

# Card Apprentice Daily Log

## Chapter 1806 Enemy Of My Enemy Is A Chaos Dwarf

[ 1,014 words ]

Chapter 1806 Enemy Of My Enemy Is A Chaos Dwarf

Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 02:56

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Park

Listening to Wyatt drop knowledge on dark race to her, Field Marshal rolled her eyes saying, "Boy, stop. My ancestors used to hunt demons and devils to kill time. In recent years, we might have lost their records but we still know what dark races are. Just tell me how you got to know the chaos dwarf and what is your relationship with it?" "Well that is a long story," Wyatt said not wanting to go into details about the chaos dwarf. "I have a lot of time to kill, get started," Field Marshal was not surprised that Wyatt was close to a demon. It was not news. The southern royal family had already guessed Wyatt was involved with demons the day he borrowed a demon's power to defeat Agent Forger and then the Mohawk devil Ezra. Not to mention him protecting Corey Bright, who followed the path of a demon worshiper at every turn. The Southern Royal family never asked Wyatt about this because they did not want to seem invasive and push Wyatt away. Many have experimented with demons and devils, but as long as Wyatt did not cross any line they can tolerate it. Now that Wyatt was the one who brought it up, the Field Marshal did not mind being a little forceful.

"It all started when I borrowed the power of the devil to defeat Agent Forger. As you know, borrowing a devil's power is not without limitation and my limitation was that I had to defeat Agent Forger borrowing the devil's power within five minutes. If I fail the devil will get my body and soul but if I succeed then the devil gets nothing," Wyatt paused to sigh. "Since you are here in one piece and Agent Forger is missing, I take it you won your wager with the devil but the devil was not happy with it," Field Marshal Heatsend deduced, ignoring the fact that Agent Forger was missing and stressing on the fact that the devil was not happy about losing to Wyatt. It seems the Southern Royal family cares very little about Agent Forger and her whereabouts with everything going on.

"Yes, the devil was not happy. So he has been targeting me since then. The mohawk devil that killed the demigods from the central government and the Morningstar

University, is his incarnation. He broke out of character just to kill me and did not hesitate to use realm fragment to force me into submission—" Field Marshal interrupted Wyatt saying, "Let me guess the devil did not like you killing its incarnation and is continuing to target you. I get you made a devil your enemy where does Chaos Dwarf you spoke of come into all of this?" "Don't be impatient its a long story, I am getting there. Besides, you were the one who said that you had all the time in the world to listen to it," Wyatt was stalling, he did plan to use his relationship with chaos dwarf to inform the South about the second demon invasion but he could not just pull a random lie out of his ass and try to make sense out of it. This thing was serious, he could not risk blowing this up on his face. Wyatt could not rush this but since Anna's mother had already guessed that he was hiding something he needed to inform them about the demon invasion as fast as possible as nobody would be happy that he was sitting on such a piece of important information for a long time. However, Wyatt also knew that delivery and timing also mattered. If he failed to time it right or deliver it properly, there were high chances people would not take him seriously. After all, he had no evidence to back his claim unless he planned to reveal the devil merchant code to the world. Nope, that would be like making another mess to solve a mess. "Boy, whatever it is just spill it out. No one will blame you. Since you're being honest, I tell you this one time, one of our ancestors had a thing for women from a particular dark race. So you have nothing to worry about there ain't anything new that you can spring on us. We have seen and heard it all," Field Marshal could see that Wyatt was hesitating and stalling from speaking about his relationship with the chaos dwarf. "Then I can rest at ease," Wyatt said gratefully for the Field Marshal being so understanding. Then he continued to say, "Where was I, right the devil did not like me killing its incarnation one bit. So to retaliate against me he recruited Gideon Grim." "Wyatt, you sure about this because the timeline does not add up," Field Marshal Heatsend pointed out that Gideon Grim was targeting his friend even before he killed the devil's incarnation in the Southern Capital. "Yes, I am sure. Gideon attacked Susan and the rest for the secrets of the VR Universe. But then later he continued to target me under the orders of the devil having joined its faction, 'Seven Princes of Hell.' I too had no idea about this until the Chaos dwarf reached out to me and offered me this information hoping to be my friend. Turns out that the word about me killing the devil's incarnation spread far in the dark realm. That was when the Chaos dwarf contacted me claiming to be the enemy of the devil and hoped that since we share the same enemy we could be friends. Something like an enemy of my enemy is my friend sort of deal. The Chaos Dwarf had just recently reached out to me so I did not want to share the information with you until I was a hundred percent sure that the Chaos Dwarf was not playing any tricks on me."

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[ 1,039 words ]

## Chapter 1807 Evidence

Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 03:12

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Park

Hidden in the void, Field Marshal Heatsend could not help but frown listening to Wyatt explain how a Chaos Dwarf came to be his source of information. Field Marshal Heatsend could see that Wyatt was cunning enough to take care of himself but was it enough when dealing with a Chaos Dwarf? When dealing with a dark race one cannot be more careful. After digesting the information, she inquired, "Now that you are sharing this info with us, I take it you trust the Chaos Dwarf enough and believe that the information it shared with you is true and has no deception to it." "Yes," Wyatt nodded firmly. He needed to sell the idea that Chaos Dwarf was their friend to the Southern Royal family. Otherwise, none of his plans would work. "Do you mind explaining how the Chaos Dwarf gained your trust?" Field Marshal asked Wyatt worrying that he might be tricked by the Chaos Dwarf. Considering that it was a dark race one could not put anything past them, their trickery knew no bounds. "Obviously, through a pact," Wyatt replied. Listening to Wyatt's answer, Field Marshal almost slapped her forehead in frustration. Controlling her emotions, she patiently inquired, "Wyatt, you do know that if the Chaos Dwarf used a pseudonym then the pact signifies nothing." "Please, this is not my first time dealing with a devil. I have not only made sure it was using its true name but also made the Dark Realm's will and Card Realm's will as the witness to the pact. Besides, I did not commit to anything in exchange for the information. The Chaos Dwarf volunteered the information hoping for a friendship. Seeing how the Chaos Dwarf did not hesitate to give its true name and form a pact with the dark realm's will as a witness, I think the Chaos Dwarf sincerely wants to cooperate with us," Wyatt responded confidently. He said everything he could to assure Field Marshal. "Good," Field Marshal sighed in relief, now that her mind was at peace a little she asked something she was itching to ask from earlier, "What did you mean when you said that the reason Gideon Grim has been more active recently may be related to him joining the dark faction, 'Seven Princes of Hell'?" Listening to the Field Marshal bring up this now, Wyatt grinned in his mind knowing that the fish had caught the bait he threw earlier. Just giving the Field Marshal loads of information would only cause her to try and discern which one was true and which was a trap. But if she were to connect the dots herself, she was more likely to believe them rather than rip them apart to wonder which was true and which was false. "Your guess is correct, Gideon Grim is preparing to help the dark faction called 'Seven Princes of Hell' invade Card Realm," Wyatt answered with a grim expression, trying to convey how dire the situation was to the Field Marshal.

"Everything has changed," the Field Marshal blurted in shock. The only reason Field Marshal immediately did not jump to this conclusion when Wyatt hinted at a possible demon invasion earlier was that a second demon invasion did not occur in the Clown

Mask's future vision. But considering that the miracle Dalton Wyatt and powerful enemies like Gideon Grim also never surfaced in Clown Mask's vision, Field Marshal understood that the current timeline has long diverted vastly from Clown Mask's future vision. Her husband was right they cannot use the Clown Mask's future vision as absolute but just as a mere reference in the infinite possibilities. After all, lot of thinking Field Marshal replied to Wyatt with a measured tone, "Wyatt, I trust you so I one hundred percent trust the information you acquired from the chaos dwarf but that will not be enough for the others. What I am saying is we need evidence to back our claims. Can you contact the Chaos Dwarf and ask if it can give any evidence to support its information?"

Listening to the Field Marshal demand evidence, Wyatt was dejected in his mind as what he was trying to void inevitably happened. But still with a confident expression, he replied to the Field Marshal, "I will try." "It will be best if you can convince the Chaos Dwarf to contact us," Field Marshal still did not fully trust the Chaos Dwarf. Though the Chaos Dwarf had gotten Wyatt's seal of approval, she would feel more at ease if it got her niece's seal of approval. "Sure, I can make that happen," Wyatt replied without hesitation as wanted the Chaos Dwarf and the Southern Royal family to meet. There were many things that he could not do as Dalton Wyatt which he wanted to achieve through his alternate identity as a Chaos Dwarf. "Now, that I have you here, I have some things to discuss with you too. Do you still plan to attend Morningstar University?" Field Marshal asked Wyatt out of the blue. "Why do you ask? I thought the royal family did not like me attending Morningstar University. Unless you guess changed your mind about it," Wyatt was surprised to hear the Field Marshal bring up Morningstar University. After all, the Southern Royal family strongly opposed his plan to develop the Central Academic region. "After the Southern Capital incident, despite denying its involvement in the incident Morningstar University has started to warm up to the Southern Royal family. The strained relationship between us after the betrayal of Luna and the supposed theft of the dungeon relocation apparatus, now are stronger than new. They have not only increased the number of regulated resources such as Time-rule cards Southern region can procure from them but also increased the number of scholarship seats for the students from the Southern region. They have promised many more benefits which previously were not available to the Southern Region. It is as if they are trying very hard to make up for the Southern Capital incident even though deny the part they played in it."

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## **Chapter 1808 Big Bad Morningstar University**

[ 1,009 words ]

## Chapter 1808 Big Bad Morningstar University

Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 03:26

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Park Listening to the Field Marshal explain that Morningstar University was doing its best to repair the relationship between them, Wyatt understood what was going on but pretended to be dumb and asked, "What does this have to do with me?"

"Sigh, nothing gets past you," Field Marshal sighed, she was a soldier, not a diplomat. She was ashamed that she was assigned to such a task but as a soldier, she could only follow her orders. Even if the one ordering was her cute niece who has grown up to become a sly tyrant. "Wyatt, I will be straight with you and get right to the point," Field Marshal decided to throw away the script that her niece had handed to her. "Good, I prefer it that way," Wyatt nodded, he liked dealing with soldiers like Colleen, Field Marshal, and Anna, they spoke what they thought—making it easier to see through and manipulate them. Though it was far-fetched to call Anna a soldier she fell into the incompetent category. Well, she was incompetent in many ways.

"We believe that Morningstar University's sudden change of attitude toward the Southern Region is not because they feel guilty but because of you. After improving your relationship with us, the first thing they did was offer you a full scholarship seat to attend Morningstar University. They have also promised many other benefits such as free regulated resources but the most important ones are the prime real estate in the very heart of the central academic region and a ticket to their most coveted possession the Time vestige. They have claimed that your decision to attend Morningstar University or not will not affect their relationship with the Southern region but many in the royal court do not believe it and believe that Morningstar University could not be more clear about their intentions. Because of this, the royal court is divided in two, one that believes that we should not put you in danger over momentary gains while the other side believes that you have shown that you are more than capable enough to protect yourself so you should accept the Morningstar University's offer as the benefits promised by the University to the Southern Region and you are a lot more than momentary gains. Some loyal fans of yours, because of your fight with Mohawk Devil, believe that you have a high affinity for the Time-Rule making the ticket to the Time-Rule vestige a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for you," Field Marshal Heatsend confessed everything without hiding anything. Unlike her niece, Field Marshal believed that Wyatt had proved that he was capable enough to choose what was best for him. Therefore she did not hide anything and revealed everything to him. "It seems the Morningstar University has not learned their lesson," Wyatt blurted understanding that what the Morningstar University was doing was nothing less than trying to get the best of all. They did not even bother to acknowledge their involvement in the Southern Capital, let alone apologize. What was more appalling was they shamelessly tried to control the South with their resources. These jerks wanted to act like saviors of the

South even though they were the scheming imps. "It seems you have made your decision. Then which university do you plan to attend?" Listening to Wyatt, the Field Marshal knew what his decision was going to be. She did not plan to change his mind. The South needed the resources being offered by Morningstar University like the time-rule cards desperately but they were not giving those resources for free they not only asked for the retail price for the resources but also dared to add conditions when selling them. They were making these resources available to the South just to get their hands on Wyatt. Who's to say that their attitude will not change when they get what they want? "No, I do not plan on attending any university or pursuing higher education," Wyatt answered surprising Field Marshal. "Well, at your level there is very little the universities can offer but I would not advise entirely rejecting any form of higher education," Field Marshal advised Wyatt.

The first time Lorenzo met Wyatt he could not stop talking about him to her. But of all the things her husband told her about Wyatt, one thing that stuck out to her was that though Wyatt had a strong potential for the card creation and array formation he had nearly zero knowledge about the various methods and techniques in both the fields. According to her husband that was what made Wyatt special. Lorenzo could not shut up about what Wyatt could achieve if he were to learn all the techniques and methods that both fields had to offer. "Yes, you are right. Don't worry, I am already working on that," Wyatt was not lying, he had already started to make a plan about using the Infinity Library to fill the gaps he was missing about Array formation. As for Card Creation, he planned to recruit the help of Southern Academic City. "Then what is your next plan? Don't tell me you plan to focus your entire strength on this joker Gideon Grim and the dark faction backing him. Let me tell you, there have been many instances where the demon worshipers have tried to make a comeback but so far they have not been able to because this world cannot tolerate them. I would advise you not to let this clown take all your time and energy," Field Marshal understood that Wyatt had too much potential to waste on something that the adults like should be worrying about. She wanted to provide a nurturing place for Wyatt where he could grow to his full potential. "Yes, ma'am. I hear you and I need your help with it."

"Out with it, Southern Royal family is prepared to help you by any means necessary."

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[ 1,657 words ]

Chapter 1809 Plans

Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 03:41

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Park

"Yes, ma'am. I hear you and I need your help with it."

Listening to the Field Marshal advise him that he should focus on his growth rather than pursuing clowns like Gideon Grim or the dark faction behind him, Wyatt laughed in his mind.

Gideon Grim and Belphegor's faction were not anything like the demon and devil worshipers that the Field Marshal was used to dealing with they were the real deal. Defeating them would not be as easy as handling the ragtag group of demon/devil worshipers which was now partially being controlled by the Central Government. Wyatt did not bother to point this out to the Field Marshal because even if he were to warn the Field Marshal she would not take his warning seriously. Not that she was overconfident but the demon/devil worshipers have not lived up to their name the recent years. So instead of starting a debate with the Field Marshal, he decided to use this opportunity to put forth his agenda. When it comes to card creation, the card world's institutions were unmatched in the myriad realms, including the Infinity Library. Knowledge in Infinity Library was stolen knowledge, their progress in a specific field was not possible unless someone donates the updated knowledge to them in exchange for merits. So one cannot claim that the Infinity Library was leading in any field let alone card creation. However, that is not true for the intuitions of the card world. They spend a lot of resources and manpower to make progress in the card creation field. As a result, they continue to make small or large progress in the card creation field. Making them the leaders in the card creation.

This was especially true for the Top Ten universities of the card world. This was why Wyatt was so stubborn about attending Morningstar University in the central academic city at the risk of his life and the disapproval of the southern royal family. However, Morningstar University has time and again proven itself unworthy of being called a prestigious institution of knowledge so Wyatt has decided to invest in the next best thing and elevate them to the top, snatching the spot from these snobbish institutions that were no longer places of higher learning but a breeding ground of greed. The next best thing after the universities in the central academic city were definitely not the universities in the Southern academic city but since Wyatt knew the people who owned it, he decided to settle for it. Wyatt had an outlandish plan mapped out in his head and he needed the full cooperation of the Southern Royal family. "Out with it, Southern Royal family is prepared to help you by any means necessary." Field Marshal Heatsend was pleased to see Wyatt not only take his advice seriously but ask for her help. She has heard her husband complain that Wyatt was stubborn and did not listen to reason. But seeing Wyatt be so obedient Field Marshal felt that her headstrong husband and his temper did not know how to talk to a quirky genius like Wyatt. Field Marshal was a little proud of herself at this moment, why wouldn't she be proud, Wyatt's reputation of being an obstinate person was well known to the higher-ups in the Southern Capital. The Southern Capital Incident was an example of his stubbornness. However, nobody dared

to complain about Wyatt and his whims because they knew that Wyatt's value to the South outweighed his quirks. Not only were they willing to overlook his whimsy but found it a delight i.e. until Wyatt continued to be the valuable stock they all were investing in. "Since you put it that way, I will be direct. I want to take over the Southern academic city and all the institutions in it," Wyatt spoke his mind, confident that he would be able to convince the Field Marshal. "What, boy, are you out of your mind?" The Field Marshal exclaimed in disbelief. She was expecting Wyatt would ask her to help him find some study material or a good teacher to help him with his knowledge of card creation and array mastery but to her surprise, he was asking her to hand him an entire city. Not just any city but the South's hub of knowledge. The Southern academic city had not made any notable contribution to any field but it was still able to meet the talent requirement of the entire Southern region. Especially considering that the talents of the other four regions would prefer to be unemployed over moving to the Southern Region.

"Please, calm down and listen to what I have to say. I think you are going to like what have in mind," Wyatt was not surprised to see such a reaction from the Field Marshal. He was grateful had she did not burst into laughter. Even he felt that asking to be in charge of the Southern academic city and all the institutions in it was a bit much. The Southern academic city was the backbone of the Southern region. So Wyatt asking the control of the Southern academic city was like asking for the future of the Southern region. "You better have a damn good reason for this otherwise, I will leave," the Field Marshal knew that Wyatt would not make such a demand if he did not have a plan so she decided to hear him out before ignoring him. She could not bring herself to punish him so she could only choose such a method to show that Wyatt had lost his credibility in her eyes. "It might be obvious to you that the way the current Southern academic city is developing, it is not showing any signs of catching up with the other academic cities in another thousand years let alone overtaking them in another thousand years. It has come to the point where the talented and hard-working students of our Southern Region are applying for scholarships in other academic cities. I can understand our students going to the Central and Eastern academic cities for higher education but the Northern and Western academic cities, since when did the Southern academic city fall behind those cities sixty years ago the students from the Northern and Western regions used to come to the Southern academic city. But for the situation to fall to this point, clearly the current management of the Southern academic city has dropped the ball. I don't want to point fingers—" "Wyatt, I know the situation of the Southern academic city better than you. I know a lot of people are to be blamed for the current situation but at least they are still able to produce quality graduates to meet the demand of the Southern region. If you have a better alternative get to it before I lose my patience," Field Marshal interrupted Wyatt midway through his speech. The royal court debated on how the Southern academic region had dropped the ball, the Field Marshal did not want to listen to another word about it unless they had a better alternative. She had enough of complaining. She wanted a promising initiative that she could support and not useless debates. The Field Marshal was prepared for the change but nobody has been able to come up with a change that would be able to outperform the current management of the Southern academic region. There were many reasons for that such as not enough

budget for promising research work and talents to lead those research. Wyatt did not take the Field Marshal's interruption personally as he could hear the frustration in her voice when she spoke about the Southern academic city. Especially considering that she was an alumna of the southern academic city. Nobody cared more about the Southern academic city's prosperity than her. Now that Wyatt knew he had the Field Marshal's complete attention he began to speak his plan, "I plan to integrate the VR- Universe into the syllabus of our universities. Except for the knowledge of card creation, the VR universe is not lacking in any way rather it has more knowledge on many fields that you cannot find in the card world. Especially the Martial arts, Occult, Magic, Forging, Array formation, Herbology, and Technology, They are just a few fields that come off the top of my head. You might have already heard how few card apprentices are already adopting the knowledge they learned in the VR universe in the card world. I can do the same with our universities." "Your idea is not bad, but I have heard that the core knowledge on these fields is strongly guarded by natives of the VR universe. They only share their knowledge with their descendants and think twice before even considering sharing it with outsiders let alone the card apprentices. I have read about the card apprentices going to great lengths to prove themselves to natives of the VR universe only to get basic knowledge in their respective fields. How are you going to solve that?" VR universe was the next big thing in the card world so it was not surprising that the Field Marshal would keep up with the current news about the VR universe. "Have you forgotten I am the one who created the VR universe?" Wyatt reminded Field Marshal smugly. "Wyatt, my husband, and his junior brother have already figured out how the VR Universe has so much otherworldly knowledge in it. We know that you have no control over what goes on in the VR Universe. Otherwise, why do you think the five regions are willing to invest so much in the VR universe?" Field Marshal revealed to Wyatt but she did not go into the details just to slowly savour the shock on Wyatt's face.

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## **Chapter 1810 Flaw In The Plan**

[ 1,737 words ]

Chapter 1810 Flaw In The Plan

Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 03:59

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Park

Listening to the Field Marshal claim that Lorenzo and Leo have figured out the workings of the VR Universe and so have the other renowned researchers of the five regions, Wyatt was not surprised. Illusion arts of the card world was not shallow. In fact, many card ancestors have proposed something similar but they never achieved it. Not to mention their vision was not on a grander scale as the VR universe. Loe was on to this back when he came to meet Wyatt in the auction house. Seeing how Field Marshal was so proud of her husband and his junior brother, Wyatt guessed those two used this opportunity to show in front of Field Marshal. Poor Lorenzo, his big brain was the only thing an compensate for his lack of strength in the marriage, but what about Leo? Was he helping his senior brother show off? Thinking of this Wyatt felt pity for Lorenzo. Things one was willing to do to impress their life partner.

Field Marshal frowned seeing that Wyatt continued to be indifferent to her news. Feeling challenged she continued to say, "We already know that the VR Universe is an illusion, an imitative representation of Life, the cosmos itself. The otherworldly knowledge that the natives possess in the VR Universe has been discovered by them. Just like how we, card apprentices, discovered our unique Card and Grimoire power system. Since this illusion runs on itself any interference can cause it to collapse. This means you cannot interfere in the progress of the illusion. You can be part of the illusion like the rest of us. At most as its creator, you can act as its protector and destroyer but in no way as its manipulator. Especially considering your realm it is already a miracle you can create such high-level illusion. If not for it being in the grimoire network, no miracle would be enough for you to create the same illusion in the real world. Knowing that your involvement in VR Universe is limited because it trying to replicate reality as perfectly as possible, is what makes it worth investing in it. When things are like this how do you plan to give the students of the Southern academic city access to the otherworldly knowledge of the VR Universe?" Wyatt listened to everything the Field Marshal had to say patiently, from her words he understood that there seemed to be many misunderstandings about the VR Universe among the illusion community. This was mostly because their mastery of illusion arts was nowhere close to modern virtual reality simulation and the Devil Merchant code's illusion arts. Had their mastery of illusion arts been the same as that of the Devil Merchant code they would know that Wyatt was the master of the VR universe, in it he was omniscient. If did not like something in the VR Universe be it topography or beings or the direction of evolution he could just rewrite their program. However, Wyatt would not do so unless it was necessary because it was too much of a hassle as he would have to follow the law of casualty and change everything that led to that point otherwise many variables would pop up and the parts of the VR Universe influenced by that change would start to fall apart. If the influence of the change was huge then Wyatt would risk the entire VR Universe falling apart. So, in a way the illusionists of the Card world were correct but if Wyatt wanted to he could act god in the VR Universe, with the help of Hive AI and devil merchant code it would be easier for him to do so.

Wyatt had no plans to enlighten the card world on their illusion arts. Because of their lack of knowledge, they were beginning to invest enormous wealth in the VR Universe thinking that the VR universe was absolutely free from Wyatt's manipulation and just

another free market with lots of prospects. Thanks to this Wyatt was earning money as if he were printing them.

Continuing to see nothing but indifference in Wyatt's face despite wasting so many words Field was puzzled wondering why he was so calm when she revealed that they figured out he had no control over VR Universe except for destroying it. Wyatt's indifference in this matter left a bad taste in her mouth. "Have you forgotten that the currency exchange system of the VR Universe was created by me? The five regions investing in it is a good thing. As for them figuring out how to create their version of VR Universe, it will not happen anytime. Even if they did, so what? All good things come to an end.

As for how do I plan to give the students of the Southern academic city access to the otherworldly knowledge of the VR Universe? Just like how I was able to establish the currency exchange system of the VR Universe. You guys are forgetting something, I have a lot of pull in the VR Universe. Besides, the natives of the VR Universe are also same card apprentices, as long as you name the correct price they will dig their ancestor's graves and give their bones to you, let alone their otherworldly knowledge.

Trust me, I can make the Southern academic region more prosperous than it ever was," Wyatt stated confidently. He avoided lying to the Field Marshal and cleverly used his words to sound as genuine as possible to her divine intent. Field Marshal looked at Wyatt and wondered if he was truly a seventeen-year-old. Even she hyped by her husband's bragging, thought that Lorenzo barely understanding the secret of something Wyatt created on a whim for a wager as an achievement worth bragging about. She was not only disappointed in herself but her husband too. Wyatt's evaluation in her mind elevated to a whole new level. Field Marshal Heatsend might as well be considered as Wyatt's fan. She could not think of one thing that she could complain about him. Even his flaws were something she could not bring herself to complain about rather found herself justifying them. She was surprised that a teenager had such a high level of charisma. If she could decide on the Southern academic region by herself, then she would instantly make Wyatt the city lord of the Southern academic region and give him full authority over all the institutes of higher learning in it. However, she did not but she could make a strong case for him with her niece and the royal court. As for her husband, he would agree with her. But to do that she had to ask the most important question pointing out the obvious flaw in Wyatt's plan, "Wyatt, let us say you can get the natives of the VR Universe to share their knowledge with our students but you know that we are card apprentice our core is card creation. For us, the other fields you spoke about are secondary knowledge that is used to help us create new cards. If the students have a very shaky foundation in card creation how are they supposed to use the knowledge they learned in the VR Universe and apply it in the Card World? Unless you find an answer to that even if I want to help you I cannot. Because all that knowledge will lead the students astray from the Grimoire and Cards power system." Listening to Field Marshal, Wyatt nodded in understanding. He agreed with her. The Grimoire and Card power system was the only official power system of this world recognized by its World Will. Feeding the students knowledge in other fields when their knowledge of

cards was shallow would only lead them astray. Not everyone was like Wyatt in that they could cultivate multiple power systems at a time. Not to mention, the only way Wyatt was able to cultivate multiple power systems at a time without any accident was because they were recognized by the Card World as a part of his origin card, trait, or physique. Be it the Camamity Soul gem, Viltronian power system, or Mutated Soul and division system, they were actually recognized and blessed by the Card World's Will when Wyatt underwent the baptism. Otherwise, regardless of how much preparation Wyatt had made, there was no way he could achieve success in these power systems as a card apprentice without the approval of the World's will. Another example of this was Corey Park, Aba Davis, and the other Demon/Devil worshippers. Corey Park and Aba Davis's origin cards were approved by the Card World's will so they could cultivate the demonic power system. Similarly, the demons/devils knew of this and created demon/devil summoning cards and other demonic cards for their believers, the devil/demon worshipers. Belphegor's demon summoning card disguised as an Equal Exchange demonic card was the perfect example of this. The demons/devils were fully aware that Card apprentices could cultivate multiple power systems thanks to the uniqueness of their grimoire and card power system. And they fully took advantage of this. It's correct to say that Card apprentices can copy any power system using their cards but wrong to say the other way around. Not all power systems can become Card apprentices unless they have a minimum of 10 percent active soul control. Which was rare as not many did not involve soul cultivation in their power system. Even the Dark races prefer physical train at the lower thanks to the advantage of their physique, traits, and bloodline. Wyatt's plan closed the knowledge gap Southern Academic City had compared to the Central Academic City in many secondary fields but it fell short in the primary field, the card creation. The students need the minimum knowledge in card creation required for them to adapt the knowledge of the secondary field into their grimoire and card power system. Wyatt could not turn to the Infinity Library to solve this problem as in the cosmos the Central academic city was the leader when it came to knowledge on Card Creation and grimoire. If Wyatt could not solve this problem then introducing the otherworldly knowledge of the VR Universe to the students would not be ideal.

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[ 1,030 words ]

Chapter 1811 Dilemma

Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 04:13

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Park

"There are still two months before the new academic year starts right?" Wyatt asked Field Marshal with a twinkle in his eyes having thought of a way to solve the problem of old-school card creation knowledge still being taught in the southern academic city when the other regions have moved on to update knowledge researched and developed by the central academic city. "No no no, you must be crazy to think you will not only learn all the card creation knowledge the Southern academic city has to offer but also use it to make up the gap in knowledge of card creation between the Southern and Central academic city that too in a short period of two months," Field Marshal had already judge what kind of character Wyatt was. So when he reminded her that there were still two months left for the new academic year to start she immediately guessed what crazy thought was going through his mind now. "Wow, you are quick to pick up," Wyatt was surprised to see that Field Marshal already knew him enough to guess what was going through his mind with him just hinting at it. They had only recently met, this was their second meeting, so it was astonishing for the Field Marshal to have already figured out Wyatt's thought process. "You know, you are not that hard to read. I just have to think what would my niece do in your situation, and voila," Field Marshal replied enjoying the astonished look on Wyatt's face for a change. "That's what every teenage boy likes to hear," Wyatt replied a little repulsed by the fact that the Field Marshal was comparing him to Anna's mother but he also grew a little curious about her. How could he not, when people kept saying she was just like him? "You should consider being compared to my niece as a compliment. But I hear where you are coming from considering your relationship with her daughters and all," As she spoke these sentences Field Marshal wondered how Anna would feel when she knew she fell for someone like her mother. Field Marshal thought she was being subtle mentioning Wyatt's ambiguous relationship with her grandnieces, Anna and Ann, but Wyatt heard her intentions loud and clear. However, Wyatt's mind was busy thinking of ways to convince Field Marshal to hand over the Southern academic city to him to care about such little things. "You have mistaken my intentions, I never planned to do all the work. If I do all the work what are the other professors and students going to do? I just plan to use the knowledge of the card creation from Southern Academic City and make it simpler and more adaptable when it comes to incorporating other fields into card creation. This way the professor and the students can use the knowledge they gain in the VR Universe to create new cards and start new projects & research," Wyatt went into detail, explaining that he was not going to do all the work but give the professors and students the tools to the work. "Let us say you can do that in the limited time of two months, even the staff and students use your modified card creation knowledge and otherworldly knowledge from the VR Universe to create new cards and start new projects and research, just like you said. Now my question is who owns the patent for the new card recipes and who gets credit for new projects and research? You or the VR Universe or the Students/Staff. I read the story about a girl who was lucky enough to be one of the first few million to get a free VR slime card and explore the VR Universe early. She used her early access to the VR Universe to learn about various popular beverages from the VR Universe and copyright them. Now that VR Universe is open to many, some lucky card apprentices

who were also able to learn the recipe for the same popular beverages decided to start small businesses using those recipes in their neighborhood. But a few days later they were sued by the girl who has a patent for those beverages in the card world. The trial date is yet to be set but the grimoire network is split over this issue. Some say the girl is correct some say the girl is greedy and unethical. What do you think? What is your solution for this dilemma that you unwittingly created?" The Field Marshal seems to blame Wyatt. According to Field Marshal, as the sole beneficiary of the VR universe, Wyatt should be more responsible with what he has created. Due to the popularity of the VR Universe Wyatt was making money faster than the government or any of the royal families could print, yet he did not do anything to stop the evil that the VR Universe was capable of when used unethically. Field Marshal was right. Even though Wyatt could not have thought of such problems arising when creating the VR universe and making it available to everyone for free, now that he knew she believed he should take the necessary measures so such things do not repeat before he tries to further integrate the VR Universe into the day to day lives of the Card apprentices. "Well, I fixed it," Wyatt announced when Field Marshal was still contemplating how to help Wyatt with the dilemma, surprising her awake from her contemplation, "What? When? How?" Before she could properly ask Wyatt to explain what he meant, the Field Marshal received a notification from the Gimoire network. Informing her about an update on Wyatt's online card boutique page. She along with billions of VR universe enthusiasts was a follower of this page. Suddenly this single page was receiving so much traffic that it was taking longer time to load than usual, leaving Field Marshal frustrated. It never crossed her mind that she could ask about it to Wyatt who was right next to her.

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1812 Harsh Punishment

Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 04:13

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Park

[ @all

From: Dalton Wyatt

Regarding: Monopoly of otherworldly knowledge from VR Universe.

Respected Customers,

It has been brought to my notice that card apprentices are trying to monopolize the otherworldly knowledge they gained from the VR Universe by copyrighting them in the real world.

To them, I would like to point out that they are in contempt of Sections C(i), C(ii), & C(iii) in the licensing agreement of the VR Universe. Please, rectify your breach of contract within the next 36 hours.

In case of continued violation of the licensing agreement after the 36 hours of this warning, the Individual/Organization and anybody remotely related to them will be banned from the VR universe.

VR universe is my answer to restoring balance and tackling the monopolistic and capitalistic society that helps the rich get richer and the poor get poorer. I won't stand by as the greed of a few destroys it.

Regards,

Dalton Wyatt

Sections C(i), C(ii), & C(iii) summary-

C(i). Customers are free to use the knowledge gained from the VR Universe however they see fit within the limits of the social ethical and moral boundaries.

C(ii). They are not to monopolize the knowledge gained from the VR Universe. For example by copyrighting or applying patents on the knowledge gained from the VR Universe.

C(iii). As for the modified version of the knowledge gained from the VR Universe, the Individual/Organization can choose to use it privately or share it. By choosing to share the modified version of the knowledge, the Individual/Organization gets the credit for it and they will be rewarded appropriately by the VR Universe based on their contribution.

Note: Dalton Wyatt reserves all rights to VR Universe.]

"Isn't that harsh? I don't think people will accept this," Field Marshal uttered after reading the post made by Wyatt on his online card boutique shop page.

Field Marshal was impressed that Wyatt had already thought of such problems ahead and taken precautions for it in the VR Universe's terms and conditions but she felt that it was harsh of Wyatt to ban everyone related to the individual/organization in violation of the terms and conditions of using the VR Universe. She did not believe that it was fair for others to be punished for someone else's crime.

"Nope, it is not harsh enough. If someone does not agree with my way of doing things they can just stop using VR Universe," Wyatt was confident about his product. He knew that the card apprentice would never give up on VR Universe.

With Field Marshal going quiet, Wyatt sighed and explained his intention by stating such harsh punishment, "By doing this I hope that it will reduce the number of people using patsies to abuse VR Universe and fill their pockets at the expense of others.

I have done my best to keep the terms and conditions to use VR Universe without any loopholes but it has its shortcomings that is where this harsh punishment system comes into play. Besides this way, people will not keep quiet when they see their friends or family trying to abuse the VR Universe."

Wyatt did indeed take a dark turn on this one. He would rather let a thousand innocents suffer to catch one culprit. Even if the terms and conditions of the VR Universe was solid, true masterminds would force others to do their dirty work and fill their pockets while the innocent gets punished. By banning everyone who was even remotely connected to the culprit hoped that such criminal masterminds would not be able to force innocent people to do their dirty work.

Another reason Wyatt, extended the punishment to those who were even remotely connected to the culprit was because he wanted others to report the crime when they saw one instead of going on their merry way feeling lucky that they were not the victim. The idea was simple, Wyatt wanted society to be more responsible. Creating a social stigma or pressure that would prevent the card apprentices from abusing the VR Universe or at least think twice before doing so.

"I understand what you are trying to do but I still do not agree with it," Field Marshal was firm as she could not see a single innocent being punished let alone thousands. Then she said, "What is this b.s. about you tackling the monopolistic and capitalistic society with VR Universe. Ain't that hypocritical of you? You are the most capitalistic teenager I have ever met. Not to mention you are benefiting the most by monopolizing the currency exchange between the Card World and the VR universe."

"Hey, how can you say that when I kept the service fee for the currency exchange so reasonably low? It is the necessary evil. I barely make anything over small transactions. If it was the central government or any other organization in my place they would charge higher survival fees than most of the card apprentices could not even afford," Wyatt refuted the Field Marshal claiming that he had to maintain a monopoly over the VR Universe because nobody else would as fair and reasonable as him.

"You little hypocrite you have an answer for everything don't you," Field Marshal found that Wyatt was right and she could not claim otherwise. Even if it was the Southern Royal family in Wyatt's place they would not be so generous as to give away a free VR-Slime card, allow free entry to the VR Universe, let alone charge such a measly survival fee for the currency exchange.

For a second Field Marshal wondered if Wyatt was really trying to fight the monopolistic and capitalistic side of the current society with the VR Universe, then she shook her head thinking that she was falling for Wyatt's tricky tongue. The Field Marshal could not help but take a hard glance at Wyatt, thinking that she almost got tricked by this little trickster.

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?1813 User Agreement

Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 04:25

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Park

"So you agree with me?" Wyatt asked the Field Marshal in anticipation. He really hoped he could get the Field Marshal on board. With her on his side, it would be easier for him to convince others why he should be the new face of the Southern academic city.

"No, Wyatt. By punishing all for one's crime in hopes that nobody pushes others to commit crimes for them, you are creating a hostile environment around the VR-Universe users. This is how social prosecution began and things take a wrong turn too soon.

I don't know if they still teach this in the school, but during the demon invasion, when the government and the royal families were busy fighting the demons, it was up to the people to defend themselves from the demon worshipers among them. I won't go into the details but people used the guise of hunting demon worshipers to kill their enemy or competition. In the end, I cannot guarantee whether the people were able to catch the demon worshipers among them, but I can guarantee you that many innocent lives were ruined back then, more than the demon worshipers.

It is tragic that that happened back then but those were some dark times. However, if the same repeats again because of your collective punishment system, you will only have yourself to blame.

Wyatt, I hope you do not become like those greedy organizations that only care about their profits rather than how their actions and products affect society. So I am asking you to reconsider this collective punishment system and find another punishment system that will work.

That being said, I do like the fact that you are willing to reward the individual/organization that is willing to share their modified version of the knowledge they gained from the VR universe with the rest of the world based on their contribution. Now that I can get on board with you as long as your rewards are not too cheap," Field Marshal continued to disagree with Wyatt's approach.

Field Marshal Heatsend understood how significant the VR Universe was for the card apprentice, especially in another year when every card apprentice in every corner of the five regions would have access to the VR Universe thanks to Wyatt's generously giving away free VR-Slime cards to all that can't afford it.

So the Field Marshal knew the impact of Wyatt's actions could be fast and widespread. Therefore she wanted him to be more responsible than hoping that fear of getting banned would get everyone in line like a herd of sheep.

But what Field Marshal did not understand was that if she could understand this, Wyatt would have already thought of this when he created the terms and conditions for the VR Universe. Wyatt had indeed thought it and also created a separate clause in the terms and conditions about public persecution. If she had read it she would know.

Besides, when Wyatt said that he would ban any and all related to the culprit, he did not explain to the people that the ban would be only till Hive AI had conducted its investigation by accessing their VR accounts and Grimoires along with her information-collecting network. Considering the speed of the Hive AI the ban would last from 3 to 24hrs at max depending on the size of the case. It was clearly mentioned in the terms and conditions the ban would only last till the investigation concludes.

"Ugh," Wyatt groaned in frustration and replied, "I wasn't asking you about that but since we're on this topic because YoU JusT Won'T LeT IT GO, please just read the terms and conditions of the VR Universe user license agreement before you find faults with me? I have clearly mentioned everything in there. I know that I hold a huge responsibility toward society, and I am acting accordingly you do not need to keep reminding me that."

"Don't you dare talk to me in that tone, I did not tolerate it when my kids talked to me like that nor will I now, do you understand?" Field Marshal thundered listening to Wyatt raise his voice and use a condescending tone while talking to her. Wyatt was lucky he was not her descendent otherwise he would learn what it would feel like to be whooped by one of the top ten strongest in the card world.

Field Marshal's rage woke Wyatt up from his frustration and reminded him of whom he was talking to. So taming his tone he repeated, "Your Highness, let us continue our talk after you read the terms and conditions of the VR Universe user license agreement. I will wait."

Wyatt had decided not to talk with the Field Marshal until she had read the terms and conditions of the VR Universe user license agreement since the ethical and social implications of the VR Universe seemed to bother her so much that she kept bothering Wyatt about it repeatedly when she wasn't even bothered to spend a few minutes to read the terms and conditions and solve her concerns. Wyatt was pissed alright. He did not Wyatt for the Field Marshal's replay and walked away from the scene. Then he strolled the park as if enjoying its serene tranquility.

"You wait right there!" the Field Marshal was enraged to see Wyatt speak his mind and then abruptly walked away in the middle of the conversation without waiting for her to respond. And the nerve of him to pretend to enjoy the park's view even though his eyes gave his rage away.

Wyatt continued his stride and did not pause hearing the Field Marshal. He had decided not to engage in any form of conversation with her until she had read the terms and conditions of the VR Universe user agreement.

"Y-you..." the Field Marshal was enraged even more to see that Wyatt would not stop at her command. But then she helplessly gave up and decided to read the terms and conditions of the VR Universe user agreement before teaching Wyatt a little manners.

- Seven minutes later-

The Field Master who finally read the terms and conditions of the VR Universe user agreement, went through it repeatedly a few more times realizing that she owed Wyatt an apology. She went through it repeatedly so that she could find something that she could use to save face in front of Wyatt. But to her surprise, the terms and conditions of the VR Universe user agreement drawn by Wyatt had considered and taken precautions against all the scenarios of how the VR universe could affect the card world or be taken advantage of.

Some of these even she had not thought of or heard of, as such she began to see the VR Universe user agreement as more like a guide on how to take advantage of loosely drawn contracts. She never imagined that people could abuse a legally binding contract in such creative ways.

Read the user agreement a few times, and thought of numerous ways she could take advantage of the military contract the Southern region had signed with the other regions and other organizations. The same was true the other around.

Alerted, the Field Marshal immediately highlighted the parts of the VR Universe user agreement that she thought were creative and the South needs to use and look out for in their contracts. Then shared the document with the higher officials in the Southern Watch and other armed forces of the South. Ordering them to go through the document and implement the highlighted precautionary measures as soon as possible.

The Field Marshal did this because the smart ones who have read Wyatt's post will be intrigued by the VR Universe user agreement mentioned in the post and go through it if they have not done it before. Meaning if a muscle-brained soldier like herself could learn so many creative ways to abuse a legal contract just by reading the VR Universe user agreement a few times then they too would have noticed them and gotten ideas about trying it out in the real world. Especially those who want to take advantage of these new creative jailbreaks before they become common knowledge, the common public becomes aware of these tricks.

Field Marshal who had now warned her subordinates of the creative tricks to take advantage of legal contracts. Then hesitated whether she should share the same with the common public. But then thinking at the real common public who need to be aware of such tricks would be asleep right now from their hard day of work. She decided to leave this to her niece. After all, her niece had total control over the Southern media and even some small media outlets in the other regions. If it's her then she should be able to think of the right way to reach the right audience that needs to be aware of such tricks in legal contracts. And while she was at that she could also warn those who planned to take advantage of this knowledge and trick innocent unsuspecting citizens. Thinking of this Field Marshal's alarmed heart finally settled and then she headed toward Wyatt. Knowing that she owed him an apology, big time.

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?1814 Grand Academia Bowl

Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 04:38

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Park

"I read the user agreement, more like a guide on creative tricks to abuse legal contracts. Boy, no wonder you were able to trick the devil," Field Marshal Heatsend found Wyatt strolling by the manmade pond and said to ease the awkwardness.

Field Marshal knew she owed Wyatt an apology, with her character she did not have a problem apologizing if she was in the wrong be it to an elder, colleague, or junior. But this time Field Marshal could not bring herself to apologize to Wyatt because she was not only wrong but also felt guilty.

She felt guilty because Wyatt had thought of and done everything in his power to make sure that the impact of the VR Universe on the Card World would be nothing but good,

but without any prior due diligence on her part, she blamed him for being greedy and not caring about what his product was doing to society.

Not that Field Marshal had not felt guilty when she was wrong other times, but this time it was different. She knew the sense of betrayal one would feel being called bad and greedy when they were going out of their way to be fair and do good to and for everyone. In her line of work, she has been in that place many times making the most difficult decisions affecting millions of lives.

Since she knew the pain of being misunderstood, Field Marshal felt a little more guilty about this one in particular and felt a simple apology would not cut it. Therefore, she found herself in a difficult spot making small talk to ease her awkwardness which was unlike her, she was more of a direct person.

"Is that an apology? I accept it," Wyatt did not make things difficult for the Field Marshal because she was advising him to be better and not forcing him to be better. The two were very different, One showed that she cared and the other showed that she was self-righteous. Wyatt appreciated her care and advice.

If it were someone else in the Field Marshal's place they might have asked him to increase the service fee for the VR Universe currency exchange and fork over a sizeable percentage of dividend to them since he was under their care and protection.

"Wyatt, you are easy to talk contrary to what my husband keeps saying. Thank you, for being so understanding," Field Marshal nodded at Wyatt with her eyes filled with warmth feeling Wyatt was a sweetheart. She wondered why Lorenzo kept complaining that Wyatt was difficult to talk to.

Speaking of Lorenzo, that was the guy you could expect to demand a dividend. Wyatt thought this based on his experience with Lorenzo, that old fool tried to get Colleen to lock Wyatt up in the name of safety and protection upon learning that Wyatt was the one to invent the silver milk powder. Wyatt could never understand how honorable women like Field Marshal Heatsend always end up with crooked men like Lorenzo Lorn.

"If you feel that way, then I take it you will help me be the city lord of the Southern Academic city," Wyatt once again brought up the topic, as he really wanted this position.

"Wyatt, if you want to be a City Lord based on your contribution we can get you to be a City Lord for a 1st tier city right in the capital district but the Southern Academic city is not possible because everything we discussed earlier is a big if. The Southern region already lacks talented card apprentices, if the Southern Academic city fails to provide its meager talents for one year, then the South cannot recover from it. The whole economy will crumble and we will see another recession. It is not that I do not trust you but In our current state, we cannot risk that," The Field Marshal shook her head helplessly.

Field Marshal wanted to help Wyatt but if he failed to deliver on what he promised then it would not only affect her but the entire Southern Region. She could not take such a big risk, regardless of how much confidence she had in Wyatt.

Listening to the Field Marshal, Wyatt did not hide his disappointment. Hoping to guilt her and turn her no into a yes. It partially worked as Field Marshal proposed, "How about I give you a university, you implement your plans there and based on your results I can help you become the City lord of the Southern academic city?"

"That won't cut it, one university is not enough for the Grand Academia Bowl," Wyatt blurted after considering the Field Marshal's proposal.

"The Grand Academia bowl, don't tell me you are after its prize. Except for the Central academic city no other academic cities have ever won one. At least the other academic cities had the fortune of being one of the runners-ups while the Southern academic city has been dead last for the last few centuries," The Field Marshal was astonished to learn that Wyatt was aiming for the Grand Academia Bowl.

Grand Academia Bowl, for thousands of years it has been a grand event, held once every four years, where prestigious educational institutions of all five academic cities gather and showcase their achievements, researchers, and projects competing for the title of 'Grand Academia.'

No surprise, one of the education institutions from the Central Academic City has always won the title of 'Grand Academia' ever since the founders of the other four academic cities vanished in history for obvious reasons. Their successors had let them down. Especially the Southern academic city, under the constant decline of the Southern Region, the Southern academic city never had the honor of being a runner-up for the title let alone win the title.

So imagine the Field Marshal's surprise when she heard Wyatt bring up the 'Grand Academia Bowl' which was going to be held the next academic year. She could not help but wonder if Wyatt had gone insane when he not only claimed that he would modify all the card creation knowledge of the Southern Academic city in two months but also aim for the 'Grand Academia Bowl.'

"Wyatt, tell me you are not aiming for the Grand Academic Bowl," Field Marshal wanted to confirm once again even though she had heard Wyatt mention Grand Academic Bowl loud and clear.

"Yes, I am aiming for the title 'Grand Academia'," Wyatt answered the Field Field Marshal, he could not be more clear about his ambition. He was not aiming for the runner-up of the Grand Academia Bowl, he was aiming for the title 'Grand Academia' anything less, his ego would not allow it. If he was participating in a competition or a wager he had to win. There was no other option unless losing was winning.

"Boy, you have gone insane. No no, I am the one who is insane for continuing to listen to your crazy nonsense," Field Marshal felt that Wyatt had a few screws loose if he thinks that he can win the title 'Grand Academia' in the upcoming 'Grand Academia Bowl' that will be held in next academic year.

Wyatt rolled his eyes listening to Field Marshal, then he bargained, "Give me 30 educational institutions, not all have to be universities. I can manage if some are colleges and training centers."

"Are you feeling alright? Did you catch some alien fever traveling to other worlds?" Field Marshal asked as her snow-

white hand tore out of the void and touched Wyatt's forehead to check if he was okay.

"Aren't you overreacting a bit?" Wyatt was caught off guard seeing a rip form in the space and a delicate female arm extend out of it and check his temperature.

"Overreacting, do you know what you are aiming for? Just this year alone the central academic city has applied for nearly 4500 patents and copyrights in total. Now imagine how many patents and copyrights they have under their belt in a span of four years. What gives you the confidence that you can outdo them in the year with 30 educational institutions? I am exaggerating, uh, I am not reacting enough. If you need me to slap you wake from your dream then just say the word," Field Marshal really started to treat Wyatt like a senile.

With all the top ten universities situated in the Central region, it was not surprising that they applied for 4500 patents and copyrights. Especially considering that most of the copyrights were the card recipes that talent card creationists have applied for their doctoral.

Wyatt was not discouraged by the Field Marshal's words. Rather the more she said that he could not do it the more he resolved himself to do it. Field Marshal's sound of reason was like the song of motivation to Wyatt's ears.

"Need I remind you that the GrandAcademia Bowl is about quality and not quantity," Wyatt argued. However, Field Marshal's hysteria did not make it easy for him to do so.

"It is about quality right, then one university should be more than enough for you to achieve your goal," Field Marshal used Wyatt's words against him.

"..." Wyatt was without words. The competition boosted quality over quantity but he knew he could not submit a few patents, copyrights, research, and projects when the other educational intuitions were submitting a few hundred or thousand of those. With that, he could aim for one of the runner positions but not the title. After all, the title was Grand Academia, it represents that an institution was capable of pumping out quality

talents in large quantity. Wyatt felt that a greater quality could make up for a little less quantity but greater quality could not make up for the lowest quantity.

The question was, would you as a student choose an intuition that could produce a large quantity of acceptable quality talents or an intuition that could produce a very low quantity of high-

quality talents? It would depend on personal choice but for a competition like 'Grand Academia Bowl' the answer was obvious.

Seeing Wyatt unable to talk for once, Field Marshal shook her head and asked, "Why do you even care for this competition? Is it about the rewards?"

"Yes, it is about the rewards, the winner and runner-up get a limited amount of seats to enter the time vestige in the Morningstar University. I aiming for it," Since the Field Marshal had guessed it Wyatt revealed the real reason why he was so bent on participating and winning the upcoming 'Grand Acadmia Bowl.'

"If it is about that then this time you represent the Southern Royal family in the Morningstar University time vestige," Field Marshal nodded in understanding and proposed. The time vestige was indeed a tempting reward for the 'Grand Acadmia Bowl.' But for Wyatt, the Southern Royal family was willing to give him the seat they received every year.

Every year when Morningstar University opens the time vestige, only limited people can enter it. Most of the seats were reserved for the staff and students of Morningstar University, then the other top ten universities and the central government, and then what remained was distributed between the royal families, then the other organizations. In the end, after the forces of the central region had divided the seats among them, the royal families only got very few seats that were already reserved by card apprentices who exchanged a lot of contributions for these seats.

Even in the case of the Southern Royal family, every year the number of seats they received for the time vestige was in single digits. But for these limited seats, there was a long line of card apprentices who had exchanged all the merits they gathered by risking their lives, contributing to the Southern region and its citizens. Despite that, they had been patiently waiting for decades all together for their turn. The list was jam-

packed even someone from the royal family did not dare to use their influence to cut in the line. As that would be undermining the contribution of these card apprentices to the Southern Region and its citizens.

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[ 1,066 words ]

## **Chapter 1815 Relentless**

?1815 Relentless

Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 04:55

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Park

"Thank you. But no, I cannot do that," Wyatt resolutely refused the Field Marshal's offer to represent the Southern royal family in the Morningstar University time vestige in the next academic year. He appreciated her offer but he knew that their many Card Apprentices more deserving of that than him.

The Southern region collectively believed Anna's mother's narrative of Wyatt being their hope, so the Card Apprentice would not mind Wyatt cutting in the line. However, Wyatt did not believe in that narrative. He believed that the South's hope was for its citizens as for him he was just a brighter spark, he could ignite the prosperity of the South but it was up to its citizens to blow it into a brighter fire for generations to come.

An entire region cannot run on one person or one family's shoulder. The Southerners need to fight for the change they want to see. Wyatt could usher in the change but it was up to them to see it through. This was why Wyatt did not choose the easier but the difficult one.

It would be easier for him to enter the time vestige using the limited seats that the Southern royal family got every year but instead, he continued to stubbornly choose to pursue the 'Grand Academia Bowl' not only because he wanted to stick one to the Morningstar university and Central government but also because he wanted to be the spark the Southerners desperately needed.

Though Wyatt was not that active on the grimoire network he was aware of the blind trust of the Southerners in him. They might have been blinded by Anna's mother's false narrative about the Silver Milk Fraud but now they defend him at every turn ever since he defeated Chris Chase defending the Southern region's honor.

They had shown him a lot of love now it was time for him to reciprocate it. Silver Milk Powder, VR Slime Card, and VR Universe did not count as they were just a few of his business ventures that rose to fame quickly. The 'Grand Academia Bowl,' was what Wyatt had planned as a gift for the Southern for all their support and love.

Contrary to his character, this time Wyatt planned to share the rich rewards of the 'Grand Academia Bowl' with those who deserved it. If Wyatt did not recognize talent and uphold it how would he usher in the change that the Southerners were desperately looking forward to? Not to mention, this would be the best way for him to show the Morningstar University that he did not need them they needed him. Basically, Wyatt to Morningstar University: Learn your place bitch!

The only thing that bothered Wyatt about this was that Anna's mother was getting what she wanted by spreading the narrative that Wyatt was the hope of the Southern Region. He had not met this woman but somehow, be it the silver milk fraudster or the South's hope, she was dictating his every action from other corners of the five regions. Wyatt did not like this one bit.

"It is unlike you to say no to such an offer, are you really feeling okay?" the Field Marshal asked. The Wyatt now was totally different from the one she heard of, the one that managed to hog the most profit from the silver milk powder.

"I know better than to accept that offer, it may look like free but it comes with a lot of strings attached. I am fine winning my entry to the time vestige. I was planning to brush up my knowledge on card creation anyway, while i am at it I might as well do some extra credit by winning the 'Grand Academia Bowl'," Wyatt shook his head, continuing to reject the Field Marshal's generous offer.

"You are delusional if you think that you can win the 'Grand Academia Bowl.' Besides, why am I entertaining this argument with you? When you can't even enter the competition as you are," the Field Marshal did not want to argue any more for fear of getting dragged into Wyatt's delusion.

"Because somewhere deep down in your heart you believe I can do it," Wyatt spoke narcissistically but since the Field Marshal had a good impression of him it came off as charming.

Listening to Wyatt, the Field Marshal wondered if Wyatt could read her mind. Because she was just contemplating in her mind the same. Deep down in her heart, a tiny spark kept trying to ignite the thought that Wyatt might be able to miraculously win the 'Grand Academia Bowl' just like the other miracles he pulled off. However, the reality of the situation snubbed that spark before it could ignite that thought in her heart.

Since the Field Marshal had not replied for a while now, Wyatt had to understand that what he was asking was just too much for the Field Marshal to decide on so shaking his head he used the ace arrow in his query, even if he did not want to use it, "Fine, I understand. But before you scrap this idea why don't you propose it to Her Highness Southern Princess?"

Field Marshal finally spoke up, "You are relentless, aren't you? Fine, I will ask. But don't worry, even if she rejects your idea I will still give you a university you can implement your plan and test it out there. I believe your idea has a lot of promise."

"Sure, please do," Wyatt said rolling his eyes. Field Marshal kept saying that, her niece and he, were alike, he wanted to see if she was right.

Besides, even if Anna's mother rejected his idea Wyatt did not plan on giving up. Instead, he would keep knocking on other doors till he meets someone who can give him what he wants.

"I just texted your proposal to my niece, since she is busy with Gideon Grim and Handsome Fox stuff it might take awhile for her to reply—" Just as the Field Marshal was explaining that it might take time for Anna's mother to reply to her text, her grimoire notification alerted her that she received a text and to her surprise, it was from her niece.

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?1816 I Hate Politicians

Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 05:12

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Park

"I told you two are alike. She agreed to your proposal and wants to implement it as soon as possible. But I still cannot understand what she is thinking agreeing to your proposal," the Field Marshal exclaimed going through her niece's reply.

Astonished by her niece's decision Field Marshal was wrecking her brain to figure out if she forgot to take something into consideration which her niece and Wyatt did. For them to support such a crazy ass idea. Unable to find what she was missing, the Field Marshal asked her niece about it through the text, and the answer she received was thought-provoking.

[Dear Auntie,

You forget our region will soon start producing Silver Milk Powder, with that as bait our Southern region will be able to attract more talents than we can handle.

Besides, we will have to keep up with the change the Silver Milk Powder will bring. Since Wyatt is begging to take the lead for free, let him. By now you should know better than to doubt the boy.

He is our little miracle maker. Rub his head for me, will you. In a few minutes, I am about to have a meeting with other delegates about Handsome Fox. I need all the luck I can get.

Regards,

Yours Nifty

Niece]

Reading her niece's text, the Field Marshal made another tear in the space and rubbed Wyatt's head with her delicate hand for good luck. Only to hear Wyatt complain, "Please, stop touching me without my permission."

The Field Marshal ignored Wyatt's protest realizing that they did not have the key ingredient silver milk to produce the Silver Milk Powder like her niece came and wrote back a text asking how she planned to make silver milk powder without any silver milk. Soon, her niece replied,

[Dear Auntie,

About that, I don't know what magic the boy did to the Freedom Fighters they contacted me begging to return the D-

rank dungeon in exchange for a small constant supply of silver milk powder. I am guessing the World Decree was the final straw, that made them so desperate.

In conclusion, we can start the production of silver milk powder as soon as the new plants around the Southern capital are up and running. Don't let the boy know about this. When I finally meet him, I plan to get back at him for the one-sided silver milk powder deal and for using my daughter as his shield.

Regards,

Yours Nifty

Niece]

Going through her niece's text, Field Marshal's eyes enlarged and almost popped out of her eye sockets in total shock and rage. She could not believe that he niece would make a deal with the Freedom Fighters. She was enraged with her niece's decision but

soon she calmed down. The thing she hated and loved about her niece was that she was a very good politician.

With Field Marshal's rage, Wyatt felt the turbulence in the surrounding space. Forcing himself not to use his soul pupils as he blindly yelled, "Your Highness."

Without his soul pupils, Wyatt had no idea why the space surrounding him was suddenly turbulent. He tried calling out to the Field Marshal hoping she had an answer. But to his panic, his surrounding space was tranquil again but he did not receive a reply from the Field Marshal.

As time passed and no reply from the Field Marshal came, Wyatt was leaning toward using his soul pupils to check if the Field Marshal was still present. His heart said he should check if something was wrong but his mind said it was the Field Marshal, who in their right mind would challenge her in the Southern Region, her home ground. In the end, he did not let his intrusive thoughts win as he did not want to risk offending the Field Marshal. Over a slight scare.

Thankfully for Wyatt, he did not listen to his intrusive thoughts as the Field Marshal finally replied after controlling her rage, "Boy, you scare fast."

"Well, I call them survival instincts," Wyatt replied with a straight face.

"Yes, the survival instincts of a cat," Field Marshal chuckled and teased Wyatt, recalling the part where Wyatt jumped in a scare when his surrounding space was suddenly turbulent. At that moment she was too angry at her niece to find it funny but now she thought Wyatt resembled a scared cat back then.

"Whatever, so what was that just now," Wyatt ignored Field Marshal's teasing and asked why the space was suddenly turbulent.

"That, I hate politicians," the Field Marshal answered without going into details.

"I don't either but now that the Southern Princess agrees with me, what do you think?" Wyatt did not know why Field Marshal would say that suddenly but he decided to focus on what he wanted.

"Now that you have her approval, you are golden. You should start packing to move to the Southern Academic City. You knew that didn't you? Otherwise, you would not ask me to pitch your proposal to her," the Field Marshal was not kidding with her brother at the Way Beyond, her niece was the true decision maker with the current ruler-representative Colleen as her puppet. So if her niece supported Wyatt's idea then nobody in the Southern Region could stop it from happening.

"I knew if she agreed with me I could get you to agree with us but I did not think she was the final decision maker," Wyatt lied.

"So when do you plan to head to the Southern Academic City, if I have a date I can get the people to prepare for your arrival. Especially, all the card creation study material you would be needing," Field Marshal was not a two-year-old, she did not believe Wyatt. But was impressed by his gut, seeing him dare to lie to her face when she just told him that she hated politicians.

"About that, can't you just have them send the study material here?"

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?1817 Royal Teleportation, The Run Away Kid

Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 05:25

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Park

"Wyatt, have you ever considered leaving the Sky Blossom City? We tried kidnapping you but you ran right back. Don't tell me you plan to be the City Lord of the Southern Academic City from here," the Field Marshal really did not understand Wyatt's obsession with the Sky Blossom City. She was told that his obsession was with his manager and not the city itself. She hoped it was true feeling guilty toward Anna. If a hot manager was what it took to move Wyatt then the Royal family would mind resorting to that.

"I did when I was planning to get admitted to Morningstar University and develop in the central academic city. Speaking of which, I have to thank Her Highness Colleen for the travel ban, otherwise, now I would have invested a lot in the Central Academic City with no plans to develop there. Her Highness's foresight saved me a lot of investment," Wyatt answered and then began to explain why he could not move to the Southern Academic Region now, "I will move to the Southern Academic City but not now as there are still a few unfinished here."

Wyatt wasn't lying when he said he could not move to the Southern Academic City now, with Bloodette in a coma, Cortney still missing, and Dredre's forest under construction, he was stuck in the Blood Rock Cave Gate Dungeon for the foreseeable future. If not for the pseudo-calamity soul gems, he would be rounded like a featherless bird.

If the Field Marshal instead of him moving to the Southern Academic City then Wyatt planned to send one of his Calamity Daughter Gems to head to the Southern Academic City in advance with a few pseudo-calamity soul gems.

"Fine, I will get someone to get you the study material. But remember the City Lord of the Southern Academic City cannot be staying in the Sky Blossom City. You have one and half months, finish your business here and move there early to learn the ropes from the old city lord," the Field Marshal sternly warned Wyatt that he had to move to the Southern Academic City in another month and a half if he was going to be its City Lord.

"Thank you," Wyatt gratefully nodded and thanked the Field Marshal for being so understanding.

Wyatt understood that he could no longer be as willful as before with his card boutique as this no longer just involved him and the Heatsend Royal family but the future of the Southern Region's talented youths. Being a city lord did not mean he had a lot of authority and power but he had a lot of people he had to answer. He could ignore the bureaucrat and the ministers but not the students and their parents. Wyatt had thought all this through when he decided to pitch his plan to the Field Marshal.

"Mhm," the Field Marshal was confused, the picture of Wyatt painted by Lorenzo, Leo, and Colleen did not match with the Wyatt she met in person. She trusts all of them including Wyatt but sometimes could not help but doubt Wyatt was just playing the part of the guy who can best get along with her. If so then she had to commend Wyatt's acting skills because even her divine intent could not find any flaw in his words or actions.

"Speaking of moving, I need a teleportation card," not that this primary agenda was achieved Wyatt moved on to his secondary agenda.

"Why are you telling me this? You are rich and famous, go buy one yourself," the Field Marshal teased Wyatt acting as if she did not understand what Wyatt was hinting at.

"They don't sell the type of teleportation card I am looking for," Wyatt answered knowing the Field Marshal was being deliberate, it was so obvious. He wondered if a high-level being was so bored that she would tease a mortal such as himself at every opportunity.

'Doesn't she have cute grandbabies or great grandbabies to play with?' Wyatt wondered. However, what Wyatt did not know was that this side of the Field Marshal was a rare sight in the Lorn or the Heatsend Royal Family. The royal kids would be scared shitless just hearing her name. Only a few of them had the opportunity of seeing this side of their ancestor. Especially as Luna's betrayal.

"What kind of teleportation card do you need? I have a few old-

level teleportation cards on me, I was planning to reward them to any descendant that performs outstandingly but that never happened. So you might as well use it," the Field Marshal stopped teasing Wyatt and replied that she had some low-level teleportation cards on her.

"I want the one that Jill used to rush to my rescue, a long-

distance teleportation card that can teleport me to any coordinate in the five regions while bypassing any array formations including the ones protecting the borders and air space of the five regions," Wyatt dictated all the high-end specifications a teleportation card could have.

"Boy, don't cash checks that your realm cannot cash. How about a long-distance card with a varying cool-down time depending on the distance covered in the previous teleportation? Sounds good?" The Field Marshal said that the specifications Wyatt was looking for in a teleportation card were too high-end for his realm and he should lower his standards.

"Will it allow me to travel to the other regions without being dedicated by the array formation covering them?" Wyatt asked, even though the Field Marshal just answered.

Wyatt could try to create his own card teleportation card with a trove of card creation study material he was getting soon but for him to create one that could bypass each of the array formations protecting the five regions was impossible unless he deciphered the five arrays and added a back door key to his teleportation card. However, the royal families and the Central government already had these keys to the arrays of all five regions as part of their alliance. Making it easier for him to get the card than creating one.

"That is not possible with an A-rank teleportation card, you will need a minimum of the S-rank card for that," the Field Marshal patiently answered.

"S-rank card will do, I have a feeling that my grimoire upgrade is right around the corner so, I will be able to use it soon," Wyatt was happy to hear that the field Marshal had the teleportation card that met his requirements even though could not use now.

"If you say so. Here," Field Marshal passed a card to Wyatt through the rip in the space.

"S-rank Royal Teleportation card," Taking the card from the Field Marshal Wyatt read its name aloud before proceeding to read its card info.

[Card Name: Royal Teleportation

Card Type: Skill Card (active)

Card Rank: S-rank, Mythical-Grade

Card Rate: 11-stars

Card Durability: [82/100]

Card Effect: The user can use the card to teleport to any coordinates within the same dimension regardless of distance.

Cool-down Time: 24hrs

Additional Effect: Royal Pass

Note: Please get your coordinates right or else you risk wounding up in an unknown location or void itself.]

Royal Pass: Gives the user access to array formations protecting the five regions and their cities.

"Wait, the cooldown time is 24hrs. Did you not say it will vary based on the distance covered during previous teleportation?" Wyatt asked unsatisfied by the card's cool-down time. He finally managed to get his hands on a teleportation card but he could only use it once per day which was only enough for the one-way trip and not the round trip.

"That was for the other A-rank card I was planning to give to you before," the Field Marshal explained with a frown not liking where Wyatt was driving the conversation toward.

"Can I have that card too? It is just eating dust in your card holder anyway," Wyatt asked.

"Sure," the Field Marshal agreed after a little hesitation. She handed the other A-rank card to Wyatt thinking that considering the heat on him he could use two teleportation cards.

"Thank you," taking the card from the Field Marshal, Wyatt read it same aloud, " The Run Away Kid, huh?"

Wyatt was confused by the card's name, it was unique in its way. He believed it had a story behind its name. Glossing over it, he proceeded to carefully read the card info,

[Card Name: The Run Away Kid

Card Type: Skill Card (active)

Card Rank: A-rank, Rare-Grade

Card Rate: 9-stars

Card Durability: [79/100]

Card Effect: The user can use the card to teleport to any coordinates within the same dimension regardless of distance.

Cool-down Time: It varies based on the distance teleported during the previous use.

Note: Please get your coordinates right or else you risk wounding up in an unknown location or void itself.]

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?1818 Meeting Anna

Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 05:49

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Park

Wyatt summoned his grimoire, placing the Royal Teleportation card in the cardholder he immediately equipped the A-rank teleportation card and activated it. Then vanishing from his spot he appeared about a meter away. Soon he tried to use the card again only to learn that he had to wait for 2 seconds before using it again.

"2 seconds cool down for a meter-long teleportation, that is 33.4 minutes cool down for a kilometer-long teleportation," Wyatt complained, as the card failed to satisfy his requirements.

"Wyatt, it is not easy to make a low-rank long-distance teleportation card," The Field Marshal responded, hearing Wyatt complain.

"Yes, thank you for the cards," Wyatt thanked the Field Marshal for her cards. Even though they were not to his taste, it was better than nothing.

"Look at it, it's morning already. Wyatt, when do you plan to get some sleep?" the Field Marshal asked as enjoyed the first daybreak.

"Too many things I need to get done, not enough time," Wyatt continued to complain letting out a helpless sigh.

In her space wedge, the Field Marshal rolled her eyes listening to Wyatt complain. However, if she knew how many problems he was multitasking alone, she would feel sorry for him.

"Enough about me, I heard that you are training Anna. How are you doing that when you are looking after me?" Wyatt enquired the Field Marshal about Anna under the pretense of a doubt.

It might seem sudden to the Field Marshal, but Wyatt has been planning to enquire her about Anna since their first meeting. But he did not know how to ask her about Anna without causing any misunderstanding. In the end, his heart's foolishness trumped his mind's reasoning.

After all, it has been a while since Wyatt saw Anna. The last time he saw her was right before Colleen brought him to the Southern Capital city, the same as in Susan's case. But at least with Susan, he was able to talk to her over grimoire but he has had zero contact with Anna since then.

"What is that supposed to mean? Are you worried that I will not be able to protect you while training Anna or that I will not be able to train Anna properly while protecting you? Which is it?" The Field Marshal asked in a stern voice if Wyatt's words had offended her.

Seeing what the Field Marshal was up to, Wyatt dropped his pretense and asked, "How's Anna doing? When will her training be complete?"

"You are no fun. At the current rate, her training will take a few years. But if she buckles down then we might finish it a lot sooner. It all depends on her," The Field Marshal replied while rays of light gathered in front of Wyatt forming a window into another space.

"Anna," Wyatt blurted, peeking in the space window. Through the space window, he saw the solitude of Anna trying to break a huge rune seal with her bare fists.

As if she heard Wyatt's calling her name, Anna paused bashing the seal with her fists, and looked around, only to find the same old desolate plane. Then shaking her head she returned to her training, believing she was having one of her hallucinations again.

"Anna, up here," Wyatt yelled deducing that she could hear him.

Hearing Wyatt's voice again, Anna wanted to ignore it as her hallucination but she could not resist the temptation and following the sound, she looked up to find a space window in the sky and the other side of it was Wyatt.

"Wyatt, is that you, or is my mind playing tricks on me again?" Anna asked as she flew and headed toward the space window. However, the closer she tried to get to the space window the further it seemed. Pissed, she cried out, "Grand aunt, what the heck?"

"Girl, only sight and hearing, no touching," the Field Marshal's voice reverberated in the mystic dimension, explaining to Anna that she could only see and talk to Wyatt, not get close or touch him.

"What about smelling?" Anna asked not giving up on trying to get close to the space window.

"...." The Field Marshal was speechless and did not bother to answer Anna. Honestly, she did plan to cut Anna off from the outside world. However, she also wanted to help nurture Wyatt's feelings for Anna keeping the bigger picture in her mind. This felt essential to her, seeing that Wyatt's relationship with his manager was not simple. So, against her better judgment, she went off the script of her training plans for Anna and let Wyatt meet Anna.

But listening to Anna make nasty demands, she shrank the space window a little to scare her straight.

"Okay, I get it. Only looking and talking," Anna yelled grudgingly.

But getting confirmation that she was looking and hearing the actual Wyatt and not some hallucination, Anna's eyes turned soft as she gazed at him with longing eyes. Then she yelled, "Wyatt, show me some skin, I miss running my hands over your well-chiseled chest and abs."

Just as Anna demanded Wyatt, she saw the space window shrink again. So, she cried out in panic, "Grandaunt, what the heck?"

"Behave," This word thundered in the mystic dimension and continued to echo. The voice amplified with every echo. Anna had to cover her ears feeling her eardrums would burst if left unattended.

"Fine," Anna shouted that she would behave. Only then did the echo of the word 'Behave' die.

"Anna, complete your training fast. I am waiting for you," Wyatt decided to keep his talk with Anna short, getting a feeling that his face time with Anna was not a part of the Field Marshal's plans for her training.

"What, hey, we just met—" Anna was shocked to see that the space window closed even before she got to talk to Wyatt.

"Grandaunt, open the space window. Grandaunt!" Anna yelled unable to process what just happened. She continued to plead with her grandaunt, "Grandaunt, let me talk to Wyatt. I promise I will behave."

"Grandaunt, bring Wyatt back. I promise to train harder."

...

"Boy, what was that about?" The Field Marshal asked Wyatt wondering why he texted her to close the space window.

"I don't want to hinder Anna's training. I miss Anna, but I also do not want to see her getting beaten to death, unable to struggle or resist. Do what you need to do. I can wait a few years for her," Wyatt understood how important it was for Anna to shape up. Especially, with the demon invasion on the brink. So, he steeled his heart, and cheering for Anna he kept his message short. Not wanting to keep her from her training.

"Why can't that girl be as sensible as you? Since you don't mind. I will use you to motivate her. Hopely, she will take her training more seriously after this," The Field Marshal has tried numerous ways to motivate Anna except using Wyatt. But now that she heard Wyatt ask her to do what she must, she understood that Wyatt was subtly hinting at her how to motivate Anna with his actions. Anna's reaction and promises to train harder were the evidence that Wyatt's proposal to use him to motivate Anna toward her training was effective.

...

"Girl, train harder if I see faster progress in your training. I will arrange the meeting with Wyatt again," the Field Marshal finally answered Anna's calls and proposed that if she took her train seriously and made progress then she did not mind letting her meet Wyatt again.

"Okay, I will train harder," Anna said resolutely. She immediately understood why her grandaunt let her meet Wyatt in the middle of her training, it was to use him to motivate her.

Anna did not hate this, however she regretted not telling Wyatt that she missed him when she had the opportunity. But she got over it quickly remembering that Wyatt said, 'Anna, complete your training fast. I am waiting for you.'

"Wyatt is waiting for me," Anna uttered as she stared at the big archaic seal below. Feeling that it was the obstacle between her and Wyatt, she flew at it at high speed and smashed her fist into it.

"Wyatt is waiting for me," Anna chanted every time she punched the seal. After repeating the process a few times an unknown energy began to form around Anna's fist every time she chanted Wyatt's name and punched at the seal. With her punch, the cracks on the seal spread wider and became more visible.

Sensing this unknown energy in her mystic dimension, the Field Marshal who was bidding goodbye to Wyatt paused and peeked into her mystic dimension, to check on

Anna. Then seeing the traces of unknown energy on the seal where Anna punched, she watched Anna's form as she punched the seal chanting, "Wyatt is waiting for me."

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

?1819 Will And Obsession

Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 06:18

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Park

"I will take my leave now, but don't forget to keep me updated on any new development on Gideon Grim," Wyatt said as he left without waiting for the Field Marshal to reply.

"Sure—" The Field Marshal abruptly paused sensing a new energy within her mystique dimension.

Field Marshal Heatsend immediately peeked into her mystic dimension, she knew that the source of this new energy must be Anna as she was only variable inside her mystic dimension. Peeking into the dimension she did not make her presence known instead, she carefully watched Anna, so as not to disturb her during her epiphany.

However, to her astonishment, the Field Marshal found that Anna was not undergoing any sort of epiphany rather she was more crazy and gloomy than her usual self. She obsessively kept chanting 'Wyatt is waiting for me.' with her every punch.

Nonetheless, the Field Marshal found that whatever Anna was doing was working for her as she was finally able to ignite her will. The unknown power gathering on Anna's fist was her will. By igniting her will Anna had achieved the secondary motive of her training.

Until now every time Anna punched the seal she would not even be able to leave a mark on it let alone crack it. However, by igniting her will along with her every punch she was not only able to leave deep cracks on the seal but corrode the seal with her will's obsession.

Anna not only igniting her will but gaining the attribute obsession was unexpected for the Field Marshal.

The seal covering the exit to the mystic dimension that Anna had to constantly keep breaking trying to get out of the mystic dimension was the representation of Anna's total strength. It could also be interpreted as the limit of Anna's strength.

So, every time Anna broke the mystic seal she was overcoming her limit. Overcoming one's limit was not an easy task let alone overcoming it numerous times in a row. No matter how talented and determined Anna was it would be impossible to achieve for her. Yet, she was able to do so because of the effect of the Field Marshal's Mystic Dimension.

Every time Anna broke the mystic seal and overcame her limits, the Mystic Dimension would award her with a high-rank mystic rejuvenation blessing which was better than most SSS-rank recovery cards. Thanks to the mystic blessing Anna would basically be reborn every time she overcame her limits instead of being tired and overdrawn by training. Allowing her to continue her training without a break and overcome her limits continuously.

By constantly overcoming her limits the Field Marshal hoped Anna would be able to gain an understanding of her will and ignite it. But time after time Anna broke the mystic seal she never was able to understand her will let alone ignite it.

Wondering why Anna was able to break the mystic seals in a series and make such progress in her strength yet fail to even sense her will Field Marshal found that Anna never truly had grasped her full strength i.e. she never actually completely tapped in the strength of her Unparalleled bloodline.

Anna's bloodline was the purest in the last three generations. There was a huge difference between the purity of Anna's bloodline and that of anyone alive with the unparalleled bloodline. So, many did not know how strong her bloodline was. Heatsend Royal family's records showed that someone with an unparalleled bloodline as pure as Anna's should be capable of reality-bending strength in the Card Emperor realm. Since Anna was never able to show strength even close to that, the family elders wondered if their ancestors were exaggerating.

The Field Marshal however found out that their ancestors were not exaggerating rather Anna never even tried. Field Marshal Heatsead did not put the blame entirely on Anna but also blamed the royal family's bloodline training standards.

The reason Anna never bothered to tap into her pure bloodline's full potential was that she was training at the standards that were designed for the royal children whose bloodline purity was way lower than hers. Using these standards to test the limit of someone with Anna's bloodline purity level was like a middle schooler taking the first-grader's exam.

Considering, Anna's lazy nature and all the elders doting on her, she never was forced to do her best in the training. Leading to Anna's bloodline going dormant except for the

tiny bit of what she utilized. Her bloodline never fully awakened until she was forced to break her limit in the mystic realm.

This was a comical experience for the Field Marshal, even in her mystic dimension she had never seen anyone break their limits so many times in such a short time.

During her training when Anna started to grow desperate her bloodline under the idle conditions of the Mystic Dimension would respond to her call allowing her to break through the previous limit. Which might as well be called a false limit since most of her bloodline was dormant. As a result, just a few days into her training Anna was able to break so many mystic seals. That was only until her bloodline completely awakened.

Field Marshal started Anna's train in the mystic dimension believing that Anna had reached her limit in the Card Emperor realm, so when she saw that Anna was yet to reach her limit she understood that Anna's training period just increased based on how fast she will completely awaken her dormant bloodline. Combined with Anna's lack of interest in her training, the Field Marshal believed that it would be a few years even decades before Anna's training would be complete.

Fortunately, under Field Marshal's constant pestering and mostly thanks to the Mystical Dimension's ideal conditions, Anna was able to awaken her bloodline despite her half-hearted attitude toward the training, finally reaching her limit.

Just as the Field Marshal thought that Anna could finally start her actual training the effects of the Mystic dimensions were starting to prove that they were no longer enough to make up for Anna's half-hearted attitude toward her training. If it was Wyatt risking his life to save her that kept Anna motivated to focus on her training, her missing Wyatt kept her distracted from her training. Still, Anna was able to break her true limit a half-a-dozen times but thereafter the effects of the Mystic dimension were no longer as effective as before.

As such Anna was stuck. It was bound to happen as Anna was not a hundred percent focused on her training, let alone her being able to use the moment when she broke her limit to see her will, and understand it enough to ignite it when she required it.

It was getting more and more clear to the Field Marshal that if Anna had no regard for her training, as such Anna could never be desperate enough to scrap the bottom of the barrel and find her conviction and determination to understand her will and ignite it.

Therefore, when asked by Wyatt, the Field Marshal disappointedly said that at the current rate, it might take years or decades for Anna to complete her training. However, when she said this she never thought that Anna would prove her wrong soon enough.

Back in the Mystic dimension the Field Marshal keenly observed Anna's stance as she ignited her will with the chant 'Wyatt is waiting for me.'

When Anna ignited her will, she did not get a huge boost in her strength or understanding like most energies do, rather the will brought her soul energy, physical strength, physique, and bloodline together with her punch. Unknowingly Anna was able to passively mobilize the four energies at their peak in sync with each other.

It was as if the four energies in Anna's body had gained sentience under the influence of her will and were willing to give their best and work together to help Anna.

Four different energies running at full throttle in sync with each other was not easy but it was possible as the four energies were answering Anna's call and working hand in hand to strengthen her punch in every way they could.

As such each punch Anna landed on the seal was the perfect blend of all her strength. Even though she was not aware of what was happening, her stance was flawed, and her energy circulation was inefficient, as her mind was obsessing over the fact that Wyatt was waiting for her. Yet she was able to land perfect punches on the seal each time thanks to the energies in her body following the lead of her will.

The power of the will was unlike the other energies in the cosmos its effect was more miraculous than to boost the user's strength. The Field Marshal believed that if Anna was able to master the mysteries of the will, then Anna should be able to solve the flaw in her fusion form with Ann. Allowing her to summon the absolute strength of the fusion form. Anna perfecting her fusion form was one of the primary objectives of her training.

Though the Field Marshal planned for Anna to train her will, she never thought Anna would be able to awaken an attribute of her will obsession. The obsession attribute was one of the most frightening attributes of will. As it had dual natures, it served as a buff for the user while as a debuff for their enemy.

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?1820 Corrosion Debuff

Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 06:32

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Park

Because of its dual nature obsession happens to be one of the most sought-after attributes among those who practice their will. After all, as a buff, it increases the accumulation of the user's will and as a debuff, it erodes the will of the user's target. Will

by itself can only act as a support but with the obsession attribute it can act as a mode of attack targeting the enemy's will. The ability to attack the other's will was very rare, making obsession attribute one of the must-have attributes for those training their will.

The most noteworthy function of the obsession attribute of the will other than the fact that it allowed the user to attack other's will was that its effects could be stacked. Making the obsession attribute of the will a one-of-a-kind attribute and appealing to the card apprentice who practiced their will. As awakening the attribute of one's will was not within the one's hand as will's attribute was their true nature. For one to have an obsession attribute they as card apprentices need to be obsessive enough to awaken it.

"Wyatt is waiting for me," Anna chanted and slammed her fist onto the mystic seal with all her might.

Every time Anna's fist landed on the mystic seal, apart from the damage it inflicted to the seal the Field Marshal saw a tiny part of her will latch onto the mystic seal. At first, Anna's will latching on to the seal was minute and benign. However, after Anna punched the mystic seal about another few dozen times the tiny part of Anna's will added up and spread across a large surface of the mystic seal.

As Anna's will latching on to the mystic seal grew it became more obvious that the obsession in her will was corroding the will of the mystic seal. It was corroding the immovable will of the mystic seal. The immovable will was what allowed the mystic seal to become the boulder blocking Anna's way out.

With every punch Anna's will's obsession to break and leave the mystic dimension was starting to slowly overpower the will of the mystic seal to remain as an obstacle blocking Anna from exiting the mystic dimension.

The obsession attribute of Anna's will allowed her to attack the will of the mystic seal. Turning her will that was supporting her by bringing her energies together into a rust eroding the will of the mystic seal. Being an inanimate object the mystic seal had no way to defend itself against Anna's obsession attribute. As such, soon, when the obsessive will of Anna had stacked enough, the will of the mystic seal was unable to withstand the obsessiveness of Anna's will and crumbled by itself.

As the mystic seal broke, the mystic rejuvenation blessing washed over Anna awakening her from her obsessive state. Having broken the mystic seal Anna did not celebrate because as the mystic seal crumbled another bigger and mightier mystic seal revealed itself blocking Anna's way out of the mystic dimension. If one were to describe it using words, reverse nesting dolls should be enough to paint the picture.

"Cheer up, will you. You finally managed to break through that mystic seal," the Field Marshal stepped in seeing Anna was getting depressed focusing on the never-ending mystic seals instead of the fact that she had not only managed to ignite her will but awaken her obsession attribute.

"Well, what's the point it is never-ending," Anna replied.

"You should be happy that it is never-ending. It shows that you have a lot of potential and have lot of room to grow. Trust me you do not want the mystic seals to stop forming," Seeing that Anna continued to focus on the wrong thing, the Field Marshal decided to share the experience of her friends and their progeny in the mystic dimension, "Let me tell you, I have lent my mystic dimension to many friends and colleagues to help them or their progeny break their limits. What you are feeling right now is nothing compared to the despair on their faces when they see that no more mystic seals are forming, showing that they have no more room to grow. You do not want to be one of them."

"What's the use of all this potential when I cannot do what I want and be with who I want," Anna complained, she regretted not telling Wyatt that she missed him. It was rare for Wyatt to show his feelings for her. Anna was so mad at herself that she acted that way when she met Wyatt after so many days.

"Girl, you have all that potential one can ask for in the world but you lack the brain to make use of it. Why do you keep thinking that this training is keeping you away from Wyatt rather than thinking that this training is helping you stay longer with Wyatt? If you had even one percent of the brains of that boy I would not have to tell you this.

I don't know if you have noticed, but though Wyatt did not have extraordinary origin or roots, in terms of potential, he is miles ahead of you. You are lucky you were born a few decades ahead of him if you were in the same generation as Wyatt you would understand the despair of those that had the misfortune of being born in the same generation as Wyatt.

You should be worried that the potential you have does not run out before Wyatt's instead of thinking without it you could enjoy your time with Wyatt.

Forget about potential, the current you do not even have the strength to fight alongside Wyatt. Your fight with Agent Forger should have been your wake-up call. Even though his realm is not high, using his wits and resourcefulness Wyatt has already managed to overcome the strength gap between you two. If you two were to fight now I honestly cannot tell if you can win against Wyatt."

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

?1821 Accumulation Buff

Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 06:51

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Park

"Girl, with his talent and stubbornness Wyatt is going to attract stronger enemies in the future. He might have been able to save your life last time at the risk of his life but what about the next time and the time after that? Do you want to spend the remainder of your life as a damsel in distress and a trophy wife?"

Wake up, Girl. You do not have that option as you are the heir of the Southern Throne. You are the future ruler of the South. Where are your Southern pride and honor? We in the South may not be as smart and quick-witted as the other regions but when it comes to courage and bravery nobody can match us.

I have set up the stage for you to unlock your potential and keep up with Wyatt. Now it is up to you," As the Field Marshal spoke a small door opened right next to Anna in the Mystic dimension.

Standing between the door and the mystic seal, Anna hesitated looking at the door that could her send out of the mystic dimension.

"You can choose to walk out of the door and I will understand. No pressure, I will talk to my brother and have him choose a new heir. Maybe your uncle, he may be dumber than you but at least he knows about the Southern Pride and Honor. Not to mention he is the second choice of those ministers right after your mother. At least, if he is chosen as the next ruler everybody will be on board with that decision," the Field Marshal pretended to be cool with whatever Anna's choice was but honestly, she was panicking as she was at her wit's end trying to get Anna to take her training serious. She even added the reward system as Wyatt suggested but it only made Anna lose motivation as quickly as she regained it hearing about the reward system.

Looking at Anna, still hesitant while altering her gaze between the seal and the door, the Field Marshal felt like rushing into the Mystic realm and smacking Anna straight. But she controlled her anger hoping that Anna would make the right choice.

"Sigh," the Field Marshal sighed in relief seeing that Anna finally stopped hesitating and walked away from the door but before she could completely relax, she saw Anna suddenly turn around and rush into the door.

"You lied," Anna yelled seeing that despite entering the door she found herself standing in front of the mystic seal.

"Otherwise. Girl, have you fucking lost your mind? Did nothing I just said register in your mind? Or are you too dumb to realize what is in your best interest?" the Field Marshal

looked at Anna in disbelief, she could not believe that Anna actually chose the door after she wasted so much of her saliva explaining to her what was best for her.

"You lied," Anna repeated herself at the top of her voice. Glaring at the mystic seal in front of her.

"Stop throwing a tantrum and get back to training," The field Marshal's soul almost jumped out of her body because of Anna's action, her brother had left the training of the next ruler of the South to her, and if she were to fail not only would she be letting down her brother but she would be letting down the entire Southern Region.

Yes, the current ruler of the South chose Anna as the next ruler of the South but as his trusted counsel, the Field Marshal had to help him turn all his decisions into the right decisions. However, Anna was not making it an easy job for her.

"You lied," Anna continued with her tantrum, annoyed the Field Marshal no longer tried to reason with Anna and taunted her, "Yes, I did. What are you going to do about it? Continue to act like a brat and you will be trapped in the mystic dimension until you set your priorities straight and complete your training."

Listening to the Field Marshal no longer make reasons and own up to her lie, Anna blankly looked at the mystic seal in front of her, then balling her fist she suddenly took the stance to punch. However, she did not immediately punch the mystic seal rather she continued to stare at it blankly while repeating,

"You lied."

"You lied."

"You lied."

"You lied."

Anna's chant was not loud and might as well be considered hushed but for some unknown reason, it reverberated throughout the mystic dimension. Soon her chants began to echo and overlap. However, the voice did not become coarse noise instead it became more defined and louder.

Astonished by the phenomenon, the Field Marshal observed Anna's stance. She noticed that her will was accumulating and gathering around her fist. This was the accumulation buff of Anna's will's obsession attribute. It was allowing Anna to accumulate all her strength and concentrate it all in her single punch.

"You lied" Anna's chant had morphed into a hymn. The strength accumulating in her fist was like the obsession of a person, that kept growing and accumulating with time. Until they can no longer control the obsession and it consumes them and those around them.

"You lied," soon Anna ended her hymn with these words thundering throughout the mystic dimension as she punched the mystic seal blocking her path.

\*Boom\* the sound from the impact of the punch resonated throughout the mystic dimension as the mystic seal trembled uncontrollably until finally, it retained its tranquility.

Seeing that her punch did not manage to even put a dent in the mystic seal, Anna was not disappointed instead she patiently waited and soon the mystic seal was consumed by her accumulated obsession and crumbled revealing a bigger and badder mystic seal.

As the mystic seal changed, the mystic rejuvenation blessing washed over Anna but this time it did not manage to awaken her from her obsessive state. Looking at the new mystic seal in front of her Ann once again took her stance chanting, "You lied."

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?1822 Extreme Path

Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 06:58

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Park

"Anna, use your obsession as a means to get what you want instead of letting it consume you," The Field Marshal instructed Anna. However, her words fell on a deaf ear. In her current state, Anna's obsession gave her tunnel vision. All she could see right now was the mystic seal before her, the obstacle stopping her from her true obsession, Dalton Wyatt.

The Field Marshal wanted Anna to use her will and its obsessive attribute as tools like grimoire and cards. Anna did not awaken her will through her own understanding but her insane level of obsession for Wyatt which had reached its breaking point because of her solitary training in the mystic dimension.

The solitary training that the Field Marshal had planned for Anna, was so that Anna could train without any disturbance.

One has to know the Field Marshal did not plan Anna's training on a whim, even though Anna was chosen as heiress of the South and the Field Marshal was assigned to train the next Ruler of the South, the training would be moot if Anna did not understand the

importance of it. There were two criteria the Field Marshal had set to start Anna's training, Anna's willingness to undergo vigorous training was the first, and her reaching her limit in the card emperor realm was the second.

The first category was met when Anna approached her after losing to Agent Forger. Anna was so moved by Wyatt's reckless regard for his life to save her, that it motivated her to become stronger for him. Hence she sought the strongest persons she could find to help her train.

As for the second category, all the elders believed that Anna had achieved her limit in the card emperor realm. Even that turned out to be false, back then the Field Marshal did not know this so when Anna approached her she readily agreed.

Anna was looking for a few pointers on how to improve her strength quickly, but she never agreed to solitary training confined in a lonely dimension. However, the Field Marshal who liked to do things perfectly had many things planned for Anna. Regardless of Anna's protests and pleas, she was thrown into the mystic dimension.

At first, Anna was a good sport about it, after all, she wanted to increase her strength so she could protect Wyatt just like he protected her. No, even better, she did not want Wyatt risking his life for hers. It was romantic and all but she did not want to see Wyatt in that position ever again. So with the Field Marshal's coaxing, Anna began to take the training seriously.

It did not take long for Anna's feelings for Wyatt to morph from her motivation to continue the solitary training into her despair. She longed to see Wyatt, feel his warmth, and sniff his addictive body odor. She wanted to see the helpless look on his face each time she forcefully kissed him. She wanted to hear him complain as she grabbed his firm ass.

Anna missed Wyatt and every little thing about him. Especially the feeling where she felt like prey in his presence even though she was stronger than him. In his presence, every that happened, happening, or was about to happen seemed to be within his calculations. So, the frown that formed on his forehead whenever she had her way with him, left her satisfied.

Days into the solitary training, Anna's loneliness grew to another level she was starting to forget why she had agreed to such harsh training in the first place. The Field Marshal's reminders and instruction at regular intervals did not help reduce the loneliness Anna felt instead they only fanned it, fanning a flame.

The Field Marshal had noticed what the solitary training was doing to Anna, but she knew that there was no easier way for Anna to grab the concept of her Will and learn to ignite it for her use. She needed Anna to be at her lowest yet not lose her determination and conviction, only this way she could see her will, understand her will, and command

her will. Only someone with strong convictions and determination could travel the path of will.

But what the Field Marshal failed to see was that in her attempt to bring Anna to the lowest without Anna losing her convictions and determination, she was losing Anna. Not that the Field Marshal had not considered this before starting her training, she did but something like this did not happen before because of the Mystic dimension's ideal training conditions and its mystic rejuvenation blessing. So the Field Marshal trusted that the mystic rejuvenation blessing would be more than enough to solve any hidden traumas in Anna's psyche.

However, the Field Marshal had underestimated Anna's obsession with Wyatt. One had to know Anna had changed her entire lifestyle just for Wyatt, that was even before Wyatt showed any feelings for her. The change was hard, changing oneself entirely was harder. Only the most determined, strong-

minded but desperate people could achieve something like that. Yet Anna had changed entirely for Wyatt, that too unconditionally.

So imagine Anna's surprise to see Wyatt disregard his life to save hers and succeed. That act of Wyatt was a game changer, Anna could never be the same again. For her to seek the Field Marshal to train, that was evidence enough.

All the craziness that went unchecked in Anna's head burst out when she failed to say a proper goodbye to Wyatt. It was her obsession with Wyatt that ignited her Will. So when the Field Marshal gave Anna a choice between meeting Wyatt right away and meeting Wyatt after completing her training, it was not a surprise that Anna would ignore the Field Marshal's words of reason and also be willing to give up on her spot as the heiress to the South just to meet Wyatt right away and tell him that,

'Wyatt, I missed you.'

As such it was not surprising that Anna was pissed and lost herself completely to her obsession when she found that the Field Marshal was lying. She was mad, her rage was such that she wanted to destroy and burn everything that stood between her and Wyatt.

"Anna, don't forget your convictions and determination. Don't let your obsession consume you," the Field Marshal repeated herself hoping that there was some part of Anna that was not yet consumed by her obsession.

The Field Marshal was not taking action to stop Anna from traveling the wrong path in the path of Will because she wanted Anna to learn from her errors and find the correct path herself. By doing this Anna would be able to go further in the path of will. But this was not without the risk, Anna could end up traveling in the wrong path to the point of no return.

Anna may have been born with the royal spoon in her mouth, but the hardship she had seen though different from those from common origin face, was not something to be underestimated. Anna has managed to survive all of them, and as such she was not to be underestimated.

So far Anna's performance in the solitary training has been an eye-opener in terms of her potential but disappointing in terms of her priorities. It seemed nothing in the world could take more priority in her eyes than Wyatt. Though the Field Marshal was worried that the future ruler of the south would prioritize her crush over her land, she also knew that Anna's obsession for Wyatt would not let her travel the wrong path for too, as she too would soon realize the obvious that there was no shortcut for her to be with Wyatt.

Once Anna realizes this no matter how deep she had traveled the wrong path consumed by her obsession for Wyatt, the very same obsession for Wyatt would lead her out of the point of no return and guide her along the correct path in the path of Will.

This solitary training was a doorway for the Field Marshal into Anna's psyche. She observed every action of Anna under the microscope and came to realize the correct way to train Anna. She discovered that Anna was perfect for the Extreme Path. A path that pursued extreme. From Anna's obsession with Wyatt to her desperation to be with Wyatt to everything about Anna pointed out that she was the perfect candidate to take the extreme path.

The extreme path was not satisfied with the norms it pursued extreme. Only those who were obsessed and truly desperate were able to or willing to go to extremes to achieve their desire. They were not the people who left their lives to fate and destiny, these were the people who did not like to hear that you cannot have this or that even if the ones telling them this was their fate and destiny. Those who traveled the extreme path did not have the word no in their dictionary. There was nothing their obsession and desperation could not help them achieve as long as it did not consume them. The question was if they were obsessive or desperate enough.

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

Chapter 1822 Extreme Path

?1822 Extreme Path

Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 06:58

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Park

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## **- Chapter 1823 Current News**

?1823 Current News

Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 06:18

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Park

"Sure—"

Bidding goodbye to the Field Marshal, Wyatt headed back to the basement of the TSR guild tower. Entering the basement vault, Wyatt immediately put up an isolation barrier.

Then he used his super brain card to scour the grimoire network to check the news updates in the five regions. Trying to find something that would be enough to cause the Field Marshal to lose control of her emotions.

During his talk with the Field Marshal, Wyatt felt the conversation seemed to be going well until the Field Marshal contacted Anna's mother. For some unknown reason, the calm and tranquil Field Marshal suddenly was unable to control her emotions to the point that it affected the surrounding space.

The Field Marshal was someone close to transcendence, she had full control over emotions, and nothing could faze her. Yet, during her conversation with Anna's mother, the Field Marshal's emotions were turbulent to the point that they affected the surrounding space. This meant that there was something Anna's mother shared with the Field Marshal which she could not agree with. Enough for her to say, 'I hate politicians,' when asked.

Considering that Anna's mother's role in the Southern Royal Court was that of a diplomat, Wyatt deduced that Anna's mother had been up to something that the Field Marshal strongly disagreed with but had no choice but to follow Anna's mother's arrangement. Explaining why the Field Marshal's emotions were out of control for a second and why she said, 'I hate politicians.'

Knowing that Anna's mother was up to something that the Field Marshal would strongly disagree with, Wyatt understood that it must have been a very unethical or under-table kind of deal. So he made a mental note of it deciding to check what Anna's mother was up to.

Unfortunately, the superbrain card was unable to find any news concerning the Southern Region or Anna's mother across the grimoire network of the five regions. However, it did find some interesting news about the Freedom Fighters. For some unknown reason, the world leaders no longer seem to be as motivated as before to plunder the Freedom Fighters anymore.

Out of the many world leaders who were previously joining hands to plunder the Freedom Fighters, some were showing signs of retreating. Wyatt pushed the superbrain card to find any news regarding this topic. But it could not find any that could possibly cause the world leaders to lose interest in the Freedom Fighters except for some world leaders diverting their resources from hunting the Freedom Fighters down to the VR-

Universe. As for the rest, they seemed to be stubbornly holding on as they had invested too much in hunting the Freedom Fighters and were not willing to head back without making up for their investment.

'What the fuck is going on?' Wyatt cursed in his mind. Unable to understand why the greed of the world leaders towards the Freedom Fighters suddenly decreased. Wyatt was planning to let freedom fighters bask in the head for a while so that out of

desperation they would agree to terms but it seems after the Southern Capital incident, the world leaders were steadily losing interest in the Freedom Fighters.

'Does this have something to do with what Anna's mother told the Field Marshal?' Wyatt wondered. Then he recalled the actions of the Southern Royal family, they were boldly building the Silver Milk Powder production factories on the outskirts of the Southern Capital. When a few days ago they were so secretive about this project.

'Something has definitely happened with my knowledge. It must be the reason why the Southern Royal family has become so bold about the Silver Milk Powder production factories and why the world leaders are slowly losing interest in plundering down the Freedom Fighters.

Seeing how the common factor among both the changes is silver milk powder, whatever has transpired it must be regarding the silver milk powder.

Colleen did say that Anna's mother would have a discussion with me as to why they were openly building the Silver Milk Powder production factories. Even the Field Marshal said the same thing but then something Anna's mother said today she happened to strongly disagree with. What could it be?' Wyatt wrecked his brain trying to figure out what the Southern Royal family was being so secretive about.

Seeing the changes in the Five Regions, Wyatt began to understand that Anna's mother might be up to something. Wyatt wanted to find out if whatever Anna's mother was up to was good or bad news for him. However, he lacked the information to make that judgment. Wyatt felt that was not a mere coincidence but a part of Anna's mother's plan. She was making sure the information would not reach him. Ann and Colleen's reaction when Wyatt asked them why their building Silver Milk Powder production factories on the outskirts of the Southern Capital without informing him was evidence of this.

'It seems there is more to the meeting than I thought,' Wyatt understood that his meeting with Anna's mother was not going to be a simple visit but a battle for dominance.

Wyatt did not plan to make the mistake of underestimating Anna's mother after all the things she had pulled but uncovering that while he was busy handling the true aftermath of the Southern Capital incident, Anna's mother was sharpening her knives for their fated duel, Wyatt felt that he could no longer ignore Anna's mother and give her the spotlight she was begging for.

'This is all I can get from the grimoire network,' Wyatt shook his head understanding that he needed more information and he exactly where he could find it. So, lifting the isolation array he headed into the Blood Rock Cave Gate Dungeon. He could not access the grimoire network in the dungeon but the same was not true for the VR-Universe.

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?1824 Cheap Corey

Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 06:45

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Caves gate dungeon

One could access the grimoire network from within VR-

Universe through their VR-Saferoom and other functions but that would not be possible when they enter the dungeon. For that to be possible Wyatt would have to host the entire grimoire network in this personal-realm network just like how he hosted the VR-universe in his personal-realm network. Since the VR universe was hosted in his personal realm network, he and others could use the VR universe inside a dungeon.

Being able to use the VR universe in the dungeon was one of the other reasons why the VR universe was gaining popularity. Thanks to the VR universe those who raid the dungeons were able to keep those on the outside updated about their dungeon raid. Turning the VR-slime card into another life-saving card in the grimoires of the adventures.

The top researchers of the card world were trying to think of ways for those in the dungeon to contact the outside world but none were close to achieving. However, Wyatt solved it without even intending to. Such little things about the VR universe were what made the Central Government, the top ten universities, the royal families, and other top forces lose their misgivings about the VR universe and continue to invest heavily in it.

The top ten universities were confident that they would be able to create an immersive illusion-like VR universe in a decade or less but they were not confident that their version of the VR universe could promise the level of security and benefits that Wyatt's VR slime card and VR universe could provide. This was why they did not have strong resistance to investing in the VR universe under the disguise of studying their competition.

Regardless of their thoughts, Wyatt welcomed their investment with open arms. These suckers' investment was what filled his pockets with more money than he could spend. Unknown to them they were helping Wyatt spread the VR universe across all five regions and the empire. Allowing him to establish the biggest information network in the entire card world right after the card world's will itself. It would not be long before, it

developed to the point that if someone right on the other side of the world were to sneeze Wyatt would know about it.

Walking into the core of the dungeon, Wyatt found that his clone and Hive AI had figured out an optimal method to trick Bloodette's body into thinking that it had erased Bloodette's trauma without harming her body's defense system. Putting an end to the tug-of-war between Bloodette's body's defense system and her innate rune and awakening Bloodette from her prolonged coma.

"I will ask Susan to buy the ingredients from the devil merchant code. Sit tight, I will get back to you soon," Wyatt instructed his clone.

Wyatt could have permitted the clone to buy the ingredients required for Bloodette's treatment for the devil merchant code but he felt this would be a good task for Susan to familiarize herself with the devil merchant code.

Wyatt planned to put Susan in charge of buying valuable ingredients from the devil merchant code for a cheap rate and selling them in the card world and vice versa to make a profit from the difference in the price. Thanks to the world leaders investing in the VR universe, it brought in enough money for Wyatt to set aside some money for such a side hustle. Since he was too busy he wanted Susan to handle it with the assistance of Corey and Park of course.

"Yes," the Clone continued to monitor Bloodette's health patiently while Wyatt headed into the seed world.

Dredre appeared too busy, helping Susan and Corey get used to their demon merchant codex, that she forgot to come and greet Wyatt as he entered the seed world like usual. However, feeling the door of the seed world open, Dredre looked at Wyatt and exclaimed in distress, "Wyatt, help me."

"What's going on?" Wyatt asked seeing Dredre in distress. It was very rare for Dredre to ask for help from Wyatt. Since she was here to help him.

"She keeps repeating the same mistake, no matter how many times I correct her," Dredre pointed at Corey.

"Dredre, it's not a mistake. She is just being cheap," Susan replied trying to help Dredre understand that Corey was doing it purposefully.

"Why do I have to pay to access the inter-realm network? It charges me for every second I am accessing the inter-realm network. Some devil merchants are hosting free realm networks but to enter them I need to pay the devil merchant code. When the devil merchants are allowing us to access their network for free why is it that I have to pay the devil merchant code?" Corey began to complain about the devil merchant code.

"..." Dredre looked at Corey speechlessly as she had explained countless times why they had to pay the devil merchant code. Yet for some reason it did not get through Corey's head.

"Dredre, don't waste your time on her, she will figure things out herself. Some people will not learn until they suffer," Wyatt immediately understood what was going on. Susan was right, Corey was just being. Yes, the devil merchant code was the greediest capitalist organization he had seen but the services it provided were top notch so it was worth the price.

"Susan, I have your first task as a demon merchant. I shared the list of ingredients I need to your grimoire, procure them for me for a reasonable price. Here, this card contains more than enough devil ingredients that can make up for the price of the ingredients. Keep what remains with you for other tasks," Wyatt instructed Susan passing her a storage card containing a few devil-grade ingredients.

"Devil-Grade Ingredients!!!" Corey exclaimed listening to Wyatt casually mention devil-grade ingredients.

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## **Chapter 1825 Dumb One full**

[ 1,025 words ]

1825 Dumb One

Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 06:57

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Caves gate dungeon, Seed World

Corey's eyes were glued to the C-rank storage card Wyatt handed Susan. Swallowing her saliva, she asked, "Big sis, how many devil-grade ingredients are in there?" Susan frowned displeased by Corey's reaction. She still equipped the C-rank storage card in her silver-grade grimoire to check the total funds she had at her disposal for the purchase. Going through the contents of the storage card Susan blurted in shock, "50 devil-grade ingredients."

With the experience of a sales staff in a mall, Susan to know what devil-grade ingredients were, and what they signified, showed the hard work she had put in trying to be the best manager for Wyatt. She had yet to prove herself in the world market but Wyatt had introduced her to a new platform. She did not hesitate to accept it and prove herself worthy of Wyatt's generosity. Susan was not afraid of challenges but of being left behind. "Fifty!" Corey exclaimed in disbelief, "Hehe, big sis you are pulling my leg right?" Listening to Corey not believe her Susan rolled her eyes and passed her grimoire to Corey to let her check the contents of the C-rank storage card. "How can this be possible? my eyes are playing tricks on me," Corey muttered, still finding it hard to believe that Wyatt had 50 devil-grade ingredients to spare. "I don't understand, why can't you believe it? Wyatt has traded thousands of the devil-grade ingredients with the devil merchant code. He mostly trades with the devil merchant code using devil-grade ingredients. So as a show of appreciation, he was awarded an exclusive privilege by the devil merchant code," Dredre chimed in, unable to understand why Corey found it hard to believe Wyatt had 50 devil-grade ingredients to spare to buy a few ingredients. As someone who grew up in a huge tribe, Dredre knew that they had to take extra care of the dumb ones in the group. In this instance, Corey was the dumb one in Wyatt's group. Dredre felt she needed to take extra care of this friend of hers. Though Dredre did not have a good first impression of Corey, the more time she spent with Corey she realized that Corey's action held no malintent she was just dumb and ignorant but she was a genuine groupmate. Which was she she tolerated Corey. "What is an exclusive privilege?" Susan asked in awe. If someone were to sing praises of Wyatt and his achievements, Susan would be the first one in the crowd to take a seat. "Exclusive privilege is like a unique function of devil merchant code that only Wyatt can use for a reasonable offering," Dredre explained "You said it was a show of appreciation but isn't this just another way for the devil merchant code to get Wyatt to spend extra devil-grade ingredients," Corey complained, she seemed to not like the offering culture of the devil merchant code where every little thing of the devil merchant code requires an offering. \*Sigh\* Listening to Corey, both Susan and Dredre sighed in unison. Ignoring their sigh, Corey looked at Wyatt with twinkling eyes and asked, "Wyatt, since I am your employee shouldn't you be the one paying for all my work-related expenses? Which includes all the offering I offer to the devil merchant code to use it?" "...". Susan wanted to scold Corey but then she was without words understanding that what Corey was asking for was not wrong. After all, all work-related expenses should be covered by the employer. Wyatt recalled the time when Corey was willing to gift Susan all the soul jades she had on her without any hesitation. The Corey he once knew seemed to have given up on worldly desires and was trying to be a better person. Then he looked at the Corey in front of him, though she was not greedy she seemed to have become a penny pincher, Wyatt wondered, 'Is short on funds or something?'

"Yes, as long as you can prove that your expenses were work-related the company will reimburse you. But if do that then you can no longer use your demon merchant codex to do private trades. After all, until your 100-year employment is complete your demon merchant status will be considered as company property," Wyatt explained one of the clauses in the terms and conditions Dredre had added to Corey's contract. This dilemma was not new, many devil merchants use their devil merchant recommendation

quota to employ others as demon/devil merchants on a contractual basis. Over thousands of years, the devils have perfected the demon/devil merchant employment contract. Fortunately for Corey Wyatt was generous and did not use harsher contracts to employ her. "What?" Corey blurted in suspicion and then looking at Dredre, she asked, "Dredre, tell me what he said is not true." "Nope, Wyatt is correct. It is mentioned in the contract I gave you. Did you not read it?" Dredre asked. "I did not, Park did," Dredre answered, she was at a loss of words. Without the full knowledge of the contract she signed, she was unable to think of a valid argument. "... " Susan felt sympathetic with Corey because she did not read her employment contract either. But her case was different, as she had long decided that, 'This life of hers was just for Wyatt.' When she had entirely devoted herself to Wyatt in her heart and mind why would she be worried about a little contract? "Where is Park?" Wyatt asked, not wanting to have to explain every little detail to Corey. "She went to the inter-realm city to meet an old acquaintance," Corey replied. Wyatt was not surprised that Park as a mutated ego flame could enter the inter-realm city, as his mutated consciousnesses could too. Then looking at Corey who had gone quiet, Wyatt asked, "Corey, you have inherited the wealth of Park and Baem. For someone who has so much wealth, why are you sweating over such small expenditures?"

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?1826 Crying Corey

Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 07:15

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Caves gate dungeon, Seed World

"How do you know about that?" Corey asked Wyatt in horror. She was under the impression that only she knew about the wealth she had inherited from Park and Little Baem.

"Most would assume that all of Park's wealth was looted by Belphegor after he defeated her but you know he did not. Though Park is not smarter than you, she would not risk a head-on battle with Belphegor and the Seven Princes of Hell without making sure that her subordinates had a way out in case she lost. I am guessing she has divided her wealth and buried it in various places across the devil realm.

As for little baem, it would be surprising if she did not like to hoard treasures. Since you are the reincarnation of Park and inherited her memories, you know where her wealth is. Meanwhile, little Baem would give her life for you let alone her treasures.

If my estimation is not wrong, combining the Park's hidden wealth and little Baem's treasures you are set to inherit enough wealth that could put you in the top one percentile of the card world," Wyatt explained that it was not hard for him to guess that Corey was loaded for a card master from a third-rate city in a backwater realm.

Listening to Wyatt's explanation of Corey's inheritance, Susan looked at Corey in shock. Then she and Dredre wondered if Corey had so much wealth then why was she acting so cheap.

"Park plans to resemble her old forces but the wealth she and little Baem have is not enough. It will only last her months at best. Though I do not have any skills I do not want to get in the way of Park," Corey's eyes grew teary as she spoke these words, she choked on her words but she forced herself to speak from her heart, "Park is not like me or my previous reincarnation, she is better than us. She did not deserve the tragic life she had been through. What's more, she did not blame her tragic life for her failures, she did not let it slow her, and she did not let her tragic life stop her from achieving her dreams. She overcame it and made a new life not just for herself but for hundreds of thousands of people. She became their hope and until the end, she remained true to herself and those that trusted in her."

Corey locked her teary red eyes with Wyatt's eyes and said, "Wyatt, please help Park achieve her dreams and get her revenge. I will be your slave for the rest of my life, please help her."

Corey could no longer control her emotions and began to sob uncontrollably. She was helpless, she wanted to see Park succeed in this life even if it meant sacrificing herself. She lived through Park's memories, she knew and trusted in what Park was fighting for. Which was why she did not hesitate to ask for help from the guys who kissed her mother. Only she knew how much courage and self-restraint it took for her to ignore her ego and pride and ask Wyatt to help her friend, Park.

"Corey, come here, honey. There, there," Susan hugged the weeping Corey in compassion and patted her back trying to console her.

Susan had no idea that Corey was carrying such sadness within her. Corey would always be laughing and up to no good. She never showed this side of hers to Susan. Despite hiding so much pain in her heart, she would always be there to lend Susan a shoulder. Susan blamed herself for noticing when her friend was hurting from the inside. She felt that Corey and Park had been better friends to her than she was to them. Realizing this Susan too began to weep resting her head on Corey's.

In Susan's warm embrace, Corey began to cry louder. The helplessness she was feeling realizing that she was nothing was too overwhelming for her.

"Corey, don't cry," Dredre flew next to Corey, and hugging Corey's cheek she began to sob too. Laughter was contagious, and so was sadness.

Looking at the three, Wyatt did not know how to console either of them. Since Corey was the eye of this storm he decided to start there.

"Corey, stop carrying. I promise to help Park to the best of my powers," Wyatt was not just saying this to console Console Corey.

Even before Corey asked him to help Park get her revenge, Wyatt had long planned to help Park reassemble her old forces under her banner again and attack the seven princes of hell from the dark realm. This way when the seven princes of hell commence their invasion into the card realm, their forces will not be able to focus entirely on the invasion but have to be split trying to defend against Park's force's harassment.

This was one of the reasons why he had given one of the devil merchant recommendation tokens to Park and recruited her as his employee. Wyatt was just bidding his time to think of a way to approach Park about this. But now with Corey breaking down, he had a perfect reason to bring this up with Park.

"Really," listening to Wyatt, Corey stopped crying, and lifting her head she asked Wyatt with teary red eyes. As soon as she stopped weeping the other two too stopped weeping.

"Yes, I consider both you and Park as my friends. So if you guys are in trouble it is only logical that I help you guys out," Wyatt spoke eloquently assuring Corey that he would not hesitate to help her or Park if they were in trouble.

"Then are you going to pay for my work expenses and not limit my private trading using the demon merchant codex?"

"Let us discuss that when Park is present."

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?1827 Learn To Forgive Yourself

Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 07:29

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Caves gate dungeon, Seed World

"No, you don't have to trouble Park with at. Just tell me, are you going to reimburse me for my work expenses without banning private trading using the Demon Merchant

Codex," Corey's eyes grew redder and wetter, threatening to overflow if Wyatt did not agree to her demands.

"Corey, it is not that easy," Wyatt turned to Susan, asking her to help him coax Corey. But to his surprise, Susan avoided meeting his eyes. It was rare for Susan to be conflicted in choosing between Wyatt and Corey. Wyatt did not want to put her in the position to choose between Corey and him so he decided not to count on her this time.

As for Dredre, who knows that the contract was fair did not side with Corey but she was sad seeing her dumb friend cry so she too cried with her.

"Wyatt, we are working without pay for you, the least you could do is reimburse me for my work expenses. Am I asking too much?" With Susan on her side, Corey became bolder.

If it was some other job, Corey would not be wrong to ask Wyatt to reimburse her for work-related expenses but for a demon merchant, she was asking too much. As a demon merchant on Wyatt's behalf, Corey and Park would mostly be importing and exporting ingredients between the Card World and Devil Merchant Code using information gathered by Wyatt, to help him make a profit based on the price difference. There was a lot of money to be made in these sorts of trades.

If Corey were to use her wealth to make private trades based on the trades she did for Wyatt, she would easily earn a huge profit. This was the reason Wyatt was not willing to reimburse her for work-related expenses, he was canceling it out as a fee for Corey using the information gathered by him to do private trades.

Park was aware of this which was why she did not hesitate to sign the employment contract despite having read all of its restrictive clauses. Park knew many demon merchants who could not make it as demon merchants on their own and had to sell their bodies and souls to devil merchant code just to pay off their debt.

Seeing how Wyatt became an executive VVIP member of Infinity Library and could produce not one but two devil merchant recommendation tokens despite having become a demon merchant quite recently, Park knew if she were to follow him she would learn and earn a lot at the same time.

With so much to gain Corey asking Wyatt to reimburse her for work-related expenses was indeed too much. Wyatt knew Corey did not understand why Park signed such a restrictive employment contract but he did not want to waste time explaining every minute detail about the contract to her. Hence, the dilemma.

Fortunately for Wyatt, a fiery humanoid figure appeared next to Corey saving him the trouble. Returning from the inter-realm city, Park looked at the three who had teary red eyes and asked in concern, "What happened?"

"Corey, you discuss with Park. Once you guys have decided, call me. I will be right here," With the appearance of Park, while Corey was still in surprise, Wyatt took the chance to escape by isolating himself in a subspace within the seed world.

If Park was smart about this, she would set Corey straight and use this opportunity to discuss the matter of reassembling her old forces with Wyatt. With the backing of an executive VVIP member of the Infinity Library, most of the hurdles in her plan would vanish.

Seeing Wyatt leave in a hurry, Park frowned and repeated herself to the trio, "What happened? What do you want to discuss with me?"

"Haha, nothing," Corey tried to play it off as nothing but Park knew her better than her birth mother. She instantly knew Corey was trying to hide something from her. Not to forget other obvious tell signs such as the trio's teary red eyes.

Growing suspicious because of Corey's fishy behavior, Park did not waste time interrogating Corey for answers. Instead, she did not hesitate to enter Corey's title demon core and access Corey's most recent memories.

After a second, Park appeared next to Corey once again, and looking at Corey with a warm gaze she said, "Silly girl, why do you keep selling yourself short? You have done so much for me.

Because of you, I have achieved my dream, I have people in my life that I can call my family.

Thanks to you, now I have a second shot at my revenge. A change to avenge my fallen comrades.

As for your past, forgive yourself already, everyone makes mistakes. It takes a good soul to accept their mistake and rectify it."

"Park is right Corey, everybody makes mistakes, you have to learn to forgive yourself. Besides, I don't think that your pastself was that bad. Otherwise, she would never have chosen to change her ways and grow into you," Susan felt that Corey was being too hard on herself.

Corey might have done a lot of horrible things but it was out of ignorance as once she understood the consequences of her old ways she chose to change herself and was successful to a certain extent.

Learning about the miserable end of her past reincarnation, Corey Bright could have chosen to double down on her old ways and be more ruthless but she did not. Instead, decided to change her ways. Showing that she wasn't all that bad as she claimed.

"Corey is a good friend," Dredre said. She had no idea how the old Corey was but the present Corey has been a good friend to her.

"Thank you, guys," Receiving support from the three of her most cherished people in her life, Corey could not help but think that she might not have changed for the better in these past few days but she might have done something right to get three people to genuinely care for her and be willing to share her sadness.

"Now that this is settled, do not bother Wyatt about the employment contract, he has already been very generous with his terms. If you don't believe me ask Dredre," After consoling Corey, Park warned Corey not to bug Wyatt anymore about their employment contract.

Feeling Corey's gaze on her Dredre nodded vigorously.

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?1828 Nexus Of Everything Wrong

Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 07:38

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Caves gate dungeon, Seed World

Isolating himself from the girls, Wyatt did not waste time and accessed the Hive AI managing the information network in the VR Universe. His head was screaming at him to figure out what Anna's mother was up to now ASAP. He did not have the time or mind for Corey's drama. As her friend, he felt for her but he did not have the time to explain every little thing or detail her little brain could not comprehend or fail to notice. Besides, she had Park for that.

'Hive AI, get me the list of activities every Freedom Fighter member has been up to,' Unlike the World Leaders, the leaders of Freedom Fighters who were stuck on a foreign planet loved to conduct their business in the VR Universe. It provided a level of human touch, eloquence, and luxury that the caves in the yellow plains could not provide them.

Besides, half of the Freedom Fighter's leadership was in the card world and the other half was in the yellow plains making it difficult for them to come together to hold important meetings. As a result, they turned to the VR universe, which became the perfect tool for them to communicate and conduct their business.

Thanks to this, Wyatt was able to easily keep tabs on the higher-ups of the Freedom Fighters. All their important meetings and decisions did not escape Hive AI's monitoring which was also the reason why he became complacent dealing with the Freedom Fighters hence giving Anna's mother an opportunity to blindside him. Wyatt was ninety-nine percent sure that whatever Anna's mother was up to was related to the Silver Milk Powder.

As Hive AI prepared the list of things Freedom Fighters have been up to. Wyatt checked his VR universe inbox to find that it was filled with messages from Freedom fighters but about a few days ago they suddenly stopped trying to reach out to Wyatt.

Wyatt went through the messages from the Freedom Fighters one by one. From the oldest messages he learned that his strategy was working, with their growing desperation they were slowly stopping with the games and genuinely wanted to discuss terms with him but then from their recent messages Wyatt learned that something had changed, they were no longer desperate as before rather resumed their games once again but receiving no reply from him they stopped entirely.

The messages gave Wyatt a peek into the Freedom Fighter's mindset, though he had no idea what was the reason behind the ups and downs in their messages. He hoped that Hive AI's monitoring would shed some light on this.

Soon the Hive AI provided Wyatt with a list of the things that the upper circle of the Freedom Fighters have been up to in these past few days. Wyatt scanned through the list to find that it had nothing informative except for the fact that a few days ago the Freedom Fighters had started to sell the silver milk from the D-rank silver beach gate dungeon to the world leaders but that stopped recently.

It was not surprising to Wyatt that the Freedom Fighters would resort to selling the silver milk to the world leaders, he was aware that they were low on funds. However, it was surprising that they stopped selling silver milk recently all of a sudden. Considering that they were funds were very low and had to suspend various departments, it was surprising that they would suddenly stop their only source of income.

Another thing that caught Wyatt's attention about this was the fact that the World Leaders were buying silver milk from the Freedom Fighters. Ever since they had decided to loot the Freedom Fighters, the World Leaders had cut off all business with the Freedom Fighters to make them desperate but for some reason, they started to buy silver milk from the Freedom Fighters in bulk. From the dates, this was right about when the world leaders were retreating from cornering the Freedom Fighters. Unsurprisingly the world leaders who bought silver milk from the Freedom Fighters were the ones to retreat first.

This explains why suddenly the Freedom Fighters were no longer desperate, but it does not explain why the stubborn World Leaders who had come together to loot the Freedom Fighters were now retreating and joining hands with them. The World Leaders

and the Freedom Fighters knew something that Wyatt did not. It was the nexus of all this change.

Growing concerned, Wyatt decided to go through all these business meetings between the World Leaders and the Freedom Fighters, to see if he could get any information on why the World Leaders' attitude toward Freedom Fighters had suddenly taken a sharp turn.

Going through meetings, two things stood out to Wyatt,

The first one was the item card 'World Decree.' The Freedom Fighter leaders and the World Leaders have brought up this item a lot of times in their conversation. From their conversation, Wyatt did not know what the card 'World Decree' did but it seemed it was somehow related to the Southern Royal family and the Central Government.

The second one was that all the trades would be conducted in the Yellow Plains. The World Leaders agreed to this because of the item card 'World Degree.' They seemed to revere and fear this card. Unfortunately, he could not get any more information on this card or why it was used.

'For the world leaders to be forced to conduct the trade in the Freedom Fighter's territory, the 'World Decree' item card should be in a league of its own. What the heck is this Item Card 'World Decree'?' thought Wyatt, contemplating how the central government, the Southern Royal family, and the Item Card World Decree were all related. And how all of that affected the changes he has been seeing in the world market.

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?1829 Importance Of Networking

Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 08:09

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Caves gate dungeon, Seed World

Wyatt had the Hive AI scour the inter-realm network and VR universe information network to find any information about the item card 'World Decree.' The VR universe was a dead end, common people like Wyatt were not aware that an item card named 'World Decree' existed as for the inter-realm network the search yielded no results in all

the prominent dark languages. The inter-realm network did not have anything remotely resembling these words. Leaving Wyatt right where he started.

Wyatt grew frustrated that his search on the item card 'World Decree' was leading to nowhere. Considering that the item card 'World Decree' was a native product of the card world depending on the devil merchant code for an answer seemed moot. So, Wyatt began to consider other options.

Since the Southern Royal family was directly involved in this, reaching out to them would be pointless but he had no other options. Should he reach out to Jill? Nah, they met recently but neither she nor her father thought to talk to Wyatt about the item card 'World Decree' when it concerned him a lot. Showing that they were leaning toward the Southern Royal family.

With Jill, out of the picture, Wyatt had no other high-authority trusted contacts in the card world. This was one of the many reasons why Wyatt wanted to develop in the central academic region, to increase his friend network.

Just when Wyatt was about to give up, he remembered he had one other connection that he could make use of, Aba Windsor. As the daughter of a renowned card demigod, she should know what the item card 'World Decree' does or have the means to find out about it for him. As someone who defeated the three mischiefs and rebuilt a new government in the Clown Mask's alternate future vision, Aba and her network were not to be underestimated.

Speaking of Aba Windsor, she seemed to be addicted to the VR universe having taken fancy to its Martial Arts the last time they met. Wyatt had a feeling that Aba Windsor might be online in the VR universe. So he asked Hive AI to find her. He was right, she was indeed online and according to the Hive AI, she was practicing Martial Arts on a secluded mountain range.

Wyatt chose to meet Aba inside the VR universe instead of texting her. As he felt guilty about not informing her about his safety after returning from the Yellow Plains. After all, that girl thought they were friends. He did inform Agatha later but that was not enough. Especially when he was reaching out to them for help. Besides a face-to-face explanation would appear more sincere and be effective.

Until now Wyatt was using the demon merchant codex and Hive AI to gather information from the VR universe but now that he wanted to meet Aba in it he equipped a VR slime card and entered the VR universe.

Entering his VR saferoom, Wyatt ordered the Hive AI to help him enter the VR Universe where Aba was located. With the help of the Hive AI, Wyatt arrived in the sky of the secluded mountain range where Aba was practicing her martial arts.

From the sky, Wyatt searched for Aba in the mountain range to find she was enjoying a BBQ with four other people, Agatha, Asong Young, Laura Hill, and a female NPC— native of the VR universe.

"Laura, I will definitely win next time," Aba announced having lost to Laura sixty-six times in a row with no wins to account for.

"Sure, we will see," Laura replied with a smile, she liked energetic Aba very much. Now they could be considered BFF. But she did not think Aba had the talent for sword arts let alone defeat her in terms of swordsmanship. But what she lacked in talent made up for it with hard work and her unlimited positive energy. Still, Laura did not think Aba could ever defeat her in terms of swordsmanship.

"Don't you patronize me, I will win one of these days," Aba yelled at Laura. She was not only her best friend but also her rival. With the passing days, her list of rivals was growing but she was nowhere close to closing the gap between either one of them. However, she was not disappointed but happy as she truly believed one of these days she would catch up to them.

"Aba, stop yelling and fan the fire. The charcoals are not hot enough," Asong who was in charge of grilling ordered Aba.

"Why me?" Aba asked, not that she thought it was beneath her but she did not know how to fan the fire without anything resembling a fan in sight.

"Losers get to do the menial job," Asong replied nonchalantly.

"But how do I fan the fire without a fan?" Aba finally asked for help the proper way.

Asong looked at Aba in disbelief and said, "I don't blame you," pausing in the middle she turned to look at Agatha and said, "I blame you."

"What did I do?" seeing the heat suddenly turn on her, Agatha scratched her head in puzzlement.

"You have pampered her too much. As a card grandmaster, she does not know how to fan a fire what have you been teaching her?" Asong looked at Agatha in disappointment as if she had let her down big time.

"Madam Asong, let me do it," Luara volunteered, only to hear Asong say, "No, you teach Aba. She has to learn the basics of grilling monster meat today. What will she do if someday she is lost in a dungeon or worse in the Way Beyond? Grilling is the card apprentice's most basic life skill."

"I will buy a high-level cooking occupation card," Aba muttered under her breath. Still, Asong's sharp ears heard her and she did not waste a to scolded her, "Are you dumb or what?"

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?1830 Meeting Asong Young Again

Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 08:17

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Caves gate dungeon, Seed World, VR Universe

"I am not dumb, you grandma," irritated Aba yelled taunting Asong by calling her grandma when in the past she was repeatedly warned by Asong not to call her as such.

"You, each card slot and star rating is important for a card apprentice in their grimoire. Especially when they are in dangerous areas like a dungeon or Way Beyond. What are you if not dumb when you plan on wasting an active card slot and a chunk of your star ratings by equipping an occupational card? Besides only a dumb person will require a card to do something as basic as grilling," Asong was not pissed at Aba for lashing out at her. After all, she was indeed being hard on her. However, she had a reason for what she was doing.

With her congenital disease solved by her origin card, Asong had regained her ambition in her political career. These last few days she tried to do her best to pave her way to gain more authority and power in the government only to find out a shocking secret, the central government was not what it was portrayed as.

Asong had stumbled upon something huge, otherwise, it was not easy for someone as stubborn as her to take a complete U-

turn on her ambitions. Instead of trying to pave the way for herself, she decided to pave the way for the future generation and Aba had been her choice from the very beginning. Learning that Aba had taken an interest in the VR universe she had her family pay a huge price to get her hands on a VR Slime card.

Still, this did not mean Asong completely gave up on her political ambitions rather this was her plan B in case she was swallowed by her plan A. Being cured and regaining the ability to cultivate her active soul control percentage, Asong thought she would not

require a plan B but little did she know that the waters in the Central Capital were a lot deeper than she knew.

Until now these high tides had not reached Asong because they did not want to bother with the dying woman fearing her selfless retaliation but now that Asong was no longer the woman with nothing to lose, those tides were threatening to swallow her if she did not learn her place soon.

Now that Asong was finally free of the chronic disease that troubled her for most of her life, she did not want it all to end so soon. Therefore, though she had not given up completely she was threading lightly and not as hard-headed as before. As now she could afford to play the long game and make each move bidding her time.

"..." Aba wanted to argue but she could not think of a valid point to make against what Asong just said.

Seeing Aba stuck, Asong shook her head in disappointment, and looking at Agatha she said, "If I have not been clear before, I blame you for this."

"You right to do so, madam," Agatha could only bow her head and take the blame.

Seeing Agatha was being scolded because of her, Aba who still had a little fight in her finally gave up, yelling, "Shut up, grandma. It's just grilling monster meat, I will learn it in an hour."

"Big talk coming from someone who does not know how to fan the fire," Asong sneered. She knew that pressing Aba to do or learn something would not work unless you pressed the right buttons. Which was why she kept blaming Agatha for all of Aba's shortcomings.

At first, Agatha thought she knew what Asong was up to and played along but after being scolded for days she started to feel that she might have dropped the ball when it came to Aba's survival training. That girl had the instinct of a rock, she would not survive a single day in a dungeon. This was becoming more and more obvious to not just Agatha but Laura and their guide.

"I will learn grilling monster meat in an hour, just watch me," provoked by Asong's taunting Aba declared. Then turning to Laura who was fanning the fire with her soul energy, she said, "Laura teach me how to grill monster meat in the wild under an hour."

"This..." Laura was conflicted, she loved Aba's enthusiasm but after trying to teach her sword arts for the last few days she did not want to teach Aba anything ever again let alone teach her how to grill monster meat in the wild under one hour.

"Grilled meat this early in the morning, you guys know how to enjoy life," Wyatt said appearing behind Aba.

Since eating in the VR universe felt the same as eating in the real world except for weight gain, many have been using the VR universe as a hack to satisfy their food cravings. Especially female card apprentices. So Wyatt was not surprised to see that the girls were having a grilled feast early in the morning in the middle of a mountain. These girls knew how to enjoy life. Wyatt tried to recall the last time he had anything to eat let alone go out camping.

"Wyatt, how did you get here?" Agatha was the first to react. What surprised her most was she could not sense Wyatt's presence until he revealed himself. Though the VR Universe was great for most things when it comes to the power difference between players it was fair for the low-level card apprentice, but for the high-level card apprentice, it was nowhere near fair.

"Wyatt!" Aba exclaimed, after turning to find Wyatt behind her.

"Hello, I wanted to meet you guys. But I did not expect to meet Madam Asong here," Wyatt answered truthfully while nodding at Asong who nodded back.

"How did you find us? We had to hire a native guide to come to this location," Aba asked in confusion.

"I created this whole virtual reality so it was not hard to find you guys."

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?1831 Loyal Laura

Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 08:32

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Caves gate dungeon, Seed World, VR Universe

"I created this virtual reality so it was not hard to find you guys," Wyatt bragged. Many had contemplated that as its creator Wyatt might have more authority in the VR universe compared to the rest of them. So Wyatt was not afraid of showing off.

"How the heck is you creating the VR universe related to you finding us on this mountain?" Aba asked, unable to take a hint that Wyatt used his authority to track her here.

At first, when Wyatt gave Aba a VR slime card from the very first batch of VR slime cards, she began to enjoy the VR universe as it was a place where nobody knew her because of her father's accomplishments. But as time went on the VR Universe became crowded with players, to the point where she had an awkward run-in with her classmates in the martial arts sect where she was polishing her sword arts, as such one of the main things she enjoyed about the VR Universe was lost.

However, since Aba did not have to be afraid of assassination or being kidnapped in the VR universe she began to explore its secluded parts while practicing her martial arts. Finding a new way to enjoy VR Universe, that was until Asong joined them. Still, she wondered how Wyatt found her when she purposefully asked her native guide to take her to a location where human presence and activity were nil.

"Sigh, you sure you were born to the great demigod Windsor and not adopted by him?" Wyatt rarely bragged but to see Aba ruin it with her dumb questions, he understood why he did not inform her of his well-being after returning from the Yellow Plains.

"Wyatt, are you picking a fight with me? I am my father's flesh and blood and no longer as weak as before. Here eat my supreme kong fist," Aba yelled while pouncing on Wyatt with her hands balled into fists, only to be stuck in mid-air.

"I heard you slayed a devil. Is that what gives you the confidence to speak my liege's name and talk derogatorily to his daughter?" Agatha got up and headed toward Wyatt summoning her grimoire, only to find that she could not summon her grimoire. Frustrated, she gave up on summoning grimoire and decided to teach Wyatt a lesson street style yelling, "Screw it. Nobody disrespects my liege and princess."

Threatening to teach her future venture partner a lesson to protect the honor of her current liege and princess, Agatha found she could not move a single muscle in her body, only to find that she was bound by the surrounding space. Proving that the VR universe was not a fair place for high-level card apprentices.

"In here, I am the strongest. How dumb are you guys not to realize that yet?" Wyatt asked glancing condescending at the dumb self-proclaimed princess and her dumb bodyguard.

"Show off your fake bravado in front of the naive natives. I have read the report submitted by the top ten universities and other renowned researchers," Agatha was pissed seeing that she could not do anything against Wyatt in the VR Universe so chose to hurt him using words.

"You can read, good for you," Wyatt replied sarcastically. Then turned to look at the native guide who was looking at him in caution with her right hand on the sword tied to her waist. Only to hear Laura, hurriedly explain to her, "Miss Miko, stand down. Master Wyatt is a friend. This is how they like to greet each other."

Laura then turned to Wyatt and asked, "Master Wyatt, do you prefer your monster meat medium rare?" Laura wanted to help Asong to fan the charcoal but somehow she ended up in charge of grilling.

"Yes, thank you," Wyatt responded politely.

"Wyatt, is this necessary? That dumb girl doesn't know better but you did start it, how about you be the bigger person and end it? After all, she kept saying that you were her best friend and rival," Asong chimed in, asking Wyatt to let go of Aba and Agatha.

Seeing that, inside the VR universe, Wyatt was capable of restraining the consciousness of a semi-demigod with a mere thought, Asong thought that all the reports made by the top universities and renowned researchers needed to be double-

checked. After all, the authority Wyatt displayed inside the VR universe, from finding them in the secluded mountain range to defeating Agatha with a thought, was god-like.

"Madam Asong, how is my origin card treating you? Did you conquer the central capital already?" Wyatt released the bind on Agatha and Aba, then headed toward Asong believing that as one of the shrewd politicians of her time, she should know about the item card 'World Decree.'

Though he did not find anything on the item card 'World Decree' in Clown Mask's memories, it did help him gain an understanding of Asong. She was one of the very few politicians who did not support the noble families of the central capital and royal families of the other four regions. She supported upstarts who have proven themselves worthy of the power and wealth they fought for but not inherited, that was someone like Wyatt.

Wyatt believed if it was Asong, despite her background of coming from one of the central capital noble families and being friends with royals such as Anna, she would lean toward him rather than the Southern royal family. Not to forget he had saved her life, so she owed him a big one. Therefore, he felt he made the best choice deciding to visit Aba in the VR universe instead of texting her.

"Thanks to you I can live longer than I expected but as for my ambitions, they have met an unexpected roadblock. Enough about me, didn't you and the Southern royal family hit a jackpot with the World Decree?"

"Wait, how do you know about that?" Wyatt asked Asong in shock as if it was not something she should know about.

"What do you mean? I might be struggling with my career right now but everything that goes on in the central government eventually passes my ear," Asong bragged, which felt unusual even for Asong as she spoke those words.

Asong did not understand why she felt the need to brag to the teenager in front of her when she could maintain a cold face facing many renowned and capable card apprentices, but considering that she was talking to the boy who had achieved so much at such a young age such that he was dubbed as South's Miracle Maker she thought subconsciously she felt inferior to the teenager hence she felt the need to brag.

"That's great. I do not know what happened and was looking for someone to help me piece together the information I am missing. Madam Asong, if it is not troublesome please enlighten me," Wyatt said truthfully because, from his understanding of Asong, he felt that she was a trustworthy person and a good place to expand his networking. Being caught lying to her, will only worsen his already excellent relationship with her.

Listening to Wyatt, not just Asong, Laura, Aba, and Agatha were all dumbfounded because a second ago he acted as if he knew what Asong was talking about but the very next second he claimed that he knew nothing. They did not know what to believe, did he know or did he not? Or was he trying to test that if Asong knew what she was talking about?

Looking at dark expressions on the faces of the surrounding women, Wyatt immediately understood they might have misunderstood him and hurriedly explained, "I swear I do not know about the World Decree incident. For some unknown reason, the Southern Royal family is doing their best to keep me in the dark about it. It would be a great help to me if you tell me what is happening, Madam Asong."

Wyatt decided to use the honest approach towards Asong. She was cunning but she cared about people a lot and her disciple became the hero who saved the world from the three mischiefs in the Clown Mask's alternate future vision so Wyatt felt that he stood to gain more by being honest with Asong. Sometimes simple honesty can achieve a lot than all the devious schemes and tricks in the world.

"Oh, I see what is going on," after hearing Wyatt's explanation Asong sighed understanding what the Southern Royal family was up to. Then she added, "No wonder, Anna's mother has been so active in the other four regions recently."

"What's happening?" the clueless Aba asked.

"What else but the rich and noble trying to rob the honest and hard-working poor and commoners," Agatha replied in disgust as someone who grew up in the toughest parts of the central region she was very familiar with these kinds of scenarios.

"Let us not jump to conclusion," Laura had no idea what the World Degree incident was but the tone of Asong and Agatha did not paint the Southern Royal family in a good picture, as someone who was rescued by the Southern Royal family she wanted to believe there was more than what meets the eye here.

But feeling the gaze of Asong and Agatha, she immediately explained, "Sorry, I know it is not my place but I don't think the Southern Royal family would ever wrong Master Wyatt."

"Wow, the South does have the most fanatic and loyal subjects," Agatha said sarcastically. Among the citizens of the five regions, Southerners were famous for their scary loyalty to the royal family despite it failing time and again. She believed it might be one of the key factors in the South's constant decline.

Listening to Agatha's sarcasm Laura's cheeks turned red but she still did not back down. Instead of arguing with Agatha she turned to Wyatt and said, "Master Wyatt, if something is bothering you please discuss it with the Southern Royal family. I am sure all this is just a misunderstanding."

"Wow," Agatha continued to marvel at Laura's blind devotion to the Southern Royal family. But recalling Laura's past, she respected Laura for her loyalty.

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## **Chapter 1832 Card World's Influence**

[ 1,035 words ]

### **Chapter 1832 Card World's Influence**

?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 08:55

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Caves gate dungeon, Seed World, VR Universe

"Thank you, Laura. I will be sure to do that," Wyatt politely replied to Laura, knowing better than to argue with a fanatic groupie.

"..." Laura could see there was no sincerity in Wyatt's words but since he agreed with her, she could not think of a reason to persuade him further. Besides, among everyone here, her status was the least. She would not be present for this discussion if not for her being Aba's friend.

After dealing with Laura, Wyatt turned to look at Asong and asked, "So, what is this item card 'World Decree', and what do the Southern royal family stand to gain from it?"

Asong locked eyes with Wyatt before glancing at Agatha and signaling her to answer him, "Wyatt, the item card 'World Decree' is !@#\$%^&\*"

Wyatt frowned, Agatha's mouth was moving and her voice seemed to be clear but for some reason, he could not understand what she was saying. He immediately asked Hive AI to check what was going on only to learn that an outside influence, the card world's will, was preventing him from understanding what Agatha was saying. But this was not enough to force Wyatt to give up, he asked Hive AI to record Agatha's words and play it to him. Only to find that Hive AI had only recorded noise and nothing of significance.

Wyatt then wondered how the card world's will was able to exert its influence inside his private inter-realm network. Since Wyatt was inside his seed world in the dungeon seal he could not be the source for world will to interfere here, it could be either Agatha's body which was in the card world, or the grimoire network. If Wyatt wants to block the card world's will's influence on Agatha, then he would have to move her body out of the world's sphere of influence which was not possible. So, even if he found someone willing to give him the information he was seeking for free, he could not get it.

Soon, Agatha completed her explanation and looked at Wyatt who was not paying attention to her. She was not offended as she knew exactly what was going on. Giving Wyatt a little time to figure things out, she said, "You are smart so you should know what is going on."

"The world is preventing me from listening to your explanation about the item card 'World Decree,'" Wyatt replied with a dark expression.

"Only those who have the high-level privilege can learn about the item card 'World Decree.' Now you know why you could not find any information on it anywhere. Even I do not qualify to know this information, if not for the generosity of my liege," Agatha explained to Wyatt that he did not have the required privilege to learn about the item card 'World Decree.' She could have told him that but demonstration was better than any explanation.

"Agatha, I understood what you said. Does that mean I have a higher privilege rank than Wyatt?" Aba asked Agatha in shock. She could not believe someone like her had a higher privilege in the card world than Wyatt who discovered the sliver milk powder that can help low-level card apprentice practice without relying on soul jades, soul energy digestion effect that allowed the card apprentice to digest soul energy in monster meat to supplement their practice, and invented the VR universe the treasure trove of otherworld knowledge.

"Princess, why are you surprised? As the liege's only daughter you have the highest privilege in your current realm," Agatha answered with pride which disappeared hearing Aba depressedly mutter, "As always, I get everything without having to try or ask."

"See Master Wyatt, there was a reason why the Southern Royal family did not inform you about the World Degree incident. I am sure if you ask them they will explain it to you," Laura too did not hear Agatha's explanation on the World Degree but she did not care about that and used this opportunity to persuade Wyatt that all this was a big misunderstanding and the Southern Royal family was not trying to hide anything from him.

"Shut up, I do not want to hear one more word from you two," Wyatt said staring at Laura and Aba.

Then locking eyes with Aba, he continued, "If you are so sad that you are the daughter of a demigod, I can use my authority in the VR Universe to morph your appearance and give you the identity of a native beggar girl. Let us see how you will like the average life then."

Next, turning to lock eyes with Laura, he explained, "I trust the Southern Royal Family, but sometimes I have to look out for my interest just as they are looking out for their interest. Don't forget I too am a Southerner. And please, focus on the grilling. I have had no food in a while. So, I will be pissed if my meat is burnt."

"Sorry, I was out of line," Laura apologized and then quickly turned the meat so it is evenly grilled, focusing solely on the grilling.

Wyatt forgave Laura and turned to look at Aba who had raised her hand as if asking permission to speak, "What is it?"

"Can you really use your authority to give me a new identity and appearance in the VR universe?" Aba asked Wyatt with great expectations.

"Yes, I can. I was planning to give all players access to this feature for a price, to earn some money but then too many moral and ethical dilemmas forced me not to do that. But if it is for a friend, I do not see any harm in doing that," Wyatt said nonchalantly, but his usage of the word friend had a huge impact on Aba than he could comprehend. After all, Aba has called Wyatt her friend more than she can remember but it was not quite often for her to hear Wyatt claim they were friends.

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

?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 09:09

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Caves gate dungeon, Seed World, VR Universe

"You sure you want to do this?" Wyatt asked Aba who was looking at him with eager eyes.

Seeing that Aba was too excited to think of the mental consequence of being stuck in someone else's identity for the next 48 hours Wyatt turned to look at her guardians Agatha and Asong for consent. Wyatt was being this cautious especially since she really wanted the identity of a native beggar girl who had just joined a prestigious martial arts sect. Wyatt was just joking with her but she took his words seriously.

Seeing Wyatt's questioning gaze, Agatha replied, "I don't see any harm in that. After all, it is just two days."

"What did demigod Windsor see in you when you choose as his only daughter's guardian?" Asong's words could not be brutal. She did not agree with Agatha. For a girl who had been treated as a princess and had not seen true hardship her entire life suddenly living as a beggar in a foreign environment would be too harsh to adapt to mentally. Even if it was just for two days.

"Why are you guys arguing, I get to choose what I want to do," Aba yelled, and then turning to Wyatt she please, "Wyatt, please."

"No, hurry. How about you complete your adventure here first?" Seeing that Agatha and Asong could not come to an agreement, Wyatt did not want to be a busybody and decided what was good for someone else's child. Without the agreement of Aba's guardians, he did nothing despite Aba's pleas.

Seeing Wyatt would not listen to her please, she turned to Agatha and looked at her with puppy eyes only to hear her say, "Hey, I am already on board. I believe a little street will help you appreciate what my liege does for you more. "

"No matter how hard you plead, I won't agree to something like that. Especially, with your realm reduced to a mortal realm. Girl, you have no idea how hard it is for mortal girls with no status to survive on the streets," As Asong said this she could not help but look at Agatha. After all, Agatha grew up on the streets and she should not how dangerous they were for a mortal beggar girl.

"Don't make it sound all bad. All this is just an illusion and I am sure Wyatt will be monitoring her well-being with his authority," Agatha defended her decision. She had enough of Asong pointing out every way she failed to raise Aba as a strong independent card apprentice.

"Wyatt will do no such thing, that defeats the entire purpose of me changing my appearance and identity," Aba cried out, then looking at Wyatt she said, "Promise me, you will not do that."

"..." Wyatt avoided Aba's eyes if the demigod Windsor's only daughter but she did not let him so he glared saying, "Tell me this, how did this become about you? I still did not get to hear what happened during the world decree incident. Ladies, let us get back to that."

Aba was taken back by Wyatt blaming her for making the conversation all about her, she wanted to refute him but before she could think of proper comeback the conversation had already shifted.

"There are two versions of the World Decree incident, which one do you want to hear, the true one or the one where the central government comes out looking good," Asong asked Wyatt.

"The true one of course but you make the other one sound so juicy," Wyatt replied. Asong laughed listening to his reply and offered, "How about we tell you both you decide which is which?"

"Sure," Wyatt nodded.

"Agatha, you go ahead and tell Wyatt what you have heard," Asong said, knowing that even Agatha was not that aware of what actually happened, she only heard the rumors about the incident through her network of friends

"Well, I heard that six different devil worshipper factions attacked the Southern Capital by summoning six devils and their demon armies. Helpless, the Ruler of South's incarnation visited the central capital and awakened one of the founders to seek help. The founder sympathizing with the Southern region mobilized two elite demigod teams to help the Southern Royal family defend their capital. One team was from the central government and another team was from the Morningstar University.

These two demigod teams worked with the 15 demigod teams from the Southern region to successfully defend the Southern Capital but sacrificed four demigod teams from the Southern Region and both the elite demigod teams from the central government and Morningstar University had to achieve this success.

After this, the Ruler of the South informed the founder about the Freedom Fighters stealing the only source of the Silver Milk Powder from the Southern Region. Enraged by the Freedom Fighters' actions and impressed by Dalton Wyatt's achievement the founder used the world decree to announce that the patent of the Silver Milk Powder would belong to Dalton Wyatt and it was up to him to decide what to do with its rights or something of that sort."

"This is not true, it is malicious slander, the Ruler of the South's incarnation alone could kill all six of the devils. He had no reason to go to the central capital to seek help," Laura who was grilling the monster meat suddenly yelled after Agatha finished narrating what she had heard.

"Calm down, nobody here is dumb enough to think that version of the incident is true," Wyatt assured Laura that he nor anyone present there believed that version of the events.

As soon as Wyatt had said that Aba asked "Agatha, is it truly what happened or not?"

Wyatt and Laura together stared daggers at Aba, they wondered if she was doing this on purpose otherwise how can someone be so dumb and have such perfect timing.

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

?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 09:23

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Caves gate dungeon, Seed World, VR Universe

Before Agatha could answer Aba, Wyatt spoke up asking, "Have taken an oath to prove that you are the dumbest in the world?"

"What the heck is that supposed to mean?" Aba did not understand why Wyatt would think that she would take such a bizarre oath.

Agatha wanted to explain to Aba that what she was probably not true, but hearing the exchange between her princess and Wyatt, she came to her princess's defense answering before Wyatt continued to mock Aba, "I don't know princess, but that is what I have heard."

Knowing what Agatha was doing, Wyatt shook his head and looked at Asong to learn what actually happened but Laura was not the one to give up. She glared at Agatha and said, "The Central Government and Morningstar University had each sent one but two elite demigod teams. They both lost a total of 10 elite demigods to a single devil which was later defeated by Wyatt. Meanwhile, the demigods from the Southern royal family defeated 5 devils and 6 demon armies without losing a single comrade. You guys were there, I don't have to remind you what happened in the Southern Capital."

Agatha avoided Laura's eyes and laughed it off saying, "That is what the Southern Royal family said. As someone from the central region, why should I believe what they said? I believe what the Central Government said."

Laura was with words listening to Agatha's argument. Seeing this, Wyatt let out a sigh thinking, 'I cannot believe I am about to do this.' Then he used Agatha's words against her, "Well, now who is the blind and fanatic subject? I was there, at the heart of the South Captial incident, trust me, Laura's version of the incident couldn't be more accurate."

Seeing Wyatt come to her support and defend the Southern Royal family, Laura looked at Wyatt gratefully.

"You are from the south, why should we believe anything you say?" Aba jumped up.

"Were you not listening, he just said he was there, fighting the devils with the other demigods," Laura exclaimed in disbelief. She could not help but wonder if she was having so much trouble proving the truth to her friend then what would the other four regions believe. They will believe the false version of the incident that the Central Government was spreading without any shred of doubt. This was when Laura understood she was fighting a losing battle.

"I—" Just as Aba was about to open her mouth, Wyatt interrupted her threatening, "Believe it or not, I use my authority to turn your identity in the VR universe into a sewer rat and throw you between a bunch of hungry street cats."

"I will just quit," Aba instantly gave a smart-ass reply. To which Wyatt sneered saying, "Yeah, sure let us see how long you can keep yourself from coming back crawling."

Aba being addicted to the VR universe was no news to anyone present here. So when she said that she just quit using VR Universe no one took her seriously. Especially, Wyatt who knew how bad the impact of video games was on teenagers, specifically one as realistic and interactive as the VR universe.

"I won't," Aba replied with an unusual resolve. Wyatt ignored her and looking at Agatha he said, "I am disappointed in you."

"Hey, what do you want me to do? Sit back and watch every time you mock her," Agatha felt wronged. After all, all she did was come to her baby chick's defense.

"If you don't like her being mocked you should have taught her better. Besides, it is not mocking if she doesn't get it," Wyatt preached, eyeing Aba who had no clue what Agatha and Wyatt were talking about.

Then turning to look at Asong who was enjoying the drama, Wyatt said, "You have a lot of work cut out for you."

"Now, why would you say that?"

"Aren't you planning to take her under your wing?"

"What gave you that impression?"

"Just because she is too dumb to figure out what you are doing doesn't mean the rest of us are. Even the native guide knows what you are up to," Wyatt did not understand why Asong would deny her intentions with Aba when it could not be more clearer.

Miss Miko who was enjoying her grilled meat, looked at Wyatt wondering why was the monster dragging her into their messy fight. She ignored Wyatt's comment, not wanting to be dragged into others' fight, and resumed enjoying her grilled meat.

"What do you mean by she taking me under her wing? We both are in the same realm," Aba frowned listening to Wyatt and Asong's conversation. Though Asong was Anna's classmate because of her illness she was a late bloomer card apprentice and her strength was still at lower realms. If not for Wyatt creating Asong's origin card to help with her illness she would not have been able to catch up with Aba's realm so fast.

"Oh, that is why," seeing Aba's reaction to his claims, Wyatt finally understood why Asong was denying that she planning to take Aba under her wings. Then he looked at Asong apologetically.

"I will forgive you this once, assuming you did not do this on purpose," Asong forgave Wyatt and then coaxed Aba saying, "Aba, honey, I have a video of your father fighting two card emperors back when he was still a card emperor."

"Really, share it with my grimoire I want to watch it right now," Aba exclaimed, forgetting everything else. She was too easy to distract and appease. This part of Aba reminded Wyatt of Dredre.

"Come, sit next to me. Let us watch it together," Asong invited Aba to watch the video together.

"Even better," Aba cheered.

"Ahem, didn't to have something to tell me about the world decree incident," Wyatt cleared his throat awkwardly and reminded Asong.

"It can wait," Asong replied nonchalantly.

"I swear I did not do it on purpose."

"Sure, I have also forgiven you."

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?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 09:45

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Caves gate dungeon, Seed World, VR Universe

After a good 10 minutes of wait, Asong left the side of Aba who was engrossed watching her father's old card duels, and she turned to look at Wyatt saying, "Where were we?"

"I hate politicians," Wyatt declared right to Asong's face.

"Good, you should. None of us are honest people," Asong responded shamelessly as if Wyatt's words did not affect her.

"Just tell me what happened," Wyatt requested, from Agatha's version of the World Decree incident, Wyatt had a few speculations about the World Decree. From Asong's version of the incident, he wanted to confirm them. As long as he had a rough idea of what was going on he could prepare for Anna's mother's plans for him.

"You sure you can trust the words of a politician?" Asong used Wyatt's words against him.

"I have no choice. Besides, I have nothing to worry about if it is from a politician who was too honest to save her career," Wyatt was no Aba, he knew how to fight his battles.

"I will take that as a compliment," Asong did not expect Wyatt to use her failing career as a politician against her.

"You should, none of the politicians are honest people," Wyatt finished Asong with her own words.

"I always thought the Southern Royal family mobilizing Anna's mother against you was an overkill but I see you left them no choice," Asong was not the only one to think that many thought as such. Still, she was the only one to realize the helplessness of the Southern Royal family when it comes to dealing with the Dalton Wyatt.

"I will take that as a compliment," Wyatt replied slyly.

Listening to Wyatt, A Song rolled her eyes and threw her arms in the air showing that she had given up. Then proceeded to explain the World Decree incident to Wyatt, "As far as I know the Southern Capital incident was planned by Central government and Morningstar University's attempt to kidnap you for your knowledge on Soul energy digestion effect card and VR universe.

It is said that the devil worshipper attack on the Southern capital was planned by the Central Government to distract the Southern Royal family as their agents kidnapped you. As for Morningstar University, they had no clue about this but when the time came they chose to support it.

I will not go into detail about what happened next in the Southern capital since you were there and all. However, while you were fighting for your life in the Southern Capital the news about what the Central Government was up to happened reached the ears of the Ruler of the South.

Enraged, the Ruler of the South wanted to burn the central government to the ground but since he was tasked with guarding the Way Beyond, he could not leave the Way Beyond. Duty Bound, the Ruler of the South sent his incarnation to the Central Capital to seek justice.

I heard the Ruler of the South's incarnation had a very irritating attitude, one of the founders had to come in person to appease him. But still, the Ruler of the South's incarnation was not willing to leave until he got justice for the Southern Region.

The Founder and Ruler of the South's incarnation were both not willing to take a step back, just when everyone thought a battle was going to break out, the founder proposed a wager to the Ruler of the South's incarnation, that the winner take all.

The founder proposed, that if his agents were able to successfully kidnap you then the Central government would get to keep you and all your inventions and discoveries so far but if they failed all your inventions and discoveries would belong to you and also you would be pardoned for borrowing devil's power.

The Ruler of the South's incarnation did not agree because he did not think the founder had the authority to make such a wager, that is when the founder took out the World Decree to assure the Ruler of the South's incarnation that he will be able to hold his end of the wager.

Next, as you know, the devil that killed the central government's forces and ultimately the founder lost and kept his end of the wager by using the World's Decree to announce that the patent and the rights of the Silver Milk Powder, Soul energy digestion card, and VR Universe belong to you and you have the final say in what to do with their rights.

If you ask me the reason for the Central Government's disgraceful loss despite planning everything to perfection was because they underestimated you. I guess nobody believed that you had such means at your disposal.

Wyatt, your actions have taken the world by storm. Too many powerful eyes are focused on you right now if not for your noble sacrifice at the end of the Southern Capital incident, I guess you would not be enjoying such peaceful times right now."

"I had no idea so much happened behind the scenes," Wyatt muttered then looking at Laura who staring at him with bright eyes, shaking his head he sighed and permitted her, "Go ahead, say it."

"See Wyatt, I told you. The Southern Royal family will never wrong you. They will always do everything in their power to save one of their own," dropping the 'I told you so' bomb Laura finally calmed down. She was so happy right now that the Southern Royal family did not let down her and their citizen's trust in them.

Wyatt ignored Laura and asked Asong, "If the founder has used the world decree to declare that the patent and all the rights of the Silver Milk Power belong to me then what happens to my previous contracts with the Southern Royal family regarding the production and distribution of silver milk powder? Are they still valid or void?"

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

?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 09:59

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Caves gate dungeon, Seed World, VR Universe

"Depends, if your contract with the Southern region is a normal one, under current circumstances, you have the power and authority to turn it void but if it was made under the witness of the world's will, it will continue to remain valid regardless of your opinion," Asong answered Wyatt with a grave expression because she did not believe the Southern Royal family would be foolish enough to make a normal contract over something so serious. This meant even with the support of the World Decree, Wyatt could not go back on his agreement with the Southern Royal family with the world's will as a witness.

"I see," Wyatt did not regret signing a contract with Anna under the witness of the world's will because if not for that he could not have made it this far. Besides, its better this way because the thought that the Central Government had a way to render

contracts created under the witness of the world's will null scared him as much as the reality that they had a scary item card like the 'World Decree.'

From Agatha's version and Asong's version of the World Decree incident, Wyatt had deduced that the World Decree was some kind of a law enforced by the world's will, as its name suggested.

Otherwise, it would be hard to understand why the Southern Ruler's incarnation agreed to the wager if the founder could not fulfill his end of the wager and why the rest of the world just agreed to the founder's declaration made using the World Decree without any opposition.

Seeing how even the world leaders were unable to oppose it, the item card World Decree could be considered a level higher than the contract made with the world's will as a witness.

This would explain a lot. Especially, why the world leaders no longer rallied to plunder the freedom fighters and also why they were willing to trade silver milk in the Freedom Fighter's territory. After all, if Wyatt's guess about the application of the World Decree was true then trading anything related to Silver Milk Powder without Wyatt's acknowledgment in the card world would be considered illegal.

So even if the World leaders get their hands on the stolen D-

rank silver beach gate dungeon looting the Freedom Fighters, they would not be able to trade amongst themselves as that would be illegal by the World Decree. No one world leader could loot the dungeon from Freedom Fighters, so they could not exempt the World Decree under personal usage.

The World Leaders were not willing to make an enemy of Freedom Fighter just so one of them gets to keep the dungeon for their personal use or they will have to return it to their rightful owner if they want to gain the maximum profit from it. Neither of the choices was feasible so the World Leaders understood it was more profitable for them to trade with Freedom Fighters in their territory and bring the Silver Milk to the card world for personal use, circumventing the World Decree.

The more Wyatt contemplated based on this assumption the piece began to automatically fall into place. But one thing still did not make sense to him, why would the Freedom Fighters make a deal with Anna's mother? After all, thanks to the World Decree they no longer had to fear the World Leaders instead the world leaders had become their customers. What magical words did Anna's mother use to get the Freedom Fighters to be willing to trade their golden goose with her?

"What is bothering you?" Asong asked Wyatt, she thought Wyatt had grasped a vague idea of what a World Decree was and was capable of but seeing him in deep thought she wondered if she overestimated him.

"You might have heard that the World Leaders have given up on pursuing the Freedom Fighters and are trading silver milk with them," Wyatt pointed out, to which Asong said, "That is old news, according to the latest news the Freedom Fighters have stopped trading silver milk but I have not idea why is that."

"I don't know the details but I have recently learned that they have decided to give back the D-rank Silver Beach gate dungeon to the Southern royal family before closing the deal they contacted me to see if I am interested and start a bidding war between me and the Southern Royal family but I was occupied so I did not read their text until they have already made a deal with the Southern Royal family," Wyatt truthfully informed to Asong, hoping she would help him shed some light on why the Freedom Fighters would do something so illogical.

"If what you are saying is true then this deal reeks of Anna's mother's involvement. Only she is capable of pulling off something like this. What could she have offered or threatened the Freedom Fighter with for them to agree to a losing deal," Asong frowned, lost in deep thought. Contemplating Anna's mother's actions based on the information she had.

Asong was impressed by Wyatt, he had not only fully gathered what had transpired in the World Decree incident but he had begun to use it to understand the change in the world market. What surprised her more was that he had information that even she had not heard of but considering his close relationship with the Southern Royal family it was not a surprise that he had this information before her.

"Speak of threats, tell if this would work. What if Anna's mother threatened the Freedom Fighters that she would share the ownership of the D-rank Silver Milk dungeon with the other world leaders or worse with the central government, giving enough incentive to the world leaders or the central government to make a move against the Freedom Fighters, then the Freedom Fighters while be left with little choice but to go with the lesser of two evils?"

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

[ 1,005 words ]

## **Chapter 1837 Bluff**

?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 10:11

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Caves gate dungeon, Seed World, VR Universe

Listening to Wyatt, Asong was enlightened and nodded her head heavily strongly agreeing with Wyatt's speculation. After a thought, she immediately added her two bits supporting Wyatt's speculation, "Stuck between being looted by the world leaders or the central government and being small partners with the Southern Royal family, it would not be a surprise that the Freedom Fighters decided to agree to whatever the deal Anna's mother proposed like a drowning man."

"It is a possibility," Wyatt nodded unable to think of another reason more probable than this to explain Freedom Fighter's illogical choice.

"If you have a way to contact the Freedom Fighters, can't you confirm your speculations by reaching out to them?" Asong asked Wyatt, after all, he did say that they tried contacting him to bid for the D-rank Silver Beach gate dungeon.

"Now that I have a basic understanding of what is going on, I will try reaching out to the Freedom Fighters for clarity later but before that, earlier you said something about you knowing why Anna's mother was more active in the other four regions recently," With the Freedom Fighters returning the dungeon to the Southern Royal family Wyatt now had very little interest in them. As for revenge, it could wait they could prove a useful bunch in the future. After all, they have a collection of powerful people in their ranking.

"About that, at first I thought Anna's mother was using the VR-slime card to strengthen the Southern Region diplomatic relationship with other regions and top organizations but she has been traveling too frequently between the other regions and top organizations. When it comes to the Western region, I understand considering the dual gate dungeon connecting the capitals of the two regions. Still, it did not explain her frequent visits to other regions and organizations. However, it all made sense when you had to find her of all people to learn about the World Decree incident," Asong replied pointing at Aba, who was still engrossed in watching her father's old card duels while enjoying the monster meat that Laura was grilling.

"I don't see how Anna's mother stands to gain anything here," Wyatt felt with his contract with Anna, her mother would not do anything to harm him or his family so he wondered what would she planning and for what.

"She might be planning to do exactly what she did in the case of the Freedom Fighters with you. Force you into giving up your share of the profits from the production and supply of the Sliver Milk Powder. This is just the minimum, I will the rest to your imagination," Asong pointed out to Wyatt.

However, Wyatt had already thought of what Asong had pointed out but with his contract with Anna, he could not of any way Anna's mother would be able to force him into giving up his shares or patents of any of his inventions to the Southern Royal

family. So he asked Asong, "How do you think she will do that considering that she has to protect me and my friends and family?"

"Wyatt, only street thugs resort to violence and threats you have entered the big leagues now think bigger. Look at what happened in the Freedom Fighters case, Anna's mother made her move and got what she what yet nobody outside heard a sound or realized what happened. If not for you even I would be in the dark about this matter for who knows how long," Asong said shaking her head, from her words it can be seen that she seemed to idolize Anna's mother.

"You believe she is joining hands with other royal families and organizations to coerce me to give up my shares and patents of my inventions?" Wyatt asked Asong, he did not see that happening but if Anna's mother were able to rally the other world leaders under a uniter banner there were many ways for her to force him into submission other than using violence. However, her doing that would be like inviting wolves, hyenas, foxes, and tigers into her house. She would stand to lose more than gain.

Unless Anna's mother planned to use them all as bluff just like she did in the freedom fighters' case. Right now the Southern royal family was so in charge of the production and supply of Silver Milk powder that she would not risk that for small benefits. But she could bluff and force Wyatt into giving up a small portion of his share of the profits from the production and supply of Silver Milk powder such that the Southern royal family would not join hands with other world leaders to coerce him to give up his shares.

"You are smart you will figure it out eventually," Asong said proceeding to the grill station to help Laura. After all, she was supposed to be in charge of grilling but after Wyatt's arrival, the responsibility unknowingly fell on Laura.

"You are awfully quiet," Agatha poked at Laura seeing that she did not speak up to defend the Southern Royal family after hearing the discussion between Wyatt and Asong.

"I understood what Master Wyatt said. Regardless of their relationship, the Southern Royal family and Master Wyatt are looking out for their interests. Just like in huge families, we fight for limited resources among ourselves but when facing the outside threat we could not be more united. And not to mention it is not my place to give my opinions," Laura responded understanding that politics was not as straight as her sword.

"Ain't that too enlightened for a fanatic subject," Agatha taunted Laura, to which Laura retorted saying, "At least I accept my mistakes and learn from them."

"What is that supposed to mean?" Agatha was taken aback, she did not expect Laura to fight back.

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

[ 1,044 words ]

## **Chapter 1838 Courtesy**

?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 10:34

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Caves gate dungeon, Seed World, VR Universe

Ignoring the bickering of the rest, Wyatt was lost in his thoughts. He did not believe that Anna's mother would approach him with nothing but a bluff. However, if a bluff was all that she had then he did not have anything to worry about because he knew the Southern Royal family hated sharing more than him. So they would not join hands with other forces over the Silver Milk Powder. The Freedom Fighters might have been desperate and dumb enough to look for that but he certainly was not besides their circumstance were different compared to Wyatt's. As the legal owner of the Silver Milk Powder Wyatt had nothing to worry about, unlike the Freedom Fighters who stole the D-rank Silver Beach Gate dungeon.

Reaching out to Aba, Wyatt learned a lot but Anna's mother's plans for him remained elusive to him. Now he finally understood why the Southern Royal family was so daring to openly build the Silver Milk Powder factories next to the Southern Capital. However, he still did not understand the big deal about Ann and Colleen not telling him while acting all secretive and suspicious about this. Wyatt did not understand how Anna's mother could use the world decree incident against him.

Anyway, Wyatt had dug deep all he could and prepared himself for his fateful meeting with Anna's mother. Hopefully, she doesn't come bearing any surprises forcing Wyatt to prepare a surprise for her.

"This can't be happening," Asong suddenly exclaimed. Surprising everyone in the vicinity.

"What's wrong?" Agatha inquired Asong in concern. However, Asong ignored Agatha and asked Wyatt, "Did you know about this?"

"About what?" Wyatt had no idea what Asong was talking about.

"About Gideon Grim, the world's new most wanted," Asong asked Wyatt believing that if he could know about the confidential deal between Anna's mother and Freedom Fighters then he would know about Gideon Grim.

"What do you mean if I knew? I was the one who pointed that prick out to the Southern Royal family. He picked the target a few days ago and now he is facing the consequences," Wyatt answered nonchalantly.

However, Wyatt could not help but marvel at the efficiency of Anna's mother. She did exactly as the Field Marshal said, that Gideon Grim would be the most wanted in the world in the morning. No wonder even someone like Asong idolized Anna's mother.

"Why did you not inform me about this?"

"You did not ask nor did it come up."

"How could you keep something so important from me?"

"Wait, since when is it my job to keep you informed? Am I supposed to report everything to you now? Like for example Anna plans to beat Aba eighteen times on her 18th birthday," Wyatt was shocked to see Asong blame him for not telling her about Gideon Grim.

"Wait, why would Anna want to beat me eighteen times on my 18th birthday?" Aba finally tore her eyes from her father's card duel video and returned to reality.

"It is her present to you, I suppose," Wyatt said awkwardly, throwing his hands sideways as if saying 'How am I supposed to know what goes on in Anna's mind?'

"Y—," Aba wanted to ask more about it but was interrupted by angry Asong, "Aba, not now. Know what's important before opening your mouth." Then turning to Wyatt she continued, "Wyatt, I am not asking you to inform everything to me, but when it is something as important as this I expect to be informed as a courtesy. If I happen to know something important involving you, you would want me to inform you right? I expect the same from you, that is all."

"I hear you but how would I know that the news about Gideon Grim would interest you since it did not involve you," Wyatt understood where Asong was coming from but he strongly felt he did nothing wrong. After all, Asong knowing about Gideon Grim an hour earlier would make no difference.

"When a manic card demigod with an overpowered origin card is threatening to turn the talented population of the world into his hypnotized puppets in preparation for the second demon invasion it not only involves me but also interests me the most," Asong said sternly.

"It won't happen next time," Wyatt caved, knowing Asong might be on the edge just learning about Gideon Grim. Anyone who had experienced the devastation of the first demon invasion would be freaked out of their mind at the possibility of a second demon invasion.

"There should be a world left first. At speed this manic is converting talented card apprentices into his puppets, if he is really related to a devil faction from the dark realm planning to invade the card world, our days are numbered," Asong was not being alarmist but what she said was the truth.

The only reason they were able to put an end to the first demon invasion was because all the world powers came together, but now with Gideon Grim's origin card it would be hard for the world to unite against the second demon invasion.

"Holyshit, I was planning to retire and live the rest of my life as a rich lady but the world has other plans. I don't know if I will be able to survive the second demon invasion," Agatha who did her research on Gideon Grim with the help of the grimoire network finally spoke unable to hide her shock.

"Wait, they revealed everything about Gideon Grim on the grimoire network are they not worried about causing a mass panic?" Wyatt was surprised to learn that Agatha found all the information on Gideon Grim and what he was up to with a simple search on her grimoire network.

"Oh, boy, for someone smart you still do not know how our world's privilege system works, do you? The information accessibility is based on the privilege level of the person accessing it. I was only able to access all this information because of my high privilege level," Agatha explained.

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

[ 1,008 words ]

## **Chapter 1839 Extremism**

?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 10:43

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Caves gate dungeon, Seed World, VR Universe

"No, I just keep forgetting that you too have a high privilege level," Wyatt was not taunting Agatha but being truthful. Agatha did not come off as someone with high authority. Maybe it was because of the casual way she carried herself.

"I can't believe you are still in the mood to make jokes," Agatha took Wyatt's words as a compliment as she did not want to be mistaken as a stuck-up boogie snob.

"This is bad, very bad," Asong muttered to herself.

"Don't worry with the world knowing about him, he could not be as brazen as before and get caught sooner or later," Wyatt assured Asong. Even if the world leaders prove to be helpless against Gideon Grim's tricks, his tricks would not work in front of Wyatt. It was only about time Gideon Grim made a mistake and Wyatt would be there waiting like the Grim Reaper.

"I am not worried about that manic, I am worried about the central government using this moment to once again push the origin card registration bill," Asong revealed her true concern. It was not the Gideon Grim or the possibility of a second demon invasion but the central government making it mandatory for the card apprentice to register their origin card.

"Not this again, the consequence of the implementation of the Trait and Pysique regulation bill has been devastating. The world has lost count of how many talented card apprentices with humble backgrounds have been kidnapped or stripped from their families by big organizations. If they start forcing card apprentices to register their origin card the consequences will be most dire for the commoners once again," Agatha voiced with strong hatred and disgust. It seems she has a history in this scenario.

Listening to Agatha, Wyatt recalled his police chief Denise's daughter whom Morningstar University had forced to leave behind her single mother and only contact her limited amounts of time that too under supervision. These conditions might seem harsh but they were nothing compared to what the Morningstar University originally had planned. If not for Mama Wyatt pulling some strings, Denise would have to forget that she ever had a daughter, to begin with.

"Origin card registration bill? My father would never allow the government to pass it," Aba suddenly spoke up. It was clear to everyone that her dad's origin card was very special and its true info was only known to him and him alone. If he had been forced to register his origin card at the beginning then he would not be the bigshot he was today.

"I don't think this time our previous measures will work," Asong shook her head in dismay knowing this incident with Gideon Grim would allow the government and royal families to practice extremism under the disguise of protection of humankind.

The last time the government tried to introduce the origin card registration bill many opposed especially those with humble origin as the origin card was their one small shot of achieving greatness in a single leap not bound by their birth and wealth. If the government were to start registering their origin cards then pretty soon they would start regulating their origin cards, giving the rich and noble to target the poor and commoners.

Yes, the rich and noble had access to better card creators and ingredients but the baptism of an origin card could not be controlled by anyone. Thanks to baptism the

origin cards that were poorly made or seemed of little use still had a shot of shining brilliantly thanks to the baptism.

"I did not think that far ahead," Wyatt said, he had no idea that revealing Gideon Grim and hinting to the world about a possible second demon invasion would have such consequences. Doing the alternative would be irresponsible of him. The world needs to prepare for the demon invasion it was going to happen sooner than later.

Wyatt had no idea when the Seven Princes of the hell faction would take care of their other jobs and gather their forces to solely focus on invading Card World but thanks to the time zone difference the Card World now had time to at least brace themselves for the demon invasion.

"The origin card registration bill is just the start, there is no bound to the extremism the government can go to ensure its reign over the Card World for as long as possible," Asong blurted amidst her chaotic thoughts imagining every possible thing that could go wrong because of this.

"..." Listening to Asong's words Wyatt felt that Asong might have uncovered the secret that had her killed in the Clown Mask's alternate future vision. That means she might already be on the Central government, Supreme Leader, and Matron's watch list.

Wyatt wanted to warn her about them but he did not because knowing Asong, she would not just take his word for it instead she would not only ask him for proof but might get herself killed early trying to dig deeper and uncover the truth behind the web of lies running the current government. Still, Wyatt could not see one of his precious networks that he just added to simply die. He will have to warn her of the dangers surrounding her life in some other way.

"Laura, you can't spread what you learned here outside. Do you understand?" Asong warned Laura sternly seeing her use Aba's grimoire network to learn about Gideon Grim and his deeds.

"Madam, rest assured, I know the severity of this situation and will not reveal or talk about it outside," Laura assured Asong. Actually, she wished she wouldn't have let her curiosity get the better of her as she was better off not knowing this information. Now, she could not be able to sleep knowing that everything she held dear could be gone anytime.

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

[ 1,528 words ]

## Chapter 1840 Trouble

?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 10:55

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Caves gate dungeon, Seed World, VR Universe

"Wyatt, you leaving already. You haven't tasted my grilling yet," Asong said, seeing Wyatt was preparing to leave.

"I would have loved to but something just came up," Wyatt wanted to say Laura did all the grilling but he was not lying when he said something just came up. Just as his mind was contemplating the consequence of a second demon invasion on the card world, one of his calamity daughter gems demon merchant Cuth Diya contacted him through demon codex messaging.

"Do you plan to leave right after getting the answers you sought? Boy, who do you think I am?" Asong said jokingly, but her meaning could not be clearer.

"No, madam, something did come, I will make it up to you some other time," Wyatt assured Asong. He understood occasional or accidental small get-togethers, like this one, were a huge part of networking but right now he needed to attend to another urgent matter on which thousands of lives depended.

Seeing the genuine urgency in Wyatt's eyes, Asong understood Wyatt was not lying but something else bugged her, "Are you keeping something from me?" She could not shake the feeling that Wyatt was not telling her everything he knew.

"No, madam, if you don't mind please excuse me. I need to deal with this ASAP," Wyatt did not wait for Asong to reply and went offline.

"Wyatt wait, change my identity and appearance before you leave —" Aba shouted seeing Wyatt's figure fading but he had left before she could finish her sentence.

"Shit," Aba cussed in disappointment. She really wanted to experience the VR universe from the perspective of a poor girl. She wanted to prove that she had more to offer than her awesome father.

"Girl, language," Asong warned Aba, only to hear her chant the cuss louder, "Shit, Shit, Shit, Shit..."

Seeing Aba throw a tantrum, Agatha hurriedly rushed to her side and whispered, "Princess, you better stop it. I don't want to spank you again at her orders."

"You traitor," Aba remembered the last time she acted out against Asong, Agatha was the one who helped Asong discipline her. They claimed to be her guardian but they were a bunch of child abusers.

"You two done," Asong eyed Agatha and Aba before continuing with a stern tone, "Let me warn you, you are not going to ever speak about changing your identity and appearance to live a different life, ever again unless you want to end up in a loony bin. You aren't mentally strong enough to adopt the duality."

"I don't see what the big deal is. I just want to live an average life for once," Aba complained aloud. Seeing Asong's frown grow narrower she reduced her voice and muttered, "I think I can handle living as someone else for two days."

"Fine then, tell me this, as a beggar girl walking on a busy street you see the person in front of you drop his wallet, what do you do?" Asong asked Aba seeing that she was not convinced with her decision.

"What anybody else in that situation would do, pick up the wallet and hand it to the person," Aba answered confidently.

"Wrong," Asong declared, it appeared she had already anticipated Aba to answer something of this sort.

"Hey, how am I wrong?" Aba protested, not understanding how she was wrong.

"You are a beggar girl in this scenario, use your brain Aba," Asong did not immediately tell Aba what she did wrong hoping Aba would figure it out.

"Hey, just because somebody is a beggar girl doesn't mean they will steal someone else money. Grandma, Aren't you the one who keeps saying one should not judge a book by its cover," Aba said proudly, feeling she had outwitted Asong.

"Yes, you dumb girl, one should not judge a book by its cover but people still do. Agatha tell Aba what would you have done in that situation?" Asong asked Agatha to answer, feeling that Aba would be more convinced if the answer came from Agatha rather than her.

"I would do nothing and mind my business or go the other way and even run for my life," Agatha answered, but then she got sidetracked as if she was speaking from her experience.

"What?" Aba cried out in disbelief. She expected Agatha to say something to the effect of 'the beggar girl would be hungry and keep the wallet for herself forced by her circumstances' but the answer Agatha gave was beyond her comprehension.

"Princess, if any normal person were to be approached by a beggar returning their wallet most of the time their reaction would not be gratefulness but suspicion which is why first I said I would mind my business.

Also, the streets are less safe than you think. Local gangs might be fishing, and just nearing the wallet could spell disaster for the beggar girl. Many demonic card apprentices pay a good price for a child," Agatha explained, even surprising Asong. She was not expecting the second part of Agatha's answer. Asong realized even she had underestimated the streets.

"How is a beggar girl supposed to know that?" Aba felt she failed to answer the question because she was not given the full context.

"A beggar girl would know how to survive the streets otherwise you would not find her on the streets but in some drainage / back ally rotting or some demonic card apprentice's demonic card collection," Agatha got real with Aba for once. She did not speak of her past much but today she opened up seeing Aba make light of how hard life is on the streets, especially for orphaned or runaway beggar girls.

Asong, Aba, and Laura were shellshocked Listening to Agatha because they could feel the seriousness in her tone. Smart ones like Asong and Laura already understood Agatha was speaking from experience. Even Mrs. Miko who happened to be wolfing down the grilled monster meat from the start paused to look at Agatha. The way Agatha spoke about this matter sent chills down these girls' spin.

Aba suddenly hugged Agatha's waist from the side, though she did not understand the underlying meaning she could feel the fear in Agatha's tone as she warned her about the streets. She had never seen Agatha get scared, even in the face of a powerful enemy but now speaking of the streets, though she sounded serious she felt her fear.

"Um, what are you doing?" Agatha asked, surprised by Aba's action.

"It just felt like you could use a hug," Aba replied in a muffled voice.

"Then how about you give me a proper hug?" Agatha requested, to which Aba gritted her teeth and agreed, "Fine, just this once."

Due to her small height, Aba could not properly hug tall Agatha. For them to properly hug, Agatha would have to lift Aba and hug her. Aba found it shameful and warned Agatha from ever repeating it. But considering the situation Aba decided to agree to Agatha's request, and she closed her eyes in preparation for the shame. However, to her surprise, Agatha did not lift her but knelt to hug her.

"You could have always hugged me in this way but you kept hugging me in that shameful way, that too in front of my classmates?" Aba was pissed at Agatha.

"No. No. don't lift me, put me down. Agatha put me down," Listening to Aba ruin their moment by complaining, Agatha changed her mind and got up carrying Aba in her embrace. Thanks to their shinanigans everybody's mood was lightened. Mrs. Miko once again returned to devouring the grilled monster meat.

However, black lines were visible on Asong's forehead as she stared at Agatha. She felt because of Agatha's antics Aba who had the memory of a goldfish might have already forgotten the lesson she was trying to teach her. But then seeing that Aba had shut up about changing her appearance and identity to live a different life in the Vr Universe, her stare eased. Having taken Aba under her wing she had learned to take the win when she gets one.

...

Waking up from the VR Universe, Wyatt summoned his demon codex and stared at devil Merchant Cuth Diya's text not knowing how to solve the new problem that had popped up.

[Master Ezra,

For unknown reasons, devil merchant Belphegor has ordered my father, devil merchant Muth Diya, to hide in the card world for the foreseeable future. Completing my work, I followed my father to the Card World. After coming to this realm, I learned that my father had recruited devil merchant Handsome Fox's help to gather human sacrifices to help me cultivate my new unique abilities. He has gathered about a hundred thousand human sacrifices and is asking me to use them to cultivate my abilities. Knowing your relationship with humans I do not know what to do next.

Yours Truly,

Demon Merchant

Cuth Diya.]

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

?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 11:11

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Caves gate dungeon, Seed World, VR Universe

"I did not think it would come back to bite me in the ass," Wyatt muttered, reading the text sent by his calamity daughter gem Cuth Diya.

The reason why Belphegor had ordered Muth Diya to hide in the card world for the foreseeable future was because he believed that there was a threat to Muth Diya's life. How did Wyatt know this? He knew because it was Chaos Dwarf Ezra aka Wyatt who had led Belphegor to think that Muth Diya's life was in danger of assassination. Wyatt had good reason to do that but he did not know that while trying to solve one problem he would be propping up another problem.

As the successor of the 'Hell of Contamination' Cuth Diya can comprehend the same rules and their meanings from different realms without worrying about the rule contamination or bottlenecks by sacrificing souls to the 'Hell of Contamination.' Allowing Cuth Diya to comprehend rules and their meaning anywhere in the myriad realms. Now that Cuth Diya has moved to the Card World along with his father, Devil Merchant Muth Diya plans to help his son continue his practice by acquiring the souls he needs by sacrificing humans.

Until this part, Wyatt was certain but he did not know how Gideon Grim was able to provide the Diya father and son duo a hundred thousand humans to use for sacrifice.

Wyatt wondered if this was the reason why Gideon Grim going around the five regions hypnotizing talented card apprentices. But then he rejected that thought because with the number of Card Demigods at Gideon Grim's command he did not need to scour the five regions hypnotizing people to get Muth Diya a hundred thousand humans for sacrifice, he could easily take over a remote town or city in the five regions and nobody would know.

Wyatt still believed those card apprentice Gideon Grim was hypnotizing were in preparation for the demon invasion. Besides the number of people he had hypnotized in the past few days was large but not near a Hundred thousand.

Thankfully for Wyatt, one of his calamity daughter gems was right at the center of this so he did not have to do guesswork. He decided to contact Cuth Diya and get more details on the situation.

[Cuth Diya,

Send me your coordinates and try to find out how devil merchant Handsome Fox was able to arrange a hundred thousand human sacrifices for you in such a short period.

Regards,

Demon Merchant

Ezra Foolhar]

Sending the text, Wyatt fell in deep contemplation, as the question here was not how Gideon Grim arranged a hundred thousand human sacrifices for Muth Diya on such short notice but how to stop Muth Diya from forcing Cuth Diya to use a hundred thousand humans as sacrifices.

A hundred thousand human lives was a huge number, but it was nothing compared to human lives lost as Wyatt waged war against the viltronian and his pseudo-viltronian army. Still, Wyatt did not want the deaths of so many people weighing on his consciousness. Wyatt was not being narcissistic, he did not believe that these people were dying because of his actions. It's just that now that he knew these people were dying, he could not stand by and watch as they were used as human sacrifice when he could do something about it.

While Wyatt had yet to think of a way to stop the human sacrifices, Cuth Diya had replied to his text and shared his coordinates in the card world. Wyatt immediately used the detailed map of the five regions he had copied from Field Marshal Heatsend to check the location of the coordinates, only to find that it was located in the far east of the unexplored part of the Way Beyond. Seeing the coordinates of Cuth Diya's location were no help, Wyatt read his text thoroughly, hoping it had the breakthrough he needed.

[Master Ezra,

Devil Merchant Handsome Fox said he had captured a town with a population of more than a hundred thousand for my human sacrifice. He said that the town is not far from here. I will send you the coordinates of the place when we reach there.

Yours Truly

Demon Merchant

Cuth Diya.]

Going through Cuth Diya's text, Wyatt immediately pulled up the five regions map to find the town nearest to the coordinates that Cuth Diya had shared with him earlier. Only to find that for the next thousands of miles, there was no human settlement except for the Card apprentices stationed to guard the Way Beyond border.

"He is lying," Wyatt uttered in bafflement, wondering how cautious was this Gideon Grim. He did not even trust the devil and demon merchants seeking refuge under him.

"Unless he plans to attack one of the outposts at the Way Beyond border, he is definitely lying," Wyatt was certain Gideon Grim was lying. Despite everything he knew about him, Wyatt still could not believe the level of cautiousness that Gideon Grim practiced and wondered how someone could function like that.

Even if Gideon Grim had lied to Cuth Diya it did not matter, as Cuth Diya had said that he would send the coordinates of their location when they reached their destination.

Now the only problem that remained was how to avoid the human sacrifice without raising the suspicion of Muth Diya and Gideon Grim. Wyatt could handle Muth Diya but Gideon Grim and his cautious nature were going to be a problem.

While Wyatt wrecking his mind Cuth Diya finally shared the location of the town Gideon Grim had prepared for the human sacrifice with him. "That was quick," Wyatt blurted while using the coordinates that Cuth Diya shared with him to search the town on the five regions map.

Wyatt soon located the town in the remote corner of the Northern region. The town was the only town in that part of the Northern region, the reason being that the temperature there was very low and the weather was very harsh with constant snow storms. All the water bodies over there were frozen. Mortal could not survive that region without the help of an Iron-grade grimoire and G-rank cards. The only people living there were the locals that have lived in that part for generations.

The only reason a town could exist in such a harsh place was because of the special array formation guarding the town. There used to be half a dozen towns in that part a few decades ago but now it's down to one. Due to the budget cuts, it was becoming harder for the local authorities to keep the special array formations guarding the towns running. So they had to reduce the number of towns from six to one big town. Unfortunately, the last town standing had now caught the eye of Gideon Grim.

"That can't be right," Wyatt double-checked the coordinates, finding the town in the Northern region when Cuth Diya was in the Eastern part of the Way Beyond.

"It seems he has a high-level teleportation card or has a very high mastery over space rule," the more Wyatt learned about Gideon Grim the more difficult of an enemy he was starting to seem.

"A teleportation card is a possibility but he definitely has a very high mastery over space rule," Knowing Gideon Grim, one of his incarnations must be entertaining the Diya father and son duo. If Gideon had a high-level teleportation card he would keep it with him and not share it with his incarnation. Seeing how his incarnation was also able to perform such high-level teleportation, he must have a high mastery of space rule unless he has a space-related origin card. Now what was the chance of a single person having two overpowered origin cards? Well, it could not be ruled out.

Just as Wyatt was gauging Gideon Grim's abilities, Cuth Diya sent him a text that reminded him of the real priority right now. Gathering his wandering thoughts, Wyatt went through the text,

[Master Ezra,

Devil Merchant Handsome Fox used a high-level teleportation ability to bring us to the town that he had prepared for the human sacrifice. Arriving at the town I noticed it was heavily guarded by very powerful figures. Even my father was alerted. As for the town and its people they were all frozen. The humans though frozen are still alive, they seem to be in a forced cryosleep state. Devil Merchant Handsome Fox keeps urging me to start the human sacrifice and finish it soon. I don't know how long I can keep stalling. My father is also getting impatient. What do I do?

Yours Truly,

Demon Merchant

Cuth Diya]

From Cuth Diya's text, Wyatt quickly deduced why Gideon Grim had chosen this town of all the towns in the five regions for human sacrifice. Later he also marveled how thorough Gideon Grim's planning was. Had he not run in with Wyatt the world would never have learned about his existence.

Wyatt wondered if he should just share the coordinates of the town with Field Marshal Heatsend and ask her to send help. But that would put Cuth Diya a risk. Cuth Diya was just a Demon Lord, he would not fare well being pursued by a bunch of Card demigods unless Gideon Grim or his father helped him. However, the other question was if the Field Marshal could send help there on such short notice.

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

[ 1,031 words ]

## **Chapter 1842 Delusional**

?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 11:19

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Caves gate dungeon, Seed World, VR Universe

There was a reason why Gideon chose a town in the most remote part of the Northern region for the demon sacrifice of all the towns in the five regions, it was because it would be easier for him to erase all the evidence of his deeds without raising the suspicions of the authorities that would come to investigate the disappearance of an entire town full of more than a hundred thousand people.

No matter how remote the town and regardless of how discounted the town was from the rest of the world when more than a hundred thousand people vanished somebody was bound to notice. Soon a huge investigation will be opened garnering the attention of powerful people with power means. That Gideon wants to avoid at all costs.

Because based on the numerous means at the disposal of the authorities, they would easily track down what happened to the town and its people. Once the authorities realize the incident was human sacrifice. Then they will double down their investigations. Gideon was not worried about the investigation for himself but the father and son from the dark realm.

Gideon was confident about his ability to hide himself, however, he could not say the same about Muth and Cuth Diya. He could not take any chances, so he had to make sure that the authorities did not realize that the disappearance of an entire town was related to human sacrifice. Which was possible in the town he chose in the remote part of the Northern region.

Surrounded by the harshest nature that was trying to kill any living being that dared to live with it, the entire town's survival was dependent on a single array formation. The only thing stopping the freezing breath of nature from claiming the lives of more than a hundred thousand humans within the town was an old array formation that was never maintained let alone modified in a few decades.

When Wyatt learned that all the townspeople were in some sort of forced cryosleep state, he instantly deduced why Gideon chose this particular town of all the towns in the five regions. He was planning to make the death of all the townspeople look like an accidental death caused due to the malfunction of the array formation protecting the city.

When nobody from the outside world hears from the townspeople they will send an initial investigation team, if that investigation team were to conclude the death of the townspeople as an accidental death due to the malfunction of the array formation covering the city then the authorities would not conduct any further investigation into it. Which was what Gideon wanted.

The investigation team will have no choice but to conclude that because all the evidence will be pointing to such a conclusion. After all, once Cuth Diya harvests the souls of the people, thanks to the force cryosleep state all the people were in it would appear as if they were all instantly frozen to death by the harsh climate right after the array formation suddenly stopped working.

Of course, the authorities will check if there was any malpractice in the array formation for it to suddenly stop working after working for several decades without any problem. Knowing Gideon, he would have covered his tracks there as well. Bringing all the investigations to the same conclusion, a town full of more than a hundred thousand people tragically froze because of an accident.

Gideon was very good at covering his tracks, even when killing mortals he did not get arrogant and sloppy thinking who would care if a bunch of mortals were dead? Instead, he continued to stick to his overcautious side and planned a perfect coverup. No wonder no one was ever aware of his existence in the Clown Mask's future vision.

Someone so diligent and meticulous made a very dangerous enemy. This was why Wyatt was reluctant to call devil merchant Muth Diya and blackmail him to stop the human sacrifice. If devil merchant Muth Diya were to suddenly call off the human sacrifice Gideon Grim would definitely get suspicious. Not to mention since has mobilized a dozen demigod Incarnations to capture an entire town, even if Muth Diya changes his mind about human sacrifice, Gideon will still kill the entire town to hide his tracks.

So calling devil merchant Muth Diya to call off the human sacrifice was not only of no use but also a destructive move. Until now, nobody from the Seven Princes of Hell faction knows what the Chaos Dwarf Ezra actually wants, calling Muth Diya to spare the humans was like handing Muth Diya a thread to unwind the entire web of mystery surrounding Chaos Dwarf Ezra.

Wyatt had long understood that he could not do anything to stop the death of the town that Gideon had frozen for the human sacrifice. Wyatt could give up on his calamity daughter gem Cuth Diya and kill him but killing Cuth Diya would not stop the demise of the townspeople as Gideon would end up killing them to hide his track anyway. Stopping Muth Diya or Cuth Diya was not going to save the townspeople, only by stopping Gideon Grim could Wyatt truly save the townspeople.

Blackmailing Muth Diya to kill Gideon Grim would also not save the townspeople as Gideon Grim acting as his guide was just one of Gideon's many incarnations. This way Wyatt will not only be not able to save the townspeople but lose a good pawn like Muth Diya.

Regardless of which angle Wyatt looked at this scenario to come up with a solution for the problem, it would always end up with Gideon Grim killing the townspeople to cover his track. It was starting to seem as if this problem was not something even Wyatt could solve. Wyatt was delusional when he thought that he could save more than a hundred thousand townspeople in the remote part of the Northern Region from the Southern region.

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

[ 1,015 words ]

**Chapter 1843 Sharing**

?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 11:19

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Caves gate dungeon, Seed World, VR Universe

[Cuth Diya,

Stall the human sacrifice as long as possible without raising the suspicion of devil merchant Handsome Fox.

Regards

Demon Merchant

Ezra Foolhar]

Wyatt replied to Cuth Diya ordering him to continue stalling. However, Cuth Diya could not be blatant about it because if Gideon gets even a hint of suspicion, Wyatt would not put it beyond him to kill the townspeople and leave regardless of his deal with devil merchant Muth Diya.

"Fuck it," Wyatt shouted in frustration knowing that there was no longer time to think but barely enough to take action. Just when his mind was about to fill with sheer helplessness he remembered the wise words of Colleen, 'Don't try to solve all the problems by yourself.'

"I will trust them this once," Wyatt muttered to himself but in his heart he knew he had no choice but to trust them. Them being everyone he knew with the power and authority to save those townspeople from the hands of Gideon Grim.

Just as Wyatt was about to rush out of the dungeon seal and share the information with all the people who could help in this scenario, he received a text from Cuth Diya.

[Master Ezra,

I can't stall any longer with my father present here. I wanted to stall saying I suffered a backlash while practicing my new abilities but my father is well versed about 'Hell of Contamination' so he will instantly know that I am lying. If it was just devil merchant Handsome Fox, I could make up such silly reasons to stall since he has no idea about my demonic ability. My father is starting to get suspicious, I guess. Should I just kill myself?

Yours truly

Demon Merchant

Cuth Diya]

"This..." Going through Cuth Diya's text Wyatt was not surprised that he was willing to kill himself to complete his orders. He was also not surprised that in front of a seasoned devil merchant, the tricks of a mere demon merchant were not working, not to forget they were related. All the tricks Cuth Diya had up his sleeves were learned from Muth Diya.

[Cuth Diya,

I will handle your father. You stall Handsome Fox as planned and as long as possible, I am sending reinforcement soon. I have no idea when they will be there but once they arrive do not hesitate to use the devil merchant code to leave this realm.

Regards,

Demon Merchant

Ezra Foolhar]

Writing that text to Cuth Diya, Wyatt then started to write the information of the situation and coordinates of the town to the Field Marshal Heatsend, Demigod Norley, Ex-Field Marshal Henricks, and Asong. The Southern Royal family, One of the Founders, Freedom Fighters, and a struggling politician were all the people in Wyatt's network. Though tiny Wyatt's network was full of capable and powerful figures .

[@All,

I have gotten information that the world's most wanted Gideon Grim and his devil friend along with a few dozen hypnotized demigods are performing a human sacrifice of over a hundred thousand innocent souls at this town in the remote part of the Northern Region in preparation for the second demon invasion right now. This human sacrifice is happening as I write this text to you. Do not judge the legitimacy of the information I am willing to stake my reputation for it. Please save the townspeople, I will owe you a favor.

Regards,

Yours sincerely

Dalton Wyatt]

After arriving outside, Wyatt sent this text to all through both the Grimoire network and VR Universe. Actually, Wyatt could just recruit the help of the Freedom Fighters, considering their motto 'for the people' and Henrick's origin card they were the perfect

choice but Wyatt was not sure if they would be able to see and respond to his text in time. After all, Wyatt could only contact them through the VR universe since they were in Yellow Plains. Wyatt did not want to take any chances since this involved the lives of more than a hundred thousand people.

Having sent the text Wyatt was not done he asked Hive to keep checking his VR Universe account inbox for any text from Freedom Fighters while he used his demon codex preparing to contact Muth Diya. For this plan to work he had to get Muth Diya off Cuth Diya's back.

Just as he was about to call Muth Diya, the Field Marshal's voice in his mind, "How serious is the situation?"

"Very dire, please get someone to send reinforcement to that place as soon as possible," Knowing that the Field Marshal could not enter the Northern region even if it was to save lives Wyatt pleaded with her to use her contacts in the Northern Region to send reinforcement to that town.

"Don't worry, I have already contacted my counterpart in the Northern region. Thanks to Gideon Grim being added to the most wanted list earlier, they are taking this situation very seriously and assured me that they will move on it immediately. Now we can only hope they are not late," Field Marshal conveyed, assuring Wyatt that she had done everything from her side.

"Thank you, please keep me updated."

"Um, sure."

Ending his mental conversation with Field Marshal, Wyatt did not bother to put up an isolation barrier and contacted Muth Diya, knowing that with Field Marshal's prowess, a mere space isolation barrier would not stop her from eavesdropping on his conversation. But this did not matter to Wyatt, not because he was willing to reveal his secret to save the hundred thousand lives but because he was planning to speak to Muth Diya using one of the dark languages he knew.

Usually, the devil merchant code's translator made sure that all the devil/demon merchants understood each other. But to maintain the secrecy of his conversation with Muth Diya, this time Wyatt planned to speak in a dark language.

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

# Chapter 1844 Muth Diya's Rebellion

[ 1,025 words ]

## Chapter 1844 Muth Diya's Rebellion

?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 11:23

Location- Card World, Northern Region, Winterbloom District, Winterbloom Town

[Demon Merchant Ezra calling... Accept/Ignore/Reject]

"Why is this damn dwarf calling me now? Because of him, I have been banished to this wasteland. What more does he want from me?" Devil Merchant Ezra muttered to himself with a deep frown, learning that the caller was Chaos Dwarf Ezra.

'Should just ignore his call?' Muth Diya wondered looking at his son who was taking too damn long to conduct the human sacrifice. Irritated he yelled, "What the fuck is taking you so long to harvest a hundred thousand mortal souls?"

"Give me a minute, I am trying something. I think it will help me better use my new abilities," Cuth Diya replied, trying his best to stall. After wrecking his brain for so long, he finally thought of a valid reason to stall for time.

"We don't have time for your experimentation, just began harvesting the souls already," Card Demigod Handsome Fox spoke up.

"If you guys are in such a hurry then just leave me here and go. I will contact you once I am done, you come and get me," Cuth Diya retorted to the two impatient devil merchants and added, "Did you guys never experiment with your abilities when you were in my realm and age?"

"Cuth Diya, this is not the time or place to conduct experiments," Handsome Fox's impatience was turning into annoyance, as per his plan they should be back in the already but the demon was taking damn too long to conduct the human sacrifice.

"What are you worried about? Who will come to this forsaken place? Besides don't keep disturbing me you're only prolonging our stay here," having said that, Cuth Diya continued to pretend while the aura of 'Hell of Contamination' covering him kept fluctuating at different frequencies.

"Handsome Fox, let my boy do his thing. I will increase the promise by another five percent," ignoring the call, Muth Diya offered while appreciating the intense aura of 'Hell of Contamination' covering his son. The faster his son grew the closer he was to achieving his dream of advancing to ruler-class in a single leap.

"Fine," Handsome Fox agreed to Muth Diya's offer as Cuth Diya was right this town was akin to a forsaken place in the Northern Region.

Though Muth Diya hated Handsome Fox's overcautious side and overpriced service fee, he liked his meticulous and perfectionist side. Especially when he could control him by throwing his wealth around.

....

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, basement

"Did that fucker just ignore my call?" Wyatt was perplexed, he never once thought that Muth Diya would have the guts to ignore Chaos Dwarf Ezra's call.

"Does he think I am bluffing or Did he forget that I know his dirty secret? Fuck! I don't have time for this," Wyatt yelled in frustration, he promised Cuth Diya that he would distract Muth Diya for him but now with Muth Diya ignoring his call, in annoyance, he decided to send a text to Muth Diya to jolt his memory. Just then he received a text from Cuth Diya,

[Master Ezra,

I have the situation under control. Send reinforcements as soon as possible.

Regards,

Demon Merchant

Cuth Diya]

Going through Cuth Diya's message, Wyatt for the first time felt that the calamity daughter gems were not that dumb. Then he began to reword his text to Muth Diya contemplating what gave Muth Diya the guts to ignore his call. Even if Cuth Diya did not want him to distract Muth Diya anymore, he had to get his pawn under control. But had to pause as the Hive AI informed him that Asong was trying to contact him through VR Universe.

Understanding that his text to Muth Diya cannot be sloppy, especially considering Muth Diya's rebellion out of nowhere, Wyatt decided to take his time with the text, it had to be

intimidating and persuading. As such he answered Asong's call first, "You do know that you can use the VR Saferoom to directly contact my grimoire right?"

"Yes, but answered my VR Call anyway right," Asong replied smugly.

"You're lucky that I am constantly monitoring all the means of communication because of the situation that suddenly arose. Otherwise, I would have missed your call," Wyatt responded knowing Asong might have called to inform him about the progress from her side.

"Speaking of the situation, I have contacted a few friends of family, they are gathering the numbers and head to coordinates soon. Hopefully, they make it in time," Asong reported that she had sent help from her side to the coordinates he sent.

"Friends from the central government?" Wyatt asked curiously, wondering if Asong and her family had enough pull in the Central Government to mobilize demigod teams to allied regions.

"Something like that," Asong replied, and then wondering why Wyatt would ask her this, she explained, "All I did was vouch and forward the information you gave me to my family friends in the allied forces. They are taking my word for it and mobilizing only because Anna's mother had made Gideon Grim the world's most wanted and speculated that he might be orchestrating a second demon invasion. Otherwise considering that these coordinates are in the Northern Region, they could not do anything even if they wanted to."

"That's good to hear. Field Marshal Heatsend has shared the information with her counterpart in the Northern region, they should be acting on it too," Wyatt shared the information he knew with Asong while wondering that the allied forces though similar to the United Nations back on the earth, they operated on different sets of regulations.

"Um, we have done everything we can. All we can do is hope for the best," Asong said worrying that if the worst were to happen Wyatt would blame himself for the death of the townspeople. This was one of the main reasons why she called him. Another reason was obvious, to find out how Wyatt got the information.

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

[ 1,030 words ]

## **Chapter 1845 Warning**

?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 11:23

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, basement

"Don't worry, I understand that," Wyatt was grateful for Asong checking on him but he knew what she wanted to know was how he got the information. Wyatt was not worried, as had already decided to use Chaos Dwarf Ezra as his cover.

"Now I am worried," Listening to Wyatt ask her not to worry about him, Asong began to worry about him. She knew it took a big heart for one to worry about others worrying about them. Such people appeared tough on the surface but they were vulnerable inside, "Wyatt don't try to be strong. Did you also get roped into the Heatsend way? Anna and Ann are the results of their way, with such examples how can you follow their way?"

"Hey, you are acting like the townspeople are already dead?" Wyatt reminded Asong that the townspeople were not dead.

"Wyatt, let us be real here. We will be lucky if the demigod teams of the Northern Region and Allied Forces can catch the trail of Gideon and his hypnotized army," Asong spoke the hard facts based on the information she had. After all, five minutes was a lot for a dozen demigods to offer an entire town as human sacrifice. This meant regardless of how fast the help reached the coordinates, they would only be arriving at a gruesome crime scene.

"I am only sharing this with you, my informant is among the demons Gideon is associated with. According to him, the Human sacrifice will not happen anytime soon as they are busy with the preparations, if the demigod teams hurry then they will at the least be able to save the townspeople," Wyatt had no confidence that the demigods will be able to catch Gideon or Muth Diya. Those two were very strong compared to average devils and demigods. As devil merchants, they had many means at their disposal. If everything else failed they could use the devil merchant code to leave the realm.

"No wonder you have such accurate information," Asong marveled processing what Wyatt had just said.

"If you worried that my informant is a demon. Don't worry we are just doing business. He is from the rival dark faction of the dark faction that Gideon is helping orchestrate the second demon invasion in our world," Wyatt assured Asong, knowing that no average card apprentice would ever trust a demon as a source of information.

"Are you not worried that your informant's dark faction will try to invade our world?" Asong asked, as a card apprentice she was skeptical that a demon would help them.

"Realm invasion is not as easy as you think, even for a big dark faction. Especially, if it is a powerful realm like ours. They just want to use this opportunity to wipe out their competition while I get to stop a possible second demon invasion in our world," Wyatt understood that a few words would not be enough for him to erase Asong's instinctive distrust of demons.

"Is the Southern Royal family aware of this— what am I saying, it was you who had exposed Gideon Grim and his crimes while the Southern royal family is just your mouthpiece. Now it all makes sense. I thought you were a genius card creationist but it seems you excel in other fields as well," Asong sighed comprehending that the central government was not wrong about one thing, Wyatt was indeed associated with demons.

Wyatt wondered why Asong was so surprised he had told her that he was the one who reported Gideon Grim to the Southern royal family back when he met her in the VR Universe.

"Wyatt, I hope you know what you are doing. But let me warn you dealing with demons never ends well you better get out while you still can. Don't let your curiosity get the better of you," Asong has known many talented researchers and professors who have gone astray seeking answers to their questions from demons. As far as she knew nobody had fared well associating with the dark realm.

"Speaking of curiosity getting the better of us, my contacts in the central government have said that there is a serious threat to your life. If I were you I would hide as of now and work remotely using the VR Universe and not trust the grimoire network," Wyatt used this conversation as an opportunity to warn Asong. He did it so urgently because he would forget it later with everything that was going on.

"Is your contact by any chance Jill Norley," Asong was thorough when making friends, she might be a low-level card apprentice but her networking was bigger and stronger than many world leaders. So Wyatt was not surprised that Asong knew Jill was his only contact in the central capital aside from her.

"Try her father demigod Norley, one of the founders," Wyatt lied, Asong's network was strong but she still did not have the authority or luck to meet one of the founders.

"No way, why would someone of his status be concerned with someone like me," Asong was right, demigod Norley could care less if Asong died or lived.

"You are being modest again. Anyway, I have done my part rest is left to you. But if I were you I would take this seriously because not every day one of the founders takes an interest in mundane politics," Wyatt hoped that Demigod Norley's name was enough for Asong to understand how dangerous her situation was and go into hiding or stay lowkey for a while.

Considering how Asong has taken things slow in the central capital politics and focused on training Aba, Wyatt believed his lie should be enough to get her to stop her investigations and go into hiding. Because if she was alive she could continue the investigation later or from afar. But if she dies all her plans will never see the daylight. She will be another one of those politicians who made empty promises to the common public.

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

?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 11:27

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, basement

"Wyatt, what's going on? Of all things why would you and founder talk about me?" Asong was not dumb she realized Wyatt was avoiding going into details and using the founder's name to pressure her into not asking further questions as if trying to hide something from her.

Listening to Asong, Wyatt understood persuading her was not going to be as easy as the others. Unless he provided her with a better argument, she was not going to take his words seriously and might do the opposite of what he was persuading her to do. So, shaking his head Wyatt decided to be honest with her, "Asong, all I know is there is a legitimate threat to your life. The people you have provoked are no joke and are willing to kill all that come in their way. No amount of security can stop them when they come for your life. You told me to inform you of anything related to you, I did and hope that you take it seriously. You have no idea how many of my rules I am breaking talking to you about this."

"I was right, there is indeed something bigger afoot in the central capital and the government. How do you know of them when you have only left your small city down in the remote south once in your lifetime?" With Wyatt's words, Asong who had seen the darkness underneath the well-functioning Central capital and government had confirmed that she was not just seeing things but there was something actually brewing underneath.

"Because they are everywhere. You can find them anywhere in the five regions, be it a third-tier city or a remote town. They have their roots have spread deep into the five regions," Wyatt could only hint at the power that the Matron and Supreme Leader had quietly gathered under the noses of the Central Government and the Royal families.

"Wait, do not tell me your fight with the branch of the circle in the Sun Blossom city was not about avenging the death of your parents— I understand now. How long have you known all this? Does the Southern Royal family know?" Asong had recently been preparing to propose a bill to the central government and Royal families that would have them upgrade the array formation covering the cities in the five regions to counter the attacks of strong undead.

Asong understood that the central government and royal families would not be willing to pass this bill as they would not be prepared to spend a massive fortune to upgrade the array formation covering the cities in the five regions so she approached a bunch of friendly and well known political leaders to support her bill believing at worst they would just reject her but contrary to her belief some of these political leader began to target her.

It was because of them targeting her, that Asong's political career had suddenly taken a sharp dive. Asong never understood why these politicians would target her. However, hearing Wyatt she understood what was happening. The threat she wanted the central government and royal families about had already infiltrated the government. So much so that a renowned politician such as herself was now not safe in her workplace and home.

"While investigating my parent's death I found out about them and as for the Southern Royal family I guess they also found out about them while investigating the same but they chose to hide it from me," Wyatt said this to comfort Field Marshal Heatsend who might be eavesdropping on his conversation.

"How come the central government is not aware of this then?" Asong had doubts that the central government had no idea what was going on in their own backyard.

"What makes you think that? They know and are purposefully allowing it to fulfill their own agenda but they are underestimating the threat these people pose to them. Anyways, they are big people we do not need to worry about them but currently, you have become an eyesore not just for these hidden forces but a few in the central government. If stubbornly continue what you are doing only death awaits you," Wyatt revealed what he knew to Asong as a speculation hoping that even if it's just his speculation Asong would take it seriously.

"Thank you, for the tip. I guess it's time I went on a vacation. It is long overdue anyway," Asong said before hanging up hinting to Wyatt that she was planning to act on his advice of going into hiding.

In the alternate future vision of the Clown Mask, Asong had stubbornly doubled down on getting her bill passed despite knowing the consequence of doing so because she wanted to get something done before her short lifespan was over. But now she was no longer chronically ill and desperate to resort to such means.

Now that Asong had her health and knew that something bigger was at play which did not just involve the central region but all five regions she decided to take a step back, gather the information she was lacking, and prepare a new action plan. Unlike in the alternate timeline, the current Asong had a full lifespan to do a thorough investigation before making a desperate move. Not that she would need to in this timeline.

"So you knew everything," As soon as Asong hung up, Field Marshal's voice sounded in Wyatt's head. As he expected the Field Marshal had not only eavesdropped on him but shamelessly open about it.

Wyatt did not reply to her because he received a text from Cuth Diya informing him that the reinforcement had arrived and he had escaped the sense by leaving the realm using the devil merchant code before they could scramble or isolate the surrounding space. However, Cuth Diya had no idea who the reinforcement belonged to or if they prioritized protecting the townspeople over catching Gideon's incarnations and hypnotized slaves.

"Have you heard any news from your counterpart in the Northern region?" Wyatt enquired Field Marshal Heatesend wondering if it was the demigod teams of the Northern Region who made it to the town first.

The Field Marshal did not immediately answer Wyatt, wondering if Wyatt was trying to void answering but feeling his concern for the townspeople was genuine she answered, "It doesn't work that way—" Field Marshal was about to lecture Wyatt on proper procedures but then she paused understanding that it was not something Wyatt or anybody would like to hear. So shaking her head she continued, "I did not receive any update from them yet. Do not worry, regardless of the results once their operation is complete and there are no further complications, they will update me on the situation."

"..." Wyatt was speechless because what the Field Marshal basically meant was that they would only update her if things went as the demigod teams of the Northern region planned. After all, nobody likes to share their failures with their neighbors.

Seeing that Wyatt went quiet with a grave expression on his face, the Field Marshal consoled him saying, "Kid, you will get used to it. Correction, you have to get used to it."

Listening to Field Marshal Heatsend's attempt at consoling him, Wyatt finally understood what Asong was talking about when she warned him about taking the Heatsend way.

"Wyatt, you still haven't answered me. How much do you know?" The Field Marshal asked, from his conversation with Asong she knew Wyatt knew about the Matron and Supreme Leader but the question was how much did he know, because if he knew about them as much as they did then he would not have stubbornly tried to destroy the Circle's branch in sun blossom city.

"If you guys are willing, I am willing to compare my notes with yours," Wyatt replied implying that if the Southern Royal family were willing to share the information they knew with him then he was willing to do the same.

"Wyatt, we did not plan on hiding anything from you. It's just that the more you knew the more your life would be in danger, so we felt that you would be better off not knowing. It's not that we wanted to keep you in the dark, we were planning to tell you everything once you were strong enough," the Field Marshal made an excuse, but it was not invalid.

Any responsible adult in the Southern Royal family's place would do the same because back then the Wyatt they knew was just a stock capable of huge potential and not someone capable of killing a devil. They did what they did to create a learning and nurturing environment for Wyatt so that one day he would be able to fully unleash the potential they saw in him. Therefore, Wyatt never blamed them for trying to hide the mysteries behind his parent's death from him.

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## Chapter 1847 Muth Diya's Bet

[ 1,728 words ]

### Chapter 1847 Muth Diya's Bet

?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 11:36

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, basement

"Now that you are strong enough to handle your battles I do not see the problem with sharing the information we have surrounding your parent's death. In fact, it is one of the things Anna's mother was going to talk about during your meeting," Field Marshal Heatsend explained hoping that Wyatt would not misunderstand the intentions of the Southern Royal family.

The Field Marshal felt Wyatt was not an open book as she thought, her niece was right about him, he only showed them what he wanted them to see. If it was someone else in Wyatt's place who knew that the Southern Royal family was hiding the truth about their

parent's death from them then they would have tried to confront the royal family about it during their numerous corporations unlike Wyatt who never showed any signs until today.

Experiencing Wyatt's patience for herself, the Field Marshal understood that Wyatt was not to be underestimated because of his age. She even thought that there had to be a reason why Wyatt revealed this information to her today of all the time in the world. If it had happened before she would have dismissed this thought as paranoia thinking 'Wyatt couldn't possibly have planned this knowing that I was going to eavesdrop on his call' but now she couldn't. She had a strong foreboding that the teenager in front of her was planning something big, just like the Southern Capital incident.

Everyone around the world blames the demon worshippers or the Central Government and Morningstar University for the incident but she and the top officials of the Southern Royal family knew all of that could have been avoided if Wyatt had heeded Jill Norley's warning and stayed in the royal palace instead of insisting on attending the Morningstar University's fake early admission interview then the southern capital incident would never have taken place regardless how much the Central Government and Morningstar University conspired.

Only a select few at the top of the southern royalty knew that Wyatt made it all happen. Field Marshal's niece even speculated that Wyatt knew about the Central Government and Morningstar University's conspiracy even before Jill Norley informed them about it. Without proper evidence to back her's niece speculation, the Field used to think that her niece was overthinking but now a seed of doubt was planted in her mind.

"If that's the case, I look forward to meeting Her Highness," Wyatt politely replied to the Field Marshal, feeling that his meeting with Anna's mother might be of greater significance for the Southern Royal family.

Seeing how Ann, Collen, and the Field Marshal would avoid answering him by bringing up his upcoming meeting with Anna's mother. It appeared as if the meeting was going to decide where their cooperative relationship stood and if it was ready to grow to the next level. Wyatt could only guess that the blurry and unsaid things before would now be made clear in this meeting. After all, the growth displayed by Wyatt was beyond what the Southern Royal family or anyone had imagined leaving them very little time to discuss the nature of their relationship.

Currently, the Southern Royal family and Wyatt's partnership was mostly a few contracts and rumors, many things needed to be made clear for them to strengthen and grow their partnership. The Southern Royal family would have done it slowly in due time but they could never have guessed that the teenager they believed to be a genius card master would suddenly grow into a raging devil slayer. They could no longer afford to be slow, they had to have all those talks in a single meeting. Also, Wyatt had grown to the point where they had to be very careful about this meeting. A lot was riding on this meeting between Wyatt and Anna's mother.

...

With the Field Marshal no longer bothering him, Wyatt returned to writing a stern text to devil merchant Muth Diya. However, before he could even write a word his demon merchant codex notified him of an incoming call,

[Devil Merchant Muth Diya calling... Answer/Ignore/Reject]

'Why is this bastard calling me after ignoring my call? Besides, shouldn't he be busy running from the demigod pursuers or did he already ditch them?' Wyatt wondered receiving Muth Diya's call.

Wyatt did not doubt that Muth Diya and Gideon Grim would escape from the demigods but he did not think that it would be this soon. It seemed that the demigods did not even pose a challenge to them. If not for the threat of being surrounded by more demigods they might not have chosen to retreat but kill their pursuers.

Unless they did exactly that. After all, Gideon's origin card in combo with other cards might allow him to summon reinforcements. No, that would be too sloppy on his part. But considering that his existence has not only been known but his identity and plans have been revealed he might throw caution out of the wind as he has been branded as the Card World's most wanted criminal.

'Nah! Considering how overcautious he was he might have chosen to flee the scene without further complicating the pursuit,' Wyatt hoped as only this way would the townspeople have any hope of being rescued if they were not already frozen to death.

Wyatt wanted to pick up the call and ask Muth Diya if they had harmed the townspeople but he knew he could not do that, so after a struggle he settled his emotions and answered the call with a calm voice in a dark language, "You have some galls to call me after ignoring my call—"

"Was it you? It has to be you. One time it can be a coincidence but the second time, it was you. Belphegor swore to Handsome Fox that he did not share his name with anyone but you and the other founders of our faction. How did you pull this off? We own the rights to this realm?" Before Wyatt could finish his sentence Muth Diya interrupted him and began to babble without any context.

But as the mastermind behind Muth Diya's recent streak of misfortune, Wyatt knew exactly what he was talking about.

Listening to Muth Diya's words, Wyatt deduced that Gideon and Belphegor might have had a big argument after Gideon's existence was revealed to the entire card world as the most wanted criminal. This was not surprising, as Gideon only revealed his true name to Belphegor. So if there was a leak it must have been on Belphegor's side.

Gideon was correct to assume as such because Belphegor had indeed leaked his true name to Chaos Dwarf Ezra.

What astonished Wyatt was that Muth Diya suspected that Chaos Dwarf Ezra was the one behind Gideon's existence and plans being leaked in the Card world. Wyatt assumed that if Muth Diya suspected this then Belphegor and Gideon also suspected the same. The only thing stopping them from branding Chaos dwarf Ezra as the culprit as they owned the devil merchant code inter-realm transportation rights to the card world.

"Answer me, it was you right? The Card World is the true reason why you approached us. I am correct, aren't I? To be accurate you approached us to find out the native devil merchant who helped our faction buy the rights to the card world. You laid a trap using yourself as bait and we walked right into it like moths to flames. Considering how the natives trust your words you might be dealing with them for a while, haven't you?" Having said that Muth Diya suddenly paused as if realizing something and then began to laugh manically, "Hahaha, come to think of it you approached the Blight Brood club saying you needed our help with a faction who were trying to monopolize the realm you have invested in. That realm was the Card world and our faction was the faction you were talking about. Isn't this hilarious, in the end, you used us to teach ourselves a lesson. Hahaha, if I weren't a part of this I freaking wouldn't believe this."

Wyatt continued to remain silent as he knew Muth Diya was only speculating and had no evidence to back it up. As for how he concluded that Chaos Dwarf Ezra might already have a prior connection with the card world was based on pure assumption.

If Muth Diya were to assume his, Belphegor's, and Handsome Fox's suspicion about Chaos Dwarf Ezra leaking Handsome Fox's existence and plans to the natives of the Card World were true then the Chaos Dwarf might already have a prior connection with the Card World because the natives of the Card World would not just accept the information offered by a demon in such short notice. Considering how quickly the status of Handsome Fox's existence in the Card World changed from unknown to the most wanted criminal it was obvious whoever revealed his existence was well-connected and trusted in the Card World.

Since Wyatt continued to remain silent, Muth Diya doubled down on his assumptions and speculations by adding, "What I do not understand is how did you know that I was helping my son conduct a human sacrifice in the Card World with the assistance from Handsome Fox? You had called me to warn me about the raid, hadn't you?"

Muth Diya used wordplay to trick Chaos Dwarf Ezra into confirming his assumptions by getting him to blurt something that could add merit to his assumptions. But the longer the dwarf's silence prevailed he started to feel that the dwarf was silent not because his assumptions were spot on but because the dwarf was trying to piece up what he was babbling on about.

"I'm sorry, I should not have ignored your call," Muth Diya apologized to the dwarf in an effort to trick him into confessing, tripling down on his bet because Handsome Fox swore that aside from the founders of their faction and Chaos Dwarf Ezra those who knew his true name were all dead. Having been in contact with Handsome Fox these past few days Muth Diya knew Handsome Fox would not lie about something like this.

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

Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 11:44

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, basement

The founders of the Seven Princes of Hell faction would never rat out Handsome Fox's true name to the natives of the Card World, after all, Handsome Fox was their ace to conquering the Card World which left Chaos Dwarf Ezra with both motive and ability to do so.

This led Muth Diya to believe that directly or indirectly Chaos Dwarf Ezra was the source of the leaked true name of Handsome Fox. The more Muth Diya contemplated the events based on the assumption that it was the dwarf playing games with them, everything started to make sense to him, so he strongly began to believe that his assumption was correct. However, he did not have a shred of evidence to back it up.

Muth Diya firmly believed that he was on to something, so much so that a devil merchant he did not hesitate to apologize to a demon merchant. All in hopes that once he gets the dwarf to talk he can get him to babble something that would add merit to his assumption and speculations. Giving him the evidence he sought to redeem himself in Belphegor's eyes.

The incident with the chaos dwarf had left Muth Diya's standing in the faction very shaky since the founder backing him, Belphegor, no longer trusted him as before. Since Handsome Fox was valuable for the upcoming realm invasion, all the blame for the incident fell on his shoulders. The only consoling part was Belphegor had still not completely given up on him otherwise he would not have asked him to hide in the Card World to escape the Chaos Dwarf's wrath.

Muth Diya had big plans to become a ruler class inheriting the 'hell of contamination' from his son however he had no idea how much longer it would take him to achieve that, until then Belphegor and the Seven Princes of Hell were his security blanket in the

Dark Realm as he had made many powerful enemies throughout his life. Which was why it was very important for Muth Diya to regain Belphegor's favor.

In normal cases, Muth Diya's pride as a devil merchant would not allow him to apologize to a demon merchant but considering that he was playing a long game to trick the dwarf into confessing and regain Belphegor's trust, he did not mind apologizing. However, Muth Diya was not expecting a rude response from Chaos Dwarf Ezra.

"You have finally come to your senses, for a second I thought you had gone senile. Next time you better pick my call," Wyatt responded to Muth Diya's apology as Chaos Dwarf Ezra. Then without waiting for his reply, he hung up the call believing that Muth Diya might be recording their conversation.

Wyatt was not surprised that Muth Diya pieced together ever everything just learning that Handsome Fox's existence and plan were leaked to the natives of the Card World. He knew that this might happen, which was why revealed Chaos Dwarf Ezra as his informant to Field Marshal Heatsend, and to Asong Young he revealed his informant was a rival of the dark faction Gideon Grim had joined.

Knowing Gideon and his abilities, he will scour the Card World to figure out that Anna's mother was the one who revealed his existence to the rest of the Card World. Not to mention that cards she had to track his active and dead hypnotized puppets across the five regions. Knowing Gideon he or his dark faction would definitely have a few tricks up their sleeves to render those two cards useless to track his hypnotize puppets.

Hopefully, the Southern Royal family had already acted to remove Gideon's hypnotized puppets in the Southern Region otherwise it was only a matter of time before Gideon found out through his network of hypnotized card apprentices across the Southern Region that it was Dalton Wyatt who highlighted his existence to the Southern Royal family using the information provided by his demon informant Chaos Dwarf Ezra.

However, considering how Anna's mother had immediately acted it was clear to Wyatt that the Southern Royal family had prioritized informing the rest of the world about Gideon's existence and his plans for a second demon invasion over cleaning their house.

Wyatt felt that Anna's mother made the right choice because if she prioritized cleaning the Southern Region of Gideon's hypnotized puppets then not only would Gideon be able to grow his hypostatized army to massive size but he would also immediately be alerted realizing that someone was targeting his hypnotized puppets in the Southern region as such because of his cautious nature he would instantly take actions to render all means of tracking useless.

This way Anna's mother would not only fail to clean her house but also lose the only concrete evidence to prove Gideon's crimes to the rest of the world. Anna's mother

handled this matter more responsibly than many world leaders would. No wonder even some as strong as Field Marshal trusted her niece's decisions unconditionally.

However, this did not mean that Gideon's network of hypnotized card apprentices was out of hot water as identifying Gideon's hypnotized puppet was not as hard as identifying Matron's brainwashed spies and the Supreme Leader's incarnations. Unlike their origin card's mysterious means, Gideon's origin card's means were obvious to someone highly sensitive to soul pathways.

After all, with a little concentration a diamond-grade card creationist or array master could easily feel the roots of Gideon's seed in the hypnotized card apprentice's body. Wyatt guessed that Anna's mother might have already ordered Leo and Lorenzo to create cards that allowed the authorities to tell hypnotized card apprentices apart from regular card apprentices.

Wyatt added the creation of a card that allows one to differentiate between hypnotized and regular card apprentice to his to-do list. With his soul pupils, he did not need such a card but his friends could use them. Not to mention, he saw a huge market demand for such cards in the market soon.

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Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 11:47

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, basement

"I did not know you were so flustered in speaking the dark language," Field Marshal's voice sounded in Wyatt's mind after he hung up Muth Diya's call. She could not be more obvious about her eavesdropping on him. Though in her defense how can it be eavesdropping if she were to listen to his conversation when protecting him. One would not blame their bodyguards who were guarding them of eavesdropping. Would they?

"Could you not be so obvious? It is getting hard for me to ignore it," Wyatt complained. He did not expect Field Marshal Heatsend to be so shameless.

"Wyatt would you blame the rain for getting you wet, it just doing its job," Field Marshal defended, then added, "Should your excellent fluency in dark language concern me?"

"I don't know, but excuse me, I have a call to make," Wyatt understood that the concerns that Field Marshal spoke of were the same Asong warned him of. However, he did not bother to assure her but rather let her decide.

They were worried that Wyatt would not be able to overcome the allure of the demonic knowledge and lose himself to it like the numerous who dare to overestimate themselves and dabble in it.

Wyatt could assure the Field Marshal a million times that she should not be worried about him exploring the dark knowledge but she will not be reassured as she did not understand the dark knowledge. Living beings tend to fear what they do not understand. That was only natural. You would expect different from someone close to attaining transcendence to be enlightened enough to fight this instinct but history has many card apprentices as powerful as Field Marshal Heatsend had overestimated themselves and lost to the dark knowledge. Explaining the Field Marshal's wariness towards it.

"..." The Field Marshal did not expect Wyatt to be so blunt with his response. After long contemplation, she chose to let Wyatt do what he wanted. She no longer saw Wyatt as a junior who required her protection or nurturing but as a colleague who was her equal.

With Field Marshal no longer bothering him, Wyatt made use of the Infinity Library network to call devil merchant Muth Diya. This way he could be assured he was not recording their conversation. As for whether someone else was listening in the call from Muth Diya's side, Wyatt was not worried because he believed Muth Diya would not risk revealing the fact that his son was the successor of the Hell of Contamination.

[Calling Muth Diya...]

The reason Wyatt was calling Muth Diya again was because he knew that Muth Diya's apology earlier was not sincere but a ruse. Wyatt did not care about getting a sincere apology, what he wanted was to set Muth Diya straight and tame him as his pawn. He did not want any more surprises like today in the future. He wanted Muth Diya to follow his orders unconditionally.

To do that Wyatt had to figure out what gave Muth Diya the guts to ignore his call the first time. Once he figures it out he would break that support in front of Muth Diya showing him that he only has two options either submit to him or be pursued by the entire dark realm.

"Master Ezra," Muth Diya answered the call politely after contemplating for a while. He did not want to pick up the dwarf's call since he was using the Infinity Library's channel to make this call as such he could not record the call. However, he did not dare to ignore the call because he not could risk further angering the dwarf.

There were two reasons why Muth Diya was so concerned about angering dwarf Ezra, the first one was he did not want dwarf Ezra to close himself to him as it would make it

hard for him to collect evidence to support his assumption that it was dwarf who was targeting them in the Card World. The second one was that if the dwarf Ezra was really the mastermind behind the series of mysterious events targeting their faction then he should not get on his bad especially when he knew his deepest secret.

However, the reason that actually got Muth Diya to answer the dwarf's call was how the dwarf Ezra quick-wittedly hung up the call Muth Diya made using the normal merchant codex network and called him later using the Infinity library network. With this, Muth Diya had a hunch that the dwarf Ezra would be loose-

lipped during this call and he might get the evidence he sought supporting the assumptions and speculations he made.

In conclusion, Muth Diya was afraid of fire burning him but it did not stop him from trying to use it. Now the question was if he would be successfully able to use the fire to get what he wanted or if the fire would reduce him to ashes.

Muth Diya was so focused on what he wanted from dwarf Ezra that he forgot what the dwarf Ezra wanted to get him to call him not once but twice. As he was blinded by the certainty that his assumption and speculation were correct.

According to Mith Diya's assumption, the chaos dwarf Ezra called him to warn him about the natives of the Card World knowing about their human sacrifice. Muth Diya never once stopped to think why would chaos dwarf Ezra do that. His certainty was going to be his undoing. He further blinded himself believing that the reason dwarf Ezra called him a second time was to answer all the questions he had asked in his call, feeling safe thanks to having made the call through Infinity Library. Muth Diya was so certain that chaos dwarf Ezra was the mastermind that he never once stopped to think what someone capable of pulling something of such caliber wanted from him.

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

[ 1,037 words ]

## **Chapter 1850 Disgust**

?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 11:54

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, basement

"I am going to ignore the nonsense you babbled earlier and focus on the topic at hand, you do know the consequences of the people learning that the successor of 'hell of contamination' is born," Wyatt indirectly threatened Muth Diya while making it clear that he had no idea what Muth Diya was accusing him of in their last call.

"Master Ezra, what do you mean by nonsense? A handful of people know Handsome Fox's true name. Among them, only you had the motive and means to reveal his true name to the natives of the Card World," Muth Diya directly ignored the dwarf Ezra's indirect threat as if it didn't concern him and instead focused on trying to get the dwarf agree that he was the master behind the sabotage.

Seeing Muth Diya not react to his threat, Wyatt could not help but frown understanding that Muth Diya's weak reaction to his threat could only mean that Muth Diya had full assurance that dwarf Ezra would not reveal his secret to the world. Wyatt was indeed bluffing, but how come Muth Diya was so sure that the dwarf was bluffing?

"Again with that nonsense? Didn't your faction own the rights to that realm? Then you should know that I have never traveled to that realm from the dark realm," Chaos Dwarf Ezra thundered feigning ignorance to Muth Diya's claims while making sure he did not speak an ounce of falsehood. He had indeed never traced from the dark realm to the Card World. Then he added, "What are you doing hiding in the Card World? I need you in the dark realm. Return as soon as possible."

"I am supposedly hiding in this damn realm from you. Belphegor said you're planning to kill me and Handsome Fox for trying to enslave you," Seeing Chaos Dwarf Ezra continue to feign ignorance, Muth Diya stopped making the same claims repeatedly and decided to hear what Chaos Dwarf Ezra had to say.

"Why would I want to kill you, didn't you just hear me say that I need you?" Chaos Dwarf Ezra replied.

"What do you need me for?" Muth Diya asked the dwarf forcing himself to remain patient.

As a devil merchant, it was not like Muth Diya had never played the long con. He had played the long game numerous times, only this time it was different. He was certain he had the correct answer, hence it was difficult for him to patiently wait for everyone to learn that he had the correct answer.

"I want you to get me the list of all the 'Seven Princes of Hell' branches across the Dark realm along with the number of personnel stationed in each branch," Chaos Dwarf Ezra demanded of Muth Diya.

"What makes you think that I will give you that list? Why do you even need that list—wait," In the middle of rejecting the dwarf's demand, Muth Diya suddenly realized that he had seriously mistaken the reason why the dwarf called him earlier, "Was this the

real reason why you called me earlier and not to inform me that the native leaders of Card Realm were aware of me conducting a human sacrifice?"

"Again with that, how am I supposed to know what you are doing in the Card World, let alone what the Card World's native leaders are up to? For a devil you're not smart, are you? Look I don't know what is going on over your side but just get me the list or else," Chaos Dwarf Ezra enunciated that Muth Diya better do what he asked of him or his secret will not be safe with him.

"Or else what? You will reveal my son is the successor of the Hell of Contamination, aren't you forgetting something? You helped us create his title demon core, you are as guilty as my son and I are. Since you helped create that title demon core once you can help create it again. If this gets out then only me, my son, and our tribe but you and your family will become the enemy of the entire dark realm. You and I are in the same boat, so stop using it to threaten me, it will not work," the dwarf's threat did not faze Muth Diya, as he considered the dwarf as his partner in crime since it was Chaos Dwarf Ezra who helped them forge the forbidden title demon core.

Finally learning what gave Muth Diya the guts to ignore his threats repeatedly, Wyatt was baffled. It was not like he had not considered the dilemma pointed out by Muth Diya, it had occurred to him long ago however considering that Chaos Dwarf Ezra's background was a pseudo-ruler class and the fact that he was forced to help the Diya tribe father and son forge the forbidden titled demon core under the loosely drawn contract, Wyatt believed Muth Diya would be intuitive enough to realize that dwarf Ezra will not only avoid all the blame but also become popular for recreating a method to forge the forbidden title demon core of 'Hell of contamination.'

"You dumb fuck, we are not on the same boat. Believe it or not if the word about your son being the successor of the 'Hell of Contamination' gets out I will not only avoid all the blame but also become popular for recreating a method to forge the forbidden title demon core of 'Hell of Contamination.'" Chaos Dwarf Ezra appeared to be disgusted by the mere thought that Muth Diya considered them the same, he did not hesitate to make his disgust known to Muth Diya, "Don't you ever make the mistake of considering that you and I are the same? Thank your lucky stars that you were born early otherwise, you would never been able to become a devil before me. Meaning you would not be worthy of my time let alone work for me. If your dumb brain still doesn't get how fucked you are, I don't mind spelling every little detail to you."

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

[ 1,019 words ]

**Chapter 1851 Guarantee**

?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 11:59

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, basement

If listening to the Chaos Dwarf Ezra ordering him to get the list of all the 'Seven Princes of Hell' branches across the Dark realm along with the number of personnel stationed in each branch was not enough to remove the blindfold of certainty blinding him, then these condescending words of the dwarf did the job.

Muth Diya finally asked the question he failed to ask himself a few minutes earlier, 'Why would the dwarf call him to warn him that the native leaders were after him?'

Earlier, Muth Diya did not consider this because he believed the dwarf wanted to use him as his pawn, so the dwarf called him to warn him as he was no good to the dwarf if he were to die at the hands of the native leaders. Now that he knew the real reason why the dwarf had called him and thought with a clear mind, he felt the Chaos Dwarf Ezra was correct, 'How am the dwarf supposed to know what he was doing in the Card World, let alone what the Card World's native leaders were up to?'

With this, the blindness of certainty covering Muth Diya was removed. However, though Chaos Dwarf Ezra's words were condescending they awakened him to the reality. Realizing that the dwarf was correct, Muth Diya began to understand that his initiative talent was flawed as he would only consider the outcomes that would favor him and not explore further. Had he explored further and not gotten wrapped up in his assumptions and speculation, he might have seen the flaws in his assumptions.

Muth Diya began to sweat with his sudden realization as he almost ticked off the dwarf who knew his deepest secret because of his half-assed assumptions. Having grown up in the dark realm he knew that laws and regulations were different for the strong and the weak. If a weak person were to explore forbidden knowledge he would be held guilty and burned for his crimes however if a strong person were to do the same he would be celebrated as a genius and sought after.

The fact that Chaos Dwarf Ezra was able to create a method from scratch to help Cuth Diya forge a forbidden title demon core would only make him a capable Chaos Dwarf in the eyes of those ruler class factions and families. They could always use a talent like Chaos Dwarf Ezra who could recreate the lost method of forging a forbidden title demon as mere demon master. Considering his infinite potential at worst, they will punish the dwarf with a small fine for his crime whereas the Diya tribe father and son would not be able to escape the death penalty in all scenarios. After all, they had to serve as an example to others.

Muth Diya had long forgotten about trying to prove that Chaos Dwarf Ezra was the mastermind behind their recent string of tragedies once his assumptions fell apart realizing the dwarf was not calling him to warn him but to get him to betray his faction. Muth Diya did not bother to go over all his assumptions again as now all he cared about was how to get out of the clutches of the dwarf. Had Muth Diya gone over his assumptions with the new information he would have realized that Chaos Dwarf Ezra was still the most likely to be the mastermind. However, he could do that later once he was out of his current predicament.

Muth Diya's brain thought of every possible scenario where the truth about his son being the successor of the hell of contamination would be revealed and in every one of them he could only see the dwarf gaining fame for achieving the impossible while he and his son being killed practicing heresy.

Finding that he was cornered Muth Diya realized that he had only two options either become the dwarf's pawn or be on the run for the remainder of his life. Considering that the Ruler Class forces of the Dark realm could find him anywhere in the Myraid realms, he knew he would have no luck on the run and be caught instantly so he only had one choice to obey the dwarf, as for suicide that never crossed Muth Diya's mind.

"Hey, how long are you going to take to get your head straight? I need an answer, should I be expecting you to share the list of all the 'Seven Princes of Hell' branches across the Dark realm along with the number of personnel stationed in each branch to my demon codex soon or not?" Since Muth Diya was taking too long to reply to Chaos Dwarf Ezra repeated himself.

"Master Ezra, I realize the flaw of my ways but what is the guarantee that you will leave me and my son if I do as you say," Muth Diya did not immediately agree to betray his faction by spying on them for the Chaos Dwarf Ezra rather asked the dwarf to guarantee that he would not throw Muth Diya under the bus once he got what he wanted. For now, Muth Diya was focused on doing damage control and buying time. Once he got a breather he would be able to think of something.

"Guarantee, what kind of guarantee will assure you to work for me? Will a contract drawn with devil merchant code as a witness be enough?" Chaos Dwarf Ezra asked Muth Diya with a sneer.

"Yes, Master Ezra," Muth Diya ignored the dwarf's tone and hurriedly agreed as he thought he would have to fiercely negotiate with the dwarf to get him to sign a contract drawn with devil merchant code as a witness.

"Muth Diya, don't overestimate yourself. You have yet to prove yourself and your value in my eyes for me to go through the trouble of sheltering you. First, prove your loyalty and worth then I will give you a guarantee."

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

?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 12:05

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, basement

Wyatt had managed to convince Muth Diya that revealing that Chaos Dwarf Ezra had created a method to forge a forbidden title demon core would only benefit the Chaos Dwarf. Doubling on that narrative, he hinted at Muth Diya to give Chaos Dwarf Ezra a reason why he should not reveal his secret instead of asking Chaos Dwarf Ezra a guarantee that he would not reveal his secret if he did his bidding. After all, willingly harboring a heretic was a serious offense.

This way instead of Chaos Dwarf Ezra trying to leverage Muth Diya's secret to recruit Muth Diya, Muth Diya would have to convince Chaos Dwarf Ezra that he stood to gain more by not revealing his secret than he stood to gain by revealing it. The only thing Muth Diya, a chief in a mid-level dark faction, could offer anything of interest to Chaos Dwarf Ezra, heir of a pseudo-ruler class force, that could rival the fame of reacting a forgotten and forbidden title demon core forging method was himself.

Wyatt as Chaos Dwarf Ezra had already made clear that he had little interest in Muth Diya and more interest in his status as a chief in the Seven Princes of Hell faction. Wyatt had already shown him the way now it was up to Muth Diya to travel it, after all, Wyatt had convinced him that had no other choice left to consider.

Thanks to Wyatt's critical thinking and clever maneuvers, the question was no longer if Muth Diya was willing to become Chaos Dwarf Ezra's pawn but if Chaos Dwarf Ezra was willing to use Muth Diya as his pawn. Now Wyatt did not have to threaten Muth Diya to become Chaos Dwarf Ezra's pawn but Muth Diya had to beg the dwarf he hated to accept him as his pawn.

"Master Wyatt, even if I am a chief under Belphegor I do not have access to the information you seek. If you want, I will give you the list of territories under me along with the number of personnel stationed in each territory," Muth Diya conceded, he offered the information he had to Chaos Dwarf Ezra to show his worth with his actions.

Listening to Muth Diya, Wyatt frowned seeing through Muth Diya's intentions, and sternly warned, "Don't act smart with me. Was I not clear before that I have no interest in you but your status as a chief in the Seven Princes of Hell faction? What use do I have for you if lose your standing in the Seven Princes of Hell faction? Or did you think I

would not be able to see through your small tricks? I do not need a pawn who thinks he is smarter than his master. Do you understand what I mean?"

The reason Wyatt asked Muth Diya to get him the list of all the 'Seven Princes of Hell' territories across the Dark realm along with the number of personnel stationed in each territory was because he knew with the faction focusing on invading the card world there would be less personnel stationed at each territories to guard them.

Wyatt could sell this information to the Seven Princes of Hell faction's enemies or if Corey Park's army in the dark realm has been reestablished by then he could have her target those territories. With the faction focused on invading the Card world and fewer people staffed to guard these territories, they would be easy targets.

Muth Diya had understood what Chaos Dwarf Ezra was planning to do with the information he asked him to provide, which is why he believed that the dwarf needed him and wanted to use it to get him to sign a contract drawn with devil merchant code as a witness. But to his dismay, Chaos Dwarf Ezra was ambitious. Muth Diya discerned that this was not a one-time thing and the dwarf wanted him to be more than a pawn, he wanted him to be a spy. Muth Diya had a foreshadowing about this when the dwarf reached out to him but now it had turned into a reality.

If Muth Diya were to become a spy he would be neither here nor there but stuck in between until the rope around his neck suffocated him to death. Therefore, Muth Diya lied and proposed to give the dwarf information about the territories he managed on behalf of the faction. This way when Chaos Dwarf Ezra targets only the territories he managed the faction will find out that he has betrayed them as such Chaos Dwarf Ezra would no longer use him as a spy and only use him as his pawn. This was a risky bet but not more than being used and thrown as a spy. Muth Diya understood struggling will not help but he had to give it a try.

"Please forgive my insolence, Master Ezra. I will get you the information you need soon," Muth Diya hurriedly apologized and assured the Chaos Dwarf Ezra that he would complete his orders.

It might seem as if Muth Diya had quickly adjusted to his new status as Chaos Dwarf Ezra's pawn but only he knew the self-control it took him to apologize to the dwarf. Previously, he apologized to the dwarf easily because he was trying to trick him but now it was different, his pride won't allow it but to achieve his dream he could only bend his knees.

"Soon is not good enough, you have 48 hours. I will not tolerate any delays or excuses," Saying that without waiting for the response from Muth Diya, Chaos Dwarf Ezra hung up the call.

If Muth Diya were to come through this time, Wyatt planned to entice him by showing him that he would benefit more from siding with Chaos Dwarf Ezra than Belphegor. So

Muth Diya had more reasons than fear to switch his loyalty to Chaos Dwarf Ezra. However, if Muth Diya were to disappoint him, then Wyatt get the best he can from Muth Diya and throw him aside. After all, Wyatt had a lot on his plate he did not want to manage another variable.

"Mother Fucker!" Muth Diya screamed at the top of his lungs with rage-filled eyes as the dwarf hung up on him.

The day Muth Diya became a Devil he vowed to never bend his knees in front of others until he met Belphegor giving birth to his ambition of becoming a ruler class even if costs him a son. Now bending his knees to a mere demon master of all the powerful beings in the dark realm, his thirst to become a ruler class became even stronger. To achieve this ambition he was willing to sacrifice his son let alone withstand a little shame.

...

Having dealt with Muth Diya, Wyatt looked at the basement ceiling to hear the Field Marshal's voice in his head, "You looking for me?"

"Any news about the townspeople?" Wyatt knew the Field Marshal would be monitoring him so he looked up to gain her attention as it was easier than calling or texting her.

"Nope, I guess the operation was not a success," the Field Marshal replied, it had been a while since she gave the information to her counterpart in the northern region so she guessed that they had already acted on it and concluded the operation. She believed it to be a bust because if it operation had gone as her counterpart in the northern region had wished then they would have called her to brag about the successful operation. Seeing how the call did not come it was clear that they did not get the result they were expecting from the emergency operation.

"I do not care about their emergency operation. I only wanted to know if the townspeople were okay," Wyatt stressed and continued adding, "My informant has said Gideon, the devil, and their goons have managed to escape but he cannot get me any update on the townspeople."

"I see, let me give them a call," if it was someone else the Field Marshal would have yelled, 'It does not concern you' or 'Get over it.' But since Wyatt was special she decided to give her counterpart a call and get an update on the status of the townspeople.

"Thank you," thanking the Field Marshal for entertaining his whim, Wyatt began to update everyone he reached out to about the situation and asked if they had or could find information about the well-being of the townspeople.

Of all the people Wyatt had contacted Freedom Fighters and Demigod Norley were the two who did not respond. Considering that Freedom Fighters had yet to see his text in VR Universe Wyatt gave them a pass but Demigod Norley had no excuse. Wyatt could not think of a reason why Demigod Norley did not respond to his text requesting help.

"Wyatt, though the demigod teams of Northern Region failed to capture the culprits they managed to rescue the town. However, since the entire town was frozen and the people in it were forced into a cryosleep for a long period, it is too early to tell anything certainly about their individual well-being. The authorities have mobilized medical card apprentices, though the situation is delicate there is still hope," The Field Marshal informed Wyatt after enquiring about her counterpart in the northern region.

"I see," Wyatt nodded in understanding, "If it is not a bother please keep me updated about their situation."

The card apprentice would survive the cryosleep with the help of the medical card apprentices, it would be like awakening from a deep sleep for them. However, the mortals especially kids and the elderly would have to suffer a little and need time to recover. Since Gideon wanted their souls he would have made sure that the mortals would not die in cryosleep. Regardless, Wyatt could only hope for the best and move on.

"There is bad news," seeing Wyatt prepare to head inside the dungeon seal, Field Marshal Heatsend hurriedly revealed.

"What is it?" Wyatt asked the Field Marshal stopping in his tracks.

"The Northern Region is asking us for the source of our information trying to target our spies in the Northern Region. Our involvement in this incident has opened up a whole new can of worms. Anna's mother will do her best to handle it, but just in case, I am telling you this so that you can prepare yourself ahead," The Field Marshal responds with a heavy heart. After all, it was their duty to Wyatt away from politics as much as possible.

"I understand," Wyatt nodded, understanding what the Field Marshal was warning him about.

To make the people he was asking to help take this incident seriously, Wyatt had said in the text that Gideon was sacrificing an entire town of more than a hundred thousand people in preparation for the second demon invasion. Successfully raising the importance of this incident in the eyes of everyone who knew of it. So it was not a surprise if they would try to know the source of information.

There was only so much Anna's mother could do to stall the central government and other royal families using the name of the Southern Royal family. At some point, she would have to give up her source. For such a day Field Marshal wanted Wyatt to get his story straight and not give the world leaders a reason to target him. As most of them

wanted to get their hands on him but none had a justification to do so. It would be foolish of Wyatt if he were to give it to them because of his unpreparedness.

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

?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 12:11

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Cave Dungeon,

[Master Ezra,

My father has returned to the dark realm. He has arranged a Diya tribe elder meeting today and a meeting with his trusted subordinates from the faction after that. I think he is arranging people he trusts the most to get the information you asked him to get. I will continue to monitor his every move and keep you updated, Master Ezra.

Regards,

Yours truly

Cuth Diya]

While reading Cuth Diya's text Wyatt entered the seed world. From the text, it seemed Muth Diya might be obedient for a while. However, with Cuth Diya monitoring him, Wyatt was not worried about this variable. Still, he could not underestimate a devil merchant. Therefore, Wyatt had decided that if Muth Diya did not come through on his orders or showed any sign of rebellion, he might as well tie the loose ends after squeezing everything he could get from him.

"Wyatt, you're back!" Dredre greeted Wyatt as soon as he entered the seed world but before he could answer, Susan asked in concern, "Wyatt, is everything alright? You left in a hurry, without a word."

"Nothing to worry about, the problem has been solved. Sorry, I made you guys worry over nothing," Wyatt responded politely, now that he knew that the townspeople were out of danger he had a more pleasant mood than before.

After all, sitting in a third-tier city of a little-known district of the southern region he was able to save more than a hundred thousand townspeople in the most remote place of the northern region by making a few calls. As a bonus, he had not only foiled the plan of

Muth Diya but showed the world that Gideon was not some kind of boogeyman that the Southern Region cooked up but the real deal. Though his privilege level was not as high as Aba's his favors held a high enough value. This was a testament that his struggle in the card world so far was not a waste.

"Wow, Dredre, your forest has come a long way. Your efforts are showing results," Wyatt suddenly praised looking at the Dredre's floating island trying to change the topic.

"You noticed, I think the forest spirit will be born soon," Dredre informed like a proud mother.

Though a forest spirit was not as strong as the world will, they were basically the same. With proper nutrition and nurturing, in time Dredre could grow the forest spirit into a world will. Wyatt wondered if he could speed the process by bringing more pixies or helping the spirit steal a little soul energy from the Card World's will.

However, soon Wyatt shook his head awakening from his contemplation as this was not his project to take over but Dredre's. If she were to ask him to participate then he might present his opinion to her and proceed based on her decision. Though he could not get more pixies, allowing the forest spirit to steal from the card world's will was not impossible. Of course, it all depended on Dredre's wish.

"That's great. Can you inform me when the forest spirit is about to be born? I would like to witness its birth," Wyatt requested Dredre, as he planned to record the process of the birth of the forest spirit and study it in his free time. Thanks to him being able to exist on both physical and spiritual planes simultaneously he would be able to record the changes in both planes during the birth of the forest spirit. With this, he would not miss anything about the forest spirit's birth.

"Sure, silly," Dredre agreed without hesitation and then informed, "The spirit will be born within a day or two, are you planning to be in the seed world for the foreseeable future?"

"Yes, I am. Don't you worry, even if something urgent comes up during these few days, I will have my clones deal with it. So, do not hesitate to call me when your forest is about to give birth to its spirit. I do not want to miss it for anything in the world," Wyatt assured Dredre that he would be in the seed world for the next few days so she should not hesitate to call him during the birth of the forest spirit.

"Okay!" Dredre exclaimed with a high-pitched voice expressing the sheer joy she was feeling. Her pink hair and wings radiated with a pink glow, showing how overjoyed she was to hear Wyatt claim that he would not miss the birth of her forest's spirit for anything in the world. This was important to her, as this was the first time she was giving birth to a forest spirit by herself in a foreign land.

Then Dredre invited Susan, Corey, and Park saying, "Will you guys also be present to witness the birth of my forest's spirit?"

"Of course, I thought we were already invited," Susan replied while Corey and Park nodded in agreement.

"Great! That child will be happy to see so many people welcoming it," Dredre uttered excitedly, and then excused herself saying, "I have to make preparations to welcome the child."

"Dredre, use my account to buy what you need in preparation for Forest Spirits' birth. Don't hesitate about the cost or worry about a budget. I want it to be a day to remember. Consider it my gift to the forest spirit," Wyatt offered to Dredre having realized that she attached great importance to the forest spirit's birth.

"Thank you, Wyatt," Dredre thanked Wyatt for his generous gift. However, Wyatt feared that Dredre might hesitate to spend his money. So, he turned to Susan asking, "Can you see to it that she doesn't hold back and gets everything she needs regardless of the cost?"

"Leave it to me and here, the storage card contains the list of ingredients you ordered," Susan agreed while handing him a storage card.

"Can you share the bill with my demon merchant codex?" Wyatt asked Susan to share the bill for the purchase surprising Corey and Park.

"Sure," though astonished, Susan agreed with Wyatt's request. As she was about to share the bill with his demon codex anyway. As for why she was surprised, it was because this was the first time Wyatt had requested her to provide him with the bill after he made her his exclusive manager. She was confused, wondering if she had done something to cause Wyatt to behave this way.

"..." Corey wanted to say something seeing the confusion in Susan's face but was stopped by Park. After all, Wyatt as their boss had every right to ask them for the bill of their purchase. So it was not their place to criticize him.

Noticing the reaction of the girls, shaking his head Wyatt explained, "I just wanted to compare the prices at which you guys got the ingredients to the prices at which I would have gotten them. Not just the prices but the quality of the ingredients. Despite the fear of the devil merchant code, the demon/devil merchants on its network are not beyond trying to cheat their customers. All three of you are new to this and too honest to be a demon merchant or think of the trickery the demon/devil merchants are capable of. So, sit tight and wait for my evaluation. I hope you guys did well."

Wyatt was not overreacting, he spoke from experience. After all, Wyatt, himself, was almost scammed by a demon merchant trying to buy top-quality phantom sword wood mushroom spawns. He would not have noticed the difference in the quality of the mushroom spawns if not for his soul pupils which allowed him to take swift action

against the demon merchant. Causing the demon merchant to compensate him when he threatened to appeal with the devil merchant code.

Wyatt was not joking when he said that he wanted Susan and Park to conduct import and export of ingredients between the devil merchant code and the Card world on his behalf. With the presence of Gideon, another unknown demon merchant, and the Seven Princes of hell faction, the prices of the card world and devil merchant code will be saturated soon until the demon invasion which Wyatt was planning to stop even before it happens. So Wyatt was pressed by time if he wanted to make the most profit from this. Which was why he took some of his precious time to train Susan and Park.

"Oh, okay," the trio sighed in relief in unison.

Susan was the most relieved after hearing Wyatt's explanation. She was a little happy that Wyatt was making time in his busy schedule to train her. Though the thing between them had become official recently, they had not spent some proper alone time since then let alone go on a date. She knew Wyatt had a lot on his plate to take care of so she was happy with what little time she got to spend with Wyatt regardless of the reason. Though it was a bummer that Park and Corey would be present too.

Seeing the trio sigh in relief, Wyatt felt they were prioritizing the wrong thing. They should be worried about the result of his evaluation rather than feeling relieved hearing his explanation. This led Wyatt to wonder if he should implement a punishment system such that the girls would take the evaluation seriously.

While Wyatt frowned, Corey suddenly declared, "Don't you worry Wyatt, we got you the best product at the cheapest price possible."

Susan and Park also confidently nodded agreeing with Corey's declaration. However, Wyatt felt differently.

"Somehow, hearing you say that I am more worried," Wyatt was not kidding, he really felt that way.

"Don't worry Wyatt I helped them check the quality of the ingredients they bought," Dredre assured Wyatt, as she waited for Susan to help with the preparation to welcome the forest spirit.

Since Dredre helped them, Wyatt was not worried about the quality of the ingredients they bought except for the price they paid to get them. However, Wyatt hoped the girls did not have to depend on Dredre for such simple trades, as this was an opportunity for them to learn by making mistakes such that they could grow faster as demon merchants. With a cheat like Dredre by their side that was not possible.

"Thank you, Dredre," Wyatt thanked Dredre for helping Susan and Park out, as it was not a part of her job specification.

"Wyatt, don't thank me. I helped them because they are my friends," Dredre replied shyly. She was still not used to getting thanked. The Infinity Library had abused the Pixie race's generousness so much at they felt a unnatural when thanked.

"Okay, you three. How about you compare the markets in the inter-realm network with Card World's market to come up with three ingredients that we can import or export to Card World from there and report it to me? Do you understand your homework or do I have to go into further details?" Wyatt asked specifically eyeing Corey among the trio.

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## Chapter 1854 Elder Pixie

?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 12:28

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Cave Dungeon, Seed World

"Wyatt, did you not say that you tell us the high-profit margin ingredients to import and export between the realms?" Corey spoke seeing Wyatt single her out.

"Did not read the employment even after misunderstanding earlier? One of the clauses in it, clearly states that you guys will pay me less commission for trades that you bring in," Wyatt criticized Corey for jumping to conclusions without reading the employment contract.

"Oh, I see. But why do you get profits on trades that we bring in?" as Corey asked this, everyone present looked at her in disbelief.

"It's because I will be providing you the capital for the trades, I will be providing you the trade channels in the card world, and not to forget you are my slave for the next hundred years. Corey, tell me honestly do you have any idea what we are doing here?" Wyatt looked at Park while speaking to Corey. His eyes enquired Park, 'What have you been teaching her?'

"Corey, honey, to make high-margin profits in these kinds of trades you need a lot of capital and good trade channels to buy or unload the goods in bulk and in the fastest time possible. Even if I can somehow arrange the capital we still need Wyatt's contact and trade channels in the Card World to complete the trade. So, we pay a percentage of

our profits to Wyatt even if it is our personal trade. Think of it this way, the less we depend on Wyatt the less we have to pay him," Park hurriedly informed Corey, before she could answer Wyatt. This was her attempt to stop Corey from blabbing something stupid.

"Wyatt, Corey is du— young. Give her some time she will catch on," Susan came to Corey's defense as she believed Corey was doing well and trying her hardest for a regular seventeen-year-old, not everyone was the Dalton Wyatt.

"Fine, whatever, but somebody please get her to read the employment contract," Wyatt had set high standards for Corey after all she was like him in some ways considering she had her past life memories and all. But now that Susan pointed it out, past life memories or not, Corey was an average teenager with a lot of emotional baggage.

"I have read the employment contract twice, it is just that I did not understand it as well as I had thought," Corey replied avoiding Wyatt's eyes. She could not be more embarrassed right now. One could fluently read a written text but it does not mean that they completely understood the what text conveyed.

"If you did not understand it, why did not ask me or big sis for help?" Park was furious hearing Corey but she wanted to hear wanted to hear her out before Psycho Park on her.

"I am sorry, I was embarrassed to ask for help. As even Dredre understood the contract," Corey revealed, she appeared to be holding back her tears as she did not want to add to her embarrassment.

"Hey, what is that supposed to mean? I might be smaller than you but I am a lot older than you. Besides, as a book guide fairy, I am a traveling encyclopedia. You are dumb to compare yourself with me," Dredre did not spare Corey's feelings and ripped her a good one. Shocking Park, Susan, Corey, and Wyatt. They stared at her dumbfoundedly as they did not believe Dredre was capable of something like this.

Wyatt understood this might be because Dredre truly felt she was among friends. However, Wyatt believed Corey was most responsible for bringing this side of Dredre out. Because of Dredre's cuteness, all of them were drawn to spoiling her. However, what about Dredre? What did she feel about each one of them?

Wyatt did not know what Dredre felt about the rest but he could see that she cared for Corey like an older family/friend looking out for a younger sibling/friend. Which meant that she considered Corey dumber and more immature than herself.

On some level, Corey also realized the dynamic between Dredre and her, she did not like it one bit. So she tried to prove herself. However, the more Corey tried to prove herself to Dredre the more she ended up appearing as a troublemaker and an idiot. Being the bigger person, Dredre tolerated or forgave all of Corey's antics.

"Dredre, do pixies fight among themselves," Susan asked Dredre curiously as the image of pixie she had built in her mind had been destroyed.

"Not that I know of," Dredre replied humbly without outright dismissing Susan's question.

"No," Wyatt answered confidently and continued saying, "By nature, pixies are meek, even in their territory they avoid fights. The thought of fighting back does not cross their mind. I am not saying Pixies do not feel jealousy, anger, and such negative feelings like us humans, they do but the chances of them acting out and willingly hurting others because of these feelings are near zero.

For reasons unknown, they do not let the negative feelings control them. However, when these negative feelings accumulate they grow sad, depressed, and are prone to suicide. This does not mean the pixies are a bunch of cowards. They are just peaceful creatures who would rather suffer than hurt others.

But if they can overcome their innate nature during a traumatic event, they will advance into an elder Pixie. For example, when a bunch of Pixies are threatened by any external factor, those among them, who can overcome their nature to protect their friends and family evolve to become elder pixies gaining the responsibility to lead and protect other pixies."

"How do you know all that?" Corey asked Wyatt skeptically.

"I learned this by deciphering the what little books Infinity Libaray had on Pixies," Wyatt answered.

"Wyatt, wait. Which book are you taking? I have also read all the books on the Pixies in the Infinity Library but none of them mentioned how a Pixie can evolve into an Elder Pixie," Dredre was astonished to hear Wyatt talk about how a Pixie can evolve into an Elder Pixie when she a Pixie did not know of it.

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

## **- Chapter 1855 Conspiracy**

[ 1,005 words ]

### **Chapter 1855 Conspiracy**

?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 12:37

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Cave Dungeon, Seed World

"What are you saying Dredre? You were the one who recommended those books to me," Wyatt found it puzzling that Dredre had no idea about what he was talking about when she was the one who recommended the books to learn about Pixies.

"Could you reshare the list of recommended back to me?" Dredre asked Wyatt feeling there had to be some explanation to it as she believed Wyatt had no reason to lie to her.

"Yeah, sure," Wyatt immediately reshared the list of the recommended books with Dredre and waited patiently for her report before jumping to conclusions.

"I have read all these books none of them mention anything about how a pixie can become an elder pixie. Wyatt, sure it was one of these books?" Dredre asked Wyatt to confirm once again.

"Yes, I remember the book's title and its contents clear as day. 'Untold Lore of Pixies,' that's the book where I read how a pixie can become an elder pixie," Wyatt reported the title of the book confidently to Dredre. So that she could revise the book and see if she had missed the part he was talking about.

"Wyatt, I have read that book 21 times, it has no mentions of how a pixie can become an elder pixie," Dredre informed Wyatt and asked, "You sure it's this book and you have not mistaken it for some other book?"

"I am sure it's that book, wait I will share my copy of the book with you— no, here read my copy of the book in my demon merchant codex," Wyatt passed Dredre his demon merchant codex to read his copy of the book instead of share the file to her merchant codex as he smelled a conspiracy behind this and even if he was wrong it would not hurt for them to be cautious.

"Wyatt, why does your copy of the book have these extra pages? These last few pages are not part of the original copy of this book. Just in case let me check with the Infinity Library," Dredre decided to contact the Infinity Library to understand what was going on.

"No, don't!" Wyatt exclaimed and assured Dredre, "I know what went wrong."

"You do?" Dredre locked eyes with Wyatt waiting for him to give more details.

"Yes, I do. This mix-up is because of me, so do not contact the Infinity Library okay?" Wyatt did not dare to lie to Dredre. Especially when locking eyes with her.

Technically, Wyatt did not lie as this mix-up was indeed because of him. He did not do it, but the one who did it had done it because of him. So he did not lie to Dredre. However, he did keep the truth from Dredre because he knew no good could come from her knowing the conspiracy behind this.

It was not hard for Wyatt to guess who had added the extra few pages to his copy of the book 'Untold Lore of Pixies.' After all, inside the Infinity Library, besides the pixies, the only ones capable of doing this were the Librarian and Librarian Jr. Based on his history with Infinity Library, the safe bet was that Librarian Jr was behind this mix-up. The Librarian Jr might have been waiting for him to try and learn more about the pixies and getting the opportunity he slipped extra pages into Wyatt's copy of the book 'Untold Lore of Pixies.'

What Wyatt did not understand was why Librarian Jr would do this. What did he expect from Wyatt by stealthily feeding him this information? Did he expect Wyatt to force Dredre into a traumatic situation to see if she becomes an elder pixie, basically having Wyatt experiment on her behalf? Why do that? When he had the authority to just lend a pixie to Wyatt then he should have enough authority to experiment with pixies, right?

Unless the Librarian did not have that authority yet or his emotions for pixies did not allow him to. Wyatt could not understand what Librarian Jr wanted so he could only give up trying to figure out what Librarian Jr wanted thinking, 'Whatever that asshole wants, I will know sooner or later.'

"Okay, I won't but Wyatt the Infinity Library takes such issues seriously so be careful next time," Dredre did not ask Wyatt for further details on the mix-up seeing that Wyatt was accepting all the blame and warned him not to repeat the same. However, she asked, "Wyatt, can I ask where the extra pages in your copy of 'Untold Lore of Pixies' come from?"

"Those extra pages are from another book, don't worry about it," Wyatt casually brushed off the topic as he did not want to lie to Dredre.

"Do you think what it said is true?" Dredre did not seem to want to let go of that topic.

"Maybe, I can only be certain after I read the full book. I will tell you when I read it until then how about you do not talk about the extra pages with others, okay?" Wyatt promised, believing it would get Dredre to stop talking about the extra pages with her tribal friends and elders.

"Okay," Dredre agreed trusting Wyatt.

Wyatt nodded at Dredre with a mild smile, then turned to Corey who was staring daggers at him, and yelled, "As if you do not make any mistake."

"How dare you say that after giving me a hard time for every little mistake I made," Corey was out for revenge and would not rest until she got it.

"You still have the face to call your mistakes little mistakes, they were dumb and outright silly mistakes even a 10-year-old would know better," Wyatt was not going to give Corey the satisfaction she was seeking. If she wanted revenge she better be prepared for a fight.

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

[ 1,579 words ]

## Chapter 1856 Inconsolable

?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 12:49

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Cave Dungeon, Seed World

"I am Corey, I make silly mistakes that even 10-year-olds would not. There, I said it, Happy? But you're the great Wyatt, the perfect being, I cannot believe you made a mistake," Corey rambled, to which Wyatt expressionlessly asked, "What's your point?"

"Even you make mistakes, so don't make fun of others when they make mistakes," Corey replied, only to hear Wyatt laugh out loud and taunt her, "What's the matter? You, can't handle a little criticism. Then don't make silly mistakes."

"Besides, you seem to be under a misconception. I can tolerate mistakes and even praise you if you learn from your mistakes but what I cannot tolerate is silly mistakes and the idiots repeating the same silly mistakes. I hope you get this through that thickhead of yours before you start your whining next time," Wyatt's words stuck Corey's little head like nails on a wooden board. Her eyes turned red and she teared up, trying hard not to cry but she began to wail hearing Dredre speak for her, "Wyatt, stop. She is about to cry."

Corey wept inconsolably but neither Susan nor Park came to comfort her as they did not think Wyatt's criticism was harsh enough to force her to cry. However, Dredre flew next to Corey, and patting her head she said, "There, there, good girls don't cry."

Corey's wailing paused for a moment when Dredre patted her head to comfort her and then listening to her she cried even harder. Seeing even her affectionate touch and

words were not enough to comfort Corey, Dredre frowned trying to think of a way to cheer Corey. Her frown only deepened after recalling what could cheer Corey up. However, seeing Corey's snot-filled nose and tear-stained cheeks she did not want to do it but listening to Corey cry inconsolably her eyes grew resolute and she said, "Corey if you stop crying and be a good girl, I will kiss you on the cheek."

"R-really," Corey rubbed the tears off her eyes and cheek and stutteringly asked to confirm. Dredre nodded and kissed Corey on her salty cheek. But Corey did not stop crying so she kissed her tear-stained cheek again. Yet, Corey continued to cry. Feeling tricked, Dredre asked, "Corey, I have kissed you twice why are you still crying?"

"I don't know," Corey blurted and continued to cry aloud.

Confused, Wyatt looked at Park and asked, "What's the matter with her?"

"You need to create that custom mental skill card for her as soon as possible," Park informed Wyatt that Corey needed the mental skill card that he promised to create for her.

"I thought the elixir I gave her and Little Baem had suppressed the darkness in her titled demon core," Wyatt had forgotten about the custom mental skill card Park asked for Corey believing that with Little Baem's help, Corey might no longer need it.

"External means are all temporary measures. Her current unstable mood is the side effect of that. She has become less aggressive and irritable but the Darkness seems to have found new ways to surface in her. Until she, herself, becomes capable enough to control the darkness, it will continue to plague her for the remainder of her life," Park explained to Wyatt with a grave expression.

"I will send you a list of ingredients, get them and I will create the card. Until then why don't you go find Little Beam, I guess she too should be bored patrolling the city outskirts and should be missing Corey," Wyatt then turned to Dredre who was still trying her best to console Corey like a big sister, and said, "Dredre, Park will handle her. You and Susan focus on preparations to welcome your forest's spirit."

Seeing Dredre was reluctant to leave crying Corey's side, Wyatt persuaded her again, "Dredre, Corey is fine. there is some issue with her titled demon core, Park will handle it."

"Yes, Dredre. Everything is fine, she will be back to her normal self to bicker with you in no time," Park also assured Dredre.

With Susan and Dredre heading to the forest, before preparing to leave the seed world with crying Corey to find little Beam, Park informed Wyatt, "I wanted to talk about reestablishing my old army with you. Can you make some time for me to discuss that?"

"Sure, let us talk now," Wyatt has been waiting for Park to bring this topic up with him. So he immediately made time for her, following the words better now than later.

Park pointed at Corey with her eyes, implying that she could not talk about it now as she had to deal with Corey's inconsolable crying. Noticing Park's actions, Corey spoke her mind while crying, "I will go cry in that corner you guys discuss here."

Knowing how important reestablishing her old army was to Park, wiping Corey prepared to excuse herself to a corner afar from the two so that her wiping did not disturb them. But before she could leave Park rendered her unconscious saying, "Since you are in no hurry, you might as well go to sleep than cry in a corner alone."

Then possessing the unconscious Corey's body, Park locked eyes with Wyatt and spoke, "Then shall we proceed."

Listening to Corey speak in Park's voice, Wyatt divulged, "No, I can't take you seriously with that face."

"How about now?" As Park said, an amber flame covered teenage Corey's body from head to toe soon it died revealing a grown-up and shapely Corey in her mid or late twenties. It was Park but in a body of flesh and bones instead of one made with flames.

"This will do but do you have to be so flashy? Besides, she doesn't like you possessing her body," Wyatt said shaking his head.

"Awe, you do care for her," Park uttered, learning that Wyatt not only remembered Corey did not like Park possessing her body but he cared enough to bring it up with her.

"How does this count as caring for her?" flustered, Wyatt asked.

"Relax, don't get worked up. It is a good thing that the neglected child has one more person who cares about her. If it makes you feel any better she also cares for you," Park had a playful grin on her lips seeing Wyatt being shy about his friend/

foe dynamic with Corey.

"Neglected child?" Wyatt asked Park raising his brows. After all, it was no secret to anyone in Sky Blossom City that Corey was the precious jewel of the Bright family how did she become a neglected child— "I take it you are talking about her absent parents."

"Yes," Park rolled her eyes at Wyatt and then continued, "Anyways, now that I know you care for the child. It makes it easier for me to ask your help with reestablishing my old army."

"Before, you continue. Now that you are back in touch with the dark realm, do you know about the Undead Devil Agony?" Wyatt asked Park because if she had no idea about

Agony by now then the level of difficulty to re-establish Park's old army has increased by several folds. Her inability to grasp the news about what happened after her death means Wyatt might have overestimated her.

"I have. Because of her, it was very hard for me to prove my identity to my allies. If you are worried about that then don't I have handled it," Park greeted her teeth in rage. How could she not be angry after learning what Belphegor did to her body after her death? Controlling her rage, she asked Wyatt, "How did you come to know of her?"

"You should ask Little Beam for details. Together, we subdued her during the Southern Capital incident," Wyatt sighed in relief as he did not overestimate Park and thought that her legends in Dark Realm might have some truth to them.

"I was planning to do that," speaking of Little Baem, Park's expression became complicated. It seems she was aware of Little Baem's part in the creation of Agony.

"I take it, you got that handled too?" Wyatt asked Park, wondering how she planned to handle Little Baem. A lot of her allies have fallen or switched teams because of Little Baem's silent support for Agony. It wasn't a surprise that those who managed to survive all that were still willing to stand for Park. But they will demand an explanation for Little Baem's actions.

"Don't worry, I will handle it even if it means revealing my existence to little Baem," Park said with firm eyes but Wyatt could not help but point out, "Won't that put Corey's life in danger?"

"No, my existence is only possible because of Corey if she dies I die too. So Little Baem will not hurt her. Besides, technically I am not the real Corey Park, I am just an ego flame. Corey Bright is the real Corey Park," Park explained. However, Wyatt thought he should inform Field Marshal Heatsend to watch over Corey when she confronts Little Baem. After all, Little Baem has patiently waited for the real Corey Park's return while preserving her old body for almost a millennium. With that kind of persistence, who knows what little Baem is capable of.

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

?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 13:01

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Cave Dungeon, Seed World

"Putting aside the problems concerning your identity, Little Baem's action after your death, and the loyalty of your once comrades, what about Belphegor and his dark faction? If you proceed with your plans, they will learn of your existence and ambition sooner than later, and considering your history with them, they will not sit back and let you do as you please."

Wyatt needed to know that Park had answers or at least had thought of these problems before he agreed to help her because he did not want to waste his time on a sinking ship nor did he want to manage Park's forces in the dark realm on her behalf because if her subordinates could stay loyal to Park for almost a millennium despite her absence, regardless of what he did for them they would always choose Park over Wyatt.

Wyatt had big roles for Park and her forces to fill in for his plans for the dark realm, especially when it came to stopping the impending second demon invasion and dealing with Belphegor and his dark faction. However, if he felt Park and their subordinates were not up to the mark he had no problem taking his investment somewhere else.

"Don't worry, with Belphegor and his faction focusing on invading the card world, this is the best time for me to reestablish my authority in the dark realm. I am not foolish to think that they will leave me alone but considering the amount of resources they have already invested in invading Card World, they would prioritize the realm invasion to save their investment. Even if they cannot tolerate my return at best they can spare a riff-raffs to come after me as that is all they can spare since the manpower it takes to invade a realm as powerful as Card World was not small," Park answered confidently, giving Wyatt the feeling that she had thought everything through. Meaning she was worth his time and investment.

"It looks like you know what you are doing, so what do you need my help with?" after a little questioning, Wyatt understood Park was not in over her head about reestablishing her force in the dark realm but thought everything through. Which gave him the confidence he needed to consider supporting her.

"Little Baem and my combined wealth no matter how immense will run out soon but before that happens I need your help to come up with a profitable business that my forces can run in the dark realm to not only allow them to sustain themselves but also make enough wealth to grow our forces and also wage war against Belphegor and his faction. Lastly, I hope you will give your permission for me to use your identity as a privileged Infinity Library member to run that business," having reported she wanted Wyatt's help Park immediately added, "Obviously you will be equally compensated for your contribution and troubles."

Wyatt nodded listening to Park not ask him money outright like Corey did instead proposing a win-win deal. From this Wyatt learned that Park had long-term plans for reestablishing her forces and she did not plan to do this just for the sake of getting revenge. Wyatt even felt that Park's primary motive for reestablishing her forces was not vengeance but repaying the loyalty of her comrades and subordinates.

This mindset of Park was in line with Wyatt's plan for the dark realm, Belphegor and his dark faction were just mere obstacles in achieving his ambition. Wyatt's goalpost was far away and would not be satisfied by defeating Belphegor and his dark faction. Wyatt wanted a chill life but that shattered the day he accepted Librarian Jr's offer to let Dredre be his exclusive pixie. He had unknowingly entered a game that he did not even understand. All he could do now was grow as strong as possible and as quickly as possible.

"Great plan, I will love it. However, the dark realm is centuries ahead of Card World in terms of everything and they have everything. So I do not think in a short time I will be able to think of a unique invention that could help you establish a flourishing business in the dark realm," Wyatt gave Park his honest opinion.

The dark realm regardless of how cruel when it comes to magic or tech or lifestyle, it was lightyears ahead of any realm in the Myraid realms let alone the Card realm. Its market was very competitive hence it was saturated. Running any business there would prove very challenging let alone making it a success.

"No, I am not looking for your one-of-a-kind inventions of yours. It will only make us pry for stronger forces," Park said shaking her head and then informed, "I have something already in mind, I just want your help fulfilling it."

"That makes this easier, go ahead let me hear it," Wyatt said with anticipation as he was always looking for a challenge.

"A Fast Food chain," Park answered, hearing her Wyatt lost all his interest.

"Nope, not interested," Wyatt rejected Park's idea without a second thought. He did not even bother to consider it.

"What does your interest have to do with this? A fast food chain will be the best way for us to make money and also help us monitor our territory. Besides, everyone loves good and cheap food," Park was taken aback by Wyatt's rejection but she quickly gathered herself and tried to reason with Wyatt. Today she learned one thing obvious about Wyatt he was a junkie addicted to inventing or discovering something above all it should have a challenge to it otherwise it was hard to win his attention let alone arouse his interest.

"Fine then, do that. However, I am not a cook so I can't help you with that," Wyatt did not see how he could help Park with her fast food venture besides the Dark realm was filled with fast food chains, and the competition in that field was immense. Since Park brought it up, Wyatt thought she would have considered it.

Starting a successful business chain was only possible when one knew the local market at the back of their hand to figure out what it was lacking. Only those who had lived and

experienced the lifestyle of the dark realm would be able to find the gap in its local market.

Next came a perfect solution to fill the gap that would appeal to the local customers, otherwise someone else would see the flaw/gap in your business model and use it, giving birth to a strong competitor. Besides, for a creator like Wyatt, all this kind of business was too much of a hassle which was why he rejected Park's fast food chain proposal.

"No, you can. I want your assembly line monster meat processor and a similar assembly line machine to create fast foods," Park informed Wyatt where he would come into the picture of her running a flourishing fast food chain.

"You have my attention but answer me this, Dark realm is not like Card world, they do not lack proficient array masters to create arrays to automatically process meat and prepare food rendering my machines moot," Nobody knew Wyatt's product better than him and what market they were suitable for.

"True, but hiring good array masters to reliable array formations will cost a lot, take a lot of time, are high maintenance, it costs more to repair an existing array than building a new one, and not to mention these arrays are not mobile like your machines. Besides, hiring a third party to set up arrays will come with potential risks like information leakage, attracting unwanted attention, etc. All in all, using your machines seems to be the best option," Park pointed out the merits of using Wyatt's machines over array formations to run her fast food chain.

"I did not think of it that way," Wyatt acknowledged that he was indeed too quick to dismiss the fast food chain proposal, Park had done her homework. This only worked because Park and Wyatt would own this business otherwise Wyatt could not think of anyone crazy enough to trust machines over array formations. Array formations have always been more efficient than machines. The only reason Park considered this was because she had seen Wyatt's cousin Ronnie's origin card in action.

The machines in the Dark realm that Park knows were basically golems as they were created using artificial will and artificial soul pathways, unlike Wyatt's machines which were a mix of Earth's technology, artificial will, and artificial soul pathways. So Wyatt's machine wasn't any less efficient than similar rank array formation. Park was in for a big surprise.

"It seems now you have changed your mind about running a fast food chain, does it mean you are going to help me?" Park asked Wyatt with great anticipation as he was crucial to her plans. She could mind capital and golem machines somewhere else but not the identity of an executive VVIP member of Infinity Library.

"Yes," Wyatt agreed as Park gave him no reason to do otherwise. And then he thought to himself, 'Never would have I thought that I would be so hyped to own a fast food chain in the dark realm. how crazy is that.'

"Yes!" Park exclaimed, overjoyed getting Wyatt onboard her plans of retribution for her loyal comrades and subordinates.

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?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 13:16

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Cave Dungeon, Seed World

There was a reason why Park was able to retain loyal subordinates who were loyal to her even after almost a millennium since she died, that too in the dark realm of all places. It was because she was an honorable and just leader unlike many in the dark realm.

Even during her death, Park was more saddened over her dead comrades and those she was leaving behind to fend for themselves than not being able to achieve her revenge, and even after her rebirth she prioritized her subordinates over her revenge.

Among those allied with Park, many knew that she was no match for Belphegor who was not only a demon merchant but also had a demon merchant faction backing him. Yet they still chose to stay with Park and help her with her revenge.

These people did not gather out of ambition but out of gratitude toward Park. They were willing to give up everything including their lives just to help Park achieve her goals. Even if her goal was the pursuit of vengeance and ultimately her demise.

The war against Belphegor was something Park had to do to avenge her father's soul. It was her duty as a daughter. So, unable to persuade Park they willingly chose to walk with her till the end of the road.

These people were with Park not because she was a means to their desire or ambition or greed but because they wanted to be her means to her desire, ambition, happiness, etc, which was why they did not hesitate to reassemble almost a millennium later when Park called for them.

They were not like the hired goons serving under Belphegor and his faction, they were Park's family. Even though the world saw them as her subordinates and allies they like to believe themselves to be the family she was seeking until her final movements. From Park's actions, it was clear that she also considered them her family.

"Now that we have decided to run a fast food chain in the dark realm together, let's decide on the menu as I will need it to create the machines," Wyatt had already begun to think of the kitchen appliances that a typical fast food joint would require. To finalize what appliances he would need to create, he asked Park what kind of fast food chain she was planning on running.

"Monster Meat fried in abyssal pearl seed oil," Park replied immediately.

"I have never been to the dark realm but I do not think Fried Monster Meat is popular among many dark races, how sure are you about this?" Wyatt asked in doubt.

"No, you're focusing on the wrong part. I am not talking about normal frying. Haven't you heard of abyssal pearl seed oil?" Park shook her head vigorously seeing Wyatt mistaking her brilliant idea for cheap fried food.

"I have heard of abyssal pearls but I haven't heard of them being used to create oils besides they are pearls, not seeds," Wyatt had no idea of the day-to-day life in the dark realm so he did not know what kind of oil they preferred for cooking.

"It is a cooking oil extracted from the seed of Dawn Bell flower grown using the soil created by crushing abyssal pearls into a powder," Park explained only to see Wyatt frown and sternly add, "I thought we were planning to run a fast food chain, not some fancy restaurant, abyssal pearls are very expensive and Dawn Bell flowers only produce three seeds max in their entire lifetime. Oil created from the combination of the two would not only be limited and expensive but a luxury product, not something seen in the kitchen of a fast food joint."

"Here's where I will need your expertise to shine again," Park said with a flattering smile. Causing Wyatt's frown to grow narrower, "Out, with it already."

"I need you to create a way for us to supply this oil in our kitchen at a cheaper price. I am telling you if we use this oil to make and sell fried monster meat, our fast food chain will be an instant hit," Park requested.

"What happened to you not wanting me to invent something sensational as you did not want the unnecessary attention of the predators?" Wyatt shook his head thinking, 'I should have known better. Trying to run a successful fast-food chain in the dark realm would not be as easy as Park made it seem.'

"Don't worry something like this does not attract the predators I should be worried about," Park replied shamelessly.

"Won't they know by tasting the fried monster meat that we are using abyssal pearl seed oil to fry the meat and doubt how we can sell the product at such a cheap price despite our expensive ingredients?" Wyatt truly could not figure out what Park was thinking suggesting something like this to him. He believed Park was not telling him everything.

"No, because most of them would never have tasted the monster meat fried in abyssal pearl seed oil. As this oil is only used in elixirs. Even I was only able to discover this accidentally in my past life when I tried to create an elixir while eating," Park revealed why she was so confident that using abyssal pearl seed oil in their fast food chain would not attract unwanted attention.

Abyssal pearl seed oil was very expensive, even a few milliliters of it was worth a fortune. Therefore, its use was limited to being an ingredient used to create high-level beauty and fragrance elixirs that had very high demand and could easily fetch a fortune in the market at any day or time.

"Now that's interesting," Wyatt was intrigued, he wanted to hear Park's story but she did not plan on revealing any more. He understood as he too would not be so forthcoming about how he invented the silver milk powder on Earth.

"I had planned to use this to open a fast food joint in the dark realm long ago, however, I was never able to come across a cheaper version of abyssal pearl seed oil. But now that I have you I have a feeling that my plan will be fulfilled this time around," Park explained that she did not happen upon the idea to open a fast food chain, she has been planning for it since her past life. No wonder she was so prepared about this topic.

"It has been several centuries since your passing. Are you sure the situation is the same as back then?" Wyatt warned Park, knowing that certainty has been demiss of many.

"Don't worry, I've done all the necessary checks and research before approaching you about this and so far I have not seen anything that could be a potential concern," Park assured Wyatt.

"Fine, let me think about it," Wyatt did not agree with Park as he wanted to conduct his research on abyssal pearl seed oil, its market presence, and demand. After all, he did not believe that a restaurant using expensive ingredients such as abyssal pearl would go unnoticed in the dark realm. Also, he had to check if the monster meat fried in the abyssal pearl seed oil was as good as Park made it sound.

"So, when can I hope to expect an answer from you?" Park knew Wyatt was a busy man but so was she. If she planned to reassemble her old forces before Belphegor and his dark faction invaded the card world then she had very little time on her hands.

"Tonight," Wyatt answered, after assigning Hive AI to scour the inter-realm network to find all the current information on the abyssal pearl seed oil.

"Good, I will meet you tonight. Please, help me exit your subspace?" Park asked Wyatt's help to leave the seed world politely.

Wyatt exited the seed world with Park, as with Susan handing the ingredients he needed to help Bloodette's predicament, he could now get to awakening her from her coma.

Looking at comatose Bloodette, Park asked Wyatt, "How sure are you that you will be able to awaken her from the coma?"

"I cannot tell anything for certain but if I did not feel like I could help her then I wouldn't do this," Wyatt replied without being humble or arrogant.

"I trust you can awaken her," Park meant those words, she truly believed that if there was someone in the world who could help Bloodette then it was Wyatt.

"Thanks for your vote of confidence," Wyatt said exiting the dungeon seal with Park. As Park headed to meet little Baem, he waited for her to leave the basement and looked at the ceiling only to hear the Field Marshal's voice in his head, "Boy, if it is about the townspeople, it's too early for me to get any updates."

"Thank you for remembering my request but I am here to ask you another favor. Please, watch over Corey as she confronts the sinister snake. Help her, if she needs it," Wyatt requested the Field Marshal.

"Corey is a citizen of the Southern Region, I will help her without you asking. But correct me if I am wrong, I thought that snake was her familiar or something," the Field Marshal was puzzled as to why Corey would need protection from her own familiar.

"It's complicated," Wyatt sighed thinking about the complicated relationship between little Baem, Corey, and Park. He wondered whom little Baem would prefer, Corey or Park. If the Park was the real Corey Park and not a remnant, a memory of the real Corey Park, the answer would have been obvious. Shaking his head Wyatt rushed back into the dungeon seal.

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

?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 13:49

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Cave Dungeon

The Southern Royal family has too many questions about Corey, her demon core, her sudden talents, and the sinister snake. When asked she tried to attribute it to a mysterious master who only showed at her convenience. As if the people fooling an entire region would fall for such a lame excuse. They would have taken Corey into their custody and conducted a serious investigation into her recent suspicious changes if not for her being Wyatt's employee and friend.

Though Corey knew this on some level she was not fully willing to accept that she was under Wyatt's protection. However, it was different for Park, she had fully accepted that the only reason Corey could still roam freely was because of Wyatt. Anna was Corey's godmother and the Bright Couple had a good standing within the Southern Watch but she knew that was not enough to protect Corey after her identity as a demonic card apprentice was revealed.

Park was right, as even the Southern Royal family could only truly pardon Wyatt's crime of borrowing the devil's power by using the opportunity that one of the Masters had foolishly presented to them during the World Decree incident. Hence, to maintain Corey's current status quo with Southern Royal Family, Park was very motivated to collaborate with Wyatt to establish a good relationship.

Besides, Wyatt had everything she required to establish a foothold in the Card World and Dark Realm. He was like a one-stop-mart for all of her troubles. It was easier for her to ally with one person whom she could trust than ally with multiple strangers and be on a constant lookout worrying when they would backstab her given the opportunity.

Still just because Corey was under Wyatt's protection did not mean that she would get a pass from the scrutiny of the Southern Royal family. Since Corey was not willing to give them the truth and they were not able to use extreme measures against her to get the truth out of her, they could only turn to Wyatt for the answers. This was why after informing the Field Marshal to keep an eye on Corey, Wyatt rushed back into the dungeon seal not giving the Field Marshal the opportunity to question him regarding Corey.

Or so Wyatt thought, despite entering the dungeon seal he heard the Field Marshal's voice in his head, "Wyatt, I don't care if it's complicated. I have all the time in the world since I am babysitting you, so explain it to me slowly."

"Wait, if you enter the dungeon seal who will watch over Corey?" Wyatt said preparing to exit the dungeon seal.

"Relax, I did not enter the dungeon seal, with its gate open only a part of my spirituality has entered it. Though it would be easier for me to communicate with you and keep an eye on Corey if you're outside the dungeon seal," the Field Marshal explained but seeing Wyatt turn in his tracks from exiting the dungeon to heading deeper into it she added the last sentence to persuade him otherwise.

"Ugh!" Wyatt rolled his eyes and headed out of the dungeon seal knowing that he could no longer avoid answering the Southern Royal family about Corey. Regardless of the Field Marshal's strength, she has been very considerate about his whims so he could not ignore her like he did Colleen.

"So, what is the relationship of the Sinister snake with the Bright couple's daughter?" the Field Marshal was also aware of Corey's parents, how could she not be? When her grandniece was their daughter's godmother. However, the reason she knew of them was because of their diligence and loyalty to the Southern region. Which was displayed by their exemplary results in the case they were currently working on. Though the case was nowhere near being closed they had managed to achieve success where their predecessors failed to.

So when the Southern Royal family learned that the daughter of such a model couple had succumbed to the demonic arts they planned to do their best to help her as they owe it to the couple who left their family to guard the borders trusting their liege. However, the girl was not cooperating with them and when they prepared to use force, to their dismay, the hope of the Southern region sheltered the girl stopping them from approaching her.

"As you said earlier, it is her familiar," Wyatt replied while contemplating the best cover story that even a simpleton like Corey could manage to use without getting caught until she was strong enough that she did not need a cover story.

"Wyatt, I would appreciate it if you are fourth coming about whatever is happening with Corey. Her parents are risking their lives for the Southern Region and its citizens. The best we can do to repay their favor is to make sure their family, especially their daughter, is safe and away from any bad influence while they are out there protecting us and our interests. So, why don't you rethink your answer," the Field Marshal's voice turned stern, it was rare for her to use such a tone with Wyatt.

"Geez, if you put it that way I will look like the bad guy even though all I am doing is trying to help Corey just as you are trying to," Wyatt scratched the back of his head hoping the half-truth was enough to satisfy the field marshal's curiosity for now, "Let me start by assuring that Corey did nothing wrong, the reason she has a title demon core instead of an ego gem is because of her origin card. Since the origin card is created with the blessing of the World's will, she did not commit any sort of crime that you are worried about and she cannot be tried for being a demon card apprentice."

"I see, that's a relief. But how sure are you that Corey is not using any other demonic cards? Because considering her origin card, people who want to harm her parents can use it to get her grimoire to be judged. And if she was using or ever has used or even equipped a demonic card by mistake, then not only her but her entire family will be in trouble, and then even my hands will be tied from helping her," the Field Marshal did not have to remind Wyatt how serious the matter was.

"Now, isn't that area a bit grey? What do you consider a demonic card? If you are asking if Corey has any form of connection with a demon or devil then I don't know how to answer you after all the sinister snake is her familiar," Corey's grimoire was filled with skill cards that were derived from demonic arts, so in attempt to answer the Field Marshal without lying Wyatt babbled whatever came to his mind.

"Tell me again, how did a card master manage to contract a Devil rank sinister snake as her familiar?" Seeing that Wyatt was not being totally forthcoming with her, the Field Marshal had no choice but to turn a friendly talk into an investigation. She hoped Wyatt would tell her the truth without her forcing him to but she realized just like her niece this one too only knew to get what he wanted without giving back anything. The Field Marshal knew the best way to deal with such people, absolute force. All their trick ends in the face of absolute might.

Corey and the Sinister snake's relationship has been bugging the Field Marshal and every person with little authority in the Southern Royal Palace. If not for the Sinister snake having shown the prowess that were stronger than average devils and the Demigods constantly guarding the City since the incident, many with strong ambition and drive wanted to kidnap Corey and learn her secret.

"Would you believe me if I said that she saved its life when it was little and now that it has grown older and stronger it found her to return her favor?" Wyatt made up a story on the spot.

"Wyatt, if I need to hear a fairy tale I would visit the library, not ask you to hear a knock off version. Just tell me the truth and stop giving me the run-around. Regardless of how bad the situation is, we will try to help her to the best of our strength. We owe her parents that much," the Field Marshal sighed, knowing absolute might was nothing if it did not have the will to harm behind it. First, her niece and now Wyatt were taking advantage of this fact.

"Fine," Wyatt gave up and said, "It is not my place to talk for Corey but how about this I will get her to cooperate with you guys. Tonight, she has a meeting with me. I will talk about this with her and persuade her to be forthcoming with you guys."

"Okay, Wyatt. I will trust you to do so and hope it is not another one of your trickery," Field Marshal agreed but was disappointed and thought, 'Why can't the kids these days just trust their elders?'

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?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 14:15

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Cave Dungeon

Promising the Field Marshal a meet with a cooperative Corey, Wyatt headed back inside the dungeon seal. Talking to the Field Marshal Wyatt understood why Corey was not interested in cooperating with the Southern Royal family. They saw keeping Corey safe as another way of getting the Bright Couple to keep doing their great work at the Way Beyond.

Corey already blamed the Southern Royal family for her absent parents more than her parents themselves. Because as their daughter she wanted to be supportive of them completing their duty toward their homeland, as for the Southern Royal family, she blamed them for using patriotism to force her parents into neglecting their only child. She believed the Southern Royal family had robbed her parents of their only daughter's childhood and time with their precious family.

There were so many other capable Southerners out there who had yet to do their share of duty toward their homeland but the Southern Royal family only forced Corey's parents who had done more than their share for their homeland. Corey's reason for thinking this was totally valid. She was not wrong, her parents had indeed done a lot for their homeland within and beyond the limit of their strength.

The Southern royal family would agree with Corey's reasoning, they even had plans to honor her parents for their service, however, the couple was caught in a huge case that required their presence as without them the progress the case had seen so far would be for nothing. There were many capable people in the Southern Region but none could replace these two and their contribution in this case.

The case was very important for the economy of the Southern region as such the Southern Royal family paid close attention to it. So much so that even the Southern Emperor had become the couple's only daughter's godmother. So, if not for Wyatt, it was somebody else sheltering Corey then the Southern Royal family would not care and use force to get Corey to cooperate with them.

Since Ann had already requested Wyatt's help concerning the case that Corey's parents were working on he knew how important it was. If not for the Southern region being cheap he would have helped them but that's a matter of another time. However, Corey's parent's task was very important for the Southern region so despite sympathizing with Corey's sadness, he did not blame the Southern royal family for their actions.

But Wyatt did not like being caught between the two which was why he promised the Field Marshal to persuade Corey to cooperate with them. He would give it a try but knowing how broken Corey was right now he did not know if it was the right time to ask

her to cooperate with anything for that matter. Since Park was the reasonable one of the two with Corey down, it might just work out in favor of the Field Marshal.

"Sigh," Wyatt let out a long sigh standing on Bloodette's bed. Then looking at his clone that was keeping an eye on her he instructed, "Here, take this anesthesia's beard and feed it to her. Considering her physique by the time I make the position it will have taken effect."

The herd anesthesia's beard looks very much like the beard of the dragon Anesthesia, hence the name. As for its effects, it's a very potent drug, even a tiny bit of it would dampen a being's body's regular responses. But for Blood's physique, an entire anesthesia's beard was required to do the trick.

The idea behind giving Bloodette this herb was that, with her bodily response dampened the potion Wyatt was creating for her would have the maximum effect. Bloodette's blood rule body though humanoid functions differently from that of humans so dampening her regular bodily response would not hinder but be helpful. Considering the potion Wyatt was making was to trick her body's natural response to trauma, this was even more so true.

"I will be right back," instructing his clone, Wyatt headed back into the seed world only to be greeted by an displeased Dredre, "Wyatt, you promised you would not leave the Seed world for the foreseeable future until my Forest's spirit was born. But left."

"I was just when out for a little bit to help Park take Corey outside. Besides, I am back aren't I?" Wyatt thought he would return right away and Dredre would not even notice but he did not expect to be delayed by the Field Marshal. He noticed that the void of the seed world was colder than usual.

"I understand that but you said you will let your clones do all the work if there need be," Dredre reminded Wyatt what he had said.

"I am sorry, Dredre. I will not repeat it," Knowing that the forest spirit's birth was important for Dredre, Wyatt apologized to her for not keeping his word without continuing to argue with her. He thought going out for a minute or two would not matter but he did not think the Field Marshal would be so demanding today.

"You promise," Dredre asked, looking at her pink innocent eyes Wyatt did not think twice before promising her, "I promise."

"Okay," the lost smile finally returned to Dredre's face with Wyatt's promise and the void of the seed world once again felt pleasant.

'To think Dredre's mood would affect the atmosphere of the seed world,' Wyatt was astonished to notice that Dredre had such influence on the side of the seed world. He began to wonder if she was already considering the entire seed world as her territory

and not just the floating island where her forest was situated. Wyatt wondered what brought this change, 'Was it me giving Dredre authority of the seed world?'

Upon asking the Hive AI to go through his memories to find when these subtle changes to the seed world began. Soon it reported that his guess was right, it was after he handed Dredre authority to the seed world.

As Dredre left to do her thing, Wyatt isolated the space to begin the potion-making for Bloodette's condition. First, he carefully examined all the ingredients one by one. The first one was a rainbow scale, just by holding it Wyatt felt sleepy and lethargic. Forcing himself awake Wyatt remembered the ingredient's name, the scale of Anesthesia Dragons.

There's a race of dragons known for their sleeping prowess across the myriad realms called the Anesthesia Dragons. They sleep for a millennium and spend a decade awake. The popular belief was that not even the destruction of the realm they were sleeping in could awaken the Anesthesia Dragons from their millennium-long sleep.

One would believe that the Anesthesia Dragons were weakest during their sleep and strongest when awake just as the other race of dragons. However, they would be wrong as unlike the rest of the dragon races they were strongest when asleep and the weakest when awake. This was because when asleep, an Anesthesia Dragon was able to neglect almost ninety percent of the physical damage and a hundred percent of the spiritual damage. Not to forget that it gains immunity to all debuffs in its sleep.

Damage negation and absolute debuff immunity were only two of Anesthesia Dragons' many scary abilities. In their sleeping state, the air they breathed out would instantly put every living entity in the vicinity to sleep regardless of the realm. If the realm difference was high then they might be lucky enough to barely escape the area of effect if they were not very close to the Anesthesia Dragon. After all, the closer one was to the Anesthesia Dragon the stronger the effect of its power.

Even if someone were to somehow manage to hurt the Anesthesia Dragon in its sleep overcoming its damage negation and sleep breathe, then it would only spell disaster unless they kill it in one blow because once attacked the air it breathed in would drain the life force of every living entity sleeping in its vicinity to heal itself and to add a new defense. Being attacked in its sleep, the Anesthesia Dragon's defense not only has damage negation but also gains counter defense which returns sixty percent of the damage it received back to the attacker bypassing all the attacker's defense and also increasing the chances of the attacker falling asleep.

In case the situation becomes dire for the sleeping Anesthesia Dragon, then its spiritual body can awaken by sacrificing 10 percent on spiritual damage negation to actively defend itself. However, once the sleeping Anesthesia Dragon's spiritual body awakens it can control and possess the air its sleeping body breathes out to create a humongous wind-elemental body as a vessel for its spiritual body to use. Allowing it to specifically

target the attacker and force them to sleep by stuffing the sleep breath into the attacker's body. If the Anesthesia Dragon has mastered any runes related to wind, sleep, dream, etc then it would be in the best interest of the attacker to run before its spiritual body awakens and gains a vessel.

So, unless one has the confidence to kill the sleeping Anesthesia Dragon in a single blow, it was highly recommended to not engage it. As showing hostility toward the Anesthesia Dragon near its area of effect would only increase the effect of the sleep breath.

However, it was a totally different story about killing an awake Anesthesia Dragon as they did not have their overpowered abilities to rely on to keep the predators away. Without their abilities, they were nothing but oversized winged lizards. This was why the Anesthesia Dragon does not sleep anywhere and carefully chooses its nest and as a precautionary measure during the last decade of their millennium-long sleep, the Anesthesia Dragon's spiritual body awakens forcefully such that it can kill all the predators hiding in wait for it to wake up.

Elder Anesthesia Dragons do not have to worry about being stalked by their predators as they are capable of Dream escape. An ability that allows them to escape to another location by carrying their body through dreams. Nobody knows how this ability actually works as nobody has been able to capture or kill an Elder Anesthesia Dragon. Hence, Dream Escape has been listed as top 100 abilities in the myriad realms.

Regardless of their prowess, Anesthesia Dragon's each part of the body has high demand because of their high medicinal value. Susan had to pay two devil-grade ingredients just for one of its scales. This scale did not even belong to an older dragon but a young one hence its potency was very little compared to the scale of an older Anesthesia Dragon. Still, it was already a miracle that she could find it on such short notice. Besides its power was more than enough for Wyatt's use.

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?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 14:41

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Cave Dungeon, Seed World

Even if the Anesthesia Dragon's scale belonged to a young Anesthesia Dragon it was still a S-rank ingredient. Besides Anesthesia Dragon's scale, there were 13 other ingredients that Wyatt had asked Susan to buy. All of these ingredients were expensive

however none was worth even a quarter of what Susan paid for the Anesthesia Dragon's scale. Like Anesthesia Dragon's scale, all of these ingredients were of S-rank minimum and SSS-rank maximum.

Bloodette was a supreme being, they were not called supreme for no reason. Their physique was supreme in the card world, hence their name. If not for the dungeon seal Bloodette would not have to practice soul energy like regular Humans, considering her age just by taking nine steps in the outside world unbound by the dungeon seal's restriction she could climb nine realms and become an SSS-rank being.

That's how powerful supreme beings were. They grew stronger with every breath. If not the Card apprentices would not have huddled up in a small part of the world and left the rest unexplored. Which was why Wyatt believed them to be the real darlings of the Card world's will.

That was why to trick Bloodette's physique, he wouldn't just create an A-rank potion even if her realm had fallen to that of a mere mortal. He would have to create a potion of appropriate rank. Even the herd Anesthesia's beard that he asked his clone to feed Bloodette was an SS-rank herb. Even an SS-rank herb would not immediately take effect on Bloodette's physique so one can imagine how strong a Supreme Being's body was.

However, restricted by his rank Wyatt could not use all these ingredients to create a potion with appropriate rank ergo he hoped that he could create many A-rank potions with similar effects hoping to make up for quality with quantity but then he realized Bloodette was his friend, and not some farm animal. Therefore, he decided to reach deeper into his wallet to solve the problem of quality and rank.

Having examined all of the ingredients, Wyatt summoned his demon merchant codex and contacted the devil merchant code to arrange an SSS-rank formation specifically designed to create one particular potion SSS-rank Anesthesia's Buzz. Wyatt shared all the information on the creation of the potion and the array formation that Hive AI had approved of high efficiency and success rate with the devil merchant code such that it could arrange the SSS-rank formation in the seed world.

Offering 5 devil-grade ingredients to the devil merchant code, Wyatt saw an SSS-rank Anesthesia's buzz potion creation array formation set up in front of him. Once the array formation was operational, he offered the ingredients to the array formation and waited. The amount of ingredients was enough to create five SSS-rank Anesthesia's Buzz potions. Wyatt figured saving one for Bloodette, he could auction the other four in the inter-

realm auction to cover the cost of manufacturing these potions. If he was lucky he could make a small profit.

Thirty-five minutes later Wyatt was able to collect two SSS-

rank Anesthesia's Buzz potions from the SSS-rank array formation, of five tries only two were successful. Instead of five SSS-rank Anesthesia's Buzz potions, he got two. Leaving one for Bloodette, the last one would not be able to fetch him enough in the inter-realm auction to cover the manufacturing cost let alone make a profit.

Despite the Hive AI promising a high success rate in potion creation using the design of array formation they used, the array formation set up by the devil merchant code could only give a 40 percent success rate. Knowing that Hive AI was his creation and it hardly makes any errors Wyatt believed that the devil merchant code had dropped the ball on this one. Had it been him following Hive AI's recipe he could have created at least four potions. Wyatt could confidently say this thanks to his soul pupils.

Adding 6 devil-grade ingredients for the Anesthesia's Beard, Anesthesia Dragon's Scale, and 13 other ingredients with 5 devil-grade ingredients for the array formation, two potions of SSS-rank Anesthesia's Buzz were not worth 11 devil-grade ingredients. This cost of manufacture would be justified if these potions helped increase the strength of an SSS-rank being but they did not. All they did was get an SSS rank being high. This potion was just a very expensive drug.

Having done a quick math, blacklines were visible on Wyatt's forehead. Eleven devil-grade ingredients for two SSS-rank potions were too much. Wyatt tried to console himself believing that once this matter was settled he would get Bloodette to make purest-grade Blood Rule Pills for the rest of her life.

Now that Wyatt had the SSS-rank Anesthesia's Buzz potion he prepared to leave the seed world and head to Bloodette but then remembered his promise to Dredre and decided to leave a clone behind. If Dredre needed him the clone would inform me and he could just switch his master consciousness with the slave consciousness, turning the clone's body into his main body. Allowing him to keep his promise to Dredre and help Bloodette at the same time.

Standing next to Bloodette's bed, Wyatt used his soul pupils to check if SSS-rank Anesthesia's Beard had taken effect. It had, with Anesthesia's Beard dampening Bloodette's bodily regular responses her body had relaxed a bit especially with its defense mechanism focusing on her innate blood rune.

With Bloodette's body relaxed, the defense response of her body showed signs of weakening, after all, it was only strong if other bodily functions cooperated with it. However, it was only a little bit and even this would gone once the Anesthesia's Beard lost its effect. So passing the Anesthesia's Buzz potion to his clone he ordered it to open it.

Then mobilizing his celestial force, Wyatt formed a narrow stream of Anesthesia's Buzz potion from the bottle in his clone's hand to Bloodette's mouth, forcefully introducing the potion into Bloodette's body. Now all he had to do was wait for it to do its magic.

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?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 15:38

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Cave Dungeon, Seed World

In the Dark realm, this folklore surrounded the Anesthesia Dragon's Scale called the Anesthesia Dragon Slayer.

One day the Ruler of a renowned Ruler Class family was blessed with a son who was a Demon King by birth and had muscles stronger than any of the mountains in the Dark realm. However, the prince would never stop crying since his birth.

The distressed Ruler called all the royal physicians to ease his son's peril. Only to learn that his son's muscles which were stronger than any mountain in the dark realm were slowly crushing his organs and bones.

When the Ruler asked for a solution, all but one daring royal physician suggested that the Ruler rub powdered adult Anesthesia Dragon's scale all over the prince's body such that his muscles would sleep until his organs and bones were strong enough to withstand the pressure of his awakened muscles.

Instead of praising the royal physician who gave a solution to his son's condition, he became furious because direct contact with a single adult Anesthesia Dragon's scale could put an average devil to sleep let alone a baby demon king. However, the royal physician assured the Ruler that the prince's physique was special and the effect of powdered adult Anesthesia Dragon's scale would be completely utilized by the prince's muscles before it could reach the rest of his body.

Left with little choice the Ruler followed the royal physician's suggestion and rubbed powdered adult Anesthesia Dragon's scale all over the prince's body, as his muscles fell asleep the prince's cries stopped and his laughter filled the Ruler's palace.

Within a decade even the powdered scales of an SSS-rank Anesthesia Dragon could no longer affect the prince's muscles, it had grown absolute resistance to it. Fortunately, the prince's organs and bones grew strong enough to withstand the pressure of his muscles that would put the tallest mountain of the Dark Realm to shame.

Though his son's condition was solved, the Ruler was not happy. As with prolonged use, his son had not developed resistance which was good news but he had also

developed an addiction to the powdered scales of Anesthesia Dragon which was bad news. Especially considering that the prince had developed resistance even to the scales of an SSS-rank Anesthesia Dragon. It was as if he craved water but all the water in the world could not satisfy his thirst. Seeing the prince suffer from severe withdrawals, the Ruler realized the solution to the prince's natal condition had now become his curse.

The Prince tried everything to ease his withdrawals by indulging in other stronger drugs, hoping to beat poison with poison but none helped until one fine day an Elder Anesthesia Dragon tried to assassinate him in his dream as retribution for all the Anesthesia Dragons that had been killed for the prince.

Thanks to the Prince's resistance to the Anesthesia Dragon's prowess, the assassination attempt was unsuccessful. Actually, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon had to run for his life. To be more accurate the Elder Anesthesia Dragon was almost driven insane, as the prince did not fear him instead the way the prince looked at him sent chills down his spine. During their fight, the prince took all his attacks head-on and none of his attacks managed to harm the prince instead they appeared to excite the prince.

That was not all, the horror of the Elder Anesthesia Dragon had just begun, the prince bit the dragon several times, tried to eat his flesh, and was successful on numerous occasions. As the Elder Anesthesia Dragon wrestled the prince to get free, the prince not only overpowered him with his insane muscles he began to excitedly rub his private parts on the dragon's body.

The Elder Anesthesia Dragon never felt more violated in his entire life, if not for the prince climaxing midway and loosening his grip because of pleasure the Elder Anesthesia Dragon could never escape his strong muscles. That was the first time in his entire life the Elder Anesthesia Dragon had thanked pre-mature ejaculation as he could not imagine what other creative ways the prince would have come up with to violate him and satisfy himself.

Though the Elder Anesthesia Dragon had managed to save his life and purity, that day he had awakened a beast that the entire Anesthesia Dragon race would dread and come to know as the Anesthesia Dragon Lover. While the Anesthesia Dragon Race knew the prince as Anesthesia Dragon Lover the rest of the Dark Realm knew him as Anesthesia Dragon Slayer becoming the only known entity that could slay an Elder Anesthesia Dragon a.k.a ruler of dreams.

Just like how the powdered scales of Anesthesia Dragons helped the prince's condition, Wyatt hoped that the Anesthesia's Buzz potion would help with Bloodette's condition. However, the prince's condition was simpler than Bloodette's as he was limited to his muscles but Bloodette's condition was because of her body's subconscious response to her trauma.

Entering Bloodette's system, the Anesthesia's Buzz potion began to take effect and did not meet any resistance from Bloodette's regular bodily response as they had been dampened by Anesthesia's Beard's effect. The potion was designed in such a way that it would only target Bloodette's body's subconscious defense response that was trying to erase her innate rune.

Bloodette's body's subconscious defense response was unique, as it tended to both the spiritual and physical troubles effect Bloodette. It was able to be spiritual and physical as per the need. Fascinating but it was not smart enough to know that it was harming Bloodette. After all, it was just a program unique to a Supreme being's body designed to aid their immortality.

As the potion took effect, the subconscious defense response of Bloodette's body began to show signs of weakening until it was finally asleep. Now that it was out of the way, Bloodette slowly awakened and opened hers eyes. However, this did not mean her treatment was complete. Her body's subconscious defense response was only asleep but once the potion's effect wears out, it would awaken and continue to try to erase her innate rune but before that happens Wyatt had to complete his preparation to trick it.

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[ 1,038 words ]

## **Chapter 1863 Acceptance**

?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 15:43

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Cave Dungeon

"Gasp!" Bloodette sprung up, having awakened, but then fell back on the bed. It appears she was unable to control her body. After all, her body had enough drugs to put an SSS-rank entity under the influence.

"W-what is happening? Why can't I feel my body? I can feel it is connected to me, but I cannot control it properly— Cortney! Did you find her—" Bloodette asked hysterically, finally remembering Cortney after waking up from her coma but Wyatt immediately cut her off saying, "Calm down, Bloodette, I have found a way to find Cortney. But I need your help, so calm down."

"You did? Where is she? Let's go get her now," Bloodette asked Wyatt staring at him with her sanguine eyes. Though she was having trouble controlling her body, Bloodette's mind seemed to function normally except for her panicking over Cortney.

"Yes, I did and I need your help to get her back. But that will not be possible if you enter a coma once again. For Cortney's sake, you need to pull yourself together," Wyatt gave Bloodette an anchor to hold on to and gather herself.

"Coma? What are you talking about?" Bloodette asked Wyatt in puzzlement.

"You don't know," noticing that Bloodette had no idea of what her body was doing to her, he realized that if she knew then it would lose its purpose as she would feel agony over every memory that was erased from her mind just because her body was helping her cope with her eternal solitude in the dungeon seal, keeping her sane.

"I don't know what?" Bloodette asked but then she shook her head and said, "Forget about it, we can discuss it later. I can still feel Cortney's well-being through the innate rune. However, there is still no response from the other end. Let us go get her now."

"It's good to hear Cortney is still alive— Ah, but you need to hear about your coma now because it is related to saving Cortney," Even if Bloodette chose to ignore it, Wyatt insisted on telling her about the coma.

Wyatt had to get Bloodette to get her head straight before the effect of the Anesthesia's Buzz potion wore out because that was the only way to stop her subconscious bodily response from trying to erase every memory and thing that reminds Bloodette of Cortney without harming Bloodette in any way. This was the trick Wyatt had in mind to tackle her condition, solving Bloodette's trauma by getting her psychologically stronger was the only way to stop her body's defense mechanism from trying to erase Cortney from her mind and body to save her from the psychological pain she felt for being unable to help Cortney.

A being's psyche was very delicate trying to alter it or edit it would do everlasting damage to them. The best way for them to overcome a trauma was acceptance. Wyatt planned to get Bloodette to not only learn about acceptance but apply it to her current state of mind to clear her trauma, that too before the Anesthesia's Buzz potion wore out.

Even the world's best psychiatrist would not dare to have such ambitions but Wyatt dared to because he was not lying when he said he knew how to find where Cortney was. Every word he spoke to Bloodette till now was true. He did need Bloodette's help to find Cortney's whereabouts because only Bloodette could talk to the Card World's Blood Rule Stream. After all, she was her daughter.

Wyatt was astonished to find Bloodette's card overlord realm punches managed to shake the dungeon seal to a point where the tremors were apparent in the outside world. He wondered how Bloodette managed to do that. Having experience in borrowing

power, he realized Bloodette had temporarily borrowed the power from Blood Rule Stream.

Deducing this, Wyatt began to dig deeper into the relationship between Supreme Beings and Rule Streams in the Card World's will. That was where he learned that the Blood Rule Stream was the parent, guardian, and teacher of Bloodette. It was true for every supreme being and rule stream they were born from.

It was the duty of the parent, guardian, and teacher to watch over their dependant and give them the resources to survive, hence the rule stream presence was all-time high where the supreme being of that rule resided. This solved the mystery of why Bloodette knew to use the blood rule despite losing her memories regularly and why the dungeon seal was a holy place to comprehend the blood rule.

The Blood Rule Stream was doing its best to help Bloodette in every way possible. This prompted Wyatt to wonder since Bloodette can ask the Blood Rule Stream to lend her strength she could also ask the Blood Rule Stream to help her find Cortney. After all, Cortney went missing in a Blood Rule Innate rune. Hence, the Blood Rule Stream should know about her whereabouts and even well-being.

"Fine, hurry. Every second counts," the longer Bloodette was awake the more unstable her psyche grew by the second. Wyatt was worried, she might grow mad before the potion effects wore out, which would be counterproductive.

"Bloodette, I know you are worried about Cortney but you have to be strong mentally. Because the more you worry about it the more unstable your psyche grows. As a result, your body's defense response will forcefully try to erase your memories about Cortney sending you into a prolonged coma—" Before Wyatt could get to the point, excited Bloodette interrupted him asking, "Erase my memories of Cortney! Why would my body do that?"

"To stabilize your psyche, such that you won't go mad worrying over Cortney's situation. This is why it is paramount that you do not let the intrusive thoughts get the best of you. You have to trust me and believe everything is going to be alright. We will find Cortney soon now that we know how to find her," Wyatt said everything he could to get Bloodette to overcome her fears.

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?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 15:58

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Cave Dungeon

"Okay, I understand. I will calm down. But you do know how to find Cortney right? Or are you just lying to console me," Bloodette asked Wyatt in suspicion. Regardless of the shocking fact Wyatt had revealed about her physique, Bloodette focused on Cortney. Showing just how much she cared about her best friend.

"Yes, I do know how to find Cortney. I would not lie about something about that. If you are alright with it why don't we start right away," Seeing Bloodette did not seem to believe him, Wyatt decided to commence his plan to find Cortney right away. So, that Bloodette would not continue to worry and have peace of mind when the effect of the potion finally wears out.

"Okay, what do I need to do?" Bloodette agreed without hesitation with bright eyes. She finally appeared to have gained some hope.

"Simple, you need to contact Blood Rule Stream and ask her where Cortney is?" Wyatt informed Bloodette about his only plan to find Cortney. If this did not work, he did not have anything to act as an anchor to stabilize her psyche and she would definitely enter a prolonged coma. But considering he did not have any other plans about finding Cortney, Bloodette being in a coma till he thinks of another plan would not be bad either.

"Huh," Bloodette was confused if she heard Wyatt right. Then seeing he was serious, she grew furious thinking does Wyatt think she would not have tried it, " Do you think I would not have tried that?"

"Did you? What did the Blood Rule Stream say?" Wyatt was revealed knowing that Bloodette could indeed talk to the Blood Rule Stream. Because this opened up many more possibilities for him to search for Cortney.

"I... I... didn't ask," Being reminded by Wyatt Bloodette recalled that she had never tried asking the Blood Rule Stream what happened to Cortney who was in her innate rune. Back then she was so wound up in her guilt and helplessness that she only asked the Blood Rule Stream to lend her strength to break the dungeon seal. At this moment, Bloodette realized what Wyatt was telling her about being calm and accepting her weakness. Had she been calm and accepted her weakness, then instead of going on a rampage and begging for strength, she would have asked the Blood rule stream to help her find Cortney. Maybe then Cortney would be home by now.

"It is not too late to ask now, stop worrying over spoiled milk and talk to the Blood Rule Stream about Cortney already," Seeing Bloodette once again going sidetrack with her guilt and whatnot, he reminded her that it was not too late for her to start over again and it was not the time for her to worry about what ifs.

"Okay, I will give it a try," Bloodette nodded and began to try and contact the Blood Rule Stream. However, she did mention to Wyatt that communication with the Blood Rule Stream was not like the talk between beings. It was like talking to oneself and the answer would pop in one's mind. As simple as that sounded there was more to it.

At first, Bloodette used to believe that she had the answer to everything within her. Back then she did not know that talking to oneself was not normal as one could not do that unless they were suffering from mental illness or housing another entity in them. But the first time she actually met the blood rule stream in the spiritual realm she realized she was not talking to herself nor were all the answers within her.

This was when Bloodette realized she was never actually alone and there had always been someone watching over her. Had it not been for the Dungeon Seal she would have realized this sooner and ruled the lands like other supreme beings. Still, they were different, Bloodette was not as enlightened and powerful as the blood rule stream while the rule stream was not a living being like Bloodette. It did not understand her loneliness hence even if Bloodette knew she was not alone she always felt alone.

"Fascinating," Wyatt muttered monitoring Bloodette trying to communicate with Blood Rule Stream from both the physical and spiritual plane. He has noticed that the Blood Rule stream would never leave Bloodette's side in the Spiritual plane. As such the Blood Rule Stream's presence was higher where Bloodette was, making that location a holy place to cultivate blood rule.

Wyatt's spiritual body also noticed that the Blood Rule stream's vibrations would show subtle changes in its frequency which were not seen during normal occasions. He wondered if this was the sign that it was communicating with Bloodette.

As someone who had struggled to comprehend Blood Rule and its meanings, Wyatt was surprised by this and understood why Bloodette could just learn a Blood Rule Meaning over an hour or less. It was because, unlike card apprentices who were trying to uncover the mysteries of the Blood Rule Stream in the spiritual plane, the Blood Rule Stream was actually telling Bloodette her mysteries. While Bloodette was being spoon-fed more than what she could eat the rest of them had to be satisfied with whatever they could scrape off the rule stream.

Wyatt wondered, if he were to mimic Bloodette using his Myriad Devil Transformation and Soul Energy Vibration Control skills then would the Blood Rule Stream also show him the same love it was showering Bloodette with? If that were possible then he would be able to match Bloodette's talent in Blood Rule, allowing him to comprehend any Blood Rule meaning within an hour or two. Now wouldn't that be something?

"I know where Cortney is," Bloodette suddenly exclaimed in excitement having found the answer she had been desperately seeking. But then soon all her excitement vanished causing Wyatt to frown.

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

?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 16:06

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Cave Dungeon

After talking to the Blood Rule Stream, Bloodette's eyes paced back and forth, her body's vibration was in disarray. It appears fear had taken hold, consumed her thoughts, and caused her to panic. It was clear that whatever the Blood Rule Stream had said had caused her fears to surface, leaving her lost and overwhelmed in a whirlwind of panic and uncertainty.

"What's wrong? What did the Blood Rule Stream say?" Wyatt asked, concerned about Bloodette's sudden change in demeanor. This could only signify that searching for Cortney was going to be an arduous process even with the help of Blood Rule Stream.

Bloodette did not answer Wyatt, fear and uncertainty of losing Cortney had consumed her thoughts. So, Wyatt shook her while calling her aloud, "Bloodette!"

Startled, Bloodette snapped out of her reverie and looked at Wyatt with a blank expression. Slowly, she blinked a couple of times before finally focusing on him. With a voice filled with regret and guilt, she replied, "I just... It's just that finding Cortney won't be as simple as I thought. Even with the help of Blood Rule Stream, it is impossible."

Wyatt furrowed his eyebrows in concern. "What do you mean? Let me what the Blood Rule Stream said."

Bloodette sighed, her gaze shifting to the distance, "As you guessed Blood Rule Stream knows what happened to Cortney and where she is, but where Bloodette is now even the Blood Rule Stream's prowess is useless."

Wyatt's worry deepened listening to Bloodette, but he did not interrupt her and gave her enough time to deal with her emotions believing she would continue to narrate what the Blood Rule Stream said to her.

However, contrary to Wyatt's expectations, Bloodette's hands clenched into fists, her nails digging into her palms, as she continued muttering to herself with each word carrying an undercurrent of desperation and uncertainty, "It's all too overwhelming! I can't lose Cortney, but how do I find her in there... I'm just not strong enough-"

Soon tears blurred her vision as Bloodette struggled to make sense of her racing thoughts. She began to mutter to herself, her voice filled with panic-stricken self-doubt, "Think, Bloodette, think! How do I get Cortney out of here? What options do I have? How am I supposed to find her in there? I can't handle this! I can't..."

Bloodette words became fragmented, and disconnected. as her panic intensified. At that moment, as Bloodette continued to mutter in a desperate frenzy, it was clear to Wyatt her fears had consumed her. If he did not intervene, he might lose Bloodette.

So Wyatt hurriedly interrupted her and tried to get her to focus on the matter at hand, "Bloodette, do not let your fear consume your thoughts. You have to think straight for Cortney's sake. Focus, Bloodette, focus! Cortney is waiting for you to come and get her. You are not alone in this. Tell what the Blood Rule Stream said. I will do my best to find Cortney, if my power is not enough I will get some stronger to help us. So do not lose hope. As long as there is a will there is a way."

"No, Wyatt you do not understand. The location where Cortney is, is somewhere where even the Blood Rule Stream is powerless. Unless you can find someone stronger than Blood Rule Stream itself, there is no hope of finding Cortney there."

Blacklines were apparent on Wyatt's forehead and his neck vein was bulging, ready to pop any moment. Wyatt was enraged hearing Bloodette ramble that she could not do this could not do that it was impossible and so on instead of telling him where Cortney was. So that he could assess the situation.

Wyatt was starting to realize that, Bloodette's subconscious body's defense response was not an overreaction. Bloodette's psychology was very weak every little thing seemed to cause her to lose herself to her intrusive thoughts. But Bloodette's physiology was not this bad when Cortney was around. Making it clear to Wyatt that Cortney was Bloodette's emotional crutch.

"Bloodette, stop your whining and tell me where Cortney is. I will find her myself," Wyatt thundered at Bloodette without caring for her weak emotional state any longer because he needed to get every little clue about Cortney's whereabouts before the potion's effect on Bloodette wore out.

Listening to Wyatt's yell Bloodette was petrified, then a second later she began to cry aloud but she stutteringly answered him, "C-cort-ney is-s lost in the Blood Rule Source."

"Blood Rule Source!" Wyatt blurted in astonishment. Now he finally understood why Bloodette said that unless he were to find someone stronger than Blood Rule Stream, it would be impossible to find Cortney.

Blood Rule Source was the source of the Card World's Blood Rule Stream. This wasn't just true for Card World but every realm with Blood Rule in the womb of their realm's will. Rule Source was where the realm's will comprehended their rules from to forge

their rule streams. This was why the Blood Rule Stream which was all-powerful in the Card world was rendered powerless in the Blood Rule Source.

If a Being were to find the rule source then they can comprehend rules and their meanings there without worrying about rule contamination because their native realm has also comprehended its rules from the Rule Source. But to find the rule source the synchronous rate of a being to that rule should be very high, equal to that of a Realm's Will.

Only ruler-class beings who have refined many realm-will fragments to elevate their strength and synchronous rate enough to gain the title 'beings that are closest to achieving the transcendence in the entire myriad realms' were capable of finding rule sources to comprehend rules. This was why the realm-will fragments were the most precious commodity and dark races would go to any lengths to get their hands on them. Even waging war on the myriad realms.

To think Cortney would be able to enter the Blood Rule Source because of an accident, Wyatt did not know whether to consider her lucky or unlucky.

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

?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 16:14

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Cave Dungeon

"See, I told you it is impossible to find Cortney in the Blood Rule Source. It is so vast," even while crying and worrying for her best friend, Bloodette did not forget to throw an 'I told you so' in Wyatt's direction.

"First worry about entering the Blood Rule Source, finding Cortney comes later," In the entire Card world there wasn't a single being that could find the Blood Rule Source. If anyone could then it would have been Bloodette, since she was the daughter of Blood Rule Stream itself, Wyatt believed she might have the synchronous rate required to locate and enter the Blood Rule Source. However, in her current condition, he did not think she could do that.

"No, we can enter the Blood Rule Source. I have been there. It is too vast, it will be impossible for us to search for Cortney there," Bloodette informed Wyatt that she had been to the Blood Rule Source, astonishing him.

"If have been there, does that mean you go there again?" Wyatt asked with great anticipation because if they could enter the Blood Rule Source, finding Cortney would not be hard.

"Yes, with the Blood Rule Stream's help," Bloodette replied.

"Great, ask the Blood Rule Stream to help us enter the Blood Rule Source, let us go bring Cortney home," Wyatt declared enthusiastically.

"Wyatt, you don't understand the Blood Rule Stream can only help us enter the Blood Rule Source for a short time, in that limited time it is impossible to search for Cortney the vast Blood Rule Source," Bloodette explained to Wyatt, feeling that he did not grasp how vast the Blood Rule Source was and how little time they had to search Cortney in it.

"What are you talking about? Isn't your innate blood rule rune a pair with Cortney's innate blood rule rune? Since you can feel and check on here, can you not get the Blood Rule Stream to use it to pinpoint her location in the Blood Rule Source," Wyatt reminded Bloodette about her connection with Cortney, the only proof that gave them assurance that wherever Cortney was she was alive, her innate blood rule rune.

"Yes, I can ask the Blood Rule Stream to use my innate blood rule rune to pinpoint her location in the Blood Rule Source and send us there to fetch Cortney. Why did I not think of this earlier?" Bloodette agreed with Wyatt's suggestion excitedly. However, feeling that she was about to get sidetracked by her guilt and begin blaming herself for not thinking of this before, Wyatt hurriedly said, "This why I help saying do not let your emotions control you and think with a clear head. But now that we know how to find Cortney, what's the holdup? Contact the Blood Rule Stream and let us go get Cortney."

"Yes," Bloodette agreed with resolve, nodding to Wyatt she began to contact with Blood Rule Stream asking it to locate Cortney in Blood Rule Source using her innate blood rule rune and help her enter Blood Rule Source exactly at that location. So that they can retrieve Cortney before their limited time in Blood Rule Source was up.

As Bloodette communicated with the Blood Rule Stream, Wyatt patiently copied the vibrations of Bloodette in the physical plane and the vibrations of the Blood Rule stream in the spiritual plane. Because he was planning to mimic Bloodette to try and see if he would be able to gain Blood Rule Stream's favor. It was too good of an experiment if he was successful then he stood to gain a lot not just in terms of blood rule comprehension but other rules too.

That was possible because if this experiment were to succeed then he would seek out other supreme beings to copy their vibrations when talking with their respective rule stream. This way Wyatt could gain the favor of many rule streams however all of it depended on the success of this experiment.

"The Blood Rule Stream has located Cortney, it says she is fine and in a deep sleep," Bloodette reported to Wyatt in excitement and then blurted, "No wonder Cortney was not answering me and in a deep sleep," Bloodette reported to Wyatt in excitement and then blurted, "No wonder Cortney was not answering me whenever I tried to contact her using the connection between our innate blood rule rune."

"See, everything is fine. You were worked up over nothing. Now ask the Blood Rule Stream to help us enter Blood Rule Source right at Cortney's location," Wyatt said in anticipation.

Now that Wyatt knew Cortney was safe and sound. Wyatt could not help but get excited over the fact that he would be able to enter the Blood Rule Source, the place where Blood Rule was born. A place that was only accessible to the Celestial bodies and the ruler-class beings. But he was going to enter it. Even if it was just for a limited time, it was going to be a great opportunity. Any in the myriad realms would be willing to give up an arm or leg, just to feel a rule source let alone enter it.

"Wyatt, you sure you want to enter the Blood Rule Source? Cortney and I have a very high affinity to the blood rule, but you are different. You might lose yourself and become a blood rule slave just by being exposed to the Blood Rule Source. How about you stay behind I will go get Cortney?" Bloodette was worried that Wyatt's consciousness would not be able to adapt to the atmosphere of the Blood Rule Source causing him to lose his mind to the Blood Rule and become a blood rule slave.

"Blood Rule Slave?" Wyatt asked Bloodette in confusion.

"Yes, Blood Rule Slave or Rule Slaves, they are the beings that overestimate themselves and try to learn the mysteries of the rules directly from the rule source. As a result, lost themselves to the rules and became mindless beings attacking every being that tries to comprehend rules in the rule source. Each one of these Rule Slaves is an apex predator. As long as we do not try to comprehend the blood rule in the Blood Rule Source with Blood Rule Stream masking our breath we should not attract them. Because for some reason they do not target Realm's Will only other intelligent beings." Bloodette explained everything she knew about Rule Slaves to Wyatt in a single breath and added, "It is because of them I was worried when I learned Cortney was in Blood Rule Source. But now that Blood Rule Stream is watching over her, she should be fine."

"How do you know so much about Rule Source and Rule Slaves?"

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

?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 16:23

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Cave Dungeon

Wyatt had very little knowledge of the rule source, he didn't actively seek information about it knowing that he lacked both the strength and means to locate the rule source and enter it. After learning about rule slaves, Wyatt understood some things one cannot overreach for or it might cost one everything.

Such was the case of the rule slaves. These people overestimated themselves, they either lacked rule affinity to understand the mysteries of the rule source or lacked the strength to fight the rule slaves guarding the source. There was a lesson to learn in all of the rules.

"Didn't I tell you, I have been to the Blood Rule Source before?" Bloodette responded, it appeared that was all the explanation she was planning to give on that matter.

"You encountered blood rule slaves during your visit and the Blood Rule Stream informed you about them," Wyatt guessed, to which Bloodette nodded in agreement and added, "I had no idea that trying to comprehend blood rule at source would spell such a disaster. Fortunately, the Blood Rule Stream acted and masked my breath with its in time otherwise, I would have joined the ranks of Blood Rule Slaves."

"I see," Wyatt gazed at Bloodette with complicated eyes as she narrated her adventures at the Blood Rule Source. Many lost their lives trying to locate and enter Blood Rule Source but Bloodette talked about it as if it were her neighborhood park. He would have envied her had he not seen her at her worst.

"So, you stay behind. I will go get Cortney from the rule source," Bloodette still believed Wyatt did not have enough affinity to soak in the unbound mysteries of the Blood Rule Source.

"Don't worry about me, I have a very high synchronous rate almost nearing that of a newborn celestial," Wyatt rejected Bloodette's concerns. Thanks to the Dredre's pixie dust his synchronous rate has grown to the point where he could simultaneously exist on both planes, physical and spiritual. Similar to a celestial body.

"What?" Bloodette did not understand a single word Wyatt just spoke. Seeing her like this, Wyatt finally saw the Bloodette her remembers, listening to her go on about rule source and rule slaves Wyatt had begun to doubt if Bloodette was secretly a genius.

"Nothing, I am tagging along," Wyatt simplified and assured Bloodette, "Don't worry if I feel like I can't handle it I will return."

"That is if you get a chance to, whatever I will render you unconscious if you start acting out," Bloodette felt Wyatt's stubbornness to enter the Blood Rule Source even after knowing the potential risk was stupid.

"..." Wyatt wanted to remind Bloodette that she was no longer a Card Overlord but did not, remembering that she was blood rule itself, he thought she might indeed be stronger in the Blood Rule Source.

"Alright, have it your way. In a minute Blood Rule Stream will borrow my body to open the gate to the Blood Rule Source. So do not freak out seeing me act strange," Seeing Wyatt not showing any signs of changing his mind Bloodette gave up persuading Wyatt, and closing the dungeon seal shut she began to prepare herself to let the Blood Rule Stream possess her.

Wyatt nodded and then activated his soul pupils and other senses to monitor Bloodette in both planes as the Blood Rule Stream possessed her.

Soon the blood rocks in the cave began to glow rhythmically as Bloodette's sanguine eyes glowed with a deep red hue. Wyatt could feel a pressure he was very familiar with emitting from Bloodette, he felt the same pressure as he traveled the two blood rule meanings that he comprehended to completion.

With his soul pupils, Wyatt learned that Blood Rule Stream had not descended in Bloodette's body but merely used it as a key to open the gate to the Blood Rule Source. Before proceeding to open the gate, the Blood Rule Stream glanced at Wyatt with Bloodette's sanguine eyes before resuming its purpose.

Soon the blood rock cave began to drip liquid blood rule which gathered at Bloodette's foot, forming a puddle of liquid blood rule. The puddle was 6ft in diameter and a few inches deep. Soon the puddle froze reflecting the reflections of Bloodette and Wyatt. Then suddenly the reflection on the frozen puddle morphed to reveal a scarlet world. Ignoring the background, Wyatt focused on the sleeping figure in the front, it was Cortney. Expect for her deep sleep she appeared to be fine.

"Cortney," Bloodette's sudden shout awakened Wyatt from his contemplation.

"Last chance, Wyatt, you can still choose to stay back," Bloodette reminded Wyatt glancing at peacefully asleep Cortney.

"It doesn't appear that intimidating," Wyatt said looking into the gate.

"Not intimidating, huh? The gate is not open yet, there is a thin barrier stopping the mysteries of the blood source leaking into the dungeon seal," Bloodette rolled her eyes listening to Wyatt underestimate the Blood Rule Source.

"Ah, I see, the barrier is for my protection," Wyatt scratched the back of his head not knowing how else he could assure Bloodette that she did not have to worry about him losing himself to the mysteries of the Blood Rule Source.

"Yes, it is," Bloodette's worries were not unfounded because she knew the limits of a mortal. If not for worrying about Wyatt she would have rushed to Cortney's side.

"Aren't you sweet but let us not keep Cortney waiting," Wyatt looked at Bloodette with warm eyes, feeling his efforts to help her were not a waste. Then with a subtle smile, he declared, " Let us go bring Cortney home."

"Yes, let us bring Cortney back," Bloodette too declared and finally removed the thin barrier between them and the Blood Rule Source. As soon as the barrier vanished both Bloodette and Wyatt instead of entering the gate fell on the floor of the Blood Rock cave.

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?Date- 17 April 2321

Time- 16:36

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters, Blood Rock Cave Dungeon

'What the fuck is going on?' Wyatt yelled in his mind as his body had fallen asleep.

When Bloodette removed the barrier, a thin wave of soul energy entered the blood rock cave along with thick and pure blood rule energy, washing over Bloodette and Wyatt who stood right in front of the gate.

As soon as the ominous soul energy touched them both Wyatt and Bloodette instantly fell asleep. Well in Wyatt's case, only his physical body fell asleep while his spiritual body was saved by the shell of the dungeon calamity seed covering his calamity soul gem.

Bloodette had fallen into a deep sleep, similar to the one that Cortney was in. His spiritual body tried to awaken Bloodette in all ways possible but she was not responding to any of them. Wyatt immediately concluded that Cortney had not slept for days without any reason she had run into an unknown trouble. Wyatt too would have completely fallen prey to whatever was affecting her like Bloodette if not for his mutated ego gem. So he did not dare to step into the gate to fetch Cortney without fully grasping the situation.

Praising himself for using the cover of the dungeon calamity seed to create his viltronian core and then ego gem, Wyatt's spiritual body gazed into the gate trying to gauge the situation. This time he focused on the background instead of the asleep Cortney. But all he saw was a world in various shades of red. Considering this was the Blood Rule Source Wyatt guessed, 'Red represents the Blood Rule and each of its shades represents its different meanings.'

Even with different shades, it would be hard for the naked eye to differentiate things in the red world from outside but fortunately for Wyatt, he had Soul Pupils. Using them to scan the background carefully, he found various red creatures were asleep along with Cortney in that area, Wyatt did not notice them earlier with the red landscape masking them. Wyatt wondered if these were the so-called Blood Rule Slaves that Bloodette warned him about.

Unlike Cortney who had fallen asleep haphazardly, as if she was thrown there, the asleep red creatures looked like they had fallen asleep heading in a certain direction. Wyatt wondered if that was the direction where the ominous soul energy was coming from. If these creatures were the Blood Rule Slaves as he guessed then as the guardians of the Blood Rule Source they should be trying to remove the anomaly responsible for the ominous soul energy that was causing everyone it touched to fall asleep.

By the position where the blood-red creatures had fallen asleep, Wyatt guessed that not all of them were of the same strength. He guessed the creatures that were able to fall further in the direction from where the ominous soul energy was coming from were the strongest and those behind were weaker.

Regardless, seeing the source of the ominous soul energy was nowhere in sight Wyatt believed that it was far away from the gate. Since he had no idea when the gate to the Blood Rule Source would close, Wyatt planned to enter it and retrieve Cortney at the fastest pace his spiritual body could.

Navigating the surroundings of Cortney for one last time from the other side of the gate and finding that there was no threat in sight as the ominous soul energy in the atmosphere was putting all the rule slaves in deep sleep, Wyatt prepared to retrieve Cortney.

Wyatt could not help but sigh thinking maybe Cortney was lucky that she fell here of all the places in the Blood Rule Source. Thanks to the ominous soul energy she had instantly fallen asleep otherwise ignorant of where she was she would have tried using soul energy or comprehending blood rule. As a result, she would become the target of the Blood Rule Slave's wrath and ultimately die before Bloodette and he could come to her rescue.

Shaking his head, Wyatt's spiritual body stepped into the Blood Rule Source and felt the embrace of blood rule. As someone who was comprehending blood rule, Wyatt felt like

a thirsty person who had found an oasis in the middle of a desert. However constrained by time and fear of the unknown, Wyatt did not dare waste time thinking of what not. Nearing Cortney's body, he mobilized his celestial energy to carry Cortney. Then he hurried back to the gate.

However, Wyatt soon felt an ominous presence gain on him from behind. Knowing that he could not reach the gate before the unknown presence caught up to him, he used his celestial force to launch asleep Cortney into the gate.

Wyatt could have chosen to launch both of them into the gate but then neither of them would have managed to enter the gate as the unknown presence was gaining on them that fast. Doing simple math he knew, that to increase the speed he had to reduce the load. So Wyatt chose to stay behind and send Cortney through the gate while using his celestial force to cocoon him bracing for the impact of the unknown presence

"Futile effort," Wyatt heard a majestic voice from his behind. With no option, he turned to face an unknown presence to find a giant blood fog shaped like a serpent with three pairs of huge bat wings.

Glancing into the glowing eyes of the majestic presence Wyatt immediately knew what it was—

"Interesting, for a mortal, this one seems to be immune to my innate ability," the blood fog serpent's words interrupted Wyatt's train of thought.

"Don't tell me there are more beings like that devil," the blood fog serpent continued to mutter to itself aloud.

"No, this one is different from that one," blood fog serpent's glowing eyes scanned Wyatt's spiritual body from head to toe. then it addressed him asking, "Mortal, tell me what is your kind?"

"Esteemed Elder Anesthesia Dragon, I am a human," Wyatt answered

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?Date- -/-

Time- -/-

Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

"No, you are not a human," the Elder Anesthesia Dragon rebuffed Wyatt. "That feeble thing you just threw is a human. Whereas, you remind me of a frightening memory I chose to forget. Give me a minute; I will remember." The dragon spun around Wyatt, scrutinizing him from head to toe, front and back, as if attempting to recall when and where it had encountered something resembling him.

While the dragon wrestled with its memories, Wyatt attempted to reach out to the devil merchant code, hoping to access its inter-realm teleportation function within the blood rule source. Unfortunately, his fears were realized as he found he could contact the devil merchant code but couldn't access any of its functions. It appeared even the formidable devil merchant code was powerless within the rule source. However, just as he started to feel disheartened, Wyatt was astonished to discover that he could still utilize the privilege granted to him by the devil merchant code. This meant that the code could teleport his soul to any location across myriad realms, outside the confines of the rule source.

Learning this, Wyatt's concerns about being stranded in the Blood Rule Source began to ease. Now, he too started to scrutinize the blood fog vessel of the Elder Anesthesia dragon, much like it had assessed him. The concept of a soul inhabiting a vessel crafted purely from rules energy wasn't entirely unfamiliar to Wyatt; it brought to mind Rune Spirits.

"World Calamity Tree," the Elder Anesthesia dragon suddenly exclaimed. "I remember now. You are the human incarnation of the World Calamity Tree. No wonder you are immune to my ability. But I thought the Librarian destroyed the last seeds of the World Calamity Trees while tricking the pixie race into enslavement. I suppose even the Librarian is not as thorough as everyone thinks."

"World calamity tree?" Wyatt muttered in confusion. It sounded somewhat like the dungeon calamity seed, but he refrained from jumping to conclusions hastily. He couldn't recall reading about such a species of tree in any book. However, he mulled over the dragon's mention of the Librarian and the Pixies, realizing that the Elder Anesthesia Dragon before him was as ancient as the Librarian, knowledgeable about the atrocities committed against the Pixie race.

Aware that the Elder Anesthesia Dragon was not someone to be trifled with, Wyatt ceased all his subtle probing and patiently awaited an opportunity to escape using his devil merchant code privilege. He didn't dare to underestimate the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, recognizing it as among the elite, even within the ruler class. Who knew what formidable abilities it possessed? Wyatt refused to gamble with his life by relying solely on the shell of the dungeon calamity seed or the devil merchant code privilege. He knew he had only one chance at escape, and he was determined to make it count.

"A world calamity tree, that's what you are. Did you forget your true self? Judging by your strength, you seem too young to succumb to the curse of immortality and lose your memories. Are you injured? Furthermore, how did you gain entry into the Blood Rule

Source? This is not a place for your kind," the Elder Anesthesia Dragon remarked, surprisingly talkative for someone of its age and strength. Wyatt attributed its enthusiasm to its curiosity about the world calamity tree.

"Esteemed Elder Anesthesia Dragon, I must clarify that I am not a world calamity tree. I am a mere human who utilized the dungeon calamity seed as an ingredient to forge my demon core," Wyatt revealed his secret to the dragon, sensing it was in his best interest to dispel the misunderstanding and diminish its curiosity about him.

"Are you absolutely certain? Apart from your humanoid appearance, your spiritual energy bears a striking resemblance to the world calamity tree, and what exactly is a dungeon calamity seed?" The Elder Anesthesia Dragon appeared disappointed as it listened to Wyatt's explanation and attempted to negotiate with Wyatt regarding his identity, a notion that seemed utterly absurd to Wyatt.

"I am completely certain that I am a human, and this is a dungeon calamity seed," Wyatt affirmed, using his spiritual power to project the image of the dungeon calamity seed from his memories for the dragon to see.

"That's a world calamity tree seed. You are indeed a human incarnation of the world calamity tree," the dragon exclaimed upon seeing the image of the dungeon calamity seed, growing more convinced of Wyatt's identity as a world calamity tree who had taken on the guise of a human.

Wyatt was now certain that the dungeon calamity seed was indeed the seed of the world calamity tree the Elder Anesthesia Dragon spoke of. However, he chose to clarify the truth to the dragon, unwilling to exacerbate its misunderstanding.

"Sir, I am a human who unwittingly utilized a seed of the world calamity tree to forge my demon core," Wyatt explained to the Elder Anesthesia Dragon earnestly, revealing his deepest secrets.

"Why do you persist in denying your true identity? Aside from the unmistakable spiritual shell of a world calamity tree's seed, which is impervious to all spiritual attacks, a human does not possess a spiritual body as robust as yours, capable of withstanding the boundless mysteries of the Blood Rule Source at the demon master realm, nor do they possess celestial force. How do you account for these attributes?" The Elder Anesthesia Dragon's tone suddenly shifted, causing Wyatt to feel a surge of fear.

"Do you take me for a fool? Or are you concerned that I might betray you to the Librarian?" the dragon added, sensing Wyatt's apprehension. Upon hearing this, Wyatt's nerves gradually calmed.

"Your Highness, then how do you explain a world calamity tree entering the rule source?" Wyatt pointed out respectfully. He feared angering the dragon yet, he

persisted in trying to dispel its misunderstanding, realizing he did not know its intentions regarding him or a world calamity tree.

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[ 1,007 words ]

## Chapter 1870 Customs

?Date- -/-

Time- -/-

Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

Wyatt had no idea why the World Calamity Tree was not allowed entry into the Rule Source, he only knew about it once the Elder Anesthesia Dragon babbled about it earlier. But to clear the misunderstanding he did not hesitate to use the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's word against it.

Seeing the dragon lost in its thoughts, Wyatt knew his bet worked. Then he subtly glanced at the gate connecting Bloodette's dungeon seal and the Blood Rule Source hoping it closed before the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's interest shifted to it.

Wyatt had yet to learn what the Elder Anesthesia Dragon was capable of as an ancient ruler class. He felt that if it wanted to kill him the shell of the world calamity tree's seed would not be able to protect his feeble soul against the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's might and ancient knowledge. Hence, he was very careful around the Elder Anesthesia Dragon. As such he did not dare to go along with the dragon's misunderstanding.

Wyatt observed that the dragon didn't immediately attack upon seeing them, leading him to believe it wasn't the ferocious kind like the ones depicted in fairy tales. Its curiosity about Wyatt's resistance to its power suggested it might not have even noticed them otherwise, perhaps simply choosing to ignore their presence.

Wyatt realized that all the misunderstandings arose from his ability to resist the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's sleep breath. He understood that the quicker he could make the dragon lose interest in him, the sooner he could escape from its influence. The only way he knew to achieve this was by clearing up the dragon's misunderstanding about his identity. Hence, despite the risk of angering the dragon, he continued to insist that he was human and not a world calamity tree.

As for the blood rule source, Wyatt quickly lost interest in it as soon as he assessed the strength of the rule slaves slumbering around him and realized each one of them was a ruler-class strong. Any one of these beings posed a formidable challenge for Wyatt at his current level.

In addition to the ruler-class rule slaves, other beings were roaming the blood rule source, adding to the peril. Fortunately, the Elder Anesthesia dragon Wyatt encountered was friendly, showing curiosity rather than hostility. If it had been another being in the dragon's place, they likely would have killed anyone who dared to enter their domain.

The danger of the blood rule source became abundantly clear to Wyatt, erasing any allure it may have held for him. All he wanted to do now was escape from here as quickly as possible.

"How am I supposed to know that? You are the world calamity tree; you tell me how you were able to enter the rule source," the Elder Anesthesia Dragon suddenly spoke up, snapping Wyatt out of his train of thoughts. Listening to the dragon's words, Wyatt couldn't help but wonder how it had managed to survive for so long.

"Besides, how stupid do you think I am to believe that a human managed to create a perfect demon core using the seed of a world calamity tree as an ingredient?" The Elder Anesthesia Dragon's disdain for humans was evident in its words. It wasn't surprising, considering that in the dark realm, races outside of it were viewed as primitive races with very little knowledge and history.

Wyatt stared blankly at the dragon, at a loss for words. The Elder Anesthesia Dragon's skepticism was justified. The card apprentice Wyatt knew lacked the knowledge to even crack the shell of a dungeon calamity seed until Wyatt arrived. Heck, they did not truly know what it was. How could someone like them possibly use such a seed as an ingredient? Consequently, Wyatt decided to let the dragon lead the conversation, recognizing that his opinion held little weight in its eyes.

The only thing that seemed to work in Wyatt's favor was that he managed to keep the dragon distracted until the gate connecting the dungeon seal to the blood rule source had closed. Knowing that he had left clones behind in both the dungeon seal and the seed world, Wyatt wasn't concerned about the girls misunderstanding his unresponsive body and worrying unnecessarily.

Now, all Wyatt had to do was wait patiently for the Elder Anesthesia Dragon to lose interest in him or provide an opportunity for him to use his devil merchant code privilege to escape and obviously not get killed by the dragon or an unexpected rule slave in the process.

"Why are you silent? Answer me," the dragon demanded, its glowing eyes fixed on Wyatt.

"Your Highness, I wouldn't dare to deceive you. If you insist that I am a world calamity tree, then so be it," Wyatt conceded, deciding to yield to the dragon's misguided belief.

"Finally," the Elder Anesthesia Dragon cheered upon hearing Wyatt agree to its arrangement. Then, with a gentle assurance, it spoke, "Don't worry, I will not harm you or sell you to the Librarian. The ancestors of the Anesthesia Dragon Race and the World Calamity Tree were friends long ago. Just follow me, and I will protect you from the Librarian and anyone who wants to harm you."

"Wait, the custom dictates that an Anesthesia Dragon should offer the World Calamity Tree a sacrifice on our first meeting. I have just the right offering. Follow me to my body; I have something you will love," the blood fog vessel of the Elder Anesthesia dragon conveyed before carrying Wyatt to where its real body was asleep, leaving him no chance to reply.

Upon reaching the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's body, Wyatt was astonished by the range of the dragon's sleep breath. It extended nearly 50 miles from where he had entered the blood rule source. Realizing the potency of the dragon's sleep breath, which could affect ruler-class rule slaves so far away, Wyatt felt grateful that he hadn't underestimated the dragon despite its apparent friendliness.

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?Date- -/-

Time- -/-

Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

Ruler-Class was a title given to beings in the myriad realms closest to achieving transcendence. The Librarian of the Infinity Library, the stupid Elder Anesthesia Dragon that Wyatt just met, and the asleep blood rule slaves were the perfect examples of Ruler-Class.

As for the Devil Merchant Code, the sentient spell, there was doubt surrounding its actual realm, if it had not achieved transcendence by now, then it should be the being that was very likely to achieve it and worthy of the title of strongest under transcendence.

Meanwhile, Demigod Norley, Field Marshal Heatsend, the Southern Ruler, and the Masters were only the closest to achieving transcendence in the Card World. A devil of Belphegor's level was able to give them a challenge for their money, let alone the

Librarian, the stupid Elder Anesthesia Dragon, and other ruler class beings. They could not hold a candle against them.

Not all Ruler Class beings were the same, Wyatt had no idea how they were ranked as not much was available about the Ruler Class even for an executive VVIP member of Infinity Librar. It was a very tightly-lipped circle, and one had to be a Ruler Class to learn anything related to them. However, Wyatt knew that when a being could detect the rule source and enter it using any rule by themselves then that being had entered the ranks of the ruler class.

The rule source was an amalgamation of various rule sources. They acted as an entry to the source. Even a ruler class does not have access to the entire rule source, they could only enter the rule source of the rule they had high affinity to. Similar to how the Blood Rule Stream could only enter the Blood Rule Source and not another rule source.

Only the celestial bodies held that privilege of accessing all the rule sources. This was why their will fragments made an excellent way for the ruler class beings to increase their affinity to the rules of their choice.

Seeing how the Elder Anesthesia Dragon was able to knock out the Rule Slaves who held the strength of a ruler class at a minimum, 50 miles away from its true body, Wyatt believed the Elder Anesthesia Dragon was ranked top in the Ruler Class. Meaning it was not lying when it claimed that it could protect Wyatt from the Librarian.

If not for the misunderstanding, Wyatt would have welcomed the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's friendship. He knew that friendships built on lies were doomed to fail and that the truth was bound to come out sooner or later. Wyatt was worried that the Elder Anesthesia Dragon would feel it had been tricked and hold a grudge against him when it learned that Wyatt was not the World Calamity Tree.

Capable of dream escape, the Elder Anesthesia Dragons were considered one of the best assassins in the Myraid Realm. This meant that if Wyatt were to make an enemy of an Elder Anesthesia Dragon then he could never enjoy a sleep and would always be on the watch for an assassination attempt. Considering the realm difference between them, it would only take a second for the Elder Anesthesia Dragon to not only track and kill Wyatt in sleep but destroy the card world.

If Wyatt were to die he would blame himself for being incompetent but if he were to drag the entire card world with him then he could rest even his death. This was the reason why Wyatt was so cautious around the Elder Anesthesia Dragon.

Due to the Belphegor invading Card World and the Northern region's human sacrifice incident, Wyatt has come to realize that his actions have grave consequences. If he were to make a powerful enemy that he cannot defeat in the Myriad Realms, then escape was no longer an option because the Card world would end up paying for his dine-and-dash.

This was why had created alternate identities using his Myriad Devil Transformation and Soul pathway vibration control to hide his true identities while dealing with powerful beings. But this time, however, he was caught off guard underestimating the dangers of the Blood Rule Source.

Now that the Elder Anesthesia Dragon was familiar with his spiritual and soul energy signature, it could not only track Wyatt but catch him anywhere in the myriad realms using its Dream Escape ability. Putting a stop to Wyatt's plan of escaping using his devil merchant code privilege. No wonder it called his effort to bring Cortney to safety a futile effort. As long as it has gotten a lock on her spiritual or soul energy signature it could track her down anywhere in the Myriad realms using its dream escape ability.

Now, Wyatt was doing his best to ensure that the Elder Anesthesia Dragon and he did no part on bad terms. This was not going to be easy because though the Elder Anesthesia Dragon was friendly toward him but it disgraced his opinion because of his lack of strength.

So Wyatt could only think of the next best thing, which was figuring out what the Elder Anesthesia Dragon wanted from a World Calamity Tree. If he could help the dragon with its need then well and good but if he could not, he believed if he searched hard enough he could find another Dungeon Calamity Seed in Card World and exchange it for his freedom. That was only possible if the dragon did not kill instantly out of rage. All the scenarios Wyatt could think of ended up with him dead.

"Don't space out I know I am majestic. Especially my scale they couldn't be brighter," the Elder Anesthesia Dragon tooted its own horn, seeing Wyatt lost in thought staring at his sleeping body. Then it added, "Find a suitable place and lay your roots while I fetch your gift."

'Lay my roots? How the hell am I supposed to do that?' Wyatt panicked, listening to the Elder Anesthesia Dragon suddenly ask him to settle next to its sleep body. But then recalling that the shell of the calamity dungeon seed was enough for him to use the Myriad Devil Transformation and morph into the World Calamity Tree. Wyatt locked eyes with the stupid Elder Anesthesia Dragon, and agreed, "Sure."

Wyatt looked around as if searching for a suitable spot and said, "Esteemed Elder Anesthesia Dragon, forgive me for the late introduction but I am Dalton Wyatt."

Wyatt decided to be honest through and through because Wyatt did not want to give a chance for the Elder Anesthesia Dragon to blame or believe that Wyatt was tricking him on purpose. If the dragon doesn't kill him out of rage then he can explain to the dragon that he was not at fault as he only did what it asked him to do.

"Dalton Wyatt? That sounds like a savage's name. From now your name is Nazaka Vriksh," the Elder Anesthesia Dragon changed Wyatt's name without asking for his opinion. Then it continued to say, "It seems you do not know anything about your

ancestors, to think you believed you are a human. I guess with all of them destroyed, your existence is already akin to a miracle. Don't worry, I will help you gather the knowledge your ancestors left behind."

Wyatt stared at the blood fog vessel of the dragon blankly. It was too busy going through its storage space, whose coordinates were fixed with its true body, searching for the present it planned to gift Wyatt.

The reason Wyatt introduced himself to the Elder Anesthesia Dragon was that he hoped to learn about its name and learn more about it. But the stupid dragon was suddenly acting aloof. It did not even bother to introduce itself to him. This was not a good sign. After all, even a master tells their name to their slaves.

Shaking his head, Wyatt used his soul pupils to find a spot where he could best comprehend Blood Rule. With the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's true body comprehending blood rule in its sleep, Wyatt could not find any suitable spot for blood rule comprehension in its surroundings. But he did not dare to complain about this to the dragon seeing that getting what it wanted it was slowly acting indifferent toward him.

So far Wyatt had tried to not use his soul pupils on the Elder Anesthesia Dragon since the Field Marshal can sense them, then the Elder Anesthesia Dragon can too. But he accidentally caught a glimpse of the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's tail to find that its scales were contaminated with peculiar stains that were only visible to his soul pupils and not his naked eyes. Wyatt closely examined the stains to feel a sense of revulsion for them from the core of his being, and blurt out a cry of disgust, "Ewww!"

"What's wrong?" the Elder Anesthesia Dragon asked with a frown.

"Your majesty your scales are contaminated with a dark stain. The stain seems to be spreading with time," Wyatt informed the Elder Anesthesia Dragon what he saw honestly.

"What are you talking about?" the Elder Anesthesia Dragon asked Wyatt in confusion as it felt its scales could not be more radiant and vibrant.

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?Date- -/-

Time- -/-

Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

At first, Wyatt was amazed by the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's majestic and imposing presence. Its long beard, spanning from under its lower jaw down its neck, exudes an aura of age and wisdom. Long whiskers extending from its snout add to its regal appearance, while its mouth, lined with rows of razor-sharp teeth, hints at its formidable strength.

The dragon's body is adorned with bright white scales, tinged with a sanguine hue, creating a striking contrast against its dark surroundings. Massive wings, capable of spanning several city blocks when fully extended, further emphasize its immense size and power. Atop its head, a pair of sharp horns adds to its commanding presence, completing the image of a truly formidable creature.

But now that Wyatt's Soul pupils had captured the disgusting dark stain spreading across its scales, Wyatt would not truly appreciate its majestic appearance. Once he had seen what lay hidden within the beauty, he could no longer look at it the same way. Even with the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's spiritual vessel breathing down his neck.

The Elder Anesthesia Dragon looked at Wyatt with a frown. Just as everyone likes to be called beautiful, similarly, everyone hates to be called ugly—it was no different for the dragon. Bored out of its wits hiding in the Blood Rule Source, the Dragon was happy to find a friendly face. However, upon seeing the friend criticize its beautiful scales, the Dragon lost its generosity for the friend in this holy but foreign land. If the friend did not provide a good explanation, then it would have to—

"Your Majesty, let me explain," Wyatt immediately spoke up, interpreting the intrusive thoughts entering the Dragon's mind, sensing its favorability toward him decrease.

Wyatt could have chosen to stay quiet about the dark stains spreading across the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's scales, but he decided to inform the Dragon about it believing that by helping the Dragon find the hidden danger in its body, it would owe him one. This way, he aimed to win its true favor rather than the superficial one it was currently showing him. Wyatt believed that if the Dragon owed him a favor, it might grant him his freedom or at least listen to his opinion.

"Go ahead," The Elder Anesthesia Dragon gave Wyatt a chance to explain, indicating its willingness to listen. This gesture suggested that the Dragon was not lying when it claimed that the World Calamity Tree and the Anesthesia Dragon race were allies before the Librarian hunted down the World Calamity Trees to extinction.

Before proceeding with his explanation, Wyatt utilized his Myriad Devil Transformation skill to morph his spiritual body into an Elder Calamity Treant, the third form of the Dungeon Calamity Seed. Typically, any transformation using the Myriad Devil Transformation skill was easy to adapt to the new form and felt comfortable. However, upon transforming into an Elder Calamity Treant, Wyatt not only adapted quickly but also felt more than comfortable—he felt weirdly familiar with it.

This feeling was familiar to Wyatt, reminiscent of the sensation he experienced in his human form. It was as if he was an Elder Calamity Treant by birth. Astonished by this discovery, Wyatt pondered if using the dungeon calamity seed to create his viltronian core was the reason for this uncanny familiarity. Other than that, he couldn't think of any other explanation.

The reason Wyatt chose to morph into the third form of the dungeon calamity seed was because he felt that his opinion would hold more weight in the Dragon's eyes if it were to come from this form than his human form. This would only add to its misunderstanding, but if it were to help him get the Dragon to owe him a favor why not? After all, he was already knee-deep in the stupid dragon's misunderstanding there was no turning back now. Might as well use it to ensure his safety.

"Ah, you look more pleasing in this form, Nazaka. Why did you leave your physical body behind? I miss the fragrance of your kind. Let us go, get it," the Elder Anesthesia Dragon expressed, confirming Wyatt's expectation that it preferred seeing him in the third form of the dungeon calamity seed over his human form.

Seeing the Elder Anesthesia Dragon open a gate to Bloodette's dungeon seal, Wyatt hurriedly informed, "No need, Your Majesty. I regrew a new physical body in here."

Wyatt was shocked by the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's powerful command over space rules, allowing it to directly open a space gate to Bloodette's dungeon seal from within the Blood Rule Source. Meanwhile, the Field Marshal could not even peer into the dungeon seal if Bloodette were to close its gate.

Now, Wyatt was even more sure that he was right to give up trying to escape using his devil merchant code privilege. The Ruler Class were truly different from average Demigods and Devils. No wonder Belphegor did not dare to find trouble with his Chaos Dwarf persona despite suffering a loss under him.

"That's good too, lay your roots next to my main body. Your fragrance will help me have pleasant dreams," The Elder Anesthesia Dragon ordered. Previously, it had given Wyatt a choice, but now it directly ordered him where to lay his roots. It seemed that it had not forgotten about his comment on its scales but chose to overlook it while venting through passive-

aggressive behavior.

From the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's actions so far one thing was clear to Wyatt, that the Dragon seemed to value his World Calamity Tree identity very much, going as far as to tolerate the things that it did not like about him. This made Wyatt more curious about the relationship between the World Calamity Tree and Anesthesia Dragons. After all, being considerate of a demon master rank tree was a very rare sight for a Ruler-Class being like the Elder Anesthesia Dragon. However, before delving into that, he had to

warn the dragon about the disgusting stains covering its scales. Now that he knew it was tolerant toward him, he could try to be more persuasive in his approach.

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## Chapter 1873 Shortcut

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Time- -/-

Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

"Sure thing, Your Majesty," Wyatt agreed. With his body reconstruction skill, the calamity soul gem within him began to grow a new body. Taking the form of a towering 150-meter-tall Elder Calamity Treant, Wyatt walked over to the sleeping Dragon and decided to plant his roots 100 feet away.

During this process, Wyatt was astonished to find that the Sleep Breath ability of the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, which had managed to render his human body asleep from 50 miles away, did not affect his Elder Calamity Treant Body that was 100 ft away from it. Even the Ruler-Class rune slaves were helpless against the dragon's sleep breath, but his Elder Calamity Treant Body was completely immune to it. Wyatt also noticed that the tree's innate fragrance was more prominent in this form compared to his human form.

This prompted Wyatt to wonder if the calamity daughter gems created in this form were better than the ones created in his human form. Wyatt made a point to note this down, as he wanted to experiment to see if the calamity daughter gems created in his Elder Calamity Treant form were more efficient and held any other surprises compared to the ones created in his human form.

"It has been so many centuries since I last smelled this fragrance," the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's true body's breath rhythm eased, showing that it was enjoying the fragrance of the Elder Calamity Treant.

Seeing the dragon's true body show not even a hint of obsessive behavior even after smelling the calamity treant's fragrance from so close, Wyatt wondered if it was because of the realm difference between them or if the Dragon was immune to the World Calamity tree's fragrance.

If the latter were true, then Wyatt could envision the World Calamity Tree and the Anesthesia Dragon becoming allies. With both races being immune to each other's prominent racial talents, the chances of them allying over becoming enemies were very likely.

Indeed, without the World Calamity Tree's innate fragrance that drove other beings mad and compelled them to consume its seeds, it was only left with its slave army to defend against predators. Similarly, without their sleep breath, the Anesthesia Dragons relied solely on their high defense to protect themselves from predators.

After some contemplation, Wyatt realized that the sleep-

breath ability of the Anesthesia Dragon complemented the innate fragrance of the World Calamity Tree. The stronger and more sentient a being, the higher the chances of them resisting the mental corruption of the World Calamity Tree's innate fragrance and escaping, especially those that are far from the tree. However, asleep targets, regardless of their realm, were easier prey for the tree's fragrance and more tempted to consume its seeds.

A slave created using the combination of the Anesthesia Dragon's and the World Calamity Tree's abilities would serve as nourishment for both entities. The dragon could feed on the vitality of beings that had inhaled its sleep breath, just as the tree could also feed on the vitality of the beings it enslaved. In this way, the slaves created using the combination of their abilities would act as a buffer between them, sustaining the alliance between both the dragon and the tree.

As this thought crossed Wyatt's mind he could guess why the World Calamity Tree and the Anesthesia Dragons chose to ally. They were likely co-dependent on each other. But this also meant both of them exposing their vulnerability to each other. The Anesthesia Dragons were most venerable when awake while the World Calamity Trees were most venerable at close range. If the Anesthesia Dragon chose to sleep next to the World Calamity tree through its sleep and awake cycle, then they both would be exposing their vulnerability to each other. Allowing them to gain other's trust.

Making these assumptions, Wyatt frowned because he now felt that gaining his freedom from the Elder Anesthesia Dragon was not going to be as easy as he had thought. The dragon was clearly showing signs of grooming him, or his World Calamity Tree persona, for its purposes.

Had Wyatt not created a life for himself in the Card World, he would not have minded using the help of the Elder Anesthesia Dragon to achieve Ruler-Class power in the shortest time possible. Though it had its obvious demerits, it also had its merits, especially the fact that Wyatt could find the relaxed life he was seeking with it by his side. However, that meant giving up on the life he had created for himself in the Card World and having an ancient dragon as his benefactor.

Due to the contamination of the disgusting stain on the dragon, Wyatt struggled to discern the dragon's sex with the help of his soul pupils. These stains were evidence that the dragon had powerful enemies, indicating that his peaceful life by its side would be short-lived. Wyatt realized that there were no shortcuts to achieving his dream; only he could make his dream come true.

Shaking his head, Wyatt no longer entertained the idea of taking the easy route. The path he was already traveling might be long and arduous, but it felt right for him. It was filled with excitement and challenges, unlike the one the dragon could offer him. Wyatt was beginning to cherish the journey and the companionship of the friends he had made along the way. The emotional scars he had acquired on Earth were healing in the Card World. This moment of hesitation only served to strengthen Wyatt's resolve as he embraced the challenges ahead, knowing they would not only lead him to what he sought but also give him the strength to protect it when he acquired it. That was the point of all his struggle, gaining the strength to protect what was precious to him, both physically and spiritually.

No longer hesitating, Wyatt resolved to confront the dragon about the disgusting stain, regardless of how dismissive it might be of his opinion, he would do everything in his power to free himself from the dragon's grasp.

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?Date- -/-

Time- -/-

Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

"My soul and body feel so at ease and relaxed, ah~. With your innate scent's help, I should be able to skip my upcoming awake period and slumber peacefully for another millennium. Wouldn't that be wonderful? Ah~," the serpent-shaped blood fog vessel of the dragon's spiritual body exclaimed in pure bliss as its true body went into deeper sleep.

Listening to the Elder Anesthesia Dragon unveil the true motive behind its fascination with the World Calamity Tree, Wyatt realized that a portion of his speculation was accurate: the Dragon wasn't just immune to the World Calamity Tree's fragrance, but the scent actually aided it in sleeping for extended periods, effectively nullifying its sole

vulnerability. It was no surprise that once it confirmed Wyatt's identity as the World Calamity Tree, the Dragon was willing to overlook Wyatt's previous remarks about its scales. Wyatt had long suspected that the Dragon intended to raise him as its pet, but now he understood the reason behind it.

"But I'm uncertain if the disparity between our realms will diminish the potency of your inherent fragrance. There's still another decade before I truly require it. That should provide ample time for you to digest one of the sleeping rule slaves to break through to the devil rank or if you're fast and efficient enough even ruler class. Let's not leave anything to chance," the Elder Anesthesia Dragon remarked cautiously.

Listening to the Dragon's offer to assist him in attaining devil rank or even ruler class, Wyatt remained untempted due to his strengthened resolve. However, when in the form of the World Calamity Tree both physically and spiritually, he could harness all its abilities. Specifically, he could consume the corpses of the blood rule slaves to bolster his growth. Yet, doing so would render him more World Calamity Tree than human until the day his realm as a Card Apprentice surpassed his realm as a World Calamity Tree. Wyatt, still deeply attached to his humanity, couldn't entertain the Dragon's offer at present. However—

"Your Majesty, I deeply appreciate your consideration. Your generosity will forever be remembered," Wyatt expressed, intending to address the dark stains contaminating the dragon's scales after he had accomplished his new secondary objective.

"Hahaha, Nazaka, please, there's no need for such formality. Given the history of our races as allies, it's only fitting for me, as the stronger of the two, to help you," the Elder Anesthesia Dragon remarked, though appearing aloof, it seemed to have a weakness for flattery. Wyatt understood that if he were to deliver a few more compliments he could regain its lost favor towards him in no time.

"Your Highness, if that is the case, then I eagerly anticipate enhancing my strength to be of use to you," Wyatt intended to say "repay you," but reconsidered, realizing it might not be the most suitable word to win the Dragon's favor. Using "repay" could imply that he planned to leave the Dragon once he was strong enough, which would likely anger the Dragon, as it was attempting to groom him as its sleeping-aid tool. Therefore, he opted for the word "use" instead, signifying his submission to the Dragon's guidance and authority.

"I appreciate your enthusiasm. With time being limited, let me fetch a few corpses so you can commence your practice immediately," the Dragon expressed, highly satisfied with Wyatt's attitude. Who did not like a well-mannered slave?

"Your Highness, if I may," Wyatt called out to the dragon, who was preparing to procure the corpses of the sleeping rule slaves to use as manure for the World Calamity Tree.

"Yes, Nazaka, what is it?" the Dragon paused in its flight and asked.

"Please forgive my impudence, but I would prefer the core of the rule slave over there instead of their corpses. I believe refining its core is the quickest path for me to ascend to the devil realm or beyond," Wyatt informed the Dragon, hoping to complete his secondary objective.

"That rule slave, just the fact that it could approach so close to my true body without succumbing to sleep shows its remarkable power. Furthermore, its transformation into a blood-rule slave is complete; it's now one with the blood-rule source. Are you certain you'll be able to refine its core?" the Elder Anesthesia Dragon frowned as it scrutinized the rule slave Wyatt had pointed out, recognizing it as one of the most formidable adversaries that had attempted to attack him. The Elder Anesthesia Dragon wondered whether a demon master could successfully refine its core. It didn't want Wyatt to bite off more than he could chew, as it would be counterproductive and a waste of time—time being the only thing they lacked right now.

"Your majesty, I have been comprehending blood-rule, though my attainments in it are not high, I think I should be able to refine that blood-rule slave's core and ascend to the devil realm," Wyatt continued to persuade the Elder Anesthesia Dragon to help him get the core of the completely transformed blood rule slave.

Wyatt's persistence in obtaining the core of a fully transformed blood-rule slave stemmed from his belief that it would enable him to utilize his myriad devil body skills to transform into a blood-rule slave. This form would not only enhance his blood-

rule affinity, but it would also align with the form best suited for his 12 blood curse incarnation form, thereby augmenting its power. Since Wyatt was unwilling to sacrifice his humanity to achieve rapid growth, this endeavor was crucial for preserving his frail human existence by increasing his explosive strength, though temporarily it got the job done when defeating Belphegor's World Hog incantation.

"Well, Nazaka, if you insist," the Elder Anesthesia Dragon reluctantly agreed, feeling that the World Calamity Tree should have the best understanding of what was most suitable for its practice. Listening to the Elder Anesthesia Dragon acquiesce to his request, Wyatt felt relieved, knowing that his secondary objective was almost complete.

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Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

The Elder Anesthesia Dragon's spiritual body, encapsulated within the serpent-shaped blood fog vessel, promptly dissected the rule slave and retrieved its core for Wyatt. Handing the blood-rule slave's core to Wyatt, the dragon added a few words of encouragement, "Here, with this core and your racial talent, you should be able to ascend to the devil realm within this decade. I anticipate great things from you."

Before leaving Wyatt to practice, the dragon didn't forget to remind him, "I haven't forgotten about your customary gift on our first meeting. This rule slave's core isn't it; I have something more special. I just don't recall where I placed it in my storage space. Just give me a moment to sort through the items. Your present should be buried amidst the mess."

'Can't he just use his spiritual sense to scan his storage space and find the gift in there?' Wyatt wondered to himself. However, knowing that aside from being aloof and susceptible to flattery, the dragon was also lacking in common sense, Wyatt decided not to remind it. He feared that bringing attention to its forgetfulness would embarrass the dragon and potentially diminish his favorability points with it.

As if the Dragon had read Wyatt's mind, it explained, "The storage space is lined with the highest-grade heathen stones and SSS-rank spiritual sense isolation array formation as a security measure against the Eternal Thief Guild. So I cannot use my spiritual sense to scan the storage space to search for your gift. Let me tell you, Nazaka, if you ever encounter those bastards, they will strip you bare with their unique space rule arts. Well, with your current realm, they would simply sell you to the highest bidder. But don't worry, you have me to protect you now. I will not allow any harm to befall you." If not for its blood-fog vessel even the Dragon's spiritual body could not access its storage space.

For a brief moment, Wyatt was almost frightened, thinking that the seemingly dim-witted Dragon could somehow read his mind. However, upon hearing its reassurance of his safety, he realized it was simply engaging in casual conversation.

Wyatt had learned about the Eternal Thief Guild when exploring the devil merchant code; they were considered a semi-ruler class force. He hadn't expected even a ruler class entity like the Elder Anesthesia Dragon to be wary of them. However, given their mastery of mystical space-rule arts and the mystery surrounding their base location, they were indeed an annoying pest in the Dark Realm.

"Nazaka, continue your practice; it will take me some time to sort out the mess in here," the blood-fog vessel of the dragon informed Wyatt, its gaze fixed on the storage space, whose coordinates were linked to its true body.

Wyatt also caught a glimpse into the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's storage space, and he was astonished. The space within the Dragon's storage exceeded even the void in his seed world. He observed about a dozen celestial bodies within, each being nourished by three artificial suns. If Wyatt had previously been proud of his seed world, he was no longer after witnessing the Dragon's utilization of celestial bodies in its storage space, akin to shelves in a bank vault. Indeed, the Dragon was not exaggerating when it mentioned that it would take some time to organize the chaos within its storage space.

"Your Majesty, you have done so much for me. It would be heartless of me to continue and ignore the hidden danger threatening you," Wyatt suddenly spoke aloud, surprising the dragon with his emotional declaration.

"What do you mean?" the Dragon blurted out in total bewilderment. It was pleased with the sentiments Wyatt was expressing, but it had absolutely no clue about the hidden danger he was referring to.

"Your Highness, you must trust me on this. There is indeed an ominous stain contaminating your majestic body, starting from your scales—" Before Wyatt could continue, the Dragon thundered, "Again with that nonsense!"

Wyatt didn't back down, understanding that the Elder Anesthesia Dragon plans to rely on the World Calamity Tree to extend its sleeping stage so it would never kill him. He continued his act, adding, "Your Majesty, even if it risks angering you, I must speak the truth. You could kill me, and I wouldn't mind, as my life was granted by you. However, you must listen to me. You may have already noticed that my eyes possess a unique ability. They reveal to me that your scales' aura is being tainted by an ominous stain. If left unchecked, who knows what peril it may bring upon you."

"You... you..." The Elder Anesthesia Dragon was speechless, at a loss for words on how to counter Wyatt's assertions. If the World Calamity Tree had rebelled, the Dragon could have employed force to subdue it. However, seeing that the World Calamity Tree was willing to risk its life out of concern for him, who was accustomed to getting his way as an apex loner through force, now found himself unsure of how to handle the current situation.

"Your Majesty, you can punish me later as you see fit for my impertinence. But if you are willing to grant me a scale of yours, I can show you what I am talking about," Wyatt spoke passionately, his voice filled with so much emotion that it struck an emotional chord in the dragon's heart, a chord that hadn't been touched for ages.

Listening to Wyatt's words the Elder Anesthesia Dragon was moved to the point where it momentarily set aside its vanity and agreed to Wyatt's selfless request. "Very well, but if you fail to substantiate your claims, you are never to bring up this matter again," It stipulated firmly, willing to part with one of its magnificent scales of its own accord.

"Thank you, Your Majesty. I could never betray your trust in me," Wyatt expressed enthusiastically, appearing grateful for the Dragon's agreement to his request.

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"Here," the Blood fog vessel of the Elder Anesthesia Dragon reluctantly plucked a scale from his tail with a hint of sadness, then handed it to Wyatt without any hesitation.

"Thank you, Your Majesty. I will show you what I am talking about," Wyatt said, extending a branch of his Elder Calamity Treant body to collect the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's scale.

Wyatt immediately separated that branch from his main body, and it took root on the surface, forming a wooden hand that appeared to have sprouted out of the surface to hold the scale.

The scale of a young Anesthesia Dragon was worth two devil-grade ingredients, indicating that the scale of a ruler-grade Elder Anesthesia Dragon would be priceless. Yet, Wyatt felt no allure for it, as it was tainted.

Wyatt did not want to touch the disgusting scale regardless of its worth in the market, but he knew that letting his repulsion surface would hurt the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's feelings. So, he went as far as instantly separating the branch that collected the scale from the Dragon.

The Elder Anesthesia Dragon's vessel suddenly responded staring at the newly formed scale, "It seems there is truth to your words."

"Your Majesty?" Wyatt asked the Dragon in surprise. Until now, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon had been very dismissive of Wyatt and unwilling to listen to his claim of a disgusting stain contaminating its body starting from its scales. Now, the Dragon was agreeing with Wyatt even before he had the chance to prove that his claims were not false. Wyatt wondered what brought about this change.

"I sensed a delay as my lost scale recovered; it wasn't instantaneous. This never happened before, even amidst battle. It could only mean something has dampened the sense of the scale's roots in my body, as you suggested," the Elder Anesthesia Dragon spoke with authority. When asleep, its recovery rate was almost instantaneous. However, now, for some reason, even when deeply asleep, its scale did not recover instantaneously.

Listening to the Dragon, Wyatt nodded in understanding and asked, "Your Majesty, may I use my unique eye ability on your body?"

"Um, sure," the Dragon agreed, nodding its serpent blood fog head.

With the Dragon's permission, Wyatt activated his soul pupils and scanned the entire true body of the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, starting from the newly formed scale. He found that the newly formed scale was born contaminated, with the stain covering it brighter than the other scales. Wyatt then recalled to his naked eye that the scale was dimmed in radiance compared to the other scales, meaning that the newly formed scale was more contaminated than the rest.

"So, what did you find?" the Dragon asked, no longer doubting Wyatt's claim as it too could feel the difference in the newly formed scale and its old scales.

Wyatt took a moment to carefully choose his words, mindful not to unsettle the Dragon. While the Dragon was no longer as dismissive of his words as before, it still didn't fully trust him. Wyatt understood he needed to tread carefully, especially considering he didn't know how the Dragon would react upon seeing the disgusting stains spreading across its body. The contamination from the stain was slow, and it was uncertain how long it had been present on the Dragon's body. If Dragons took pleasure in grooming themselves like cats, then the Elder Anesthesia Dragon might come to regret learning the truth about the appearance of its vibrant scales, which it was so proud of.

Wyatt utilized his spiritual power to project a 3D hologram of the Dragon's true body and proceeded with his explanation, "Your Highness, this is your body as you can see now, and this is your body as I see it with my unique eyes." Wyatt then projected a second 3D hologram of the Dragon's true body, this time with three-fourths of its body covered in disgusting black stains, right next to the first one so it would be easier for the Dragon to compare.

Wyatt opted to use the holograms instead of showing the Dragon the real thing using the scale it gave him because the actual contamination was even more repulsive than the stains depicted in the hologram. He hoped that this would prepare the Dragon for the blow it was going to receive learning the truth.

"What the heck is that disgusting thing? I don't believe it. How come I cannot sense its presence when it has spread over three-fourths of my body?" the Dragon exclaimed in disbelief.

"Your Highness, let me," Wyatt said, as he proceeded to mobilize his roots to encircle the branch holding the Dragon's scale, forming a simple array formation using his own body. The Elder Calamity Treant's body was very handy for array formation because of its capability of producing infinite branches and roots, which were incredible ingredients for setting up array formations.

"That's a simple separation array formation," the Dragon pointed out, wondering what Wyatt was planning by using such a basic array formation. It believed if the dark stains were mystical enough to escape its senses, then how could a basic array formation be able to help it see the stains? Besides, it cleans itself with liquid soul energy. It failed to see how Wyatt's basic array was going to be of any help here.

"Yes, Your Majesty. Please be patient," Wyatt nodded. The Dragon was right; the array formation he was using was indeed basic. However, that was all that was required to separate the disgusting stain from the Dragon's scale.

Any other cleansing methods, even high-level cleansing array formations, would fail to wash the stain as it was masking itself as part of the Dragon's body. However, with a separation array equipped with proper parameters regarding what it needed to separate, the array could effectively remove the stain from the Dragon's body, even if it was masquerading as part of the Dragon's natural form.

With Wyatt's command, the separation array formation commenced. Wyatt personally took command of the array instead of letting it operate autonomously because he wanted to use his soul pupils to guide it and ensure the complete removal of the dark stain covering the scale. After all, even if the scale was tainted once, it was still a priceless treasure in the end.

Soon, under the scrutiny of the vigilant Dragon, the shimmering white scale separated into two scales. One looked like the original shimmering clear white scale, while the other was a dark scale that, when looked at with microscopic vision, revealed a disgusting mixture of dark and revolting tentacles joining together to take the shape of the scale.

"What the heck is that? To think something so revolting has been contaminating my body without my knowledge. How ridiculous is this?" The Elder Anesthesia Dragon yelled furiously, its blood fog vessel taking several steps back in shock upon seeing the true nature of the black scales.

The Elder Anesthesia Dragon's vessel wasted no time in expressing its shock and anger. Instead, it rushed to its asleep true body and covered itself in an SSS-rank version of the basic separation array to rid itself of the invisible filth covering its body.

However, to the Dragon's surprise, regardless of how it operated the array formation, it was unable to separate any filth from its body. Then it realized that the dark filth was

exhibiting a similar energy signature as its own body. So, it turned to Wyatt, saying, "Nazaka, it seems I need your eyes' assistance to get rid of the filth covering me."

"My pleasure, Your Majesty," Wyatt said, and he moved his spiritual sense to help the Dragon guide its array formation.

As Wyatt focused his spiritual sense to assist the Dragon, he delved deeper into the intricate workings of the separation array. With his unique eye abilities, Wyatt could discern the subtle differences between the Dragon's true form and the contaminating filth. Together, they adjusted the parameters of the array, fine-tuning it to specifically target and extract the dark filth without harming the Dragon's body.

With each adjustment, they observed as the array began to effectively separate the filth from the Dragon's scales. It was a delicate process, requiring precision and patience, but gradually, the tainted filth started to separate, revealing the Dragon's true radiance.

"Nazaka, did we get all of it?"

"Yes, Your Highness."

The Elder Anesthesia Dragon let out a sigh of relief as it felt a sense of ease, knowing its majestic body was now free of all the contamination. Its vessel body jaw dropped, witnessing the transformation, marveling at the power of Wyatt's unique abilities and the synergy between him and the array.

However, just when the Elder Anesthesia Dragon was thinking that the worst was over, the filth that they had just separated from its body gathered, forming a blob of dark filth. Witnessing the ominous response of the filth, both Wyatt and the Dragon stared at it in vigilance.

The dark blob quivered and writhed, pulsating with an unsettling energy. It seemed to possess a malevolent consciousness of its own, defying all the views of the Elder Anesthesia Dragon.

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The murky mass of filth trembled and contorted, throbbing with an unsettling rhythm. Seeing this the traumatized Elder Anesthesia Dragon yelled in fury, "Stay away from my body you filth."

Utilizing its serpent-shaped blooded fog vessel, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's spiritual form harnessed the power of the blood rule, forcefully propelling the repulsive mass of filth several miles away from its body. The Elder Anesthesia Dragon was so disgusted by the filth that it was unwilling to use its spiritual sense to push the blob away directly.

Once the blob was at a safe distance from its true form, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon gathered a huge amount of blood rule energy above the filth and invoked the blood rule's blood explosion meaning, aiming to obliterate the filth. However, to its surprise, instead of vaporizing, the filth fragmented into chunks, scattering across the surface of the blood rule source.

As Wyatt witnessed the Elder Anesthesia Dragon gathering blood rule energy sufficient to fill a small sea and preparing to detonate it, he couldn't help but ponder the immense impact the filth had on the Dragon's psyche to compel it to mobilize its entire strength. Despite considering the Dragon's action as potentially excessive, Wyatt opted to remain silent. Was the Dragon overreacting? No, it wasn't. After all, nobody could remain unaffected upon learning that they had been sleeping in such disgusting filth for who knows how long.

Observing the filth raining down on the surface of the blood rule source, instead of being vaporized as expected, Wyatt realized that the Dragon's reaction was not overkill but rather insufficient. It became evident that the blob of filth was not to be underestimated, as it seemed resilient to even the formidable power of a Ruler Class Elder Anesthesia Dragon.

Still, Wyatt sighed in relief, knowing that the Elder Anesthesia Dragon had the foresight to push the filth far away before attempting to detonate it. Otherwise, all of them—the Dragon's true body, its vessel, Wyatt, and the sleeping rule slaves—would have been covered in chunks of filth. Since it was not clear what the filth was capable of, the Dragon's judgment to keep them far from all beings was praiseworthy.

However, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon and Wyatt were still not out of danger, as the chunks of filth scattered across the surface of the blood rule source began to wriggle and crawl towards one another, almost as if they possessed a consciousness of their own. Seemingly intent on reuniting to reform into a single blob of filth.

"Blood Cloud," the Elder Anesthesia Dragon cried out, dividing its blood fog vessel into two. One portion continued to serve as the vessel for its spiritual body, while the other transformed into a sanguine-colored cloud, streaking towards the area of the blood rule source where the chunks of filth were scattered. Upon reaching its destination, the Blood Cloud expanded rapidly until it enveloped the entire affected area. Then, it began to crackle ominously, resembling a dark cloud before a storm.

As thunderous sounds echoed through the air following scarlet flashes illuminated the enormous blood cloud and cast an eerie glow. The chunks of filth began to crawl and rejoin at an accelerated pace as if they could sense the impending threat looming above them.

"Let's see you survive this, Bloody Smite," the Elder Anesthesia Dragon muttered to itself before commanding the blood cloud to unleash its fury upon the scattered filth. In response, a wide-

spread pillar of sanguine lightning with a scarlet glow enveloped the entire affected area, leaving no piece of filth spared.

Gazing at the blinding expansive sanguine pillar of lightning, Wyatt marveled at its sheer magnitude, spanning almost a few hundred miles in radius. Moreover, the pillar of lightning persisted for a full ten minutes, during which the Elder Anesthesia Dragon showed no sign of exhaustion or replenishing its energy. Deep down in his mind, Wyatt couldn't shake the feeling that this display of power was far from the true limit of the Elder Anesthesia Dragon.

'Ruler Class beings are indeed terrifying,' Wyatt noted to himself, fully aware that even his most powerful form, the '12 Blood Curse Incarnation Form,' would not have survived the blood rule explosion from earlier, let alone the bloody smite. If it weren't for his calamity soul gem granting partial immortality through its pseudo-calamity soul, Wyatt wouldn't even entertain such reckless thoughts.

When the lightning pillar cleared, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon was surprised to find the pieces of the filth were still present and had not vaporized as it hoped. However, unlike the last time when the scattered filth immediately recovered from the explosion and tried to rejoin, the pieces of filth remained unresponsive.

"Nazaka, are they vanquished?" the Elder Anesthesia Dragon inquired of Wyatt, its senses unable to ascertain the status of the filth. This was one of the reasons why it treated the filth with such seriousness and also why it had ceased the bloody smite attack to assess the situation. Otherwise, it would have continued the attack until either it or the filth succumbed to exhaustion.

"No, Your Highness, they are in a state akin to unconsciousness. They should recover soon," Wyatt replied after checking the status of the filth with his soul pupils. He reported back to the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, expressing awe at the filth's tenacity.

"Nazaka, can your special ability discern the weakness of that filth?" the Elder Anesthesia Dragon inquired. Its senses were failing when it came to the filth, so it had to rely on Wyatt's unique eye ability to devise a way to vanquish it.

"Your Highness, I—" Wyatt hesitated, debating whether to reveal the truth about the filth to the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, unsure if it was ready to hear it.

Observing Wyatt's hesitation, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon frowned but then nodded in understanding the reason behind his hesitation. Then it reassured Wyatt, saying, "Nazaka, speak what you see. You don't have to hide any information to spare my feelings."

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"Then, Your Highness, please forgive my rudeness," Wyatt politely said before he began, feeling a weight lift off his shoulders as he prepared to reveal the truth.

The news Wyatt was about to disclose to the Dragon was exceptionally sensitive, particularly for the Elder Anesthesia Dragon. He needed to ensure that the Dragon wouldn't react explosively, unable to handle the truth. This was especially critical considering Wyatt had witnessed firsthand the Dragon's formidable power and knew that he wouldn't be able to evade its pursuit in the myriad realms.

Wyatt then informed the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, "As of now, all I can tell you is that the filth is born from the fusion of your energy with the energy of an unknown entity, most likely a ruler-class entity with remarkable tenacity that could affect reality itself. However, if you give me some time, I can analyze the data at my disposal to provide you with a more comprehensive report."

As Wyatt completed his report, he sensed a sudden increase in pressure in the atmosphere, and it was evident that the source of this change was the Elder Anesthesia Dragon. Wyatt dared not make any subtle movements, for he had just reported to the Dragon that the Filth was, in some sense, born from it—it was a part of it, and in certain contexts, considered akin to its offspring.

A long silence hung in the air, and the longer the Elder Anesthesia Dragon remained silent, the more uncertain Wyatt felt. He was prepared to utilize his devil merchant code privilege to transport his soul into a pseudo-calamity soul gem next to Cuth Diya in the Dark Realm at even the slightest sign of hostility from the Elder Anesthesia Dragon.

"It moved, Your Highness," Wyatt cried aloud and continued, "It is moving faster than before. A lot faster."

"Hmm," hearing Wyatt's exclamation, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon snapped out of its thoughts and turned its attention to the pieces of filth, observing them crawling at a speed akin to that of a devil-grade entity. Then, as if struck by a realization, it muttered to itself, "I suddenly sense a familiar presence from it."

The scattered chunks of filth across the blood rule source's surface exhibited an astonishing display of agility and coordination as they wriggled and crawled at an unprecedented speed. Driven by an innate instinct to reunite, each fragment of the filth seemed to possess a singular purpose, moving with synchronized precision toward pieces of filth nearest to them. Despite their fragmented state, they appeared to communicate with each other through some unseen force, guiding their movements to converge seamlessly.

As the scattered chunks of filth across the blood rule source's surface exhibited their astonishing display of agility and coordination, Wyatt and the Elder Anesthesia Dragon watched in stunned silence. Their expressions mirrored a mix of shock, disbelief, and growing apprehension as they witnessed the fragments wriggling and crawling at an unprecedented speed.

Wyatt's mind raced with a flurry of thoughts, his usual composure shaken by the surreal scene unfolding before him. He couldn't help but feel a creeping sense of fear at the sight of the filth's relentless determination to regroup. The sheer speed and efficiency with which they moved sent shivers down his spine, sparking doubts about their ability to contain the looming threat.

Wyatt's fear intensified as he grappled with the realization that the filth was not solely born from the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's power but from the union of two ruler-class beings. This revelation struck him with a profound sense of dread.

As Wyatt had observed the filth's unsettling capabilities such as dampening the Dragon's abilities and spreading across its body by feeding on its residual energies, Wyatt couldn't shake the disturbing thought that the filth might be a harmful organism akin to a parasite implanted in the Dragon by the other ruler-

class being. If this were indeed the case, then the sudden explosion of activity displayed by the filth's fragments could indicate that the original owner of this filth—the other ruler-class being—had become aware of the Dragon's discovery and was retaliating.

The fact that the Dragon suddenly said that it felt a familiar presence from the filth added merit to Wyatt's speculation.

The prospect of a ruler-class battle erupting within the blood rule source sent a chill down Wyatt's spine. He realized that he might soon bear witness to a clash of titans, a confrontation between two beings of immense power vying for dominance.

Beside Wyatt, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon remained equally transfixed, its usually aloof demeanor replaced by a palpable sense of unease. Despite its formidable power, the Dragon couldn't hide the flicker of concern in its eyes as it watched the chunks of filth converge with alarming speed.

The Elder Anesthesia Dragon's sudden unease was compounded by the energy signature it suddenly detected emanating from the filth. This signature stirred memories of its most shameful and dreaded past, awakening a deep-seated fear that it had long thought buried. Never in its wildest dreams did the Dragon imagine that there would come a day when it would once again sense the dreaded presence that haunted its darkest memories.

As the realization sank in, the Dragon's stoic facade cracked, revealing a glimpse of the terror that gripped its heart. The echoes of its past transgressions reverberated through its being, filling it with a sense of dread and foreboding. In that moment, the Dragon found itself confronting the specter of its past, a past it had desperately tried to escape but now confronted with chilling clarity.

In mere moments as Wyatt and the Dragon were consumed by uncertainty and fear, the scattered chunks of filth coalesced into a singular, ominous blob, their movements synchronized in a mesmerizing display of unity. The newly formed mass exuded an aura of malevolence.

Wyatt ceased his gaze upon the repulsive mass of filth and turned his attention to the Elder Anesthesia Dragon beside him, seeking a sort of assurance for the upcoming threat. However, his expectations were dashed upon witnessing the distressed mental state of the Dragon.

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'Why am I always stuck with unreliable teammates?' screamed Wyatt inwardly as he observed the Elder Anesthesia Dragon losing its composure, sensing a familiar presence emanating from the blob of filth.

Observing the proud Dragon in such a vulnerable mental state, Wyatt could only deduce that whoever had planted the filth upon it must possess greater strength. The Dragon's helplessness against the filth served as compelling evidence of this.

Since Wyatt found himself powerless against the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, it goes without saying that he would be equally powerless against the entity that even the Dragon feared. However, the pressing question now loomed: what exactly was the blob of filth, and what were its intentions? The Hive AI diligently worked to unravel the mysteries surrounding the filth, drawing from the data Wyatt had gathered. As for filth's current objectives now that it was whole again, Wyatt activated his soul pupils to scrutinize its activities.

The blob of filth pulsed, contracting and expanding in a rhythmic pattern akin to a beating heart. Then, abruptly, it flattened horizontally turning into a 2D circle before elongating vertically forming a rectangular shape, resembling a door or gate. Witnessing this transformation, Wyatt hastily exclaimed, alerting the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, "Your Majesty, the blob of filth is summoning someone. Most likely the owner of the presence you mentioned earlier."

Wyatt's outcry jolted the Dragon from its daze, causing it to focus on the blob of filth, now resembling a gate to a dungeon. Unconsciously, it blurted out, "This is bad. I don't want to face that freak again."

Listening to it, Wyatt's expression turned stiff. Then at the risk of angering the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, he said, "Your Highness, should we retreat before whoever the gate of filth is summoning arrives?"

"What? Why would you even suggest such a thing to me? Do you think I'm weaker than that freak? I'm not, okay. It's just that, that freaky bastard fights dirty. And when I say dirty— wait, why am I explaining this to you? Just shut up and watch as I return that bastard tenfold the shame I suffered that night," proclaimed the Elder Anesthesia Dragon aloud, with particular emphasis on the last part. Wyatt sensed that the final words were directed more toward the Dragon itself rather than him.

Listening to the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's rambling, Wyatt felt a sense of confusion. He couldn't discern whether the Dragon was asserting its strength or expressing doubt.

"Besides, he's already here," the Dragon suddenly added, giving Wyatt the impression that it, too, had contemplated retreat but concluded they hadn't acted quickly enough.

"Nazaka, just in case, run as far as you can. I will contact you when I am done here," the Elder Dragon ordered Wyatt, resolutely staring at the gate of filth.

Following the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's instruction to flee, Wyatt's towering 150-foot Elder Calamity Treant form swiftly restructured into a 150-foot-long root that looked like a long wooden serpent dragon with its leaves acting as its scales. He prepared to burrow into the surface of the Blood Rule Source with the rest of its roots that were already branched out underground, intent on running as far away as possible.

Despite Wyatt's attempt to escape, a formidable blood-rule domain suddenly enveloped the area, thwarting his efforts. In response, then the Elder Anesthesia Dragon summoned its blood-rule domain, engaging in a fierce clash with the opposing domain. As the two domains collided, the pressure on Wyatt's body lessened slightly, but he remained ensnared within their confines, unable to break free.

With no escape in sight, Wyatt scanned the surroundings for the origin of the hostile domain. His search led him to behold two enormous gray humanoid hands, each large enough to accommodate the filth gate, pressing together as they peered into the blood rule source from the other side of the filth gate. As the hands maneuvered through the filth gate, they parted to grasp onto either side, commencing a process of stretching the gate. Gradually, the gate widened enough for the being to extend its legs through, providing leverage for the hands to further stretch the gate until the entirety of the being's body could pass through.

As Wyatt gazed upon the colossal humanoid devil emerging from the filth gate, he was struck by a sense of astonishment at the creature's formidable physique. Every inch of its massive form was adorned with well-defined muscles, rippling beneath its gray, demonic fur. The creature exuded an aura of power and strength, its physique reminded Wyatt of the legendary champions of Earth's Mr. Olympia competitions, albeit with a sinister and furry twist.

The devil's muscular build exerted an unfathomable pressure on its surroundings, creating an imposing presence that dwarfed everything in its vicinity. Each movement it made seemed effortless yet brimmed with latent power as if it could shatter mountains with a mere flex of its colossal limbs.

As Wyatt took in the sight of this otherworldly being, he couldn't help but feel a surge of trepidation at the sheer might it possessed. In the face of such overwhelming power, he knew that confronting this creature would be an immense challenge even for the Elder Anesthesia Dragon.

The ginormous gray devil stood within range of the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's sleep breath ability, yet it seemed unaffected by the dragon's power. Instead, the devil took a deep breath, inhaling a large amount of the dragon's sleep breath, and stood tall and imposing as before.

As the master of the filth covering its body revealed himself, the blood fog vessel housing the spiritual essence of the Elder Anesthesia Dragon stood poised and emitted a resounding cry with determination, its crimson mist swirling with fervent energy in anticipation of the impending skirmish,

"Wardragon form, activate!"

"Dream Rule Rune: Sleep Golem, activate!"

"Blood Rule Rune: Blood Puppet, activate!"

With the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's warcry, Wyatt shifted his attention from the ginormous gray humanoid devil and focused on the Dragon's blood fog vessel, only to see it dissipate the next second— 'Fuck, did it escape without me?' were Wyatt's first thoughts.

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In a panic, Wyatt hurriedly followed the spiritual body of the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, witnessing its return to its true body undergoing a transformation amid a veil of blood fog. Relief washed over Wyatt as he realized the Dragon had not chosen to escape alone. Had the Dragon opted to escape using its Dream Escape ability, the massive gray devil would have surely targeted him. Even if Wyatt's status as the only World Calamity Tree did not interest the devil, it would still have pursued him simply for being by the Dragon's side, believing Wyatt and the Dragon were acquainted.

In an instant, the blood fog surrounding the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's true body dissipated, revealing the Giant Dragonoid—a fusion of dragon and humanoid form—standing with its eyes closed, seemingly asleep.

'It must be the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's Wardragon form,' Wyatt mused, observing the Dragonoid. Its iconic long beard remained unchanged, while its twin horns formed a crown atop its head. The long pair of wings folded neatly on its back, and its whip-like tail swept the blood-ruled surface unable to sit still, it wasn't clear if it was out of excitement for the upcoming battle or out of uncertainty.

Wyatt quickly deduced that the spiritual body of the Elder Anesthesia Dragon was controlling the dormant body of the Dragon using the runes Sleep Golem and Blood Puppet. However, before he could finalize his conclusion, he noticed that the countless rule slaves who had succumbed to the Dragon's sleep breath ability suddenly rose to their feet, still in a state of slumber.

Observing the rule slaves now standing, Wyatt realized that they had been transformed into sleep golems, and were being manipulated with precision through blood puppet rune by the Dragon. Once again, he was astonished by the remarkable abilities of the Dragon.

"Nazaka, hide. I will end this quickly, once and for all," the Elder Anesthesia Dragon said, throwing a huge turtle shell-like shield his way.

Wyatt extended his branches to catch the shell shield and hid under it. Just then he heard the ginormous humanoid devil say, "My dear Raul, we finally meet."

"Don't ruin my beautiful name by calling me that, you disgusting freak," the Elder Anesthesia Dragon yelled furiously hearing the devil give it a nickname. It appeared as if just the sight and sound of the devil were enough to stir the Dragon's rage.

"Feisty as ever I see, just the way I like it" the devil replied vulgarly. The dragon's rage only seemed to add to the excitement of the devil. Confusing Wyatt, who happened to be peeping on the two of them.

"Do you know how many young and elder Anesthesia Dragons I had to sleep with to try and recreate our night together?" the devil uttered with profound sorrow, each word heavy with the weight of its emotions.

"Don't you dare speak of that night!" the Dragon roared furiously, its anger palpable in the air. Despite its agitation, however, the Dragon refrained from launching an attack on the devil before it. The memories of the consequences of such actions were still fresh in its mind, serving as a potent reminder of the danger of recklessness.

Despite the devil's attempts to provoke it with references to that unfortunate night, the Dragon exerted control over its raging emotions. It understood that in the face of such a formidable opponent, maintaining composure was paramount. Rather than succumbing to a petty provocation, the Dragon focused on its strengths, recognizing that agility and strategy were its greatest assets in this confrontation. Refusing to be goaded into a rash response, the Dragon stood firm with its own calculations.

"How can I not bring that up? That night, you appeared in my dream and stirred up emotions within me that I didn't even know existed. Just as I was starting to relish the satisfaction, you vanished, leaving me stranded. Since then, I've searched for you tirelessly, yearning to recreate the passion we shared that night, but you've remained out of reach. Forced to cope, I sought solace in the arms of other Anesthesia Dragons, but no matter how many encounters I've had, none have been able to come close to erasing the memory of you and that night," The devil's response was laden with disappointment and anguish, revealing the depth of its longing for the Elder Anesthesia Dragon. It made no attempts to mask the pain, the raw emotion in its voice perfectly expressed its true feelings.

However, the devil's words fell into the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's ears as a mockery of its existence. The Dragon's anger flared at the devil's mocking words, refusing to be provoked by its false claims. As the devil persisted in its accusations, recounting the pleasure it had discovered in the wake of their encounter, the Dragon's fury reached its boiling point.

"How dare you mock me? Others might be afraid of your family, but I am not one of them. Since you have come to my doorsteps on your own accord, then let me complete my assassination mission which I could not that night," the Elder Anesthesia Dragon was pissed, listening to the devil. It kept claiming that because of the dragon, he discovered a new realm of pleasure and to satisfy it he hunted down and defiled the other Anesthesia Dragon. Especially since the Elder Anesthesia Dragon was nowhere to be found.

The Dragon could not help but erupt, as the devil blamed him for its actions of hunting and defiling other innocent Anesthesia Dragons. The Dragon did not let the devil's words get to it as it believed even without it the devil had already been hunting down the anesthesia Dragons. Which is why it attempted to assassinate him in the first place.

Fueled by righteous anger, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's emotions erupted in response to the devil's accusations, refusing to bear the blame for the atrocities it had committed. The Dragon stood firm in its conviction, unwilling to let the devil's words sway its resolve. Despite the devil's attempts to shift the blame, the Dragon remained steadfast in its belief that its only mistake was failing to assassinate the devil that unfortunate night.

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Concealed beneath the protective cover of the turtle shell shield, Wyatt remained alert, attuned to the discourse unfolding around him. Before him stood the imposing figures of the Elder Anesthesia Dragon and the colossal muscular devil, engaged in a tense exchange of words. Despite the Dragon's evident fury, it hesitated to make the first move. On the other hand, the muscular devil exuded an air of indifference, displaying no inclination towards aggression as if it had stumbled upon a long-lost affection. Wyatt observed them with a mixture of apprehension and fascination.

Wyatt, harboring apprehension over the looming specter of battle, experienced a wave of relief upon witnessing the apparent reluctance of the Elder Anesthesia Dragon and the muscular devil to engage in direct conflict. Yet, beneath this relief simmered a

twinge of disappointment. He had hoped that amidst the clash of these formidable rulers, he could seize the chaos as a diversion for his escape to the sanctuary of the Dark Realm, where he could lie low and evade the tumult of impending strife for a few precious days. However, with the anticipated confrontation now hanging in an uncertain balance.

Despite the initial disappointment, Wyatt found a glimmer of hope amidst the tension-ridden scene unfolding before him. The subtle dynamics at play hinted at a potential resolution that could favor his escape plans. Observing how the muscular devil asserted its dominance by invoking its blood rule domain first, Wyatt discerned that its primary objective might not be to engage in direct combat with the Elder Anesthesia Dragon. Instead, it seemed intent on preventing the Dragon from evading its grasp once more. Conversely, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's visible agitation suggested that it was compelled to either confront the muscular devil head-on or retreat, both of which could escalate into a full-blown battle. Wyatt recognized that patience would be his greatest ally in this precarious situation. By biding his time and closely monitoring the unfolding events, he could seize the opportune moment to execute his escape plan while the attention of the formidable beings remained fixated on each other.

In the tense atmosphere all three, the dragon, the devil, and the tree, calculated their next moves. "You are the dragon from the myths, the one that got away," Wyatt blurted upon a sudden realization, his voice trembling slightly with a mix of awe and trepidation. Wyatt's words cut through the silence like a knife, shattering the fragile equilibrium that had thus far been maintained.

As Wyatt's words reached the ears of the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, a wave of burning rage that had engulfed it moments before was swiftly extinguished by a chilling sense of embarrassment. How could it not know Wyatt's unmistakable reference to the infamous folklore of the Anesthesia Dragon Lover/Slayer? This tale, woven into the fabric of Dark Realm lore, had been recounted countless times, a stain on the otherwise illustrious record of the Elder Anesthesia Dragon.

The dragon's pride crumbled under the weight of this revelation, leaving it feeling exposed and vulnerable. It longed to bury its head in shame, to hide from the piercing scrutiny of Wyatt. Yet, constrained by the exigencies of the moment, it masked its inner turmoil behind a facade of impassivity, outwardly displaying no reaction to Wyatt's revelation.

Listening to the colossal muscular devil reflect on a night when the Elder Anesthesia Dragon visited it in its dreams and stirred up emotions within it that it didn't even know existed. Then, hearing the Elder Anesthesia Dragon recount the same night from its perspective narrating its failure to assassinate the muscular devil on that fateful night. It didn't take long for Wyatt to grasp the conversation's context; he immediately recalled the dark realm's folklore of the 'Anesthesia Dragon Slayer/

Lover.'

'To think I am standing among the myths of the Dark realm,' Wyatt reflected, his thoughts ran with newfound information recalling the names of the legendary figures involved in the lore: the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, the Dream Assassin, known as Raukaul Maar, and its adversary, the genius prince, Mamas Mulias, the Deviant Devil.

As this realization dawned on Wyatt, he understood the deeper significance behind the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's reluctance to disclose its name. It wasn't due to pride or arrogance, as he initially assumed, but rather a profound sense of shame and vulnerability. The dragon, Raukaul Maar, feared that by revealing its name, Wyatt would uncover the dark secrets of its past, the past it couldn't bear to face. Wyatt's heart swelled with empathy for the powerful creature before him. Here was a being of immense strength, feared even by celestial bodies, yet burdened by the weight of its shameful past.

With the revelation of the true identities of the Elder Anesthesia Dragon and the mighty muscular devil, Wyatt's understanding of their history deepened, fueled by the lore of the dark realm's Anesthesia Dragon Slayer. This newfound knowledge only intensified his sympathy for the dragon. It had sought vengeance for its tribe by targeting their killer, yet instead of achieving justice, it suffered a grievous defeat. Not only did the dragon fail to vanquish the murderer, but it also became a victim of sexual defilement, igniting a perverse fascination within the murderer's heart. This twist of fate only compounded the hardships for the dragon's tribe, adding a layer of tragedy to an already sorrowful tale.

As Wyatt cast a gaze of pity upon the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, he suddenly felt a murderous stare fixated on him. It emanated from the colossal muscular devil, its eyes glaring at him with malice. Suddenly, it spoke, directing its words at him.

"A World Calamity Tree? To encounter such a pest in the Blood Rule Source of all places. It appears the Librarian has failed in his duty to rid the myriad realms of these pests. Allow me to assist in rectifying this," the colossal muscular devil declared arrogantly, its voice tinged with disdain for both the world calamity tree and the Librarian.

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Although the muscular devil initially paid little attention to the World Calamity Tree, its perspective shifted when it witnessed how mere words from the nuisance provoked a drastic change in the unstable Elder Anesthesia Dragon's demeanor. The dragon's fury redirected towards the devil but this time it was fueled with newfound resolve.

Recognizing the significance of the pest to the dragon, the muscular devil devised a plan to provoke the dragon further by targeting the pest. True to the devil's expectations, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon swiftly intervened to shield the pest from harm, diverting its attention away from the devil's intended target.

As Wyatt observed the Elder Anesthesia Dragon stepping in to shield him, a sense of relief washed over him, softening some of the anger he harbored toward the dragon. It was reassuring to see the dragon prioritize the protection of its people. However, Wyatt remained wary, knowing that the dragon's formidable size might not be sufficient to safeguard him from the muscular devil's potential harm. The Hive AI's deduction had revealed troubling information: the devil seemed to possess a reality manipulation ability. This realization added a layer of complexity to Wyatt's predicament, as it suggested that traditional means of defense might prove inadequate against the devil's powers.

Upon the completion of the Hive AI's processing of the soul records of the filth extracted by Wyatt's soul pupils, a startling revelation emerged: the filth that had contaminated the dragon did not originate from reality but rather from an illusion. Wyatt found himself perplexed by this revelation, struggling to make sense of its implications.

However, as Wyatt pondered further, a recollection surfaced in his mind—the last encounter between the Elder Anesthesia Dragon and the muscular devil had occurred within the realm of dreams. In that confrontation, the dragon had attempted to assassinate the devil using its dream escape ability.

Suddenly, pieces of the puzzle began to fall into place. It became apparent that the filth contaminating the Elder Anesthesia Dragon might be tied to its dream encounter with the devil, explaining the illusionary origin of the filth and suggesting that the supernatural abilities exhibited by the devil might have the capability to turn illusion into reality.

Wyatt realized that the formidable muscular devil possessed the ability to transform illusions into actuality, which greatly diminished the elder anesthesia dragon's chances of prevailing in a confrontation. Short of utilizing its dream escape capability, Wyatt struggled to envision a scenario where the dragon could emerge victorious in such a battle. It wasn't that Wyatt underestimated the dragon; rather, it was widely acknowledged that the Anesthesia Dragon tribe boasted unparalleled defensive capabilities when asleep, coupled with formidable offensive prowess in the realm of dreams.

However, the muscular devil was impervious to its sleep-breath ability, the Elder Anesthesia dragon found itself stripped of its two most potent weapons: sleep breath

and dream field. As a result, it had effectively lost nearly half of its strength. In stark contrast, the muscular devil seemed completely at ease, no wonder the devil showed no haste in launching an attack; instead, it savored the dragon's turbulent emotions with the delight of savoring a delectable dish.

Wyatt sensed that the Elder Anesthesia Dragon was cognizant of this predicament, which explained its reluctance to charge recklessly regardless of its fury toward the devil, despite possessing numerical superiority with its blood-rule slave sleep golems.

"Raul, how shall we proceed?" inquired the muscular devil, its confidence in victory apparent. "I don't mind allowing the pest to witness me express my love for you, but if you prefer privacy, I have no qualms about killing it before we begin."

"Silence, you wretched bastard!" roared the Elder Anesthesia Dragon in a fit of rage.

In a crescendo of fury, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon unleashed its command, "Shut up, you damn bastard! Blood Puppet explosion!"

With the force of its rage, about ten of the stationary sleep golems, their visages devoid of expression, surged forward with astonishing velocity towards the muscular devil. Their movements were swift and calculated, akin to silent predators closing in on their prey.

These sleep golems, obedient to the dragon's will, moved with purpose, converging upon the devil with deadly intent. With each step, they closed the distance, their determination unwavering. As they reached the devil, their movements synchronized, encircling the infernal creature with an ominous aura.

In an act of ultimate sacrifice, the sleep golems lunged towards the devil, their grasp tight and unwavering. In that moment of contact, they triggered their explosive essence, prepared to detonate themselves along with their target.

As the ten sleep golems closed in on the muscular devil, mere meters away from their target, the devil's response was swift and devastating. With a flex of its muscles, the devil unleashed a powerful shockwave that rippled through the fabric of space itself. Instantaneously, the space around the devil erupted into a swirling vortex of razor-sharp blades, each edge honed to lethal perfection.

The torrent of space blades tore through the air with unstoppable force, slicing through the ten sleep golems with merciless precision. Despite their proximity to the devil, the golems stood no chance against this onslaught. Their bodies were rent asunder, reduced to nothing more than scattered fragments that littered the surface of the blood rule source.

The dragon's desperate gambit had been thwarted, its puppets obliterated in an instant by the devil's overwhelming power. The battlefield now bore witness to the grim

aftermath of this clash, with the dragon left to confront the harsh reality of its defeat. Yet, amidst the chaos and destruction, the determination in the dragon's eyes did not diminish which signaled that the struggle was far from over.

"Raul, I will take this as a yes. It seems you're keen on starting with foreplay as always. Fine by me," the devil laughed aloud, its voice echoing across the blood-soaked battlefield with a sinister undertone.

Observing everything unfold, Wyatt stayed silent, patiently waiting for his opportunity to execute his escape plan at any moment.

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'The legends were true. Even the towering peaks of the dark realm pale in comparison to the sheer might of the deviant devil's muscles,' Wyatt pondered as he watched in awe. 'Could this be the epitome of physical prowess? Muscles so potent they can alter reality itself?' he mused, witnessing the deviant devil effortlessly kill ten rule-slaves with a mere flex.

"Blood puppet amalgamation!" In response to the devil's taunt, Elder Anesthesia bellowed another command, manipulating its sleep golems with precision through its blood puppetry rune.

With the Dragon's command, the stillness of the blood-rule source shattered as the blood-rule slave sleep golems, once dormant, surged into motion. Their movement was swift and relentless, a sound of pounding footsteps echoed across every corner of the blood rule source. Yet, their destination was not the deviant devil; this time, their target was the formidable Elder Anesthesia Dragon. With their steps, the surface of the blood rule source trembled beneath their weight, and the air crackled with the swift movement of their huge bodies. It was a scene of unexpected chaos, as the golems, driven by the dragon's blood puppetry, closed in on their towering master following its command.

As the blood-rule slave sleep golems approached, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon flew and curled into a protective fetal position, surrounding himself with a pulsating blood-rule orb. Meanwhile, the blood-rule slaves seamlessly merged with the orb.

Once all the blood-rule slaves fused with the pulsating blood-rule orb, a remarkable transformation unfolded before the eyes of the deviant devil and Wyatt. Their forms intertwined and melded together, shifting and reshaping into a colossal humanoid dragon, that resembled the form of the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's Wardragon form. Each rule-slave that contributed to the amalgamation had their face engraved onto the scales of the colossal dragonoid as their essence had blended seamlessly to form the towering figure.

The pulsating blood-rule orb remained at the center of this new entity as the core of the amalgamation, it not only served as the central command but its radiant energy coursed through the amalgamation's veins. With each pulse of the core, the amalgamation dragonoid pulsed with power as the Elder Anesthesia dragon's power fused seamlessly with the amalgamation of blood-rule slaves.

The fusion of the blood-rule slaves with the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's essence resulted in an astonishing revelation: the towering Dragonoid now inherited all the formidable abilities of its slumbering counterpart. With this fusion, it gained an asleep Elder Anesthesia Dragon's astounding ninety percent physical damage negation and ninety percent spiritual damage negation, rendering it virtually impervious to harm on both physical and spiritual levels. The spiritual damage negation should have been absolute however, since the Dragon's spiritual body was awake, its spiritual damage negation was reduced to ninety percent.

Furthermore, it acquired immunity to debuffs and boasted a formidable sixty percent counter-damage capability, showcasing its prowess in turning attacks against its foes. This remarkable display underscored the mastery of the blood rule achieved by the Dragon, pushing its power beyond Wyatt's comprehension.

As Wyatt gazed upon the towering sanguine Dragonoid, its imposing form adorned with intricate faces etched into its scales, he couldn't help but ponder its intentions. It was evident that the Dragonoid wasn't attempting to rival the deviant devil in sheer physical strength, as the devil had already established its unmatched prowess in that regard. Any attempt by the Dragonoid to engage in such a contest would surely lead to its defeat. The Elder Anesthesia Dragon, with its past encounter with the deviant devil, should have recognized this fact by now. Wyatt couldn't shake the feeling that there must be a deeper strategy at play, one that went beyond mere brute force.

"Raul, Aren't you considerate? Now I can fully enjoy myself," the deviant devil remarked with a wicked grin, his voice dripping with amusement. With those words, he underwent a startling transformation, rapidly increasing in height until he matched the towering stature of the amalgamation Dragonoid. As a member of the Mulias's demon tribe, known for their formidable size and strength, the devil's ability to rival even the Worldhog tribe in sheer stature was legendary. This was why the Anesthesia Dragon Lover/Slayer lore spoke of the deviant devil's immense physical prowess, with tales recounting how even the tallest peaks of the dark realm paled in comparison to the deviant devil's imposing muscles.

"I've had enough of you, die!" roared the Elder Anesthesia Dragon in a surge of fury, abandoning caution as it charged at the deviant devil with relentless aggression. Ignoring its own defenses, the dragon unleashed a powerful punch aimed at the devil's lower jaw. Even though the dragon possessed high damage negation and damage counter abilities, the dragon's reckless abandoning of any defensive stance in the face of such a formidable opponent left Wyatt feeling uneasy as the deviant devil's muscles were capable of altering reality itself, they posed a threat beyond the ordinary to the dragon. Yet, despite his misgivings, Wyatt held onto his patience, trusting that the dragon harbored a cunning plan amidst the chaos of battle.

With a wicked grin etched upon its features, the deviant devil met the Dragonoid's oncoming punch with an air of amusement. In a display of uncanny agility, it sidestepped the impending blow with effortless grace, seizing the Dragonoid's outstretched arm in a swift and fluid motion. Locking the Dragonoid's limb in a vice-like grip, the devil swiftly maneuvered its entire body, ensnaring the Dragonoid in a tight deadlock that rendered it immobile. As the Dragonoid found itself restrained, the devil's grin widened, exuding a sinister aura as it taunted its captive foe. With a vulgar chuckle, it whispered in the Dragonoid's ear, "To think you would charge at me so recklessly. It seems you've forgotten our encounter that fateful night. Allow me to refresh your memory by reliving that delightful experience once more."

Soon the deviant's mouth gaped open and its slick, large tongue slithered out, poised to touch the Dragonoid's earlobe but Raukaul's voice interrupted it, "It appears you've forgotten what happened a few minutes ago. Allow me to refresh your memory."

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Wyatt was astonished as he witnessed the lightning-fast movements of the Deviant Devil. Despite his keen perception granted by his soul pupils that allowed him to trace the movements of the Dragonoid failed to trace the sheer speed and agility displayed by the devil, this left him momentarily dumbfounded. In the blink of an eye, the Dragonoid found itself ensnared in the devil's grasp, immobilized by the devil's expertly executed maneuvers. Wyatt's mind raced to comprehend the sequence of events. He had to use

the Hive AI's help to replay the events slowly to understand how the deviant devil not only managed to render the Dragonoid helpless by entrapping it in its formidable muscles.

As the Hive AI replayed the encounter in Wyatt's mind, a revelation dawned upon him. The Deviant Devil's dominance over the Dragonoid wasn't merely a result of brute strength; its physical prowess was augmented by a martial arts technique exclusive to the devil itself. This technique enabled the devil to harness a staggering thousand percent of its muscular potential. Such an incredible boost equated to a tenfold increase in physical prowess, propelling the devil's already unmatched strength to unparalleled heights.

As Wyatt grasped the source of the Devil's extraordinary power—the unique martial arts technique—he questioned whether a thousand percent was the pinnacle of its enhancement or if it could propel the Devil's prowess even beyond. Then Wyatt couldn't shake the thought of the Devil combining its reality-altering ability with its boosted physical strength from the martial arts technique. The potential implications of such a fusion sparked curiosity and apprehension within him.

Yet, before Wyatt could delve deeper into this speculation, his thoughts were abruptly halted by the devil's provocative words directed toward the Dragonoid. Wyatt's focus snapped back to the confrontation, his mind racing with concern. He couldn't shake the unsettling thought of the deviant devil potentially violating the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's amalgamation Dragonoid body.

The possibility hung heavy in the air, adding an ominous layer to Wyatt's already tense mind. He braced himself for the impending clash, hoping that such a despicable act would not come to pass in the heat of battle. While Wyatt harbored grievances against the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, the deviant devil's implications surpassed even his darkest expectations. He couldn't fathom such despicable intentions, especially towards a being who had bestowed upon him the gift of a blood-rule slave's core.

"What the heck were you thinking?" Wyatt roared in his mind. He was not one to blame the victim, but right now, he blamed the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's recklessness for its current predicament. He wanted to escape in the heat of the battle, but because of the Dragon's stupidity, he had a front-row seat to witness it being defiled by the deviant devil.

'Ah, my eyes!' Wyatt's inner scream echoed with horror as the deviant devil's slimy tongue slithered out, poised to defile the Dragonoid. He grappled with a surge of revulsion, contemplating whether to abandon his original escape plan and just escape right away to avoid witnessing the grotesque scene unfolding before him. The temptation to avert his gaze and save himself from witnessing such blasphemy tugged at Wyatt, but a sense of hope and belief that the Dragon had bigger plans kept him rooted in place, a reluctant spectator to the abominable act about to unfold.

Wyatt had noticed that the Dragonoid remained calm despite being immobilized by the Deviant Devil and made no efforts to struggle free from its grip. Knowing the resilience of the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, he trusted that it had a strategy in mind. Despite his initial instinct to doubt, Wyatt held onto his belief, and he was right to do so because the perfect opportunity he was waiting for presented itself.

**\*Boom!\***

The enormous amalgamation Dragonoid which the Deviant Devil had subdued by wrapping its legs and arms around the Dragonoid's limbs, suddenly erupted with all its energy. The blast was so huge that its explosion sound reverberated throughout the blood rule source while forming a tall mushroom-shaped cloud that could be seen from any corner of the blood rule source.

Wyatt patiently anticipated the inevitable clash between the Dragon and Devil, knowing their immense power would create chaos. His plan crystallized: exploiting the turmoil, he would simulate his demise amidst the fury, then vanish into the obscurity of the dark realm. When the Dragon suddenly unleashed its fury, Wyatt found himself within the searing blast radius, but instead of fear, he felt exhilaration. Faking his death in that moment, he believed, would ensure his survival. Regardless of which ruler emerged victorious, they wouldn't spare a thought for a mere casualty in the aftermath, leaving him free from their pursuit. This strategy offered him a chance to evade detection and live in seclusion, away from the looming conflict's aftermath. Wyatt's heart raced with anticipation as he prepared to execute his daring escape plan.

As Wyatt prepared to activate his devil merchant code privilege to flee to Cuth Diya's side, he found that the explosion's damage had been completely nullified by the protective turtle shell shield enveloping him. Cursing inwardly, Wyatt understood the implications: if he faked his death and escaped now, and if the Dragon survived the ordeal, it would undoubtedly hunt him down. His supposedly flawless escape plan crumbled before him, revealing its fatal flaw. Frustration and desperation surged within Wyatt as he grappled with the sudden realization that his carefully laid-out scheme had been rendered ineffective. With the Dragon's survival posing a looming threat to his safety, Wyatt's mind raced to devise a new plan, one that could still grant him a chance at evading the impending danger and securing his freedom.

"Hahaha, I knew it, you are the one. Only you can give me this level of satisfaction," the echoes of the explosion had yet to die but the deviant devil which was at the center of the explosion not only managed to survive but laughed aloud instead of licking its wound in some corner of the blood rule source.

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The Deviant Devil's laughter echoed in the blood rule source killing the echoes of the explosion earlier. Still, there was no word from the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, the one responsible for the explosion. Wyatt did not believe the Elder Anesthesia Dragon would sacrifice itself to take the Deviant Devil down. Things were not that desperate yet. Not to mention it could run any time using its Dream Escape.

The cloud of blood rule energy had yet to settle, so it was hard for Wyatt to navigate through the thick fog of rule energy and spot the soul pathways of the Deviant Devil and the Dragon. Still, with Hive AI and soul pupils working together, Wyatt spotted two soul pathways among the blood rule energy fog. With the quick study of this soul pathway, Wyatt not only figured out which soul pathway belonged to whom but also their status.

Despite detonating its amalgamation Dragonoid body earlier, the asleep Elder Anesthesia Dragon forged a new towering Dragonoid with itself as its core. The Dragonoid inside the core showed no sign of exhaustion. Even the faces of blood-rule slaves, which contributed to the creation of this amalgamation form, engraved on the Dragonoid's scale looked fiercer and more vivid. Wyatt wondered how these blood-rule slaves were still alive and where was the Elder Anesthesia Dragon conjuring so much blood-rule energy from.

That was when Hive AI pointed out to Wyatt, that the Dragon and the blood-rule slaves had comprehended blood rule's blood rebirth meaning. The blood rule domain deployed by the dragon also had the blood rebirth meaning in it. This meaning of blood rule allowed them to regenerate completely within a fraction of seconds even if all that reminded of them was a single drop of blood. This meaning of the blood rule held little significance to the ruler class strong outside the blood rule source but inside, it practically made them immortal with an inexhaustible energy source at their disposal.

This was why even though the Elder Anesthesia Dragon had just detonated the amalgamation Dragonoid, it was able to recreate its form with ease in under a fraction of a second. Now Wyatt knew why the Elder Anesthesia Dragon was not worried about defense. With such a regeneration hack combined with its innate defense ability, it had very little to worry about even if its opponent was the Deviant Devil with muscles so strong that put the tallest peak of the dark realm to shame.

If the Dragon was an impenetrable fortress with an instant repair hack who gave absolute defense a new meaning, then the Deviant Devil was nothing less. Its combat fashion embodied the saying 'offense is the best defense.'

The soul pathways of Deviant Devil showed that apart from a few flesh wounds it hadn't suffered any serious injuries despite being at the very center of the explosion. Wyatt could not fathom how the Deviant Devil managed that because even if its muscle absorbed all the damage how did it manage to protect its ears and other senses?

To understand how the Deviant Devil managed to survive the explosion with little flesh wounds Wyatt had to get the Hive AI to replay the footage of the explosion in slow motion. Where he got to see the Deviant Devil release the Dragonoid at an insane speed and throw a punch aiming at the explosion with its back resting on the blood rule source.

Seeing this video, Wyatt was astonished to find that the large mushroom cloud and the thunderous sound that echoed after the explosion were not because of the explosion but because of the clash between the Deviant Devil's punch and the explosion.

Not only did the Deviant Devil use a single punch to face the explosion head-on but their clash produced thunderous echoes that traveled the entire blood rule source and only died with its laughter.

The Devil's punch was so strong that it reflected the explosion resulting in a huge blood rule energy mushroom cloud that could be seen from any corner of the blood rule source.

Actually, it managed to reflect only ninety percent of all that energy with a single punch. It withstood the rest with its body, which along with the 60 percent counter damage managed to leave a few shallow flesh wounds at best. Even though the devil had only punched the explosion, the explosion was from the Dragon's essence. Hence activating the 60 percent counterdamage. The Devil was basically half responsible for its wounds.

This showed that had all the blood-rule energy bombarded with Deviant Devil's body it would not have exploded to smithereens even if the explosion contained so much blood-rule energy that the battlefield was still covered in the blood-rule energy fog, and from the looks of it, the cloud of energy was far from settling.

Understanding what actually had transpired during the explosion, Wyatt was impressed by the Deviant Devil's physical prowess. He was even more sure that Deviant Devil was not far from the absolute peak of the physical prowess. He could not wait to achieve such heights in physical prowess himself.

Wyatt also noticed that the Deviant Devil did not heal its shallow flesh wounds or more like it couldn't as these wounds were festering with blood curse meaning making it hard for it to heal even small flesh wounds.

Within the blood rule source, blood rule attacks were more efficient. However, except for the blood rule domain it had deployed earlier the Deviant Devil had only relied on its physical prowess and its reality-bending ability. It had yet to use any blood rule skills.

Seeing how the Deviant Devil was able to deploy a robust blood rule domain that could stand against the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's blood rule domain, it was safe to assume that the Deviant Devil's mastery of blood rule was not inferior to that of the Dragon.

Wyatt was beginning to feel that the Deviant Devil was playing with Elder Anesthesia Dragon as it claimed repeatedly. The only time it was serious was when it used its entire physical strength to lock the Dragonoid with its body. As for other times, it never gave its all, even during the explosion it only relied on its physical powers enhanced by its unique martial arts. Wyatt wondered if the Dragon would even have the chance to escape if the devil got serious.

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Slowly coming to the conclusion that the Elder Anesthesia Dragon was no match for the Deviant Devil, Wyatt was beginning to understand why the Elder Anesthesia Dragon hid in the blood rule source for millenniums together but never tried to seek the Deviant Devil for revenge or help its tribesmen which were now not only being slaughtered by the Deviant Devil but defiled.

Regardless of all its bravado, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon knew that it was no match for the Deviant Devil. This was why, at first, it did not dare to attack the Deviant Devil despite its numerous taunts. At first, Wyatt had mistakenly believed that the Dragon did not dare to fight with the Devil at a close range because of its past trauma where the Devil would try to engage in a dirty wrestling match as it did earlier. Now he was starting to feel Dragon's hesitation to engage the Devil at close range was more because it was aware of its limitations and not because of its past trauma.

This begs the question, what was the Elder Anesthesia Dragon up to, trying to fight someone it knew it could not defeat? Was it because it was tired of running? Nah— Wyatt immediately erased that thought. The Dragon might be stupid enough to mistake a human for a World Calamity tree but, clearly, it was not tired of living seeing how it planned to groom a World Calamity tree even if it meant that it would become enemies with the Librarian. This showed that the Elder Anesthesia Dragon had a lot of ambition for its future.

Regardless of how much Wyatt wrecked his brain, he could not understand why the Elder Anesthesia Dragon was fighting the Devil if it knew it was no match for it. Forget

the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, Wyatt did not understand the Deviant Devil. If it was powerful enough to subdue the Elder Anesthesia Dragon then why was it not imprisoning the Dragon and dragging it to its palace in the dark realm?

Wyatt soon found the reason for this exploring the laughter of the Deviant Devil. The Deviant Devil was not quickly imprisoning the Dragon and dragging it to its castle because it understood that it could enjoy the Elder Anesthesia Dragon the most inside the blood rule source. The fact that it stood to gain maximum pleasure from its toy within the source was enough reason for it to not drag the toy to its castle where the toy would be broken easily.

How did the Deviant Devil stand to gain maximum pleasure in the blood rule source? It was because if found out that, within the blood rule source, it could attack the Anesthesia Dragon without worrying about killing it in a single punch. Earlier it only planned to defile the Dragon as it usually did but now after the explosion. It was able to experience the pleasure it had long lost, the pleasure of getting high on the Anesthesia Dragon's sleep breath.

The counter damage of the Anesthesia Dragon also increased the chance of the target falling asleep, so every time Deviant Devil attacked the Dragon, despite its immunity to the Dragon's sleep breath, even though just for a fraction of a second it could relive the rush of being high on the Anesthesia Dragon's sleep breath.

How was that possible? It was because the 60 percent counter damage from its attack on the Dragon would break the defense of its muscle as such for a fraction of the second it would lose its immunity to the Dragon's sleep breath and for that moment it would experience the potent sleep breath. Even though the satisfaction was only for a second the Devil was now at least able to enjoy it unlike before when it had to rely on other means to satisfy its needs earning it the title Deviant Devil.

All this was only possible because the Dragon was able to survive its punch and return 60 percent of it to him as counter damage which was only possible because of the blood rule source acting as its inexhaustible power source. On the outside, other Dragons couldn't survive its punch and would die even before their counter damage activated.

This was why the Deviant Devil laughed heartily and yelled that Raukaul was the only Anesthesia Dragon that could satisfy him. Feeling the long-lost pleasure of the dragon's potent sleep breath for a fraction of a second, the Deviant Devil was moved to tears. It wanted to feel it again, which was why it gave the Elder Anesthesia Dragon all the time in the world to prepare for its next attack. As far as the Deviant Devil was concerned, it was willing to risk its life again and again to enjoy the potency of the Dragon's sleep breath.

For Wyatt, the Deviant Devil's thoughts were simple, its actions and words matched. However, the Elder Anesthesia Dargon on the other hand was a mess, its words and actions did not match making it difficult for him to read its thoughts. Just as Wyatt

wondered what was the Dragon's gameplay here, the surface of the rule source began to tremble as the colossal amalgamation Dragonoid sprinted toward the Deviant Devil not waiting for the blood-rule energy cloud to settle, once again it pounced on the Deviant Devil without regard for its defense.

The addict Deviant Devil caught the ticking timebomb with open arms and a grin on its face. Soon the sound of an explosion reverberated throughout the blood-rule source while producing a big blood-rule energy mushroom-shaped cloud. This mushroom-shaped cloud was even bigger than the last explosion.

The explosion sound that echoed through the battlefield suddenly died with the Deviant Devil's pleasure-filled cries, "Ah~...Yes, this is it! Give me more baby."

Wyatt listened to the moans of the Deviant Devil with a deadpan face, he was embarrassed but he had little choice here as this time too the turtle shell was able to negate all the damage of the explosion.

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## Chapter 1877 Blood Cloud, Bloody Smite

?Date- -/-

Time- -/-

Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

The murky mass of filth trembled and contorted, throbbing with an unsettling rhythm. Seeing this the traumatized Elder Anesthesia Dragon yelled in fury, "Stay away from my body you filth."

Utilizing its serpent-shaped blooded fog vessel, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's spiritual form harnessed the power of the blood rule, forcefully propelling the repulsive mass of filth several miles away from its body. The Elder Anesthesia Dragon was so disgusted by the filth that it was unwilling to use its spiritual sense to push the blob away directly.

Once the blob was at a safe distance from its true form, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon gathered a huge amount of blood rule energy above the filth and invoked the blood rule's blood explosion meaning, aiming to obliterate the filth.

However, to its surprise, instead of vaporizing, the filth fragmented into chunks, scattering across the surface of the blood rule source.

As Wyatt witnessed the Elder Anesthesia Dragon gathering blood rule energy sufficient to fill a small sea and preparing to detonate it, he couldn't help but ponder the immense impact the filth had on the Dragon's psyche to compel it to mobilize its entire strength. Despite considering the Dragon's action as potentially excessive, Wyatt opted to remain silent. Was the Dragon overreacting? No, it wasn't. After all, nobody could remain unaffected upon learning that they had been sleeping in such disgusting filth for who knows how long.

Observing the filth raining down on the surface of the blood rule source, instead of being vaporized as expected, Wyatt realized that the Dragon's reaction was not overkill but rather insufficient. It became evident that the blob of filth was not to be underestimated, as it seemed resilient to even the formidable power of a Ruler Class Elder Anesthesia Dragon.

Still, Wyatt sighed in relief, knowing that the Elder Anesthesia Dragon had the foresight to push the filth far away before attempting to detonate it. Otherwise, all of them—the Dragon's true body, its vessel, Wyatt, and the sleeping rule slaves—would have been covered in chunks of filth. Since it was not clear what the filth was capable of, the Dragon's judgment to keep them far from all beings was praiseworthy.

However, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon and Wyatt were still not out of danger, as the chunks of filth scattered across the surface of the blood rule source began to wriggle and crawl towards one another, almost as if they possessed a consciousness of their own. Seemingly intent on reuniting to reform into a single blob of filth.

"Blood Cloud," the Elder Anesthesia Dragon cried out, dividing its blood fog vessel into two. One portion continued to serve as the vessel for its spiritual body, while the other transformed into a sanguine-colored cloud, streaking towards the area of the blood rule source where the chunks of filth were scattered. Upon reaching its destination, the Blood Cloud expanded rapidly until it enveloped the entire affected area. Then, it began to crackle ominously, resembling a dark cloud before a storm.

As thunderous sounds echoed through the air following scarlet flashes illuminated the enormous blood cloud and cast an eerie glow. The chunks of

filth began to crawl and rejoin at an accelerated pace as if they could sense the impending threat looming above them.

"Let's see you survive this, Bloody Smite," the Elder Anesthesia Dragon muttered to itself before commanding the blood cloud to unleash its fury upon the scattered filth. In response, a wide-

spread pillar of sanguine lightning with a scarlet glow enveloped the entire affected area, leaving no piece of filth spared.

Gazing at the blinding expansive sanguine pillar of lightning, Wyatt marveled at its sheer magnitude, spanning almost a few hundred miles in radius. Moreover, the pillar of lightning persisted for a full ten minutes, during which the Elder Anesthesia Dragon showed no sign of exhaustion or replenishing its energy. Deep down in his mind, Wyatt couldn't shake the feeling that this display of power was far from the true limit of the Elder Anesthesia Dragon.

'Ruler Class beings are indeed terrifying,' Wyatt noted to himself, fully aware that even his most powerful form, the '12 Blood Curse Incarnation Form,' would not have survived the blood rule explosion from earlier, let alone the bloody smite. If it weren't for his calamity soul gem granting partial immortality through its pseudo-calamity soul, Wyatt wouldn't even entertain such reckless thoughts.

When the lightning pillar cleared, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon was surprised to find the pieces of the filth were still present and had not vaporized as it hoped. However, unlike the last time when the scattered filth immediately recovered from the explosion and tried to rejoin, the pieces of filth remained unresponsive.

"Nazaka, are they vanquished?" the Elder Anesthesia Dragon inquired of Wyatt, its senses unable to ascertain the status of the filth. This was one of the reasons why it treated the filth with such seriousness and also why it had ceased the bloody smite attack to assess the situation. Otherwise, it would have continued the attack until either it or the filth succumbed to exhaustion.

"No, Your Highness, they are in a state akin to unconsciousness. They should recover soon," Wyatt replied after checking the status of the filth with his soul pupils. He reported back to the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, expressing awe at the filth's tenacity.

"Nazaka, can your special ability discern the weakness of that filth?" the Elder Anesthesia Dragon inquired. Its senses were failing when it came to the filth, so it had to rely on Wyatt's unique eye ability to devise a way to vanquish it.

"Your Highness, I—" Wyatt hesitated, debating whether to reveal the truth about the filth to the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, unsure if it was ready to hear it.

Observing Wyatt's hesitation, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon frowned but then nodded in understanding the reason behind his hesitation. Then it reassured Wyatt, saying, "Nazaka, speak what you see. You don't have to hide any information to spare my feelings."

Chapter 1878 Calm Before The Storm

?Date- -/-

Time- -/-

Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

"Then, Your Highness, please forgive my rudeness," Wyatt politely said before he began, feeling a weight lift off his shoulders as he prepared to reveal the truth.

The news Wyatt was about to disclose to the Dragon was exceptionally sensitive, particularly for the Elder Anesthesia Dragon. He needed to ensure that the Dragon wouldn't react explosively, unable to handle the truth. This was especially critical considering Wyatt had witnessed firsthand the Dragon's formidable power and knew that he wouldn't be able to evade its pursuit in the myriad realms.

Wyatt then informed the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, "As of now, all I can tell you is that the filth is born from the fusion of your energy with the energy of an unknown entity, most likely a ruler-class entity with remarkable tenacity that could affect reality itself. However, if you give me some time, I can analyze the data at my disposal to provide you with a more comprehensive report."

As Wyatt completed his report, he sensed a sudden increase in pressure in the atmosphere, and it was evident that the source of this change was the Elder Anesthesia Dragon. Wyatt dared not make any subtle movements, for he had just reported to the Dragon that the Filth was, in some sense, born

from it—it was a part of it, and in certain contexts, considered akin to its offspring.

A long silence hung in the air, and the longer the Elder Anesthesia Dragon remained silent, the more uncertain Wyatt felt. He was prepared to utilize his devil merchant code privilege to transport his soul into a pseudo-calamity soul gem next to Cuth Diya in the Dark Realm at even the slightest sign of hostility from the Elder Anesthesia Dragon.

"It moved, Your Highness," Wyatt cried aloud and continued, "It is moving faster than before. A lot faster."

"Hmm," hearing Wyatt's exclamation, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon snapped out of its thoughts and turned its attention to the pieces of filth, observing them crawling at a speed akin to that of a devil-grade entity. Then, as if struck by a realization, it muttered to itself, "I suddenly sense a familiar presence from it."

The scattered chunks of filth across the blood rule source's surface exhibited an astonishing display of agility and coordination as they wriggled and crawled at an unprecedented speed. Driven by an innate instinct to reunite, each fragment of the filth seemed to possess a singular purpose, moving with synchronized precision toward pieces of filth nearest to them. Despite their fragmented state, they appeared to communicate with each other through some unseen force, guiding their movements to converge seamlessly.

As the scattered chunks of filth across the blood rule source's surface exhibited their astonishing display of agility and coordination, Wyatt and the Elder Anesthesia Dragon watched in stunned silence. Their expressions mirrored a mix of shock, disbelief, and growing apprehension as they witnessed the fragments wriggling and crawling at an unprecedented speed.

Wyatt's mind raced with a flurry of thoughts, his usual composure shaken by the surreal scene unfolding before him. He couldn't help but feel a creeping sense of fear at the sight of the filth's relentless determination to regroup. The sheer speed and efficiency with which they moved sent shivers down his spine, sparking doubts about their ability to contain the looming threat.

Wyatt's fear intensified as he grappled with the realization that the filth was not solely born from the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's power but from the union of two ruler-class beings. This revelation struck him with a profound sense of dread.

As Wyatt had observed the filth's unsettling capabilities such as dampening the Dragon's abilities and spreading across its body by feeding on its residual energies, Wyatt couldn't shake the disturbing thought that the filth might be a harmful organism akin to a parasite implanted in the Dragon by the other ruler-

class being. If this were indeed the case, then the sudden explosion of activity displayed by the filth's fragments could indicate that the original owner of this filth—the other ruler-

class being—had become aware of the Dragon's discovery and was retaliating.

The fact that the Dragon suddenly said that it felt a familiar presence from the filth added merit to Wyatt's speculation.

The prospect of a ruler-class battle erupting within the blood rule source sent a chill down Wyatt's spine. He realized that he might soon bear witness to a clash of titans, a confrontation between two beings of immense power vying for dominance.

Beside Wyatt, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon remained equally transfixed, its usually aloof demeanor replaced by a palpable sense of unease. Despite its formidable power, the Dragon couldn't hide the flicker of concern in its eyes as it watched the chunks of filth converge with alarming speed.

The Elder Anesthesia Dragon's sudden unease was compounded by the energy signature it suddenly detected emanating from the filth. This signature stirred memories of its most shameful and dreaded past, awakening a deep-seated fear that it had long thought buried. Never in its wildest dreams did the Dragon imagine that there would come a day when it would once again sense the dreaded presence that haunted its darkest memories.

As the realization sank in, the Dragon's stoic facade cracked, revealing a glimpse of the terror that gripped its heart. The echoes of its past transgressions reverberated through its being, filling it with a sense of dread and foreboding. In that moment, the Dragon found itself confronting the specter of its past, a past it had desperately tried to escape but now confronted with chilling clarity.

In mere moments as Wyatt and the Dragon were consumed by uncertainty and fear, the scattered chunks of filth coalesced into a singular, ominous blob,

their movements synchronized in a mesmerizing display of unity. The newly formed mass exuded an aura of malevolence.

Wyatt ceased his gaze upon the repulsive mass of filth and turned his attention to the Elder Anesthesia Dragon beside him, seeking a sort of assurance for the upcoming threat. However, his expectations were dashed upon witnessing the distressed mental state of the Dragon.

Chapter 1879 WarDragon Form, Sleep Golem, Blood Puppet

?Date- -/-

Time- -/-

Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

'Why am I always stuck with unreliable teammates?' screamed Wyatt inwardly as he observed the Elder Anesthesia Dragon losing its composure, sensing a familiar presence emanating from the blob of filth.

Observing the proud Dragon in such a vulnerable mental state, Wyatt could only deduce that whoever had planted the filth upon it must possess greater strength. The Dragon's helplessness against the filth served as compelling evidence of this.

Since Wyatt found himself powerless against the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, it goes without saying that he would be equally powerless against the entity that even the Dragon feared. However, the pressing question now loomed: what exactly was the blob of filth, and what were its intentions? The Hive AI diligently worked to unravel the mysteries surrounding the filth, drawing from the data Wyatt had gathered. As for filth's current objectives now that it was whole again, Wyatt activated his soul pupils to scrutinize its activities.

The blob of filth pulsated, contracting and expanding in a rhythmic pattern akin to a beating heart. Then, abruptly, it flattened horizontally turning into a 2D circle before elongating vertically forming a rectangular shape, resembling a door or gate. Witnessing this transformation, Wyatt hastily exclaimed, alerting the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, "Your Majesty, the blob of filth is summoning someone. Most likely the owner of the presence you mentioned earlier."

Wyatt's outcry jolted the Dragon from its daze, causing it to focus on the blob of filth, now resembling a gate to a dungeon. Unconsciously, it blurted out, "This is bad. I don't want to face that freak again."

Listening to it, Wyatt's expression turned stiff. Then at the risk of angering the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, he said, "Your Highness, should we retreat before whoever the gate of filth is summoning arrives?"

"What? Why would you even suggest such a thing to me? Do you think I'm weaker than that freak? I'm not, okay. It's just that, that freaky bastard fights dirty. And when I say dirty— wait, why am I explaining this to you? Just shut up and watch as I return that bastard tenfold the shame I suffered that night," proclaimed the Elder Anesthesia Dragon aloud, with particular emphasis on the last part. Wyatt sensed that the final words were directed more toward the Dragon itself rather than him.

Listening to the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's rambling, Wyatt felt a sense of confusion. He couldn't discern whether the Dragon was asserting its strength or expressing doubt.

"Besides, he's already here," the Dragon suddenly added, giving Wyatt the impression that it, too, had contemplated retreat but concluded they hadn't acted quickly enough.

"Nazaka, just in case, run as far as you can. I will contact you when I am done here," the Elder Dragon ordered Wyatt, resolutely staring at the gate of filth.

Following the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's instruction to flee, Wyatt's towering 150-foot Elder Calamity Treant form swiftly restructured into a 150-foot-long root that looked like a long wooden serpent dragon with its leaves acting as its scales. He prepared to burrow into the surface of the Blood Rule Source with the rest of its roots that were already branched out underground, intent on running as far away as possible.

Despite Wyatt's attempt to escape, a formidable blood-rule domain suddenly enveloped the area, thwarting his efforts. In response, then the Elder Anesthesia Dragon summoned its blood-rule domain, engaging in a fierce clash with the opposing domain. As the two domains collided, the pressure on Wyatt's body lessened slightly, but he remained ensnared within their confines, unable to break free.

With no escape in sight, Wyatt scanned the surroundings for the origin of the hostile domain. His search led him to behold two enormous gray humanoid hands, each large enough to accommodate the filth gate, pressing together as they peered into the blood rule source from the other side of the filth gate. As the hands maneuvered through the filth gate, they parted to grasp onto either side, commencing a process of stretching the gate. Gradually, the gate widened enough for the being to extend its legs through, providing leverage for the hands to further stretch the gate until the entirety of the being's body could pass through.

As Wyatt gazed upon the colossal humanoid devil emerging from the filth gate, he was struck by a sense of astonishment at the creature's formidable physique. Every inch of its massive form was adorned with well-defined muscles, rippling beneath its gray, demonic fur. The creature exuded an aura of power and strength, its physique reminded Wyatt of the legendary champions of Earth's Mr. Olympia competitions, albeit with a sinister and furry twist.

The devil's muscular build exerted an unfathomable pressure on its surroundings, creating an imposing presence that dwarfed everything in its vicinity. Each movement it made seemed effortless yet brimmed with latent power as if it could shatter mountains with a mere flex of its colossal limbs.

As Wyatt took in the sight of this otherworldly being, he couldn't help but feel a surge of trepidation at the sheer might it possessed. In the face of such overwhelming power, he knew that confronting this creature would be an immense challenge even for the Elder Anesthesia Dragon.

The ginormous gray devil stood within range of the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's sleep breath ability, yet it seemed unaffected by the dragon's power. Instead, the devil took a deep breath, inhaling a large amount of the dragon's sleep breath, and stood tall and imposing as before.

As the master of the filth covering its body revealed himself, the blood fog vessel housing the spiritual essence of the Elder Anesthesia Dragon stood poised and emitted a resounding cry with determination, its crimson mist swirling with fervent energy in anticipation of the impending skirmish,

"Wardragon form, activate!"

"Dream Rule Rune: Sleep Golem, activate!"

"Blood Rule Rune: Blood Puppet, activate!"

With the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's warcry, Wyatt shifted his attention from the ginormous gray humanoid devil and focused on the Dragon's blood fog vessel, only to see it dissipate the next second— 'Fuck, did it escape without me?' were Wyatt's first thoughts.

## Chapter 1880 Sorrow Or Mockery

?Date- -/-

Time- -/-

Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

In a panic, Wyatt hurriedly followed the spiritual body of the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, witnessing its return to its true body undergoing a transformation amid a veil of blood fog. Relief washed over Wyatt as he realized the Dragon had not chosen to escape alone. Had the Dragon opted to escape using its Dream Escape ability, the massive gray devil would have surely targeted him. Even if Wyatt's status as the only World Calamity Tree did not interest the devil, it would still have pursued him simply for being by the Dragon's side, believing Wyatt and the Dragon were acquainted.

In an instant, the blood fog surrounding the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's true body dissipated, revealing the Giant Dragonoid—a fusion of dragon and humanoid form—standing with its eyes closed, seemingly asleep.

'It must be the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's Wardragon form,' Wyatt mused, observing the Dragonoid. Its iconic long beard remained unchanged, while its twin horns formed a crown atop its head. The long pair of wings folded neatly on its back, and its whip-like tail swept the blood-ruled surface unable to sit still, it wasn't clear if it was out of excitement for the upcoming battle or out of uncertainty.

Wyatt quickly deduced that the spiritual body of the Elder Anesthesia Dragon was controlling the dormant body of the Dragon using the runes Sleep Golem and Blood Puppet. However, before he could finalize his conclusion, he noticed that the countless rule slaves who had succumbed to the Dragon's sleep breath ability suddenly rose to their feet, still in a state of slumber.

Observing the rule slaves now standing, Wyatt realized that they had been transformed into sleep golems, and were being manipulated with precision through blood puppet rune by the Dragon. Once again, he was astonished by the remarkable abilities of the Dragon.

"Nazaka, hide. I will end this quickly, once and for all," the Elder Anesthesia Dragon said, throwing a huge turtle shell-like shield his way.

Wyatt extended his branches to catch the shell shield and hid under it. Just then he heard the ginormous humanoid devil say, "My dear Raul, we finally meet."

"Don't ruin my beautiful name by calling me that, you disgusting freak," the Elder Anesthesia Dragon yelled furiously hearing the devil give it a nickname. It appeared as if just the sight and sound of the devil were enough to stir the Dragon's rage.

"Feisty as ever I see, just the way I like it" the devil replied vulgarly. The dragon's rage only seemed to add to the excitement of the devil. Confusing Wyatt, who happened to be peeping on the two of them.

"Do you know how many young and elder Anesthesia Dragons I had to sleep with to try and recreate our night together?" the devil uttered with profound sorrow, each word heavy with the weight of its emotions.

"Don't you dare speak of that night!" the Dragon roared furiously, its anger palpable in the air. Despite its agitation, however, the Dragon refrained from launching an attack on the devil before it. The memories of the consequences of such actions were still fresh in its mind, serving as a potent reminder of the danger of recklessness.

Despite the devil's attempts to provoke it with references to that unfortunate night, the Dragon exerted control over its raging emotions. It understood that in the face of such a formidable opponent, maintaining composure was paramount. Rather than succumbing to a petty provocation, the Dragon focused on its strengths, recognizing that agility and strategy were its greatest assets in this confrontation. Refusing to be goaded into a rash response, the Dragon stood firm with its own calculations.

"How can I not bring that up? That night, you appeared in my dream and stirred up emotions within me that I didn't even know existed. Just as I was starting to relish the satisfaction, you vanished, leaving me stranded. Since

then, I've searched for you tirelessly, yearning to recreate the passion we shared that night, but you've remained out of reach. Forced to cope, I sought solace in the arms of other Anesthesia Dragons, but no matter how many encounters I've had, none have been able to come close to erasing the memory of you and that night," The devil's response was laden with disappointment and anguish, revealing the depth of its longing for the Elder Anesthesia Dragon. It made no attempts to mask the pain, the raw emotion in its voice perfectly expressed its true feelings.

However, the devil's words fell into the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's ears as a mockery of its existence. The Dragon's anger flared at the devil's mocking words, refusing to be provoked by its false claims. As the devil persisted in its accusations, recounting the pleasure it had discovered in the wake of their encounter, the Dragon's fury reached its boiling point.

"How dare you mock me? Others might be afraid of your family, but I am not one of them. Since you have come to my doorsteps on your own accord, then let me complete my assassination mission which I could not that night," the Elder Anesthesia Dragon was pissed, listening to the devil. It kept claiming that because of the dragon, he discovered a new realm of pleasure and to satisfy it he hunted down and defiled the other Anesthesia Dragon. Especially since the Elder Anesthesia Dragon was nowhere to be found.

The Dragon could not help but erupt, as the devil blamed him for its actions of hunting and defiling other innocent Anesthesia Dragons. The Dragon did not let the devil's words get to it as it believed even without it the devil had already been hunting down the anesthesia Dragons. Which is why it attempted to assassinate him in the first place.

Fueled by righteous anger, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's emotions erupted in response to the devil's accusations, refusing to bear the blame for the atrocities it had committed. The Dragon stood firm in its conviction, unwilling to let the devil's words sway its resolve. Despite the devil's attempts to shift the blame, the Dragon remained steadfast in its belief that its only mistake was failing to assassinate the devil that unfortunate night.

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Chapter 1881 Dream Assassin Raukaul Maar And Deviant Devil Mamas Mulias

?Date- -/-

Time- -/-

Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

Concealed beneath the protective cover of the turtle shell shield, Wyatt remained alert, attuned to the discourse unfolding around him. Before him stood the imposing figures of the Elder Anesthesia Dragon and the colossal muscular devil, engaged in a tense exchange of words. Despite the Dragon's evident fury, it hesitated to make the first move. On the other hand, the muscular devil exuded an air of indifference, displaying no inclination towards aggression as if it had stumbled upon a long-lost affection. Wyatt observed them with a mixture of apprehension and fascination.

Wyatt, harboring apprehension over the looming specter of battle, experienced a wave of relief upon witnessing the apparent reluctance of the Elder Anesthesia Dragon and the muscular devil to engage in direct conflict. Yet, beneath this relief simmered a twinge of disappointment. He had hoped that amidst the clash of these formidable rulers, he could seize the chaos as a diversion for his escape to the sanctuary of the Dark Realm, where he could lie low and evade the tumult of impending strife for a few precious days. However, with the anticipated confrontation now hanging in an uncertain balance.

Despite the initial disappointment, Wyatt found a glimmer of hope amidst the tension-ridden scene unfolding before him. The subtle dynamics at play hinted at a potential resolution that could favor his escape plans. Observing how the muscular devil asserted its dominance by invoking its blood rule domain first, Wyatt discerned that its primary objective might not be to engage in direct combat with the Elder Anesthesia Dragon. Instead, it seemed intent on preventing the Dragon from evading its grasp once more. Conversely, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's visible agitation suggested that it was compelled to either confront the muscular devil head-on or retreat, both of which could escalate into a full-blown battle. Wyatt recognized that patience would be his greatest ally in this precarious situation. By biding his time and closely monitoring the unfolding events, he could seize the opportune moment to execute his escape plan while the attention of the formidable beings remained fixated on each other.

In the tense atmosphere all three, the dragon, the devil, and the tree, calculated their next moves. "You are the dragon from the myths, the one that got away," Wyatt blurted upon a sudden realization, his voice trembling slightly with a mix of awe and trepidation. Wyatt's words cut through the

silence like a knife, shattering the fragile equilibrium that had thus far been maintained.

As Wyatt's words reached the ears of the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, a wave of burning rage that had engulfed it moments before was swiftly extinguished by a chilling sense of embarrassment. How could it not know Wyatt's unmistakable reference to the infamous folklore of the Anesthesia Dragon Lover/Slayer? This tale, woven into the fabric of Dark Realm lore, had been recounted countless times, a stain on the otherwise illustrious record of the Elder Anesthesia Dragon.

The dragon's pride crumbled under the weight of this revelation, leaving it feeling exposed and vulnerable. It longed to bury its head in shame, to hide from the piercing scrutiny of Wyatt. Yet, constrained by the exigencies of the moment, it masked its inner turmoil behind a facade of impassivity, outwardly displaying no reaction to Wyatt's revelation.

Listening to the colossal muscular devil reflect on a night when the Elder Anesthesia Dragon visited it in its dreams and stirred up emotions within it that it didn't even know existed. Then, hearing the Elder Anesthesia Dragon recount the same night from its perspective narrating its failure to assassinate the muscular devil on that fateful night. It didn't take long for Wyatt to grasp the conversation's context; he immediately recalled the dark realm's folklore of the 'Anesthesia Dragon Slayer/

Lover.'

'To think I am standing among the myths of the Dark realm,' Wyatt reflected, his thoughts ran with newfound information recalling the names of the legendary figures involved in the lore: the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, the Dream Assassin, known as Raukaul Maar, and its adversary, the genius prince, Mamas Mulias, the Deviant Devil.

As this realization dawned on Wyatt, he understood the deeper significance behind the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's reluctance to disclose its name. It wasn't due to pride or arrogance, as he initially assumed, but rather a profound sense of shame and vulnerability. The dragon, Raukaul Maar, feared that by revealing its name, Wyatt would uncover the dark secrets of its past, the past it couldn't bear to face. Wyatt's heart swelled with empathy for the powerful creature before him. Here was a being of immense strength, feared even by celestial bodies, yet burdened by the weight of its shameful past.

With the revelation of the true identities of the Elder Anesthesia Dragon and the mighty muscular devil, Wyatt's understanding of their history deepened, fueled by the lore of the dark realm's Anesthesia Dragon Slayer. This newfound knowledge only intensified his sympathy for the dragon. It had sought vengeance for its tribe by targeting their killer, yet instead of achieving justice, it suffered a grievous defeat. Not only did the dragon fail to vanquish the murderer, but it also became a victim of sexual defilement, igniting a perverse fascination within the murderer's heart. This twist of fate only compounded the hardships for the dragon's tribe, adding a layer of tragedy to an already sorrowful tale.

As Wyatt cast a gaze of pity upon the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, he suddenly felt a murderous stare fixated on him. It emanated from the colossal muscular devil, its eyes glaring at him with malice. Suddenly, it spoke, directing its words at him.

"A World Calamity Tree? To encounter such a pest in the Blood Rule Source of all places. It appears the Librarian has failed in his duty to rid the myriad realms of these pests. Allow me to assist in rectifying this," the colossal muscular devil declared arrogantly, its voice tinged with disdain for both the world calamity tree and the Librarian.

## Chapter 1882 Blood Puppet Explosion

?Date- -/-

Time- -/-

Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

Although the muscular devil initially paid little attention to the World Calamity Tree, its perspective shifted when it witnessed how mere words from the nuisance provoked a drastic change in the unstable Elder Anesthesia Dragon's demeanor. The dragon's fury redirected towards the devil but this time it was fueled with newfound resolve. Recognizing the significance of the pest to the dragon, the muscular devil devised a plan to provoke the dragon further by targeting the pest. True to the devil's expectations, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon swiftly intervened to shield the pest from harm, diverting its attention away from the devil's intended target.

As Wyatt observed the Elder Anesthesia Dragon stepping in to shield him, a sense of relief washed over him, softening some of the anger he harbored toward the dragon. It was reassuring to see the dragon prioritize the protection of its people. However, Wyatt remained wary, knowing that the dragon's formidable size might not be sufficient to safeguard him from the muscular devil's potential harm. The Hive AI's deduction had revealed troubling information: the devil seemed to possess a reality manipulation ability. This realization added a layer of complexity to Wyatt's predicament, as it suggested that traditional means of defense might prove inadequate against the devil's powers.

Upon the completion of the Hive AI's processing of the soul records of the filth extracted by Wyatt's soul pupils, a startling revelation emerged: the filth that had contaminated the dragon did not originate from reality but rather from an illusion. Wyatt found himself perplexed by this revelation, struggling to make sense of its implications.

However, as Wyatt pondered further, a recollection surfaced in his mind—the last encounter between the Elder Anesthesia Dragon and the muscular devil had occurred within the realm of dreams. In that confrontation, the dragon had attempted to assassinate the devil using its dream escape ability.

Suddenly, pieces of the puzzle began to fall into place. It became apparent that the filth contaminating the Elder Anesthesia Dragon might be tied to its dream encounter with the devil, explaining the illusionary origin of the filth and suggesting that the supernatural abilities exhibited by the devil might have the capability to turn illusion into reality.

Wyatt realized that the formidable muscular devil possessed the ability to transform illusions into actuality, which greatly diminished the elder anesthesia dragon's chances of prevailing in a confrontation. Short of utilizing its dream escape capability, Wyatt struggled to envision a scenario where the dragon could emerge victorious in such a battle. It wasn't that Wyatt underestimated the dragon; rather, it was widely acknowledged that the Anesthesia Dragon tribe boasted unparalleled defensive capabilities when asleep, coupled with formidable offensive prowess in the realm of dreams.

However, the muscular devil was impervious to its sleep-breath ability, the Elder Anesthesia dragon found itself stripped of its two most potent weapons: sleep breath and dream field. As a result, it had effectively lost nearly half of its strength. In stark contrast, the muscular devil seemed completely at ease, no wonder the devil showed no haste in launching an attack; instead, it

savored the dragon's turbulent emotions with the delight of savoring a delectable dish.

Wyatt sensed that the Elder Anesthesia Dragon was cognizant of this predicament, which explained its reluctance to charge recklessly regardless of its fury toward the devil, despite possessing numerical superiority with its blood-rule slave sleep golems.

"Raul, how shall we proceed?" inquired the muscular devil, its confidence in victory apparent. "I don't mind allowing the pest to witness me express my love for you, but if you prefer privacy, I have no qualms about killing it before we begin."

"Silence, you wretched bastard!" roared the Elder Anesthesia Dragon in a fit of rage.

In a crescendo of fury, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon unleashed its command, "Shut up, you damn bastard! Blood Puppet explosion!"

With the force of its rage, about ten of the stationary sleep golems, their visages devoid of expression, surged forward with astonishing velocity towards the muscular devil. Their movements were swift and calculated, akin to silent predators closing in on their prey.

These sleep golems, obedient to the dragon's will, moved with purpose, converging upon the devil with deadly intent. With each step, they closed the distance, their determination unwavering. As they reached the devil, their movements synchronized, encircling the infernal creature with an ominous aura.

In an act of ultimate sacrifice, the sleep golems lunged towards the devil, their grasp tight and unwavering. In that moment of contact, they triggered their explosive essence, prepared to detonate themselves along with their target.

As the ten sleep golems closed in on the muscular devil, mere meters away from their target, the devil's response was swift and devastating. With a flex of its muscles, the devil unleashed a powerful shockwave that rippled through the fabric of space itself. Instantaneously, the space around the devil erupted into a swirling vortex of razor-sharp blades, each edge honed to lethal perfection.

The torrent of space blades tore through the air with unstoppable force, slicing through the ten sleep golems with merciless precision. Despite their proximity to the devil, the golems stood no chance against this onslaught. Their bodies were rent asunder, reduced to nothing more than scattered fragments that littered the surface of the blood rule source.

The dragon's desperate gambit had been thwarted, its puppets obliterated in an instant by the devil's overwhelming power. The battlefield now bore witness to the grim aftermath of this clash, with the dragon left to confront the harsh reality of its defeat. Yet, amidst the chaos and destruction, the determination in the dragon's eyes did not diminish which signaled that the struggle was far from over.

"Raul, I will take this as a yes. It seems you're keen on starting with foreplay as always. Fine by me," the devil laughed aloud, its voice echoing across the blood-soaked battlefield with a sinister undertone.

Observing everything unfold, Wyatt stayed silent, patiently waiting for his opportunity to execute his escape plan at any moment.

Chapter 1883 Blood Puppet Amalgamation!

?Date- -/-

Time- -/-

Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

'The legends were true. Even the towering peaks of the dark realm pale in comparison to the sheer might of the deviant devil's muscles,' Wyatt pondered as he watched in awe. 'Could this be the epitome of physical prowess? Muscles so potent they can alter reality itself?' he mused, witnessing the deviant devil effortlessly kill ten rule-slaves with a mere flex.

"Blood puppet amalgamation!" In response to the devil's taunt, Elder Anesthesia bellowed another command, manipulating its sleep golems with precision through its blood puppetry rune.

With the Dragon's command, the stillness of the blood-rule source shattered as the blood-rule slave sleep golems, once dormant, surged into motion. Their movement was swift and relentless, a sound of pounding footsteps echoed across every corner of the blood rule source. Yet, their destination was not the

deviant devil; this time, their target was the formidable Elder Anesthesia Dragon. With their steps, the surface of the blood rule source trembled beneath their weight, and the air crackled with the swift movement of their huge bodies. It was a scene of unexpected chaos, as the golems, driven by the dragon's blood puppetry, closed in on their towering master following its command.

As the blood-rule slave sleep golems approached, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon flew and curled into a protective fetal position, surrounding himself with a pulsating blood-rule orb. Meanwhile, the blood-rule slaves seamlessly merged with the orb.

Once all the blood-rule slaves fused with the pulsating blood-rule orb, a remarkable transformation unfolded before the eyes of the deviant devil and Wyatt. Their forms intertwined and melded together, shifting and reshaping into a colossal humanoid dragon, that resembled the form of the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's Wardragon form. Each rule-slave that contributed to the amalgamation had their face engraved onto the scales of the colossal dragonoid as their essence had blended seamlessly to form the towering figure.

The pulsating blood-rule orb remained at the center of this new entity as the core of the amalgamation, it not only served as the central command but its radiant energy coursed through the amalgamation's veins. With each pulse of the core, the amalgamation dragonoid pulsed with power as the Elder Anesthesia dragon's power fused seamlessly with the amalgamation of blood-rule slaves.

The fusion of the blood-rule slaves with the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's essence resulted in an astonishing revelation: the towering Dragonoid now inherited all the formidable abilities of its slumbering counterpart. With this fusion, it gained an asleep Elder Anesthesia Dragon's astounding ninety percent physical damage negation and ninety percent spiritual damage negation, rendering it virtually impervious to harm on both physical and spiritual levels. The spiritual damage negation should have been absolute however, since the Dragon's spiritual body was awake, its spiritual damage negation was reduced to ninety percent.

Furthermore, it acquired immunity to debuffs and boasted a formidable sixty percent counter-damage capability, showcasing its prowess in turning attacks against its foes. This remarkable display underscored the mastery of the blood

rule achieved by the Dragon, pushing its power beyond Wyatt's comprehension.

As Wyatt gazed upon the towering sanguine Dragonoid, its imposing form adorned with intricate faces etched into its scales, he couldn't help but ponder its intentions. It was evident that the Dragonoid wasn't attempting to rival the deviant devil in sheer physical strength, as the devil had already established its unmatched prowess in that regard. Any attempt by the Dragonoid to engage in such a contest would surely lead to its defeat. The Elder Anesthesia Dragon, with its past encounter with the deviant devil, should have recognized this fact by now. Wyatt couldn't shake the feeling that there must be a deeper strategy at play, one that went beyond mere brute force.

"Raul, Aren't you considerate? Now I can fully enjoy myself," the deviant devil remarked with a wicked grin, his voice dripping with amusement. With those words, he underwent a startling transformation, rapidly increasing in height until he matched the towering stature of the amalgamation Dragonoid. As a member of the Mulias's demon tribe, known for their formidable size and strength, the devil's ability to rival even the Worldhog tribe in sheer stature was legendary. This was why the Anesthesia Dragon Lover/Slayer lore spoke of the deviant devil's immense physical prowess, with tales recounting how even the tallest peaks of the dark realm paled in comparison to the deviant devil's imposing muscles.

"I've had enough of you, die!" roared the Elder Anesthesia Dragon in a surge of fury, abandoning caution as it charged at the deviant devil with relentless aggression. Ignoring its own defenses, the dragon unleashed a powerful punch aimed at the devil's lower jaw. Even though the dragon possessed high damage negation and damage counter abilities, the dragon's reckless abandoning of any defensive stance in the face of such a formidable opponent left Wyatt feeling uneasy as the deviant devil's muscles were capable of altering reality itself, they posed a threat beyond the ordinary to the dragon. Yet, despite his misgivings, Wyatt held onto his patience, trusting that the dragon harbored a cunning plan amidst the chaos of battle.

With a wicked grin etched upon its features, the deviant devil met the Dragonoid's oncoming punch with an air of amusement. In a display of uncanny agility, it sidestepped the impending blow with effortless grace, seizing the Dragonoid's outstretched arm in a swift and fluid motion. Locking the Dragonoid's limb in a vice-like grip, the devil swiftly maneuvered its entire body, ensnaring the Dragonoid in a tight deadlock that rendered it immobile. As the Dragonoid found itself restrained, the devil's grin widened, exuding a

sinister aura as it taunted its captive foe. With a vulgar chuckle, it whispered in the Dragonoid's ear, "To think you would charge at me so recklessly. It seems you've forgotten our encounter that fateful night. Allow me to refresh your memory by reliving that delightful experience once more."

Soon the deviant's mouth gaped open and its slick, large tongue slithered out, poised to touch the Dragonoid's earlobe but Raukaul's voice interrupted it, "It appears you've forgotten what happened a few minutes ago. Allow me to refresh your memory."

...

## Chapter 1884 Escape Plan

?Date- -/-

Time- -/-

Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

Wyatt was astonished as he witnessed the lightning-fast movements of the Deviant Devil. Despite his keen perception granted by his soul pupils that allowed him to trace the movements of the Dragonoid failed to trace the sheer speed and agility displayed by the devil, this left him momentarily dumbfounded. In the blink of an eye, the Dragonoid found itself ensnared in the devil's grasp, immobilized by the devil's expertly executed maneuvers. Wyatt's mind raced to comprehend the sequence of events. He had to use the Hive AI's help to replay the events slowly to understand how the deviant devil not only managed to render the Dragonoid helpless by entrapping it in its formidable muscles.

As the Hive AI replayed the encounter in Wyatt's mind, a revelation dawned upon him. The Deviant Devil's dominance over the Dragonoid wasn't merely a result of brute strength; its physical prowess was augmented by a martial arts technique exclusive to the devil itself. This technique enabled the devil to harness a staggering thousand percent of its muscular potential. Such an incredible boost equated to a tenfold increase in physical prowess, propelling the devil's already unmatched strength to unparalleled heights.

As Wyatt grasped the source of the Devil's extraordinary power—the unique martial arts technique—he questioned whether a thousand percent was the pinnacle of its enhancement or if it could propel the Devil's prowess even

beyond. Then Wyatt couldn't shake the thought of the Devil combining its reality-altering ability with its boosted physical strength from the martial arts technique. The potential implications of such a fusion sparked curiosity and apprehension within him.

Yet, before Wyatt could delve deeper into this speculation, his thoughts were abruptly halted by the devil's provocative words directed toward the Dragonoid. Wyatt's focus snapped back to the confrontation, his mind racing with concern. He couldn't shake the unsettling thought of the deviant devil potentially violating the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's amalgamation Dragonoid body.

The possibility hung heavy in the air, adding an ominous layer to Wyatt's already tense mind. He braced himself for the impending clash, hoping that such a despicable act would not come to pass in the heat of battle. While Wyatt harbored grievances against the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, the deviant devil's implications surpassed even his darkest expectations. He couldn't fathom such despicable intentions, especially towards a being who had bestowed upon him the gift of a blood-rule slave's core.

"What the heck were you thinking?" Wyatt roared in his mind. He was not one to blame the victim, but right now, he blamed the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's recklessness for its current predicament. He wanted to escape in the heat of the battle, but because of the Dragon's stupidity, he had a front-row seat to witness it being defiled by the deviant devil.

'Ah, my eyes!' Wyatt's inner scream echoed with horror as the deviant devil's slimy tongue slithered out, poised to defile the Dragonoid. He grappled with a surge of revulsion, contemplating whether to abandon his original escape plan and just escape right away to avoid witnessing the grotesque scene unfolding before him. The temptation to avert his gaze and save himself from witnessing such blasphemy tugged at Wyatt, but a sense of hope and belief that the Dragon had bigger plans kept him rooted in place, a reluctant spectator to the abominable act about to unfold.

Wyatt had noticed that the Dragonoid remained calm despite being immobilized by the Deviant Devil and made no efforts to struggle free from its grip. Knowing the resilience of the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, he trusted that it had a strategy in mind. Despite his initial instinct to doubt, Wyatt held onto his belief, and he was right to do so because the perfect opportunity he was waiting for presented itself.

\*Boom!\*

The enormous amalgamation Dragonoid which the Deviant Devil had subdued by wrapping its legs and arms around the Dragonoid's limbs, suddenly erupted with all its energy. The blast was so huge that its explosion sound reverberated throughout the blood rule source while forming a tall mushroom-shaped cloud that could be seen from any corner of the blood rule source.

Wyatt patiently anticipated the inevitable clash between the Dragon and Devil, knowing their immense power would create chaos. His plan crystallized: exploiting the turmoil, he would simulate his demise amidst the fury, then vanish into the obscurity of the dark realm. When the Dragon suddenly unleashed its fury, Wyatt found himself within the searing blast radius, but instead of fear, he felt exhilaration. Faking his death in that moment, he believed, would ensure his survival. Regardless of which ruler emerged victorious, they wouldn't spare a thought for a mere casualty in the aftermath, leaving him free from their pursuit. This strategy offered him a chance to evade detection and live in seclusion, away from the looming conflict's aftermath. Wyatt's heart raced with anticipation as he prepared to execute his daring escape plan.

As Wyatt prepared to activate his devil merchant code privilege to flee to Cuth Diya's side, he found that the explosion's damage had been completely nullified by the protective turtle shell shield enveloping him. Cursing inwardly, Wyatt understood the implications: if he faked his death and escaped now, and if the Dragon survived the ordeal, it would undoubtedly hunt him down. His supposedly flawless escape plan crumbled before him, revealing its fatal flaw. Frustration and desperation surged within Wyatt as he grappled with the sudden realization that his carefully laid-out scheme had been rendered ineffective. With the Dragon's survival posing a looming threat to his safety, Wyatt's mind raced to devise a new plan, one that could still grant him a chance at evading the impending danger and securing his freedom.

"Hahaha, I knew it, you are the one. Only you can give me this level of satisfaction," the echoes of the explosion had yet to die but the deviant devil which was at the center of the explosion not only managed to survive but laughed aloud instead of licking its wound in some corner of the blood rule source.

Chapter 1885 The Insane Deviant Devil

?Date- -/-

Time- -/-

Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

The Deviant Devil's laughter echoed in the blood rule source killing the echoes of the explosion earlier. Still, there was no word from the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, the one responsible for the explosion. Wyatt did not believe the Elder Anesthesia Dragon would sacrifice itself to take the Deviant Devil down. Things were not that desperate yet. Not to mention it could run any time using its Dream Escape.

The cloud of blood rule energy had yet to settle, so it was hard for Wyatt to navigate through the thick fog of rule energy and spot the soul pathways of the Deviant Devil and the Dragon. Still, with Hive AI and soul pupils working together, Wyatt spotted two soul pathways among the blood rule energy fog. With the quick study of this soul pathway, Wyatt not only figured out which soul pathway belonged to whom but also their status.

Despite detonating its amalgamation Dragonoid body earlier, the asleep Elder Anesthesia Dragon forged a new towering Dragonoid with itself as its core. The Dragonoid inside the core showed no sign of exhaustion. Even the faces of blood-rule slaves, which contributed to the creation of this amalgamation form, engraved on the Dragonoid's scale looked fiercer and more vivid. Wyatt wondered how these blood-rule slaves were still alive and where was the Elder Anesthesia Dragon conjuring so much blood-rule energy from.

That was when Hive AI pointed out to Wyatt, that the Dragon and the blood-rule slaves had comprehended blood rule's blood rebirth meaning. The blood rule domain deployed by the dragon also had the blood rebirth meaning in it. This meaning of blood rule allowed them to regenerate completely within a fraction of seconds even if all that reminded of them was a single drop of blood. This meaning of the blood rule held little significance to the ruler class strong outside the blood rule source but inside, it practically made them immortal with an inexhaustible energy source at their disposal.

This was why even though the Elder Anesthesia Dragon had just detonated the amalgamation Dragonoid, it was able to recreate its form with ease in under a fraction of a second. Now Wyatt knew why the Elder Anesthesia Dragon was not worried about defense. With such a regeneration hack combined with its innate defense ability, it had very little to worry about even if its opponent was the Deviant Devil with muscles so strong that put the tallest peak of the dark realm to shame.

If the Dragon was an impenetrable fortress with an instant repair hack who gave absolute defense a new meaning, then the Deviant Devil was nothing less. Its combat fashion embodied the saying 'offense is the best defense.'

The soul pathways of Deviant Devil showed that apart from a few flesh wounds it hadn't suffered any serious injuries despite being at the very center of the explosion. Wyatt could not fathom how the Deviant Devil managed that because even if its muscle absorbed all the damage how did it manage to protect its ears and other senses?

To understand how the Deviant Devil managed to survive the explosion with little flesh wounds Wyatt had to get the Hive AI to replay the footage of the explosion in slow motion. Where he got to see the Deviant Devil release the Dragonoid at an insane speed and throw a punch aiming at the explosion with its back resting on the blood rule source.

Seeing this video, Wyatt was astonished to find that the large mushroom cloud and the thunderous sound that echoed after the explosion were not because of the explosion but because of the clash between the Deviant Devil's punch and the explosion.

Not only did the Deviant Devil use a single punch to face the explosion head-on but their clash produced thunderous echoes that traveled the entire blood rule source and only died with its laughter.

The Devil's punch was so strong that it reflected the explosion resulting in a huge blood rule energy mushroom cloud that could be seen from any corner of the blood rule source.

Actually, it managed to reflect only ninety percent of all that energy with a single punch. It withstood the rest with its body, which along with the 60 percent counter damage managed to leave a few swallow flesh wounds at best. Even though the devil had only punched the explosion, the explosion was from the Dragon's essence. Hence activating the 60 percent counterdamage. The Devil was basically half responsible for its wounds.

This showed that had all the blood-rule energy bombarded with Deviant Devil's body it would not have exploded to smithereens even if the explosion contained so much blood-rule energy that the battlefield was still covered in the blood-rule energy fog, and from the looks of it, the cloud of energy was far from settling.

Understanding what actually had transpired during the explosion, Wyatt was impressed by the Deviant Devil's physical prowess. He was even more sure that Deviant Devil was not far from the absolute peak of the physical prowess. He could not wait to achieve such heights in physical prowess himself.

Wyatt also noticed that the Deviant Devil did not heal its shallow flesh wounds or more like it couldn't as these wounds were festered with blood curse meaning making it hard for it to heal even small flesh wounds.

Within the blood rule source, blood rule attacks were more efficient. However, except for the blood rule domain it had deployed earlier the Deviant Devil had only relied on its physical prowess and its reality-bending ability. It had yet to use any blood rule skills.

Seeing how the Deviant Devil was able to deploy a robust blood rule domain that could stand against the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's blood rule domain, it was safe to assume that the Deviant Devil's mastery of blood rule was not inferior to that of the Dragon.

Wyatt was beginning to feel that the Deviant Devil was playing with Elder Anesthesia Dragon as it claimed repeatedly. The only time it was serious was when it used its entire physical strength to lock the Dragonoid with its body. As for other times, it never gave its all, even during the explosion it only relied on its physical powers enhanced by its unique martial arts. Wyatt wondered if the Dragon would even have the chance to escape if the devil got serious.

## Chapter 1886 Long Lost Pleasure

?Date- -/-

Time- -/-

Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

Slowly coming to the conclusion that the Elder Anesthesia Dragon was no match for the Deviant Devil, Wyatt was beginning to understand why the Elder Anesthesia Dragon hid in the blood rule source for millenniums together but never tried to seek the Deviant Devil for revenge or help its tribesmen which were now not only being slaughtered by the Deviant Devil but defiled.

Regardless of all its bravado, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon knew that it was no match for the Deviant Devil. This was why, at first, it did not dare to attack the Deviant Devil despite its numerous taunts. At first, Wyatt had mistakenly believed that the Dragon did not dare to fight with the Devil at a close range because of its past trauma where the Devil would try to engage in a dirty wrestling match as it did earlier. Now he was starting to feel Dragon's hesitation to engage the Devil at close range was more because it was aware of its limitations and not because of its past trauma.

This begs the question, what was the Elder Anesthesia Dragon up to, trying to fight someone it knew it could not defeat? Was it because it was tired of running? Nah— Wyatt immediately erased that thought. The Dragon might be stupid enough to mistake a human for a World Calamity tree but, clearly, it was not tired of living seeing how it planned to groom a World Calamity tree even if it meant that it would become enemies with the Librarian. This showed that the Elder Anesthesia Dragon had a lot of ambition for its future.

Regardless of how much Wyatt wrecked his brain, he could not understand why the Elder Anesthesia Dragon was fighting the Devil if it knew it was no match for it. Forget the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, Wyatt did not understand the Deviant Devil. If it was powerful enough to subdue the Elder Anesthesia Dragon then why was it not imprisoning the Dragon and dragging it to its palace in the dark realm?

Wyatt soon found the reason for this exploring the laughter of the Deviant Devil. The Deviant Devil was not quickly imprisoning the Dragon and dragging it to its castle because it understood that it could enjoy the Elder Anesthesia Dragon the most inside the blood rule source. The fact that it stood to gain maximum pleasure from its toy within the source was enough reason for it to not drag the toy to its castle where the toy would be broken easily.

How did the Deviant Devil stand to gain maximum pleasure in the blood rule source? It was because if found out that, within the blood rule source, it could attack the Anesthesia Dragon without worrying about killing it in a single punch. Earlier it only planned to defile the Dragon as it usually did but now after the explosion. It was able to experience the pleasure it had long lost, the pleasure of getting high on the Anesthesia Dragon's sleep breath.

The counter damage of the Anesthesia Dragon also increased the chance of the target falling asleep, so every time Deviant Devil attacked the Dragon, despite its immunity to the Dragon's sleep breath, even though just for a

fraction of a second it could relive the rush of being high on the Anesthesia Dragon's sleep breath.

How was that possible? It was because the 60 percent counter damage from its attack on the Dragon would break the defense of its muscle as such for a fraction of the second it would lose its immunity to the Dragon's sleep breath and for that moment it would experience the potent sleep breath. Even though the satisfaction was only for a second the Devil was now at least able to enjoy it unlike before when it had to rely on other means to satisfy its needs earning it the title Deviant Devil.

All this was only possible because the Dragon was able to survive its punch and return 60 percent of it to him as counter damage which was only possible because of the blood rule source acting as its inexhaustible power source. On the outside, other Dragons couldn't survive its punch and would die even before their counter damage activated.

This was why the Deviant Devil laughed heartily and yelled that Raukaul was the only Anesthesia Dragon that could satisfy him. Feeling the long-lost pleasure of the dragon's potent sleep breath for a fraction of a second, the Deviant Devil was moved to tears. It wanted to feel it again, which was why it gave the Elder Anesthesia Dragon all the time in the world to prepare for its next attack. As far as the Deviant Devil was concerned, it was willing to risk its life again and again to enjoy the potency of the Dragon's sleep breath.

For Wyatt, the Deviant Devil's thoughts were simple, its actions and words matched. However, the Elder Anesthesia Dargon on the other hand was a mess, its words and actions did not match making it difficult for him to read its thoughts. Just as Wyatt wondered what was the Dragon's gameplay here, the surface of the rule source began to tremble as the colossal amalgamation Dragonoid sprinted toward the Deviant Devil not waiting for the blood-rule energy cloud to settle, once again it pounced on the Deviant Devil without regard for its defense.

The addict Deviant Devil caught the ticking timebomb with open arms and a grin on its face. Soon the sound of an explosion reverberated throughout the blood-rule source while producing a big blood-rule energy mushroom-shaped cloud. This mushroom-shaped cloud was even bigger than the last explosion.

The explosion sound that echoed throught the battlefield suddenly died with the Deviant Devil's pleasure-filled cries, "Ah~...Yes, this is it! Give me more baby."

Wyatt listened to the moans of the Deviant Devil with a deadpan face, he was embarrassed but he had little choice here as this time too the turtle shell was able to negate all the damage of the explosion.

## - Chapter 1887 Collecting DNA Samples

?Date- -/-

Time- -/-

Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

\*Boom!\*

" Ah~Ah~"

\*Boom!\*

"Ah~, Yes, this is it!"

\*Boom!\*

"Ah~, Give me more!"

\*Boom!\*

"Ah~, Faster!"

\*Boom!\*

"I said, faster!"

The thunderous explosion and pleasure-filled moans of the Deviant Devil echoed on the battlefield, one after the other in a rhythm. The Devil like a lunatic kept asking the Elder Anesthesia Dragon to attack him faster and harder.

Wyatt hated the fact that he had grown used to them. He could not tune out his senses because the Hive AI could not record the battle. After all, Wyatt's sensory organs were the means of its data input. Besides, he could choose to disconnect his consciousness from the sensory organs but then he wanted to keep track of the battle to find an opportunity to execute his escape plan. He was stuck.

The Elder Anesthesia Dragon has been relentlessly bombarding the Deviant Devil despite knowing that its explosions could not even amount to a punch from the Deviant Devil. Wyatt wondered if the Dragon had gone senile. After all, it repeated the same action repeatedly expecting a different result. That was the definition of being foolish.

Compared to the Dragon, Wyatt was more astounded by the Deviant Devil's actions. The mighty devil had let its addiction to the Anesthesia Dragon's sleep breath grow to the point where it was willing to indulge in self-harm to get satisfaction that only lasted a fraction of a second.

Deep and grave injuries have long replaced the Deviant Devil's original shallow flesh wounds. Its original, short grey fur was now turned red, covered in its blood. The blood rule curse had now sunk deep into its muscles. Knowing that its muscles were capable of reality-bending, Wyatt believed that if the Devil wanted to it could not only erase the blood rule curse but also heal all its wounds in an instant. But it chose not to. Since it would be easier for the Dragon's counter damage to break its muscle's passive damage.

To satisfy its addiction to the Anesthesia Dragon's sleep breath it was willingly harming itself, this was just insane. The Devil's addiction had driven it mad and becoming more worthy of its title Deviant Devil. At first, it was willing to defile Anesthesia Dragons regardless of age or gender and now it was harming itself, if not for its muscle's passive immunity to the Anesthesia Dragons' sleep breath, the Devil would have od'ed long ago.

Well, if not for its muscles, it would have become an addict in the first place. Regardless, for such a mighty figure to not have an ounce of self-control, it had turned from the genius of its tribe to the shame of its tribe. If not for the fear of its tribe, the lore would not be known as Anesthesia Dragon Lover/Slayer but something entirely different. Yet, it could not escape the Deviant Devil title among the circle of ruler-class forces.

Be it the Deviant Devil or the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, Wyatt sided with none, as he did not feel the need to. Even if he did, he would still not choose either of them, as they were freaking lunatics. One kept fighting a losing battle instead of escaping while the other harmed itself to satisfy its addiction. If they had not been born good, they would never been able to gain the power or popularity to become the legends of the Dark Realm. The Dragon and the Devil reminded Wyatt of the rich second-

generation young masters.

Meanwhile, the Dragon and the Devil were engaging in their foolishness, Wyatt was not sitting around. He had copied the soul records of the Elder Anesthesia Dragon and the Deviant Devil. Now he was planning to collect samples of their DNA material. Wyatt had the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's scale which the Dragon had given to him to prove the presence of filth covering its body. So, currently, Wyatt was aiming for the Deviant Devil's DNA material.

With its wounds bleeding porously Wyatt wanted to collect a drop of the Deviant Devil's blood from the battlefield. However, the question was how he going to collect it with the Elder Anesthesia Dragon constantly bombing the battlefield at a regular interval.

Wyatt was able to witness this battle leisurely thanks to the protection of the turtle shell shield that the Dragon lent but if he were to leave its premises, then he would instantly be killed by the shock waves generated by the clash of Devil's fist and explosion, even before the explosion reaches him.

However, who was Wyatt? He was the undefeated champ of retro games. He had already seen the pattern in the Dragon and Devil's attack and determined the minimum time interval between each confrontation. Now all he had to do was think of a way to reach the devil, collect its blood, and retreat in that interval without catching the attention of the devil.

One might think that the real problem here was the Deviant Devil, but that was not the case. The Deviant Devil was too caught up in enjoying itself so even if it were to notice something collecting its blood it would ignore it. The real problem here was the to and fro journey within the stipulated time interval.

'It's time to put the Field Marshal's A-rank teleportation card 'The Run Away Kid' to use,' Wyatt thought to himself, recalling the A-rank teleportation card the Field Marshal had lent to him. However, the card had a cool-down time which would vary based on the distance traveled. So it could only be used once. Wyatt decided to use it on the way back as it would be the most optimal and efficient use of the card.

With the 'The Run Away Kid' teleportation card, Wyatt no longer had to worry about escaping after collecting the Deviant Devil's blood. Now all that remained was figuring out how to safely get close to the devil's blood and collect it within the time limit.

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

?Date- -/-

Time- -/-

Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

Any blood spilled in the blood rule source would be absorbed by its surface but that was not the case for the Deviant Devil's blood especially when spilled out of its body. Even in the blood rule source, the Deviant Devil's blood managed to retain its strong vitality and its strong sense of self, not getting absorbed in the blood rule source's surface.

This not only showed that the Deviant Devil's physique was extraordinary but that its attainments in the mastery of the blood rule were very high. If being able to enter the Blood Rule source was a testament to that then the Deviant Devil's blood being able to repel the temptation of the Blood Rule source when spilled off its body was a greater testament to that.

To reach the Deviant Devil's blood and collect a sample of it within the time limit, Wyatt could only think of the trial and error method. He just had to keep trying until he got the sample of the Devil's blood or found the opportunity to escape his shitshow. Wyatt did not plan to stay around just to get his hands on the Deviant Devil's blood sample.

Wyatt was doing this to keep him occupied, which the Devil and Dragon were fooling around. His main priority was to fake his death, escape to the dark realm, and lie low for a while.

Though collecting the DNA samples was not his main priority, there was a purpose for why Wyatt was collecting the DNA. That was to make the clones and then replicate their race's gifts. Wyatt could buy the DNA sample of these two ruler-class being's tribe at the inter-realm network at a price but he was after their DNA because these two had the best genes of their tribe. Their physique and traits were rare in their tribe, they cannot be found in other elite members of their tribe let alone the regular members. This was especially true in the case of the Deviant Devil, its reality-bending muscle physique was unique in the Mulias tribe. So their DNA samples were a treasure trove of rare physiques and traits. Using the information they provide, Wyatt could use the ingredients obtained from their regular tribesmen to make capable cards for himself or his subordinates.

There were some things Wyatt could not buy in the inter-realm network and some information that Wyatt could not find in the infinity library, the DNA samples of the Devil and the Dragon were both of these things. Their parts were so valuable that they could not be found in the market, the information their best genes had could not be found in a library. Only with such rare information and ingredients could Wyatt stand the chance to make it to the top in this saturated world.

Wyatt used a calamity daughter soul to create a clone, then had it morph into the fastest being whose DNA sample he had sacrificed to the myriad devil transformation skill. It was an insect race, the Coldstone Cobbler Ant. These ants could travel 720 miles per hour as a mortal. If they were to possess the prowess, physique, traits, and cards of Wyatt, then the speed they could achieve according to Hive AI was enough for Wyatt's clone to reach the blood of the devil and collect a sample within the time limit.

This was just a theoretical claim of the Hive AI after conducting numerous simulations, now it was up to Wyatt's clone to take the practical test and prove the theoretical claims were correct. Wyatt never doubted the accuracy of the Hive AI but today was different because of the large cloud of the blood rule energy covering the battlefield. It was

interfering with his soul pupils. So Wyatt felt there were chances of a slight error in Hive AI's theoretical results.

The clone morphed Coldstoe Cobbler Ant stood by the edge of the turtle shell shield ready to sprint after the explosion when the devil moans aloud in pleasure.

\*Boom\*

"Ah~"

\*Zoom!\* Getting the signal, the Coldstoe Cobbler Ant clone of Wyatt dashed towards its destination using the predetermined route mapped by the Hive AI. This way even if the blood-rule energy fog was blocking its sight it would know exactly where to go. Forsaking everything else the clone kept dashing toward the devil's blood with a one-track mind.

Seeing the clone-morphed ant reaching closer to the devil's blood, Wyatt looked at it with anticipation, seeing the Ant reached its destination with a few seconds to spare he cheered for its success inwardly. But the Devil had noticed it as it tried to collect its blood in a storage card. Wyatt hoped that it wouldn't get quashed by the devil. As Wyatt had guessed, lost in satisfying its addiction it ignored the pesky ant stealing its blood.

Now that the Ant had gotten a sample of the devil's blood, it was the moment of truth. The truth of whether the space at source was so strong that no one under the transcendence realm could scabble the space in it. The Ant used the A-rank teleportation card to teleport to Wyatt's side under the cover of the turtle shell shield. And—

\*Poof!\*

It worked, proving that the space inside the blood rule was indeed strong as the myths claimed. The Deviant Devil and the Dragon were strong but neither of them was as strong as true transcendent. The devil could use its reality manipulation to bend the space surrounding it to its whim but it could not do that for the entire battlefield. It would have to consume too much physical power, energy, and spiritual strength. Therefore, after arriving in the blood rule source it unleashed its blood rule domain to trap Wyatt and hinder the Elder Anesthesia Dragon instead of using its presence to scabble the space of the blood rule source as it could do in any other world or dimension. As a result Wyatt's gambit worked, he got the Devil's blood sample within the time limit.

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Time- -/-

Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

Now that Wyatt had obtained the blood sample of the Deviant Devil, he once again completely focused on finding an opportunity to fake his death and escape to the dark realm. However, he also realized that if the devil and the dragon were to continue to fight so foolishly, as long as the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's turtle shell shield was protecting him he might never find the opportunity he was looking for.

Therefore, Wyatt was beginning to consider if he should taunt the Deviant Devil into attacking him. He felt that the devil's punch would be enough to break the shield and kill him giving him just the opportunity he was seeking. He would not have considered taking such a desperate measure but after collecting the devil's blood sample, Wyatt had nothing to distract him from the devil's moaning while waiting for the perfect opportunity.

Wyatt could no longer take it, as the Deviant Devil's actions had escalated. It no longer just welcomed the Dragonoid pouncing on it with open arms, but it would use its extreme physical prowess to vigorously hump the Dragonoid in the fraction of a second it takes the Dragonoid in its arms to detonate. As a result, the sounds of its humping along with its rapid breath would echo, even the sound from the explosions was not able to kill these embarrassing echoes.

'If I wait any longer I might get to collect a sample of the Deviant devil's love juice,' dark lines formed on Wyatt's forehead, as this thought crossed his mind. He shook his head desperately not wanting to entertain that thought or if possible erase it. But he grew worried about the possibility that even if he ignored this thought it might actually become a reality soon.

'Is the Dragon enjoying it?' Wyatt wondered. If someone were to look at the scene in front of him, starting now and without any context, then they would think the same and also think that the Dragon was detonation itself out of guilt for participating in such a shameful thing, for wanting it, and for enjoying it.

'Otherwise, what else can explain the reason why the Elder Anesthesia Dragon was repeating the same thing despite already knowing the end result,' Wyatt could not think of a reason to justify the Dragon's actions. It was getting harder for him to defend that stupid Dragon as he had no idea what was going through the Dragon's head. The Deviant devil's shelf harm was driven by its addiction to the Dragon's sleep breath but what was the Dragon's repeated self-detonation driven from? Why the heck was it doing this?

'What's that strong smell?' Suddenly smelling a rancid smell in the atmosphere of the battlefield, Wyatt's mind raced and he instantly determined the source, 'Pre-cum.'

'Fuck! First my eyes now my nose. I will kill these two deviant bastards one day,' Wyatt yelled aloud in his mind. Determining that he was right about the source of the rancid smell feeling the atmosphere of the blood rule source.

The blood rule source was the genesis of the blood rule, a divine place where all celestial bodies visited to learn blood rule and give birth to their blood rule stream in their will's womb. In such a divine place these two were engaging in such a shameful act. If the other partitioners of the blood rule in the myriad realms were to learn of the shameful acts of these two deviants they would weep tears of blood and curse these two for the rest of their pitiful life.

'If I stay here any longer there is a chance that the battlefield might get flooded with the devil's boundless love juices,' At the first sign of his worst fear coming true, Wyatt thought of a possibility worse than seeing the devil climax, it was to be covered in its fluids.

'Erase! Erase! That's it, I going for it,' driven to a corner, Wyatt decided to execute his desperate plan to taunt the devil into attacking him. It might be easier now considering that nobody likes to be disturbed while they get 'busy.'

Just as Wyatt was about to carry out his plan to interrupt the Deviant devil, a third blood rule domain appeared shattering the blood rule domains of the devil and the dragon. Then pressure surrounding the area increased by several folds enough to hinder the devil and the dragon, stopping them amid their action. Thanks to the turtle shell shield, Wyatt remained safe and was unaffected by the new pressure. Otherwise, his physical body would have been crushed by the sudden change in the pressure.

Unhindered by the pressure, Wyatt scoured his immediate vicinity of the blood rule source to find the owner of the new blood rule source domain. Since their blood rule domain was able to destroy the blood rule domain of the devil and the dragon with ease, Wyatt believed the new player was more powerful than the Deviant devil and the Elder Anesthesia Dragon at least in terms of the blood rule mastery.

'Finally, it is here,' suddenly the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's voice sounded in Wyatt's mind. Meanwhile, the Deviant Devil was furiously searching for the one responsible for interrupting its pleasure time.

'What is here?' Wyatt asked expanding his parameter of search not finding the unknown player in his immediate vicinity.

'The celestial blood rule slave,' the Elder Anesthesia Dragon replied and added, 'Today, I will complete my millenniums' old assassination mission and avenge my tribesmen, erasing the stain mark on my and my tribe's name.'

'What's celestial blood rule slave—I— I s—see it,' Wyatt stuttered, finally finding the source of the third blood rule domain. His mind went blank for seeing the owner of the third blood rule domain.

Wyatt blankly stared at the red moon that had just made itself visible, it was the source of the third-blood rule domain. The red moon was not a moon but the celestial blood rule slave. Just as its name suggested. It was a celestial body turned blood rule slave.

The celestial blood slave was a few hundred thousand miles away from their battlefield so it appeared small like it was the moon of the blood rule source however, a keen eye would notice that its size was slowing growing showing that it was hurrying toward the battlefield.

What shocked Wyatt about all this the most was that the celestial blood rule slave was not only able to cast its blood rule domain on the battlefield while being a few hundred thousand miles away but also destroy the blood rule domain of the Devil and the Dragon.

'H-how— how did a celestial become a blood rule slave? Even a newborn celestial can easily withstand the mystique of the blood rule source. A celestial's will can't be driven mad to become a blood rule slave,' Wyatt enquired the dragon, unable to believe what he was witnessing. It was the universal truth that the rule source was like mother's milk to the celestials. How can a mother's milk harm her baby?

'What you see is indeed the body of the celestial but the will inhabiting it is not that of a celestial but an ancient devil. An ancient devil who was born with a very strong will, reaching the end of its potential and unable to find the path to transcendence desperately decided to swallow the will of a newborn celestial and replace it in hopes of using the celestial's body to achieve transcendence.

By doing so the ancient devil managed to gain the body of a celestial but it still underestimated the path to transcendence. Without a complete body, how can one hope to attain transcendence? Though its body was celestial, its will was not. The results are right in front of you.

That ancient devil is not the only one nor the last, desperate people resort to desperate means and there are many desperate people,' the Elder Anesthesia Dragon narrated the story of the celestial rule slave revealing a hint about the transcendence to Wyatt—a complete body was needed to attain transcendence.

'Shouldn't we escape before it arrives?' Wyatt suggested escaping right away, fearing that once the celestial blood rule slave was close enough they might not have the chance to escape. He no longer cared about hurting the dragon's ego.

'Don't worry, I have everything planned,' the Elder Anesthesia Dragon assured Wyatt and narrated, 'I encountered this celestial blood rule slave a few millenniums ago, back

then I was lucky to have escaped it. I have been keeping track of its activity in the blood rule source since then. I knew I could count on the deviant devil's stubbornness to find me. Setting my trap, I patiently waited for it. All my patience is finally about to yield results. Just enjoy the show.'

Listening to the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, Wyatt finally knew why it was repeatedly pouncing at the devil and detonating itself even though it was not able to harm the deviant devil with its attack. It was because its target was never the devil but the celestial blood rule slave. It was creating as much as ruckus possible to attract the celestial blood rule slaves toward the battlefield while simultaneously keeping the deviant devil engaged even at the expense of getting vigorously and repeatedly humped by it.

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Listening to the Elder Anesthesia Dragon say that it was planning all this for millenniums, Wyatt gulped nervously. Then thinking that the beings with long life spans have a different perspective of time compared to mortals, felt it was understandable. This did not mean that he undermining what the Elder Anesthesia Dragon had done. It was the other way around he was impressed. It was able to execute its plan only because of the Dragon's strong self-control and tolerance.

Most importantly, the fact that Dragon understood its enemy, made a bet, and stuck to it till the end. The Dragon knew the Deviant Devil's fascination with it and also knew the lengths it would go to satisfy them. It did not allow its embarrassment and shame for the devil to cloud its sense of judgment, as such it did not make the mistake of underestimating its enemy.

Regardless of their long lifespan, now how many of the powerful beings could pull something like this off? Just because someone had a long life span did not mean they would be so motivated about something so much, they would be lazy or covet their long lifespan.

Just compare the humans and dogs for example. They both were smart and capable in their ways. The dogs, in general, were happy creatures, despite their shorter lifespan. They lived every day of their short life span like it was their last day in the world. Humans on the other hand despite having a longer lifespan than dogs were riddled with

a myriad of worries and slaved every day of their lives for the next day while some just gave up.

This was an excellent example to explain the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's mindset was not common among the beings with long life spans but rather extraordinary. The deviant devil was an excellent example of this point, it had a long life span and was more gifted and stronger than the Dragon but its mindset was weak, and it did not have an ounce of self-control. Its mindset was so basic that for a moment of pleasure, it resorted to self-harm.

Others might excuse it because of its drug problem but Wyatt had seen people who were introduced to drugs in their mothers' wombs due to their negligent parents get addicted to drugs since birth. Most don't make it to adulthood but some have and in some rare cases they even thrive in society. These people were not gifted like the Deviant Devil and had every reason to engage in destructive behavior but they had strong mindsets and made it even though they lived every day of their lives in hard mode without gaining the luxurious and exclusive rewards of hard mode.

'It seems, the Dragon did not get the title strongest assassin for no reason,' Wyatt had now grown wary of the Elder Anesthesia Dragon. But he had also come to respect the Dragon, so much so that Wyatt wondered, 'What were the natives of the Dark realm thinking when they made the lore Anesthesia Dragon Lover/Slayer? If it was an attempt to appease the Mulias family, then they did a banger job.'

Wyatt was now beginning to understand that Elder Anesthesia Dragon wasn't all for show. If not for the deviant devil's immunity to its innate ability, despite how gifted and strong the devil was it would have killed it at its first attempt. The tolerance, persistence, and deviousness the Dragon had shown, changed Wyatt's view about it. As he too knew a thing or two about dedicating one life for vengeance.

However, Wyatt and the Elder Anesthesia Dragon were different. In his past life, Wyatt dedicated his life to killing the Viltronian and had no plans after that but the Elder Anesthesia dragon though dedicating a small fraction of its life to killing the Deviant Devil had ambitions beyond that. Well considering the strength difference between Viltronian and Wyatt, not to mention limited time and resources, Wyatt was lucky that he was able to kill that bastard. Wyatt and the Elder Anesthesia Dragon were born different, after all.

"Ahh!" the Deviant Devil yelled in rage staring at the incoming Celestial rule slave. It tried to break the celestial rule slave's blood rule domain with all its strength, it even mobilized its muscles reality bending ability that allowed it to manipulate the space around it to its whim with just the flex of its muscles, however, the celestial rule slave's domain remained unresponsive in front of the devil's reality being strength.

Frustrated, the devil unleashed a primal scream, 'Arrhhh!' His voice echoed with such intensity that it seemed to pierce through the pressure of the blood rule domain,

mobilizing his reality-bending abilities. With each syllable, his vocal cords generated a highly concentrated sonic beam, pulsating with raw energy.

As the devil's fury intensified, the particles within the sonic beam vibrated at an otherworldly frequency, distorting reality itself. The air crackled with power as the sound waves warped the space around them, creating a palpable sense of dread.

In the wake of the devil's sonic beam, a pitch-black shadow emerged. The swirling vibrations of the particles in the path of the sonic beam vibrated with such frequency that they seemed to devour the light, casting darkness upon everything the sonic beam passed. The sheer force of the devil's anger manifested visibly, a testament to his formidable power of reality manipulation.

Witnessing the manifestation of his rage, even Wyatt and the Dragon were taken aback. The devil's ability to command reality with nothing but the force of his voice was a chilling reminder of its overpowered physique. Wyatt wondered if its emotions were magnifying the effects of its ability.

'It should have forged a rune related to emotions,' Wyatt thought. The only solace to Wyatt in this was that if he ever made it out of here then one day he too would be able to acquire similar power, thanks to his pre-knowledge of collecting the deviant devil's blood sample.

After launching the sonic beam with a triumphant roar, the Deviant devil stood tall, pride radiating from every inch of its formidable physique. It reveled in the display of its power, confident in the concentrated force of sound to vanquish any obstacle in its path it believed that the sonic beam would destroy the blood rule domain of the celestial blood rule slave that locked the battlefield in its sinister grip.

Yet, to the devil's dismay, the sonic beam faltered and sputtered, fizzling out before it could even travel a significant distance, let alone achieve its intended results. The once-proud devil's confidence shattered like glass as it watched the feeble remnants of its attack dissipate into nothingness. The celestial blood rule slave's blood rule domain loomed ominously, mocking the devil's futile efforts to break free from its grip.

Seeing that one of its strongest attacks could not even tear a hole in the blood rule domain cast by the celestial blood rule slave, the Deviant devil was immediately humbled being forced to confront its limitations. Then a sense of frustration and disbelief washed over the devil and it stood frozen in disbelief.

Witnessing that even the Deviant devil was rendered helpless by the blood rule domain cast by the celestial blood rule slave, Wyatt began to panic pondering if the Dragon was capable of protecting him. Otherwise, he would be forced to reveal his strongest ace to it. It was one thing for him to escape using the devil merchant code's privilege when the Elder Anesthesia Dragon was busy or distracted but not the same when it was next to him trying to protect him. It would definitely realize that the devil merchant code had

helped his soul escape. If it managed to survive this debacle then it will relentlessly try to find him using his soul signature with its dream escape ability.

'Raukaul, how sure are you about our survival?' Wyatt asked the dragon no longer going to the trouble of keeping his polite facade. Trapped in the celestial blood rule slave's blood rule domain, they could not escape using regular means. They needed extraordinary means like the dragon's dream escape ability and Wyatt's devil merchant code privilege that only teleports his soul. That was only if the celestial blood rule slave did not have other tricks up its sleeves. In such a desperate situation, Wyatt wanted to know if he could trust the dragon.

"..." the Dragon was without words hearing Wyatt call it by its first name.

'Oi! Get over yourself. After what we have been through and what I have seen you do, I don't think we need to be polite to each other,' Wyatt spoke the first thing that came to his mind.

'Nazaka, trust me,' The Elder Anesthesia Dragon finally answered Wyatt. It felt like Wyatt's words were true.

Having shared its deep plans with the World Calamity Tree, the Dragon felt relieved. But the reason it explained its plans to Wyatt was that it did not want Wyatt to lose faith in it or think that it was just as deviant as the devil. It planned to groom the World Calamity Tree, as such it had to make sure that it respected him. But listening to Wyatt's words, it felt that they had unknowingly forged a stronger bond. Though it did not know what their bond was called it felt close to Wyatt. If Wyatt were to know the Dragon's thoughts then he would slap his forehead in frustration, knowing that the Dragon misinterpreted his words.

'My name is Dalton Wyatt, not Nazaka damn it.'

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Listening to Wyatt snap back at it, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon did not take any offense. Instead, it gently asked, 'You don't like the name I gave you?'

'Yes, I don't. I like the name Dalton Wyatt quite fine,' Wyatt replied bluntly.

'I think you don't like it because you don't understand what it means. In a certain ancient language, 'Nazaka' means 'Destroyer' and 'Vriksh' means 'Tree,' when you put them together, it's 'Destroyer Tree.' A name befitting you, a mighty World Calamity Tree,' the Elder Anesthesia Dragon patiently explained to Wyatt.

'I appreciate the thought, but in all languages, 'Dalton Wyatt' means me. I am Dalton Wyatt,' Wyatt emphasized the last sentence.

'I did not know you were so attached to that name,' the Elder Anesthesia Dragon backed down, seeing Wyatt care so much about his savage name.

'Well, that's what my parents named me. I have been using it for so long that all the people I care about know me by that name,' Wyatt explained. His tone eased. It was hard for him to keep getting mad when the Dragon was so reasonable.

'No offense, but what kind of self-respecting World Calamity Tree names their child Dalton Wyatt? Does it even have a meaning? I don't suppose it does, considering it is from a savage language. The name I came up for you is more befitting of you,' the Dragon argued in hopes of persuading Wyatt into using the name it came up for him.

'My name is not Nazaka or Nazaka Vriksh. It is Dalton Wyatt,' Wyatt responded sternly. Then he added, 'They are not required to have a powerful meaning because my existence gives them meaning. What so hard to understand about that?'

'Oh, I see,' the Elder Anesthies Dragon remarked, a flicker of comprehension crossing his ancient mindset. As Wyatt's argument finally penetrated the depths of its wisdom, a subtle grin curved upon his asleep lips. Then, with a rumble that echoed through the chambers of Wyatt's brain as the Elder burst into laughter, a hearty sound reverberated in his mind. It chuckled, 'Hahaha, you are more arrogant than your ancestors, Dalton Wyatt.'

"..." Wyatt pondered silently, refraining from correcting the Elder Anesthies Dragon's misconception regarding his race. Amid their current predicament, Wyatt sensed that the Dragon was not yet prepared to comprehend the truth of his ancestry, and he saw no benefit in unsettling their tenuous alliance with unnecessary revelations.

Moreover, a lingering concern gnawed at Wyatt's thoughts: the celestial blood rule slave was an enigmatic force that wielded powers beyond his comprehension. He had doubts about the slave's power and feared it had abilities with the potential to disrupt the devil merchant code's ability within the blood rule source, burning his escape plan. Thus, despite his reservations about the Dragon, Wyatt hesitated to sever ties completely, feeling that there could be a possibility that he might have to rely on the Dragon's escape plan in case of unforeseen challenges.

'Raukaul, what about the Deviant Devil? Does it have the means to break the celestial blood-rule slave's blood-rule domain and escape the blood-rule source in time?' Wyatt

enquired about the Elder Anesthesia Dragon because the only reason it was taking this risk was to kill the Deviant Devil with the hands of the celestial blood-rule slaves, if the devil were to escape then all of this would be pointless.

'Don't underestimate the Deviant Devil. It is a lot stronger than what it has revealed so far. Not only is it capable of breaking the blood domain but also capable of facing the celestial blood-rule slave head-on. It might appear to be frozen in fear, but actually, it is frozen with the sheer amount of anticipation. During my first encounter with it, it stood the same way when I almost came close to extinguishing its soul in its sleep. Then my nightmare began,' the Elder Anesthesia Dragon explained, unknowingly it opened up about its most dark past with Wyatt. It did not mind talking about its past with him.

However, the more the Dragon revealed about its dark past, the more wary Wyatt grew about resolving the Dragon's misunderstanding about his race. Wyatt knew the only reason the Elder Anesthesia Dragon was so close to him was because it thought he was its fate World Calamity Tree, its fate home. Convincing it that he was not a World Calamity Tree at this point was starting to seem less of a good idea. As it would never let a mortal who knew about its dark past live. This was why every time the Elder Anesthesia Dragon revealed its dark past to him he felt the Dragon's grip around his neck getting tighter.

'Aside from his addiction to your sleep breath, he is a battle manic. Are you saying that this is not his full power, has he been hiding his strength this whole time? Then, What are his chances of winning against the celestial blood rule slave?' Wyatt's words tumbled from his lips in a mix of astonishment and concern, his mind racing with implications. The revelation that the Deviant Devil had been concealing his true prowess sent a shiver down his spine, challenging everything Wyatt thought he knew about their precarious situation. Especially, when the Hive AI had gone through the Deviant Devil's entire soul record and not reported anything about it hiding its strength or any hidden strength in its body.

'It seems you do not know much about the Mulias tribe,' the Dragon said staring at the Deviant Devil, whose body appeared to be shivering out of fear but actually, it was just a sign of it awakening to its demonic instincts.

'There isn't much on ruler-class forces in the Infinity Library. If not for the folklore, I wouldn't even know that the Mulias tribe was a ruler-class force,' Wyatt replied, having assigned the Hive AI to go through the deviant devil's soul records once again to find it was hiding strength as the Elder Anesthesia Dragon claimed it to be.

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'You have been to the Infinity Library?' the Elder Anesthesia Dragon asked Wyatt in astonishment, knowing that with the history between the Librarian and the World Calamity Tree Race, Wyatt was lucky to have walked out of there.

'Yes, but I haven't actually been to the infinity library but I have just visited it in the inter-realm city in the spiritual plane,' Wyatt elaborated.

'Regardless, that's impressive. Forget the Deviant Devil, I am more interested in you. As a World Calamity Tree, not only were you able to enter the blood rule source but you walked in and out of the Infinity Library and lived to tell the tale. No wonder you managed to survive when the rest of your tribe was destroyed,' the Dragon looked at Wyatt with a look of shock and admiration.

Then the Dragon further added, 'Did the pixies not suspect you? I forgot they love your scent more than us Anesthesia Dragons. As long as you don't run into an Elder Pixie you're safe even within the Infinity Library. But to think you could control your hunger when in the presence of so many naive pixies. It displays your remarkable self-control. It seems you are more than what meets the eye.'

'...' Wyatt was speechless listening to the Anesthesia Dragon. Especially when it implied that the World Calamity tree liked to eat Pixies. Wyatt then remembered, that Dredre on numerous occasions had mentioned that she enjoyed his smell the most. And why did the Dragon warn him that he was fine as long as he did not meet an elder pixie?

Wyatt then began to recall his encounter with every strong being including Librarian Jr, nobody ever called him out about being a World Calamity Tree in disguise when in his human form except for the Elder Anesthesia Dragon. He wondered how it figured out that he had used a world tree seed to strengthen his existence. Were the Elder Pixies capable of something similar? Considering that World Calamity Tree liked to feed on Pixies by baiting them with their innate fragrance and Elder Pixies were basically guardians of the Pixie tribe, it only made sense that they knew their natural predators.

Wyatt then pondered what kind of existence were the World Calamity Trees for them to snack on pixies that were capable of creating celestial bodies. Putting that aside, Wyatt wondered if Librarian Junior knew or suspected him about being a World Calamity Tree. Wyatt wondered if this was the real reason for his special treatment of the Infinity Library and if everything else about helping pixies become independent was just a cover story.

'Argh!' Wyatt screamed in frustration, unable to understand why the Librarian Jr assigned Dredre as his pixie. He wanted to go through the recorded memory of his talk with the Librarian Jr to see if he missed something during their conversation.

'Click'

Just as Wyatt was lost in thought, a sharp crack pierced the air, jolting him back to reality. He instinctively glanced down to find a fracture snaking its way across the surface of his turtle shell shield, the protective barrier that had shielded him thus far. It was a stark reminder of the imminent danger he faced.

His attention quickly shifted to the celestial blood-rule slave, whose domain exerted an escalating pressure, evident in the pulsating energy around them. Wyatt's gaze rose to the sky, where he observed the once-distant crimson orb looming larger and more menacing than before. The celestial blood-rule slave was drawing nearer, its ominous presence intensifying with each passing moment.

Wyatt's mind was a battleground of uncertainty and tension as he grappled with the dire circumstances surrounding him. The turtle shell shield, his sole protection against the overwhelming pressure of the blood-rule domain, served as a grim reminder of his vulnerability. Without its shielding embrace, his physical form would have succumbed to the crushing force long before.

Inside the blood rule source, Wyatt felt acutely aware of his insignificance. It was a realm meant for beings of immense power, far beyond his own meager capabilities. Even a ruler-

class individual would struggle to endure the relentless onslaught of this domain, let alone someone of Wyatt's modest strength. He knew he didn't belong here, a fact underscored by the reckless schemes of the dragon that had ensnared him in this perilous predicament.

As frustration and anger welled within him, Wyatt cursed the Elder Anesthesia Dragon for the circumstances that had led him here. If not for worrying about the Dragon learning about his deepest secret Wyatt would have long fled this battlefield.

Wyatt regularly kept checking in with the devil merchant code to see if he could use his devil merchant code privilege. As long as, the celestial blood rule slave did not have any means to counter the little authority the devil merchant code had in the blood rule source Wyatt had nothing to worry about but nothing was set in stone yet.

'Raukaul, the turtle shell shield won't hold much longer. Can you get me out of here?' Wyatt asked the Dragon, urgency dripping from his words. He directed his request to the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, aware that the shield provided by the dragon was on the brink of collapse under the relentless assault of the celestial blood-rule slave's domain's pressure.

Wyatt's request wasn't for bolstered defenses; he knew that prolonging the inevitable would only delay his escape. Instead, he implored the dragon to utilize its escape plan,

the very means it had prepared to use the moment when the two apex ruler-class beings clashed in a cataclysmic showdown.

With a mixture of uncertainty and determination, Wyatt urged the dragon to prioritize his safety above all else. He understood the risks involved in the confrontation between the celestial blood-rule slave and the deviant devil, and he refused to be a mere causality in their deadly battle.

As he awaited the dragon's response, Wyatt braced himself for whatever method of extraction the stupid creature had devised, clinging to the hope of a swift and decisive retreat from the battlefield before it was too late.

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Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

'Yeah, that is not possible,' the Elder Anesthesia Dragon answered as it moved its blood-rule slave amalgamation Dragonoid body and morphed it to form a dome around turtle shell shield protecting Wyatt.

'What do you mean? No, you won't send me out of here now or No, you can't send me out of here at all, which is it?' Wyatt asked the Dragon for clarity on its reply. Seeing the might displayed by the celestial blood-rule slave despite being a few hundred thousand miles from the battlefield, he was beginning to think that the Dragon might also be trapped with him in the blood-rule domain.

'No, I won't send you out of here now. It is all about the timing. If I try to send you out of here now, it might give the Deviant Devil the impression that I am trying to escape. Then it will have to choose between playing with the celestial blood-rule slave or with me. Since I am the sure thing, it will try to capture me and leave here. Foiling my plan and years of patience. It is not that I don't want you to be safe but I cannot risk everything over this. Trust me, I will not let any harm befall you. Do you understand what I am saying?' the Elder Anesthesia Dragon patiently explained to Wyatt, it even made sure that Wyatt knew that his safety was also its priority. Showcasing that it had already begun to consider Wyatt as its junior. Now that it had been vulnerable in front of Wyatt, it no longer had any qualms with or reservations about Wyatt. It genuinely treated Wyatt as its own.

'I trust you,' Wyatt responded reluctantly, he could feel genuineness in Dargon's words. However, Wyatt felt sad knowing that the Dragon only cared about the World Calamity Tree and not the mortal 'Dalton Wyatt.' His sadness stemmed from the fact that they could have been friends but things growing complicated. Then Wyatt hurriedly changed the topic reminding the Dragon, 'You were saying something about the Mulias Tribe.'

'Ah~ that, it is debated that the Mulias Tribe are the descendants of a transcendent devil ape that ate the ninth and the smallest moon of the Dark Realm,' the Dragon continued where it had left off.

'Ninth moon, Did the Dark realm have nine moons?' Wyatt asked in the Dragon in disbelief because as far as he knew the current Dark Realm had six moons but because of their varying size and orbit path, they only appeared together once every four years of the Dark realm. Even seeing three of them together once a year was a rare sight. Some tribes believed these moons were remnants of an ancient tribe's weapon to unify the Drak realm, similar to the Devil merchant code.

Many ruler-class forces have invested a lot of time and money trying to explore these moons but none found any evidence to back that up. A few manics even wanted to blow up one of the moons to find proof, but the timely intervention of a few formidable ruler-class forces saved the Dark realm from a catastrophic tragedy that could never be undone.

However, Wyatt had not read or heard of the Dark Realm having nine moons until the Dragon mentioned it.

'There are many ancient records stating that the Dark realm once had nine moons, it is said that the nine moons formed a natural array that gathered and trapped soul energy in the atmosphere of the Dark realm. According to the records the soul energy was so abundant in the Dark realm that—'

'Hold up, aren't you getting sidetracked here? With a celestial body threatening to crash into us, do you think it's appropriate time to tell me about the baseless lores of the Dark realm? Just tell me about the Mulias tribe and if the Deviant Devil will meet its end for us to be risking our life here?' Wyatt interrupted the Dragon, warning it to not get sidetracked as it was not the time and place.

'I thought a few stories would help calm your nerves but you did not fall for it, but you are so smart,' the Dragon replied dotting on Wyatt. Listening to the Dragon, Wyatt felt a revolting feeling in his gut. Wyatt would prefer the haughty Dragon over this one every day.

'Get to the point. Why did the ancestor of the Mulias tribe eat the moon and how is it related to the Deviant Devil's strength?' Wyatt inquired sternly.

'It is said that the Mulias tribe ancestor ate the ninth moon to prove his transcendence. But many believe that the Mulias tribe's ancestor failed to prove his transcendence despite eating the moon yet in his final moments it bestowed power to its descendants hoping they could achieve success where it failed. Many have been debating about it for millenniums so do not take it seriously. As for how it is related to the Deviant Devil's strength you are about to witness it soon, I won't be cruel to spoil it for you,' the Dragon answered but chose to keep the Deviant Devil's ability a secret to build suspense.

'Proving transcendence, is that supposed to be a step to achieving transcendence?' Wyatt asked the Dragon in astonishment.

'Yes and no, it depends on what path you take to achieve transcendence. The ancient tribes had records of my paths to transcendence but one has worked so far, so don't take them seriously either. Besides, only savages like the Mulias tribe would prefer to use their brute strength to prove transcendence,' the Dragon wasn't subtle about its prejudices towards the Mulias tribe. Why would it be? Their decision to use Anesthesia Dragons as ingredients to ease their prince's pain had spelled a catastrophe spanning a few millenniums for the Anesthesia Dragon tribe. The catastrophe that could only end with death of their prince.

'You keep talking about ancient tribes, you are already a few millenniums old so how old are these ancient tribes you speak of?'

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Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

Wyatt wondered what period would be considered ancient for someone who had lived a few millenniums themselves.

'Wyatt, the myriad realms are a few billion years old. You tell me what period of it I should consider as ancient period,' the Elder Anesthesia Dragon asked Wyatt instead of answering him.

'I hear your point,' Wyatt nodded and asked, 'Then do you think that someone in the ancient tribes had achieved transcendence?'

'It is a popular belief that the prodigies of the ancient forces had achieved transcendence and then carried their tribe with them, explaining why these tribes

disappeared. As for my personal view, I believe it is possible. I have to believe because without it only despair remains,' the Dragon answered what it had from other's mouth to the best of its knowledge.

'Then why isn't anyone able to use the path to transcendence left by these tribes to achieve transcendence?' Wyatt was beginning to understand that when it comes to transcendence even the apex ruler-class beings like the Elder Anesthesia Dragon were as clueless as the rest of them or maybe even more because they had access to much more useless information.

'It has to be related to our title demon cores. The ancient tribes only left behind their path to transcendence but never their method of forging the title demon core. It is as if they left behind that map to their home but only those with the key to the home could enter it. Because of this many speculated that the ancient tribes did this for those of their kind that they left being. Some are still searching for remnants of ancient tribes. Which was how the lores of the Mulias tribe's ancestors eating the ninth moon were born.

Still, many smart ones have used the paths of transcendence left by the ancient tribes best suited for their title demon core to seek transcendence, giving birth to the ruler class, the being closest to achieving transcendence. If not for those ancient records ruler-class would never have been possible. We too like the life forms in other primitive worlds would still be stuck at the devil rank.

My Anesthesia Dragon tribe had also done the same to achieve our current strength, if not for being at odds with the Mulias tribe maybe—Whatever, what's done is done. The enemy of my tribe will die today and my tribe will prosper using its ashes,' the Dragon swore, it appeared it would only leave here after making sure that the Deviant Devil was dead.

'What about the world calamity tree?' Wyatt asked out of curiosity. Believing that it would help him with his calamity soul gem's transformation.

'Your ancestor's hunger was their worst enemy. They could amass the strength of the ruler class as easily as they could lose it. That is why I am surprised that you were able to control your hunger in Infinity Library, the den of pixies. I am not criticizing your ancestors, but they were a bunch of dumb trees with many insane gifts. Unfortunately, intelligence was not one of them. They let their hunger dictate their actions. Just like that stupid Deviant Devil, which allowed its addiction to dictate its actions,' the Dragon somehow managed to connect everything to the Deviant Devil.

Then, the Dragon immediately began to praise Wyatt, 'You have soon more self-control than your ancestors, which is why I have huge expectations for you. I have a feeling you will achieve something greater than any of your ancestors had achieved.'

'I see,' Wyatt gained nothing new about the World Calamity Tree from the dragon.

It appeared the World Calamity Trees depended on draining energy from the realm they took root in. Once that realm was destroyed because of their exploitative behavior, they would use the strength they gained to sustain themselves till they found another world. This cycle kept repeating itself. Fitting their name World Calamity Tree.

No wonder the Dragon went as far as to call the world calamity trees stupid. But that would mean the Anesthesia Dragon were the brains of their partnership. Now, Wyatt knew why the Librarian was able to destroy the World Calamity Trees. He faced no challenge fighting against the combination of dumb and dumber.

'Are these paths of transcendence left behind by the ancient tribes available in the Infinity Library?' Wyatt asked the Dragon, though could already guess the answer.

'Yes, but you would have to be at least a tier-1 executive VVIP member of the Infinity Library. But if one manages to climb to that rank in the Infinity Library then they are already part of Infinity Library so in a way that knowledge is not available to the outsiders.

Even in the dark realm, many, almost ninety percent, still believe there is no path to transcendence. In a way, they are right because as far as I know, no one has achieved transcendence using the path left behind by the ancient tribes. This is why the devils keep exploring the depths of the myriad realms in search of transcendence. If a realm has the lore of transcendence, you will find the dark tribes there,' the Elder Anesthesia Dragon revealed.

However, the more Wyatt listened to the Dragon talk about transcendence the more he felt he had no idea about achieving transcendence. They too were just figuring it out by trying the trial-and-error method. However, they were ahead of the Card Apprentices thanks to their historical records dating back a several millenniums.

'Then, what about the realm will fragments? I heard they help in attaining transcendence,' Wyatt inquired the Dragon about the realm will fragments.

'Yes, the realm will fragment do help. But everything has a limitation. If one could achieve transcendence just by relying on external things, then many would have already attained transcendence by now. Wyatt, you are still in the demon master realm. Knowing all this information beforehand will not be of any help to you but it might harm your confidence. Once the time is right, I reveal what you need. Don't try to run while you are still learning to walk,' the Dragon warned Wyatt that knowing too much wasn't good in most cases as it might just end up overwhelming him.

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## Chapter 1895 Mulias Tribe's Moon Incubation Skill

[ 1,056 words ]

### Chapter 1895 Mulias Tribe's Moon Incubation Skill

Date- -/-

Time- -/-

Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

'...' Wyatt stared at the red dome covering the turtle shell shield in dismay with words. His feelings about the Elder Anesthesia Dragon were mixed. It was treating him genuinely, however, knowing that it was because of a misunderstanding, Wyatt was having a hard time appreciating it.

'It's about time. Brace for impact!' the Elder Anesthesia Dragon warned Wyatt.

'That can't be right,' Wyatt muttered, using his soul pupils to peer through the blood dome and into the sky. The celestial blood rule slave had grown closer, but it was still far away.

\*Boom\*

Suddenly, a huge explosion shook the blood rule source. Tremors spread across the surface of the blood-rule source threatening to spilt and swallow everything or being that stood on it. Even the World Calamity tree, within the turtle shell shield, which had its roots buried in the surface of the blood rule source, found it hard to stand on it.

\*splat\*

The blood-rule slave amalgamation dome covering the turtle shell shield burst like a water balloon while protecting the turtle shell shield from the shock waves of the explosion. The blood-rule slave amalgamation flooded the turtle shell shield. But soon, each drop of the amalgamation worked together to reform the dome around the turtle shell.

Once the surface of the blood rule source stabilized, Wyatt searched for the source of the explosion. He easily found it as it was covered in a silver apparition which resembled a mini-moon, it was Malius Prince, the Devint Devil. He was asleep inside a mini-moon-shaped apparition in a fetal position. It appeared as if the moon was a womb housing the deviant devil. Which was contrary to the lore about Mulias Tribe ancestors eating the ninth moon of the dark realm.

So Wyatt could not help but ask the Dragon, 'Are you sure the lore said Mulias Tribe's ancestor ate the moon because from what I am seeing it appears as if he was born from it?'

'Wait for it,' the Elder Anesthesia Dragon didn't immediately answer Wyatt. Instead, asked him to wait creating suspense. Wyatt wondered if the Dragon hated the Mulias tribe or not. From the looks of it, it did but it could not help appreciate strong abilities. Just like any other dark race.

'I don't think any enemy would wait for it,' Wyatt remarked on the time it for the Deviant Devil to activate its tribe's ability.

'That's the beauty of the Mulias tribe's ability. It has two states moon incubation state and awakened state. During the moon incubation state, all the attacks they suffer will not only not be able to kill them but will be healed once they awaken. But the real kicker is the fact that in the awakened state temporarily they will gain immunity to all the attacks they suffered in the moon incubation period. So if the hostels were impatient and kept attacking the Mulias tribe members in this period, then when the Mulias tribe awakened their nightmare would begin,' the Dragon explained, revealing a little about the Mulias tribe's ability to Wyatt.

'Doesn't that mean, it would be impossible to kill the Mulias tribesmen if they chose to stay in their moon incubation state?' Wyatt asked the Dragon in shock. He thought the Anesthesia Dragon tribe's damage negation and counter were overpowered but the Mulias tribesmen seemed to have an even overpowered ability.

'Nonsense, the Moon incubation state can only last for a few minutes. It varies between the Mulias tribesmen. It is perceived that those with stronger bodies can remain in the moon incubation state longer. So the deviant devil with his physical prowess can stay in the Moon incubation state for a few more minutes than the rest of its tribesmen but not more than that. Besides, using that ability follows with a temporary weakened state, so the Mulias tribesmen only use it as a last resort.' the Dragon revealed. It was very forthcoming about the ability for someone who said that it would not spoil the Deviant Devil's ability for him.

Listening to the Dragon, Wyatt felt that despite its many limitations, the Mulias tribe's ability was overpowered. Even if those familiar with their ability would avoid attacking them during the moon incubation state, there was more to the Mulias tribe's ability that the Dragon had not revealed to Wyatt.

'Raukaul, you sure the Deviant Devil is hiding strength. I do not see any sign of it hiding strength,' Wyatt asked the Dragon again because after rechecking the Deviant Devil's soul pathways a few more times, the Hive AI reported back to him that the Deviant Devil was not hiding its strength.

'The moon incubation state is a blessing to the Mulias tribesmen bestowed by their ancestors. So, the Deviant devil is not hiding its strength but borrowing strength from its ancestors. This should be why you are unable to gauge its new combat power,' the Dragon elaborated and then added, 'Wyatt, stop pestering me. Can't you just be patient and see for yourself?' the Dragon wanted Wyatt to see the ability of the Mulias tribe rather than explaining their ability to him.

'...' Wyatt rolled his eyes at the dragon. He did not like being surrounded by variables since he was only comfortable when he had a certain control over his surroundings. So ever since he had entered the blood rule source he has been uncomfortable. First, the dragon, then the deviant devil, and now the celestial blood rule slave, Wyatt did not have peace of mind as he felt prepared not knowing what could happen next.

Since the Dragon was no longer willing to answer him, Wyatt decided to use his trusted soul pupils on the Deviant Devil to monitor the changes it was undergoing.

Recalling that he was able to use his soul pupils to almost copy the skill the Demigod Micheal Godson had bestowed upon his last descendent, Pax Whiteburn Godson, during his origin card creation, Wyatt believed that he should also be able to repeat the same or do better in the case of the Deviant Devil. If he could copy the blessing of the Mulias tribe then just like their ancestor Wyatt too could bestow this blessing on himself and others.

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## **Chapter 1896 Elder Anesthesia Dragon's Greed**

[ 1,030 words ]

### **Chapter 1896 Elder Anesthesia Dragon's Greed**

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Time- -/-

Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

Just by entering its moon incubation state, Deviant Devil was able to cause an explosion that was able to spread unrest through the battlefield for minutes and a shockwave that was able to destroy the amalgamation dome. Recalling this Wyatt could

not help but imagine what kind of terror the Deviant Devil would be in its awakened state.

At the same time, the Hive AI was busy studying the moon incubation state of the devil using Wyatt's soul pupils. It was using the soul records of the Deviant Devil as stencils to mark the influence of its ancestor's blessing on its soul pathway. This was one huge project, Wyatt not only had to recreate the whole blessing but then make a version fitting the card apprentices. Yet Wyatt went through the trouble of copying this trouble because Wyatt could see many possibilities where he could use the Mulias Tribe's blessing's moon incubation state. Just from what the Dragon had explained to Wyatt about this state, Wyatt could think of a few different places where he could use it on himself and his creation.

'Oi, Raukaul, don't you think the celestial blood rule slave is getting faster the closer it gets?' Wyatt informed the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, when his secondary task to the Hive AI to calculate the time it would take the celestial blood rule slave to crush into the battlefield was inconclusive.

'Yes, it is. Don't worry though by the time it arrives the Deviant Devil will have long awakened from his moon incubation state,' the Dragon replied nonchalantly.

'Hey, by the way, why are we not escaping now while the deviant devil is in the incubation period? Especially, when it is almost certain that the Deviant Devil and the celestial blood rule slave will clash,' Wyatt pointed out to the Dragon. He wondered what the heck were they still doing there when it was clear the devil and the celestial would go to battle.

'No, we can leave now. The Deviant devil can choose to exit its incubation period sooner, the it will not be at its peak strength,' the Dragon rejected Wyatt's idea to leave the battlefield now.

'Isn't it a good thing? I thought you wanted the celestial blood rule slave to kill the Deviant devil. It not being at its peak would make it easier for the celestial blood-rule slave to kill,' Wyatt did not understand why the Dragon would care if the Deviant devil was not at its peak when fighting against the celestial blood-rule slave.

'No, the Deviant devil is a battle manic but not stupid. Why would it risk its life by fighting the celestial blood-rule slave capable of killing it when it is not at its peak? It will also choose to escape,' the Dragon explained hurriedly in a stern but weird voice.

Wyatt felt Dragon's argument was valid but wondered why the Dragon suddenly acted weird. It was someone capable of waiting millenniums to see its trap succeed, it suddenly attacking weirdly seemed suspicious to Wyatt. Then a thought crossed his, causing him to exclaim, 'You greedy dragon, you not only want your vengeance but also the core of the celestial blood-rule slave.'

'Watch it, Wyatt. I am your elder, how dare you to call me greedy,' the Dragon warned Wyatt, losing what little respect Wyatt had for it.

'Well, aren't you being greedy? Aren't you?' Wyatt did not back down, he continued to blame the Dragon for being greedy. This asshole, wanted the Deviant Devil and the Celestial blood-rule slave to fight to death, killing each other. This way, not only would it manage to get its revenge but also get its hand on the core of the celestial blood-rule source.

'\*Ahem\* Wyatt, this is not called being greed it's called being ambitious,' the Elder Anesthesia Dragon cleared its throat and shamelessly colored its greed as ambition.

'Being ambitious, Which dictionary are you using? Mine explains it as countering death,' Wyatt stared at the shameless Dragon and yelled. Then he added, 'Not only are you being greedy but you are risking my life for your greed. I don't like this one bit. You might have grown tired of living since you are a few millenniums old but I am not even a century old, I have people counting on me back home. Just send me out of here!'

As Wyatt spiraled with rage after learning that the Dragon was risking his life for its greed, the Dragon couldn't shake the weight of guilt pressing upon its conscience. It knew that by indulging its own insatiable greed, it was recklessly endangering Wyatt. Yet, the allure of the fragments of a celestial blood rule slave's will, nurtured by the very essence of the blood rule source, proved too intoxicating for it to resist.

Rare opportunities such as this didn't come by often even in the Dragon's long lifespan. The chance to seize these fragments promised an unprecedented leap in its mastery of the blood rule, potentially propelling it closer to the coveted state of transcendence. It had created this opportunity with millenniums of plots and schemes. The only reason it could be so patient was by envisioning this moment when the celestial blood rule slaves' will fragments would be within its grasp and also the vengeance part.

The Dragon's resolve remained unyielding, even in the face of Wyatt's rage. Despite the torment clawing at its conscience, it couldn't bring itself to abandon the carefully laid plans it had nurtured for millenniums of its life. The culmination of its ambitions was at hand, and surrendering now was inconceivable. So, with a heavy heart and eyes fixed on the prize, the Dragon steeled itself to pursue its long-awaited ascension, knowing that the cost might be Wyatt's trust, and perhaps even his life.

Though the Dragon grappled with guilt, the allure of power proved stronger. It steeled itself against hesitation, determined to seize the fragments of celestial blood rule slave's will. Wyatt's presence became a mere footnote in the grand design, overshadowed by the Dragon's relentless pursuit of transcendence.

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# Chapter 1897 The Elder Anesthesia Dragon's Priorities

[ 1,026 words ]

## Chapter 1897 The Elder Anesthesia Dragon's Priorities

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Time- -/-

Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

'I am sorry, Wyatt. Try to understand that the moment I use my ability, even if I don't escape, the Deviant Devil will turn its focus onto me from the celestial blood-rule slave. Then, my plans will not go according to my calculation. There is a lot at stake here. So, I cannot afford any variables,' The Dragon firmly rejected Wyatt's pleas to send him out of the celestial blood-rule slave's blood-rule domain influence stating that it would not let anything come between its pursuit of transcendence, even if it were Wyatt, his new home. Wyatt's presence was already a huge variable, it has been very tolerant.

Seeing that throwing a tantrum did not get him out of there, Wyatt dropped his head in dismay. Calling the dragon greedy, and blaming it for putting his life in danger for its greed, were all an act Wyatt displayed to get the dragon to feel guilty and send him away from this bloody battleground. It was a long shot but his strength and intelligence had been dwarfed by the three apex ruler-class beings' vast knowledge and prowess, so he had little choice but to resort to such means putting aside his pride. If the Dragon were to send him out of here then, he could escape and go into hiding assuming a new identity through myriad devil transformations such that the Dragon could never find him.

However, Wyatt was only met with disappointment when the Dragon did not budge, his plan did not work. He did manage to garner guilt from the Dragon but its pursuit of transcendence was too strong. He was already lucky that it did not kill him for trying to come between its path to transcendence. However, this left an aftertaste of mixed feelings for the Dragon in Wyatt's heart.

Wyatt had mixed feelings about this conclusion because he did not expect the Dragon to not kill him for coming in the way of his transcendence but also repeatedly console him while feeling guilty for putting his life in danger. Though it did not budge, it willingly took all the blame. The Dragon was very sincere toward the World Calamity Tree.

Most importantly when all of this was too sudden and not entirely the Dragon's fault. If Wyatt had left the filth covering the Dragon's body alone he could have found some

other reason or a way to convince the dragon to leave him alone. Now he was stuck right at the heart of the battle between apex ruler-class beings. Wyatt was to be partially blamed for his current situation.

However, in the Dragon's eyes, Wyatt was his lucky charm. Wyatt's arrival not only gave him a new home and hope to extend his sleep cycle but also solved the hidden danger covering his body. Thanks to this, its wait spanning for millenniums finally came to an end.

If not for Wyatt discovering the filth covering its body in time, Dragon would not know the filth's existence even after its contamination had spread to its internals and throughout his body. Dragon did not know the consequences of such a thing happening but seeing how the filth was able to summon the Deviant Devil, if had contaminated its entire body it would have been able to teleport it to the Deviant Devil. That wasn't the worst part, since it had already spread throughout its body the Dragon could not escape it, even if it were to use its dream escape ability the filth covering its body would teleport it back to the deviant devil's side. So in the end it would have become the Deviant Devil's pet with filth as its leash.

However, by helping it remove the filth in a timely fashion, Wyatt had not only saved it from such a tragic fate but also acted as a catalyst for its trap, which it had set up a few millenniums ago and lying in wait since then, by bringing the Deviant Devil to him.

All in all, in the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's eyes Wyatt was his lucky star. Having lived for millenniums and wasted almost half of it trying to trap the Deviant Devil and the Celestial blood rule slave in deathmatch, it had come to know that sometimes no amount of talent, planning, or hard work can force things into motion unless it's time. Many know it as the fated time or lucky time and the Dragon believed Wyatt was his fated/lucky time.

It felt that with Wyatt by its side, its path to transcendence would be a lot smoother. All of these thoughts morphed Wyatt's position in the Dragon's heart and mind to a whole new level. Even if it hasn't been long since they have met. Was it the fate of a World Calamity Tree and Anesthesia Dragon or just a mere coincidence, regardless, everything seemed to fall in place for the Dragon with Wyatt by its side. The dragon couldn't care less about why when the fruits it had been waiting for millenniums were right in front of it and a few seconds from its reach.

If Wyatt knew how high the Elder Anesthesia Dragon held him in its heart and mind, he would not only be creeped out but worried for his future. As did not want to become some old dragon showpiece or worse, a trophy wife. Here he was thinking of how to escape the clutches of the dragon but with every passing second, the Dragon's obsession with Wyatt kept increasing. So much so that its priorities now were achieving transcendence, grooming Wyatt, and everything else.

Yes, taming Wyatt was only second to achieving transcendence in the Dragon's list of priorities. If Wyatt were to learn of this, then his mixed feelings for the Dragon because of its sincerity toward him or his World Calamity Tree self would vanish without any remnants. However, currently, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's obsession with Wyatt was being overshadowed by its single-hearted pursuit of transcendence. So, Wyatt very little idea about the Dragon's plans for him.

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[ 1,032 words ]

## **Chapter 1898 Overpowered**

Date- -/-

Time- -/-

Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

'What is happening?' Wyatt asked the dragon as he felt the surrounding space tremble. The origin of the tremors was the moon apparition covering the Deviant Devil.

'The moon is about to take form by enveloping the surrounding space around it with the Deviant Devil at its cover. However, the space of the blood rule source is too strong, easily a few hundred times stronger than that of the realm you entered the blood rule source. And not to mention the blood rule domain of the celestial blood rule slave is locking the space,' the Dragon informed Wyatt.

'Does that mean the Deviant Devil's moon incubation form is going to fail?' Wyatt enquired, it was the obvious conclusion.

'If it were some other tribe member of the Mulias tribe then they would definitely fail to complete their moon incubation state however if its Mamas Mulias, that its a different story. Did you not see how he could use his reality-bending ability to toy with the space in his surroundings to his whim with a flex of his muscles? The blood rule source's space will not only be able to stop him from completing his moon incubation form but it will make his awakened form stronger,' the Dragon explained, showing that it truly knew its enemy inside out.

'How so? What does the strong space of the blood rule source increase its prowess in an awakened state?' Since the Deviant Devil's Moon incubation state was a blessing and yet to fully manifest, even with his soul pupils Wyatt could not analyze its soul

pathways to tell what it was capable of and had to rely on the Dragon for information about the blessing.

'The moon incubation state not only makes the Mulias tribesmen temporarily immune to all attacks used on them during their incubation period but allows them to adapt to the battlefield they are incubating in. In their awakened form, their body will be perfectly adapted to the battlefield. That form will be the most fit for the Mulias tribesmen to fight on that battlefield. Allowing them to turn any field into their home field and take full advantage of it.

When Deviant Devil awakened in my Dream Field, it was more adapted to the dream field than me. Even though it was my ability, I was at a disadvantage in it. Do you understand what I am saying? It is like you spend your life honing a single skill to its limit but suddenly someone else comes up with better skills but for half the effort. Or in this bastard's case a few minutes.

That night for the first time in my life I realized the perils of an untalented person seeing this asshole adapt to my proudest skill 'dream field' like a fish in the water and whoop my ass. The Mulias Tribe's Ruler-Class force is not just for show. There is a reason why my Anesthesia Dragon tribe has been helpless against these bastards. These fuckers are born fighters,' The Dragon narrated without hesitating to use profanity. Despite its blatant use of cuss words, one could not tell if it admired the Mulias tribe's blessing or hated it.

This was the first time Wyatt had heard the Dragon use so many curses at once. Previously regardless of how desperate the situation it would remain calm. However, seeing the Moon incubation state of the Deviant Devil take physical form by using the space surrounding it. The Dragon recalled its dark past. Especially, when the Deviant Devil bested it in its own home ground, the dream field.

Wyatt had previously wondered how the Deviant Devil who was known for its physical prowess and reality-bending abilities was able to defeat the Elder Anesthesia Dragon in its Dream. Now he finally had the answer, by using its moon incubation skill, it obtained a body that not only allowed it to display its strength and skills in the dream realm but also a body that was born for the dream realm. A body that was better suited for dream-related skills than the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's own body.

Being best in its own specialty, it was impossible to stay calm every time it recalled it. The Dragon could not have explained its anguish better, even if it was an Anesthesia Dragon, a tribe crowned as dream walkers, it had to work hard to hone its innate abilities to their peak for it to gain the title of strongest assassin. However, the Deviant Devil using its ancestor's blessing was able to display Dream-related prowess far better than him who had spent the first millennium of his life honing his abilities and was considered the prodigy of his tribe. If it was someone else they would have lost their will and lost sight of their goal after such a defeat. However, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon

not only overcame the shadow left behind by the Deviant Devil's prowess but laid an elaborate trap for its nemesis.

'Holy shit, now that's one overpowered ability,' Wyatt blurt aloud in his mind, listening to the Dragon explain the second effect of the Deviant Devil's Moon Incubation ability.

'Overpowered, that's a befitting word to describe that ability,' the Dragon muttered, sometimes finding Wyatt's colloquialism whimsy.

Wyatt was giddy, right now he felt like he had won the lottery. Just imagining the infinite possibility of using the Mulias Tribe's ancestral blessing, Wyatt could not help but get excited. To think he found an ability that not only allowed a person to adapt to their surroundings but adapt to the point that they can even best the natives of the surroundings who have lived and trained in those surroundings for years. If one was able to successfully remove the temporary limit placed on this ability then the being with that ability would be able to flawlessly adapt to any corner of the myriad realms.

The bountiful possibilities of the Mulias Tribe's ancestral blessing even tempted Wyatt into entertaining the thought of finding a few Mulias Tribesmen and fighting them just so that he could observe their ancestral blessing up close.

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The fateful night between Deviant Prince Mamas Mulias and Strongest Assassin Raukaul Maar, which gave birth to the lore of the Anesthesia Dragon Lover/Slayer, unfolded when Raukaul visited Mamas's dream to assassinate him there. However, he never expected the Deviant Prince's rumored muscles to be so strong that just when he was about to extinguish his soul, their reality-bending ability allowed the Deviant Prince to access his family's ancestral blessing within the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's dream field.

The only reason the Elder Anesthesia Dragon Raukaul dared to assassinate the Deviant Prince despite hearing songs of his physical prowess was because he believed he would not be able to access his family's ancestral blessing within his dream field just like the rest of his tribesmen. However, that was a miscalculation on the Dragon's part as the Deviant Prince's muscle held the reality-bending ability, which allowed the

Deviant Prince to awaken his family's ancestral blessing within the Dragon's dream field.

Just in the nick of time when the Dragon was about to extinguish its soul the Deviant Devil activated his family's ancestral blessing 'Moon Ape Incarnation' and entered its first state 'Moon Incubation' to use its effect to save itself from certain death. In the 'Moon Incubation' state the Mulias tribesmen temporarily cannot be killed though they do sustain damage from attacks. However, all the damage sustained recovers when the 'Moon Incubation' takes shape. Not to forget they gain immunity to all the attacks they endure during the incubation state in the awakened state.

Seeing the Deviant Devil summon its ancestral blessing in its dream field the Dragon was astonished but knowing the effects of the 'Moon Incubation' state it did not attack the Devil in haste. Rather, it patiently waits for the Devil to awaken even though it has heard about the dread of the Mulias tribe's ancestral blessing's awakened state. As it believed itself to be unparalleled in its dream field.

As the Deviant Devil's moon incubation state started to take form, its muscle's reality-bending ability manipulated the dream field surrounding the Devil to cover it in a moon-shaped egg. Seeing the Devil undergoing a transformation within an egg with a shell made of its dream field, the Dragon was shocked. However, it did not allow it to discourage it from its original goal, the assassination of the Deviant Devil the enemy of its race.

Soon the 'moon incubation' state was complete and the Deviant Devil entered the 'moon awakened state,' with a new body that was specifically designed for the Devil to thrive in the dream field effortlessly. Seeing that the Devil had exited its 'Moon Incubation' state, the Dragon immediately mobilized its strongest move and once again aimed to extinguish the Devil's soul at the fastest speed however, before it could make it to the Devil, it found that the Devil was already behind him. Causing the Dragon to jump out of its skin in fright.

Calming itself, the Dragon recalled its years of practice and mobilized all of its strength to catch the Devil. However, soon it found that no matter how fast it reacted for some reason the Devil was able to get behind it at an incredible speed. This was its dream field, it practiced here for most of its life, and it was supposed to reign here. However, for some reason, the Devil was able to best regardless of how hard it tried despite recalling its years of training which helped it gain the title of strongest assassin.

Within the dream field, the Anesthesia Dragons reigned supreme, their prowess unmatched by any other entity. Their mastery of the ethereal realm was legendary, and they were revered as the epitome of power and skill. Yet, to the Dragon's astonishment, the Deviant Devil proved to be a formidable adversary even in this domain. Time and again, the Devil emerged victorious, surpassing the Dragon in countless confrontations and demonstrating a level of mastery previously unseen.

Perplexed by the Devil's unprecedented success, the Dragon delved into its memories, searching for answers. It was then that the Dragon recalled the transformative effect of the Mulias tribesmen's 'Moon Awakened' state. This state, designed to adapt individuals to the battlefield, had imbued the Devil with unparalleled abilities, enabling it to excel even in the dream field.

Realization dawned upon the Dragon as it connected the dots—

the Devil's superiority stemmed from its innate capacity to adapt, a trait inherited from the Mulias tribesmen's ancient lineage.

Initially, when the Dragon first learned of the Mulias tribesmen's unique ability to adapt to the battlefield, it didn't attribute much significance to it. Believing that their bodies would simply acclimate to the rigors of combat, the Dragon underestimated the true extent of their prowess. However, to its astonishment, the ability surpassed mere adaptation; it elevated the Mulias tribesmen to the pinnacle of battlefield excellence.

Contrary to the Dragon's initial assumptions, the ability didn't just facilitate adjustment—it transformed the Mulias tribesmen into the undisputed elite of the battlefield. It seemed as though they were inherently attuned to the chaos and violence of warfare, as if millennia of evolution had meticulously crafted them for this specific purpose.

With each skirmish and conflict, the Mulias tribesmen demonstrated unparalleled skill and resilience, seamlessly integrating with the tumultuous environment of the battlefield. Their instinctive mastery of combat techniques, coupled with their innate adaptability, propelled them to the forefront of every engagement. They wielded their unique ability like a finely honed weapon, carving out a reputation as the preeminent warriors of their time.

The Deviant Devil, empowered by its ancestor's 'Moon Ape Incarnation' blessing and its muscles' flexible nature, seamlessly navigated the dream field. Despite it being its maiden venture into this ethereal dream field, the Devil effortlessly outplayed the Dragon, showcasing remarkable adaptability. Its inherent agility, coupled with ancestral blessing, enabled it to thrive in the dream field, mastering its intricacies effortlessly. With a blend of ancestral blessings and innate abilities, the Deviant Devil emerged victorious, proving its prowess and dominance over the Dragon without exertion.

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Witnessing the Devil effortlessly achieve what had taken the Dragon centuries to master dealt a severe blow to the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's confidence. Despite the setback, the Dragon refused to succumb to self-pity, persevering in its relentless pursuit to eliminate the Devil. However, bolstered by its ancestral blessing, the Devil had already surpassed the Dragon in both skill and prowess within the dream realm. This turn of events left the Dragon grappling with a newfound sense of inadequacy and frustration.

With each attempt to defeat the Devil, the Dragon faced mounting challenges as the Devil flawlessly countered every move with grace and precision. The Dragon's desperation grew as it struggled to keep pace with the Devil's unmatched abilities. Despite its best efforts, the Dragon was outmaneuvered at every turn, unable to match the Devil's strategic brilliance.

As the conflict raged on, the Devil's dominance became increasingly apparent, further eroding the Dragon's confidence. With each passing moment, it became evident that the Devil had firmly established itself as the superior force within the dream field, leaving the Dragon to confront the harsh reality of its diminished stature within its own domain of expertise.

After a millennium of dedicated training and unyielding practice, the Dragon found itself humbled by the overwhelming prowess of the Deviant Devil, whose ancestral blessing and innate abilities seemed to effortlessly outshine the Dragon's honed skills. Faced with repeated defeat at the hands of its adversary, the Dragon's pride began to crumble, and it realized that relying solely on its acquired skills would no longer suffice.

Though unwilling to believe that the skills it was proud of were failing it, the Dragon decided to embrace humility. The Dragon, then acknowledged the need to tap into its own innate abilities, dormant yet potent, waiting to be unleashed. With a newfound determination, the Dragon sought to demonstrate to the Devil that it too possessed formidable innate talents, ones that could rival even the combination of its ancestral blessings and innate ability.

"Dream within Dream," or the "Dream Maze," was a distinctive innate ability exclusive to the Anesthesia Dragon race. With this power, they could lull their targets into a deep slumber within a dream, subsequently entering another layer of the dream. Anesthesia Dragons were renowned for ensnaring adversaries within a complex labyrinth of dreams, causing them to become lost within the maze of multiple layers of dreams within their own subconscious. Consequently, the victim's physical form would plunge into an extended coma, trapped between the realms of wakefulness and the dream world.

This formidable ability posed a significant threat, enabling Anesthesia Dragons to confront foes of superior strength. To awaken from the coma induced by the Dream Maze, the victim had to navigate their way through the intricate corridors of the multiple

layers of the dream dungeon, retracing their steps back to consciousness. This journey demanded resilience, clarity of mind, and an unwavering determination to break free from the entrapment of the dream maze.

The Dream Maze stood as a testament to the Anesthesia Dragons' mastery over the realms of dreams, serving as both a defensive mechanism and a potent weapon in their arsenal.

Despite the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's inability to directly vanquish the Deviant Devil in the dream field with its once formidable skills, it devised a cunning strategy to neutralize the threat using its innate ability. Recognizing the devil's resilience and strength, the dragon opted for a different approach: to imprison the devil's soul within an intricate network of dreams, a labyrinthine construct spanning multiple layers of dream realm using its innate ability 'Dream within Dream' or 'Dream Maze.'

The Dragon planned to craft a Dream Maze so elaborate that the Deviant Devil would find itself ensnared and lost amidst the shifting corridors of its own dream maze. The dragon planned to employ its innate mastery over dreams to its finest to weave together a complex maze of dreams with twists and turns in every corner such that the devil would struggle to navigate its way back to the physical realm for the remainder of its existence.

This way the Deviant Devil would be condemned to wander the Dream Maze, perpetually seeking an escape route to the reality that would elude its grasp just when it thought it had found it. Banishing the devil to traverse through the myriad layers of dreams, haunted by its worst nightmares.

The Elder Anesthesia Dragon having decided to utilize its innate ability already began to count its eggs and relish imagining the Deviant Devil trapped in its Dream maze for the remainder of its life span. After all, the Deviant Devil's innate ability and ancestral blessing had managed to leave an everlasting scar in its psyche. It was very hard for the Dragon to believe that the millennium of years it spent honing its skills were laid waste to by the Devil using its innate ability. In the heat of the moment, it forgot to see the big picture rather its mind was occupied by its loss and it forgot its skills did not betray it rather Devil was just stronger.

'Dream Maze,' the Dragon smugly used its innate ability on the Devil, hoping to see it fall asleep and enter another layer of dream however, contrary to its imagination, the Devil did not sleep rather it stood tall unaffected by the Dragon's innate ability.

Seeing the Devil unaffected by its ability, the Dragon looked at the Devil in disbelief, it stared into the Devil's and did not see any sign of sleeplessness. Rather there was a trace of excitement in them, then the Devil who happened to be a silent participant in its own assassination attempt finally spoke, 'What did you do just now? Do it again?'

'Fuck! Don't tell me you carried your immunity to sleep into the dream itself. How is that even possible?' the Dragon asked the Devil in disbelief. Because the Devil's immunity to its sleep belonged to its muscles and not its spiritual body however for some unknown reason its spiritual body was able to display similar immunity. Then thinking of something the Dragon exclaimed, 'Is it because of the Moon Ape Incarnation form? Did your spiritual body really become as strong as your physical body?'

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"Why do you have so many questions? Quit asking them and repeat what you did earlier," the Deviant Devil ordered the Dragon to use its innate ability 'Dream Maze' on it again.

"Who do you think you are to order me?" the Dragon was baffled by the Deviant Devil's arrogance. Listening to the Devil ordered its assassin to use their strongest ability on it. The Dragon wondered if the Devil even knew that it was trying to assassinate it in its sleep, 'Nah! He knows I am here to assassinate him in his dream. Nobody could be that stupid.'

"You better do what I ask of you or else—" the Deviant Devil threatened the Dragon, seeing that it would not listen to its orders.

"You are stupid, aren't you? This is why parents are advised not to give their kids drugs from a young age. It seems there was a silver lining in all of this, after all, your regular abuse of powdered anesthesia dragon scales from a very young age has stunted your mental development. There is no way someone as stupid as you would have such a strong spiritual body. Then I guess it must be because of your muscle's innate reality-bending ability in combination with your ancestral blessing 'Moon Ape Incarnation.' For someone who is born so gifted you have a very tragic life. Whoever suggested to your parents to give their toddler powdered scales of the anesthesia dragon has royally screwed you over. With a stunned brain, you never stood a chance against your addiction," the Elder Anesthesia Dragon gloated learning that the Deviant Devil despite his adult body had a child's mind.

Seeing the Deviant Devil best him in his own expertise the Dragon was pissed. Understandably, since it has taken the dragon millenniums to hone its skills to perfection and gain the title 'Strongest Assassin.' However, the Devil was able to do the same, and then so, in a very small amount of time thanks to its innate abilities and ancestral blessing.

Because of this a lot of frustration and rage had gathered in the Dragon's heart. Especially since as the most talented anesthesia dragon in its tribe, it could not complain that, 'This world is unfair.' The Elder Anesthesia Dragon was humbled by this experience, yes, but it was also the time it knew the despair of being in the presence of a talent and being outshone in everything they did. Especially seeing the devil do things effortlessly which the Dragon struggled to do.

Since it was unable to defeat the devil with its talent and hard work, the Dragon resorted to something only the weak and helpless resort to, shaming the Devil, using words to hurt its feelings when its claws failed to hurt its fur. That fateful night the dragon had fallen to a low point which it had never experienced in its life. It finally knew why tribesmen of its age group said mean things about it behind its back and sometimes to his face. It finally knew what it was like to be a loser.

Unknowingly, it resorted to shaming the devil when it learned about its stunted mental development. Previously, it would have considered something like that beneath it and never resorted to something so shameful, especially having experienced the same thing in its tribe. However, driven by despair, that night, the Dragon showed its most embarrassing side to the Devil. Now that it had done it, even though it regretted it, it stood by its words.

"You are mean, I don't want to play with you anymore," the Deviant Devil declared. Then the Devil stared at the Dragon blankly, suddenly its eyes glowed with a profound brilliance. Once the radiance in its eyes subsided, the Devil looked at the Dragon with pity and said, "So, this is what the strongest assassin has been reduced to losing his confidence and dignity, bullying little children by saying mean things about them."

"What the—" The Dragon was confused and taken aback by the Devil's well-articulated speech. It could not believe it was the same Devil it had been taunting and shaming for a stunted mental development. Gathering its thoughts, the Dragon asked the devil, "Who are you? You are not the one I was talking to earlier."

"I am the real Mamas Mulias, the true prince of the Mulias Tribe. Until now you were talking to my 76th self. He is the youngest. There are too many of them, so I just call them by the number I discovered them," the Deviant Devil revealed to the Dragon.

"Do you mean to say that you have multiple consciousnesses in you or your consciousness has split into multiple personalities or something like that?" the Dragon asked, having learned that at least 76 personality or consciousnesses in the Deviant Devil's body whom the devil preferred to call as a version of itself.

"Nope, not something like that, that was me," the Deviant Devil discarded the Dragon's theory.

"If that was you earlier then how can the current you be the real Mamas Mulias, shouldn't that be the real Mamas Mulias? Or Does it also believe itself to be the real Mamas Mulias and you to be the 76th, just like you do?" the Dragon asked the Devil fascinated by the Deviant Devil's psyche.

"76th was right, you have too many questions. Shut up and repeat the attack you used on me earlier," the Deviant Devil ordered emitting an authoritative aura. Then it added, "If my guess is right it should be your tribe's most feared ability the Dream Maze, that only the most talented Anesthesia Dragons can awaken."

"How about this I will use my innate ability on you if you tell me what's the deal with there being 76 or more of you?" the Dragon bargained with the Devil, it attempted to understand its enemy better but could not be more obvious. Even though it had failed to assassinate the devil this time it was already preparing for its second assassination attempt on the Devil. Proving that its title 'Strongest Assassin' was not just for show.

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## **Chapter 1902 Mamas Mulias's Secret Ability**

[ 1,016 words ]

### **Chapter 1902 Mamas Mulias's Secret Ability**

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Listening to the Elder Anesthesia Dragon bargain with it, the Deviant Devil's brow frowned, intensifying the authoritative aura exuding from it. The authoritative aura then concentrated on the Dragon and pressed it, as the Deviant Devil said, "What makes you think that you can bargain with me in here? This dream field might be the manifestation of your ability but I am the king in here."

"True, the combination of your muscle's innate ability and your ancestral blessing has rendered me helpless in my own ability but if you wanted me to use my Dungeon Maze

ability on you, wouldn't it be easier for you if I were to cooperate with you?" the Dragon who had finally begun to come to terms with its own limitation against the Deviant Devil, docilely argued its point.

If it had been before the Dragon could never fathom doing this but now that it stopped laminating on its failed assassination attempt and preparing for the second assassination attempt, it was willing to do anything to collect as much information about the Deviant Devil as possible to make his second assassination attempt a success.

Especially now, when the Dragon knew that there was more to the Deviant Devil's prowess, which the Devil had not revealed to the rest of the Dark realm.

As an assassin holding the title of strongest assassin, it knew how important intel on the target was in an assassination attempt. Gathering that information was also a part of the assassination. So it was willing to do whatever it took, go the extra mile, for the information.

"Yes, you're right. It would be easier for me if you were cooperative. Have it your way. I will tell you about my other selves and you use your innate Dream Maze ability on me, Yes?" the Divant Devil agreed to the Dragon's proposal, retracting its authoritative aura that was pressing on the Dragon.

"Yes, you have a deal," the Dragon confirmed.

Despite the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's failure to assassinate the Deviant Devil and its subsequent defeat in their confrontation, it remained remarkably composed. This tranquility stemmed from its unwavering confidence in its ability to evade capture and death through its Dream Escape skill. This unique power offered the dragon a lifeline, granting it a second chance to accomplish its mission.

Rather than succumb to despair or dwell on its previous shortcomings, the dragon embraced its defeat as a valuable lesson. It saw the experience as both a cautionary tale and a source of motivation for its upcoming assassination attempt. The setback served as a reminder of the risks and challenges inherent in its line of work, spurring the dragon to refine its strategies and approach with renewed determination.

Through resilience and adaptability, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon transformed its defeat into an opportunity for growth and redemption. Instead of allowing failure to hinder its resolve, it harnessed the setback as fuel for its ambition. With a clear vision of its goal and the assurance of a second chance, the dragon pressed forward, ready to confront the Deviant Devil once more, armed with newfound wisdom and determination.

"Okay, then," seeing the Dragon agree, the Devil then said, "You are in luck, in here I do you one better than just telling about my other self, I can show them to you."

"Yey! Luck me," the Dragon said sarcastically rolling its eyes.

"Prepared to be amazed," the Deviant Devil declared to the Dragon and then muttered to itself, "Everyone come out and greet our new friend."

The Dragon watched intently not to miss any detail of the Deviant Devil's ability, as any little detail could be of big help during its second assassination attempt on the Devil.

Soon multiple aura's fill the Dragon's dream field, 76 aura's to be exact. The dream field was now filled with 76 different solitudes, each one had its unique aura. All of them had a humanoid Ape form but of varying shapes, sizes, and colors. However, their faces closely resembled each other, as if they were siblings.

Looking at the 76 different versions of Mamas Mulias surrounding it the Dragon panicked, 'I was having a hard time dealing with a single Mamas Mulias, but to think there were 76 of them. No, there has to be an explanation for this. Though they all had strong aura their presence is feeble, except for one. That should be the real Mamas Mulias and the rest should be the apparition of its other selves manifested using its dream prowess.'

"These are all versions of me, I am them but they are not me. Get it?"the Deviant Devil tried to explain its various forms to the Dragon.

"How is it any different from what I speculated earlier? Your body is holding multiple consciousnesses, how is it any different from what you as saying?" the Dragon could have just agreed with the Deviant Devil and moved on but it did not as it needed to know the origin of these multiple versions of the Deviant Devil and whether it would have to kill all the version of it to kill the Deviant Devil.

"No, it is not the same as having multiple consciousnesses. It is more complex and sophisticated than that," The Deviant Devil asserted, adding, "They are the version of me created using the combination of my muscle's reality-bending ability and my family's ancestral blessing. Unlike the rest of my family whose 'Moon Ape Incarnation' forms are just temporary, mine aren't. My body can morph into any of these versions of me as long as choose to. 76th is the dream version of me born in your dream field, he is still a child. Which you mistook as stunted mental development because of drug abuse from an early age."

"Wait, you are saying that the awakened form of yours which is formed by the combination of your muscle's reality-bending ability and your family's ancestral blessing is not temporary like the rest of your tribesmen's awakened form?"

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[ 1,027 words ]

## Chapter 1903 Sucker!

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The Elder Anesthesia Dragon was shocked to the core, learning that the Deviant Devil could morph into any one of its previous awakened forms at will. Just imagine the implication of this the Dragon felt dread in its heart.

When the Deviant Devil awakened a form that was adapted to the Dragon's dream field and bested the Dragon in its own game, The only solace the Dragon had in this despair was that the Deviant Devil's awakened form was temporary but the skills it had honed for centuries would be with it for a lifetime.

But now, learning the Deviant Devil's awakened form was not temporary, the Dragon felt like somebody snatched the only crutch supporting its will from plunging into darkness. It started at the Deviant Devil blankly as if it had lost its soul because the only way for the Dragon to redeem itself as the strongest assassin, its plan for a second assassination attempt on the Deviant Devil fell through even before it started.

Since the Deviant Devil's awakened forms were not temporary like the rest of Mulias tribesmen's awakened form, the Dragon realized that now that the Deviant Devil had an awakened form that had adapted to the skills it had spent centuries mastering and had immunity to its innate abilities from the get-go, the Dragon could never be a threat to the Deviant Devil let alone it trying to assassinate it.

The Elder Anesthesia Dragon lost all hope of ever being able to assassinate the Deviant Devil. It wanted to yell, 'Why is the world so unfair? How can it create someone so gifted?'

The Dragon's despair was only logical as,

> In the 'Moon Incubation' state the deviant devil cannot be killed. All the damage sustained in this form will be healed when it enters the next state.

> In the 'Awakened form' state the deviant devil will gain a new body that will be adapted to the battlefield where the Moon incubation state was completed but also gain immunity to all skills that had damaged it in the 'Moon Incubation' state.

The only thing stopping the Mulias tribe from using their ancestral blessing to declare war on the entire Drak realm—no, the Myriad realms was the penalty of the blessing,

> Both the states of their ancestral blessing had a time limit and were temporary, stopping the Mulias tribesmen from abusing their insane effects.

> After the time limit, when the temporary state was lifted they quickly gained a debuff, 'weakened state.'

Hence the Mulias tribesmen did not use their ancestral blessing unless they needed it. However, the Deviant Devil unlike its fellow tribesmen did not have to worry about these penalties because of its muscle's innate reality-bending ability. Without the penalties holding it down, the Deviant Devil basically a war god able to excel in any battlefield.

In front of such an entity, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon feeling despair was only logical.

"No, my awakened form is temporary too, it is just that you are too weak to last against me until I enter the 'Penalty' state from the 'Awakened form' state. The only difference between my awakened form and my fellow tribesmen's awakened form is that my 'Awakened forms' continue to exist as part of my muscle memory while my tribesmen's 'Awakened form' gets erased when they enter the penalty state.

Since all my 'Awakened forms' are saved as my muscle memory, I can enter them again skipping the 'Moon Incubation' state at will but not when I am in the penalty state. Even though my muscle's innate reality-bending ability is powerful it is not capable of getting rid of the penalty state of my family's ancestral blessing. However, it can shorten the 'Penalty state' and 'Moon incubation' state while lengthening the 'Awakened form' state. This way it gives my enemies the illusion that my Awakened form is permanent without any penalty.

Ah~, it feels good to finally share my secret with someone. There, I have held my end of the bargain it is your turn. Use your innate ability 'Dream Maze' on me," the Deviant Devil explained its ability that had formed from the combination of its muscle's innate reality-bending ability and its family's ancestral blessing

"I-i am weak?" the Elder Anesthesia Dragon muttered to itself in disbelief. Instead, of using its innate ability 'Dream Maze' on the Deviant Devil.

"Hey, don't get me wrong but since you got the strongest assassin title at such a young age, your abilities must be strong but I am stronger. Believe me, I know what you are feeling right. I know it doesn't help coming from but there are a lot more freaks out there in front of whom even I do not hold a candle. Thankfully, they are too busy exploring the unknown in the Myriad realms in search of transcendence. So, children like us get to play the strongest. Don't let this discourage you. Come on, now use your innate ability 'Dungeon Maze' on me,' the Deviant Devil consoled its assassin, asking it not to be discouraged by its defeat.

"Playing the strongest you say, hahaha! You are right, I let my little success get to my head and got stuck in this game forgetting what's truly important, my pursuit of

transcendence," the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's blank eyes were now replaced with crazy ones. After all, its entire worldview was shattered by the Deviant Devil. Then it intently informed the Devil, "Thank you for reminding me of my goal. As my show of appreciation, I will use your head to show my determination to pursue transcendence."

"Glad, I could be of your help. Use your innate ability already," the Deviant Devil yelled impatiently, showing that along with its immunity to Anesthesia Dragon's innate ability its spiritual body had also gained the addiction to the Anesthesia Dragon from its physical body.

In response to the Deviant Devil's impatient cries, the Dragon suddenly grinned maliciously with a slyness radiating in its eyes. Then yelling, "Make me, you sucker!" the Dragon activated its Dream Escape ability preparing to escape.

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The Elder Anesthesia Dragon had long noticed that the Deviant Devil's new spiritual body was born using its dream field by the combination of its muscle's innate reality-bending ability and its family's ancestral blessing had gained not only its physical body's immunities but also its addiction.

Exploiting the situation to its fullest advantage, the cunning Dragon made a deceitful pledge to the Deviant Devil. It cunningly offered to utilize its inherent power on the Devil, pledging to do so in exchange for insights into the Devil's exclusive combination ability. Seduced by the notion of potentially resolving its addiction, the Deviant Devil eagerly accepted the Dragon's proposition. In its eagerness, it divulged confidential information about its distinct combination ability, believing it had struck a beneficial deal.

Unbeknownst to the unsuspecting Devil, the Dragon harbored ulterior motives. It sought to manipulate the Devil's vulnerability for its own gain, cunningly weaving a web of deceit to extract valuable knowledge. With each morsel of information provided by the Devil, the Dragon's deceptive scheme unfolded further, ensnaring the Devil in a trap of its own making.

However, navigating through its elaborate scheme, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon encountered a moment of uncertainty upon discovering the formidable prowess of the Deviant Devil's abilities. The overwhelming strength of the Devil's skills threatened to

undermine the Dragon's resolve, casting doubt upon the feasibility of its plan. Faced with the daunting prospect of failure, the Dragon wavered, its motivation waning in the face of adversity.

Yet, amidst the shadows of doubt, a flicker of determination emerged. The Devil, perhaps sensing the Dragon's faltering resolve, offered what seemed like words of encouragement, igniting a spark within the Dragon's heart. Buoyed by the Devil's perceived support and bolstered by its own unwavering will, the Dragon found the strength to persevere.

Drawing upon its innate resilience and strategic acumen, the Dragon pressed forward to see through its plan of manipulating the Deviant Devil into willingly giving up its unique combo abilities information to the Dragon.

Having successfully extracted the information from the Deviant Devil, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's demeanor shifted, its tone dripping with contempt as it hurled defiant words at its unsuspecting victim. "Make me, you sucker!" With a smug sense of satisfaction, the Dragon invoked its innate Dream Escape ability, intending to vanish without fulfilling its end of the bargain, much like a dine-and-dash maneuver.

However, in its arrogance, the Dragon had gravely underestimated the Deviant Devil's capabilities, particularly in its 76th awakened form, birthed within the confines of its dream field. This evolved state endowed the Devil with powers far surpassing the Dragon's expectations, catching the arrogant creature off guard.

Furthermore, the Dragon had failed to grasp the depths of desperation inherent in an addict's psyche. It was willing to go to any lengths to get its fix.

As the Elder Anesthesia Dragon initiated its Dream Escape innate ability, it cast a derisive glance towards the Deviant Devil, its confidence unshaken by the Devil suddenly grasping it in an attempt to stop it from escaping. With a disdainful sneer etched upon its features, the Dragon regarded the Devil's desperate attempt to impede its escape as nothing more than a futile gesture.

For centuries, the Dragon had relied upon its dream escape innate ability to evade capture and elude adversaries, emerging unscathed from countless encounters. Its Dream Escape had become a cornerstone of its survival strategy, a testament to its skill and cunning in navigating perilous situations.

As the Devil clung to its form, the Dragon's arrogance swelled, bolstered by the unwavering belief in its own abilities. With each passing moment, the Dragon remained steadfast in its conviction that the Devil's efforts would ultimately prove fruitless.

Once again, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's Dream Escape ability proved its worth, whisking it away from imminent danger with flawless precision. Yet, despite the success of its escape, the Dragon found that it could still feel the persistent grip of the Deviant

Devil as it soared through the ethereal realms of dreams. That's when it realized the devil was latched on to it with an unyielding determination. With mounting disbelief, the Dragon witnessed the Devil's tenacity firsthand, its grip unrelenting despite the Dragon's attempts to break free.

In sheer disbelief, the Dragon's composed facade shattered, replaced by a guttural cry of shock and frustration, "How are you doing this? Let go of me you freak!" The echo of its voice reverberated through the dream realm.

"Not utility you uphold your promise and compensate me for trying to default on our promise. You are coming with me," the Deviant Devil said, strengthening its grip on the dragon. It was able to grasp the Dragon during its dream escape because its 76th 'Awakened from' was born from its dream field. Though it did not have the dream escape innate ability like the Dragon, however, its body had adapted to the dream realm allowing it to hitch a ride with the Dragon when it activated its dream escape ability.

"What promise? I don't remember making any promises. Let go, you freak! I will not come with you," the Dragon yelled in distress, scratching the Deviant Devil with its claws. Trying its best to get the Devil off it. However, the Dragon's spiritual body's attacks were like an ant's bit to the Devil's spiritual body in its awakened form.

Even though the Dragon's attacks did not hurt it, the Devil was not the one to sit quietly. It leveraged its body mid-flight with its hands ripped around the Dragon's belly. Then it warped its legs around the Dragon's torso, locking its feet with each other with the Dragon in the middle.

"Ah!" Feeling the squeeze from the Devil's grip, the Dragon groaned in pain. In pain, its body passively began to ooze a mild sleep aura as a counter to the damage from the Devil's painful grip around its body.

However, the Devil did not stop, once its legs grip around the Dragon's torso was tight enough, the Devil let go of its arm and then swung sides trying to use the force from the swing to rotate itself and get on the Dragon's back. However, every time it tried that and failed, it felt an unknown pleasure as its junk rubbed against the dragon's body.

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Date- -/-

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Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

A shocking scene unfolded amidst the mystic route of the dream realm, as the desperate Deviant Devil clung to the fleeing Elder Anesthesia dragon, they flew through the mysteries of the dream realm struggling with each other.

With its strong legs warped around the dragon's torso, the Deviant Devil was suspended in mid-air its form twisted and contorted trying to mount on the dragon's back in a grotesque display of dominance. The Dragon struggled against the Devil with its all but then, a deep, euphoric moan escaped the Devil's lips, echoing through the dream realm with a sinister allure, "Ah~"

The sound reverberated through the Dragon's very being, sending shivers down its spine and stirring a primal fear within its soul. Never before had it encountered such a perverse display of pleasure amidst a struggle. The dragon's movements faltered, momentarily paralyzed by the unexpected sensation coursing through its veins.

In that fleeting moment of vulnerability, the Deviant Devil seized the opportunity to tighten its grip, its malevolent intent clear in its twisted grin. With a surge of dark energy, it propelled itself on the back of the dragon, mounting it.

As the Deviant Devil mounted it, the Dragon let out a roar filled with rage and desperation. Its desperation only grew as a rapturous groan escaped the enthralled Deviant Devil's lips once again.

For some unknown reason, listening to the moans of the Devil the Dragon felt a foreshadowing of a darkness that lurked within the heart of the Devil, yet to truly reveal itself. In its anguished, the Dragon threatened the Devil, "You freak, how dare you mount my back. Unless you wanted to be forever lost in the mysteries of the dream realm, get off me this instant."

"You still don't get it, do you? My 76th awakened form is more adept in dream arts than you can ever dream of, though it does not have innate abilities like you it can easily navigate through the mysteries of the dream realm and return to my body," the Devil revealed.

The dragon wasn't oblivious to the Devil's 76th awakened form; rather, its mind teetered on the brink of madness, consumed by the Devil's erratic conduct. Desperation fueled its every move, as it strained against the relentless grip of its tormentor. Every ounce of strength was devoted to dislodging the Devil from its back, every sinew stretched to its limit in a frantic bid for freedom. Yet, with each passing moment, the dragon's resolve wavered, its once-proud spirit eclipsed by the overwhelming onslaught of chaos and despair unleashed by the Devil's indecent behavior. Hence, in desperation, it was trying everything to get the Devil off its back. Even if it was something as pointless as making empty threats.

As the Devil clung to the Dragon's back, its strong hands coiled tightly around the dragon's neck, a sudden shift in demeanor caught the dragon off guard. With startling

intensity, the Devil enveloped the dragon in a powerful and unyielding embrace from behind. The unexpectedness of the embrace sent a shockwave of fear rippling through the dragon's very essence.

Feeling the Devil's embrace, the dragon's instincts screamed in terror, its heart pounding in its chest. The sensation of the Devil's hot breath against its neck sent a shiver down the dragon's spine, chilling it to the core. At that moment, fear consumed the dragon's every thought and movement, paralyzing it with a bone-deep sense of dread. Despite its formidable strength, the dragon found itself vulnerable in the grip of the Devil's embrace, uncertain of what horrors lay ahead.

"What are you doing?" the Dragon asked the devil in a low murmur, its voice trembling with fear and shock. Uncertainty gripped its heart as it awaited the Devil's response, unsure of what dark intentions lurked behind its actions.

"Hush, I am trying something," the Devil whispered in the Dragon's ears, its voice a sinister murmur that sent shivers down the dragon's spine. Then it rubbed its twisted body against the Dragon's scaled back, and its grip tightened, its legs squeezing the dragon's torso and its arms almost choking its neck.

At first, the Devil's movements were gentle and slow, almost caressing in nature. But then, as if possessed by a dark force, its rhythm shifted, becoming increasingly vigorous and violent. The devil's breath grew ragged as it persisted in its indecent actions. Each exhale carried a hint of satisfaction, sending a chill down the dragon's spine. With every moment, the darkness within the devil seemed to intensify, casting a shadow over the dragon's fate.

'No, he isn't,' the Dragon retorted aloud in its mind, summoning a surge of courage to confront the intense fear coursing through its veins in response to the Devil's indecent actions. Despite the shock and disbelief gripping its heart, the Dragon's keen instincts began to piece together the unsettling truth unfolding before it.

It didn't take long for the Dragon to comprehend the gravity of the situation. Yet, even as it grappled with the reality of the Devil's actions, a sense of disbelief lingered in its mind. How could something so vile and reprehensible be happening to it? Especially at the hands of the Deviant Devil, a creature it had once regarded with disdain and arrogance.

In this moment of vulnerability, the Dragon's perception shifted. No longer did it view itself as an invincible force of nature, but rather, it saw itself as a victim of circumstance. The weight of that realization settled heavily upon its shoulders, as the ordeal unfolded. the Dragon found itself grappling with the harsh reality of the humiliation, pain, and suffering, it had never felt before.

Frozen in its mental struggle, the Dragon grappled with the horrifying realization of what the Deviant Devil was inflicting upon it. Despite its immense strength, the Dragon found itself powerless to halt the Devil's relentless assault.

Meanwhile, the Devil continued to relentlessly hump the Dragon, vigorously humping it from behind in a disturbing display of lust and crazy. Unaware of the sleep aura passively emanating from the Dragon's spiritual body as a countermeasure to the damage the Devil was inflicting on the Dragon, fed the Devil's addiction giving it a sense of satisfaction. As the sleep aura enveloped the Dragon, it found a fleeting sense of satisfaction amidst the chaos, unaware of the true source of its comfort.

In its twisted perception, the Devil interpreted its humping of the Dragon as pleasure, feeding its satisfaction and driving it to further depravity. The Devil, blinded by its own depraved desires, misconstrued this satisfaction as validation of its indecent actions, further entrenching itself in its delusion. Amidst the Devil's pleasure-filled and satisfied moans, the Dragon remained ensnared in a strong grip, its mentality obscured from reality shocked by the Devil's twisted perception of pleasure.

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Date- -/-

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Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

By the time Dragon was done dealing with its mental struggle, the Devil was using its strong grip to crawl around its body and hump it from different places and locations. By doing so it did not take long for this misunderstanding to turn into an obsessive behavior. Repeating these indecent actions would add to its pleasure by reminding it of the satisfaction it once felt. With the pleasure of its obsessive behavior being satisfied combined with the pleasure of its addiction being satisfied, the Devil began to further lose itself to the deprivation.

In a moment of clarity and desperation, the Dragon finally grasped the horrifying reality of its predicament. With a furious roar echoing through the depths of the Dream Realm, it summoned every ounce of strength and resolve, determined to break free from the Deviant Devil's clutches at any cost.

In a daring move born of desperation, the Dragon altered the course of its dream escape, veering away from its original body and plunging deeper into the depths of the Dream Realm. Here, amidst the darkest recesses of the dream realm, lurked the most terrifying horrors it had ever encountered. Yet, fueled by a singular purpose, the Dragon pressed onward, driven by a primal urge to eradicate the humiliation and torment inflicted upon it by the Deviant Devil.

Survival mattered little now; all that consumed the Dragon's thoughts was the overwhelming desire to see the Devil vanquished once and for all. With a steely resolve, the Dragon embraced the notion of self-sacrifice, willing to lay down its own life if it meant putting an end to the Devil's reign of terror.

As it delved deeper into the abyss, the Dragon prepared to die and unleash its full fury upon the Deviant Devil. Right now its mind was consumed with rage and humiliation, from the same of being defiled by the Deviant Devil, it was no longer thinking straight. Currently, all it cared about was getting revenge even if it meant it got at the cost of its own life. Now it felt that only through the ultimate sacrifice could it hope to find redemption and reclaim its dignity.

Concurrently, the Deviant Devil continued to indulge in its perverse gratification, leaving its mark on every inch of the Dragon's body. Oblivious to the Dragon's intentions, its mind was consumed by pleasure, rendering it heedless of any impending danger. However, as it reveled in its satisfaction, a sinister transformation unfolded: the once-shimmering white scales of the dragon's spiritual body now bore the dark hue of black. This ominous change, a testament to the corruption wrought by the Devil's touch, served as a harbinger of the darkness that was born from the union of the Dragon and the Devil.

The black fluids coating the dragon's once-shimmering scales were a macabre manifestation of the Devil's twisted affection. Each dark stain served as a branding, marking the Dragon as the Devil's possession. Even the Devil itself was oblivious to the capabilities of its 76th awakened form's spiritual body, unaware of the depths of its own power. As the Devil's dark influence seeped deeper into the Dragon's being, it became clear that this unholy spiritual union was not merely limited to spiritual—a bond forged in darkness, bound by the chains of possession and control.

Having endured the Devil's indecent actions with resignation born of helplessness, the Dragon pressed on towards its new destination, the sanctuary of terrors. Yet, before it could reach the foothold of terror, it was met with a terrifying assault. Facing imminent danger, the Dragon had already resigned its fate. With a resolve to meet its end alongside the Devil, it closed its eyes and speeded towards the attack, bracing for the impact of the oncoming attack. It was willing to die if it meant erasing the entity that had disgraced it.

As the impending attack loomed closer, the Devil's senses jolted awake, piercing through the haze of pleasure that clouded its mind. Suddenly alert to the danger, it realized the gravity of the situation. Understanding the Dragon's intent, the Devil's voice erupted in a desperate plea, shattering the silence with urgency. "You can't die here," it cried out, the words laden with raw emotion. "I need you. Without you, my life will be incomplete." At that moment, amidst the chaos and uncertainty, the true extent of the Devil's dependency on the Dragon was laid bare.

Summoning every ounce of its strength, the Devil seized the Dragon, using it as a makeshift foothold to propel itself forward. With a surge of determination, it leaped in front of the oncoming attack, shielding the Dragon from harm's way at the risk of its own life. Stunned by the Devil's selfless act, the Dragon watched in disbelief. It never anticipated that the Devil would sacrifice itself to save it, and the realization left the Dragon speechless.

What unfolded next shook the Dragon to its core, challenging its perception of reality. The Devil's 76th awakened form's spiritual body boldly confronted the terrifying attack head-on, emerging unscathed from the onslaught. Astounded by this display of resilience, the Dragon's doubts deepened. Without the wings capable of navigating through the Dream realm like the one that the Dragon dragon had, the Devil plunged into its depths, hurtling towards the Sanctuary of Terrors under the influence of an unknown force. In a defiant cry that echoed through the darkness, it called out, "Wait for me!"

As the events unfolded, the Dragon found itself grappling with a newfound sense of horror for the Deviant Devil. It was unsure of what lay ahead in the enigmatic depths of the Dream realm but from the display of the Devil's power, it knew that none of it was not a challenge for the Devil.

With horror and shock gnawing at its core, the Dragon swiftly retreated, unwilling to linger near the Sanctuary of Terrors any longer. Urgency fueled its flight as it soared through the Dream realm, determined to put distance between itself and the looming darkness. With each beat of its wings, the Dragon suppressed its fear. Drawing upon its Dream escape ability once more, it charted a course homeward, towards its true physical body. It did not plan to wait for the Deviant Devil, as it had become evident to the Dragon that in the Devil's 76th awakened from's spiritual body, not many things in the Dream realm could pose a threat to it.

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Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

While the Elder Anesthesia Dragon recalled its last battle with Deviant Devil, Wyatt was lost wondering about the infinite possibility of the Mulias tribe's ancestral blessing. They both were lost in their thoughts while the celestial blood rule slave and the Deviant Devil prepared for a decisive battle.

\*Crack\*

"Brace for impact, Wyatt. Mamas is entering his 'Awakened form' state," following the sound of a crack in the space Raukaul warned Wyatt.

"What can I do? You brace for the impact, both of our life hangs on your shoulder," Wyatt yelled back. After all, he was not supposed to be a part of this battle yet here he was because of the Dragon's greed to have it all.

If the Devil when entering the 'moon incubation' form could send shockwaves to its surroundings, that were strong enough to destroy the dragon's blood-rule slave amalgamation dome then Wyatt could not imagine what kind of force it would unleash as it entered its awakened form as it broke from the shell of its moon incubation state.

"Blood-rule slave amalgamation barrier, pearl diamond form," the Dragon ignored Wyatt's words and strengthened its defense mechanism by adding defense array formation to its barrier. It might be basic but the pearl diamond form barrier was a thousand times better than a simple dome barrier.

\*Crack\*

\*Crack\*

\*Boom\*

A surge of energy rippled through the ether, echoing outward in a shock wave that distorted the fabric of reality itself. The Devil, within the confines of its lunar shell, unleashed its formidable power, bending the very laws of nature to its will. The shell, crafted from the vast expanse of surrounding space, by the devil's reality-bending abilities began to crack revealing the Devil's new body.

As the shock wave propagated, the very essence of the blood rule source trembled violently. Its surface churned turbulently, writhing in response to the unleashed power. The air crackled with violent energy, charged with the raw force of the Devil's power.

In the wake of this cataclysmic event, the surrounding landscape shifted and contorted, twisted by the unfathomable power of the Devil's release. Reality itself seemed to warp and bend, unable to contain the sheer magnitude of the Devil's might.

Amidst the chaos, a sense of dread hung heavy in the air, as the Dragon braced itself for the inevitable repercussions of the Devil's awakening. The very foundations of the Dragon's barrier trembled, as the true extent of the Devil's power was unleashed upon the world.

"How is this possible? I thought the space of the rule source should be strongest and stablest in the myriad realms," Wyatt yelled in terror seeing the devastation unleashed by the force of the Devil's awakening.

"What did I tell you? In its awakened form, its body adapts to the battlefield, in its current state it is no different from having been born and raised in the blood rule source. It would not be wrong to say its awakened form is the child of the blood rule source. In here nobody can stop his reign let alone the space of the blood rule source," the Dragon answered with a sense of dread.

\*Roar\*

In that pivotal moment, the Deviant Devil, now fully awakened, unleashed a primal roar that reverberated through the blood rule source. With a deafening sound that echoed across the battlefield, the blood rule domain of the celestial blood rule slave quivered under the sheer force of the Devil's roar.

Despite its previous inability to breach the formidable defenses of the blood rule domain, now in its awakened form the Devil's primal roar proved to be an unstoppable force. Like a fragile sheet of glass shattering under pressure, the once impenetrable blood-rule domain yielded to the overwhelming power of the Devil's primal fury.

Thankfully, the Devil directed its onslaught toward the celestial blood-rule slave. As a result, the Dragon's barrier, though shaky, still weakened from the shock wave, remained intact when the formidable blood-rule domain crumbled under the relentless assault of the devil's primal roar. It was a good sign that the Devil didn't want to deal with them yet. So far the Dragon's plan was going without a hitch.

"What is that an Owl or an Ape?" Wyatt asked the Dragon in shock finally managing to see the awakened form of the Devil amidst all the chaos it had unleashed. He saw an Ape with sanguine feathers instead of fur, talons instead of claws, and a beak for a mouth, with a pair of large, round, and striking eyes.

"That's an Owlape, the true appearance of the Mulias tribe before they received the blessing of their ancestor. Now it only appears in their awakened form. Mulias tribe is a hybrid race formed from the union of two ancient now extinct races, the Moongazer Owl tribe and the Stone Ape tribe.

The Moongazer Owl tribe was known for their ability to fly to the moon meanwhile the Stone Ape tribe was known for their ability to swim in the magma at the core of the dark realm, so the union between these two tribes was unusual yet it happened and the Mulias tribe are the evidence of that.

However, as the child from the union of these two great tribes, the Mulias tribe was not born with the traits of either of the tribes. In fact, they shared nothing in common with these tribes. They lacked the ability to fly to the moons like the Moongazer owl tribe and

the ability to swim on the lava at the core of the dark realm. However, they did have excellent qualifications, so nobody dared to look down on them. Even if They were freaky Apes with silver feathers and bird features. Hence they were called the Owl Ape tribe.

It is said that before the blessing of their ancestors, the Owlape tribe would weep looking at the moon and burn their corpses in the lava at the core of the dark realm. This is also why the ancestor of the Owlape or the Mulias tribe swallowed the ninth moon of the dark realm to prove his transcendence," the Dragon narrated the legend of the Mulias tribe it hard-learned during its obsession with killing the Deviant Devil.

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Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

With his newfound fascination with the Mulias tribe and their ancestral blessing, this time Wyatt patiently listened to the Elder Anesthesia Dragon narrate the legends of the Mulias tribe while monitoring the actions of the Deviant Devil.

With its blood rule domain destroyed, the celestial blood rule slave deployed its blood rule domain again and again multiple times only to be shattered by the Deviant Devil effortlessly. Since the Deviant Devil had suffered damage from the celestial blood rule slave's blood rule domain, the Devil was not immune to it. Regardless of how much power the celestial blood-rule slave puts in its blood-rule domain, the Deviant Devil could still effortlessly break its blood-rule domain as if it were made of glass.

As if tired of playing with the celestial blood-rule slave, the Devil unleashed its blood-rule domain. The newly unleashed blood-rule domain of the devil in its awakened form was far better and stronger than the blood-rule domain of the celestial blood-rule slave let alone the blood-rule domain it had deployed previously.

The Devil's new blood rule domain was so strong that as soon as the celestial blood rule slave's blood rule domain came in contact with it, it would extinguish like a spark that fell in the water. Seeing this Wyatt asked the Dragon solemnly, "Raukaul, are you sure the celestial blood rule slave can put up a fight against the Deviant Devil now that it is in awakened form?"

Seeing how the Deviant Devil's awakened form could easily reign in the blood rule source and was immune to the celestial blood rule slave's blood rule domain, Wyatt wondered if the celestial blood rule slave could pose any threat to the Devil anymore.

"Wyatt, even if it is a blood rule slave, it is still a celestial. Don't underestimate it. Based on my personal experience with both of them as my opponent, I believe right now they are equally matched. Just as I planned. Now all we have to do is wait for the Devil and the Celestial to engage in a battle to death and then we can leave and return when both of them are drawing their last breathe to finish the job and reap the maximum profit," The Dragon's words were filled with joy and eagerness. So what if it was too weak to kill the Devil it could find someone stronger to kill it.

"Hope, your calculations are right. Otherwise, I will be buried in here and you will become the slaves of the Deviant Devil for eternity," Wyatt replied with brutal honesty as the Dragon was only seeing what it would gain and not what it would lose. The assurance to Wyatt in all this was that the Devil would not let the Dragon become a causality in its battle with the celestial blood-rule slave. Since it needed the Dragon to take care of its needs. So, along as Wyatt did not leave the Dragon's side he was safe even if the two apex ruler class beings were to clash right in front of him.

"Wyatt, don't worry. I have everything under control," the Dragon assured Wyatt.

However, Wyatt did not feel any assurance from the Dragon's words as he felt that blinded by its greed the Dragon would suffer sooner or later. Now, the only question was if the Dragon would drag him down with it.

\*Boom\*

Suddenly, a thunderous sound of clash spread throughout the blood rule source. Caught off guard, Wyatt asked in surprise, "What was that?"

"The celestial blood rule slave is trying to physically enter the devil's blood rule domain but failed," the Dragon replied.

Wyatt turned his gaze from the Devil to that of the celestial blood rule slave. He was astonished to find that it looked a lot bigger than before, as now it was only a few ten thousand miles from the battlefield. However, the celestial blood rule slave advance had come to a pause with its way being blocked by the blood rule domain of the Devil. Earlier it tried to enter the domain forcefully but its attempt resulted in an utter failure. However, from the look of the determined aura of the Celestial blood rule slave, it appeared it was not going to give up yet.

A sneer was what Wyatt noticed on the Deviant Devil's face when he turned to look at what the devil was up to. That was when Wyatt realized that the Devil was toying with the celestial blood rule slave. Considering that its new blood rule source was several times stronger than that of the celestial blood rule source could conjure up, Wyatt did

not see any reason why the Deviant devil should not be confident about its ability and condescending toward its ability.

Except, as the Dragon said, the Devil's opponent thought a blood rule slave was a celestial. Soon, it mobilized its celestial force and blood rule domain together, forming a sturdy blood rule domain that could struggle against the Deviant Devil's blood rule domain on an equal footing. As a result, the two domains overlapped with each other.

With the struggle between the two domains, powerful violent energy leaked and spread into the surroundings. The leaked energies were so powerful and volatile that the Dragon's pearl diamond form barrier would not withstand them. Just when Wyatt thought he would have to escape using his devil merchant code privilege regardless of the Dragon watching him. The Blood rule domain moved the elements within it to protect the Dragon, repelling all the rogue energies that set course to its barrier. Seeing this, Wyatt sighed in relief, but before he could complete his thought, it paused in the middle.

Meanwhile, with the help of its fortified blood rule domain colliding with the Devil's blood rule domain, the celestial blood rule slave entered the devil's blood rule domain and sped towards the battlefield. With its celestial force locking precisely onto the battlefield, it propelled toward it at a speed faster than it had shown before.

Based on Hive AI calculation, it was only a matter of a couple of minutes before its massive body crashed into the battlefield.

"Raukual, I think it's time you sent me out of here!"

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## **Chapter 1909 Everything Was Perfect Until It Wasn't**

[ 1,028 words ]

### **Chapter 1909 Everything Was Perfect Until It Wasn't**

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Time- -/-

Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

As the celestial blood rule slave was thousands of miles away, the battlefield was enveloped in a vast shadow, casting an eerie darkness over the blood rule source. It felt as though night had suddenly descended upon the entire area, shrouding it in an ominous veil. The dimmed surroundings intensified the sense of foreboding as if the very essence of darkness had manifested itself on the battlefield to warn them of what was to come. Amidst this eerie atmosphere, whispers of uncertainty echoed through the surroundings within the looming shadow. These whispers were the elements escaping the battlefield making way for the incoming celestial blood rule slave.

Wyatt could adapt to the darkness as it served better replacement for the blood-red scenery of the blood rule source, as darkness represented the unknown while blood-red represented gore. He would take on the unknown over gore any day, but what bothered him was that an unsettling vacuum was emerging between the celestial blood rule slave and the point of impact on the blood rule source—the battlefield. It appeared as though a void was forming, as all elements from the atmosphere ran with frantic urgency making room for the colossal celestial, fleeing from an impending cataclysmic collision.

As the celestial blood rule slave approached the impact zone, the elements fled from the surroundings with frantic urgency, reminiscent of air escaping from an empty bottle when it was being filled with water. They seemed to be making way for the aggressive intruder, creating a vacuum that exerted immense pressure on the battlefield atmosphere. This pressure, akin to the weight of an entire planet, was a formidable force to contend with.

For the likes of the awakened Deviant Devil and the celestial blood rule slave, accustomed to wielding immense power, the pressure posed little threat. However, for Wyatt, a mere mortal caught in the midst of this apex ruler-class clash, it was overwhelming. The force threatened to crush him into oblivion, squeezing every ounce of life from his fragile form. Even the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, with its formidable pearl diamond form barrier, struggled to withstand the crushing weight, its resilience pushed to the limits.

Amidst the chaos and turmoil, Wyatt fought to maintain his composure, his very existence hanging in the balance. Every breath felt like a struggle against the relentless force pressing down upon him, threatening to snuff out his existence like a candle in the wind. If not for the Dragon's barrier sheltering Wyatt, he wouldn't be alive to even have this thought.

Knowing that the immense pressure in the atmosphere of the battlefield would only increase as the celestial blood rule slave neared the impact zone, Wyatt urged the Dragon, "Raukaul, you have to send out of here now."

"Not, yet. Wait for the OwlApe to engage the enslaved celestial," the Elder Anesthesia Dragon responded coldly. It continued to hold even though it knew that the battlefield was becoming too dangerous even for it. Come to think of it, it was only able to survive so far in the collusion of the two strong blood rule domains because of the Deviant

Devil's favor. Otherwise, it would have long been forced to escape by the violent rogue energies that escaped with a clash between the two blood-rule domains.

"You stubborn old fool, the celestial blood rule slave is only a few seconds away from impacting use, we have to leave now," Wyatt yelled, he was ready to use his devil merchant code privilege any moment, but it was only a last resort, he did not want to reveal it to the Dragon. So, he kept urging it to take them out of there before the Celestial blood rule slave crushed them into oblivion.

"Hold it, the Celestial blood rule slave breaking through its new blood rule domain is a provocation for the Devil, it will strike soon to redeem bruised ego, Wait for it," the Dragon explained, knowing that the Devil's ego will not let anyone best it in its awakened form. It loved to look of despair on the opponent when they saw it achieve what took them years to master in an instant.

\*Boom\*

As the Dragon had foreseen, the Devil lunged forward with sudden ferocity, hurtling towards the oncoming celestial blood rule slave at incredible speed. The force of its movement was so immense that the very surface of the blood rule source quaked in response as if struck by a powerful earthquake. The impact reverberated through the battlefield, sending shockwaves rippling outward.

"Now, we can leave," Seeing the Devil leap to confront the celestial blood rule source mid-air, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon finally agreed to leave the battlefield. Now, even if the Devil knew that the Dragon was escaping there was little it could do but watch the Dragon escape. Even if it were to give up its attack to stop the Dragon, it would have to withstand the celestial blood rule slave's attack. In a neck-to-neck battle, even a small distraction could be deadly, so the Devil could only watch as the Dragon fled.

"Wyatt hold on tight, I will carry the entire pearl diamond barrier with me," The Dragon informed Wyatt chanting, "Dream Escape."

Wyatt rooted his world calamity tree roots within the protective embrace of the pearl diamond barrier, readying for his enchanting journey through the dream realm alongside his physical body—an ability unique to the Elder Anesthesia Dragon. While not particularly potent in terms of raw power, this ability held great significance as an unparalleled means of escape. In the ethereal Dream Realm, physical strength mattered little, for it was a realm of illusions and imagination. However, the ability to traverse this realm while retaining one's physical form bestowed upon the Dragon a distinct advantage, making it a top-notch escape ability.

"..." Wyatt waited for the Dragon to whisk him away out of the blood rule source through the Dream realm but that never happened. Instead, he heard the Dragon frantically repeat, "Dream Escape! Dream Escape! Dream Escape!"

"Raukaul, calm down tell me what's going on?"

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Date- -/-

Time- -/-

Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

Listening to the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's panicked chants as it attempted to activate its innate dream escape ability, Wyatt couldn't shake the feeling of apprehension gnawing at him. It was evident that the Dragon's seemingly flawless plan had hit a roadblock at a critical juncture. Despite Wyatt's repeated warnings about the dangers of its greed, the Dragon had stubbornly persisted, blinded by its desire for power and control.

Wyatt harbored no sympathy for the Dragon's predicament. It had knowingly taken the risk, fully aware of the potential consequences of its actions. The Dragon's downfall had been inevitable, a consequence of its own hubris and shortsightedness. As Wyatt watched the Dragon struggle, he couldn't help but feel a sense of vindication. Perhaps now, the Dragon would finally heed his warnings and learn from its mistakes. Well, the Dragon had little choice, it could either listen to him or become the Devil's pleasure toy.

Amidst the chaos and uncertainty, Wyatt couldn't shake the lingering sense of opportunity. The stakes were higher than ever before, and the outcome of their predicament remained uncertain. As the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's plan faltered, Wyatt's strategy began to take shape. Where the Dragon's efforts had hit a dead end, Wyatt saw an opportunity to forge a new path forward.

Despite the chaos unfolding around them, Wyatt remained resolute, his mind racing with possibilities. With determination in his heart, Wyatt seized control of the situation, "Raukaul, calm down tell me what's going on?"

"The Devil's blood rule domain is stopping me from using my innate ability. How is it doing it?" the Dragon questioned in disbelief.

The Elder Anesthesia Dragon had relied on its dream escape ability to evade numerous formidable adversaries in the past. Some foes had been even more powerful than the celestial blood rule slave and the awakened Deviant Devil, yet none had succeeded in halting its escape. However, today marked a stark departure from the norm. The Devil had somehow managed to thwart the Dragon's attempts to activate its dream escape ability, leaving it vulnerable and defenseless.

For the Dragon, this loss was devastating. Its dream escape ability had been its most potent weapon, a failsafe that had saved it from countless perilous situations. Now, stripped of this crucial defense mechanism, the Dragon felt an overwhelming sense of vulnerability and fear. Without its ability to retreat into the safety of the dream realm, the Dragon's mind teetered on the edge of despair.

Learning that it was the Devil's blood rule that was stopping the Dragon's innate ability, Wyatt turned his gaze from the core of the blood-rule slave amalgamation where the dragon's true body was hiding, to the skies, toward the Deviant Devil who was about to clash with the celestial blood rule slave in midair.

With the help of his soul pupils, Wyatt noticed that the Devil was looking toward them from the corner of its eyes and with a sneer on its face. Now, Wyatt understood that the Devil was long aware that the Dragon was waiting for it to engage in battle with the celestial blood-rule slave to plan its escape. Wyatt even felt that the only reason the Devil chose to fight the celestial blood rule slave in midair, where the celestial had an advantage thanks to its celestial force, was because it was trying to protect the Dragon from the aftermath of the battle.

"It is as if it has erased my dream escape innate ability. How is it even possible? How can someone completely erase someone else's innate ability?" the Dragon blurted aloud to itself.

The fear of losing its innate dream escape ability haunted the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's mind more than the fear of death or enslavement by the Devil. The despair of losing its innate ability was akin to a bird losing its wings or a fish losing its gills. It was as if a core part of its being had been stripped away, leaving behind a hollow shell of what it once was. The Dragon's existence felt devoid of purpose, its very essence shattered by the cruel hand of fate.

In the grip of such overwhelming despair, the Dragon found itself consumed by a profound apathy towards life, death, and freedom alike. These concerns paled in comparison to the crushing weight of its loss. What was the point of fighting for survival when the very thing that made life worth living had been torn from its grasp? The despair it felt from losing its innate ability was so strong that it no longer cared about its life and death or freedom.

"Raukual, pull yourself together, as long as we survive we can regain everything we have lost," Wyatt yelled, urging the Dragon not to give up on life yet. As long as it survived, it could find something to make up for its loss.

"Wyatt, I am sorry that you have to pay for my greed with your life. However, please know this, I never meant for this. I really value our time together. During this few millennium hiding from that damned devil, I had forgotten about home, but with your arrival, I once again felt back at home. However, I wanted it all. I let my greed get the best of me. I am sorry my dear friend," the Elder Anesthesia Dragon had given up on life

itself. To Wyatt's ears, the Dragon's words resonated like a solemn farewell, as if it were reciting its final testament.

"No, Raukaul. You cannot give up yet. What if I were to tell you that I have a way to help you get your innate ability back," Wyatt informed the Dragon.

"Wyatt, don't do this. Let us enter the afterlife together on good terms. Don't resort to desperate lies, it will only make me feel disgusted towards you," the Dragon cautioned Wyatt, its tone grave and somber. Its dream escape innate ability was an exceedingly sensitive topic for it at present. It did not believe that a demon master realm World calamity tree which had been hiding under some rock in a third-rate world, would have the answer to get its innate ability back.

"You big fool, how do you think I was able to enter the blood rule source despite being a World calamity tree? Raukaul, I am asking you to trust me this once, I have a way to help you get your abilities back," Wyatt persuaded the Dragon eagerly worrying that it might attempt suicide or something similar out of despair.

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Wyatt never planned to target the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, it was ruler-class for fucksakes. Regardless of how he approached this matter and how carefully he was, the strength difference between the two of them was a huge variable that he could not ignore. Therefore, he wanted nothing to do with it from the start. As long as he manages to escape its clutches without leaving any hidden dangers he would consider it a big win.

However, when the opportunity presented itself, he would be a fool to not take it.

Now, the circumstances were at the point where he had no choice but to use his devil merchant code privilege to switch his soul to the pseudo-calamity soul gem by Cuth Diya's side. Even if the Dragon was watching him, there was no other option for him but to risk it and escape. Since the Dragon would die with the Devil at the hands of the celestial blood-rule slave or get captured and enslaved by the Devil, Wyatt believed he did not need to worry about it seeking him later.

Nonetheless, there always remains the risk of the Devil spoiling the Dragon, its sex toy. The Dragon can ask it to help him capture the World calamity tree that escaped. Seeing how the Devil cared for the Dragon, Wyatt thought the possibility of this happening was not low. With the help of the Deviant devil, the Dragon could else track and capture Wyatt. All this was just mere speculation but it could happen.

This was Wyatt trying to convince himself that targeting the Dragon was okay and not bad. Or him overreaching himself or being greedy as the Dragon was. Wyatt's struggle was because he saw the Dragon's downfall with his own eyes, it had a perfect plan. It could have gotten its revenge and resources to go a step further into its pursuit of transcendence. However, the seemingly perfect plan fell through at a critical junction. Wyatt feared that could be him. Nobody could have guessed that the Devil found a way to stripe the Dragon of its greatest strength but it did. Turning Dragon's almost successful story into a cautionary tale.

Currently, losing its innate ability the Dragon was wallowing in its sadness, pain, and despair. All Wyatt needed to do was say the magic words and the Dragon would submit to him. 'What could go wrong?' Wyatt wondered and further contemplated, 'Yes, the wallowing Dragon in front of him was the perfect example of one's greed being their doom but it could not be more easy.'

Was Wyatt being indecisive? No, he was being extra careful. The Dragon he planned to target was also being targeted by the Deviant Devil. Stealing a ruler-class pray from right under the nose of an apex ruler-class predator was not going to be easy, he got caught then the consequences were unimaginable and not something Wyatt could fathom.

Wyatt's concern was not the Dragon, the Devil had already defeated it in body and mind for him. His concern was the Deviant Devil. That asshole has been relentlessly hunting the Dragon for a few millenniums. Now that it had the Dragon at its mercy, would it not be furious if Wyatt were to rob the Dragon from it? Fortunately, the Devil unlike the Dragon had only seen Wyatt's World tree form and not his original form. So, he was covered on that front.

Now the question was if Wyatt dared to steal the prey of an apex ruler-class predator. Yes, did. Was he being stupid, no one can tell until it plays out. As such Wyatt did his best to persuade the Dragon not to resign to its fate and fight back, as he would give it what the devil had striped from it, "You big fool, how do you think I was able to enter the blood rule source despite being a World calamity tree? Raukaul, I am asking you to trust me this once, I have a way to help you get your innate ability back."

"Are you speaking the truth?" the Elder Anesthesia Dragon asked Wyatt, sparks of hope could be seen igniting its eyes but only to be smothered by the despair. The Dragon was still trying to fathom how one could strip one's innate ability, so it could not imagine, how could help some regain their lost innate ability.

Out of the many things the Deviant Devil could do to the Dragon, it knew that the only thing that would break its spirit was stripping it of its cherished innate ability. Now, no matter what Wyatt said to the Dragon, it was proving difficult for him to get it to grab his hand. Wyatt wondered if the Dragon was too far long gone to even be of any help to him. Well, even without its spirit, the Dragon's ruler-class body and its storage space were worth a huge fortune. If he manages to pull this off, he will not be making a loss on this one. So, he continued to persuade the Dragon.

"Yes, I swear on myself that I can help you get your innate ability back," Wyatt swore and then spoke words of encouragement to the Dragon trying to uplift its spirit, "But does it matter? Wouldn't you rather die trying than resign to your fate like a coward? You are a freaking Anesthesia Dragon for godsakes,"

"..." the Dragon did not respond, it could not care less of Wyatt's words of encouragement. It was conflicted trying to gauge whether Wyatt telling the truth.

"RauKaul, you have to trust me on this one. Since you don't care if die or are enslaved, then why not take a gamble? A gamble on me," Wyatt said all the right words that a desperate soul would be susceptible to.

"A gamble," the Dragon muttered.

"Yes, a gamble. Take a gamble on me. Show me that the words you spoke earlier were not just words but you meant them. This is our opportunity Raukaul, not only to redeem yourself but to gain everything you lost here today," Wyatt provoked the Dragon and ended with a question, "So, Raukaul, Did you mean what you said earlier?"

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"Wyatt, I did mean those words. If a gamble is what it takes for me to prove my genuineness then so be it. Since you are all I have left," the Elder Anesthesia Dragon said, using the last of its sanity that had yet to be consumed by despair.

Then the core of the pearl diamond form barrier opened inwards, and the Dragon's true body still asleep and in Wardragon form, descended next to Wyatt while being manipulated as a puppet by its spiritual body. Revealing its true body, it asked Wyatt, "What do you need me to do?"

Dragons are known to be lone creatures, with not much strong attachment to their pack. The only time they could be seen together was during their mating season or when laying eggs. They varied from different tribes of dragons. But for the Anesthesia Dragon tribe, they did not mate in orge but they laid eggs and raised their hatchlings together as a pack. After all, the Anesthesia Dragon's sleep cycle was unique to their tribe. This settlement only lasted until the last hatchling was capable of protecting itself in the cruel world. This was almost never because new mother Dragons that were about to lay eggs were always welcomed to the settlement.

As the most talented hatchling of his settlement, Raukaul left it very soon and made a name for itself in the Dark realm as an assassin when the other hatchlings of its settlement were still trying to protect themselves. That was how talented Raukaul was. Everyone in its settlement believed it would achieve great things as such, it was allowed to visit the settlement even after it left the settlement. Which was very rare as once a Hatchling leaves the settlement, it could never return. Only new mother Dragons about to lay eggs could rejoin the settlement. As such the settlement would continue to thrive for millenniums.

Raukaul did not disappoint them, very soon it gained the title of the Strongest Assassin. Soon their nightmare also started, when Raukaul took it upon itself to avenge its fellow anesthesia Dragon that had fallen for the pleasure of a spoiled Mulias prince. That day Raukaul lost everything his dignity and his home, the settlement. The Deviant Devil had specifically targeted the settlement to satisfy its deviant pleasures. None of the Dragons managed to escape the Deviant Devil's clutches, it did not even spare the hatchlings that had yet to open their eyes. Just like how the poison of baby snake was considered potent, the sleep breath of the hatchlings though had a small range had a stronger effect.

That day the Dragon lost a place to call home but after a few millennia of being on the run it had finally found something it call home however it did not have the fortune of enjoying that feeling because it succumbed to its own greed. So when Wyatt asked the Dragon if its words were genuine, amidst its despair, it found enough reason to stand up once again, even if it was just a mere gamble.

The Dragon did not agree to take a gamble on Wyatt out of some stupid hope that Wyatt would pull a miracle or something of that sort, it had really given up. The only reason it was standing again was because, it wanted to prove to Wyatt that, it truly meant what it said to Wyatt. It did not care if Wyatt could help it regain its innate ability, it only hoped that Wyatt knew it really did not mean for him to be collateral damage in its quest of greed. It wanted to show Wyatt that though their time together was short, it cherished moment of it.

Even in its moment of despair, it found the power to think of Wyatt, that was how much it cared for Wyatt. Had it not succumbed to its greed things would have been different. However, the Dragon did not regret any of it. It knew that, had it given up on pursuing its path to transcendence, it would come to regret and despair that for millenniums, even

more than now. The Dragon was grateful that it got to know Wyatt even if it was just for a short while. If things were not meant to be there was no use forcing it.

"Okay, all you have to do is enter this monster orb and not come out until I ask you to, can you do that?" Wyatt asked the Dragon, summoning an A-rank monster orb. It was the monster orb he used to store the stone viltronians. A few of its spots were empty in it, as some of the stone viltronians were inside the seed world helping DreDre manage it. But were they enough to hold a ruler-class dragon? Now that was up to Raukaul.

Wyatt was taken aback by the fact that what got the Dragon back on its feet was their friendship. He did not know he had such a huge impact on the Dragon in such a short time. Actually, he still did not have the slightest idea of how much the Dragon cared for him. Even if he knew Wyatt couldn't care less about it because he knew, considering the difference in their strength and the Dragon's arrogance, it would try to dictate all his actions.

Wyatt would agree to the Dragon's friendship but the Dragon trying to dictate his actions and day-to-day life was a big no-

no, his ego won't allow it. Regardless of how much the Dragon cared for him, Wyatt knew that in the end, it was just a recipe for a toxic relationship where one of them would kill the other. Killing such a relationship in the curdle before it blossomed was the best option.

"You want me to enter this?" the Dragon asked Wyatt taking the monster orb from his hands.

"Yes, you need to enter it, so that I can take you out of here with me. Once we are in safety then we can discuss how to get back your innate ability," Wyatt explained, without going into details.

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## **Chapter 1913 Dragon's Pride In Its Despair**

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**Chapter 1913 Dragon's Pride In Its Despair**

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The Elder Anesthesia Dragon, even in despair, appeared as majestic and powerful as ever. With its brows frowned it fiddled with the mysterious monster orb it took from Wyatt's hands. With its long experience and acute perception, the dragon discerned the orb's true nature with a mere glance: a tool used to ensnare and contain monsters. Within the orb's depths, it glimpsed a few weak and peculiar creatures, imprisoned within its transparent confines.

As a ruler-class Dragon, the Elder Anesthesia Dragon possessed an indomitable pride that forbade it from submitting to anyone, regardless of who they were, let alone to the whims of such an insignificant item. To even consider entering the orb would be an affront to its regal stature.

If it was not Wyatt but some other being, the dragon's wrath would have been swift and merciless. Even if were despairing and dying, someone demeaning it was not something it could allow.

Yes, it had given up on life but it was only willing to end it all by dying at the hands of a few powerful beings in the myriad realms, like the celestial blood rule slave and the devil.

Yet, despite its reluctance, the dragon hesitated to dismiss the request outright. Believing that perhaps there was more to Wyatt's request than what met the eye. Perhaps this was Wyatt's way to carry him out of the blood rule source along with him using the secrets yet untold. The Elder Anesthesia Dragon, torn between its promise and pride, finally said, "This is not strong enough to hold me. Don't you have some other storage space? Better storage space."

"No, this is all I have," Wyatt retorted, rolling his eyes at the Elder Anesthesia Dragon. He observed the dragon's futile attempt to cling to its pride, despite claiming to have surrendered to despair moments earlier. Wyatt found it ironic that the dragon, once on the brink of suicide, now hesitated to enter the monster orb—a potential lifeline that could restore what it had lost due to its greed. He couldn't help but chuckle at the dragon's stubbornness, realizing the absurdity of its reluctance to seize the opportunity for salvation.

Yes, the A-rank monster orb could only hold A-rank monsters at best. As the creator of the monster orb, Wyatt had a profound knowledge of its limitations and drawbacks. The Elder Anesthesia Dragon's assertion was not unfounded—it was simply too powerful to be contained within the orb's confines. Wyatt understood this well; after all, he had created the monster orb card from scratch and knew its capabilities better than anyone.

However, Wyatt also knew that the Dragon's assessment was only partially accurate. While the orb might not have been able to contain the Dragon through force, there was another possibility—one that the dragon seemed unwilling to consider. If the Dragon were to enter the monster orb willingly, without resistance, the limitations it stated about the monster orb's space would not exist.

The distinction was crucial: capturing the Dragon through coercion would likely prove futile, but if the Dragon chose to enter the orb of its own volition, the outcome could be vastly different. Wyatt knew this long ago as proposed the Dragon to enter the monster orb. He believed with his persuasion and promise so far the Elder Anesthesia Dragon would have no problem entering the orb. But he seemed to have underestimated the Dragon's pride.

"Raukaul, stop hesitating. You may have already guessed that although the space inside the monster orb isn't strong enough to contain a ruler-class being, if you're willing to suppress your realm and use your power to fortify its space, you can easily conceal yourself within the monster orb long enough for me to extract you from here, out of the prison of these damn blood rule domains," Observing the Elder Anesthesia Dragon's reluctance to enter the monster orb, Wyatt sought to assuage its concerns by explaining.

With patience and determination, Wyatt articulated a compelling argument, urging the dragon to reconsider its stance. Wyatt emphasized that while the space within the orb might indeed be insufficient to contain a being of the dragon's immense power, there existed a potential solution—one that required the dragon's cooperation.

Wyatt began to explain it earnestly trying to persuade it, that if the Dragon was willing to suppress its power and enter the space of the monster orb without resistance, it could effectively hide within its confines. By voluntarily restraining its realm and refraining from reinforcing the orb's space, it can utilize the orb as a temporary sanctuary.

Wyatt's words hung in the air, carrying the weight of possibility and hope. He knew that convincing the dragon to relinquish its pride and trust in him would not be easy, but he remained steadfast in his conviction. Using sincerity and empathy, Wyatt extended an olive branch to the dragon, offering a path toward safety and redemption. It was now up to the dragon to make a choice—to cling to pride and despair, or to embrace the possibility of salvation within the confines of the monster orb.

Wyatt's determination burned bright within him, an unyielding resolve that refused to falter in the face of the Dragon's pride. He had made up his mind: he would see this through to the end, no matter the obstacles that lay ahead. As he stood before the Elder Anesthesia Dragon, he knew that the road ahead to capture this magnificent creature would be fraught with challenges and uncertainties. Yet, he was undeterred. He had thought all of it through when he had commenced his plan to capture the Elder Anesthesia Dragon.

Even if things did not unfold as planned, Wyatt remained steadfast in his commitment to succeed. He understood that taming a ruler-class Dragon was not going to be easy as it was not a small feat. Nobody said that it was going to be an easy task to trick a ruler-class Dragon. It was a task that tested the limits of one's strength, courage, and perseverance. The mere thought of the apex ruler-class Deviant Devil struggling for millennia to subdue the dragon served as a stark reminder of the enormity of the task at hand.

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With Deviant Devil having already bested the Dragon in body and mind, all Wyatt had to do was walk the Dragon into his trap. He was determined to see his mission through to completion, to claim victory where others would have faltered. With each step forward, he moved closer to his goal, ready to face whatever trials lay ahead with courage and conviction.

The contrast between the Dragon and Wyatt was stark. When their plans went awry, the Dragon succumbed to despair, while Wyatt persisted, determined to achieve his desired outcome or find an alternative solution. Despite setbacks, Wyatt's resilience shone through as he remained committed to his goals. His willingness to adapt and persevere set him apart, ensuring that he continued to strive for success even in the face of adversity. While the Dragon may have faltered in the face of challenges, Wyatt's unwavering determination propelled him forward, driving him to explore every avenue until he achieved his objective or found a suitable alternative. It was this resilience and perseverance that distinguished Wyatt, marking him apart from the ruler-class Dragon.

"RauKaul, make up your damn mind. Were your words back then true? Enter the orb and don't come out until I tell you to," Wyatt yelled, forcefully reminding the Dragon of their purpose.

"Okay. I will do it. Just tell me what I need to do," the Dragon responded, its voice tinged with resignation. After much internal struggle, it finally resolved to enter the monster orb as Wyatt had asked, recalling the reason it had agreed to this endeavor in the first place.

"Good. I need you to trust me on this one," Wyatt implored, his voice earnest and determined. "Only if you trust me can we both make it out of here alive and stand a

chance to regain what the Deviant Devil has stolen from you. Raukaul, are you willing to blindly trust me? If not, there is no point in us further discussing this matter."

Wyatt's words hung heavy in the air, carrying with them the weight of the destiny of his plan to capture the ruler-class being. He warned the Dragon that their success depended on its unwavering trust in him, a trust that transcended doubt and uncertainty. Without it, their efforts would be in vain, and they would not be able to reclaim what the Dragon had lost today because of its greed. Therefore, if the Dragon was unable to give its full trust to him then they might as well stop with their endeavor. Because they were bound to fail without its trust.

As Wyatt awaited the Dragon's response, he braced himself for the outcome. He understood the gravity of the Dragon's response, knowing that blind trust was not easily given, especially for a ruler-class Dragon. Yet, he remained steadfast in his belief that the Dragon was defeated in spirit by the Deviant Devil, and as long as he dangled enough hope in front of it while provoking it about what it had claimed earlier, he could get the Dragon to give him its undivided trust. If he manages to gain the Dragon's complete trust right now then, he not only would succeed in capturing it but would be stealing it from the between the teeth of the Deviant Devil. Now, that was an achievement on its own.

"Even if this wasn't to prove that I meant every word I said earlier, I would put my trust in you any day and every day," the Elder Anesthesia Dragon declared, its voice resolute. "If you want me to suppress my realm and enter the monster orb, then I will do it. If you want me not to come out until you call for me, then fine. I swear I will not emerge from the monster orb until you summon me."

With these words, the dragon relinquished the last vestiges of its pride and made a solemn vow to trust Wyatt completely. It was a moment of profound significance, a testament to the strength of the bond it believed to share with Wyatt. The dragon's decision to trust Wyatt was not merely an act of self-

preservation, but a demonstration of its unwavering commitment to the words it spoke to earlier. Each one of them was genuine and from its heart.

The Dragon prepared to suppress its realm and enter the monster orb believing that this could be its final act, its last deed before oblivion. Yes, until the end it did not once believe that Wyatt was capable of helping it regain its innate ability. It even doubted that Wyatt was capable of escaping the bounds of the celestial blood-rule slave and the Deviant Devil's blood-

rule domains.

Yet, it faced Wyatt's demand with courage and determination, knowing that its trust in Wyatt was its last chance and final act to proving him that it did not mean to drag Wyatt down with him because of its greed.

"Thank you, but your promise is not enough," Wyatt stated firmly, his expression grave. "I need you to take an oath with blood rule source as the witness. I'm doing this to ensure that we can escape this place without any further complications. In your current condition, I cannot trust you to keep your word. Therefore, I need you to swear with the blood rule source as the witness that you will suppress your realm and senses in your body, continue to stay in the monster orb while fortifying its space with your power, and never leave the monster orb until the time I call upon you. If you truly trust me as you just said, then it would not be a problem for you to promise this."

Wyatt's words were spoken with a straight face and indifferent tone, belying the gravity of the situation. He understood the necessity of ensuring the dragon's unwavering commitment, especially given the high stakes of his endeavor. He did not want things to go sideways when the Dragon realized what was happening. That was why the oath was necessary. The oath, witnessed by the blood rule source, served as a solemn binding contract, one that could not be broken lightly in any part of the Myriad realms.

As Wyatt awaited the dragon's response, he remained resolute, his determination unwavering. He knew that his success in capturing the dragon depended on the dragon's willingness to make this vow, and he was prepared to see this through.

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"An oath with the blood rule source as a witness!" the Elder Anesthesia Dragon exclaimed, it did not expect Wyatt to demand him to take an oath.

\*Roar!!!\*

The Dragon looked at the ceiling of the pearl diamond form barrier and let out a thunderous roar expressing its despair. As if yelling, 'Why? Why must I suffer like this? What crime did I commit to be treated like this?'

\*Roar!!!\*

The Dragon's roar though thunderous as before, no longer held a sense of majesty rather it sounded more like a wail, a cry of despair. The emotions in its heart and mind rushed out and poured through its roar.

The Dragon finally found someone it could consider home after a millennium of being on the run. It was even willing to blindly trust that someone, without any questions, regardless of the consequences but that someone did not even trust it back, enough to even trust that it would keep its word to them. Instead, they demand an oath as proof of the blind trust it promised them.

As a ruler-class being, nobody knew the consequences of an oath taken in the presence of the blood rule source better than the Dragon itself. The cruel truth was that it did not have to look far back to understand why it was being treated like this. It had betrayed their trust for its greed now it had to give up itself to earn their trust back.

The Dragon closed its eyes in surrender, he had already decided to let go of its pride and enter the demanding monster space used to tame lower-level beings, to prove that it did not mean for things to end this way. Now it was willing to let go of its will to prove the very same thing. This was the attempt to make up for its regret.

The Dragon's obsession with Wyatt was mostly misplaced feelings. The Dragon has always regretted and felt guilty about ignoring what the Deviant Devil did to its tribe and remaining in hiding as its tribe members suffered and died in its place. With Wyatt's appearance, it saw a chance to reestablish its tribe from the being. It saw him as a chance to make up for his millennium of guilt and regret. All these feelings were what made the Dragon's obsession with Wyatt stronger than it should be.

"..." Looking at the Dragon roar in despair and close its eyes in surrender Wyatt did not feel an ounce of pity toward it but rather felt disgusted toward it. He knew what the Dragon claimed was actually it revealing its hypocrisy. Because he knew that all of this was its attempt to redeem itself in someone else's eyes and get a sense of validation before it tasted the sweet relief of death.

Wyatt had seen many people like the Dragon. Even though they were just mortals, the Dragon and those people had one thing similar, they all were selfish.

When these people had the power, they did nothing but seek more power without caring about others. Especially those poor souls that got crushed in their quest for more power.

But when they were finally about to meet their maker they started to remember that there were other people besides them. They suddenly start to believe in karma, doing good deeds, making things right, justice, and everything that they disregarded when they were in power.

Was it the fear of being judged in the afterlife or entering eternal oblivion, whatever it was, these people just wanted to use their last moment to ease their fear by doing whatever it took, it was just their way of trying to make up for their selfish lives.

Even when doing that they wanted to feel the other kind of power. The power that came with when one knew they were doing the right thing.

The power of righteousness, the power of faith, the power of love, the power of friendship, this power had many forms but it could only be achieved by the most bravest of souls. These selfish hypocrites at the end of their lives try to buy this power by submitting what they had gathered with their sin for most of their life.

However, how could these fools ever comprehend that they would not be able to ever truly experience this power no matter what they offer because this power only came to those who were willing to do the right thing at the risk of losing everything?

These fools turned to the right path at the end of their life when they no longer had anything left to lose, that was, no other paths to turn to. The greed, lust, pride, etc, they kept feeding for their lives in the end turned their backs on them, leaving only the righteous path to turn to. However, those who travel the only path left when they have nothing else to lose were considered desperate and nothing else.

The same was true for the selfish mortals and the same was true for the Dragon. Though it might appear to be making great sacrifice and noble, in the end, it was just another selfish person taking the only path open for it to walk. It was just another desperate soul seeking righteousness in its final moments.

In the Dark realm, the Dark races worshiped the strong which was why the story between Deviant Prince Mamas Mulias and Strongest Assassin Raukaul Maar known as the Anesthesia Dragon Lover/ Slayer, not something else. This title of the folklore was not as such because the Deviant Prince and his family were strong but because the Strongest Assassin was a coward. He turned his back on his tribe when the Deviant Prince was defiling and killing them left and right trying to provoke it and search for it.

The Dark Realm had many folklore about heroes that may not have been strong in strength but their bravery was unparalleled. The Dragon could have been a similar existence had it not chosen to hide when its tribe was in peril. When the Dragon lost innate ability, the true self of the Dragon depicted in the folklore revealed itself, it was nothing but a selfish coward. Its noble lineage could no longer hide that fact.

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The Elder Anesthesia Dragon continuing to pursue the transcendent path in hiding when its tribe was being hunted down, humiliated, and slaughtered like livestock grown

to satisfy the appetite of the Deviant Devil was more than enough information Wyatt needed to know about the Dragon to understand that it was not worthy of his friendship.

Which was one of the main reasons he was capturing it and not trying to turn it into his partner like in the case of Diana Keith. Even though she was a cruel woman, she was good to her family and subordinates. Now that was a woman who lived by her own set of principles and followed them with her life. The World was cruel to her ever since she opened her eyes yet somehow even though she was not good to everyone she found the strength to be good to her people. She could not leave her only family Jaya and trusted subordinates like Cindy to die in her place. If she could do something about it then she would at the cost of her life. Wyatt respected that, which was why he had given someone like her a chance.

The Dragon was the pride of its tribe since its birth and loved by everyone in its tribe but because of its greed, selfishness, and cowardice, it sat by as its tribe was humiliated and slaughtered by the Deviant Devil. It prioritized its pursuit of transcendence ignoring the cries of help of its tribe. The worst thing was it was fully aware of what it was doing yet chose to sit by and chose to ignore the peril of its tribe without any hesitation.

In Diana's case, she had so many things to blame for her bad choices, such as being born in a brothel and growing up on the streets, being recruited by the circle, and being trained as a heartless killer from a very young age. However, as Diana began to understand her actions and their consequences she made a set of principles and lived by them. She even went against her patrons, the Circle, and rebelled at the risk of losing everything. She was somebody who chose— no created a righteous path of her own when life did its best to force her to choose other paths.

When there was no one to care for her in the world, she chose to adopt an orphaned toddler as her sister and gave her the love of a family. In contrast to the Elder Anesthesia Dragon a ruler class being born noble, Diana a mere mortal born in a brothel was someone Wyatt found worthy of his partnership.

Wyatt would never tell this to Diana, but regardless of her previous aggression toward him, he saw something greater in her. A leader not by birth but sculpted out of her will. Even the Southern Royal family did not understand why Wyatt chose to partner with Diana despite their bad past. They believed he chose her out of convenience but they could never see what he saw in her.

It was easy to be good when you have been only taught good and everyone has been good to you. However, it was hard to be good when you have been only taught to hate and everyone has hated your very existence.

Yes, in people's eyes with her origin and deeds, Diana Keith was not a saintess who drove darkness away, but in Wyatt's eyes, she was a saintess who found her path out of darkness without letting it taint her.

In Wyatt's eyes, the noble-born trained assassin Dragon was just a selfish coward and the brothel-kid trained thug was a saintess. Only time would prove if Wyatt's eyes were correct.

\*Roar!\*

"Enough! Quit your whining," Wyatt yelled at the Elder Anesthesia Dragon who was letting out its turbulent emotions through its roar.

"..." the Dragon was dumb-struck and without words. Before it could recover from its bafflement, Wyatt rubbed his brows and said, "Since I am asking you to make an oath it would not be fair if I did not make an oath to prove that my words are not false."

"..." The Dragon who just recovered from its surprise was once again dumbfounded, it did not expect Wyatt to be willing to make an oath to it with the blood rule source as the witness.

"I, Dalton Wyatt, In the presence of the Blood Rule Source, take an oath that if the Raukaul Maar is willing to blindly trust me without any question then I will not only help it escape the blood-rule source safely but I will help it regain its innate ability," Wyatt took the oath even before the Dragon could respond and then locking eyes with the Dragon he said, "There, I have shown my sincerity, now if you truly trust me then take the oath with the blood-rule source as the witness."

"..." the Dragon was speechless with the sudden turn of events. If it previously did not believe Wyatt was capable of escaping the blood-rule domains of the Celestial blood-rule slave and the Deviant Devil then now it found itself reconsidering its previous assumptions. So much so that there even a spark of hope in its eyes. A hope that it can regain its innate Dream Escape ability.

"Raukaul, you know the words, say them so we can leave this forsaken place before the Celestial blood-rule slave and the Deviant Devil reduce it to our graveyard," Wyatt hurried the Dragon noticing that the two apex ruler-class beings were about to crash into each other causing a catastrophic clash that could possibly be the end of them.

The reason Wyatt took an oath was to hasten the process and also because he knew that even when in despair, the Dragon was still a selfish coward, it would not become heroic at a moment's notice otherwise it would not be that hard for people to change. Dragging people like Dragon into the depths of the abyss took one to enter the abyss itself. Wyatt took the lead knowing the Dragon would follow him. However, he left himself a way out from the abyss but the Dragon had no way out, once it followed Wyatt it would be at Wyatt's mercy.

"Hahaha! Dalton Wyatt, you are as arrogant as the reason behind your name. I like it," the Dragon chuckled and then solemnly said, "I, Raukaul Maar, in the presence of the Blood-

rule source take an oath that I will willingly enter the monster orb with my true body, fortify it with my energy while locking my realm and senses within my true body, and never leave the monster orb until Dalton Wyatt calls upon me."

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

Date- -/-

Time- -/-

Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

After taking the oath the Elder Anesthesia Dragon looked at Wyatt as if seeking praise for doing something that was meant to save its ass. However, Wyatt played along. He looked at the Dragon with an impressed gaze and said with a wide smile he nodded at it. Then pointing at the orb he said, "Now get in, so that we can live this damned place."

Satisfied with Wyatt's reaction the Dragon entered the monster orb fortifying its space with its energy, locking its realm and senses within its body as per its oath. Now that the Dragon's true body was in the monster orb and its spiritual body was locked in its true body.

Witnessing this, Wyatt had a satisfied grin on his face returning the monster orb to his grimoire. Today he had successfully captured a ruler-class Anesthesia Dragon by binding it with an oath that he had it take out of its own violation, declaring,

- i) Enter the "monster orb" voluntarily with its true body.
- ii) Use its energy to strengthen and fortify the orb.
- iii) Lock its realm (personal domain and power) and senses within its true body.
- iv) Commit to remaining inside the monster orb until summoned by Dalton Wyatt.

Locking one's senses into their body was the same as asking them to limit their sense to their body, which meant that the Dragon's spiritual body could not leave its body as then its sense would no longer be limited to its body.

Having gauged the Elder Anesthesia Dragon as a selfish coward, Wyatt knew regardless of what it claimed in its moment of despair, if he were to directly ask the Dragon to lock its true body in the monster orb and its spiritual body in its true body until he calls upon it, the Dragon would have immediately gotten spooked.

Then, even with Wyatt entering the abyss, by taking the oath in the presence of the blood-rule source, he still could get the Dragon to take the oath and follow him into the abyss.

Therefore, Wyatt cleverly asked the Elder Anesthesia Dragon to limit its sense to its true body turning its spiritual body into a prisoner of its true body. For mortals or other races, this would not be a big deal but for the Anesthesia Dragon race whose main offense was their spiritual body with their true body sleeping for a millennium, it could be absolute torment.

One has to understand, that while the regular races and mortals roamed the physical plane, the Anesthesia Dragon was a race that roamed the spiritual plane, mostly the Dream realm part of it. While the Anesthesia Dragon's true body remained asleep for thousands of years their spiritual body would be actively roaming the Dream realm, exploring it, and socializing with their kind and other creatures that walked the Dream realm.

Now with the Raukaul promising to limit his sense to its true body, it has shackled its spiritual body to the bounds of its true body. Meaning it could not even roam the Dream realm.

The whole reason the Elder Anesthesia Dragon agreed to keep its true body in the monster orb until Wyatt calls upon it was because with its being asleep all the time it would stay in one place, be it in its nest or the monster orb. So it did not matter to the Dragon. However, the stupid Dragon never fully comprehended the full consequences of limiting its senses to its true body. Walking right into Wyatt's trap.

With the Dragon's spiritual body limited to the bounds of its true body, it would not be long before it realizes that Wyatt had tricked it. Even if it knew, there was nothing it could do about it with its spiritual body having become a prisoner in its own body. It could not use its Dream realm abilities to pay a visit to Wyatt in his dreams. Since, Wyatt had tricked it into willingly discarding its strongest means, its spiritual body's ability to enter the dream realm.

It was not like the Dragon did not have other means left, considering the gap between the Dragon and Wyatt's realm, a simple pressure from its actual realm oozing out the monster orb could kill him but Wyatt had it take an oath to lock its realm into its true body. As such the Dragon's strength cannot be exerted out of its body, including its sleep breath which was a part of its wide range of abilities.

With its spiritual powers and physical powers limited to the bounds of its true body that was locked in the monster orb's space, the Dragon had zero means to threaten or coerce Wyatt into releasing it of its oath.

Though the Dragon would not use its strength to get out of Wyatt's trap, it could use its brain. Anyone with a little brain would know that if the space of the monster orb were to

be destroyed the Dragon's oath to Wyatt in the presence of the blood rule source would be invalid.

However, Wyatt having already thought of it, had the Dragon vow that it would use its energy to fortify the space. Basically, it could only use its energy to fortify the monster orb's space and nothing more.

With the Dragon's might just moving in sleep could destroy the A-rank monster orb space. However, this was not allowed, as its energy could be used to strengthen and fortify the space and not destroy it.

Wyatt did not specify that it cannot use its energy to destroy the space but it would be contrary to what it claimed in its oath to him, that it would use its energy to strengthen and fortify the monster orb while locking its realm (personal domain and power) and senses within its true body.

If a soldier who was tasked to guard a castle were to destroy it, it would be against their duty and punishable. Similarly, the Dragon tasked with fortifying the space of the monster orb could not destroy it, otherwise it would be a breach of its oath to Wyatt in the presence of the blood-rule source.

Lastly, the dragon could not leave the monster orb until Wyatt called on it. Meaning it was up to Wyatt how long the dragon would be held captive. Wyatt planned to use this to negotiate with Dragon into becoming his thug if there was ever a need. But Wyatt would not use it useless it was absolutely necessary because, once the Raukaul's presence appears in the Myriad Realms soon the Deviant Devil would track it down. It was too much risk. Therefore, it can only serve as a last resort.

Regardless, the feat achieved by Wyatt was not some small accomplishment. Through his cunning wordplay, he ingeniously ensnared the dragon, making it his captive. This emphasized the crucial significance of thoroughly reading any contract before affixing one's signature to it. Wyatt's strategic manipulation of language not only showcased his intellect but also highlighted the potential consequences of overlooking the fine print. In this instance, the dragon found itself bound by terms it hadn't fully comprehended, serving as a cautionary tale for all who encountered contractual agreements.

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

Date- -/-

Time- -/-

Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

It was clear that the oath that Wyatt had the Elder Anesthesia Dragon take in the presence of the blood-rule source was carefully thought to trick it into turning itself into Wyatt's captive out of its own violation. However, Wyatt had carefully crafted the oath around the Dragon's personality.

If some Dragon were to be held captive for eternity by a mortal, their pride might get them to consider suicide by detonating their core. Wyatt had also considered that the Dragon could choose suicide by detonating its core to get out of its predicament once and for all, after all, it was already despairing to begin with. However, he did not take any cautionary measures against it in the oath he had the Dragon take.

Wyatt felt that adding a clause to forbid it from committing suicide outright could spook the Dragon and also because Wyatt knew that Raukaul was a selfish coward who laid in wait for a few millenniums to trap the Deviant Devil disregarding the lives of its tribesmen. So he believed that even if its despair were to grow more it might think of suicide but never try it and continue to persist in hopes of gaining its freedom one day. It loved itself the most so it could never bring to kill itself.

There another variable that Wyatt had also considered, was the Dragon's storage space. However, since its senses and realm were limited to the bounds of its true body it could not open its storage space to make use of items in it. It could find a way to detonate the storage space to destroy the monster orb space but then it would go against its oath to fortify the monster orb space. After all, any actions of the Dragon that would go against fortifying the monster orb space would be considered as breaching its oath to Wyatt. It was the same as some participating in activities that hindered their duties was considered a crime.

Wyatt crafted the oath he had the Dragon take by thoroughly reading its personality and character to consider what would get it running and what would entice it. This oath was not perfect to trap anyone and everyone but it was perfect oath to trap the Elder Anesthesia Dragon Raukaul Maar. The foolish dragon thought it was gaining Wyatt's trust by taking a simple oath when it was actually reducing itself to his captive out of its own violation. One could not make this stuff up.

Even Wyatt's oath to the Dragon was carefully crafted by him to give the Dragon the illusion that Wyatt was binding himself by an oath for its sake when actually, he was not. Wyatt's oath to the Dragon were things was planning to do in the first place if and only if it was his captive. Even then Wyatt was not losing much because, unlike the Dragon, he knew the true reason why the dragon lost its innate dream escape ability.

...

As soon as the Dragon's presence vanished from within its blood-rule domain, the Deviant Devil was about to clash with the Celestial blood-rule slave destroying the pearl diamond barrier and the turtle shell barrier with its blood-rule domain to get a clear view.

From the corner of its eyes, it could not find Raukaul on the battlefield but found the world calamity tree which was waving goodbye to it with its branches.

Just when the Devil wanted to piece together what was happening, and how the dragon managed to escape, it felt a huge force knocking it down. The impact of the celestial force of the celestial blood-rule slave on the Deviant Devil's body was so strong that even its formidable muscles trembled and screamed in pain, while its eyes, nose, and ears bleed. Its mind was out of it being affected by the shock from the impact.

\*Boom\*

Taking the thunderous sound of collusion as his cue to leave, Wyatt made use of his devil merchant code privilege to transfer his soul out of the blood rule source and into the pseudo-

calamity soul gem in the possession of his calamity daughter core Cuth Diya. As soon as he left the shockwaves from the collusion between the celestial blood-rule slave and the deviant devil's bodies reduced Wyatt's world calamity tree body into dust.

However, before leaving, Wyatt had used the roots of his world calamity tree to bury several of his pseudo-calamity soul gems in the depths of the blood-rule source in the form of blood-rule rocks.

By burying them in the depths of the blood rule source Wyatt increased the odds of his pseudo-calamity soul gems of surviving the destruction brought forth by the class of the apex ruler-class entities.

By morphing his pseudo-calamity soul gems into blood-rule rocks Wyatt reduced the risk of them getting discovered by the one who survives the battle between the two apex ruler-class entities or other blood-rules slaves that were to happen upon them.

The reason Wyatt left his pseudo-calamity soul gems in the blood-rule source was obviously because he planned to visit it at a later date. But most importantly because it was the only way he could mask from where he had entered the blood-rule source.

Wyatt could get Bloodette to help him enter the blood-rule source but just like how the Elder Anestheis Dragon immediately noted the coordinates of the card world by just glancing at the portal Wyatt did not want any other being practicing in the blood-rule source to discover that he was from card world when he entered it.

So, entering the blood rule source through his pseudo-calamity soul gem using his devil merchant code privilege was the best and safest option, even though it would cost him a fortune every time he made use of his devil merchant code privilege.

Wyatt's only concern now was that he had placed the pseudo-

calamity soul gems deep enough to survive the battle between the two apex rule-class entities. Even if one of them were to survive then, Wyatt would consider himself lucky.

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

## Chapter 1914 Complete Trust Demand's A Oath

Date- -/-

Time- -/-

Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

With Deviant Devil having already bested the Dragon in body and mind, all Wyatt had to do was walk the Dragon into his trap. He was determined to see his mission through to completion, to claim victory where others would have faltered. With each step forward, he moved closer to his goal, ready to face whatever trials lay ahead with courage and conviction.

The contrast between the Dragon and Wyatt was stark. When their plans went awry, the Dragon succumbed to despair, while Wyatt persisted, determined to achieve his desired outcome or find an alternative solution. Despite setbacks, Wyatt's resilience shone through as he remained committed to his goals. His willingness to adapt and persevere set him apart, ensuring that he continued to strive for success even in the face of adversity. While the Dragon may have faltered in the face of challenges, Wyatt's unwavering determination propelled him forward, driving him to explore every avenue until he achieved his objective or found a suitable alternative. It was this resilience and perseverance that distinguished Wyatt, marking him apart from the ruler-class Dragon.

"RauKaul, make up your damn mind. Were your words back then true? Enter the orb and don't come out until I tell you to," Wyatt yelled, forcefully reminding the Dragon of their purpose.

"Okay. I will do it. Just tell me what I need to do," the Dragon responded, its voice tinged with resignation. After much internal struggle, it finally resolved to enter the monster orb as Wyatt had asked, recalling the reason it had agreed to this endeavor in the first place.

"Good. I need you to trust me on this one," Wyatt implored, his voice earnest and determined. "Only if you trust me can we both make it out of here alive and stand a chance to regain what the Deviant Devil has stolen from you. Raukaul, are you willing to blindly trust me? If not, there is no point in us further discussing this matter."

Wyatt's words hung heavy in the air, carrying with them the weight of the destiny of his plan to capture the ruler-class being. He warned the Dragon that their success depended on its unwavering trust in him, a trust that transcended doubt and uncertainty. Without it, their efforts would be in vain, and they would not be able to reclaim what the Dragon had lost today because of its greed. Therefore, if the Dragon was unable to give its full trust to him then they might as well stop with their endeavor. Because they were bound to fail without its trust.

As Wyatt awaited the Dragon's response, he braced himself for the outcome. He understood the gravity of the Dragon's response, knowing that blind trust was not easily given, especially for a ruler-class Dragon. Yet, he remained steadfast in his belief that the Dragon was defeated in spirit by the Deviant Devil, and as long as he dangled enough hope in front of it while provoking it about what it had claimed earlier, he could get the Dragon to give him its undivided trust. If he manages to gain the Dragon's complete trust right now then, he not only would succeed in capturing it but would be stealing it from the between the teeth of the Deviant Devil. Now, that was an achievement on its own.

"Even if this wasn't to prove that I meant every word I said earlier, I would put my trust in you any day and every day," the Elder Anesthesia Dragon declared, its voice resolute. "If you want me to suppress my realm and enter the monster orb, then I will do it. If you want me not to come out until you call for me, then fine. I swear I will not emerge from the monster orb until you summon me."

With these words, the dragon relinquished the last vestiges of its pride and made a solemn vow to trust Wyatt completely. It was a moment of profound significance, a testament to the strength of the bond it believed to share with Wyatt. The dragon's decision to trust Wyatt was not merely an act of self-

preservation, but a demonstration of its unwavering commitment to the words it spoke to earlier. Each one of them was genuine and from its heart.

The Dragon prepared to suppress its realm and enter the monster orb believing that this could be its final act, its last deed before oblivion. Yes, until the end it did not once believe that Wyatt was capable of helping it regain its innate ability. It even doubted that Wyatt was capable of escaping the bounds of the celestial blood-rule slave and the Deviant Devil's blood-rule domains.

Yet, it faced Wyatt's demand with courage and determination, knowing that its trust in Wyatt was its last chance and final act to proving him that it did not mean to drag Wyatt down with him because of its greed.

"Thank you, but your promise is not enough," Wyatt stated firmly, his expression grave. "I need you to take an oath with blood rule source as the witness. I'm doing this to ensure that we can escape this place without any further complications. In your current condition, I cannot trust you to keep your word. Therefore, I need you to swear with the blood rule source as the witness that you will suppress your realm and senses in your body, continue to stay in the monster orb while fortifying its space with your power, and never leave the monster orb until the time I call upon you. If you truly trust me as you just said, then it would not be a problem for you to promise this."

Wyatt's words were spoken with a straight face and indifferent tone, belying the gravity of the situation. He understood the necessity of ensuring the dragon's unwavering commitment, especially given the high stakes of his endeavor. He did not want things to go sideways when the Dragon realized what was happening. That was why the oath was necessary. The oath, witnessed by the blood rule source, served as a solemn binding contract, one that could not be broken lightly in any part of the Myriad realms.

As Wyatt awaited the dragon's response, he remained resolute, his determination unwavering. He knew that his success in capturing the dragon depended on the dragon's willingness to make this vow, and he was prepared to see this through.

Chapter 1915 Just Another Selfish Coward

Date- -/-

Time- -/-

Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

"An oath with the blood rule source as a witness!" the Elder Anesthesia Dragon exclaimed, it did not expect Wyatt to demand him to take an oath.

\*Roar!!!\*

The Dragon looked at the ceiling of the pearl diamond form barrier and let out a thunderous roar expressing its despair. As if yelling, 'Why? Why must I suffer like this? What crime did I commit to be treated like this?'

\*Roar!!!\*

The Dragon's roar though thunderous as before, no longer held a sense of majesty rather it sounded more like a wail, a cry of despair. The emotions in its heart and mind rushed out and poured through its roar.

The Dragon finally found someone it could consider home after a millennium of being on the run. It was even willing to blindly trust that someone, without any questions, regardless of the consequences but that someone did not even trust it back, enough to even trust that it would keep its word to them. Instead, they demand an oath as proof of the blind trust it promised them.

As a ruler-class being, nobody knew the consequences of an oath taken in the presence of the blood rule source better than the Dragon itself. The cruel truth was that it did not have to look far back to understand why it was being treated like this. It had betrayed their trust for its greed now it had to give up itself to earn their trust back.

The Dragon closed its eyes in surrender, he had already decided to let go of its pride and enter the demanding monster space used to tame lower-level beings, to prove that it did not mean for things to end this way. Now it was willing to let go of its will to prove the very same thing. This was the attempt to make up for its regret.

The Dragon's obsession with Wyatt was mostly misplaced feelings. The Dragon has always regretted and felt guilty about ignoring what the Deviant Devil did to its tribe and remaining in hiding as its tribe members suffered and died in its place. With Wyatt's appearance, it saw a chance to reestablish its tribe from the being. It saw him as a chance to make up for his millennium of guilt and regret. All these feelings were what made the Dragon's obsession with Wyatt stronger than it should be.

"..." Looking at the Dragon roar in despair and close its eyes in surrender Wyatt did not feel an ounce of pity toward it but rather felt disgusted toward it. He knew what the Dragon claimed was actually it revealing its hypocrisy. Because he knew that all of this was its attempt to redeem itself in someone else's eyes and get a sense of validation before it tasted the sweet relief of death.

Wyatt had seen many people like the Dragon. Even though they were just mortals, the Dragon and those people had one thing similar, they all were selfish.

When these people had the power, they did nothing but seek more power without caring about others. Especially those poor souls that got crushed in their quest for more power.

But when they were finally about to meet their maker they started to remember that there were other people besides them. They suddenly start to believe in karma, doing good deeds, making things right, justice, and everything that they disregarded when they were in power.

Was it the fear of being judged in the afterlife or entering eternal oblivion, whatever it was, these people just wanted to use their last moment to ease their fear by doing whatever it took, it was just their way of trying to make up for their selfish lives.

Even when doing that they wanted to feel the other kind of power. The power that came with when one knew they were doing the right thing.

The power of righteousness, the power of faith, the power of love, the power of friendship, this power had many forms but it could only achieved by the most bravest of souls. These selfish hypocrites at the end of their lives try to buy this power by submitting what they had gathered with their sin for most of their life.

However, how could these fools ever comprehend that they would not be able to ever truly experience this power no matter what they offer because this power only came to those who were willing to do the right thing at the risk of losing everything?

These fools turned to the right path at the end of their life when they no longer had anything left to lose, that was, no other paths to turn to. The greed, lust, pride, etc, they kept feeding for their lives in the end turned their backs on

them, leaving only the righteous path to turn to. However, those who travel the only path left when they have nothing else to lose were considered desperate and nothing else.

The same was true for the selfish mortals and the same was true for the Dragon. Though it might appear to be making great sacrifice and noble, in the end, it was just another selfish person taking the only path open for it to walk. It was just another desperate soul seeking righteousness in its final moments.

In the Dark realm, the Dark races worshiped the strong which was why the story between Deviant Prince Mamas Mulias and Strongest Assassin Raukaul Maar known as the Anesthesia Dragon Lover/ Slayer, not something else. This title of the folklore was not as such because the Deviant Prince and his family were strong but because the Strongest Assassin was a coward. He turned his back on his tribe when the Deviant Prince was defiling and killing them left and right trying to provoke it and search for it.

The Dark Realm had many folklore about heroes that may not have been strong in strength but their bravery was unparalleled. The Dragon could have been a similar existence had it not chosen to hide when its tribe was in peril. When the Dragon lost innate ability, the true self of the Dragon depicted in the folklore revealed itself, it was nothing but a selfish coward. Its noble lineage could no longer hide that fact.

### **Chapter 1916 Worthy Of Wyatt's Partnership**

Date- -/-

Time- -/-

Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

The Elder Anesthesia Dragon continuing to pursue the transcendent path in hiding when its tribe was being hunted down, humiliated, and slaughtered like livestock grown to satisfy the appetite of the Deviant Devil was more than enough information Wyatt needed to know about the Dragon to understand that it was not worthy of his friendship.

Which was one of the main reasons he was capturing it and not trying to turn it into his partner like in the case of Diana Keith. Even though she was a cruel woman, she was good to her family and subordinates. Now that was a woman who lived by her own set of principles and followed them with her life. The World was cruel to her ever since she opened her eyes yet somehow even

though she was not good to everyone she found the strength to be good to her people. She could not leave her only family Jaya and trusted subordinates like Cindy to die in her place. If she could do something about it then she would at the cost of her life. Wyatt respected that, which was why he had given someone like her a chance.

The Dragon was the pride of its tribe since its birth and loved by everyone in its tribe but because of its greed, selfishness, and cowardice, it sat by as its tribe was humiliated and slaughtered by the Deviant Devil. It prioritized its pursuit of transcendence ignoring the cries of help of its tribe. The worst thing was it was fully aware of what it was doing yet chose to sit by and chose to ignore the peril of its tribe without any hesitation.

In Diana's case, she had so many things to blame for her bad choices, such as being born in a brothel and growing up on the streets, being recruited by the circle, and being trained as a heartless killer from a very young age. However, as Diana began to understand her actions and their consequences she made a set of principles and lived by them. She even went against her patrons, the Circle, and rebelled at the risk of losing everything. She was somebody who chose—no created a righteous path of her own when life did its best to force her to choose other paths.

When there was no one to care for her in the world, she chose to adopt an orphaned toddler as her sister and gave her the love of a family. In contrast to the Elder Anesthesia Dragon a ruler class being born noble, Diana a mere mortal born in a brothel was someone Wyatt found worthy of his partnership.

Wyatt would never tell this to Diana, but regardless of her previous aggression toward him, he saw something greater in her. A leader not by birth but sculpted out of her will. Even the Southern Royal family did not understand why Wyatt chose to partner with Diana despite their bad past. They believed he chose her out of convenience but they could never see what he saw in her.

It was easy to be good when you have been only taught good and everyone has been good to you. However, it was hard to be good when you have been only taught to hate and everyone has hated your very existence.

Yes, in people's eyes with her origin and deeds, Diana Keith was not a saintess who drove darkness away, but in Wyatt's eyes, she was a saintess who found her path out of darkness without letting it taint her.

In Wyatt's eyes, the noble-born trained assassin Dragon was just a selfish coward and the brothel-kid trained thug was a saintess. Only time would prove if Wyatt's eyes were correct.

\*Roar!\*

"Enough! Quit your whining," Wyatt yelled at the Elder Anesthesia Dragon who was letting out its turbulent emotions through its roar.

"..." the Dragon was dumb-struck and without words. Before it could recover from its bafflement, Wyatt rubbed his brows and said, "Since I am asking you to make an oath it would not be fair if I did not make an oath to prove that my words are not false."

"..." The Dragon who just recovered from its surprise was once again dumbfounded, it did not expect Wyatt to be willing to make an oath to it with the blood rule source as the witness.

"I, Dalton Wyatt, In the presence of the Blood Rule Source, take an oath that if the Raukaul Maar is willing to blindly trust me without any question then I will not only help it escape the blood-rule source safely but I will help it regain its innate ability," Wyatt took the oath even before the Dragon could respond and then locking eyes with the Dragon he said, "There, I have shown my sincerity, now if you truly trust me then take the oath with the blood-rule source as the witness."

"..." the Dragon was speechless with the sudden turn of events. If it previously did not believe Wyatt was capable of escaping the blood-rule domains of the Celestial blood-rule slave and the Deviant Devil then now it found itself reconsidering its previous assumptions. So much so that there even a spark of hope in its eyes. A hope that it can regain its innate Dream Escape ability.

"Raukaul, you know the words, say them so we can leave this forsaken place before the Celestial blood-rule slave and the Deviant Devil reduce it to our graveyard," Wyatt hurried the Dragon noticing that the two apex ruler-class beings were about to crash into each other causing a catastrophic clash that could possibly be the end of them.

The reason Wyatt took an oath was to hasten the process and also because he knew that even when in despair, the Dragon was still a selfish coward, it would not become heroic at a moment's notice otherwise it would not be that hard for people to change. Dragging people like Dragon into the depths of the

abyss took one to enter the abyss itself. Wyatt took the lead knowing the Dragon would follow him. However, he left himself a way out from the abyss but the Dragon had no way out, once it followed Wyatt it would be at Wyatt's mercy.

"Hahaha! Dalton Wyatt, you are as arrogant as the reason behind your name. I like it," the Dragon chuckled and then solemnly said, "I, Raukaul Maar, in the presence of the Blood-

rule source take an oath that I will willingly enter the monster orb with my true body, fortify it with my energy while locking my realm and senses within my true body, and never leave the monster orb until Dalton Wyatt calls upon me."

### **Chapter 1917 Reading The Fine Print**

Date- -/-

Time- -/-

Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

After taking the oath the Elder Anesthesia Dragon looked at Wyatt as if seeking praise for doing something that was meant to save its ass. However, Wyatt played along. He looked at the Dragon with an impressed gaze and said with a wide smile he nodded at it. Then pointing at the orb he said, "Now get in, so that we can live this damned place."

Satisfied with Wyatt's reaction the Dragon entered the monster orb fortifying its space with its energy, locking its realm and senses within its body as per its oath. Now that the Dragon's true body was in the monster orb and its spiritual body was locked in its true body.

Witnessing this, Wyatt had a satisfied grin on his face returning the monster orb to his grimoire. Today he had successfully captured a ruler-class Anesthesia Dragon by binding it with an oath that he had it take out of its own violation, declaring,

- i) Enter the "monster orb" voluntarily with its true body.
- ii) Use its energy to strengthen and fortify the orb.
- iii) Lock its realm (personal domain and power) and senses within its true body.

iv) Commit to remaining inside the monster orb until summoned by Dalton Wyatt.

Locking one's senses into their body was the same as asking them to limit their sense to their body, which meant that the Dragon's spiritual body could not leave its body as then its sense would no longer be limited to its body.

Having gauged the Elder Anesthesia Dragon as a selfish coward, Wyatt knew regardless of what it claimed in its moment of despair, if he were to directly ask the Dragon to lock its true body in the monster orb and its spiritual body in its true body until he calls upon it, the Dragon would have immediately gotten spooked.

Then, even with Wyatt entering the abyss, by taking the oath in the presence of the blood-rule source, he still could get the Dragon to take the oath and follow him into the abyss.

Therefore, Wyatt cleverly asked the Elder Anesthesia Dragon to limit its sense to its true body turning its spiritual body into a prisoner of its true body. For mortals or other races, this would not be a big deal but for the Anesthesia Dragon race whose main offense was their spiritual body with their true body sleeping for a millennium, it could be absolute torment.

One has to understand, that while the regular races and mortals roamed the physical plane, the Anesthesia Dragon was a race that roamed the spiritual plane, mostly the Dream realm part of it. While the Anesthesia Dragon's true body remained asleep for thousands of years their spiritual body would be actively roaming the Dream realm, exploring it, and socializing with their kind and other creatures that walked the Dream realm.

Now with the Raukaul promising to limit his sense to its true body, it has shackled its spiritual body to the bounds of its true body. Meaning it could not even roam the Dream realm.

The whole reason the Elder Anesthesia Dragon agreed to keep its true body in the monster orb until Wyatt calls upon it was because with its being asleep all the time it would stay in one place, be it in its nest or the monster orb. So it did not matter to the Dragon. However, the stupid Dragon never fully comprehended the full consequences of limiting its senses to its true body. Walking right into Wyatt's trap.

With the Dragon's spiritual body limited to the bounds of its true body, it would not be long before it realizes that Wyatt had tricked it. Even if it knew, there was nothing it could do about it with its spiritual body having become a prisoner in its own body. It could not use its Dream realm abilities to pay a visit to Wyatt in his dreams. Since, Wyatt had tricked it into willingly discarding its strongest means, its spiritual body's ability to enter the dream realm.

It was not like the Dragon did not have other means left, considering the gap between the Dragon and Wyatt's realm, a simple pressure from its actual realm oozing out the monster orb could kill him but Wyatt had it take an oath to lock its realm into its true body. As such the Dragon's strength cannot be exerted out of its body, including its sleep breath which was a part of its wide range of abilities.

With its spiritual powers and physical powers limited to the bounds of its true body that was locked in the monster orb's space, the Dragon had zero means to threaten or coerce Wyatt into releasing it of its oath.

Though the Dragon would not use its strength to get out of Wyatt's trap, it could use its brain. Anyone with a little brain would know that if the space of the monster orb were to be destroyed the Dragon's oath to Wyatt in the presence of the blood rule source would be invalid.

However, Wyatt having already thought of it, had the Dragon vow that it would use its energy to fortify the space. Basically, it could only use its energy to fortify the monster orb's space and nothing more.

With the Dragon's might just moving in sleep could destroy the A-rank monster orb space. However, this was not allowed, as its energy could be used to strengthen and fortify the space and not destroy it.

Wyatt did not specify that it cannot use its energy to destroy the space but it would be contrary to what it claimed in its oath to him, that it would use its energy to strengthen and fortify the monster orb while locking its realm (personal domain and power) and senses within its true body.

If a soldier who was tasked to guard a castle were to destroy it, it would be against their duty and punishable. Similarly, the Dragon tasked with fortifying the space of the monster orb could not destroy it, otherwise it would be a breach of its oath to Wyatt in the presence of the blood-rule source.

Lastly, the dragon could not leave the monster orb until Wyatt called on it. Meaning it was up to Wyatt how long the dragon would be held captive. Wyatt planned to use this to negotiate with Dragon into becoming his thug if there was ever a need. But Wyatt would not use it unless it was absolutely necessary because, once the Raukaul's presence appears in the Myriad Realms soon the Deviant Devil would track it down. It was too much risk. Therefore, it can only serve as a last resort.

Regardless, the feat achieved by Wyatt was not some small accomplishment. Through his cunning wordplay, he ingeniously ensnared the dragon, making it his captive. This emphasized the crucial significance of thoroughly reading any contract before affixing one's signature to it. Wyatt's strategic manipulation of language not only showcased his intellect but also highlighted the potential consequences of overlooking the fine print. In this instance, the dragon found itself bound by terms it hadn't fully comprehended, serving as a cautionary tale for all who encountered contractual agreements.

#### **Chapter 1918 Leaving Blood-Rule Source**

Date- -/-

Time- -/-

Location- Unknown, Blood Rule Source

It was clear that the oath that Wyatt had the Elder Anesthesia Dragon take in the presence of the blood-rule source was carefully thought to trick it into turning itself into Wyatt's captive out of its own violation. However, Wyatt had carefully crafted the oath around the Dragon's personality.

If some Dragon were to be held captive for eternity by a mortal, their pride might get them to consider suicide by detonating their core. Wyatt had also considered that the Dragon could choose suicide by detonating its core to get out of its predicament once and for all, after all, it was already despairing to begin with. However, he did not take any cautionary measures against it in the oath he had the Dragon take.

Wyatt felt that adding a clause to forbid it from committing suicide outright could spook the Dragon and also because Wyatt knew that Raukaul was a selfish coward who laid in wait for a few millenniums to trap the Deviant Devil disregarding the lives of its tribesmen. So he believed that even if its despair were to grow more it might think of suicide but never try it and continue to

persist in hopes of gaining its freedom one day. It loved itself the most so it could never bring to kill itself.

There another variable that Wyatt had also considered, was the Dragon's storage space. However, since its senses and realm were limited to the bounds of its true body it could not open its storage space to make use of items in it. It could find a way to detonate the storage space to destroy the monster orb space but then it would go against its oath to fortify the monster orb space. After all, any actions of the Dragon that would go against fortifying the monster orb space would be considered as breaching its oath to Wyatt. It was the same as some participating in activities that hindered their duties was considered a crime.

Wyatt crafted the oath he had the Dragon take by thoroughly reading its personality and character to consider what would get it running and what would entice it. This oath was not perfect to trap anyone and everyone but it was perfect oath to trap the Elder Anesthesia Dragon Raukaul Maar. The foolish dragon thought it was gaining Wyatt's trust by taking a simple oath when it was actually reducing itself to his captive out of its own violation. One could not make this stuff up.

Even Wyatt's oath to the Dragon was carefully crafted by him to give the Dragon the illusion that Wyatt was binding himself by an oath for its sake when actually, he was not. Wyatt's oath to the Dragon were things was planning to do in the first place if and only if it was his captive. Even then Wyatt was not losing much because, unlike the Dragon, he knew the true reason why the dragon lost its innate dream escape ability.

...

As soon as the Dragon's presence vanished from within its blood-rule domain, the Deviant Devil was about to clash with the Celestial blood-rule slave destroying the pearl diamond barrier and the turtle shell barrier with its blood-rule domain to get a clear view. From the corner of its eyes, it could not find Raukaul on the battlefield but found the world calamity tree which was waving goodbye to it with its branches.

Just when the Devil wanted to piece together what was happening, and how the dragon managed to escape, it felt a huge force knocking it down. The impact of the celestial force of the celestial blood-rule slave on the Deviant Devil's body was so strong that even its formidable muscles trembled and

screamed in pain, while its eyes, nose, and ears bleed. Its mind was out of it being affected by the shock from the impact.

\*Boom\*

Taking the thunderous sound of collusion as his cue to leave, Wyatt made use of his devil merchant code privilege to transfer his soul out of the blood rule source and into the pseudo-

calamity soul gem in the possession of his calamity daughter core Cuth Diya. As soon as he left the shockwaves from the collusion between the celestial blood-rule slave and the deviant devil's bodies reduced Wyatt's world calamity tree body into dust.

However, before leaving, Wyatt had used the roots of his world calamity tree to bury several of his pseudo-calamity soul gems in the depths of the blood-rule source in the form of blood-rule rocks.

By burying them in the depths of the blood rule source Wyatt increased the odds of his pseudo-calamity soul gems of surviving the destruction brought forth by the class of the apex ruler-class entities.

By morphing his pseudo-calamity soul gems into blood-rule rocks Wyatt reduced the risk of them getting discovered by the one who survives the battle between the two apex ruler-class entities or other blood-rules slaves that were to happen upon them.

The reason Wyatt left his pseudo-calamity soul gems in the blood-rule source was obviously because he planned to visit it at a later date. But most importantly because it was the only way he could mask from where he had entered the blood-rule source.

Wyatt could get Bloodette to help him enter the blood-rule source but just like how the Elder Anestheis Dragon immediately noted the coordinates of the card world by just glancing at the portal Wyatt did not want any other being practicing in the blood-rule source to discover that he was from card world when he entered it.

So, entering the blood rule source through his pseudo-calamity soul gem using his devil merchant code privilege was the best and safest option, even though it would cost him a fortune every time he made use of his devil merchant code privilege.

Wyatt's only concern now was that he had placed the pseudo-calamity soul gems deep enough to survive the battle between the two apex rule-class entities. Even if one of them were to survive then, Wyatt would consider himself lucky.