuit of the five devils. Ann and Jill who were previously observing a group of unknown demigods gather around Wyatt, suddenly found that spot vacant. Further away, they witnessed a colossal devil and an immense Wyatt engaged in a standoff. Meanwhile, the unknown demigods that had gathered around Wyatt were missing, leaving Ann and Jill baffled by the altered scene. They exclaimed, "What just happened?"

"Holy shit, did you know Wyatt could turn into a giant?" Jill exclaimed in astonishment, watching as a towering 110-foot-tall Wyatt confronted the equally massive mohawked devil of the same height.

"He must possess a card for that ability, I suppose. His followers in Sky Blossom City can employ it too. Remember that viral video? A bunch of card apprentices from a high school gang wiped out nearly a hundred thousand members of a rival gang using a giant transformation card," Ann responded, her gaze fixed on the towering 110-foot-tall Wyatt. Unbeknownst to her, she was just a few inches away from a calamity a minute ago, but his timely intervention saved her.

παΠdasNovel "They were Wyatt's supporters, the post I saw didn't provide many details on them. Plus, I had no clue that Wyatt is leading a high school gang. It's quite unbelievable – he's so reliable at times that you almost forget he's just a teenager," Jill remarked at the risk of stating the obvious.

"Do you believe he can defeat the devil?" Ann inquired anxiously, a sense of helplessness washing over her. She had assumed she had all bases covered when Wyatt entrusted his security detail to her, yet it appeared her preparations had been insufficient. Once again, Wyatt had to step in to ensure his own survival. Ann disliked this sensation intensely. She hated the fact that Wyatt might have risked his soul to gain his current power.

With Anna away on her training retreat, Ann held onto the hope that she could forge a connection with Wyatt and maybe even convince him that they could date, alongside Anna, of course as she did not have a choice in this matter considering her relationship with Anna. Despite her best efforts, all her attempts in this direction faltered. Wyatt was steadfast in his refusal to entertain such thoughts, deeming them inappropriate due to his existing relationship with Anna. Though Ann commended Wyatt's loyalty she also hated it.

Regardless of the assertions from the Heatsend family, Ann deep down knew that she wasn't Anna's twin but rather her origin card. Now she chose to embrace her unique status and leverage it to her benefit. Ann believed that as long as Wyatt pursued her, Anna would find it challenging to reject him. Armed with this knowledge, Ann simplified her initial goal from aiming to make Wyatt fall for her to help him comprehend that being in a relationship with her wouldn't constitute a betrayal of Anna or any wrongdoing.

Since she was intricately linked to Anna, Ann reasoned that as Anna's lover, Wyatt had every entitlement to utilize her as he saw fit. She held onto the belief that over time, Wyatt would gradually develop feelings for her as well.

To make that happen, Ann's initial move involved aiding Wyatt in his endeavor to attend the early admission interview at Morningstar University and return safely. However, things took a turn for the worse, especially when the mohawk devil with time rule mastery appeared on the scene. Since that point, Ann had been striving to establish a

connection with Anna, aiming to merge with her and gain the empowerment of the array formation that enveloped the Southern Region aiming to teach the mohawk devil to be humble.

Despite her efforts, every attempt to connect with Anna proved futile. It was as though Anna existed in a separate dimension, eluding Ann's reach. She immediately concluded that their grandaunt had sealed Anna in one of her dimensions for Anna's training and considering her grandaunt's mastery over seals Ann understood she could not contact Anna regardless of the bond inseparable between them.

"Considering he's managed to withstand the devil's mastery of time rule mastery this far, he should indeed be capable of defeating the devil as he claimed. Think about it, when has he ever made a promise he couldn't fulfill? We just need to trust that he hasn't done something reckless to attain this strength," Jill reassured Ann, though these words also served as reassurance for herself.

Witnessing the change in the scene that they were keenly watching, Jill and Ann immediately understood that the mohawk devil might have made use of the time rule. And seeing how Wyatt was able to face off the mohawk devil despite its time rule mastery. Jill and Ann immediately concluded Wyatt had once again made a deal with the devil like the time he defeated Agent Louis.

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Chapter 1539 Ember Ignition Fist

[1,007 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:53

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

Wyatt wasn't taken aback upon witnessing Belphegor wipe out the secondary time flow, having used the temporal annihilation fist twice in a row. He would be surprised if Belphegor chose not to erase the secondary time flow and continue to squander the sands in the lower section of his hourglass relic.

But this move of Belhegor made Wyatt very cautious not because he believed Belhegor was up to something, it was because now he would be facing Belhegor's true strength.

For the demigods that attacked Belphegor, his time rule mastery was their undoing but for Wyatt, it was actually an advantage. Since for some unknown reason he was immune to time rule. So when Belphegor was using the time rule and his physical prowess to fight him, Wyatt easily breezed through it because of his mysterious immunity to the time rule and the SSS-rank movement seal blood curse that allowed him to absorb the force behind Belphegor's physical attacks.

However, now he will be facing Belphegor who will use his other rule powers, Wyatt almost died when Belphegor used Temporal Annihilation fist a technique derived from a hybrid time rune instead of using physical strength. Now just thinking of the various arsenal of rule powers that Belphegor could possibly use against him had Wyatt a little concerned. He was no longer calm as he was before instead he was more focused and sharp ready to take on whatever Belphegor throws at him.

"Interesting curse power you got there, I take it just like the time rule, physical attacks are also useless against you. Well, let me see if the Fire rule is also useless against you. Blaze Pelt & Ember Ignition Fist," with Belphegor's chant his brown-black fur caught on fire— no his fur had turned into a fur of flame. As he clenched his hands into fists an apparition of flame gloves appeared on his hands. The sight of a 110ft human-like boar wrapped in a fiery pelt was truly terrifying, resembling the embodiment of fire itself. It posed a menacing presence, capable of scorching anything that crossed its way.

It seemed like Belphegor intended to combine his fire rule with his physical strength in the upcoming decisive battle against Wyatt. While Wyatt's SSS-rank Movement Seal Blood Curse could absorb the impact from Belphegor's punches, it would leave him vulnerable to the fire-based damage, especially when factoring in the special and additional effects of the two fire rule abilities that Belphegor had just triggered.

"I don't know how you acquired your power, but let me make this clear – I'm taking your soul today, no matter what I have to sacrifice. Fire rune: Flickering Steps," Belphegor roared, and in an instant, his body flickered akin to a flame, vanishing and then reappearing right beside Wyatt.

The moment Belphegor laid eyes on Wyatt, it activated Wyatt's 'If you see me, I see you' ability. This enabled Wyatt to conjure eleven pairs of hands that swiftly united to thwart Belphegor's rapid flurry of punches, even in the face of his lightning-fast Flickering Steps.

The SSS-rank Movement Seal Blood Curse covering the eleven pairs of hands conjured by Wyatt had managed to absorb the impact of Belphegor's fist. However, it proved ineffective against his fire-rule-infused attack, which left ember-shaped marks on the hands. Wyatt was taken aback by the relatively mild damage caused by Belphegor's Ember Ignition fist. In truth, aside from the ember marks on all of his eleven pairs of floating hands, the attack hardly dealt any real harm.

Nevertheless, Wyatt remained vigilant. When he observed Belphegor hastily withdrawing with a mocking grin, he became wary recognizing that Belphegor's assault was far from over.

Pulling back to a secure distance with an ugly grin stretching across his face and a cunning glint in his eyes Belphegor looked at Wyatt and his eleven floating arms marked by the embers of his attack and shouted at the top of his lungs "Ig-nite!"

Yet, at the very moment Belphegor began to utter the syllable 'Ig,' he witnessed the floating arms vanish from Wyatt's side. As he completed the pronunciation with 'nite,' the eleven pairs of floating arms materialized next to him, seizing hold of his body, whose pelt was ablaze with fiery flames.

παΠdasNovel *Boom!*

The instant he finished uttering the word 'ignite,' the ember-shaped imprints on the eleven pairs of hands clutching Belphegor burst into a sequence of massive explosions. It became apparent that the Ember Ignition fist had transformed Wyatt's floating hands into fire-rule-infused bombs by marking them ember marks.

The thunderous roar of the explosion and the searing brilliance of its flash caught all the inhabitants of the Southern capital off guard, Wyatt included since he was only a few hundred feet away from the blast.

Observing Belphegor's retreat, Wyatt had sensed that the giant humanoid boar harbored a sinister intention. Determined to thwart its scheme, he intended to ensnare it with his floating arms before it could execute its plan fully. Little did he anticipate the devil employing such a cunning trick. Since Wyatt had focused on Belphegor's actions he momentarily overlook analyzing the ember marks using his soul pupils. Thankfully, things eventually fell into place in his favor.

Once the smoke from the explosion dissipated, Wyatt's gaze fell upon the charred body of Belphegor that stood in a wobbly manner. The once-flaming fur that adorned the devil was now reduced to ashes, exposing charred muscle tissue beneath. The devil's body bore multiple wounds, with blood trickling from various injuries, notably its eyes, ears, and nose. Struggling to maintain composure, Belphegor fought off the urge to vomit, though his efforts proved futile as he spewed forth blood, his weakened state made it challenging for him just to remain upright.

Despite his senses being clouded by the aftermath of the blast, Belphegor sensed an enormous presence rapidly closing in on him. Before he could react, a forceful blow struck his face. Familiar with the sensation from past encounters, Belphegor immediately guessed that it was Wyatt who had landed the punch.

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Chapter 1540 Worldhog, SSS-Rank Brittle Blood Curse, And SSS-Rank Cursed Blood Explosion

[1,019 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:54

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

Examining the charred body of the mohawk devil, Wyatt was taken aback to notice that the powerful explosion had failed to cause any damage to the unknown chain, and the hourglass relic fastened to his body. Moreover, the injuries on the devil's body near the mysterious chain seemed slightly less severe compared to the other wounds that adorned his form.

It was clear that the unknown chain securing the hourglass relic had attempted to absorb the explosion's impact, yet it could only successfully absorb a fraction of the blast directed at it. Without this intervention, Belphegor's predicament would have been considerably graver. The mere thought of the potential outcome, if he had borne the full brunt of the ember mark detonations, made Wyatt shake his head in dismay. It was evident that he was in over his head, facing opponents beyond his league.

Despite the unknown chain's help, the successive and destructive explosions had undeniably inflicted significant damage upon the devil's physique. Therefore planning to capitalize on Belphegor's disoriented condition, Wyatt made the calculated to end the devil's Worldhog incarnation here and now.

Worldhog was the species name of the creature that Belphegor had refined as his incarnation. Wyatt had read about it and seen its illustration in the Myriad Race Records. Worldhog Race was in lot way very similar to the Viltronian Race, but a lot stronger than them as they had capability to change their size with their will so they were also a lot dumber than them. Like the Victorians Worldhogs were also very violent species that preferred to use their brawns over brains.

Therefore, similar to the Viltronians, they were also labeled as a nearly extinct species. Although sporadic glimpses of the Worldhog species had been reported throughout the Myriad realms, the rarity of such sightings made it all the more astonishing and noteworthy to witness a member of this species ascend to the realm of devils. However, ultimately, this achievement led to the misfortune of being refined into Belphegor's incarnation.

If Wyatt hadn't employed the SSS-rank movement seal blood curse, Belphegor could have effortlessly controlled the decisive battle between them by relying solely on the raw power of his Worldhog form, as he had intended. However, this strategy shifted when Belphegor experienced a series of painful events that unveiled the curse energy's capacity for absorbing physical force and creating seals to use the absorbed force later.

While Belphegor remained disoriented from the series of explosions earlier, Wyatt swiftly lunged toward him, summoning all his energy and the power he had absorbed from the Ember Ignition fist earlier. As he closed in, Wyatt caught a whiff of the delectable barbecue aroma wafting from the scorched Worldhog, serving as a reminder that despite its might, the creature was essentially an oversized pig.

Ignoring the tempting aroma of the barbecue, Wyatt landed a solid punch on the devil's face. Then, covering his other hand with a potent SSS-rank Brittle blood curse, he drove his hand through the chest of the Worldhog, targeting one of its three hearts. After obliterating the heart, Wyatt intended to pull his arm back, but unexpectedly, the ends of the unknown chain swiftly coiled around his arm. Just as the barely conscious devil mumbled, "Got you."

"Careless," Wyatt exclaimed, realizing his arm was caught by Belphegor's unknown chain. Having witnessed its sinister power to drain life force, Wyatt made up his mind decisively and responded to the devil's move with a loud chant, "Not this time. Enjoy your trip to hell— wherever naughty devils go. SSS-rank Blood Curse: Cursed blood explosion."

Wyatt's loud chant reached Bephegor's ears, even in his confused state. This made the devil frown, as the chant unmistakably indicated that Wyatt intended to detonate his own body. The devil felt the urge to let go of Wyatt's body and distance itself rapidly. However, it paused, realizing that by doing so it would be playing right into Wyatt's hands.

Belphegor thought Wyatt was bluffing, hoping Belphegor would let go of his hand out of fear. Thus, Belphegor didn't loosen his hold on Wyatt's hand; he did the opposite. He tightened the chain around Wyatt's wrist and attempted to drain his vitality. He felt a sense of accomplishment for seeing through Wyatt's deception. It was satisfying to achieve a victory over Wyatt, having repeatedly fallen for his schemes and losing to him.

Nevertheless, while Belphegor was rejoicing, he noticed Wyatt's body suddenly become lifeless, as it had abruptly drifted into slumber. Before Belphegor could wrap his head around the confusion, Wyatt's body burst forth in a massive explosion.

Boom

The explosion thundered with a deafening roar, ripping through the air and sending shockwaves that reverberated across the landscape. Its brilliance was blinding, casting

a radiant cascade of light that painted the entire southern capital in a surreal, transient glow as if the very fabric of the city had momentarily transformed into a mesmerizing tapestry of brilliance.

In the midst of the explosion's unleashed chaos, a mere heartbeat seemed to stretch into eternity, causing even the demigods locked in fierce combat with the devils to momentarily halt their clashes. The ferocious exchange of blows came to an abrupt standstill as they collectively reeled from the cataclysmic force, a haunting echo of the explosion's destructive power sending an unsettling shiver down their spines.

"Wyatt!" Ann and Jill's voices melded in a frantic chorus, their cries slicing through the air like desperate pleas. Their eyes locked onto the spectacle of the explosion, but the ensuing surge of blinding radiance and the concussive force of the blast swiftly coerced them to shield their vulnerable eyes and avert their gazes. The sheer intensity of the detonation imposed a momentary darkness upon their vision, compelling them to turn away and seek refuge from the overwhelming maelstrom of light and energy.

The very site of the explosion now lay shrouded in a dense veil of dust and smoke, an opaque curtain that enshrouded the aftermath in an air of uncertainty. Amidst this swirling haze, the fate of the devil, Belphegor, who was at the center of the explosion remained a mystery.

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Chapter 1541 Dumb Teammates

[1,045 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:54

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

Belphegor's belief that Wyatt was merely bluffing with the threat to detonate himself in order to deceive him into releasing his grip was a clever and astute reaction. Who in their sane judgment would willingly trigger an explosion without putting up a fight or exerting maximum effort to change the situation when the opponent gains the advantage?

Therefore, it was unsurprising that Belphegor would persist steadfastly in his choice until the very end. However, Belphegor lacked a substantial understanding of Wyatt's abilities, which transformed his swift and prudent decision into a grave error.

After engaging in combat and thoroughly evaluating Wyatt within the secondary time flow, Belphegor held the belief that he had sufficiently measured Wyatt's skills and abilities, enabling him to initiate the conclusive confrontation. This conviction led him to boldly eliminate the secondary time flow and persist in pursuing Wyatt's soul within the original time flow, fully aware that allied demigods could potentially intervene to aid Wyatt.

Yet, Belphegor had greatly underestimated the many tricks Wyatt had up his sleeve. In the final reckoning, he faced devastating consequences for this miscalculation as the certainty of his life and death remained uncertain since the smoke and dust that enveloped the explosion's site made it difficult to determine if he had managed to survive the blast.

"Wyatt," Ann was on the verge of impulsively charging into the area where the explosion had occurred, shrouded in a dense haze of dust and smoke, in order to verify Wyatt's condition. She had seen his giant body burst apart as it took down the malevolent devil, yet her mind resisted accepting this reality. Her heart clung to the possibility that amidst that obscuring cloud of smoke and dust, Wyatt might be there, potentially requiring assistance.

"Where are you rushing off to, stupid girl?"

But then, a strong hand grabbed her shoulder from behind, preventing her from dashing toward the explosion area. Filled with anger, Ann swiftly spun around to find the hand's owner, only to discover that it was her beloved, the very person she was so eager to save. Without hesitation, she embraced him tightly, taking in his scent, without a shred of doubt about the person she embraced was her beloved and shame of her intimate actions.

"Wyatt, you're alive!" Jill cried out, attempting to embrace him, only for her ethereal form to pass through his physical body. Thus, she could only observe as Ann unabashedly held onto Wyatt, nuzzling against him and inhaling his masculine scent, all while shedding tears such that Wyatt would not heartlessly pull her off of him out of compassion. Witnessing Ann's audacious display, Jill couldn't help but feel a sense of embarrassment.

"I'm okay, you both should head back to the royal palace grounds," Wyatt instructed Ann and Jill. A sense of urgency could be heard in his voice. Listening to his words, Ann quickly looked up into his eyes and responded, "Absolutely, let us head back to the royal palace grounds."

"Not me, just you two," Wyatt clarified, sensing that Ann had misunderstood. But then he heard Ann firmly declare, "No, I won't go if you're not going."

"What's the use? Didn't you just kill the devil using your clone detonation technique?" Jill asked, clearly puzzled. The only real danger they faced was the devil with time rule mastery. If it was gone, why would Wyatt be apprehensive?

"If only it were that simple, but it's far from finished. Plus, I had to carefully manage the explosion to avoid endangering you both in the aftermath," Wyatt sighed, as he detailed to Jill and Ann how he had missed a prime chance to defeat Belphegor's Worldhog incarnation.

"You should've targeted its core instead of its heart," Ann pointed out causing Wyatt to frown but he then proceeded to explain his action to her even though he did not need to, "This devil's body is tricky. It actually has three cores, each one concealed within its three hearts."

Worldhogs possess three hearts, with each heart housing a demon core. This unique setup aids their natural skill to alter their body size. If you don't eliminate all three cores, there's a possibility of it surviving and regenerating its lost cores and body. Given that Wyatt was facing a devil realm Worldhog and an incarnation of Belphegor at that, it's reasonable to assume that this specific Worldhog possessed high-level body healing and core recovery capabilities. Furthermore, using his soul pupils Wyatt noticed a mass of versatile soul pathways growing at the explosion site, concealed within the shroud of smoke and dust.

"Wyatt, have you figured out why the devil was coming after you? Are you certain you can handle this, or should you just come back to the royal palace grounds with us?" Jill asked, expressing her worry. She felt that Wyatt might be shouldering more responsibility than was necessary for someone of his age and realm.

"It is the same devil I cheated into leading its powers to me to save Anna. It is back for revenge," Wyatt explained then hurried them to return to the royal palace grounds saying, "Enough chit-chat leave while the devil is still recovering and disoriented."

"No, I won't leave you alone out here. Head back to the royal palace grounds with us," Ann persisted, Ann continued to disagree with Wyatt and persuade him to return with them.

"Ann," Wyatt firmly gripped her shoulder, locking eyes with her as he spoke, "You're at risk out here. Please go back to the royal palace grounds as I cannot fight the devil while protecting you."

Fortunately, Belphegor didn't display any desire to take Ann as a hostage to manipulate Wyatt, although he did mention it briefly. Thus, Wyatt missed a valuable opportunity to strike while Belphegor was recuperating, as he was preoccupied trying to convince Ann

to go back to a secure spot. While Wyatt knew that Ann was Anna's origin card, he remained unaware of the consequences if something were to happen to her. Considering Anna's well-being, Wyatt had to prioritize ensuring Ann's safety over attacking vulnerable Belphegor, even if he found it frustrating. As he did not entertain naive thoughts that he could take out Belphegor without sacrifice. even if he was at his weakest since he stepped into the card world.

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Chapter 1542 SSS-Rank Curse: Cursed Blood Rejuvenation

[1,009 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:54

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

Sending the two girls off, Wyatt didn't immediately dash into the shroud of dust and smoke. After transferring his essence to a new calamity soul gem three times and rebuilding his body from scratch twice, Wyatt felt a bit tired. Nevertheless, by utilizing his physical connection to the world's condition, he drew energy from his surroundings to rejuvenate his strength and endurance. As a pair of elven arms and heads appeared behind him with his the taboo seal completely lifted.

Then his attention was drawn to the astonishing sight of the cloud of dust and smoke that appeared to be collapsing in on itself as if an unseen force from within was voraciously consuming it. The dust and smoke particles swirled and spiraled, converging towards the center of the cloud of dust and smoke, where a menacingly tall humanoid figure could be seen devouring them.

The humanoid figure was no other than Belphegor, a 110ft tall bipedal swine with human expressions and hands. Not only had he seemingly regenerated completely from the explosive impact, but a newfound vitality radiated from him, his previously shattered tusk now grew back. It was as if he had rejuvenated. His body exuded an aura of heightened energy, a sinister vibrancy that seemed to pulse with an unholy fervor.

The scene was surreal. The billowing shroud of smoke and dust that had enshrouded Belphegor now had gathered and swirled above him with his mouth at its eye. His

mouth produced an irresistible suction force to swallow all the swirling smoke and dust particles. It was a display of recovery and strength by the devil.

In the face of such a spectacle, Wyatt could only watch in a mixture of astonishment and dread, realizing that the devil before him had not just recovered, but had become something far more formidable than before.

"Ouch, that hurt." After gulping down the cloud of dust and smoke, the devil tensed its muscles and focused its gaze on Wyatt, who had once again grown to a towering 110 feet. It then began to mock him, jesting, "Well, well, look at you. I like your new look. With those floating heads and arms trailing behind you might just out-devil me in appearance."

"Don't flatter yourself Belphegor. You resemble a pig more than a devil," Wyatt retorted back at the devil in response to his taunt.

Soon harnessing every ounce of his strength, Wyatt propelled himself toward the devil with an explosive burst of energy. The sheer force of his acceleration sent shockwaves rippling through the air, rattling the very foundations of the nearby structures. The ground quivered beneath his power, and the surrounding buildings trembled as if in response to his mighty thrust. In the wake of his rapid movement, some unfortunate edifices couldn't withstand the overwhelming impact and succumbed, crumbling into debris.

Charging at the devil Wyatt keenly observed a change in the unknown chain that strapped the hourglass relic on its back. The chain had rearranged itself to strap the relic to its back in such a way that now it strategically covered the devil's body to shield its vital areas, like its three hearts.

Through his soul pupils, Wyatt also discerned a significant detail: one of the devil's hearts, previously shattered by the formidable SSS-rank Brittle Blood Curse he had unleashed as he pierced its heart with his hand, had regenerated. However, a marked difference was apparent—the central core within this reformed heart appeared diminished in size compared to its original state, as well as in comparison to the other two cores residing within the devil's other two hearts.

This revelation led him to a crucial realization: each time he shattered the devil's cores, they required more time to recover and regain their former strength. Then a notion crystallized in his mind—the more he destroyed these cores, the longer they would take to restore themselves and reach their peak potency.

This realization hinted at a potential strategy: a relentless assault on the cores could potentially lead to their permanent destruction before they could fully recover, effectively killing the devil. Alternatively, he could adhere to his initial plan of simultaneously obliterating all three cores at once.

"Fire rule: Blaze pelt, Wind rule: Swirling skin."

The devil's fur underwent a rapid and captivating change, shifting into a breathtaking torrent of fiery flame. Soon after, a soft breeze began to take shape, wrapping around the devil with a deliberate elegance. With a delicate caress, the wind traced its path over the flaming fur, creating an enchanting interplay of element rules. The tendrils of wind and fire blended together, creating a complex and intangible shield of swirling flames that enveloped the devil's entire body.

Then with incredible swiftness devil's right arm sliced through the air. In its wake, a colossal and razor-sharp arc of scorching flame materialized, its incandescent edges glowing with intense, searing heat. The arc stretched and curved bestowing destruction upon anything unfortunate enough to cross its path.

It was as though the devil's sheer physical prowess was infusing a newfound vigor into the very fabric of the wind rule. The enhanced wind rule, in turn, responded with a symbiotic harmony, channeling its own strengthened vitality to amplify the fire rule. The three energies seem to complement each other displaying the devil's extreme mastery and a fine understanding of its physical strength, wind rule, and fire rule.

Surprisingly, the crescent wind-flame rule blade did not extinguish but instead expanded in size as it forged ahead through the air, without encountering any resistance, consuming the surrounding wind in its relentless advance and expanding its terrifying aura of searing heat. With its years of experience, the devil had harnessed a fusion of destructive energy of fire rule power and the unstoppable momentum of wind rule power.

The wind and fire rules' ever-growing ginormous crescent arc's brilliant flames illuminated the entire southern capital and raised its temperature by several degrees. Faced with such an threatening attack Wyatt did not stop in his advance instead he increased his speed bellowing, "SSS-rank Curse: Cursed Blood Rejuvenation."

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Chapter 1543 Snuffing The Flames

[1,034 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:55

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

As soon as Wyatt activated the SSS-rank curse Cursed Blood Rejuvenation, Intense, scorching heat radiated from Wyatt's body, transforming his skin into a vivid red shade. His veins bulged and created raised, intricate designs on his flesh, resembling pulsating rivers on elevated pathways. This metamorphosis was also visible on the elven floating heads and elven pair of arms trailing behind him matching his incredible speed.

Upon transforming, Wyatt's velocity surged to unprecedented heights. The very air around him crackled and roared as a result of his sudden and explosive acceleration. Through the skies of the southern capital, he soared like a comet.

With a mind-boggling speed coupled with a nearly impervious body Wyatt sliced through the very fabric of the wind barrier, giving rise to a series of deafening thunderous sonic booms. He had overcome the force of nature defying the constraints of the mundane world, his passage left behind deafening sonic booms and explosive shockwaves that echoed through the air.

The reverberating sonic booms were of an ear-splitting magnitude, shattering every pane of glass in the vicinity, their explosive force resonating through the very bones of the surrounding buildings. The tangible shockwaves produced by them possessed an overwhelming might that wreaked havoc upon the feeble structures that stood in their path, reducing them to mere rubble and debris.

Fearlessly Wyatt advanced closer to the colossal, blazing blade that had manifested through the intricate fusion of the Wind and Fire rule. As he approached it he witnessed that the manifestation of the crescent wind and fire rule blade was a swarm of countless minuscule blades, each a manifestation of the intricate and fierce Wind and Fire rules.

As Wyatt was about to collide with the wind and fire blade, the scorching wave of intense heat radiated from his body clashed with the searing inferno emanating from the approaching blade as a result the air between the two ignited.

As Wyatt hurtled forward with unyielding momentum he collided with the colossal crescent blade of fire. At the instant of impact when the raw power of his body came in contact with formidable rule power a transformation began to unfurl—a mesmerizing ripple, akin to a stone cast into a placid pond, surged through the blade's fiery expanse.

This ripple was a result of Wyatt's indomitable physical power as he breached the infernal barrier of the huge crescent blade solely through the sheer physicality of his being. The blade, initially a boundless and ever-expanding force, now came to a halt in front of his unstoppable advance. The ripple that was the result of the devastating impact further evolved with collusion into a seismic shockwave that rippled outward from the point of contact.

This shockwave, an embodiment of Wyatt's insane speed supported by his supernatural physique, radiated a force that surpassed mere physicality. Its fore dominated the blade, quenching the volatile flames that had once seemed unstoppable. The unrestrained winds, which had fueled the blade's ferocity, now bowed before the sheer magnitude of the shockwave, their wild frenzy was silenced by the force.

The Fire rule shaping the once-mighty crescent blade was extinguished and the Wind rule that stroked fire rule had now halted and dispersed by the shockwave, just like snuffing out a candle's flickering flame with a bullet. At that moment, Wyatt had snuffed the raging boundless crescent blade created by the swift wave of Belphegor's hand with his swift movement.

Observing his attack being stopped, the formerly lighthearted look on Belphegor's face underwent a complete shift. The cheerful attitude that had been evident earlier gave way to a sense of aloofness, combined with a visible frown. Despite the uncertainties that had existed between them before, Belphegor had been confident that Wyatt was not impervious to Fire rule attacks, as he was to time and Physical attacks. Nevertheless, he had not anticipated Wyatt swiftly nullifying his Fire and Wind rule combined assault merely through extraordinary swiftness and power of his physical body.

Belphegor instinctively retreated a pace, his fingers curling into taut fists as he assumed a combat stance, extending his clenched hands before him. The eerie atmosphere enveloping him underwent an abrupt transformation, spiraling into turbulence before gradually subsiding, its tranquility solidifying into the resolute essence of a devastating fist. Then in a rapid succession of fluid motions, he unleashed a relentless barrage of punches into the air, each aimed with unwavering precision at Wyatt, who surged forward with unparalleled swiftness.

Belphegor's punch erupted a blazing fist in the air like a comet, its fiery essence ignited by the embodiment of the wind rule whose tempestuous force was harnessed by the speed of his fist's movement.

Previously, a mere flick of Belphegor's wrist had conjured forth a colossal crescent blade, its form expanding voraciously as it devoured the very air around it. Yet now, his focus intensified, his onslaught of precisely calculated punches painted the heavens with a grandeur beyond imagination. Immense fists wreathed in scorching flames materialized, their intricate contours and meticulous details surpassing the earlier crescent's elegance. A masterpiece of conjured might, they swelled in magnitude as they advanced toward Wyatt, a testament to Belphegor's refined control and unyielding over his fist arts.

As Wyatt charged he was met with a congregation of colossal fiery fists, akin to miniature suns, radiating a searing heat and light that painted the surroundings with an ethereal luminosity. The once-shaded corners of the southern capital were banished into brilliance, the blinding radiance of these celestial fists casting away the veil of

darkness. Amidst this otherworldly display, Wyatt's determined advance came to an abrupt pause feeling the sheer power and intensity that lay before him.

Wyatt's body seamlessly transitioned into a poised combat stance, his every movement a testament to the harmonious union of his physical form and the world around him. With a graceful fluidity, he lifted his leg, an action that seemed to unravel like a coiled whip. Yet, the boundaries between his body and the environment blurred, intertwining seamlessly to form an extension of his limb. The world itself molded into a continuation of his leg's trajectory, crafting an optical illusion of a sinuous and elongated whip, streamlined and poised for action.

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Chapter 1544 Display Of Physical Might

[988 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:55

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

As the colossal fiery fists surged relentlessly towards him, Wyatt's resolve remained unshaken. His focus intensified a storm of determination brewing within his gaze. With a fluid yet deliberate motion, he summoned his leg into action, lifting it with a grace that belied its imminent power. At that moment, his leg transformed into a celestial whip, an embodiment of the world's energy bursting with untamed force.

The whip-like appendage whirled through the air with an almost ethereal elegance, each movement resonating with the movement illustrated by a whip. It collided with the oncoming tide of enormous blazing fists, an exquisite combination of fire and power.

Wyatt's kick materialized into a devastating Whip, an embodiment of controlled might that reverberated through the very fabric of the wind. With a calculated ferocity, his leg became an instrument that broke through the wind barrier like a whip with a torrent of energy that cut through the onslaught of blazing fists. Similar to a celestial scythe through a field of fire.

As the fiery fists converged upon him, Wyatt's kick carved a path of sublime destruction. Then, in a breathtaking moment, his kick surged forward, a blinding streak of power and

precision. The kick's lash met the fiery barrage head-on. The collision of raw elemental rule power and physical force sent shockwaves rippling through the very essence upon impact.

The impact was nothing short of cataclysmic. A blinding light and formidable heat erupted in a dazzling display, the fiery fists quivering and recoiling before the irresistible force of Wyatt's kick's lash. The once-menacing assault was fragmented and dispersed, each fiery fist dissolving into fragments of ember that scattered like stardust on a wind's breeze.

As Wyatt's prowess unfolded before the devil's eyes, a profound astonishment gripped the very core of its being. Belphegor's once-confident face now contorted into a grotesque mask of disbelief as hideous emotions etched upon its features. His perception of reality seemed to shift as it beheld the seemingly effortless dissolution of its fiery fist arts with just physical strength, a spectacle that defied the boundaries of the known and challenged the very fabric of its understanding.

From the depths of its being emerged a laughter that held an eerie resonance, a cacophony that clawed its way through the city's air. Each chilling note echoed like a sinister refrain, an array of madness that painted the surroundings with a terrifying aura. "Good! Good!" it intoned, a mantra of approval laced with an unsettling undercurrent. The Bephegor's voice was both haunting and resonant as it reverberated through the city's streets, as a result of Wyatt's prowess that had left it questioning its previous perceptions.

"What power is that? How is it able to allow you to display such prowess despite the constrictions of your mortal realm? Whose power are you borrowing? Who is it?" Belphegor's thunderous roar echoed through the cavernous arena, a visceral expression of his bewilderment and frustration. His eyes, normally ablaze with arrogance and power, now widened in disbelief as he beheld the astonishing spectacle that had unfolded before him. Wyatt, seemingly an ordinary card master, was able to overcome one of his mightiest attacks, a combination of two rules and physical power complimenting each other.

Belphegor stood there, his brow furrowed in deep contemplation, his eyes fixed upon Wyatt with a mixture of awe and puzzlement. It was a sight to behold, the raw and unfathomable power that seemed to radiate from Wyatt's very being. Belphegor's mind raced, trying to unravel the mystery behind Wyatt's power. It was not something a mortal could wield.

In the wake of Belphegor's probing question, a profound shift seemed to ripple through the very fabric of the atmosphere. Wyatt's stance suddenly changed as he concentrated all his full power into his body. The air around him, once so tranquil and serene, became a cauldron of chaos. It quivered and danced in the wake of his burgeoning might as if struggling to contain the sheer force that radiated from his very being.

Wyatt's muscles tensed, his sinews standing out like cords of tightly wound steel beneath his skin. A crescendo of energy built within him, spiraling upward in a crescendo of power that defied mortal comprehension. It was as if the boundaries between his physical form and the boundless energies of the world had blurred, allowing him to harness forces that lay beyond the grasp of ordinary mortals.

And then, with a breathtaking culmination of focus and determination, Wyatt unleashed the full brunt of his gathered might. The very air seemed to tremble and bow before him, swept into a maelstrom of turbulence as the sheer force of his aura surged outward. A shockwave of energy rippled through the surroundings, a visual manifestation of his extraordinary power.

It was a display of raw and unparalleled force, a display that left an indelible mark on his surroundings. Belphegor, despite his own infernal origins, couldn't help but feel a sense of awe mingled with trepidation as he bore witness to this spectacle of potency. Wyatt's response was a resounding testament to the mysteries that lay beneath the surface of existence, a reminder that the universe was far more vast and intricate than even the most knowledgeable beings could comprehend.

"As I mentioned earlier, Belphegor, why do you concern yourself with the source of my power? Let's settle this immediately," Wyatt stated, showcasing his newfound strength from activating the SSS-rank curse: Cursed Blood Rejuvenation.

Upon hearing Wyatt's words, Belphegor erupted into raucous, uncontrollable laughter. However, he suddenly stopped and fixed Wyatt with a chilling stare, remarking, "You appear quite sure of your abilities and confident that you can defeat me."

"We'll find out if I can beat you if you stop talking and continue with the battle," Wyatt retorted. Then he charged at Belphegor with insane speed, aiming to force him into close combat in order to minimize the impact of his wide-ranging, powerful area attacks.

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Chapter 1545 Twelve Blood Curse Incarnation Body

[1,522 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:55

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

Wyatt charged at Belphegor with all his strength, aiming to give this battle a swift ending. Only he knew that his newfound power though formidable came with limitations. His strength wasn't boundless, and there existed a threshold to how long his soul could bear this enhanced might. This was particularly crucial as his soul's active control percentage was that of a card master. He needed to defeat Belphegor before his mutated soul was no longer able to withstand the boost he summoned by letting it possess twelve SSS-rank Blood Curses.

Wyatt had devised the "Twelve Blood Curse Incarnation body" technique to achieve strength surpassing that of typical demigods, even though he held the power of a mere card master.

As the technique's name implies, Wyatt's body becomes a vessel for twelve distinct blood curses, allowing him to harness the blood curse incarnation skill of the blood curse meaning of the blood rule. This transformation effectively morphs his body into an embodiment of twelve unique curses, granting him access to their respective strengths and abilities.

In his pursuit of surpassing the power of an ordinary card demigod as a mere card master, Wyatt had to carefully choose twelve distinct SSS-rank blood curses that would grant him the strength he desired.

Nevertheless, the Blood Curse Incarnation prowess came with its own set of boundaries and disadvantages. Wyatt needed to carefully select a curse that matched his realm and strength; otherwise, instead of becoming a Curse Incarnation, he might find himself falling victim to the very curse he attempted to wield. Hence, as a practitioner of such a perilous skill, understanding one's own limitations was paramount to effectively harnessing its potential. Failing to do so would simply amount to courting disaster.

Typically, an average card master practicing the Curse Incarnation skill could manage just one A-rank Curse. Some adept card masters might stretch their abilities to handle two or three A-rank Curses concurrently, or even dabble with an S-rank Curse for a brief duration. However, this advanced application comes at the cost of taxing their physical body and soul.

Still, Wyatt, a card master honing the Curse Incarnation skill, defied convention by not grappling with two or three curses but an astounding twelve, all at once. The astonishing part was that each of these dozen curses Wyatt employed in his curse incarnation technique was of the lofty legendary grade and SSS rank—each potent enough to potentially kill a run-of-the-mill demigod. And yet, an ordinary mortal like Wyatt dared to allow his very body to host a dozen of these formidable curses. If this wasn't a recklessness bordering on a desire for death, then what else could it be?

Unlike the dire aftermath that often accompanied the misuse of Curse Incarnation, Wyatt, who had boldly ventured beyond the limits of his realm, embracing twelve SSS-rank curses, defied expectations. Not only did he survive, but he thrived possessing the might surpassing even that of an ordinary demigod. Despite having activated the blood curse incarnation skill for a considerable time, both his physical body and soul remained remarkably unscathed. This enduring endurance confounded even the likes of the malevolent Belphegor, raising questions about how a mere mortal could harbor such formidable might for an extended duration.

First and foremost, Wyatt stood above all the usual Card masters. His soul had a unique mutation, carrying a remarkable twelve separate consciousnesses. Thanks to his Gigamite, each of these eleven mutated consciousnesses could manifest as tangible entities, coexisting harmoniously with his original consciousness. This intricate arrangement granted him the exceptional ability to accommodate a grand total of twelve distinct curses simultaneously while using the Blood Curse Incarnation technique without triggering an adverse effect on his soul or body.

Yet, the challenge extended beyond Wyatt's utilization of a dozen distinct curses in unison—each curse itself was of the formidable SSS rank. How could the body and soul of an ordinary card master withstand the ominous might of an SSS rank curse? The reason for this was the Blood Curse Immunity that Wyatt had gained having achieved ultimate mastery in Blood Curse meaning of the blood rule. And also thanks to the Heatsend Royal family's heirloom the SSS-rank Item 'Dummy Ring.'

Blood curse immunity possessed significant potency, contingent upon the active soul control percentage of the user and their mastery over the blood curse meaning. Given Wyatt's remarkably mutated soul's strength and unparalleled mastery over the blood curse meaning of the blood rule, his Blood curse immunity proved effective against even the most formidable SSS-rank blood curses. To bolster his defenses, Wyatt wisely compensated for his inherent limitations by utilizing the invaluable treasured heirloom of the Heatsend Royal family SSS-rank item 'Dummy Ring'. This remarkable ring bestowed absolute defense against all SSS-rank curses, serving as a prudent precautionary measure.

Despite Wyatt's utilization of various abilities and precautions to accommodate twelve SSS-rank blood curses concurrently while using the blood curse incarnation skill, these efforts fail to explain the remarkable resilience exhibited by his physical body and soul in containing such potent power over an extended duration.

Irrespective of Wyatt's physique, traits, and origin card, the undeniable truth persisted: his soul and body belonged to a Card Master, yet they successfully contained the formidable might capable of vanquishing divine entities like card demigods, and this endurance persisted for a considerable duration. All credit for this accomplishment was owed to Wyatt's ingenious modification of the Blood Curse incarnation skill.

This modification of the blood curse incarnation skill not only rendered him a more optimal vessel for these potent curses but also bestowed upon him the remarkable ability to tap into their formidable power and capabilities. What set his modification apart was its profound effect on the physical and spiritual aspects of the user— it allowed him to maintain this connection with curses for an extended period without subjecting his body and soul to the usual draining and enervating toll. This harmonious integration of curse and self was the characteristic of the new modification Wyatt came up with for the Blood Curse incarnation skill.

Wyatt had made use of his Myriad devil transformation skill to devise a method that facilitated a seamless coexistence between the curse and the physical body when employing the blood curse incarnation technique allowing a significant reduction in the burdensome effects experienced by the user, concurrently extending the duration of the skill's application.

Through the Myriad Devil transformation, Wyatt gained the remarkable ability to reshape his physical form into any desired configuration, as long as he possessed a sample of the core soul pathway of the subject. This skill was harnessed by Wyatt to transmute his body into a manifestation of the curse itself. This strategic employment of his transformation skill synergized with his role as a host for these curses and his utilization of the blood curse incarnation technique, resulting in a notably enhanced efficiency in accommodating and embodying the curses within his being.

To achieve this feat, Wyatt had meticulously laid the groundwork. Initially, he undertook the task of handpicking twelve distinct SSS-rank blood curses, each possessing the potential and versatility to combat both demigods and devils. Subsequently, he entrusted his mutant soul clones with the responsibility of individually hosting these curses and employing the blood incarnation curse technique under the protection of the dummy ring.

Following that, Wyatt proceeded to gather the core soul pathways from the resultant individual Curse incarnations of the twelve carefully selected SSS-rank curses. This strategic move enabled him to utilize these core soul pathways as a means to transform his own body into the incarnations of these twelve SSS-rank curses, bypassing the need to directly host the curses or employ the blood curse incarnation skill.

Nonetheless, there existed a limit to the Myriad Devil transformation skill's capabilities. While it enabled Wyatt to accurately morph into a curse incarnation, it didn't confer upon him the might of an SSS-rank curse. Yet, this outcome aligned with Wyatt's calculations, as his objective was never to circumvent the Blood Curse Incarnation skill. He recognized that genuine strength and abilities of SSS-rank curses could only be attained through direct hosting them in his body.

While Wyatt did not acquire the formidable prowess inherent to an SSS-rank curse upon assuming the form of their Curse Incarnations through the Myriad Devil Transformation, he had managed to gain a body that could host these curses most efficiently. His

transformation body proved exceptionally suitable for hosting these potent SSS-rank curses allowing him to inherit their might and abilities effectively utilizing the Blood Curse incarnation skill.

By employing this approach, Wyatt transformed his original body along with his eleven additional mutant soul clone bodies into the curse incarnations corresponding to the twelve chosen SSS-rank curses. Subsequently, he harnessed the gigamite physique to consolidate all twelve curse incarnations within a single body, all under the control of his original consciousness.

In a testament to his ingenuity, Wyatt harnessed the Myriad Devil transformation skill to its utmost potential, effectively refining the Blood Curse Incarnation technique. The outcome of his efforts was so immense and astonishing that it had the power to reshape even the perspective of Belphegor, the devil, altering his entire worldview.

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Chapter 1546 Decisive Battle Unfolds

[1,008 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:55

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

Witnessing fast-approaching Wyatt, Belphegor swiftly retreated while throwing a maelstrom of fire and wind rule fusion attacks aimed at Wyatt, intentionally widening the distance between himself and Wyatt before the imminent confrontation. Since Wyatt was impervious to any form of physical assault, Belphegor knew better than to engage in close combat with Wyatt and attempt any form of physical attack that would be utterly futile and ultimately ineffective.

Wyatt's lips curled into a contemptuous sneer, his eyes narrowing as he observed the retreat of Belphegor. The battlefield was ablaze with the fury of Fire rule and the tumultuous force of Wind rule, a chaotic dance of elemental rule power that underscored Belphegor's hasty retreat.

A surge of energy ignited within Wyatt's eyes, illuminating them with an intense and radiant glow that seemed to pierce through the very secrets of reality. In that instant, the

floating heads and arms that trailed behind him disappeared in the air, only to rematerialize with uncanny swiftness right behind the retreating Belphegor.

Each of the eleven pairs of arms exuded an aura of an ominous malevolent curse as they were enhanced with the very essence of the SSS-rank Cursed Blood Rejuvenation and adorned with the SSS-rank Brittle Blood Curse. These curses were renowned for their cataclysmic potency.

Right now all twenty-two hands resembled sharp stakes covered in dark blood. Then under the perceptive gaze of eleven floating heads, the twenty-two stakes swiftly bore down upon Belphegor in an awe-inspiring display of supernatural precision, aiming for twenty-two distinct vital points across the devil's body except for the ones that were protected by the unknown chain wrapped around its body strapping the hourglass relic. Each stake found its mark with chilling accuracy and swiftness, puncturing through Belphegor's protective layer of wind and fire rule, then the flesh of his physical body.

As Wyatt's floating hands shattered the protective barrier of swirling wind rule power and scorching fire rule power that shielded Belphegor, they effortlessly pierced through the flesh of his devil physique. In response Belphegor immediately let out a thunderous roar of fury that reverberated through the air, masking his cry of pain.

The once-defensive chainmail of Wind and Fire rule that enveloped Belphegor's entire body suddenly underwent a transformative metamorphosis with his angry roar culminating in the birth of a relentless firestorm with Belphegor as its eye. This fiery vortex possessed an insatiable hunger, voraciously consuming the eleven floating heads and twenty-two hands that dared to pierce his corporal shell, reducing them to smoldering remnants before they could even graze the surface of his bones.

Before long, the twenty-two holes on Belphegor's body healed quickly enough to be witnessed by the naked eyes. The infernal tempest enshrouding Belphegor's body did not show any signs of waning after incinerating Wyatt's floating appendages. Instead, it intensified and helped him propel with an enhanced speed as he continued his rapid retreat. Making use of this blazing maelstrom, Belphegor unleashed a barrage of crescent-shaped blades wrought from the fusion of fire and wind rule aimed at Wyatt trying to hinder his advance.

With an almost preternatural speed, Wyatt seamlessly pierced through the oncoming crescent-shaped blades unscathed. The shockwave from their confrontation snuffed the fiery and windy amalgamations that once sliced through the air with their deadly dance. Unfazed, he pressed forward, his speed was a testament to the enhancement of SSS-rank Cursed Blood Rejuvenation. As he advanced, his eleven sets of floating appendages conjured behind him anew and trailed in his wake.

While his eleven sets of floating appendages were incinerated by Belphegor's raging firestorm Wyatt's body managed to not get incinerated by the same fiery amalgamation as he fearlessly thrust himself through the swirling onslaught of fiery crescent blades

during his unyielding progression because of his wind barrier shattering speed. Similar to how a swift paper can slice through a candle flame without getting burned but when the same paper held stationary succumbs to the fiery candle flame.

Just as the swiftness of the paper allowed it to pass through the flames untouched in its trail, Wyatt's incredible speed allowed him to remain unscathed despite facing the firestorm's crescent blades head-on.

Belphegor skillfully retreated to a distance, creating a perfect gap between himself and the approaching Wyatt. This strategic maneuver ensured that he remained beyond the reach of Wyatt's melee attacks while maintaining his advantage by keeping Wyatt within the reach of his ranged attacks.

Gaining the optimal distance from his enemy, Belphegor stopped his retreat just as the fierce firestorm began to wane, returning to its previous form the protective chainmail that replaced his fur. Seizing the moment without any further delay, he launched his formidable power attack, aiming to strike before Wyatt could narrow the space separating them bellowing, "Fire Rule Domain, Wind Rule Domain, and Earth Rule Domain."

In a mere heartbeat, the air surrounding Belphegor's imminent vicinity underwent a profound transformation. It bore witness to a convergence of three distinct rule domains, intricately layered atop one another. As these three rule domains intertwined, a palpable weight settled upon the very fabric of the atmosphere, casting an aura of gravity and significance over the impending events.

A mesmerizing inferno ignited upon the streets, and the very foundations of the buildings underwent a spectacular metamorphosis, transforming into rivers of molten lava. With a captivating and almost hypnotic grace, this sea of liquid fire spread throughout the urban landscape, its relentless advance swallowing everything unfortunate enough to float upon its scorching surface. The once-familiar surroundings now bore the mark of an eruption, painting a scene of both awe and trepidation.

The once serene sky underwent a dramatic transformation, as brooding clouds gathered and loomed overhead. Their ominous presence cast a shadow over the landscape, heralding an impending tempest of unparalleled intensity and brewing a storm with unrivaled ferocity and unrelenting force. Its howling winds, sharp as the keenest blade, seemed to slice through anything that stood in its way—chopping the tall infrastructures into thousands of tiny pieces, feeding the erupting lava underneath.

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Chapter 1547 Three Rule Domains

[996 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:56

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

Wyatt's relentless advance showed no signs of halting, undeterred even as the devil himself abruptly ceased his movement and initiated a remarkable display of power by summoning forth three distinct rule domains each layer intricately interwoven with the others. This complex fusion was a testament to Belphegor's mastery over all three rules.

Yet, this was far from dissuading Wyatt, this existence-threatening manifestation did not deter his advance in any way. His gaze remained resolute and unyielding, fixed upon his adversary. A palpable tension hung in the air as he continued to advance into the depths of the three domains, with an air of solemnity and focused intent.

Observing Wyatt's audacious charge into the depth of his rule domains, a sinister grin slowly crept across Belphegor's face. The grotesque curvature of his lips revealed a chilling revelation—that Wyatt's seemingly reckless advance was within its calculations. In fact, he was counting on it as it was an integral piece of his plan.

Within the depths of his malevolent smile lay the undeniable evidence of Belphegor's machinations. His eyes had a chilling shine highlighting the depths of his cunning mind. As the pieces of his plan fell into place, Belphegor's grin deepened, casting an eerie glow upon his features.

With a resounding cry of "Grief Tripodia," Belphegor assumed a poised position that embodied both grace and raw power. His body initiated a fluid sway, while his hands and feet weaved with an enigmatic rhythm, charming all onlookers. As his movements unfolded, the very air around him responded, causing the razor-sharp wind rule to ripple in tandem with his actions. Meanwhile, the molten lava beneath him appeared to echo his motion, creating an entrancing spectacle of synchronized dance between the devil and three different rules.

As Wyatt ventured further into the heart of the three domains, reaching a point where retreating would prove challenging, a transformation came over Belphegor. His eyes, once intense, now blazed with anger that set off deafening thunderous claps and searing bolts of lightning in the dark clouds above.

It was as though the three elemental rules of the three domains responded to Belphegor's overwhelming emotions, which found their expression through the fluid movements of his body. It was as if the fundamental rules of each domain were stirred by his intense feelings, causing a symphony of disastrous reactions within them.

Belphegor expertly lifted his right arm, swiftly bringing it down in a precise motion, while simultaneously elevating his left arm with a grasping gesture before forcefully driving it downward. Soon after, a piercing gust of wind swirling around Wyatt's advancing body coalesced directly above him, then ruthlessly descended, striking him from the heavens. Simultaneously, a towering column of molten lava erupted from beneath, engulfing him before receding to the ground with him in it.

Watching Wyatt become consumed by the lava, Belphegor's body weaved as he swiftly his hands from beneath and clapped them together, mimicking the motion of waves slamming on the ground. Similarly, the molten lava that surrounded the area transformed into undulating waves, crashing with relentless force upon the very spot where Wyatt had been engulfed. This fierce surge of lava surged forth, driving him even deeper into its searing embrace, effectively burying him further beneath its fiery torrent.

Following the intense and climactic events, Belphegor's chest heaved with a mixture of emotions. With a palpable sense of relief washing over him, he exhaled slowly, the breath escaping his lips a visible plume of icy mist. As a result, the area around Wyatt, which had been covered in lava, went through a change. The temperature in the area began to decrease until the hot molten lava slowly cooled and turned into solid stone.

Then, Belphegor's hands came alive in a flurry of rapid and precise motions, mirroring the graceful arcs and slashes of a skilled swordsman. Following his moments the sharp wind rule in the area where molten lava was frozen solid began to become sharper, faster, and wilder as it began to descend on the lava stone slicing and dicing it into tiny pieces. The sound of the wind cutting through rocks resounded in the air.

Belphegor's expression remained intense and would not relax until he sees the remains of Wyatt's body along with his grimoire and ego gem. Keeping one eye on the wind chopping the frozen lava and the other on his surrounding, Belphegor did not dare to let his guard down.

As the gusting wind sliced through the final remnants of frozen lava Belphegor's face contorted in a mix of shock and disbelief. His search amidst the rubble yielded no trace of Wyatt's body, ego gem, or grimoire. Soon a sense of urgency settled over him like a heavy cloud. Determinedly, he started to carefully examine his surroundings, scouring every nook and cranny for even the faintest hint of Wyatt's presence.

In the vast expanse of the three rule domains, Belphegor held almost boundless control. He scoured every nook and cranny, leaving no stone unturned. Yet, he remained unsuccessfully in locating Wyatt within their confines. Despite Belphegor's pseudo-omniscience within the rule domains, Wyatt managed to slip away from his series of

attacks from within the three rule domains. He did so without leaving any trace or clue behind, an act that sent an unsettling shiver down the devil's spine.

The three rule domains, which Belphegor had invoked to ensnare Wyatt now had transformed into a shielded sanctuary, guarding him against evasive maneuvers and attacks of Wyatt.

At the moment, he hesitated to venture beyond the boundaries of the three rule domains he had summoned. Instead, he chose to reactivate his Hourglass relic, collecting more sand within it and aligning his time rule master with the card world's time, all while safely ensconced beneath the protective shield of the three rule domains.

Belphegor's actions weren't driven by cowardice, but rather by shrewdness, after witnessing that Wyatt had deftly evaded certain death in their battle on three separate occasions.

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Chapter 1548 Escaping Certain Death

[994 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:56

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

Belphegor's actions were not misguided; he had successfully driven Wyatt to his demise on three separate occasions. Yet, Wyatt's resourcefulness shone through, allowing him to narrowly evade these predicaments each time. Belphegor tirelessly strained his intellect to unearth Wyatt's enigmatic trick, but it remained frustratingly elusive.

The initial instance was when Belphegor personally witnessed Wyatt's physical body dissolve into thin air. This led him to believe that he had successfully eliminated Wyatt through the utilization of his Temporal Annihilation Fist, which was empowered by his Time Annihilation Hybrid rune. However, perplexingly, Wyatt's grimoire and Ego Gem remained did not drop with the destruction of his body, indicating that he had survived despite he had seen turn into nothingness.

The second occurrence unfolded as Wyatt skillfully identified and destroyed one of Belphegor's hearts, momentarily exposing himself to Belphegor's unknown chains, which ensnared him in its vampiric grip. In a bold move, Wyatt triggered the explosion of his own physical body right before Belphegor's eyes, preventing the draining effect of the obscure chain. Convinced that Wyatt had perished, Belphegor proceeded to mend himself and then scoured for Wyatt's grimoire and Ego Gem. To his surprise, no evidence of these belongings was discovered, highlighting that despite the detonation somehow Wyatt managed to survive again.

In the third instance, Belphegor, fully aware of Wyatt's crafty means of evading death despite the obliteration of his corporeal body, devised a shrewd strategy. He concocted a plan that allowed him to closely monitor Wyatt's actions while aiming to end his life. Belphegor accomplished this by summoning forth his three distinctive rule domains, granting him a semblance of near-omnipotence within their boundaries. This calculated move enabled him to orchestrate Wyatt's demise for the third time within these domains. Even if Wyatt managed to survive once more, Belphegor aimed to unravel the secret behind his persistent survival, thereby devising a backup plan to ensure Wyatt's ultimate demise.

Nevertheless, despite Belphegor's near-omnipotent state, Wyatt once again defied all odds by not only evading certain death at the hands of Belphegor's assault but accomplishing this feat without a single trace. This left Belphegor utterly bewildered and astounded unable to understand how he was unable to unravel Wyatt's method for eluding the impending demise within the confines of his rule domain where he held near-omnipotent power.

Belphegor, who effortlessly killed one and a half dozen of demigods, found himself struggling immensely in attempting to kill a card apprentice fueled by borrowed strength. Despite baring nearly all his tactics against Wyatt, he remained unsuccessful in terminating him. This situation left Belphegor utterly astonished because those who had endured against him in critical battles were all esteemed conquerors, reigning over countless realms, capable of deciding the destiny of a realm on a whim. In contrast, Wyatt was an insignificant ant. Yet, against all expectations, this seemingly insignificant ant had achieved what even those grand conquerors had not: repeatedly outsmart, deceive, and humiliate Belphegor.

Having belatedly recognized this fact, Belphegor, who had previously arrogantly proclaimed his right over Wyatt's soul to the entire city, now opted to postpone the endeavor of extracting Wyatt's soul. Instead, he chose to prioritize refining his time rule mastery to align with the unique time of the card realm. Ironically he planned to do this while within the sanctuary of his three distinct rule domains, which he had invoked to ensnare and eliminate Wyatt.

His reasoning stemmed from the realization that, given the formidable might displayed by Wyatt and his cunning maneuvers, engaging him with a handicap would be unwise on his part. The abilities of the hourglass relic, while commendable, were currently

proving ineffective and even constraining his true potential. Belphegor believed that once his time rule mastery aligned with the unique time of the card realm, he would be unshackled and act unrestrained. At that point, he could employ the might of his Temporal Annihilation fist of his hybrid Time Annihilation rune, as frequently and strategically as his judgment deemed necessary without worrying about it consuming too much of the Hourglass relic's temporal sand.

Having made the choice to adopt a more discreet approach, Belphegor triggered his hourglass relic, while slowly patrolling within the boundaries of his rule domains. He simulated a search for Wyatt's grimoire and shattered ego gem within the expanse of lava enveloping the terrain, all the while employing his spiritual awareness. Yet, his true motive was to maintain vigilance against any potential ambush orchestrated by Wyatt. Belphegor's intention behind this ruse was to create a time buffer for himself, allowing him the opportunity to synchronize his time rule mastery with the distinct time of the card realm.

...

'Ah, that did not go as I planned. It appears that my current strength is still not sufficient to kill the nerfed incarnation of Belphegor. Just how formidable is Belphegor, really?' Wyatt pondered as his soul seamlessly transitioned into one of his pseudo calamity soul gems harboring inside the pebbles that were spread across the southern capital, effectively converting that pseudo calamity soul gem into the sole calamity soul gem.

Empowered by the amalgamation of twelve SSS-rank curse incarnations and the additional enhancement from triggering the SSS-rank Cursed Blood Rejuvenation, Wyatt held the conviction that his newfound might would enable him to effortlessly overcome all the barriers in his way through his enhanced swiftness and resilient constitution. Yet, reality diverged from his expectations; instead of achieving his anticipated outcome, Belphegor succeeded in ensnaring him, subsequently reducing Wyatt to ashes through his rule power.

In fact, Wyatt's soul had narrowly moved out of his calamity soul gem and transferred to a pseudo calamity soul gem just a fraction of a second before Belphegor's rule power attacks incinerated it. The strength of Belphegor's fusion rule power far exceeded typical rule-based assaults. Belphegor's maneuvers exhibited such remarkable force and rapidity that Wyatt, despite his rapid movement, found himself bewildered by the sudden impact, akin to a fly ensnared by a frog's swift tongue.

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[1,003 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:57

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

Wyatt found himself caught in a quandary as he came to the realization that his present strength fell short of the mark needed to vanquish Belphegor's formidable Worldhog incarnation. Truth be told, when Wyatt had chosen the twelve SSS-rank curses to infuse within his gigamite form, his intention had been to confront Matron and the regular demigods from Morningstar University that would come to her aid. According to his original plan, his current power would have been more than sufficient to engage Matron and the typical demigod adversaries. However, it proved inadequate for the task of eliminating the devil Worldhog.

Adding to the predicament was the unfortunate fact that all the riches Wyatt had amassed from the multitude of card apprentices entering his VR Universe through the VR slime cards had been expended on procuring these precise twelve SSS-rank curses through the channels of the devil merchant code. Consequently, he found himself unable to acquire an alternative set of SSS-rank curses that could have been of assistance when confronted with Belphegor's menacing Worldhog incarnation. While Wyatt did possess a reserve of funds earmarked for dire circumstances, the current situation did not warrant such a label. He retained the option to escape if he so desired, but he remained committed to vanquishing the devil rather than fleeing without securing a victory.

Recalling the image of the colossal humanoid pig cavorting amidst the tumultuous storm and molten lava, Wyatt shook his head in frustration. He struggled to devise a strategy that would allow him to navigate the intricate challenges posed by the trio of unique rule domains and reach Belphegor's immediate vicinity, all while aiming for the simultaneous destruction of the three essential cores. Now this was just too damned challenging considering the set of twelve SSS-rank curses at his disposal.

Engaging his Soul pupils, Wyatt's eyes emitted a luminous gleam, intensifying as he concentrated his gaze to penetrate the barriers of the three rule domains. His intent was to clandestinely observe Belphegor's actions and discern his current intentions. Given Belphegor's previous responses, it was reasonable to anticipate that he would be driven to a state of frenzy upon realizing the ineffectiveness of his attacks in terminating Wyatt.

Yet, Wyatt's observation yielded a surprising revelation. Contrary to his anticipations, Belphegor wasn't exhibiting erratic behavior; instead, he adopted a facade of scouring the lava for any vestiges of Wyatt's presence. All the while, Belphegor slyly harnessed the power of his hourglass relic, subtly refining his time rule mastery to synchronize with the unique time of the card realm. This strategic maneuver by Belphegor instilled a sense of pressing urgency within Wyatt.

The gravity of the situation became evident to Wyatt, as the ramifications were clear. Should Belphegor successfully align his time rule mastery with the distinct time of the card realm, he would ascend to an almost insurmountable level of power. His infernal temporal stride would grant him unhindered traversal through secondary time flow, complemented by his Temporal Annihilation fist, which could reduce any object to oblivion. The enigma of his Time Annihilation Hybrid rune's capabilities added an element of unpredictability, making its potential consequences difficult to fathom. This enhanced might could potentially render Belphegor unstoppable, enabling him to pursue Wyatt without any restraints.

Having reached this realization, Wyatt, who initially intended to methodically confront Belphegor, recognized the urgency of the situation and resolved to thwart Belphegor's efforts to align his time rule mastery with the distinct time of the card realm. The stakes were high; Belphegor's unmatched Temporal Annihilation fist posed an undeniable threat, carrying the weight of certain demise. On a previous occasion, Wyatt's narrow escape from this peril was attributed largely to Belphegor's deliberate choice to spare Wyatt's Ego gem, housing his soul. This decision was driven by Belphegor's intention to subject Wyatt's soul to the countless torment techniques within the Myriad Realms. Otherwise, Wyatt's soul would have instantly joined his physical body in complete obliteration.

Wyatt swiftly reconstituted his physical form, activated the SSS-rank Cursed Blood Rejuvenation enhancement, and surged into the encompassing embrace of Belphegor's three distinct rule domains. Unlike his previous impulsive approach, this time Wyatt's progression was marked by careful consideration. His immediate objective wasn't to engage in a direct confrontation with Belphegor but rather to thwart Belphegor's attempts at aligning his time rule mastery with the time of the card realm.

As soon as Wyatt ventured into the rule domains, Belphegor swiftly detected his arrival. He then triggered a brief, personal secondary time flow, lasting only for a fraction of a second, during which he executed a swiping motion with his hand aimed at Wyatt. Immediately afterward, he nullified the secondary time flow.

Belphegor exhibited more restraint in his use of the time rule this time around. Evidently, his foremost objective was to swiftly synchronize his time rule mastery with the time of the card realm. This is why he restricted its application solely to himself.

Even though this time Belphegor confined his secondary time flow solely to himself, Wyatt's vision was still affected by its influence, allowing him to perceive Belphegor's actions. As a result, he was unsurprised when the lava surged, forming a massive wave that surged forward, seemingly poised to crash down and engulf him. Wyatt, fully anticipating this, mustered all his strength to expertly evade the impending deluge.

Dodging the oncoming lava wave, Wyatt observed Belphegor's rapid initiation of a brief secondary time flow. In that fleeting moment, Belphegor swung his left arm aimed at

Wyatt while simultaneously striking with his right arm before swiftly nullifying the secondary time flow.

As the standard time flow resumed its regular pace, a massive wind blade resembling a crescent arced toward Wyatt, aiming to cleave him. Simultaneously, a lightning bolt descended upon him with uncanny precision and astonishing swiftness.

Despite Wyatt's physical body being fortified through the SSS-rank Cursed Blood Rejuvenation curse's enhancement, he wisely refrained from directly confronting either of the incoming assaults. However, the remarkable velocity and precision of the attacks left him with limited alternatives.

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[1,499 words]

Date- 13 April 2321

Time- 9:58

Location- Southern Region, Southern Capital

Wyatt was in a tough spot as he saw a fast and boundless crescent blade of wind heading his way, and a blinding flash of lightning coming down from above. Both were closing in on him quickly at an incredible speed, making it difficult for him to escape by retreating in the direction where the attacks were heading.

These attacks were not just lethal, but also incredibly fast, leaving Wyatt with no choice but to face them head-on despite his previous judgment not to because he couldn't retreat. So, Wyatt decided to try something bold that he had been thinking of trying out ever since he was able to physically enter the one with world state.

Wyatt decisively harnessed his soul energy manipulation skill to its extreme limit to vibrate his soul pathways with enough fineness to enhance his physical connection to the world through a 'one with the world' state to its limit. While simultaneously entering the one with the world state spiritually with the help of his calamity soul gem.

By entering the 'one with the world' state both physically and spiritually concurrently, Wyatt experienced a moment of omnipotence. It was as if the time had come to a halt as his connection to the world strengthened such that it transcended their previous relationship that made him a part of it. This time, he had not only become a part of the world, but he had become the world itself.

To put it in simple words,

An employee of a multinational corporation (MNC) will be regarded as a part of the MNC and gets to take advantage of the perks it provides. Similarly, in the past, when Wyatt had physically or spiritually entered the one with the world state, he integrated himself into the world to the extent that the strength of his existence could. This allowed him to experience the world's advantages, like absorbing its limitless energy from his surroundings to recover faster or increasing his affinity to its rules to comprehend them faster.

However, a CEO of an MNC will be seen as the corporation itself and can access all its benefits and create more benefits according to their desires, by entering the one with the world state physically and spiritually simultaneously Wyatt had transformed into the world itself to the extent that the strength of his existence could. Enabling him to wield the world's power within that domain.

As that moment of omnipotence passed, time started to move normally. However, Wyatt was no longer the same he had undergone a profound transformation. His body expressed boundless presence even though he was only 110ft tall and a few feet wide in size. While his eyes radiated with bottomless depth.

As the lightning lance and crescent wind blade drew closer, the environment around Wyatt underwent a transformation, enveloping him within a spherical space where he stood at the center. This gave rise to the apparition of a world. When the lightning lance and crescent wind blade converged upon this apparition, they were unable to breach its formidable barrier, dispersing into the surroundings once the power driving their assault had been exhausted.

Observing the manifestation of the world's apparition enclosing Wyatt effortlessly diverted his razor-sharp crescent wind blade capable of slicing through the fabric of space itself, along with the lightning lance that could penetrate the void with ease, Belphegor's brows knitted in a deep frown. His expression quickly turned grotesque as he sensed the profoundly alarming energy emanating from Wyatt.

Before Belphegor could respond, Wyatt's voice echoed in his ears, saying, "Get over here."

Before long, Belphegor experienced an immense invisible force akin to the gravitational pull exerted by celestial bodies, drawing him closer to Wyatt.

In reaction to this compelling attraction, Belphegor summoned all his might in an attempt to oppose it. If not for the fiery fur enveloping his form, one would observe his taut muscles and veins stretched to their limits as he strained to counteract the irresistible force that sought to bring him closer to Wyatt.

Abruptly, Belphegor sensed the tremendous imperceptible attraction shifting into an equally powerful force, propelling Wyatt toward him at an astonishing velocity. Just as Belphegor comprehended that his immense efforts had not shattered the grip on him, but had transformed into an impelling force propelling Wyatt nearer, emulating the interaction of gravitational forces among celestial bodies, Wyatt was before him. His fist clenched, surrounded by an ethereal semblance of a world, aimed unswervingly at Belphegor's chest.

Instantly, Belphegor harnessed his time rule mastery to immerse himself within a secondary time flow. However, Wyatt was in close proximity to the devil as he used time rule that Wyatt was influenced by his time rule master thereby enabling him to seamlessly enter into the secondary time flow alongside Belphegor. This allowed Wyatt to drive his clenched fist, imbued with a fraction of the world's formidable might, directly into Belphegor's chest without any suspense. Belphegor gaped in astonishment as this unprecedented turn of events unfolded before his eyes.

The unknown chain coiled around Belphegor's body swiftly reconfigured itself, adopting a defensive stance against Wyatt's punch. Upon encountering Wyatt's fist, the enigmatic chain promptly commenced siphoning off its kinetic energy but Wyatt's punch packed such immense force that the chain struggled to absorb its entirety all at once.

Hence, even though the chain displayed an astonishing capacity for absorbing force, it fell short of fully neutralizing the punch's impact. Consequently, upon collision, the unknown chain fractured into fragments, propelling both Belphegor and the hourglass relic fastened to his back backward before they plunged into the molten lava beneath.

Although Wyatt contemplated a sequence of successive strikes after his initial punch landed, he exercised restraint and opted instead to focus on salvaging the shards of the unknown chain before they descended into the molten lava below. Bolstered by his recently acquired might, Wyatt held a steadfast belief in his capability to confront Belphegor head-on.

Gathering the fragments of the mysterious chain, Wyatt carefully deposited them within a storage card. He then employed his soul pupils to meticulously scan the lava in search of both the Hourglass relic and Belphegor. Soon, he pinpointed the profound depths where their respective soul pathways lay concealed beneath the molten surface. By tracking the movements of their mass of soul pathways, it became apparent that Belphegor was rapidly advancing toward the submerging Hourglass relic. It was not surprising that Belphegor was able to swim in the pool of lava created by the fusion of his rule domains.

Once again, Wyatt placed greater importance on securing the Hourglass relic rather than launching an assault on Belphegor. After all, the Hourglass relic was a true relic that possessed time-related abilities. By obtaining it, he would not only acquire a true relic with the strength to govern by time rule, but he would also deprive Belphegor of

one of his most potent support items, thereby incapacitating Belphegor's ability to utilize time-based rules.

After all, this hourglass relic helped Belphegor to wield his time rule mastery without the need to synchronize it with the time of this world. Deprived of it, Belphegor would find himself bereft of the capability to effortlessly create new time flows as he pleased. Consequently, resulting in a substantial reduction of his overall power.

Wyatt employed his profound perception of his soul pupils to target the soul pathways of the hourglass relic. With a remarkable application of imperceptible force, similar to gravitational attraction, he endeavored to coax the descending hourglass relic toward his position. As a result of the force, the hourglass relic ceased its descent and swiftly reversed its course, ascending rapidly to the magma's surface.

Belphegor, realizing the situation, unleashed a powerful roar and charged ferociously toward the hourglass relic. Utilizing its mastery over the surrounding three rules, Belphegor harnessed the power of his three rule domains enveloping the area. The rules governing these domains converged to lend their support, propelling Belphegor forward as he raced towards the hourglass relic hurtling at an astonishing speed towards Wyatt.

No matter how hard the devil tried, his efforts ended up being in vain as the hourglass relic ended up in Wyatt's possession. Seeing this unexpected twist, Belphegor's ugly expression went through a drastic change. The grimace on its face turned into a disturbingly wide grin that was just as repulsive. This left Wyatt confused, as he had wanted to enjoy seeing Belphegor suffer losing one of his precious true relics.

Promptly sensing a vampiric force siphoning his life force, Wyatt swiftly comprehended the reason behind Belphegor's unsettling grin. Subsequently, Wyatt came to the realization that the Hourglass relic possessed a consciousness of its own, deeming anyone besides Belphegor as mere sustenance.

Feeling the vampiric energy sapping his life essence intensified, Wyatt attempted to cast aside the Hourglass relic, yet his efforts were thwarted, for it clung to him tenaciously, akin to a relentless leech. No matter the strength of his endeavor, he found himself unable to rid himself of its grip.

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