

## Card Apprentice Daily Log



### Chapter 2101 Freedom Fighter's Expiry Date

[ 1,082 words ]

#### **Chapter 2101 Freedom Fighter's Expiry Date**

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 20:23

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Orphanage

There were many reasons why Hernicks was so impulsive to risk being trapped by the Field Marshal to kidnap Clown Mask. One of them was the desperate situation of the Freedom Fighters. One would think after selling the stolen D-rank silver beach dungeon back to the Southern Princess the Freedom Fighter might have recovered from their financial crisis among all their other problems but they did not. As Henricks pointed out earlier, neither the Southern Princess nor Wyatt were easy people to deal with. They both might not be related but they both were cut out of the same cloth. They just knew how to take full advantage of a situation. Though the Freedom Fighters have agreed to return the stolen D-rank dungeon back to the Southern Region for a price, things were not as simple as they appeared because a dungeon was not something one could trade like normal goods. Especially, when the said dungeon was in another realm. It took a big favor from Morningstar University, months of labor, and lots of resources for the Southern Royal family to turn the D-rank Silver Beach dungeon in the Sky Blossom city into a consumable card that would allow them to relocate the dungeon to a location of their will. But thanks to Luna's betrayal, the card ended up in the Freedom Fighters' hand who used the consumable card to set up the D-rank Silver Beach dungeon in the Yellow Plains realm to access the silver milk from the dungeon, create silver milk powder, and sell it in the black market. Seeing how things turned out, the Freedom Fighters had seriously overestimated their ability. The silver milk powder was something the entire world coveted, even if they had moved to another realm, the Card apprentices not only managed to track their roots in the card world down but corner them, backing them all into the yellow plains. As a result, they lost contact with many of their branches in the Card world and lost almost all of their source of income in the card world driving them into bankruptcy. Honestly, if not for Luna having invested all the funding her R&D department received into Wyatt's VR universe and multiplying the investment by a few thousand times with her kin senses of judgment in playing the VR universe there would

be no Freedom Fighters left right now. If not for Luna's whim, right now the Freedom Fighters would be in deep shit. The Freedom Fighters were a very big organization and had a lot of mouths to feed. Not to mention these mouths were not very demanding they just needed enough help to survive and live to fight for their cause another day. The Freedom Fighters had the most selfless members yet they were failing to give them the basic care a human would require. Their situation was that desperate. The main point here was that even though the Freedom Fighters agreed to return the D-rank silver beach dungeon they stole from the Southern Region back to the Southern Region for a reasonable price to get the other world leaders off their backs things were not that simple as now the D-rank silver beach dungeon was fixed in the yellow plains. The only way for the Freedom Fighters to return to the D-rank Silver Beach dungeon would be if they somehow managed to get their hands on the dungeon relocation apparatus from Morningstar University. Now that was impossible even with Henricks's abilities. Since the Southern Royal Family had blamed Henricks and Freedom Fighters for stealing the key components of the Dungeon relocation apparatus that they lent to them, Morningstar University had taken precautions to ensure that Henricks would not be successful again if he were to return to steal the rest of it. Though Morningstar University did not fully believe the Southern Royal family's story, they had no choice but to take precautionary measures as the Dungeon Relocation apparatus was one of a kind in the card world and priceless. Because of this problem even if the Freedom Fighters had promised to return the D-rank dungeon to the Southern Region for compensation, they could not go through with it. However, just when the Freedom Fighters were desperate, of all the people the Southern Princess came through. She was willing to lend them the Dungeon Relocation Apparatus that they needed and of course, it came with a catch. The Freedom Fighters would have to reduce their compensation for returning the D-rank dungeon to the Southern Region. The Freedom Fighters readily agreed to the Southern princess's proposal. They could not wait to get rid of the D-rank Silver Beach dungeon as fast as possible so that they would no longer be at the center of attention of all the world leaders and make some profits while they were at it. However, despite the Southern Princess promptly providing them the dungeon relocation apparatus that she had prepared using stolen key components from the Morningstar University, and was even kind enough to give the resources required to operate the dungeon relocation apparatus the whole process of turning the dungeon into a consumable card was time-consuming. Since the Southern Princess was not willing to give them advance on their agreed-upon compensation for the return of the D-rank silver beach dungeon the Freedom Fighters were cash-strapped even with Luna and other captains doing their best to pull in money from the VR universe. Following Luna's lead, using their expertise from the Card World in their respective fields, the Captains from the Freedom Fighters were quickly able to establish themselves in the VR universe and earn some income. However, because they severely lacked the VR slime cards they were not able to expand their business in the VR universe using their abundant manpower. Regardless, with whatever they managed to salvage from the VR universe they barely had enough to keep the Freedom Fighters operational. Due to their tight financial situation the Freedom Fighters were arriving at an expiration date that would not be there in the first place if they had not overestimated themselves and stolen the D-rank dungeon. As the person who signed off on this series of misfortune that had

befallen the Freedom Fighters, Henricks was more desperate than anyone else to make up for his bad bet and impulsively fell down a rabbit hole.

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## Chapter 2102 What Do You Want?

[ 1,086 words ]

### Chapter 2102 What Do You Want?

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 20:24

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Orphanage

Despite all his contemplation, Henricks believed he would have fixed everything if not for the Clown Mask disintegrating in his hands. Now that was a key reason why the Field Marshal who was a few hundred miles above in the Sky Blossom City air space was able to trap him. When the Clown Mask disintegrated in his hands Henricks first doubted if the Clown Mask was fake however when he had grabbed her by the neck and rendered her immobile from the neck down, it was enough evidence that she was the real deal and not some clone or incarnation. Therefore when she disintegrated into ash, he could not help but wonder if he had used too much power and ended up killing her as Clara thought. Just the thought that the only hope of the Freedom Fighters to make a comeback had died because of him sent Henricks down the dark places in his mind that he never knew existed. Henricks had weighed all his hopes on the future knowledge of the Clown Mask, for her to die due to his carelessness was more than a moment of shock for him, it was a devastating blow to his psyche. To see what remained of his hope was nothing but a handful of ashes was truly a horror for him. Hence, in his shock, he lost his window to escape using his ability. Therefore, Henricks could not but grudgingly look at Wyatt and say, "The part where Clown Mask disintegrating in my hands was ingenious. I was taken by surprise."

"Thank you," Wyatt took Henricks words as a compliment thinking his calamity daughter gem and him disintegrating into ash never failed to surprise their opponents and was one of the most effective tricks up their sleeves. However, he could not help but ask Henricks, "What were you thinking when you came to kidnap Clown Mask? Did you

never stop thinking that her future vision might no longer be accurate and in line with the current timeline?" "It was a gamble and I lost, can we move on please," Henricks wanted to change the topic as talking about it only hurt his pride. "... " Wyatt silently stared into Henricks's eyes without replying. "What is that you want?" Henricks broke the silence, seeing neither Wyatt nor the Field Marshal spoke for a few minutes. Learning that he had fallen for a trap that was not meant for him because of his impulsive action had seriously affected his mental fortitude. Combined with his other worries he was in a weak state of mind, still he was a man who became one of the Field marshals of the Central region. He was not to be underestimated just because he showed signs of being in a vulnerable place, mentally. "... " Neither Wyatt nor the Field Marshal Heatsend responded to Henricks's question. They continued to observe him silently. Even Corey did not show any emotion ever since she followed the Field Marshal here, surprising the Field Marshal and Wyatt. They really could not figure out her thought process. However, they let her be not wanting to affect the atmosphere they had managed to create. Seeing Wyatt and Field Marshal were in no hurry to put forward their demands to him, Henricks let go of his act of appearing vulnerable and got comfortable on his seat knowing that neither of the people present here were fools. He figured understanding that and not resorting to silly tricks would get him out of this predicament quicker. Soon, after letting Henricks drown in his intrusive thoughts for a good while, Wyatt spoke up, asking, "What happens to the gates that you modified with your origin card after you die? Do they revert to their original parameters or remain modified?"

Listening to Wyatt's question Henricks's brows widened in horror. Regaining calm he soon asked, "Is that supposed to be a threat?" He waited but neither Wyatt nor Field Marshal answered him. They continued to stare at him blankly void of emotions, making it difficult for him to read their thoughts. He tried to get some clues from Corey using his intent sense however a strong entity was masking her thoughts for her and warning him from repeating his attempts. Getting the feeling that the conversation would not go further if he did not answer Wyatt, Henricks helplessly answered, "The dungeons modified by my origin card will remain modified even after my death."

"Interesting, that means your origin card might have the answer to how to turn a regular gate into a reverse dungeon," Learning that the change to the dungeon done by Henricks was permanent and not temporary, Wyatt contemplated that his origin card might be the key to understanding how to turn a regular dungeon into a reverse dungeon. Combined with Wyatt's knowledge of creating a dungeon Henricks origin card's ability to turn regular dungeon into a reverse dungeon would allow them to create a permanent inter-realm teleportation gate between two realms. Now that was an intriguing thought however, it was thought for another day, right now Wyatt was after something else. "Sure kid, my master and other founders also thought the same thing but they all ultimately failed to learn anything. Some knowledge is too profound for a mortal's grasp," Henricks said recalling how his master and other masters experimented on his origin card trying to figure out inter-realm transportation. However, Wyatt did not respond to Henricks's remarks. He did not agree with what he said mostly because he wanted to get into Henricks's head and make him mentally vulnerable as what he

wanted from Henricks was going to be very tough for Henricks to agree on. Therefore, he wanted to get Henricks in a state where he felt that what Wyatt offered him was a pretty sweet deal to pass on.

After waiting for Wyatt to make a comment for a long and receive no reply, Henricks broke the silence in frustration, "Enough of the mind games kid, I have used them on others tons of times and know how this plays out. But, I bet you have better things to do than stare at this old man just as I do, just tell me what you want from me such that we can put this whole thing behind us. Is it the D-rank silver beach dungeon that you are after?"

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## Chapter 2103 Cunning Capitalist

[ 1,100 words ]

### Chapter 2103 Cunning Capitalist

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 20:51

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Orphanage

"...Is it the D-rank silver beach dungeon that you are after?" Henricks believed that the reason Wyatt was after him apart from the revenge was because of the dungeon just like the rest of the world leaders. Therefore, he brought it up since Wyatt was too busy playing games with him to bring it up. He just wanted to negotiate a fair deal for his freedom, so he could get out of there as fast as possible. He was labeled as the most wanted criminal in all five regions, especially the central region's military. If the news of Field Marshal Heatsend trapping him were to reach their ears, things would get complicated. Complicated how? Everyone would want a piece of him. Especially, the masters. Now that they knew he was the most prime suspect behind his master's death, though they did not have much of an attachment to each other they would not mind calling in a few favors to kill the unfilial disciple of their late friend to avenge him. If the Masters got involved, Henricks believed the Southern Region would have little choice but to comply. The longer he stayed trapped the deeper his troubles would get, therefore unlike Wyatt and Field Marshal Heatsend, he did not have all the time in the



world to get what he wanted from this forced negotiation. Therefore, he had no choice but to start the negotiation even though it would be disadvantageous to him. Listening to Henricks bring up the D-rank Silver Beach Gate Dungeon, the Field Marshal looked at Wyatt in concern. Her worries were not because Wyatt would be crossing her niece by cutting a deal with Henricks regarding the dungeon but because if Wyatt were to do so it would affect the general masses. Wyatt being too greedy was the true cause of Field Marshal Headsend's concern. Silver Milk Powder being a miracle soul energy stimulant many want it as much as they can get it. Therefore even before it hit the market the Southern Royal family had imposed many regulations on its sales to ensure it remained affordable and available to everyone and not just the rich and powerful. Field Marshal Headsend believed the only possible reason Wyatt would want the D-rank Silver Beach gate dungeon was to leverage it to gain more share in the profits from the sales of the Silver Milk Powder. If Wyatt increased his share of profits, then the Royal Family who was bearing all costs from production to supply to distribution and other security & handling issues would have to increase the price of the Silver Milk Powder such that this venture was profitable for them. After all, the Silver Milk Powder project was supposed to help the Southern Region develop by improving its financial situation not increasing its debt. The Southern Region was a functioning state responsible for billions of citizens and their families, not a charity. The Field Marshal had wholeheartedly accepted Wyatt as her new liege and would follow him to the end of the world but she hoped Wyatt would not be greedy as this matter would impact billions of lives. Still, she would support whatever he ends up deciding. "What gave you that impression? What would I even do with the D-rank silver beach dungeon?" Wyatt looked at Henricks as if he was looking at a fool. Henricks was taken aback by Wyatt's questions. He wondered if was Wyatt playing dumb on purpose. Yet, pointed out, "I don't know, just out of the top of the head, can't you use it as leverage to gain more shares in profits from the sale of silver milk powder?"

"Why would I do that when I am already getting more than 30 percent of the profits from selling silver milk powder without doing shit? Besides, by seeking more share of the profits I will indirectly be increasing the price of the Silver Milk Powder making it unaffordable for many. That is not what I had in mind when I sold production and supply rights to the Southern Royal Family. Until or unless the Southern Royal Family abuses the monopoly they have in this domain thanks to me I am fine with my current share," Wyatt replied explaining he had no interest in increasing his share of profits from the sale of silver milk powder unless the Southern Royal Family started to abuse their monopoly over silver milk powder by raising its price or making it available only to a select few in the society. His words surprised Henricks, however Field Marshal, and Corey nodded thinking this was the Wyatt they knew. Many have come to know Wyatt as a cunning capitalist, and so has Henricks. But only people who worked with him closely knew that underneath his calculating exterior laid a generous heart. Many people saw incredible wealth in Wyatt's creations. However, he always charged people based on what they could afford while giving them his best in return. Just take the example of VR Slime cards and the VR Universe. Wyatt was handing out free VR Slime cards for the general masses but for those who can afford it, he charged accordingly. The VR Universe's currency exchange rate and subscription rate were so generous that

everyone could access them. Not to forget the criminal rehabilitation and reintegration program that he wanted to start. Wyatt did not like to show it but he did indeed have a big generous heart, which was what Field Marshal Heatsend and Corey thought. The Field Marshal Heatsend even blamed herself for thinking that her liege was greedy. However, what they did not know was that Wyatt was not being generous he was just being calculative like always. He had already figured out that the shares he was getting from the silver milk powder sales were the limit and if he were to be greedy for more it would affect the business model Anna's mother was planning to adopt in its sales. He just did not want to be the guy who killed the golden goose to get all the golden eggs at once. Anna's mother was doing her best to give him maximum yield why ruin it with excessive greed? If anything Wyatt feared Anna's mother would use this point to have him reduce his share in the profits from the sales of the silver milk powder. He believed when they finally had the dreaded meeting, she would definitely bring this up.

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## Chapter 2104 Anna's Mother Stealing From Wyatt

[ 1,023 words ]

### **Chapter 2104 Anna's Mother Stealing From Wyatt**

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 20:51

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Orphanage

After recovering from his initial shock at Wyatt showing no interest in the D-rank Silver Beach gate dungeon, Henricks mind focused on the one piece of information that he wondered if Wyatt intentionally revealed, that Wyatt was entitled to more than 30 percent of the profits from the sale of the silver milk powder. Regardless of whether Wyatt revealed it intentionally or unintentionally, Henricks felt like cussing at the world for being unfair and he mentally did, 'How can you give one person so much and nothing to others? How? Tell me why? What did we do wrong to deserve your ire?' Henricks screamed unfair in his mind repeatedly but maintained a calm expression on the surface. However, he did ask Wyatt, "I did not know the Southern Princess could be that generous in a partnership unless she met her match."

He spoke these words from experience in dealing with the Southern Princess. Especially, in his recent deal with her about returning the D-rank dungeon for compensation. The Southern Princess did not allow him to have any advantage instead made use of every variable in the situation to slash their compensation by more than half and because of their desperation, the Freedom Fighters could only go along with it as they wanted to get the dungeon off their hands as fast as possible.

"Everyone keeps saying that I have a lot in common with the Southern Princess but I don't think so because regardless of the circumstances I would not have compromised and cut a deal with you guys to get the D-rank Silver Beach gate dungeon back, especially when I promised to get her an S-rank Silver Beach gate dungeon. Unless you promised her something more in return. Something which was enough for her to get to bend the rules this one time," Wyatt said finding it hard that the Southern Princess would negotiate with terrorists when he offered to get her S-rank Silver Beach dungeon. "Wait, I thought only one Silver Beach gate dungeon was discovered so far," Henricks mind went blank hearing Wyatt talk about an S-rank Silver Beach gate dungeon. That would change things.

"No, I said I would get her one I never said there was one. Henricks, don't rush to conclusions. That was what got you in trouble in the first place," Wyatt corrected Henrick.

"Oh, I see. But in your case, we can never be sure," Henricks did not fully believe Wyatt, if anything he was starting to doubt that Wyatt might know the location of a S-rank Silver Beach gate dungeon. However, Henricks wondered why Wyatt even brought that up. What was this kid up to? "So, what did you offer Henricks? Why did she compromise so easily?" Wyatt did not let the conversation go off topic and asked Henricks why the Southern Princess was willing to compromise with the Freedom Fighters and even willing to give them some compensation. Listening to Wyatt, even Field Marshal became curious, she too wanted to know what deal her niece had cut with Henricks and the Freedom Fighters, despite all the shit these people had put them through. "Kid, you are just overthinking it. This is just business. She needed the dungeon as fast as possible and was willing to pay the price for it," Henricks dismissed Wyatt's question as him thinking too much into it when there was nothing to find. "Well, then you would not mind if I guessed, right?" Wyatt looked at Henricks teasingly. The latter frowned and asked, "What does it have to do with all this? Why don't you get to the point and stop wasting time?" "Everything, in time everything will become clear but for now let us focus on what you promised to the Southern Princess for her to break her deal with me and side with you despite your past," Wyatt emphasized. All this started with the Southern Princess compromising with Freedom Fighters over the D-rank Silver Beach gate dungeon without consulting Wyatt especially since he promised to help her get an S-rank Silver Beach gate dungeon as long as she prepared the other parts of the Dungeon relocation apparatus and assembled it with stolen key components to make it operational. The Southern Princess broke her deal with Wyatt and in return, he stole her most powerful aid Field Marshal from her side. In a way, all this was indirectly related to Freedom Fighters i.e. Henricks. He had to have offered the Southern Princess what she



felt was worth enough souring her relationship with Wyatt. "Kid, the Freedom Fighters are on the brink of bankruptcy we have nothing to offer. We are practically scrapping to stay functional. You should know, you witnessed our condition first hand," Despite Wyatt putting forward his suspicions Henricks strongly claimed otherwise. However, Wyatt's eyes turned sharp as he revealed, "You promised the Southern Princess to help her turn the D-rank Silver Beach dungeon into a reverse dungeon didn't you?" Henricks's eyes widened in shock, but hurriedly masking his shock he denied saying, "I don't know what you are talking about." "Did she make you sign a nondisclosure agreement as part of the deal? I can understand why she would want you to do that. After all, she would not want you to use the information that she was stealing from me against her," Wyatt did not bother to get verbal confirmation from Henricks his eyes confirmed it all. Listening to Wyatt deduce the truth, Henricks forehead and back were drenched in cold sweat as the breach of his contract with Southern Princess had very serious consequences he did not want to trigger them. "Wyatt, how could she steal from you? Don't you have an iron-clad contract with Anna to protect your interest?" Field Marshal Heatsend asked, seeing Henricks's physical response she had already guessed Wyatt's speculation wasn't that far from the truth. Her niece might really be up to something. "Nothing is perfect. The same goes for my contract with Anna."

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## Chapter 2105 Personal Use

[ 1,043 words ]

### Chapter 2105 Personal Use

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 21:04

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Orphanage

When Wyatt and Anna entered the contract his knowledge of the card world was still shallow. He never expected the Card Apprentices to have the ability to relocate gate dungeons let alone one with the ability to turn a gate dungeon into a reverse dungeon. Back then he had no idea about the limits of the Card World let alone the Dark Realm or the Myraid Realms. Yet, the contract he had entered with Anna was decent enough. More importantly, the contract he had drawn did protect his interest but was more

focused on ensuring his safety and the safety of those associated with him. Back then as someone new to this magical world of cards and dungeons, he was more concerned about his well-being and those around him than ensuring maximum profits. Despite his lack of awareness about the new world he was thrown into, Wyatt had done a great job with the contract. It ensured him maximum profit and protection for him. However, things changed with the involvement of Henricks. As the previous owner of the D-rank Silver Beach gate dungeon, Wyatt was fully aware of the maximum output of Silver Milk one could extract from the dungeon. Hence, he was aware of how much Silver Milk powder the Southern Royal family could make using it. Therefore, based on the price the Southern Royal family would sell the Silver Milk powder at Wyatt could determine the profits he was owed. But now things had changed. Thanks to help from Henricks Southern Princess was now on the verge of establishing a gate to the Silver Milk Realm in her backyard. Meaning she would gain unlimited access to the silver milk all at the convenience of her backyard. There was no way for anyone to tell how much silver milk powder she was producing. Having made this connection Wyatt finally understood why the Southern Princess was building new silver milk powder production factories in the Southern Capital when there were the old silver milk powder production factories in the secured location were halfway through development. The Southern Princess made it look like she had halted the construction of the old silver milk powder production factories in the secured location when she never halted their construction if anything she accelerated it as she planned to use it as the production site for her personal supply of Silk Milk Powder. She wasn't just deceiving Wyatt by the entire card world. Her goals were bigger.

Using the excuse that a D-rank gate dungeon can only provide a limited supply of silver milk powder and the other regulations in place to make the limited silver milk powder affordable and available to all she planned to dominate the world with her secret supply of silver milk powder. She could come clean to the Card world and produce enough silver milk powder for everyone within a reasonable cost and make a ton of money but then it would not give her the political authority that she sought. After all, Money can't achieve everything. If Silver Milk Powder becomes as common as bottled water then no one will give a damn who had a monopoly over it since their demand was being met at a cheap price. Hence the secrecy.

The Southern Princess planned to use the extra supply of silver milk powder to train the Southern Royal Family's forces, use it as a gift in exchange for huge political favors, best of all no money would ever be exchanged in this transaction so she would not owe Wyatt anything. She would not be breaking the contract between Wyatt and Anna. She would be screwing over Wyatt without any consequences. Wyatt could do nothing about this since she wasn't breaking any of the clauses in the contract. What the Southern Princess was doing with her extra supply of silver milk powder would fall under personal use. So, be it the agreement between them or legally, the Southern Princess would come out on top of it. Keeping the fact that she hid the fact about turning the D-rank Silver Beach gate dungeon into a reverse dungeon from him aside, Wyatt could tolerate the Southern Princess using the extra supply to train the Southern Royal Family's forces but her using it as a gift in exchange for political favors was just too much. Wyatt glared

at Henricks and said, "Since your ability is key to the Southern Princess plan I am guessing she must have promised the Freedom Fighters huge compensation. Maybe a small share in her personal supply of silver milk powder. Otherwise, I do not see the reason for you to sign a demanding non-disclosure agreement that would make you sweat this much." "Kid, you sure do have a strong imagination," Henricks continued to feign ignorance as sweat trickled down his forehead. He had no choice. As Wyatt said his contract with Southern Princess was too demanding, and he could not risk triggering any of the clauses by blabbing something he shouldn't have. So, decided to change the topic by asking, "Enough of these conspiracy theories, what will it take for me to get out of here?"

Listening to Henricks dismiss the truth as conspiracy theories, Wyatt smiled at him grimly and said, "Who said you will be leaving here? What gave you the idea that would let you go?" Listening to Wyatt, Henricks frowned and put forward, "You guys surely don't plan on killing me or handing me over to the authorities. So, just tell me what you want, and let us get this over with it." While Henricks tried to get Wyatt to release him as fast as possible, the Field Marshal was stuck thinking about her niece and her plan to use the abundant supply of the Silver Milk Powder to dominate the five regions when she could use the same to increase the quality of life of everyone in the Card World. It did not come as a surprise to her that her niece would choose world domination over world development. As such she could not help but look at her new liege more favorably.

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## Chapter 2106 Reverse Dungeons

[ 1,094 words ]

### Chapter 2106 Reverse Dungeons

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 21:13

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Orphanage

"There you go again with your presumptions, who told you that we do not plan on killing you or turning you in to the highest bidders? Man, I bet the folks from the central capital

would be willing to pay top dollar for you, dead or alive," Wyatt said looking at Henricks as if he was looking at a livestock. "Kid if you want money I have none, I am flat broke. How about I turn a few gate dungeons into reverse dungeons for you? Over time you can mine more than what the bigots from the central capital can offer you," Henricks offered as Wyatt time and again said that killing him or exchanging him was not off the table. He looked at his old colleague Field Marshal Heatsend for a little help reasoning with Wyatt but the latter was still pissed about the dungeon relocation incident and him turning her granddaughter against her family. "Old fool, be honest. If that were possible, then you and your penniless group of wannabe Freedom Fighters would have become the richest organization in the Five Regions. Yet, here you are making stupid mistakes out of desperation to salvage your organization from the brink of bankruptcy. Your lies might work on a naive kids like her but not me. If I am not wrong your origin card also has serious restrictions and limitations," Wyatt rejected Henricks offer saying had he could not deliver on what he was promising. Wyatt had intentionally brought Corey in the middle of the conversation to provoke her and get a reaction but the latter did not react and stood erect with an indifferent expression and emotionless eyes. 'What's gotten into her?' he thought finding Corey's lack of response disturbing. She hasn't been herself since her supposed meeting with the Field Marshal. Now instead of worrying that she would create a problem for him, he was now concerned if she was having a problem. How could he not care for her state, she was a huge part of his plans for the Dark Realm. He needed her. It seems he will have to check what was up with her later. "Yes, I agree there are a few limitations to my abilities but I have no problem turning one or two gate dungeons into reverse dungeons to get myself out of here," Henricks did not try to deny Wyatt's doubts about this origin card's ability. Dungeon mining allowed Card Apprentices to collect resources that were rare or not found in the card world. There was a limit to how much one can mine from a dungeon at a time. It was found that adventures had the maximum benefit at the first raid but in later raids, the resources found in the dungeon weren't just the same in quantity or quality. It only continues to decline with more raids. Over time they get exhausted and do not get replaced with the refreshing of the dungeon. When the master learned about Henricks's ability to turn the gate dungeon into the reverse dungeon they were overjoyed believing this would allow them to mine the resource of the dungeon right at the source. However, contrary to their expectation when they used Henricks's ability to turn a gate dungeon into a reverse dungeon they were disappointed as they found the reason why with continued raids and mining the dungeon resources would be exhausted and did not get replaced when dungeon gets refreshed. It was simple honestly, just like how any resources mined excessively in the card world would get exhausted and were non-renewable, the same was the case with the resources from other worlds. When the dungeon was turned into a reverse dungeon the masters learned the sad truth that the resources were not magically made in the dungeon but these dungeons would incorporate a small part of the mines from their original world along with the inhabitant monster tribes in their vicinity. The higher the rank of the resources the stronger the monster tribe occupying them. Realizing this the Masters concluded that turning a dungeon to mine more resources was moot. The only difference was the dungeon allows you to mine a certain amount of resources at a time but in the reverse dungeon you can mine the same amount of resources that took multiple raids all at once. If they wanted to get extra

resources through the reverse dungeon then they would have to explore the uncharted territories of the original world of the dungeon to find the resources, considering the unknown threats involved, dealing with the natives, and the uncertainty of finding a load of resources big enough to turn a profit made this endeavor not worth it. Not to mention all these dungeons originate from harsh worlds with environments and atmospheres not that welcoming for the card apprentices, the Yellow Plains world that Henricks had chosen as the base for the Freedom Fighters despite being a world covered with dunes was one of the favorable reverse dungeons Henricks could find for proper human habilitation. Therefore neither the Masters nor the Freedom Fighter tried to use reverse dungeon as a means of making a fortune. In this case, the Southern Princess might be considered the lucky one as her D-rank silver beach dungeon was connected to the sea in the dungeon's original world so she did not have to worry about running out of silver milk. "Henricks do you take me for a fool? Let me be straight with you. I stand to gain more with your death. After you die, the Southern Princess will have no choice but to rely on me to get an S or higher rank silver beach dungeon to fulfill her plan to dominate the five regions with Silver Milk Powder. This means not only will the Southern Princess not be able to screw over me but will have to prostrate before me to get what she wants. Not to forget the reward from the folks from the central region for your head.

So, Henricks think real hard when you answer me this why should I not kill you?" Wyatt asked Henricks grimly staring him dead in the eyes. Listening to Wyatt, everyone present in the orphanage headmaster's office was shell-shocked. Wyatt has been saying that killing Henricks was not off the table since the beginning but hearing him put it this way it all became too real too fast.

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## Chapter 2107 Gather Under My Banner

[ 1,020 words ]

### **Chapter 2107 Gather Under My Banner**

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 21:21

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Orphanage



The longer the silence in the office prevailed the harder it got for Henricks to hide his emotions. His gaze altered between Wyatt and Field Marshal Heatsend's indifferent faces. Giving him the feeling that this might be the end. He did not fear death but feared leaving the freedom fighters as they were now. If he the head of the freedom fighters were to die now the freedom fighters would have no choice but to disband.

Which was the best-case scenario. However, if World Leaders decide to pursue the Freedom Fighters for their revolutionary crimes and judge them for it. Then the Freedom Fighters, that was a body without a head with his death, would stand no chance. Thousands of selfless souls who believed in his cause of a better world would die in vain. Henricks was not okay with it. He could not let it all end here. While Wyatt stared at Henricks with an indifferent gaze, in his mind however he cheered as concern and fear finally became apparent in Henricks eyes. At first, when Henricks was trapped, Wyatt was dissatisfied to see Henricks remain calm assuming that they would not kill him or hand him over to the authorities but negotiate with him. Yes, he wanted to negotiate with Henricks to get what he wanted from him but the latter being smug about it did not help the negotiation. Rather it made it harder. So he decided to slowly break him. The Field Marshal gazed at Henricks void of emotion, killing Henricks was only natural for her as he was a criminal and a revolutionary. Though it was petty as Henrick was her colleague, they served at the Way Beyond together. Helped each other in tough times but for it all to end like this it was unfortunate. However, she felt Henricks was to be blamed for this and he should bear the consequences of his actions. "Kid, since you have put things that way, it means there is something that you want from me. For the life of me, I can not figure out what it is. So, just tell me what it is, and I will see if I can give it to you in exchange for my life," Henricks gave up guessing and asked Wyatt to just tell him what he wanted. Henricks thought hard wondering what would Wyatt want from him. But nothing came to his mind. Wyatt had already made it clear he did not want the D-rank Silver Beach gate dungeon or the reverse dungeons. So, Henricks felt he and Freedom fighters had nothing else to offer to Wyatt. Therefore, he decided to be direct with Wyatt hoping the latter would be direct with him hoping he would stop beating around the bushes. Seeing Henricks show no interest in playing the guessing game and directly give up, Wyatt frowned. His opponent this time was not a bunch of spoiled kids from the Southern Capital but the ex-Field Marshal of the Central region and current head of the Freedom Fighters. Unlike the kids who were mentally and physically dominated by him, Henricks would always manage to find a way to recover from his mental domination. He would never stay down. This was turning out to be neverending and exhausting banter. Therefore, Wyatt decided to go for it. "Actually, I don't want anything from you or the Freedom Fighters," Wyatt said pausing for a dramatic effect. Then, seeing Henricks frown trying to understand him, Wyatt revealed, "Instead, I want to offer you guys an opportunity. An opportunity to wash away your status as the wanted criminals and gather under my banner. What do you think? Not bad of an offer right? After all, it was you who said that your cause and my vision are similar." Listening to Wyatt offer the Freedom Fighter the chance to join him, the Field Marshal and Corey could not help but break their indifferent front. However, they trusted Wyatt's judgment so they chose to suppress all the doubts about it in his hearts. Compared to both of them, Henricks was the one who was surprised the most. All this

time he spent trying to think of what Wyatt wanted from them and it turns out Wyatt wanted them, he wanted the Freedom Fighters. Wyatt could not be more bolder and brazen. This kid was really something. Instinctively Henricks wanted to reject Wyatt's proposal but he could not help but ask, "What do you mean wash away our status as the wanted criminals? There is no way the current five regions will accept us." "I have shared a file with your grimoire check it out, you and your organization can gain a new identity under that program," Wyatt replied, taking the fact that Henricks did not immediately reject his proposal as a good sign. "Criminal rehabilitation and reintegration program," Henricks read looking at Wyatt blankly. "Like I said, with the help of this program you guys will no longer be wanted criminals but reformed criminals and be working for me. Don't worry, I don't try my employees badly, my existing employees can vouch for that," Wyatt said pointing at Field Marshal Heatsend and Corey. "This is bullshit. We are not criminals, we are an organization that solely exists for the people. We are trying to free the world from its corrupt rulers. Accepting your proposal would mean that what they say about us is true, it would be like we are accepting that are criminals. I would rather die than accept this," Henricks got excited going through the details of the program presented by Wyatt. Though he had no intention of joining Wyatt he however did want to know the method Wyatt planned to use to wash away their wanted criminal status. Now that he knew he felt like why did he even bother. "Correction, you are a dying organization. Only by accepting my proposal, you guys will stand a chance to achieve your cause."

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

[ 1,017 words ]

## **Chapter 2108 Hesitation**

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 21:28

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Orphanage

The Freedom Fighters despite their current state had many capable individuals in it. The most important thing was these guys were not looking for a big payday at the end of the day but being the change that the world needed. Yes, some of them were extreme but such people were easier to control. Clown Mask's future vision was evidence of what this organization could achieve if led by a capable leader. Now that it looked like these guys were going to disband even before Aba Windsor assumed her destiny as the protagonist of this world, Wyatt decided to step in and make use of them since the whole timeline was messed up because of his existence. The three mischiefs that were

supposed to change the scape of the world and dominate it also seemed to be far from their destiny, at least two of them seemed to be. The Supreme Leader who lost the false relic 'Soul Pupils' to Wyatt was no longer the strongest, and Sansa Baylor a.k.a Matron whose identity and crimes were exposed ahead of the time was now in hiding. As for the emissary of light, Wyatt had no idea about him because it was hard to get any information from the empire. It would not be wrong to assume that their plans to dominate the world might have been pushed back by several years. With new threats to the world such as Gideon Grim and the second demon invasion propping up it was hard to say that the three mischiefs' could still dominate the world like they did in Clown Mask's vision. If we were to consider the existence of Wyatt and the fact that the Southern Royal family had seen Clown Mask's future vision, then it really seemed very unlikely for the mischiefs to pull off world domination like they did in Clown Mask's vision. The point here was that Freedom Fighters was a very capable organization, if they were to gather under Wyatt's banner then Wyatt would have a capable and selfless organization working for him. As such he would have one thing less to worry about when he finally decides to enter the Myraid Realms. His calamity daughter gem army was good for getting things done like war and security but they were not equipped to look after his dynasty in the card world. For that, he needs selfless but capable people whom the Freedom Fighters have in abundance. "Even if we were to die we will die standing up for what we believe in, not go against everything we fought for just for a way out," Henricks argued, dismissing Wyatt's proposal. If Henricks did not plan to accept Wyatt's before, now he opposed it more than ever. The fact that Wyatt wanted them to admit they were criminals shows how little he understood about the Freedom Fighters and their cause. It would be foolishness on their part if they chose to work under the leadership of someone like him. Henricks wondered what made Wyatt think that status Reformed Criminal was any better than Wanted Criminal. A criminal will always be a criminal in the societies eyes. Just by accepting that they were criminals, they would lose a lot of credibility among the civilians. Especially, after they stole the only dungeon known to produce silver milk, under the instigation of the World Leaders they lost most of their credibility in the very society that used to be allies and help them hide from the government and royal families. They had lost almost all their allies, now if they agreed they were criminals, what remained of their credibility and honor would be extinguished. 'What the fuck? Why am I even thinking about this?' Henricks cursed at himself in his mind for contemplating Wyatt's proposal. Though he was only contemplating how appalling Wyatt's proposal was his mind could not help but wander, thinking that joining under Wyatt's banner through the criminal rehabilitation and reintegration program would solve all their problems. They could freely be the society without having to worry about the Central Government or the royal family's goons detaining them. Shaking his head Henricks looked at Field Marshal Heatsend and said, "Are you on board with his program? It is a mockery of all the sacrifices that were made to catch those demon/devil worshippers." Not waiting for the Field Marshal Heatsend to answer, Henricks turned to look at Wyatt and continued, "How the hell did you even get the Southern Royal Family to approve a program like this? If the world knows about this the other royal families and the government will seriously condemn this." "To be honest this program is not fully approved and still in the trial phase. As for what other royal families and the government will say, seeing the success of this program I am sure they

will allow me to expand this program to other regions," Wyatt replied to Henricks honestly. He did not bother to try and persuade Henricks because he knew Henrick would not only come around but also bring this up with his other captains to vote on it. After all, Wyatt was giving them a one-in-a-lifetime opportunity here. The merits of joining his banner outweighed any argument Henricks could produce. Especially considering that they believed his vision and their cause were common. The only difference was that they did not want to be considered criminals for having looked out for the best interest of society. Wyatt had done his part by putting out his proposal, but now all he had to do was wait. "Look at the time, I hope the mess is still open. Come on, let us go have dinner." Wyatt said heading out of the office, Field Marshal, Corey, and soon Henricks too followed him while each of their minds was occupied with numerous unanswered questions and complicated thoughts. They could not believe that Wyatt was still in the mood for dinner after throwing such a bombshell.

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[ 1,032 words ]

## **Chapter 2109 Guest**

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 21:53

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Orphanage

"That was appetizing," Wyatt exclaimed finishing dinner. Henricks stared at him blankly while Field Marshal Heatsend and Corey continued to remain indifferent. "Thanks for the dinner. I gave your proposal a lot of thought. Honestly, I like it. I say, let's do it. With your money and our manpower, all five regions will be ours. But, I alone can't sign on this. So, I will return and persuade others about it. I will give you an answer soon," Henricks lied through his teeth, he was willing to say anything to get out here. "Henricks, please don't make a fool of yourself. I know you have contacted your people through your organization's encrypted grimoire network, informing them about your predicament. I also know that they are sending backups. Just know that if those guys arrive, I will ask Field Marshal to kill you first and then your backup. You know better than me that she is fully capable of that," Wyatt revealed that he had long noticed Henricks's little tricks. "The only reason, I am not killing you and taking over the freedom fighters through force is because you bought the Plague Doctor to help me when the devil incubated the plague egg in my body without me asking. I am not someone who forgets gratitude, so you are in luck. Take as long as you need to think over my proposal. Until you have decided on an answer you can stay in the city as my guest," Wyatt explained to

Henricks why he was still alive with a serious tone and then turned to Field Marshal Heatsend, he ordered, "Get someone to make arrangements for his stay in the city. If he tries something funny kill him. If he tries to go near Clara or Marcy kill him." "Got it," the Field Marshal affirmed staring at Henricks thinking, 'So, it wasn't just me even Wyatt noticed him eyeing Clara and Marcy. How dare he eye my disciple.' Even before Marcy got cured of her terminal illness and gained her talents, Field Marshal had decided to train her impressed by her honest and hardworking nature. Now that Marcy was not only healthy but showed the potential to become a demigod, the Field Marshal was planning to take her as her disciple once she became a legal adult. But to see Henricks eyeing her, she was alerted. She did not dare to underestimate the means of Freedom Fighters to recruit new members, knowing Marcy's honest demeanor would easily buy into the Freedom Fighter's cause and be willing to risk her life for it. Therefore, she took Wyatt's suggestion to kill Henricks if he tried to approach Clara or Marcy very seriously. After all, finding good disciples was not easy these days and it would be a pity if the Southern region were to lose a talent like Marcy to the Freedom Fighters. "Hey, this not how you treat a guest, I am basically a prisoner here," Henricks protested ignoring Field Marshal Heatsend's glare. His intent sense told him that there was something different about Clara and Marcy, so he was subtly checking them out seeing Wyatt and Field Marshal Heatsend's reaction he knew his intuition was right. However, it would be difficult for him to approach them with Field Marshal Heatsend constantly monitoring him. "Now you know how I felt back then," Wyatt said with a sneer, and then, eyeing Corey, he ordered, "You follow me." Leaving the Field Marshal and Henricks behind, Wyatt and Corey head towards the new headquarters, after thanking Clara for an amazing dinner, as Cortney and Bloodette had long returned to the dungeon seal. He never got to give them Blood Rule Stream's message due to Henricks's arrival. After Wyatt left, Henricks looked at the expressionless Field Marshal and tried to lighten the mood, "It seems you were successful in recreating 'Celestial Rule Domain.' it is even better than the rumors about it. My origin card is completely unresponsive within this celestial space domain. What's more interesting is you are barely consuming any energy since you are borrowing celestial force from the Card World. I guess I am stuck in here for a while." "This is only a shabby replica, and I did not create it, Wyatt did," the Field Marshal answered without hiding anything as the Royal Instructor planned to submit a paper about it soon. "Hard to believe this is just a replica, but Wyatt sure does justify his genius title. To think he would succeed where thousands of use failed even if it is just a replica and not the real deal, he sure is something," Henricks praised Wyatt genuinely from the bottom of his heart. He really admired the little dude for his achievements at such a young age. "He can create the real deal but for some reason was reluctant to share it with us," Field Marshal said not wanting Henricks to think that Wyatt failed to recreate the real celestial rule domain. "He did, is there something he cannot do? I can understand him not sharing secrets with others but even you, I find it hard to believe," Henricks's words could easily be mistaken as him trying to drive a wedge between Wyatt and Field Marshal and he was doing exactly that. "Yes, even me," the Field Marshal responded with a stern tone which conveyed that, 'You got a problem with that, Jack?' Finding Henricks words were wrong. "You don't have to be so cold to me, we used to be colleagues watching each other's backs once," Henricks tried to use old memories to get on the Field Marshal's good side, so he would be able to



take more liberty during his stay here even with her monitoring him constantly. "Henricks, ask your people to leave while I am still being polite," Field Marshal suddenly warned her old colleague sensing a few unfamiliar energy signatures on the outskirts of the city. He instantly suspected him because Wyatt did say that Henricks had contacted his people and they were sending backup for his rescue.

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## Chapter 2110 Peculiar Energy Signatures

[ 1,107 words ]

### Chapter 2110 Peculiar Energy Signatures

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 21:58

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Orphanage

"I don't understand," Henricks genuinely had no idea what Field Marshal was talking about. Wyatt was right he had contacted his people through their organization's encrypted channel and they did plan to send a backup team to rescue him but he rejected it knowing no one in the Freedom Fighters was strong enough to face her. Though all the captains together could push her back long enough to rescue him that was not probable considering that the captains had their duties. They would not leave their posts, especially not now when the World Leaders were waiting for them to show weakness. It would unwise move. Therefore, Henricks rejected them saying he could talk his way out of here.

Hence, he truly had no idea when the Field Marshal asked him to call off his men. Seeing her not believe him, he repeated himself, "I honestly have no idea who you are talking about. Trust me, I would not risk my men's lives fighting against you over this."

"You sure the presence I feel in the outskirts of the city are not you people?" the Field Marshal knew Henricks could be sleazy but she knew for a fact that he would never play with his men's lives so she trusted him this time but still confirmed with him feeling that his people acted without his knowledge. "Wait, let me check," Henricks face morphed into a grotesque look listening to Field Marshal because if her suspicions were true then

the consequence for the Freedom Fighters would be very dire. Because of the replica celestial space domain covering the city, Henrick's intent sense was limited within it so he could not check the energy signatures that were at the outskirts of the city. Therefore, he hurriedly used the encrypted channel to contact his people and check if they were trying to rescue him despite him warning them not to. "No, it is not my people," Henricks sighed in relief. Fortunately, his people knew what was in their best interest and trusted his ability to bullshit out of anywhere. "This is bad, the number of energy signatures just tripled their original numbers. There is something peculiar about their energy signature but they are showing no sign of aggression yet as if they are waiting for more reinforcement," the Field Marshal exclaimed sensing the number of hostile demigods grow in numbers. "What do you mean their energy signature is peculiar? Is it the devil worshipers?" Henricks asked as those that borrow power from devils tend to have a sinister energy signature different from the energy signature of a regular card apprentice. "No, I don't think it is them. I think it's undead demigods, an army of them," Field Marshal suspected recalling the whole ordeal with Asong Young, the politician from the central capital. Having seen Clown Mask's future vision, she instantly pierced together what was happening to her. She deduced that Asong Young might have uncovered the Supreme leader's undead legion in the central region as a result, the latter was sending an army of undead demigods to silence Asong before she blabbed about it.

"Army of undead demigods you say, what did you guys do to piss off that guy all people?" Henricks inquired the Field Marshal in shock. The Field Marshal frowned listening to Henricks, though she wasn't sure who he was talking about but she was surprised that she knew someone who had an army of undead demigods. Curious about who Henricks spoke of she asked him, "Who are you talking about?" "The Masters call him Karl, he is their most loyal and ferocious dog. He never failed any task assigned by them. Currently, He is mostly responsible for cultivating undead card apprentices for them. If I am not remembering it wrong, I think this city is his hometown," Henricks revealed but then added, "That guy's is bad news. Even when I worked for the Masters I stirred clear of him even though he is not even a demigod. What did you guys do to get on his bad side? Wait, is this regarding Wyatt's feud with the Circle? Though, sending an army of undead for over that seems a bit overkill. Or is he here for Clown Mask too?" Henricks mind ran thinking of the worst possible reasons why the Masters' most trusted dogs would target his hometown of all places. "I don't think they are here for Clown Mask. Her secret is only known to a select few even among the royal bloodline. Unless you and Luna blabbed it to others," the Field Marshal said, as her frown narrowed sensing the number of demigods increased. The Field Marshal was not new to the term Masters. She knew those from the founder's factions referred to the Founders as Masters, akin to calling them the masters of the Card world. However, she and the royal families had little idea about the organization that was formed by the alliance of the founders' factions which controlled the central government from the shadows. "No, it can't be me or Luna. She only shared this information with me. Trust me, I only babbed it to you guys to get you rallied up that one time now I am paying the price for it," Henricks assured the Field Marshal that there was no information leak from his side.

"Then rest assured they are not after Clown Mask," Field Marshal sighed in relief. She really did not want the world to learn about Clown Mask's secret because then the Southern Region would become the enemy of all other regions. "Then, why are they here? Are they really after Wyatt?" Henricks who knew Karl personally knew the gravity of the situation and could not help but lose his nerve. One can only imagine his reaction when he learns about Karl's destiny as the Supreme Leader from Clown Mask's future vision.

"No, not him but Asong Young, a young politician from the central region. She seemed to have uncovered his secret about cultivating demigods. I believe they are here to silence her before she blabbed to the royal families," Field Marshal only spoke the half-truth. The full truth was that Asong had discovered what the Supreme Leader was hiding from the Masters, which was why he did not hesitate to send an army of undead demigods at night to kill Asong despite knowing that the Sky Blossom City was currently under the protection of one of top ten strongest in the world, Field Marshal Heatsend.

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## Chapter 2111 Sacrificing Asong Young

[ 1,128 words ]

### Chapter 2111 Sacrificing Asong Young

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:09

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Orphanage

"Asong is here and Karl is after her. Fuck!" Henricks cursed out aloud, unknowingly his demigod energy leaked from his body, fortunately, the Field Marshal was quick to react and contain it, stopping it from affecting the orphanage. His reaction was unlike his causal self when he got captured or Wyatt revealed his secret deal with Southern Princess. "You know her?" the Field Marshal was taken aback by Henricks response. She did not know he could react as such as he was the guy who remained calm and faced half a dozen supreme beings with her. She did not think something could garner such a reaction from him. "I'm sorry," calming himself, Henricks apologized for his reaction while continuing to answer her, "Yes, I do know her." "I see," Field Marshal said

waiting for Henricks to explain himself. "It's just that Karl is serious bad news. You guys don't know him as I do. Those who crossed paths with him did not end well, even if they worked for the masters. Knowing that Asong is being targeted by him I cannot help but fear the worst. Heatsend, you have to save her, promise me," Henricks begged, coming clean about his worries to the Field Marshal. He was really scared of Karl. Knowing the extent of the Supreme leader's prowess the Field Marshal did not blame him. It would be foolish not to be afraid of someone like that. "Sorry, I can't promise you that. My obligation is to Wyatt and the citizens of the Southern region. If it or them I will not hesitate to make the necessary sacrifice," the Field Marshal cruelly revealed that if sacrificing Asong would protect Wyatt and other citizens she would do it. The number of the undead demigods on the outskirts of the city was growing, now there were more than a hundred of them yet more and more undead demigods kept joining them. She was even sent a rescue signal to the Southern Watch. However, considering her recent sour relationship with her niece she did not think reinforcement would arrive in time. "How could you say that, she is one of us," Henricks yelled at Field Marshal learning that she did not mind sacrificing Asong. "What is that supposed to mean? Are you telling me she is a member of the Freedom Fighters?" The Field Marshal acted surprised as if all this was news to her despite knowing how the Freedom Fighters' relationship with Asong led to them supporting Aba Windsor in her quest and liberating the world from the domination of the three mischiefs. "She is a friend of the Freedom Fighters which means she is a friend of Wyatt's. He would not let you sacrifice his friend for him," Henricks had no idea about Wyatt's relationship with Asong. He knew they were acquainted but he did not know how close they were, so he was just pulling on strings here hoping one of them change Field Marshal's mind.

"Then you have nothing to worry about," the Field Marshal replied nonchalantly feeling Wyatt could use this information. Therefore, she hurried to his side and Henricks helplessly followed. He did think of finding Asong in the city but his intent sense was seriously restricted by the Field Marshal, especially after the arrival of the undead demigods on the city outskirts. ...

"Alright, what's wrong?" Wyatt inquired Corey as they flew toward the new headquarters. "Nothing," Corey replied.

"Then why are you being weird?" Wyatt did not believe her. Her actions were very concerning as she wasn't being her usual self. "What? How am I being weird? I am just doing what a dedicated employee would do," Corey snapped hearing Wyatt call her weird. "A dedicated employee would not talk in that tone with their boss," Wyatt sarcastically replied and then, said, "Just tell me what's going on, you not causing trouble for me is not like you." Corey stared hard at Wyatt but letting out a sigh, she apologized, "I'm sorry my actions have caused you concern. I do better."

"Holyshit, did you just apologize to me? Did Corey Bright just apologize to me?" Wyatt was shocked that Corey would apologize to him out of her own accord. Now that was unlike her, she never did before. It took Susan getting angry with her to apologize to Wyatt. Now Wyatt was sure something was going on with her. "... " Corey frowned

seeing Wyatt's exaggerated reaction. She rolled her eyes at him and continued to fly ahead. Wyatt caught up with her and said, "You know I don't just see you as my employee but my friend too right? So, if something is bothering you just tell me. I will see if I can do something about it." "Do you really mean it?" Corey asked, she too considered Wyatt as a friend but she owed too much to feel that way. "Now why would I not mean it? It is not like you tried to sabotage my love life time and again, or tried to beat me to a pulp— just kidding. Corey, I was kidding," midway through Wyatt's remark Corey rushed ahead, so Wyatt had to stop pulling her leg and catching up with her he had to come clean, "Corey, stop, I do think of you as a friend. Just say what's going on with you?" "How are you so fast?" Corey asked Wyatt seeing him catch with her, as just now she along with her demon form wings used little Beam's aid to fly ahead, yet Wyatt managed to catch up with her. "My celestial force is locked on to you— how do I put it so even you can understand? Imagine, my celestial force is the train, you are the engine pulling it, and I am a passenger onboard. Since I am on the train my speed is the same as the train's speed. That is to say, my speed is the same as yours even if I am stationary. So I will be able to effortlessly catch up to you just getting in motion." Seeing Corey's eyes go wide with his lengthy explanation, Wyatt decided to end it with an example, "It is just like how a passager on the back of a train can just walk up to the engine at the front of the train, regardless of how fast the engine is going. The same concept is applied here." "I don't get it," Corey scratching her head. Just when Wyatt was about to begin his explanation from the start, Field Marshal and Henricks arrived warning him, "Hostile undead demigods have surrounded the city."

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## Chapter 2112 Under Control

[ 1,028 words ]

### Chapter 2112 Under Control

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:15

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Orphanage

Listening to Field Marshal's report Corey and Wyatt's expression turned dignified. After all, undead demigods were more troublesome than the regular demigods. "How many



are there?" Corey asked in concern for her family that lived in this city. "Now about ten dozen of them, more keep joining them," Wyatt replied, as his Soul Pupils and Hive AI worked together to give him the number. "How did you do that?" Henricks looked at Wyatt wondering how he was able to count the exact number of hostile undead demigods so quickly despite the Field Marshal's replica Celestial Space domain blocking their senses. "Trade secret," Wyatt did not answer the Henricks and then proceeded to ask him, "Are they here for Asong or Clown Mask?" "Asong," Henricks replied. "You sure you did not blabb about Clown Mask to others?" Wyatt double-checked because the appearance of the undead demigod was too ahead of time compared to what he saw in the Clown Mask's memories. Now that he thought of it, the Circle seemed to have also taken over the Yin-Yang sect which should not have been possible after he used the array master Ji Feng to sabotage their relationship. Wyatt believed that losing the Soul Pupils to him and with his intervention, the Supreme Leader's plans should have been delayed by several years but looking at the army of undead on the outskirts of the city Wyatt pondered if he was wrong. After all, according to Clown Mask's memories, this was too soon for Karl to have undead demigods. 'Why does it seem like he has gotten stronger faster? What am I missing?' Wyatt pondered, trying to figure out how despite all the setbacks the Supreme leader could grow stronger faster than he did in the Clown Mask's future vision. "What do we do now?" Corey asked in impatience seeing Wyatt was lost in thoughts. Little Baem was strong but hundred-plus undead demigods were too much for her to handle even with the help of the Field Marshal and Henricks. Even though little Baem repeatedly told her that it would take care of all of them. She dismissed her claims believing she was bragging in front of just as Wyatt pointed out earlier. "Wait a sec," Wyatt hurriedly called Diana. When she answered his call he asked, "Have the kids left? Or are they still loitering around the City?" His soul pupils did not find any kids on the city's outskirts but he called her and asked just to be safe. Also, he was worried that the undead demigods might have already gotten to them which was why he did not see any kids. "Yes, except for JJ and his friends, everyone left right away. But, Adriene and her girls choose to stay behind so I have made arrangements for them to stay in the city. Is something wrong boss?" Diana asked feeling it was unlike Wyatt to call and check on kids this late at night. "Okay, don't panic. A couple of demigods are planning to attack the city. Reach out to the city hall and get them to start the city's protection array and declare a curfew asking all citizens to stay inside," Wyatt informed Diana hoping this would get citizens to safety without causing a panic.

"Leave it to me, boss. I know what to do, I got this covered. You and Field Marshal focus on those demigods," Diana assured Wyatt and hung up the call to make the necessary arrangements.

"Couldn't I have just used my intent sense to warn everyone? It would have been a lot faster and more assuring," Field Marshal asked as Wyatt and Diana hung up the call. "That would also cause a mass panic, now everyone will think it is just a small deal and they would be safe as long as they stayed inside," Wyatt clarified. Yes, the Field Marshal was the Southern Hero everyone would feel safer knowing she was protecting them but once she was involved everyone would also know that this time the threat to

the city was not a small deal but serious if it needed the Field Marshal herself to take action. Despite their trust in the Southern Hero that would cause unwarranted panic. Therefore, it was best if they learned it through regular channels. "You two why are you guys acting like this is not a big deal? I know Heatsend is strong but she is just one person. While she is dealing with one batch of the undead another batch of them could wipe this city off the map. This is a serious issue, we need reinforcements. Did you contact the Southern Watch?" Henricks snapped seeing Wyatt and Field Marshal focus on little details instead of the threat at their doorsteps. "What's wrong with him?" Wyatt asked the Field Marshal seeing Henricks lose marbles over this when he managed to maintain his calm after being captured and detained by them. "He is worried that if necessary we will sacrifice Asong to save ourselves and the city," Field Marshal Heatsend passed Henricks's leash to Wyatt hoping he could think of something to use it. "Now that's a possible solution," Wyatt understood the assignment without needing the Field Marshal to say more. "How can you guys talk about sacrificing a person so casually?" Henricks felt the duo of Wyatt and Field Marshal was toying with him but he could not help it as just the notion of them planning to sacrifice Asong to save others got him rallied up. "Here's thing Henricks, Asong is neither one of us nor the Southern citizen, she is an outsider. So, if it means saving the many, we have to do what needs to be done. You were a soldier once, you should know this better than me," Wyatt replied with a grim tone perfectly conveying it was what it was. "You guys are willing to sacrifice a helpless soul to protect yourself how dare you call yourselves 'Southern Hope' and 'Southern Hero' aren't you guys not ashamed of yourselves?"

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[ 1,003 words ]

## **Chapter 2113 Compromise**

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:14

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Orphanage

Listening to Wyatt call Asong a necessary sacrifice to the lives of many, Henricks lost his calm and threw a fit. He wanted to continue to persuade them to reconsider only to be interrupted by Corey, "Old man, aren't you forgetting you are a prisoner and in no place to make demands let alone badmouth your captors?" "Little girl stay out of this," Henricks frowned but dismissed Corey's remarks not wanting to argue with a child. However, just then an intimidating aura enough to threaten him covered him causing him to take a second glance at Corey and notice that the source of the threat was the

white bangle on her hand. 'It should be the entity masking her intent from me,' he thought. Henricks was no regular demigod his power levels were way higher than that of an elite demigod for him to feel threatened by a bangle-shaped entity no less, he was really puzzled. He wondered what was going on here, with his intent sense being suppressed by the Field Marshal's celestial rule domain he was clueless. Having maintained tabs on Wyatt and his people, Henricks knew Corey quite well, she stood out among his circle of friends because of her parents and especially her unidentified SSS-rank familiar 'White Snake' monster. Now, seeing that she had a bangle that could give him a sense of threat, he wondered if it was a new power or something related to her SSS-rank familiar. Either way, she was someone to watch out for. He concluded. Ignoring Corey, Henricks looked at Wyatt and Field Marshal who were staring into the city outskirts with a grim expression. Seeing the grave expression on their face his heart jumped to his throat because the more dangerous the situation was the more likely they would give up on Asong. "Heatsend, what's wrong?" Henricks asked hoping the situation was not as bad as he was thinking in his mind. "They're are about 250 undead demigods surrounding the city now, and their number only keeps increasing. To make it worse they seem to have arranged themselves in some sort of battle formation. Hernicks, how many undead demigods did the Master actually cultivate? And Why?" the Field Marshal updated Henricks and inquired about the masters' plan. Having gone through Clown Mask's memories she had a rough idea of just how many undead demigods the masters cultivated but she had no idea where the masters got the resources to cultivate them and why they cultivated them in the first place since Clown Mask's memories did not have answer to them. In her future vision the Clown Mask was a disposable pawn in the Supreme Leader's plan, so the information she held was limited. "It is a secret only known to the Masters and their most trusted dogs," Henricks stated revealing nothing but the fact he knew the answer to why the Masters were doing what they were doing. "Old man, you don't get to negotiate. As our prisoner: If we ask, you answer. If we order, you bark. Do you understand?" Corey snapped at Henricks, causing Wyatt and Field Marshal to look at her with their eyes wide thinking, 'She would make a good jailer.' Henricks gave Corey a blank stare, trying to stir clear of her white bangle, he proposed, "As long you guys promise to ensure Asong's safety I will tell you everything I know about the Masters' plans." Corey was about to snap Henricks again but Wyatt spoke ahead of saying, "Give me the information, I will judge if it is worth risking an entire city." "No. I will give you the information, and in exchange you allow me to send Asong to the Yellow Plains. Also, if you want I will call my people to help us deal with the situation here. However, that is only if promise to take care of any trouble with the law. As a show of good faith, I am willing to take an oath not to try and escape amidst all this. What do you say?" Henricks proposed a plan to not only ensure Asong's safety but the city's too. "No need. Just give me the information I will ensure Asong's safety," Wyatt rejected Henricks's help, promising not to hand over Asong to the enemy in exchange for his information. Wyatt wanted to know why the Masters had Karl cultivate undead. Their foolishness to cultivate undead and let Karl be in charge of it of all people led to deaths at the hands of the three mischiefs despite their strength. He could not wonder what could have caused the Master to be this foolish. What could have been so important was that did not see Karl's betrayal from miles away. Were they the ones that helped Karl cultivate undead demigods ahead faster than seen in Clown

Mask's future vision? He had too many questions but no answers as Clown Mask's future vision only contained information about what she was part of or learned, she wasn't omniscient. Now that he knew Henricks had the answers he needed, he decided to compromise even though he never actually planned on giving up Asong. Listening to Wyatt reject his help, Henricks frowned. Then he thought back to their nonchalant approach to enemies surrounding the city, he realized they were never in need of help and planned to trick him using Asong from the start. Fortunately, he knew something else they wanted more at the moment, otherwise, he might have indeed fallen for their tricks. "We have a deal," Henricks hurriedly agreed to Wyatt fearing he would change his mind, and then, revealed, "The Masters are planning to unseal the unranked dungeons that were sealed by the original founders deeming them too dangerous to explore. They plan to use the undead legion that Karl is cultivating for them to raid these dungeons." "Unranked Dungeons?" "Have they gone mad?"

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## Chapter 2114 Unranked Dungeons

[ 1,010 words ]

### Chapter 2114 Unranked Dungeons

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:19

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Orphanage

"Unranked Dungeons?" "Have they gone mad?" Wyatt and Field Marshal had different reactions to the information revealed by Henricks. Maybe, if Wyatt knew what unranked dungeons were he too would have had the same reaction as Field Marshal Heatsend. The Field Marshal regaining her composure, explained to Wyatt, "Unranked Dungeons can be considered as dungeons ranked above SSS-rank Dungeons. If not for the world's will monitoring these dungeons there would be no five regions or empire to begin with.

Just like how the World's Will suppresses the demons and devils, it also suppresses the monsters from the unranked dungeon in case of a dungeon break. If not for that suppression dampening their power level, it would be hard even for me to kill those

monsters. Our ancestors who tried to raid the dungeon had a very hard time making it out alive. The monsters in them were just too strong even for them making it impossible to clear these dungeons. Since no one could clear these dungeons, dungeon breaks began to take place frequently. Even though these monsters were suppressed by the World's Will they were still stronger than regular demigods making every unranked dungeon break a disaster for card apprentices. Therefore, our ancestors decided to seal these dungeons such that dungeon breaks would not be possible. Many scholars have wondered why the world's will treated the unranked dungeons differently compared to other ranked dungeons, our ancestors believed it was because these unranked dungeons were too strong for the world's realm ceiling i.e. they were stronger than the demigods just like how the devils were too strong for them. Hence, the monsters from these dungeons face the world's suppression when they leave the dungeon. Except for the unranked dungeons in the Way Beyond all the unranked dungeons in the five regions and empire have been sealed by our ancestors, and in case of new unranked dungeon appearances, the government and the royal families would come together to use dungeon sealing method we inherited from our ancestors to seal them for good." "How do these seals work? Is it even possible to seal an active dungeon?" Wyatt asked, finding the existence of unranked dungeons baffling. Unranked dungeon, a dungeon so strong that even the strongest of the demigods were helpless against it and had no choice but to seal it.

"It is possible, our ancestors have designed an array formation which shippons energy from the dungeon to seal it. Therefore, the stronger the dungeon the stronger the seal. So far none of the unranked dungeon seals have broken, so that is enough to prove that the seal our ancestor designed is effective enough," the Field Marshal proudly said but then, she frowned complaining, "I never thought that Masters would one day become foolish enough to undo our ancestor's hard work and put the rest of us in danger." "Put the rest of us in danger?" Corey asked not understanding how they would be in danger. Even if the Masters failed to explore the unranked dungeon with their undead legion, they still had the World's will on their side and the seal array formation to seal the unranked dungeon so she did not understand how they would be in danger. "The last unranked dungeon to be sealed was seven centuries ago, there is no telling what has transpired in the dungeon in the last seven centuries. Many have agreed with the theory called dungeon mutation. It claims that the sealed unranked dungeon or the monsters within it would undergo mutation after a certain sealing period. To prove this theory, they sealed an A-rank dungeon for a century, when they removed the seal on the dungeon they found that the dungeon was on the verge of mutating into an SS-rank dungeon. Therefore, there is no telling what happened to the sealed unranked dungeons that have been sealed for multiple centuries. In case, the masters fail and a dungeon break happens, it would be a disaster unlike any other," the Field Marshal gravely explained the grim consequences of the Master's foolishness. Wyatt too felt that the Masters were being foolish but he believed there had to be a good reason why they were willing to take so much regarding this one, when they all lived a life of cowards so far. The only reason the Masters were able to outlive the other founders from the original group of founders of the five regions was that they remained hidden from trouble and used Founder Norley's secret method to lead a prosperous and long



lifespan. Not because they were the strongest among the founders. For such cowards to let go of all caution and pursue something that could prove their end, meant that they stood to gain something from it that even someone as cowardly as them could not help but covet at the risk of their life. Wyatt was now starting to doubt if these unranked dungeons held some kind of secret that the rest of them did not know. He would not be surprised if that were truly the case as it was not the first time these people have hoodwinked the masses to monopolize the good things for themselves. But he could not figure out what could it be that the masters not only sought but were willing to risk their lives along everything they built so far. 'Secret To Transcendance.' As these three words appeared in Wyatt's mind it became clear to him why the masters were doing what they were doing. However, Wyatt still felt that he was far from the truth. If these dungeons held secrets to transcendence then the original founders of the five regions would never have decided to seal these dungeons instead risked their lives to explore these dungeons regardless of the cost. Therefore, he believed he was missing something important here causing him to wreck his brain trying to figure out the Masters' gameplan here.

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## Chapter 2115 Ungrateful Nutjob Revolutionary

[ 1,041 words ]

### Chapter 2115 Ungrateful Nutjob Revolutionary

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:25

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Orphanage

"Why do the Masters even want to raid the seal unranked dungeon they should know better than that?" while Wyatt was contemplating it, the Field Marshal asked Henricks.

"Beats me, I still don't understand why they would seal the unranked dungeons in the first place," Henricks knew what the masters were up to but he had no idea why they were doing it. "What is that supposed to mean? If they had not sealed the unranked dungeons it would have been impossible for them to establish the Five Regions in the first place. Back then they had to deal with the ranked & unranked monsters, Supreme

Beings, Dark Race invasion, and other problems we know little of. It would be easier for them if they could eliminate one of these variables permanently so they can focus on other variables. So, I can understand their decision to seal the unranked dungeons," The Field Marshal gave the textbook answer her the Royal Family taught her when she was little. Therefore, listening to her, both Henricks and Wyatt shook their heads. Then, Henricks pointed out, "Many see the ranked dungeons and the monsters in them as problems to be solved but that is untrue. Without them, not only our whole economy will crumble we will lose meaning. We are card apprentice, we raid dungeons, hunt monsters, and use their ingredients to create stronger cards. The same goes for unranked dungeons, though because of the world's realm limit, we are not able to grow strong enough to clear these unranked dungeons but the same world is helping us by suppressing the escaped unranked monsters. What I am trying to say is, that though escaped unranked monsters were hard to deal with, the unranked ingredients we gained from killing them were not something we could find anywhere, they would allow us to create stronger cards. Eventually, we would have cards strong enough to help us clear unranked dungeons. Though our realm was limited our overall power would have grown significantly. Heatsend, individuals such as yourself would be able to solo these unranked dungeons equipped with the unranked cards created using the unranked ingredients from the unranked monsters. Think about it, what all our ancestors could have achieved if they had unranked cards helping them, yet for some reason only known to them, they chose to seal the unranked dungeons. These unranked cards would have easily allowed them to deal with monsters, supreme beings, dark races, and other problems of their era simultaneously with ease. Not only that the current card society would have developed to unseen heights maybe even to the point where we would not have to worry about facing Dark Races in our home world. Yet, they went ahead and sealed the unranked dungeons and we have been following their arrangements without asking any questions like a bunch of sheep. What's important to notice here is that we lost much important knowledge like the creation of the celestial rule domain yet we somehow continue to remember the seal array formation that will help us seal an unranked dungeon which doesn't actually help us if you ask me," Henricks paused after speaking his mind about the unranked dungeon and how he found sealing them a little suspicious. "If we ask you the whole world is a big conspiracy. You are just overthinking," Field Marshal Heatsend dismissed Henricks remarks as questionable conspiracy theories. She stuck to what she was taught as the original founders were her heroes she could not doubt them meanwhile Wyatt thought Henricks brought up great points. "Heatsend, you are beyond help," Henricks said, giving up trying to explain it to the Field Marshal as he saw Wyatt had understood what he was getting at. Unlike the Field Marshal and Wyatt, Henricks had spent many nights trying to figure out the Master's plan, hence he began to see how fishy the move of sealing the unranked dungeons was. Why seal dungeons that would make you stronger allowing you to deal with stronger enemies? He did not understand what the original founders were thinking when they decided to seal the unranked dungeons unless these dungeons held dangers unknown to them and known only to the original founders who survived it or was there something shady afoot here? Even after many sleepless nights, Henricks felt that he was nowhere close to the answer as to why the original founders sealed the unranked dungeons and why the Masters planned to unseal and raid these

dungeons now of all times. "I am beyond help, you are beyond help. Do you think card creation is simple? Do you even know how much research goes into various ingredients to create a single-card recipe? Do you know how hard it is to study an SSS-rank ingredient and create a card based on it? Now you tell me the amount of time and manpower that would be required to study an unranked ingredient and create unranked cards? Yes, unranked cards would make us stronger and develop our society to new heights but unranked cards are not easy to create. How were the ancestors supposed to make time to create unranked cards when they were facing various existential threats? Wake up and stop living in dreams you ungrateful nutjob revolutionary. Not everything is conspiracy, our ancestors did their best to build this society we live in, you better learn to respect it if not them," Heatsend did not hold back and went full-on berserker on Henricks, giving him an earful. 'I guess this how she is among friends,' Wyatt thought having gotten to see a new side to Field Marshal Heatsend. Corey looked at the Field Marshal in a new light and subtly gave her a thumbs up, she preferred this Field Marshal more. She was happy that the Field Marshal did not let the criminal walk all over her and showed him who's who and what's what. If not for her having decided to be more diligent toward her duties like her parents in all three of her lifetimes, Corey would have whistled and cheered for the Field Marshal.

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## Chapter 2116 Final Count

[ 1,011 words ]

### Chapter 2116 Final Count

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:29

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Orphanage

Both Field Marshal Heatsend and Henricks made excellent points but ultimately Wyatt sided with Henricks because he felt Field Marshal Heatsend was seriously underestimating the original founders even though she admires them. The card apprentices after the original founders were still trying to catch up to their level, so Wyatt felt that judging the original founders with the standards of regular card apprentices would be foolish and a serious underestimation of their capabilities. Though Wyatt sided

with Henricks he did not think there was some huge conspiracy afoot with regard to sealing the unranked dungeons, he believed the original founders had a plan when they decided to seal the unranked dungeons but with time only the Masters remained to reap the benefit of their joint efforts. Wyatt agreed with Henricks that the Card apprentices would always choose to defeat stronger monsters to make stronger cards. That was how things worked back then and now. To add merit to this point the whole card world's habitat was meant to nurture this kind of living. Therefore, it was suspicious that the card apprentices would go out of their way to seal the way for them to grow powerful, even beyond the realm limit of their home world. He did not think there was an unknown danger in the unranked dungeon that only the original founders knew about, because if so, then cowards like the masters would not come forward willing to bet their all to unseal these dungeons and raid them. Clearly, the unranked dungeons held a secret and now was the best time to reap it, therefore the Masters were willing to come out hiding together to raid these unranked dungeons. If things were to go according to Clown Mask's future vision, then Masters would end up dead and nobody would ever uncover the truth of the sealed unranked dungeons. However, now the timeline has changed there was no telling how things would end up. But seeing how Karl was still trying to kill Asong as per the Clown Mask's future vision, Wyatt believed most things of the end result would not change even if things were happening faster and slightly differently. Yes, Karl would not be able to kill Asong in this timeline because she too asylum under Wyatt but Karl's secret will still be safe as both the Southern Royal Family and Wyatt wanted him to take care of the Masters for them. Therefore, they would ensure Asong would keep his secret. Once Karl had taken care of the Masters it was their time to act. No matter what the Masters were still considered and treated like legendary heroes in all five regions. So, anyone to get rid of them would only become a villain in the eyes of the general masses who had no idea what the true masters were like. Therefore both Wyatt and the Southern Royal family wanted Karl to do the job for them then they would swoop in, kill Karl, and become the heroes while gaining the maximum benefit from the death of the masters. The Southern Royal Family had their plans while Wyatt had his plans. However, unfortunately for the Southern Royal family while they stalked Karl Wyatt was stalking them. Unlike the Field Marshal just recently learned that Wyatt knew about Clown Mask's future vision the rest of the Southern Royal family had no idea. This was why, Wyatt continued to keep his distance from Clown Mask even after rescuing her from her top-secret prison. To ensure that the Southern Royal family understood he only rescued Clown Mask to make a point about this criminal reformation program and nothing more.

Amidst all this there was one huge variable, how did Karl manage to kill the masters in the Clown Mask's future vision timeline? Since Clown Mask was not part of this incident she had zero idea of how Karl managed to kill all the masters. But one thing was clear Karl did get help from the other two mischiefs to fulfill his plans to kill the masters which was why he helped them in their conquests. Though their alliance was only for convenience's sake after using them to kill masters he did keep his promise to them. It seems that deed solidified their alliance for the better until Aba Windsor happened. Now the million-dollar questions were, What secret do the sealed unranked dungeons hold? How did the three mischiefs manage to kill the Masters in Clown Mask's future vision

timeline? Will the three mischiefs be successful in killing the Masters even in this timeline? With so many unanswered questions, Wyatt felt he needed to find answers to these questions before the Masters and three Mischiefs made their respective move. After all, as their stalker, he would not want to miss the golden time to attack and claim all for himself. "It seems they gathered and are ready to attack," the Field Marshal said in a cold voice awakening Wyatt from his contemplation. "Seven hundred undead demigods, it seems the Supreme Leader plans to bury the whole along with Asong just to be safe," Wyatt quickly scanned the city outskirts with his Soul pupils and Hive AI, to determine that the Supreme Leader had sent seven hundred undead demigods to not only silence Asong but everyone in the city, including the Field Marshal. All seven hundred of the undead demigods were neatly arranged forming a domineering battle formation that could take on an army of demigods three times their size, it seems the Supreme Leader did not make the mistake of underestimating his enemies this time like in the case of the Sun Blossom City. After all, this time his opponent was one of the top ten strongest in the world. It was only logical. "Seven Hundred," both Corey and Henricks exclaimed aloud simultaneously listening to Wyatt. What surprised the two of them, even more, was sensing a lack of fear in Wyatt.

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## - Chapter 2117 R.I.F

[ 1,060 words ]

*Chapter 2117 R.I.F*

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:35

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Orphanage

With his sense restricted by the Field Marshal's replica celestial rule domain, Henricks could not sense the seven hundred Undead Demigods in the outskirts of the city yet he felt a sense of pressure and fear from the situation as things were at their worst. Even if the reinforcement were to arrive in time he did not know if it would be enough to face their enemies. Their reinforcement might end up requiring rescue along with them. Yet, Wyatt not only did not agree with his proposal to use his ability to bring his allies to make up the required numbers to face the enemies but showed no fear toward their current situation. Seeing him like this caused Henricks's fears to vanish believing that Wyatt and Field Marshal had things under control. Maybe the reinforcement they called



had arrived and had enough numbers, after all, they had the home-field advantage. If the Southern Hero and Southern Hope were to be outnumbered by enemies in the Southern Region then it would indeed be shameful on the Southern Region's part. However, that was impossible but if it were to happen, now that be funny, thinking of this Henricks shook his head with a chuckle finding the random thought in his head hilarious. However, his chuckle remained stuck in his throat when he heard Wyatt say, "Field Marshal, gather them and leave the rest to me."

"Hey, hey, Wyatt, don't tell me you plan to face all seven hundred of them by yourself," Henricks asked frantically Wyatt wondering if he heard him. "Yes," Wyatt replied nonchalantly. "Hey, hey, Wyatt, don't tell me you plan to face all seven hundred of them by yourself," Henricks asked frantically Wyatt wondering if he heard him. "Yes," Wyatt replied nonchalantly. The reason the undead demigods were considered stronger than average demigods was because of their undead bodies that recovered regardless of the damage suffered, they felt no pain, they summoned strong undead minions such as SSS-rank undead monsters, and their body toxins that would counter their opponent's physical attacks with SSS-rank rot curse. Apart from that they were similar to regular demigods. The physique and traits of the undead demigods might be frightening and too hard to deal with for average demigods but that was not a problem for Wyatt. Wyatt could disintegrate and reconstruct his body with a single thought so he was partially immortal and immune to physical damage. Having mastered the blood curse meaning of the blood rule to the ultimate tire, he had gained immunity to the curses. As for the Undead Demigod summoning SSS-rank undead monsters, if Wyatt cared about being outnumbered he would never have tried to seven hundred of them at once alone. Seeing Field Marshal was following Wyatt's arrangement, Henricks looked at her in dismay and said, "Don't tell me are going to go along with this? That is not one or two but seven hundred undead demigods. I know he defeated a strong devil that took out four teams of elite demigods by himself but aren't you overestimating the kid too much?" "No, I am not overestimating him but you are underestimating him too much," the Field Marshal said preparing to gather all seven hundred undead demigods in one place so Wyatt could go all out without having to worry about them escaping or him accidentally destroying the city. "That's an army of undead demigods he planning to go against, alone at that. How am I the one underestimating him but not him overestimating himself?" Henricks asked in sheer disbelief at the Field Marshal's response. Only to hear Corey brag, "Old man, what are you afraid of these just a bunch of dead people, little Baem said they are not even worth her taking action." Seeing how even Wyatt dared to face the army of undead head-on, Corey who was first skeptical began to believe little Baem's bragging. If the enemies were not weak how would the Field Marshal who was supposed to protect Wyatt let him fight a fight he would not win? So, she began to wonder that little Baem wasn't exaggerating about its strength but the enemies they face might indeed be too weak for it. Henricks stared at Corey blankly and asked, "When you were little where you dropped on your head?" "Old man, are you trying to pick a fight?" Corey snapped at Henricks. His question to her was the same as him calling her idiot to her face. "Little girl, do you take me for a fool?" Henricks snapped right back at Corey, her bragging that her imaginary friend could take on the army of undead demigods effortlessly to him of all the people her was the same as her taking

him for a fool. "Old man, are you calling me lair? And who are you calling an imaginary friend, Little Baem is very real. Believe it or not, I will have little Baem chew you alive and spit your mangled corpse in a latrine pit. So, you may rest in feces for eternity," Corey yelled in rage, her chest heaving with her deep yet fast breathing. "... " Henricks stared at Corey in rage, he wanted to say something but found himself unable to think of words to refute. How would one go about commenting against something so absurd?

"Will you two fucking shut up and let me concentrate?" The Field Marshal suddenly yelled staring daggers at Corey and Henricks. Original their banter was not enough for her to lose her concentration as she tried to pinpoint the exact location of all seven hundred undead demigods to gather them together for Wyatt to finish them all together but when Corey said she would have Henricks rest in feces (R.I.F) for eternity she lost concentration finding this particular remark funny and thing how Corey presented was witty. If not for her years of training to remain indifferent she might have laughed out aloud. "Now, this is the Corey I know," Wyatt chimed in. Then, he warned Henricks, "Don't provoke her. Restricted by the domain you are not her familiar's match and you would only be giving her a chance to stand good on her words, to make you rest in feces for eternity."

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## Chapter 2118 Daughter They Deserved

[ 1,071 words ]

### Chapter 2118 Daughter They Deserved

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:38

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Orphanage

Wyatt laughed at Henricks expense but sensing Field Marshal's gaze land on him, he apologized, "I'm sorry, please carry on." Despite winning against Henricks verbally, Corey's mood did not seem to have improved but she appeared to be moping, causing Wyatt to wonder what was bothering her again. If women were hard to understand this one took the cake. At first, she used to be predictable but recently she has been acting strange even for her. He offered to talk to her earlier but she wasn't forthcoming. He

reached out but she did not take his hand, so there was nothing he could do here. Wyatt felt with Park and Little Baem by her side he did not have to go out of his way to talk to her about things weighing on her. Not to mention she still had Susan.

"Wyatt, you ready?" having locked on to all seven hundred undead demigods, Field Marshal Heatsend asked if Wyatt was prepared so that she could gather them together.

"Yes, do it," Wyatt affirmed aloud nodding at the Field Marshal, who nodded back and chanted, "Celestial Mysitic Dimension!" Soon a pitch-black starry sphere expanded uniformly at incredible speed with Field Marshal as the center. In a flash, it outgrew her initial Celestial space domain covering the city, spreading to the outskirts and swallowing all seven hundred of the undead demigods. Then it began to recede, instantly turning into a small sphere in the Field Marshal's hand and soon vanished. With it, the Seven Hundred Undead demigods, Wyatt, and Henricks had vanished leaving only Field Marshal, Corey, and the entire city with the Field Marshal's celestial space domain still covering it. Noticing Wyatt was nowhere to be found, Corey demanded, "Where's Wyatt? Send me to his side." The Field Marshal was taken aback by Corey's response and could not help but say, "What's going on?" "Just send me to Wyatt's side," Corey desperately requested the Field Marshal once again. "Get yourself together, Wyatt doesn't need you by his side right now, you will only get in his way," The Field Marshal did not understand why Corey was so desperate she did not think Corey would care so deeply about Wyatt. "No, as his employee I have to be his side," Corey replied feeling even if she was weak, Little Baem was strong and could Protect Both Her and Wyatt while killing the seven hundred undead demigods. "What is that supposed to mean? Speak clearly, that did not explain anything," The Field Marshal said sternly, she was losing patience with this one, if not for the Southern Region owing her parents too much she would not have bothered at this point. "It is my duty, I have to fulfill my duty diligently like my parents. Please, send me to Wyatt's side," Corey pleaded with the Field Marshal. "Sigh, is this about the take we had earlier? When I asked you to be more like your parents I meaning be as understanding as your parents not— is this one of those passive-aggressive satire? This is not funny at all," the Field Marshal felt that Corey was getting back at her for their talk earlier. However, that was truly not the case as Corey did not even listen to her or the Royal instructor at all, she nodded physically but mentally her mind wandered. But one thing did stick with her, to be like her parents. She was trying so hard to change but did not know what she wanted to change into, her past life gave her a good idea about what not to change into, not to mention she did not want to be a carbon copy of her past life. So, when Corey was still searching for an answers, she felt being like her parents would be a good idea. In all three lives so far her parents have been exemplary parents at least those who chose to be part of her life were. She planned to learn from them how to live her life. The first thing about them she noticed was they were honest and diligent people. They not only took care of their family but also made time to be a part of society. They took their duties and responsibilities very seriously and completed them diligently. Though they were not always rewarded for it, they took pleasure in just completing their duties and responsibilities to the best of their abilities. They had a simple but fulfilling life. Corey was happy to be a part of their family, though she always couldn't be the daughter they

deserved and was the daughter they were stuck with they never complained and tried to make do no matter how hard she made it for them. But everyone has a breaking point and Corey regrets sometimes having found them. Still, in her three lives so far her parents were an example she could choose to shape her life. Unlike others, she did not have big ambitions she only wanted not to be a horrible person. Everyone had their fears and Corey was being a bad daughter to the bright family, the Southern region, and the card world itself. She knew who she was before she got her origin card, and her past life was a good indication of what she would have ended up like if she had continued down that path. He had nightmares of her old self taking over her and doing horrible things like her past self did on Earth. What Corey did not know was that it was the darkness with her title demon core that was trying to come out but not her past self. She did not have multiple personalities or multiple consciousnesses, if anything her origin card ensured that her past life memories did not negatively influence her mind. It was just the darkness within her title demon core trying to weaken her mind by creating doubts and fears to take over her body. Still, these fears gave her a direction in life, who she wanted to become and be, and she chose her parents from all three of her lives. She would soak in what they had to teach, digest them, and become the daughter that they not only deserved but could be proud of.

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## Chapter 2119 Hard Life

[ 1,046 words ]

### **Chapter 2119 Hard Life**

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:34

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Celestial Mystic Dimension

In his mother's celestial mystic dimension, Ransome was sitting in a corner moping and staring at the huge seal standing between him and his freedom. The seal was a lot more intimidating and domineering than he remembered. He recalled how in the name of training their mother abused him and his siblings by throwing them in this dump. Back then he would find solace in knowing that his other siblings were also facing the same seal but now he could not even do that. Instead, it made things worse, he was a grown

man and as someone who had lived for centuries, he demanded to be treated with more respect. But knowing that screaming and throwing a tantrum would have no effect he just sat there in the corner going over his life and wondered how come all the women in his life were so domineering. First, a mother who believed not sparing the rod on her kids was love. Second, a wife who keeps trying to introduce BDSM plays into their bedroom activities. Third, his unrequited love who was the mighty city lord of the border city. Fourth, a daughter who betrayed her family and state to get more freedom to carry out her research and became a fugitive. Just thinking of the domineering women in his family he was depressed, he did not have the mental state to think about the ones in his relatives as it was a long list. Shaking his head, Ransom got up and stared at the seal long and hard before letting out a deep sigh and summoning his grimoire to take out a grill and a cooler filled with monster meat and beer. He soon began grilling monster meat while sipping on his beer. Thanks to Wyatt's VR-Slime card's soul energy digestion ability, he had found a surefire way to relax his mind while enjoying himself and there was nothing illegal about it. While turning the meat his mind relaxed and wandered, he suddenly recalled the face of a young girl he met today and could not help but think, 'She looks so much like her mother, alas.' 'Damn, what am I thinking. Begone demonic thoughts!' Ransom's random thoughts gave him a scare for a second there as they weren't the thoughts a married man of his age should be thinking. Then, he picked up his beer bottle to check its label, and thought, 'What is in it? I only took a dozen sips and am already wasted enough to have such impure thoughts.' He then greedily emptied the bottle and slammed it hard on the ground, it was his mother's dimension he could behave as he wanted in here. Popping open another bottle of beer, he ate a piece of rear meat and then took a sip of the beer, just then he felt multiple presences above him, to find about 700 hovering corpses. So, he could not help but look at the beer bottle in his hand once more and think, 'Damn, what is in it? This is my second bottle and I am starting to see things already. I should stock up more of these.'

"Ransom, this no time for drinking, prepare for battle," Henricks who was also sent into the celestial mystic dimension and had zero confidence in Wyatt's prowess, yelled finding a familiar face in the unknown space. "Huh," Hearing someone call his name, Ransom looked toward the source of the sound it was someone he knew very well, Henricks. However, Ransom shook his head hard, rubbed his eyes, and alternated his gaze between Henrick's figure and the beer bottle in his hand trying to figure out if he was seeing and hearing things or Henricks's solitude among all these floating corpses scrambling to for a battle array formation were real. Then, he could not help but ask, "Henricks, is that really you?" "Yes, it is me. What's with you? Don't tell me you are already wasted?" Henricks panicked thinking Ransom might not be much help. Conforming that everything he was seeing was real, Ransom flew toward Henricks ignoring the undead demigods at the fastest speed he could fathom yelling, "You son of bitch, give me my daughter back." "Shit!" Listening to Ransom's yell, Henricks realized that Ransom would definitely not be of help and might be the cause of his death. Seeing Ransom approach him with unparalleled killing in his eyes, Henrick quickly made use of his origin card to teleport to the other end of this celestial mystic dimension. Having escaped, Henricks was just happy that he could use his cards and abilities fine within part of the celestial mystic dimension allotted for Ransom. The reason Mystic



Dimension of the Field Marshal was powerful was that it ran on its own set of rules that even its creator Field Marshal Heatsend could not break. It was because of these rules she did not allocate a separate section of the celestial mystic dimension for the undead demigods vs Wyatt fight and instead, transported them all to the part of the celestial mystic dimension she assigned for Ransom's training. Originally the plan was only to send in Wyatt and the undead demigods but the Field Marshal sent in Henricks too because she believed, it would cheer up her youngest. After all, he had the biggest bone to pick with Henricks as the latter led his daughter astray and turned her into one of the most wanted fugitives in the five regions. "Henricks, you old bastard, where are you hiding my daughter, you son of bitch?" Ransom screamed as he darted toward the other end of the celestial mystic dimension chasing Henricks. "Ransom, calm yourself. This is not the time or the place to reminisce the past or blame each other, let us deal with these undead demigods before they form a battle array formation and trap us to our deaths," Henricks tried to reason with Ransom being chased by the latter who showed no sign of slowing down or compromise. But they both came to an instant halt as a thick and sinister domain covered them, "Celestial Blood Curse Domain!"

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[ 1,069 words ]

## **Chapter 2120 Subservient**

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:42

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Celestial Mystic Dimension

Appearing within the upgraded version of Field Marshal's infamous mystic dimension, Wyatt looked around curiously ignoring the undead demigods that flew around following their pre-determined orders. Judging from their actions, their orders were not hard to guess. They were most likely ordered to gather in a battle array formation and kill everyone in sight. Even in the mystic dimension, far from their master, unable to connect to him, they continued to complete their mission without any doubt or hesitation. This was one of the scariest things about fighting the undead for the living. Well, they were considered killing machines for a reason, void of emotions like pain, fear, etc.

Wyatt looked around the mystic dimension impressed and wondered what rules and their meanings the Field Marshal combined to create the hybrid rune of this dimension. Fusion of two meanings from the same rule was hard much less from different rules. He

should know as he recently did contemplate creating a hybrid rune using the Blood Fate Plunder meaning and Blood Curse meaning but he did not know where to begin. The fusion of two rules or their meanings can be considered as bringing two different occupations together. Similar to how chefs in this world tend to master knife martial arts so they are able to cut their vegetables and meat better. Wyatt had heard about chefs who cut vegetables and meat so fast that the flavor of the vegetables and meat didn't get affected, maintaining their original taste, integrity, and freshness. The chefs have managed to enhance their culinary skills to another level by incorporating martial arts into their culinary world. Who would thought that the chefs would attain higher levels in their culinary skills by expending a part of their time practicing knife martial arts to the highest mastery they could? Even if they had a hunch would they be willing to take time out of their everyday life to master the martial arts to the required realm? Even if one were well versed both in culinary skills and knife martial arts, would they know or ever imagine that just by cutting the vegetables and meats fast enough they could continue to maintain their taste and freshness without compromising their structural integrity? Wyatt was facing trouble similar to the latter example. He had the necessary mastery of both meanings of the blood rule but he had yet to find a common ground where the Blood Fate Plunder meaning could be complemented by or would complement the Blood Curse meaning. This would require Wyatt to utilize his ultimate understanding of these two blood rule meanings to the maximum to find a common ground between them. The more versatile the common ground Wyatt finds between them the stronger the resulting hybrid rune would be. But it was all up to Wyatt's creativity, imagination, and problem-solving ability. This would be the true test of his genius. Just like how the Field Marshal's hybrid rune was one of a kind and praised by many. Many world leaders have approached her asking to train in her mystic dimension but resolutely refused, none of their offers managed to change her mind. The capability and popularity of her hybrid rune was testament of her genius.

Wyatt did not know about anything else but he hoped he too could create a one-of-a-kind hybrid rune that was as versatile and in demand as the Field Marshal Heatsend's hybrid rune Mystic Dimension. Wyatt who was admiring the Field Marshal's celestial mystic dimension woke up from his trance listening to the ruckus that Henricks and Ransom stirred up, compared to these two the undead demigods that were assembling neatly to form a battle array formation did not stir up so much noise. 'How are these undead demigods both obedient to their master and still sentient? They are not card summons, so it can only mean they were cultivated using dark arts. But as far as the undead demigods created by dark arts are very sinister in nature and would kill their master if the latter showed even a sign of weakness,' Wyatt was curious seeing how Karl had come up with a method to keep the undead obedient but not affect their sentient at the same time. After all, all the dark arts to make undead subservient involved degrading their sentience to partial sentience, such that they were no longer too independent and smart enough to think of freedom. However such kind of undead can only act as a mob. But seeing how these undead demigods were smart enough to assemble in battle array formation and continue to execute their orders without any involvement of their masters showed that the undead demigods did not lose their sentience, even if their sentence were to be tempered with it did not seem to have deteriorated a lot. It was at a balance

where they were subservient to their master while being smart enough to execute his orders without much guidance. Karl seems to have achieved a relationship with his undead legion similar to Wyatt's relationship with his calamity daughter gems. But Wyatt believed that Karl's method wasn't better than his mother-daughter gems ability. Wyatt's observation wasn't biased but just the fact. However, Wyatt wondered how Karl was able to achieve something similar. Then, a thought crossed Wyatt's mind, that Karl might have Boss-level Undead Demigod as his card summons. This would explain why he was able to control so many undead demigods without reducing each of their sentences to that of a loyal dog. If that were the case, then Wyatt would understand how Karl was able to use the undead demigods against the masters. The masters sourced this project so they would have been stupid if they had not taken precautionary measures to make sure the control of the undead legion they paid to create to raid unranked dungeons remained in their hand and could not be used against them. However, there were many boss monsters out there with the ability that gave their minions immunity to external manipulation. If the masters failed to take this into consideration and had made such a simple oversight in their plan then their deaths at hands of Karl and other two mischiefs was a result of their own ignorance and deserved.

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[ 1,023 words ]

## **Chapter 2121 10xBoost**

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:44

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Celestial Mystic Dimension

Pondering if Karl had used the oversight in the Master's plan to his advantage to get rid of them with their undead legion and the other mischiefs, Wyatt felt that Karl killing the Masters was more him being at the right place at the right time than a onesided victory that the Circle's propaganda had spread in Clown Mask's future vision. "Henricks, you old bastard, where are you hiding my daughter, you son of bitch?"

"Ransom, calm yourself..... trap us to our deaths."

Once again, Wyatt's thoughts were interrupted by the retarded duo that did not know to act their age. He stared at the two of them, and then at the undead demigods, seeing they were not far from gathering in a battle array formation, Wyatt decided it was time

for him to act. With that thought, Wyatt's human morphed into a blood-red humanoid, and it chanted aloud with a deep voice, "Celestial Blood Curse Domain!" coloring the whole mystic dimension into a sinister red shade. This time, while entering the blood curse incarnation as a blood rule slave Wyatt once again got help from the blood rule stream because of his wounded soul.

Since Wyatt had yet to complete his side of the deal, the blood rule stream as a creditor had to make sure that it's debtor would not default by dying so it helped Wyatt once again without him asking. Because it knew Wyatt was good for it. This time Wyatt deployed the celestial blood curse domain instead of the celestial blood fate domain because his opponents were undead. They did not have blood. The method used to cultivate this undead had their circulatory system pump a potent sludge of toxins instead of blood. This was just an additional method to make the undead recover faster, be more durable, and be insanely lethal in combat. This way their attackers would have to watch out for the toxins in the undead system when attacking them. Karl and the Masters seem to have gone the extra mile to make sure their undead demigods weren't just a mob but deadly force that can take down every obstacle in their path. Considering how the Masters planned to use the undead demigods to explore the unranked dungeons that have been sealed for thousands of years, Wyatt thought it was only logical. After all, nobody knew what transformation the unranked dungeon had gone through after thousands of years of being sealed. Since there wasn't a single drop of blood in the undead's body, Wyatt's blood fate plunder meaning was useless against them. This was why he decided to use the blood curse meaning to deploy a celestial domain. Yes, just like the blood fate plunder meaning the blood curse meaning would also be useless against the undead but that was only true if Wyatt planned to curse the undead through their blood. However, Wyatt had different plans. The SSS-rank blood curse he incubated in his soul was a blood curse that enhanced his combat power by cursing his blood. Wyatt planned to use this SSS-rank blood curse to fight the undead. With just one SSS-rank blood curse powering his blood curse incarnation from Wyatt was just as strong as a new demigod that was to say he wasn't as strong as anyone of the undead demigod present so how did he plan to fight the seven hundred undead demigods by himself. The answer was simple, he planned to use the effect of the celestial blood curse domain to enhance the prowess of his SSS-rank blood curse. Within the Celestial blood curse domain all blood curses gained a 1000% boost.

That was to say the strength of the SSS-rank blood curse was enhanced by the 10 times. Not just the SSS-rank blood curse but also his blood rule slave's blood curse incarnation form also gained a 1000% boost. In a regular blood curse domain, all blood curses would gain a 200% boost but within the celestial blood curse domain it was 5 times higher. Showing the difference between a celestial and a mortal. The difference was just too big. Celestial Rule Domain wasn't meant for mortals, it was the power of the Celestials. This was why the Royal Instructor and the rest would never succeed in their pursuit to create an original celestial rule domain. This also made Wyatt dread and appreciate the Deviant Devil's strength even more, it was able to fight a celestial blood rule slave on equal footing. He wondered if it was time for him to return to the blood rule source and check who won. 'Not yet,' he thought feeling that their battle would not have

concluded this quickly. If he went there now, he would just be walking to his death. After all, the location where he buried his pseudo-calamity soul gem was right below their battlefield. It was already a miracle that about one-third of the pseudo-calamity soul gems he buried were still intact and not destroyed by the tremors and aftershocks from their battle. Later, Wyatt wondered about the card apprentice who had left behind the records of the celestial rule domain. He could not help but think if there were card apprentices who possessed the power of celestials in the past just like him. Just the thought that there were card apprentices in the past who possessed the power of celestials like him gave Wyatt chills. After all, there weren't even records of individuals that possessed the power of celestial in the dark races, or was that information not for the regular masses?

That would not be surprising considering that the Ruler-class strong in the dark realm tend to monopolize the best for themselves. But what was surprising to Wyatt was the card society's decline. What changed, why did the once glorious card apprentice community fall to this extent? Was the damage to the card apprentice community after the first Demon war bigger than the new generation thought it was or was there something else?

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## Chapter 2122 SSS-Rank Burning Blood Curse

[ 1,047 words ]

### **Chapter 2122 SSS-Rank Burning Blood Curse**

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:45

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Celestial Mystic Dimension

"Celestial Blood Curse Domain!"

Deploying the celestial rule domain, Wyatt noticed that undead demigods paused for a second to register the new development then were back to assembling into a battle formation. They showed a sense of urgency this time. It seems they have registered that their enemy was a threat to them despite their numbers. For the undead demigods



to be subservient and show such intuition and cooperation among each other meant that the Boss monster dominating them had to be really powerful and intimidating.

Shaking his head, Wyatt's red solitude flickered next to an undead demigod who appeared to be the head of the battle array formation, then pierced its head with his right hand covered in sinister blood-red flame as he chanted, "Burning Blood Curse. Cinder!"

With Wyatt's chant, the blood-red flame burrowed into the undead demigod's body and burned it inside out turning it into charcoal that dissipated as ashes with a passing wind. The flame on Wyatt's hand also burned the toxins that had gotten on his hands. As such he was totally unharmed. [Curse Name: Burning Blood Curse

Curse Type: Blood Curse

Curse Rank: SSS-rank

Curse Effect: the user of this curse can burn their blood as fuel to produce an SSS-rank cursed blood flame. Note: i) If the user has comprehended the blood rule's blood curse meaning, they can substitute their blood rule power as fuel to produce the cursed flame instead of their blood.

ii) The amount of blood rule power required to produce and keep the cursed flame well-lit will vary with the user's mastery of the blood curse meaning. iii) The lethality of the cursed flame will gain a boost depending upon the user's understanding of the blood curse meaning.]

Since Wyatt's mastery and understanding of the blood rule's blood curse meaning was at its peak, the ultimate tier, the amount of blood rule power he used to produce and keep the cursed flame lit was next to nothing and the boost gained by the cursed flame was immense. Now, combined with the boost of the Celestial rule domain Wyatt's cursed flame was strong enough even to threaten the likes of the Royal Instructor and the Field Marshal. Let alone an undead demigod. Not to forget that gaining the boost from the celestial rule domain Wyatt's blood curse incarnation form was also boosted. Meaning, if he were to unleash the full extent of the blood curse incarnation in his blood rule slave form then he would become the cursed blood flame incarnation, the cursed blood flame itself, an energy being. "That felt awesome!" Wyatt said aloud, feeling as if he had kind of begun to understand why there were pyromaniacs and arsonists in the world. He never knew burning shit up would feel so revealing and liberating. Wyatt had a lot of stress on his shoulders but now he kind of felt unburdened. Then looking at the remaining undead demigods, Wyatt felt a little regret that he only had 699 targets to burn to oblivion. However, with a manic-like grin on his face, he yelled, "Flame on!" soon his entire body transformed into a blood-red humanoid flame with thick black smoke acting as his hair while his eyes were radiating with a blue glow. Meanwhile, another undead demigod had taken over as the head of the battle array formation they were trying to set up while a group of five undead demigods tried to engage their

assaulter while the rest hurried to set up the battle array formation. Setting up a battle array formation was very hard even for card apprentices who practiced it for their entire lives, not to mention deploying it in an unknown area. This was especially true for the large groups, which was why the army in this world practiced the recommended battle array formation every morning as part of their drills. Like every array formation, battle array formation too had its core. However, since the battle array formation was entirely made of manpower, its core or head was usually an individual. This was because of the hydra tactic. Which was, even if the head of the battle array formation were to die, another soldier in the array could quickly replace the head. Unless their number dwindled down below the minimum requirement to set up the battle array formation or everyone was dead, the array would continue to function. Since it was very hard to set up a battle array formation, they were made to be versatile and movable such that they could adapt to the changing tides on the battlefield. Therefore, the best way to defeat a battle array formation was to stop it from ever being completed. The reason why they went through the trouble to practice and set up a battle array formation was because of the boost it provided. Different types of battle array formations gave various boosts and buffs to the individuals and the group forming it.

Considering that the undead demigods were planning to wipe out a city under the protection of one of the top ten strongest card apprentices, their battle array formation was mostly focused on attack and agility. Not to mention considering that they were undead that don't feel fear or pain with enhanced recovery prowess, defense or other types of battle array formation would not help them. Looking at the five undead demigods that had circled him, Wyatt wondered why they planned to engage in close combat when they had an advantage in long range, but thinking that they were here to stall him, he understood they did not want their battle to delay or affect the other undead demigods from setting up the battle array formation. This meant they were sacrificing themselves to complete their mission which was unlike an undead demigod, as they would never be considerate enough to end their existence for something unrelated to them. Well, this whole thing about undead demigods being so sync with each other and moving toward one goal was absurd to begin with. So Wyatt decided to spare no thought to it and enjoy burning them all to dust.

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[ 1,530 words ]

## **Chapter 2123 Paradox**

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:48

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Celestial Mystic Dimension

Wyatt looked at the five undead demigods that had surrounded him and then at his new cursed blood-flame body, he decided to try something new. Then making use of his body restructuring and myriad devil transformation skills Wyatt morphed his flame body into a flame tornado swallowing all five of the undead demigods in his surroundings. This was the first time Wyatt had turned into an energy body, so he wasn't still used to his cursed blood-flame body. After all, Wyatt was able to assume this form despite his lacking realm was only because of the 10xboost that his blood curse incarnation form gained under the effect of his celestial blood curse domain. Otherwise, even with his blood rule slave form and his ultimate mastery and comprehension of the blood rule stream as card master he could not enter this form. However, the effect of the celestial rule domain made it possible. An energy body was a lot different from the flesh body that Wyatt was used to for both of his lives. Since he got his hands on myriad devil transformation skills he has taken many forms but this was the first time he had turned into an energy body. It was indeed a different feeling. All his senses were not the same in his new form they were more attuned to nature. This made it easier for him to use his celestial force but at the same time it made it difficult for him to move it was like he was relearning to move around from scratch in his new body. But fortunately, because of his body restructuring and myriad devil transformation skills, he did not have much trouble getting his body to move and morph to his will and imagination. With his thoughts, his body morphed into a raging flame tornado. Morphing to a tornado was just off the top of his head but it opened many possibilities for him to use his new form. He could do the same with his original body but that would only be a horror show even for the strong-hearted individuals but maybe not for the undead demigods, however, in the cursed blood-flame body it's different, he was like a mini curse blood-flame sun, his entire body was a weapon of mass destruction. Anything that neared him would be burned to cinder. Thus, in his tornado form under the pressure and heat of the cursed blood flame tornado, all five undead demigods were burned to dust without resistance dropping their grimoires to the floor. As an SSS-rank flame with a ten times boost from the celestial rule domain, the power of the cursed blood flame was so strong that the undead demigod's enhanced recovery abilities were not a match, and died without putting up any struggle. Killing the five undead demigods, the raging tornado reduced into a humanoid form with a wide grin. Reducing the five undead demigods to dust Wyatt felt good and euphoric. The pleasure and enjoyment he received from burning the undead to dust helped him cope with the stresses that built on his mind. Wyatt did not feel the same way when he used the celestial blood fate domain's effect to kill the Circle and the Yin-yang harmony sects' card apprentices. Not to mention with their death they all left souvenirs for Wyatt in the form of fate plunder rune cards but it wasn't as enjoyable for Wyatt as burning the undead to ashes. After all, killing the undead demigods Wyatt felt no guilt or burden of taking a life whatsoever. Instead, he was happy that he could give rest to these poor souls, freeing them from Karl and the Masters' control. This was why Wyatt found killing undead demigods enjoyable and a good stress reliever like killing opponents in a video game. But this was a hundred times better than the video game after all this was his new reality. Killing the undead demigods effortlessly Wyatt turned

to find the new head of the battle array formation the undead were trying to gather in. Only to learn that about two dozen undead demigods were head his way with extreme caution. Wyatt who was beginning to enjoy burning the undead to dust took this as a sport and wanting to obtain maximum pleasure from killing the undead he decided to get creative and imaginative in his ways of dealing with the undead. There were still a lot more cards and skills that he hadn't used yet. His only concern was that the remaining 694 undead demigods would be enough for him to vent. Looking at the undead demigods heading his way, Wyatt found it funny that they were sacrificing themselves one by one to set up the battle array formation when they stood more chance to win if they all came at him together. The undead demigods were restricting themselves to close combat as they did not want their fight to disturb or delay the attempts of the other undead demigods to set up the battle array formation. The undead demigods were so focused and dedicated to completing their orders to set a battle array formation and kill everyone in sight that they did not see that trying to fulfill this order they were turning the purpose of their master's order moot. The purpose of their order was to kill everyone while suffering minimum casualties however, trying to follow their orders they increased their casualty while being unable to kill a single card apprentice. This was the drawback of puppets that could not think around their commands. This problem wasn't just limited to Karl's undead demigods, Gideon Grim's hypnotized puppets and Wyatt's calamity daughter gems faced the same problem. Though Wyatt could solve this by giving his calamity daughter gems the highest authority rank in its hierarchy system. By upgrading their tier as calamity daughter gems to left/right-man rank or partner rank. However, Wyatt only gave this rank of authority to calamity daughter gems that gained his recognition like Oldman Ben, as for Clown Mask or Ted who followed the City lord to the Way Beyond because of their circumstances they gained the highest rank of authority without any effort. Wyatt did this because in a hive not everyone could be the queen, there were grunts, soldiers, breeders, etc breaking the hierarchy and making everyone equal would only lead to chaos and the whole point of calamity daughter gems moot. It's similar to the clone paradox, not the one where the clone tries to kill the original or the original and the clone both don't know who the clone was but the one where a clone would not listen to another clone. Without a proper and established hierarchy, why would a clone listen to another clone? This was why Wyatt never just gave all his calamity daughter gems the highest authority and degree of freedom to think for themselves. Just because they were subservient to Wyatt did not mean they were subservient to each other. With the least amount of authority, the calamity daughter gems have a very low degree of freedom to think for themselves, all their emotions and actions would be focused on doing what's best for Wyatt and the command given to them. As a result, the low authority calamity daughter gem showcases a high degree of cooperation but they are dumb yet smart enough to complete their orders. However, if all of them had the highest authority and degree of freedom to think for themselves, their individual belief of what was best for Wyatt would conflict with their cooperation. After all, not everyone thinks the same, everyone has a different opinion. In their attempt to do what they felt was best for Wyatt, they would all fight among themselves unless someone with higher authority than them ordered them to stop, that would be Wyatt. Because of this trouble, Wyatt was very careful with whom he upgraded in the calamity daughter gem hierarchy ladder. After all, the leader of his

calamity daughter gem should have the required qualities to call the right shots or have the bravery to make their shots right. This was why Wyatt only prompted Old Ben to partner-tier calamity daughter gem. Since Old Ben lacked emotions and Wyatt was his new pursuit, Wyatt had found that Old Ben had a very strong sense of judgment and most importantly he had the power and guts to make his judgment the right one. Being able to make the right decisions was good quality but being able to be right at the end despite being wrong initially was better quality. Old Ben had time and again proven to Wyatt that he was capable of that with some help from his tiger squadron. Looking at the twenty-four undead demigods that were about to become sacrifices for his flame body, Wyatt's grin grew as many comical ways to burn these undead demigods came to his mind. Which alarmed his heart, he was shocked to learn that he had such a side to himself.

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## Chapter 2124 Wyatt's Popularity

[ 1,135 words ]

### **Chapter 2124 Wyatt's Popularity**

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:49

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Celestial Mystic Dimension

After a short self-assessment, Wyatt concluded that he did not have a psychopathic side to him. The thoughts he was having about killing the undead in various ways were similar to how one would plan to play a video game in multiple ways to make it more fun. It's just like how one plans to complete an entire video game fighting armed enemies with a knife or do a speed run. It's just that killing the undead did not burden him in any way.

While Wyatt was thinking of various ways to kill the undead demigods, Henricks and Ransom were shocked by the celestial blood curse domain and the strength Wyatt was currently displaying. Henricks who had experienced Field Marshal's celestial space domain was the most taken aback of the two. Now he knew what the field meant by her celestial rule domain was just a fake, replica of the original one. If the Field Marshal



were to learn to create an original celestial rule domain from Wyatt then she would easily take the strongest card apprentice title. If others in the demigods in the Southern region were to learn it, then there is no stopping them. Especially, those with an Unparalleled bloodline. Now he knew what the field meant by her celestial rule domain was just a fake, replica of the original one. If the Field Marshal were to learn to create an original celestial rule domain from Wyatt then she would easily take the strongest card apprentice title. If others in the demigods in the Southern region were to learn it, then there is no stopping them. Especially, those with an Unparalleled bloodline. Apart from the celestial rule domain, Wyatt's current form gave him a sense of threat. Just looking at him his intent sense rang in alarm. He had seen Wyatt's twelve-headed demigod form it was sinister and strong but compared to his current blood-flame demigod form, it wasn't sinister enough. As for strength, he could not tell. As Wyatt's twelve-headed demigod form was a physical type and his blood-flame demigod form was an elemental type, they both were in a league of their own. If he had personally fought Wyatt in both of his forms, then he could have guessed which one was superior. Regardless, seeing how Wyatt's flame was effortlessly burning the undead to dust before they could recover, Henricks felt maybe Wyatt could really take all seven hundred of these brain-dead undead demigods down. Now this was the scariest part for Henricks. Because he understood the gravity of what it meant for a card master to annihilate seven hundred undead demigods. If Wyatt were to be able to achieve that, Henricks felt that maybe Freedom Fighter joining Wyatt would not be a bad idea. After all, if Wyatt was this strong as a card master how strong would he be as a card demigod? He would have no opponent, no challenge, no match take he could not win. There would be no one to equal him in the card world. Earlier Henricks who had dismissed Wyatt's idea to have Freedom Fighter rally behind Wyatt's banner without giving it a second thought, was now considering it. The main reason for this was that Wyatt was not only strong and wealthy, but his ideas aligned with theirs. Henricks and the other leaders of the Freedom Fighters have thoroughly researched the civilizations in the VR universe created by Wyatt once it became their main source of income. The Freedom Fighter's captains were not only impressed by the civilizations in the VR universe but inspired by them. They hoped that Card World would one day be as harmonious and prosperous as them. Then, they could not help but be in awe of the person who envisioned such civilizations. With this realization, their drive to recruit Wyatt into the Freedom Fighters became stronger. If not for the fact that they were at being on the verge of bankruptcy and invaded they would have long contacted Wyatt trying to recruit him. This was why Henricks claimed that Wyatt's vision and the Freedom Fighter's cause were more similar than he knew. Without him knowing Wyatt had a very positive image and popularity within the Freedom Fighters. In a world where the strong tried to bully the weak at every turn, Wyatt was a fresh breath of air. Especially, with his VR universe and VR slime card. Not to mention the Southern Princess propaganda about Wyatt being the Southern Hope. Not just the Freedom Fighters, Wyatt had a very positive image and popularity among the poor and middle class communities of all five regions. Wyatt's decision to distribute free VR slime cards to the students and remote areas was finally paying off in other ways that were not his priorities. Distributing free stuff would make anyone popular, how could Wyatt not know that? However, such popularity would not last for long which was why he did not care for it. Not to mention,

his main agenda to make VR slime cards available to all was to create his own information network which was why he gave away a coveted skill like soul energy digestion skill for free with every VR slime card. But Wyatt's popularity among the Freedom Fighters was not of such nature, it was from pure awe of his vision that he showcased through VR universe. Since the VR universe was created by Wyatt they added all of its merits to Wyatt and began to worship him as an idol. He was especially popular among the Freedom Fighter's R&D department and the finance department. One department worshiped him for his innovation and the other department worshiped his means to earn lots of money. Since both Freedom Fighters and Wyatt had made their intentions clear wanting to recruit the other to each other, Henricks was contemplating if there was a middle ground where the Freedom Fighters and Wyatt could meet each other to become allies.

Meanwhile, Ransom who chose to ignore what going on in his surroundings and its dangers to focus on getting his daughter back tactically made use of his runes to stealthy catch up with Henricks, and latching on to Henricks he yelled, "Got you, you old bastard. Now take me to where my daughter is." "You dumb idiot, if I could do that would I have not escaped by now? I am as helpless as you in your mother's dimension," Henricks yelled at Ransom, who was hugging like a koala bear, in annoyance for breaking his chain of thoughts. After all, allying with Wyatt would not only be important for the Freedom Fighters but also give him his freedom.

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## Chapter 2125 Ransom's All Mighty Mom

[ 1,009 words ]

### **Chapter 2125 Ransom's All Mighty Mom**

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:56

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Celestial Mystic Dimension

While Ransom was waiting for the perfect time to make his move, the undead demigods in the formation summoning their grimoire did not immediately attack Wyatt instead began to make preparations while locking on to Wyatt. Causing Wyatt to wonder, if the

undead demigods were not sure about facing him even though they were assembled into small battle array formations. It was possible after all, that Wyatt was in an energy body form. There weren't many cards or abilities that could harm an energy body. Not to mention an energy body enhanced by celestial force. Normal attacks no matter the power, couldn't really harm Wyatt in his current form. Even many attacks meant to harm energy bodies might not be able to harm Wyatt because of the celestial force enhancing his body. If they wanted to deal with Wyatt, then they would have to come up with unconventional attack methods. They could enhance their attacks with celestial force too just like Wyatt but there was no way the world would lend them celestial force. So, the situation wasn't as dire as Wyatt had initially thought. By assembling into small battle array formations, all the undead demigods managed to achieve was grow strong enough to not be killed by Wyatt. In a way, both Wyatt and the undead demigods were in a stalemate. Neither could kill the other for now. 'It seems I overestimated them,' Wyatt thought, seeing that undead demigods did not attack but were busy making other preparations. He felt stalling for another 50 seconds would not be a problem if this continued. Wyatt could not help but compliment his judgment for choosing the SSS-rank burning blood curse as the blood curse to enter the blood curse incarnation from. If he had used any other blood curse then he would be in deep trouble now. Fortunately, he was aware the blood curses were useless against the undead so he chose a blood curse that would enhance his strength, ultimately choosing the burning blood curse. Even in self-enhancing blood curses, many blood curses would not have been as useful to Wyatt in his current situation as the burning blood curse was right now. After all, it was his cursed blood flame from kept him alive despite things not going according to his plan. Wyatt also believed apart from his judgment, his luck also played a part in it, after all, there were many formidable blood curses out there to strengthen oneself. For Wyatt to choose the SSS-rank burning blood curse out of all of them indeed had a little element of luck to it. Wyatt doesn't like to depend on luck, however, how could he be disappointed when things ultimately worked out in his favor? Who doesn't like a little surprise in their life? Wyatt would always welcome such surprises but not the ones in the case of the natural nodes. To think the network of natural nodes would go out of their way to help him set up a stable pseudo-natural array formation instead of forming an unstable one was beyond Wyatt's calculations. As they say, 'If the foundations were solid it is hard for things to go wrong as we progress.' Similarly, the arrangement of the network of natural nodes established by Wyatt was too excellent as such instead of using the cursed blood flame to form an unstable array formation they accumulated it to form a stable array formation. However, just when Wyatt was relaxing thinking that he had won the war, the undead demigods changed the tides of the war once again as their preparations were completed. "...Undead Golem!" all the small battle array formations finished their preparations to face Wyatt with a loud chant.

Soon the dozen undead demigods in a small battle array formation melted into to dreadful black water forming a pool of dark water. The dark water pool seemed to be boiling as time again bubbles would form in it only to burst open releasing toxic gases. Seeing this, Wyatt frowned and signed internally, 'I cannot catch a break, can I?' He realized he was too quick to jump to a conclusion, the undead demigods were really not to be underestimated. Even though their sentience was suppressed, their sense of

judgment continued to surprise Wyatt. 'Forty more seconds, just give me forty more seconds!' Wyatt prayed. He knew he was asking for a lot but couldn't help it as he felt that it would be shameful for him to run when he made the bold claim to kill all seven hundred of the undead demigods by himself. At Wyatt's current power levels, even a fraction of a second was too long let alone a full forty seconds, by that time undead would be done with him and in their final steps to form a joint battle array formation. "Undead Golems!" both Ransom and Henricks exclaimed in unison as they saw the boiling dark water pool reassemble into a hugged monstrosity with its body covered in twelve heads. The mouths of these heads remained ajar releasing toxic gas into the surroundings covering the huge body of the undead golem in a thick veil of toxic mist. Their eyes wandered giving the undead golems a complete 720-degree view, making sure that attack from any angle would not catch it by surprise. "This is bad, undead demigods were tough to deal with but the undead golems made from undead demigods are impossible to deal with!" Henricks blurted seeing the huge monstrosities covered in a veil of toxic mist constantly scanning their surroundings with twelve pairs of eyes. He then turned to look at Ransom and said, "This is all because of you, you stubborn dumbass." "...". Ransom did not argue as this undead were indeed formidable even his mother would break a sweat just fighting one of them not to mention a two and a half dozen of them.

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## Chapter 2126 Baking Demigods

[ 1,119 words ]

### Chapter 2126 Baking Demigods

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:51

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Celestial Mystic Dimension

With Hive AI detecting multiple undead demigods acting as heads for the battle array formation they were assembling, Wyatt thought, 'They are smarter than I gave them credit for.' Unlike last time the undead demigods did not sacrifice their numbers to stall Wyatt, instead found a way to keep Wyatt busy while they assembled into a battle array formation. A battle array formation cannot have multiple heads, of all the heads Hive AI

detected one was the true head of the battle array formation while the rest were fake used to confuse Wyatt. Or The undead demigods planned to assemble into multiple small battle array formations, then join into one big battle array formation. This way they would not have to start from scratch every time Wyatt killed the undead demigod acting as head of the joint battle array formation. Also, by the time Wyatt dealt with the first few heads, the other heads would have assembled into a small battle array formation. After all, small battle array formations do not require as long to assemble. Then, an assembled small battle array formation will take care of Wyatt while the remaining undead demigods assemble into a similar battle array formation so that they can form a joint battle array formation later. Of the two cases he thought of, Wyatt wondered which one the undead demigods ended up using. He would have chosen the latter as it gave them more chances at successfully assembling into a battle array formation. But were the undead demigods sentient enough to think of this? If Karl were to have taught them various ways to assemble into a battle array formation then they might be going for the joint battle array formation. Still, it was too soon to tell. While Wyatt decided to just destroy all the undead demigods pin-pointed by Hive AI as array formation heads, Hive AI informed him that his judgment was right as it had noticed the change in the pattern of the undead demigods' movements and found that they were no longer planning to assemble into a one big battle array formation but form a joint battle array formation. It seemed Karl had indeed taught the undead demigods how to assemble into a battle array formation well. Even without him, they were capable of deciding the optimal way to assemble into a battle array formation based on their circumstances. No wonder he was confident enough to send these undead demigods to destroy the city that was under the direct protection of one of the top ten strongest in the card world. Now that Wyatt knew for sure what the undead demigods were up to he felt a sense of urgency if the undead demigods managed to assemble even a single small battle array formation, they would become a formidable force to reckon with. With them keeping Wyatt busy other undead demigods would also assemble into small battle array formations. Then, even Wyatt with his energy body would find it difficult to defend against multiple small battle array formations, especially if the undead demigods had a way to harm energy bodies. Considering that many strong card apprentices used elemental spirits summon cards that happened to be energy bodies, the undead demigods were likely to have cards that harmed energy bodies. That was to say, if even one of the heads managed to assemble a single small battle array formation, Wyatt's loss was guaranteed. Knowing that the situation had turned urgent, Wyatt no longer held back. His flame twister body returned to humanoid flame form and he transformed into an elder viltronian titan. With this Wyatt's humanoid flame form grew to 150 meters in height. As a result, the mystic dimension that previously felt spacious despite nearly 700 of them occupying it, now felt small to Wyatt. Which was the point of him taking on this form. With his energy body's speed in his current size, it should be easier for him to kill a huge number of undead demigods at a time. Then, Wyatt used his body restructuring skill to morph his humanoid form energy body into a 200-meter-wide flame tornado. This time Wyatt used his celestial force to help speed up the spin of his tornado form to the maximum. The flame tornado was so fast right now that Henricks and Ransom who were standing at the edge of the mystic dimension felt the pull of the tornado. As for undead demigods that were in the immediate vicinity of Wyatt they were directly sucked into the tornado



and reduced to ashes even before they could put up a struggle, killing a few dozen of them with Wyatt not even trying. A demigod could easily subdue a natural tornado but the current flame tornado within the celestial blood curse domain was ten times boosted SSS-rank curse blood-flame and a demigod with celestial powers in its essence, its power totally emasculated the power of the undead demigods, turning them into regular joe facing a flame tornado. The result could not be more obvious.

Not to mention with the celestial blood curse domain locking in the energy from the flame tornado, it basically turned into a furnace. With passing time the heat inside the domain grew to the point where an average demigod could be cooked inside. If not for the undead body being affected by the extreme temperatures, they would be in a lot worse shape like the Henricks and Ransom duo. Their skin had turned red and dry losing body water. They tried to use their soul energy and opposite-type elemental rule power to protect themselves from the heat but they found their power wasn't sufficient as it turned out under the effect of the celestial blood curse domain the thermal energy generated from the flaming tornado gained a ten times boost since this thermal energy was a form of blood curse in a sort. The thermal energy from a ten times boosted SSS-rank cursed blood-flame energy was already strong enough to harm a demigod but now with the thermal energy too enjoying ten times boost from the celestial blood curse domain, it was strong enough to kill a regular demigod. Therefore, even Henricks and Ransom, despite their best effort to resist the heat in the domain, still looked like a piece of meat slowly being baked in an oven. Not to mention with passing time the thermal energy accumulating in the domain raised the temperature to new heights, if this continued the duo did not know how long they could last in it without getting seriously harmed.

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## Chapter 2127 Scared Henricks And Smelly Ransom

[ 1,039 words ]

### **Chapter 2127 Scared Henricks And Smelly Ransom**

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:52

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Celestial Mystic Dimension

"It seems the boy has this under control, you can forget about getting rid of me until you take me to my daughter," Ransom, who was in a bind knowing that if he did not stop his reckless actions and help Henricks to stop the undead demigods from assembling into a battle array formation things might turn for worse, seeing Wyatt kill a few dozen of undead demigods without even trying decided to stick to his original plan, pester Henricks into taking him to meet his daughter.

"You deviant, let go of me. It's already hot enough, you stinking to me like this is only making it worse, and what the fuck is that smell? Its do disgusting," Henricks did not like the rising temperature in the domain one bit adding to it the smell that came from Ransom's body made it more intolerable. He did not even want to think about how they both were drenched in sweat and stuck to each other. He felt like he was sent to hell concocted for him. What bothered him even more was Ransom seemed to be fine with it. Just then he remembered Luna saying that her parents had been fighting a lot lately since her father would not do the things her mother wanted them to do in the bedroom. At first, Henricks thought, this was not the kind of news he wanted to know about the royal family and their allied households. But now, his mind wandered imagining the worst possible reasons why Luna's parents were having troubles in their marital bed. "Just ignore it," Ransom's face was beet red, he did not go into details about the smell because of its embarrassing origin.

"How am I supposed to ignore it if it's getting into my eyes? The fuck, it's so thick and disgusting. Let go of me, you dumbass," Henricks yelled both disgusted by the smell and suspicious hearing Ransom's response. "Don't struggle you are making it worse," Ransom too was not happy about the situation, especially hugging Henrick's sweaty body. When Henricks struggled their sweaty bodies rubbed and made embarrassing noises. But he went through with it anyway thinking of it as things a father does for his daughter. He was really down on luck lately and hoped he could do right by his daughter at the least. Listening to Ransom's response Henricks was scared and he could not help but clench his butt while yelling furiously, "Ransom, let go of me or be prepared for the consequences." Henricks too heard the embarrassing noises their sweaty body made when they rubbed against each other. He was starting to feel a hatred toward Ransom that was equal to how much he hated the dark races. He never thought a day would come when he would hate someone the same as he hated the demons, especially with him knowing how the masters were royally screwing the card world up. Now he was prepared to get serious, even if his opponent was the beloved son of his captor, he was willing to be ruthless to clear the shame and embarrassment he was feeling. Soon a spatial energy covered Henrick's hand right, which with a swift motion cut Ransom's hands and legs with ease. However, just as Henricks thought he freed himself, blood from Ransom's limbs moved as if they had a mind of their own and sewed the limbs back on his body perfectly without any error. Except for the red stitch marks and cut off sleeves and pants, it was as if Ransom's body was never cut. Allowing Ransome to continue clinging to Henricks like a Koala bear. "Old bastard, is that all you got? It will take a lot more than that to get rid of me," Ransom sneered and taunted Henricks who was seriously holding back not wanting to garner the wrath of Field Marshal Heatsend. Like any mother, she loved her kids and had her unique but

rigid way of showing it as such many mistaken that she had little interest in her children and their lives. As her colleague and family friend, Henricks knew better. She cared for her kids and their families a lot. So he knew if he were to beat Ransom badly then Field Marshal would settle the score with him later. This was why he tried to run from Ransom and when that failed he tried to reason with him before resorting to force. However, seeing Ransom's sneer and listening to his taunts Henricks was provoked, 'Fuck this!' he thought deciding to teach Ransom a serious lesson as his elder. Once again turbulent spacial energy covered Henricks's right and with a swift motion he cut all four of Ransom's limbs. This time, however, the cut-off limbs were teleported to another corner of the mystic dimension not allowing the Ransom to stitch them back on. But, to his shock, blood from Ransom's body moved swiftly and in a fraction of a second sewed itself to Henrick's back. "You crazy son of —," Henricks promptly paused before his long tongue signed his death certificate for him. Then, he continued, "You dumbass, how could you do something like this, undo it." "Nope, not until you take me to meet my daughter," Ransom repeated his demands to Henricks who frantically tried to cut him off his back but this blood would instantly stitch them back together. Henricks tried to increase his speed of cutting the huge talking and smelly tumor off him and escape at his fastest speed but Ransom's ability to sew them back together was faster. "You dimwit, at least tell me it's reversible and will not have any permanent side effects later. And for goodness sake what is that awful smell," finally giving up, Henricks asked whether they would be stuck permanently. Seeing how Ransom's ability was able to stitch them together faster than his moment speed he wondered if it was because of some weird law and restriction Ransom used to enhance his rune. If that were the consequence of this might be serious.

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Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:53

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Celestial Mystic Dimension

At the heart of the celestial blood curse domain, a 200-meter-wide fiery tornado swallowed all the undead demigods near it and burned them to ash. Soon a large pair of radiant blue eyes formed in the red tornado. The blue eyes scanned the undead demigods preparing to move but paused catching a glimpse of a bizarre scene.

Wyatt who wanted to burn all the undead demigods to extinction before they could set up a battle array formation saw Ransom attached to Henricks's back. Ransom was one with Henricks's back, his shoulder joints and thigh joints were connected to Henricks's broad back. It was like Ransom was growing out of Henricks back. The sight was so

bizarre and unpleasant that it caused Wyatt's brain to freeze for a fraction of a second. If some kid were to see this they would have nightmares for the rest of their life.

'What the fuck is wrong with these guys?' Wyatt cursed in his mind. He did not mind that they did not help him deal with undead demigods because he planned to handle them alone. However, this was- 'What fuck is this?' Wyatt did not know what to make of their actions. Is this some kind of sick play that couples developed in this world? Though Henricks did not seem to be enjoying it, Ransom seemed to be enjoying it a lot.

No longer paying heed to the duo, Wyatt once eyed the undead demigods that Hive AI pointed out as the heads of the small battle array formation they were setting up. They were spread out across the mystic dimension with the plan to delay him and give their fellow undead demigods time to set up a small battle array formation.

In his huge fiery tornado form, Wyatt mobilized the celestial force to the max launching himself at the undead demigods at a maximum speed he could fathom. As the huge tornado moved it swallowed everything in its path and its vicinity. The tornado's spin was so fast that the undead demigods were helpless against its suction force.

Once the undead demigods came in contact with the red-hot flame blades of the tornado their bodies would be set ablaze, however, before their enhanced recovery could kick in their bodies would be already reduced to ash having entered the belly of the flame tornado.

Wyatt's 200-meter-wide flame tornado form was like a high-powered vacuum cleaner with a blast furnace instead of a dirtbag. As it moved within the celestial rule domain, it sucked everything in its path and reduced them to dust. Under the tornado's enhanced suction force, the undead demigod could not even put up a decent struggle. This was only because the undead demigods would not fight. Wyatt but prioritize assembling into a small battle array formation. Hence, when the tornado arrived in their vicinity they were caught unprepared and could not even put up a decent resistance against its suction force and would easily be swallowed and reduced to ash by it.

Since the demigods prioritized their orders over fighting for their lives, Wyatt could rid his celestial rule domain of undead demigods as easily as cleaning his room. As such under a minute Wyatt, had already reduced the number of undead demigods in his by a third, if he were to include the one he killed earlier then he was almost halfway through. At this speed, he would be able to get rid of all the undead demigods within his celestial rule domain before any of them were able to assemble into a small battle array formation.

All this was only possible because undead demigods were actively avoiding fights and prioritizing their master's command. There was nothing wrong with Karl's command to his undead demigods, after all, even if the undead demigods were seven hundred in number they would require the assistance of the battle array formation to resist Field

Marshal Heatsend and destroy the city which Asong was hiding in, killing witness of his conspiracy to save his ass.

However, Karl did not expect that the Field Marshal would turn the tables on him by displacing his undead demigods that had already assembled into a battle array formation into her mystic dimension where they had to start assembling into a battle array formation from scratch.

What was more damaging was the fact that once the undead demigods were trapped inside Field Marshal Heatsend's Mystic dimension Karl and the demigods lost contact, neither of them could reach the other. Having lost communication with the other side, Karl could not give new commands to his undead demigods while the Undead demigods who were subservient to Karl with the little sentience they had left decided to prioritize their master's command.

What happened to Karl was a prime example of why Wyatt did not have his calamity daughter Gems doing covert and far away missions unless it was necessary. Like in the case of Ted who went to the Way Beyond, Clown Mask who was imprisoned by the Southern Royal family, or the ones that were headed to Gideon Grim's hometown in the Northern Region.

However, even the servant-tier calamity daughter gems of Wyatt were a lot more sentient than Karl's undead demigods. They could function like normal human beings in the presence of a company and have an active conversation but obviously in line with their command. Like how Wyatt ordered the Bright Brothers to manage the Bright Lions gang or Van to manage the TSR guild, they used their previous experience to execute their commands. However, in difficult situations, they would depend on Hive AI. Eliminating the bug of them being stuck in a loop like the undead demigods that kept trying to assemble into a battle array formation despite their losses. Whenever Wyatt's calamity daughter gems were in such a situation Hive AI would advise them if they still failed it would be brought to Wyatt's attention. However, all these precautionary measures of Wyatt would not be possible if they were stranded or isolated in a different dimension. Which was now proving to be the reason for the undead demigods's doom.

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## Chapter 2129 Ransom's Awe

[ 1,012 words ]



## Chapter 2129 Ransom's Awe

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:54

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Celestial Mystic Dimension

"What the fuck is that?" Ransom exclaimed looking at the large flame tornado moving around the mystic dimension swallowing and burning the trapped undead into ash. He felt that even he would face a similar end as the undead if he were to be sucked into the flame tornado. His intent sense could tell that the flame tornado was enhanced by celestial force and the celestial rule domain, making it deadly even for him.

He could not believe that the boy in the card master realm could fathom such power, now he was starting to regret kicking up trouble with Wyatt on purpose over his attitude toward Luna and him. If he knew that the boy had this kind of power, he would have been more careful with what he said and did.

However, now he understood why his mother left his cousin's side and moved to the boy's side at the risk of making his cousin their family's worst nightmare. The boy was far stronger than what he was told. When he was being briefed about the boy's strength he did not believe it, but trusting the information collected by the Southern Watch he decided to see it for himself.

When he and his team first met the boy, he showcased the demigod's level of energy signatures but it was not as exaggerated as Ransom was told during the briefing. Though the boy had fathomed the strength of a demigod it was barely at the entry level. But his strength was not at the level to defeat a devil that could easily wipe out three elite demigod teams as he was told in the briefing.

Feeling that his aunt might have exaggerated the boy's strength to everyone out of excitement, Ransom could not help but look down at the boy. After all, not a real demigod to begin with his power was temporary and without any SS and SSS rank cards, the boy was even weaker than an enter-level demigod.

At that level, the boy would be lucky if he could defeat a semi-demigod as, unlike the boy they had access to SS and SSS rank cards. Not to mention with his present strength Ransom could easily take on a dozen or so entry-level demigods. So why would he bother about someone who could temporarily enter the threshold of the demigod realm? Especially since the other party was rude to him when he tried to be friendly to him.

Even though Ransom did not have the title of prince, he was a prince in all sense. He had the royal unparalleled bloodline so he grew up like one and was treated like one

everywhere he went. Even in the Central Capital. After all, even without the royal bloodline, he was the youngest son of someone who was in the Card world's top ten strongest list. The queue of people who wanted to get on his good side was endless. For someone who grew up in such an environment to be humble and amiable, it was because of the Field Marshal's unconventional parenting,

However, this did not mean he wasn't arrogant and unreasonable, due to his upbringing he only showed to those who were at odds with him. Like for example Wyatt, he was rude to him and ignored him the whole time he tried to talk to him, just because he brought up his beloved daughter.

Since Wyatt had shown that they could not be friends, Ransom did not feel the need to be polite toward him when actually in his heart he was curious about Wyatt. After all, he managed to gain the approval of his mother who was unpleasable. Hence, he made trouble for Wyatt trying to gain attention of Wyatt. It was childish but one had to know Ransom in his whole life never had to try to please others.

Even when it came to his wife, Ransom did not have to try to get on her good side. Since it was a political marriage, his wife was the active one in their relationship trying to win his favor. Now that he was emotionally dependent on her, his wife had grown demanding, this was different.

Hence, Ransom who only knew how to get into trouble to get his parent's attention used the same trick with a little variation to gain Wyatt's attention without even worrying that such actions would only annoy Wyatt.

One could say that Ransom's EQ was emotionally stunted. This was why Aurelia's mother was able to frequently take advantage of his feelings for her constantly. Ransom's condition was so bad that he did not even know he was being taken advantage of

However, now that he had seen what Wyatt was capable of, Ransom was starting to fear the consequences of his actions. At first, he did not care because Wyatt was weaker than him. So, he felt he could do anything he wanted but now that he knew he was weaker than Wyatt, he feared Wyatt could do anything with him.

The worst thing was his strongest support and backer, his mother, was also Wyatt's support and backer. Therefore, he knew unlike Henricks who did not dare to harm him badly because of his mother, Wyatt would not worry about such things if planned to get even with him.

"That kid really has too many tricks up his sleeves, Henricks commented to Ransom's exclamation. Just like Ransom, Henricks too was in awe of the large tornado that was swiping the mystic dimension clean of undead demigods. What amazed him, even more, was the fact that Wyatt was just a card master, yet he was facing seven hundred dimwitted undead demigods like mowing a lawn. He pondered if something like this was

even possible even though he was witnessing it happen with his own two eyes. The feat Wyatt had achieved was just too unbelievable. It shattered Henricks's outlook on the world.

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## Chapter 2130 Pseudo-Natural Sunspot Array Formation

[ 1,823 words ]

### **Chapter 2130 Pseudo-Natural Sunspot Array Formation**

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:55

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Celestial Mystic Dimension

Henricks and Ransom were both in awe seeing the power that Wyatt displayed with just the card master realm, his power might have been enhanced temporarily but it did not change the fact that he was a mere card master who achieved such power relying only on his understanding and mastery of rules and his knowledge. This amazement grew as they watched the air in the celestial domain, which was so hot that just breathing it would burn the internals of a demigod let alone regular people. With every passing second the celestial rule domain became inhabitable for living beings. Fortunately, both Ransom and Henricks were elite demigods who had experience fighting in the void so they quickly adapted to the atmosphere in the celestial rule domain. Similarly, the undead demigods whose skin was enhanced by various toxins were harder than an SSS-rank metal alloy, therefore the hot air of the celestial rule domain did not hinder them in any way. "Somethings wrong," Henricks who had given up trying to separate from Ransom said feeling a flame tornado from Wyatt's movement pattern wrong. "What are you going on about old man?" Ransom asked doing his best to resist the hot air within the domain. The temperature in the domain had risen to the point where anything with power less than SSS-rank or demigod would instantly be reduced to ash. "Don't you find the flame tornado's moment pattern odd? See! Just then, he could have killed those undead by moving a little further but instead, he moved in another direction," Henricks explained, pointing out how Wyatt's movement pattern was odd.

"Maybe, he is one after the undead demigods that are acting as head to the small battle array formations they are trying to assemble into?" Ransom replied nonchalantly, as if what the undead demigods and Wyatt were up to wasn't related to him. As the son of the Southern region's greatest array master, knew a thing or two about all sorts of array formations. Learning array formation was the only for Ransom, his sibling, and their progeny to gain Lorenzo's attention and approval, however, none of them were talented enough to meet his requirements, they were all more Heatsend than Lorn, until Luna.

"No, I don't think that is it. I have a bad premonition about this. That boy is up to something," Henricks claimed as his intuition kept telling him to get out of the celestial rule domain as fast as possible. It was his sharp intuition that allowed Henricks to maintain his cover in the central government for centuries. Therefore, he trusted it. However, Wyatt's celestial rule domain was covering the entire mystic dimension, or more like the mystic dimension was limiting Wyatt's domain's size. He had nowhere to run as even his origin card ability's range was being limited by the mystic dimension.

"Kid, I know you are good with arrays hurry up and set up a strong space isolation array formation to protect both of us," Since he had nowhere to run Henricks decided to use Ransom's knowledge of arrays to isolate themselves from Wyatt's domain within it. Since Wyatt's domain was already dominating the space within the mystic dimension, they would have to be creative with the space isolation array formation they set up which was why Henricks recruited Ransom's help otherwise he too could set up a regular space isolation array formation. After all, in his centuries of lifespan, he had used his time wisely to expand his knowledge into various fields. This much was basic to become a successful leader of a revolutionary army. "I can't, what you are asking is beyond my means," Ransom rolled his eyes at Henrick's and gave up without even trying. He hated that everyone thought since his father was a great array master he would be a great array master. He struggled with this a lot in his childhood. As the youngest, after his older siblings disappointed his father, Lorenzo put all his hope on Ransom, but the pressure was too big for the latter especially when he too did not meet the high standards of Lorenzo and turned out to be a disappointment just like his older siblings. "Ransom, this is not the time to throw a tantrum. I know you hate array formation but trust me if we don't do something in the next minute or two both of us will be burned to dust along with all the undead demigods," Henricks yelled and tried to persuade Ransom to stop his childishness and set up a space isolation array before they were burned to ashes. However, since he had little idea as to what Wyatt was up to could not put up a convincing case. "Fuck! You right. That boy really plans to burn us all to ashes!" Ransom exclaimed having figured out what Wyatt was up to. Then, he urged Henricks, "Hurry, get my limbs back!" Though Ransom acted uninterested, he heeded Henricks's warning and checked Wyatt's movement pattern, after watching for a few seconds he realized Henricks's intuition was spot on and Wyatt was indeed up to something big. From the flame tornado's random movement pattern, Ransom had deduced that it wasn't random at all instead it was carefully calculated to set up a pseudo-natural array formation. Wyatt was making use of the location in the mystic dimension, his celestial rule domain, celestial force, and the cursed blood flame to create pseudo-natural sunspot formation turning the whole mystic dimension into one big sunspot. In a natural sunspot array formation, nothing can survive. It was considered that it was a spot on earth where one could experience what it was to walk in the sun,

the only problem was even if one managed to get near this spot unharmed, which is nearly impossible, they would instantly be burned to nothingness by the sunspot. Just the gravity of the surface of the sunspot was 10,000 times the gravity of the regular card world's surface which was enough to turn anyone into meat paste not to forget its extreme temperature. Therefore it was deemed nobody could survive in a natural sunspot array formation. As always Ransom's first instinct was to contact his mother and ask her to send them out, but he could not reach her. Understanding that his mother might have muted the mystic dimension, Ransom could only hurry to set up a custom space isolation array formation that would separate them from the celestial rule domain which was not an easy task since he had just now come into contact with a celestial rule domain and had very limited knowledge about it. Ransom believed if his mother was not watching the development inside her mystic dimension then she should be dealing with something more serious outside. Hence, he had no choice but to rise up to the occasion. Listening to Ransom change his mind on his own, Henricks was enthused and also sure that Wyatt was indeed trying to burn them all. However, when he heard Ransom ask him to get him his cutoff limbs so that he could get started on the custom space isolation array formation, Henricks face turned unnatural. Still, he opened a portal and shoved his hand in it to retrieve Ransom's limbs while saying, "About that, they were burned badly. This is what remains of your limbs." Henricks took out a pair of charred legs and arms from the portal and soon a strong BBQ smell clashed with the foul smell from Ransom's body giving birth to an even more awful smell. Henricks wanted to complain but knowing that they were short on time, he held back his complaints deciding to coordinate with Ransom to ensure his safety. Looking at his cutoff limbs charred to the point where their bones were visible, Ransom's mouth twitched, but he did not dare to waste time. So, he soon separated from Henricks's back. Then, uttering, "This going to be painful" he mobilized his blood rule rune to stitch his charred limbs back onto his body. However, before Ransom's blood sewed the limbs back on they began to heal the charred limbs at rapid speed. But, that was a waste of time since the hot air in the vicinity continued to burn the limbs faster than they healed as the temperature in the domain kept increasing at 10x speed every second. Seeing this, Henricks hurriedly took out a vile-looking potion and poured it on Ransom's charred limbs. Only to hear Ransom complain, "What fuck is that old man—" Ransom paused seeing the vile-looking potion was very effective in resting the heat and helping his burned limb heal. With the combined effort of the potion and Ransom's blood rule rune, Ransom's limbs were healed to peak and sewed back on his body. The vile-looking potion was created by the plague witch. She had many such weird potions and they were all created using some sort of control plague. Therefore, one did not have to worry about it being contagious. Not to mention since these controlled plagues were only friendly to card apprentices, even if they spread there would be no harm done, that was what she claimed. But none of the card apprentices, even her colleagues from the Freedom Fighter willing to take their chances with a plague. Therefore, despite their effectiveness, these potions had no market. Not to mention their vile appearance was no help for marketing as nobody was willing to buy such vile-looking potions. Especially, when they learn that a homegrown plague was used to create these potions. Otherwise, based on the effectiveness of these potions they would be worth a fortune in the market and the Freedom Fighters would never be cash-strapped. Now that he had his original



limbs back, Ransom began to arrange a small space isolation array formation for the two of them, at the fastest speed he could fathom knowing that Wyatt would be duno setting up his pseudo-natural sunspot array formation any second now.

Henricks did not dare to make any movement or sound in the slightest as he did not want to disturb Ransom who was now his only hope to escape Wyatt's madness. One second the boy was asking him to join him and the next second he was trying to kill him, if this was not madness then what was?

He wanted to ask Wyatt to stop what he was doing but he did not think Wyatt would listen to him and not to mention Wyatt's method might be the fastest way to get rid of the undead demigods before any of them assembled into a small battle array formation and subdued Wyatt with absolute strength. Since they weren't being any help to Wyatt he did not want to be a hindrance either.

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## Chapter 2131 Natural Nodes

[ 1,517 words ]

### **Chapter 2131 Natural Nodes**

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:55

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Celestial Mystic Dimension

At first, Wyatt thought he should just go around killing the demigods acting as the battle array formation heads using the enhanced speed of his flame tornado form. But, according to Hive AI's calculations, even with his new speed brought by using celestial force, the undead would manage to set up a small battle array formation sacrificing about half of their current numbers to keep Wyatt busy. It was only a matter of time, but the undead would still manage to assemble into a small and then joint battle array formation. However, with their reduced numbers, the question remained if they could defeat Field Marshal Heatsend. Wyatt had not seen the Field Marsha fight so he cannot be the judge of this. Knowing that his current power was still far from ridding of the undead before they succeeded in assembling into a battle array formation, Wyatt had to

improvise in the middle of his plan. He had to think of a plan to eradicate the undead before a group of them managed to assemble into a battle array formation. Short on time, Wyatt had to be quick on his foot. His brain ran like a wild stallion trying to figure out a way to improvise his plan while he followed Hive AI's lead to kill the heads of the undead groups trying to assemble into small battle formations.

He looked at the battlefield trying to figure out if he could somehow use its terrain to shorten the time it took for him to go around the mystic dimension to kill all the undead before any one of their groups managed to set up a small battle array formation.

Just then, Wyatt recalled his brief study on pseudo-natural array formation after his run-in with Jill Norley for the first time on his way back to Sky Blossom City from Sun Blossom City. He remembered learning about a pseudo-natural array formation that would work perfectly in the current terrain, pseudo-natural sunspot array formation. Just when he thought he found the perfect solution Wyatt realized he lacked the core ingredient for the pseudo-natural array formation, the SSS-rank sunfire. However, though Wyatt did not have Sunfire the heat accumulated in the celestial rule domain by his Cursed-Blood Flame was stronger and the heat the Sun Fire would produce. So, Wyatt wondered if it could replace the sunfire only to learn that it could only partially replace it as the heat produced by the Cursed blood flame lacked the unique magnetic field of the Sunfire. The unique effect of the sunfire made the pseudo-natural sunspot array formation possible. So, even if Wyatt's Cursed blood flame had managed to accumulate a temperature higher than the Sunfire, it still was not the replacement for sunfire for him to set up a pseudo-natural sunspot array formation. Just when he planned to give up on this idea think of another one, his mind wandered, 'What would happen if forceful use of the cursed blood flame as a replacement for the sunfire to set up a pseudo-natural sunspot array formation?'

'The pseudo-natural sunspot array formation would be unstable and blow up the whole terrain and everyone within it sky high.'

Wouldn't this help him achieve his purpose faster than a working pseudo-natural sunspot array formation?

Yes, it would serve better than a working sunspot array formation however there was a problem, he and the freak duo would be within the array formation when it blows up. Nonetheless, chances were that he and the other two would also be reduced to ash with the undead in the explosion unless they took precautions.

The possible preventive measures Wyatt could think of were, Use the celestial blood curse domain to shield himself and the other two. Or Have the Field Marshal send us out of the mystic dimension before the explosion. Wyatt decided to go with the latter because it was foolproof however he found that could not contact with Field Marshal. Learning this, he immediately understood that the situation outside might be as bad as it was in here and the Field Marshal was too busy handling it to answer his call. With this Wyatt could only speculate that Karl had made other arrangements than the seven

hundred undead demigods to get rid of Asong and the city she was hiding in. Think of this, Wyatt could not help but wonder what more arrangements Karl would have made to complete the task that even seven hundred undead demigods could not. Just the thought that there was a threat stronger than the seven hundred undead demigods that Field Marshal was facing by herself increased Wyatt's sense of urgency. As such he immediately acted on his plan to blow up the whole mystic dimension while using the celestial blood rule domain to protect himself, Henricks, and Ransom. Then, Wyatt stopped killing the undead demigods and began to set up the pseudo-natural sunspot array formation using his cursed blood flame as a replacement for sunfire. However, he made sure that his movement was not too obvious for the undead to deduce his intention and take guard against it. After seeing that they were capable of making sound decisions by overcoming their inherent shortcomings Wyatt no longer underestimated them since he was aware that the undead had very aggressive survival instincts. Even if Karl's subjugation method might have suppressed it one never knows what could happen until the end. Therefore, under the guise of killing the undead demigods that were acting as the heads of groups that were assembling into the small battle formations, Wyatt began to move across the mystic dimension covertly setting up the pseudo-natural sunspot array formation.

Wyatt made sure that while trying to be careful he did not forget the main reason why he was improvising his original plan. Keeping the time constraints in mind, he fathomed the fastest speed he could conjure in his current form and with the assistance of the celestial force setting up his pseudo-natural sunspot array formation before any of the group of the undead managed to assemble into a small battle array formation. While doing so he decided to warn the Henricks and Ransom duo that he planned to blow up the whole mystic dimension but he found that even before he warned them they had figured out his plan and were arranging a custom space isolation barrier to protect them from the pseudo-natural array formation he was arranging. This came as a surprise to Wyatt, then he reminded himself that Ransom might not be totally useless seeing skillful set up a custom space isolation barrier at incredible space. Unlike the battle array formation, the hardest thing about array formation for an array master was finding the required ingredients. As for setting up the array formation as long as they had enough experience setting up various array formations and knew the recipe of the array formation, they should be able to set up the array formation quickly based on their skillfulness. The key in the array formation was knowledge unlike in the battle array formation where the key was coordination and adapting to the terrain.

One by one, using the accumulated heat and heat from the cursed blood flame, Wyatt opened and connected all the natural nodes around the mystic realm required to set a pseudo-natural sunspot array formation within it. Now all he had to do was feed soul pathways joining these natural nodes' cursed blood flame to ignite it into pseudo-natural sunspot array formation and let it take its natural course. By the time Wyatt had connected all of the nodes what remained of undead demigods were still a step or two away from assembling into a small battle array formation while Henricks and Ransom were already hiding inside a custom space isolation barrier. Knowing that the duo was safe, Wyatt did not hesitate to begin feeding the cursed blood flame to the natural nodes

for them to form a pseudo-natural sunspot array formation. When Wyatt was expecting an unstable pseudo-natural sunspot array formation to form something totally out of his calculation happened. The natural nodes began to swallow his cursed blood flame like a hungry whale with a bottomless appetite. Seeing this development, Wyatt began to panic as a few groups of undead demigods were only a step or two away from assembling into a small battle array formation, he could not afford any kind of delay in his plan but this was unexpected. Wyatt never guessed that feeding cursed-blood flame to the nodes when arranged according to the sunspot array formation would result in such a response. Not wanting to back down, constrained by the time he had no other choice, Wyatt increased the out of the cursed-blood flame he was feeding to the nodes. Hoping that with increased output he would be able to satisfy the seemingly bottomless appetite of the natural nodes. However, there were just too many mouths and just one of him.

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## Chapter 2132 Dire Situation

[ 1,524 words ]

### Chapter 2132 Dire Situation

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:55

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Celestial Mystic Dimension

"What fuck is that boy waiting for?" Henricks exclaimed in concern seeing that Wyatt wasn't activating his pseudo-natural sunspot array formation even though most of the undead groups were a step away from assembling into small battle array formation. "My goodness, don't scream so close to my ears. Besides, we are in an isolated space, he can't hear you," Ransom said wiggling his ears with his fingers. Then, he explained, "He doesn't have the key ingredient sunfire required to complete the array formation." "Then, why would he set up an array formation that he lacks ingredients for? Isn't he supposed to be a genius? He is dumber than you," Henricks remarked in hysteria wondering how could Wyatt make such a dumb mistake. Henricks wanted to go to assist Wyatt however he was trapped in Ransom's custom space isolation array formation. It was set up for their protection, but Ransom further modified it so Henricks could not use his origin

card's ability in it. Turning it into prison for him. Learning this Henricks now knew why Ransom was so cooperative about setting up the array formation. "His plan was never to set up the array formation, he just wanted to create an unstable version of it such that it would blow up, killing all the undead demigods at once. It was a good plan, but he set up the array formation too well. The network of natural nodes is actively trying to consume more of the cursed blood flame, he was feeding them as a replacement for sunfire, in hopes of setting up a stable array formation," based on his observation, Ransom explained what went wrong with Wyatt's plan. Seeing Wyatt was able to fail, Ransom was conflicted. Still, he did not take action, because it was too late, what was done was done. "So, the boy's plan failed, the array formation will not explode?" Henricks asked in distress. Then, he couldn't help but glare at Ransom, if not for this dumbass's stubbornness, he could have helped Wyatt. Together, they could have killed all the undead by now. "No, his plan is still a go, the whole network of natural nodes would blow up once they swallow cursed-blood flame past their limit. It's only a matter of time. Not to mention, the explosion is going to be a lot stronger than expected. But, the question is, who is faster, Wyatt or the Undeads," Ransom said as he glanced at various groups of undead that were close to assembling into a small battle array formation. Considering the versatility and mobility of the battle array formation, once the undead were done, Wyatt would be in huge trouble. "Ransom, let me out. I will defend Wyatt from the undead demigods till he fills up the natural node networks beyond their limit," Henricks demanded, knowing that once the undead assembled into a small battle formation, Wyatt who killed almost half of them would be their target. "No, not happening," Ransom rejected Henricks without hesitation. "Don't tell me you are going to sit by and watch the 'Southern Hope' die at the hands of the undead," Henricks was a little taken aback by Ransom's reply. After all, he believed no matter how stubborn and petty Ransom was he wouldn't just watch Wyatt die at the hands of the undead demigods. But it seems he judged Ransom wrong. "What southern hope? That's just a marketing static my cousin used to manipulate the masses and the boy. Besides, I have my plans," Ransom dismissed Wyatt's title 'Southern Hope' as his cousin's marketing gimmick. He knew better than anyone how manipulative and cunning his cousin was. By labeling Wyatt as the 'Hope of the Southern Region' not only did she permanently tie Wyatt to the Southern Region but also made way for a savior complex in Wyatt's mind such that Wyatt would consider helping people over his profits. The crazy thing was that his cousin's plan worked. Wyatt was giving away VR slime cards to the students and the poor for free. He even made the VR universe very cheap and affordable. Wyatt was known to be a capitalist who quoted insane prices for the cards he created but now he was doing social welfare like giving things for free and making things affordable for everyone. It was like Wyatt had changed overnight. This was why Ransom did not give two shits about the title 'Southern Hope.' It was just his cousin's invisible collar around Wyatt's neck. However, he still planned to protect Wyatt as he was important for the Southern Region's growth and future. Also, earlier when he was modifying the space isolation array formation to overcome Wyatt's celestial rule domain which was dominating the surrounding space he was struggling, he thought he would not be able to set up the modified array before Wyatt activated his pseudo-natural sunspot array formation. However, he still managed to modify the array formation in time because Wyatt eased the influence of his celestial rule domain in their surroundings. This way



not only did Ransom manage to set up the custom space isolation barrier in time but also modified it to imprison Henricks. Seeing Wyatt give him a helping hand in a dire situation forgetting all his previous provocations moved Ransom. Regardless of Wyatt's reason his actions touched Ransom who was worried Wyatt would take revenge on him for his previous petty actions. Now that Ransom knew Wyatt was not a petty person like him, his fear for Wyatt morphed into admiration. "Screw you and your plans. The undead are almost done assembling into a small battle array formation. Once they are done with Wyatt, we will be their next target," Henricks tried to persuade Ransom to help Wyatt using fear not knowing that Ransom did not need any convincing to help Wyatt. The latter was just waiting for the perfect timing. "Shut up, old man. I am not letting you out of this space isolation array formation until you take an oath to take me to meet my daughter," Ransom yelled at Henricks to quiet down as nothing he said would get him out of his prison. Being cussed at by Ransom, Henricks looked at him grudgingly. Then, he let out a deep breath, controlling his anger. He did not proceed to argue with Ransom and decided to wait and see what Ransom's plans were. If something were to happen to Wyatt he was going to show Ransom true hell. "Fine, but create a sub-space for me within this space isolation barrier, I don't think I can handle another second of that awful smell coming from your body," Henricks demands, as in the small space isolation array formation the disgusting smell coming from Ransom's body seemed to accumulate and grow more disgusting. Henricks felt Ransom's smell would kill him before the undead demigods did. "Sssh, let me focus," Ransom concentrated all his attention on Wyatt, waiting for the perfect time to step in and save Wyatt's life. Listening to Ransom's reply, Henricks continued to grudgingly stare at Ransom but he did not utter a single word as he did not want Ransom to blame him for ruining his plan. After all, he planned to criticize Ransom for failing. He just did not want to give Ransom an excuse to push all the blame onto him. Meanwhile, Wyatt was frantically consuming all his energy to produce a large quantity of cursed blood flame to fill the bottomless appetite of the natural nodes beyond their limit, such that the whole network of the natural nodes that Wyatt created would explode killing all the undead demigods within the mystic domain. However, no matter how much energy Wyatt spent to increase the output of the cursed blood flame he fed to natural nodes, he did not seem to reach the limit of the nodes. Since his plan was taking too long to execute he kept an eye on surrounding undead demigod groups, most of them seemed to be a foot away from assembling into a small battle array formation. Wyatt did not let the panic and fear get to his mind, instead, he single-mindedly focused on feeding his curse-blood flame to the natural nodes, knowing that due to the accumulated energy within them, once the network of the natural nodes were to explode the resulting explosion would be several times higher than his original estimate. Not to mention since this explosion was caused by cursed blood flame energy, the explosion will gain ten times boost from the celestial blood curse domain. Overall the power of the explosion would be so large that Wyatt was expecting it would kill all the undead demigods despite them having assembled into small battle array formation. Still, he needed to be present to watch it happen. In desperation, Wyatt even began to enhance the curse blood flame using his celestial force before feeding it to the network of natural nodes not knowing when the natural nodes would have enough and explode.

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## Chapter 2133 Two And Half Dozen Small Battle Array Formations

[ 1,038 words ]

### **Chapter 2133 Two And Half Dozen Small Battle Array Formations**

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:56

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Celestial Mystic Dimension

The cursed blood flame enhanced by Wyatt's celestial force seemed to do the trick, the nodes were finally beginning to show the signs of reaching their limit. At this speed, he should be able to fill them beyond their limit and cause them to explode within the next minute. However, Wyatt did not seem to be too thrilled about it. Instead, his brows narrowed into a deep frown as a second was already too late let alone a minute. The next second, a sinister presence resembling death itself began to sweep the mystic dimension clashing with the presence of the celestial blood curse domain. It was a strong contender but the celestial rule domain still prevailed. The sinister presence originated from a group of dozen undead that had assembled into a small battle array formation. Within the formation, the energy signature of each undead demigod had significantly increased. The malice from their being seemed to manifest into sinister apparitions resembling the reapers of death known to harvest the souls impartially. Having assembled into a small battle array formation, this group of undead immediately set their sights on Wyatt who killed more than half of them. He was busy feeding the enhanced cursed-blood flame to the network of natural nodes but feeling their sinister presence he too focused his gaze on them. Hence, their eyes meet. Locking eyes with the undead demigods, Wyatt did not panic and continued to feed the network of natural nodes enhanced cursed blood flame while internally contemplating how he would buy the minute he was required to fill the nodes beyond their limit such that they would explode. He could not pause or stop feeding the natural nodes because once he did all the progress he had made so far would be in vain as the enhanced cursed blood flame he fed to the natural nodes would disperse into the surroundings in the form of energy and soon losing the all the cursed blood fame in them the natural nodes would revert to their original state. This meant that Wyatt would have to stall the undead demigods for a minute while he continued to feed the network of natural nodes enhanced cursed blood

flame. Now that was going to be challenging. Honestly, Wyatt was out of ideas. Thanks to his calamity soul gem and privilege from the devil merchant code Wyatt did not fear death, however, he did not want to run away either, he wanted to kill all seven hundred of the undead demigods as he claimed. But under the current circumstances that seemed impossible. Since, as a second passed, another group of a dozen undead demigods had assembled into a small battle array formation and soon other groups of undead demigods managed to assemble into a small battle array formation. Within a few seconds, the mystic dimensions now had about two and a half dozen small battle array formations i.e. all groups made of the remaining undead demigods had assembled into a small battle array formation. Now, they all eyed Wyatt who remained immobile continuing to feed enhanced cursed blood flame to the network of natural nodes. Seeing the undead demigods that had managed to assemble into a small battle array formation still had not taken action against him, Wyatt's mind entertained a silly idea that if he did not take action against them and ignored them, the undead demigod would leave him alone and begin to assemble into a joint battle array formation prioritizing their master's command? However, Wyatt was dead wrong. Soon, all the small battle array formations turned to face him and the dozen undead demigods within each battle formation summoned their grimoires. Seeing Wyatt not take action and learning that their fellow undead demigods were close to assembling into small battle array formations the ones to assemble first did not take action and waited for them to assemble because they did not want their fight with Wyatt to delay a sure thing. Now that they all have assembled into to small battle array formation, they prepared to rid of him before moving on to assemble into a joint battle array formation. Looking at the undead locking on to him and summoning their grimoire, Wyatt shook his head helplessly knowing that he had no choice but to run. If only he had another fifty seconds at his hands, alas, it seems he might have won the battle but the undead won the war.

"You dumbass, are you going to take action this life or are you just going to watch them kill him?" Henricks yelled at Ransom in distress and panic seeing that the undead summoned their grimoires in preparation to attack Wyatt. "Sssh, for goodness sake shut the fuck up old man, don't break my concentration. If you ruin my good thing don't blame me for being impolite," Ransom thundered at Henricks, causing the latter to fantasize about grabbing Ransom by his collar and beating him into a pulp however he controlled his rage and did not act out his fantasy instead reminded Ransom, "If anything were to happen to the boy your mother will skin us both alive, you know that right? That is if we survive these undead demigods." "Sssh!" Ransom shushed Henricks and ignoring him he continued to focus on Wyatt, waiting for the right moment to make his move. He believed that if he were to help Wyatt when he was the most desperate then his actions would have more impact on Wyatt's mind and heart. He wanted to gain the maximum gratitude from Wyatt for his assistance. In Ransom's mind regardless of Wyatt's achievements, he was still a teenager, so he believed once he saved the latter in the nick of time, Wyatt would be forever grateful to him and do anything to repay him. This was why he waited for the perfect time to make his move. Though Ransom does not believe himself to be as calculative and cunning as his cousin, he thinks he could be calculating and cunning when he wants to.

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## Chapter 2134 Undead Golems

[ 1,019 words ]

### Chapter 2134 Undead Golems

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:56

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Celestial Mystic Dimension

While Ransom was waiting for the perfect time to make his move, the undead demigods in the formation summoning their grimoire did not immediately attack Wyatt instead began to make preparations while locking on to Wyatt. Causing Wyatt to wonder, if the undead demigods were not sure about facing him even though they were assembled into small battle array formations.

It was possible after all, that Wyatt was in an energy body form. There weren't many cards or abilities that could harm an energy body. Not to mention an energy body enhanced by celestial force. Normal attacks no matter the power, couldn't really harm Wyatt in his current form. Even many attacks meant to harm energy bodies might not be able to harm Wyatt because of the celestial force enhancing his body.

If they wanted to deal with Wyatt, then they would have to come up with unconventional attack methods. They could enhance their attacks with celestial force too just like Wyatt but there was no way the world would lend them celestial force.

So, the situation wasn't as dire as Wyatt had initially thought. By assembling into small battle array formations, all the undead demigods managed to achieve was grow strong enough to not be killed by Wyatt. In a way, both Wyatt and the undead demigods were in a stalemate. Neither could kill the other for now.

'It seems I overestimated them,' Wyatt thought, seeing that undead demigods did not attack but were busy making other preparations. He felt stalling for another 50 seconds would not be a problem if this continued.

Wyatt could not help but compliment his judgment for choosing the SSS-rank burning blood curse as the blood curse to enter the blood curse incarnation from. If he had used

any other blood curse then he would be in deep trouble now. Fortunately, he was aware the blood curses were useless against the undead so he chose a blood curse that would enhance his strength, ultimately choosing the burning blood curse.

Even in self-enhancing blood curses, many blood curses would not have been as useful to Wyatt in his current situation as the burning blood curse was right now. After all, it was his cursed blood flame from kept him alive despite things not going according to his plan. Wyatt also believed apart from his judgment, his luck also played a part in it, after all, there were many formidable blood curses out there to strengthen oneself. For Wyatt to choose the SSS-rank burning blood curse out of all of them indeed had a little element of luck to it.

Wyatt doesn't like to depend on luck, however, how could he be disappointed when things ultimately worked out in his favor? Who doesn't like a little surprise in their life? Wyatt would always welcome such surprises but not the ones in the case of the natural nodes.

To think the network of natural nodes would go out of their way to help him set up a stable pseudo-natural array formation instead of forming an unstable one was beyond Wyatt's calculations. As they say, 'If the foundations were solid it is hard for things to go wrong as we progress.' Similarly, the arrangement of the network of natural nodes established by Wyatt was too excellent as such instead of using the cursed blood flame to form an unstable array formation they accumulated it to form a stable array formation.

However, just when Wyatt was relaxing thinking that he had won the war, the undead demigods changed the tides of the war once again as their preparations were completed.

"...Undead Golem!" all the small battle array formations finished their preparations to face Wyatt with a loud chant.

Soon the dozen undead demigods in a small battle array formation melted into to dreadful black water forming a pool of dark water. The dark water pool seemed to be boiling as time again bubbles would form in it only to burst open releasing toxic gases.

Seeing this, Wyatt frowned and signed internally, 'I cannot catch a break, can I?' He realized he was too quick to jump to a conclusion, the undead demigods were really not to be underestimated. Even though their sentience was suppressed, their sense of judgment continued to surprise Wyatt.

'Forty more seconds, just give me forty more seconds!' Wyatt prayed. He knew he was asking for a lot but couldn't help it as he felt that it would be shameful for him to run when he made the bold claim to kill all seven hundred of the undead demigods by himself.



At Wyatt's current power levels, even a fraction of a second was too long let alone a full forty seconds, by that time undead would be done with him and be in their final steps to assemble a joint battle array formation.

"Undead Golems!" both Ransom and Henricks exclaimed in unison as they saw the boiling dark water pool reassemble into a hugged monstrosity with its body covered in twelve heads. The mouths of these heads remained ajar releasing toxic gas into the surroundings covering the huge body of the undead golem in a thick veil of toxic mist. Their eyes wandered giving the undead golems a complete 720-degree view, making sure that attack from any angle would not catch them by surprise.

"This is bad, undead demigods were tough to deal with but these undead golems made from undead demigods are impossible to deal with!" Henricks blurted seeing the huge monstrosities covered in a veil of toxic mist constantly scanning their surroundings with twelve pairs of eyes.

He then turned to look at Ransom and said, "This is all because of you, you stubborn dumbass."

"..." Ransom did not argue as these undead golems made from dozen undead demigods and small battle array formation were indeed formidable, even his mother would break a sweat just fighting one of them not to mention a two and a half dozen of them.

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## Chapter 2135 Army Of Undead Golems

[ 1,024 words ]

### **Chapter 2135 Army Of Undead Golems**

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:56

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Celestial Mystic Dimension

'Oh, shit!' Wyatt who was counting every passing second cursed in his mind seeing the undead demigods that had assembled in a small battle array formation make use of their cards to fuse into an undead golem. What was worse was that the toxic gas released by the ajar mouths of the undead demigods' heads on the undead golems' bodies was extinguishing his cursed blood flame when they came into contact. The thick veil of toxic mist covering the undead golems was protecting them from Wyatt's cursed blood flames by extinguishing them. It appears thanks to the small battle array formation and their undead golem form, the power of the toxin within the undead demigods has increased by several folds. It was now strong enough to extinguish Wyatt's cursed blood flame when in contact. Thus, undead golems now had a way to harm Wyatt's energy body and kill him. Honestly, Wyatt was impressed by this move of the undead demigods, because they had used the small battle array formation to increase their coordination when they fuse into a single undead golem. This way the resulting undead golem wasn't slow and dull instead was an unstoppable war machine with unprecedented reflexes and agility. Not to mention the boost their other attributes gained just like their coordination and toxins. An undead golem made from a dozen undead demigods that had assembled into a small battle array formation was already formidable, so Wyatt could not help but shudder with horror imagining the resulting undead golem for seven hundred undead demigods that had assembled into a battle array formation. Now a monstrosity like that would definitely give Field Marshal Heatsend the run for her money. 'This is bad,' Wyatt said in distress, seeing that even when his cursed blood flame when enhanced by celestial force could only resist the toxic mist of the undead for another second before they ultimately were extinguished. He honestly did not expect the undead demigods to come up with a power strong enough to overpower his celestial force. Well, that wasn't unexpected, considering Wyatt was just a toddler when it came to his celestial powers. His celestial force was still weak. After all, the celestial force of a newborn celestial would not be as strong as the celestial force of an older celestial. It also that the undead golems were very strong. Their power was now was lot stronger than the strength of the twelve undead demigods, they could them with their sheer strength without having to depend on their toxins and other abilities. Though the undead demigods were formed from a dozen undead demigods that were assembled in a small battle array formation, their power level was several folds greater than a small battle array formation formed by a dozen undead demigods. The strength of their toxin mist alone could melt the undead demigods into goo under a second. The degree of the power these undead golems had was unprecedented, which was why Wyatt was seriously impressed by the undead demigods' tactics to assemble into a small battle array formation before fusing into an undead golem. They not only managed to remove the shortcomings of the undead golem but increase its power by several folds. What was more amazing was that these two and a half dozen undead golems could assemble into a battle array formation and then fuse into a bigger and meaner-looking undead golem. Even though the resulting undead golem was not formed by seven hundred undead demigods but half of that number, it would still be powerful enough to kick some Field Marshal butt. Seeing how the undead demigods were being used by Karl, Wyatt now understood why the masters were so confident about using the undead demigods to raid the unranked dungeons that had been sealed for several centuries. Considering the huge number of undead

demigods the masters had Karl cultivate, Wyatt realized that with that numbers it would not be hard for masters to create an army of undead golems that were stronger and more versatile than Field Marshal Heatsend. Just the thought of commanding an army of undead golems stronger than one of the top ten strongest card apprentices in the world gave Wyatt chills down his spine. With such an army under their control no wonder the Masters dared to raid an unranked dungeon that has been sealed for centuries. If not for Karl's betrayal the master might really have succeeded in raiding the unranked dungeon and gotten whatever it was that they sought within it. Now Wyatt was starting to understand why Karl got the central, western, and eastern regions when Matron only got northern and southern regions while the Emissary of the Light was stuck with the empire. In this Darwinian world, the strongest gets the biggest piece of the cake with the most cherry on it. However, this also made Wyatt wonder what made Karl stop with just the three regions and why he did not infringe on the Matron and Emissary of the Light's territory after he got wanted with their help. Wyatt strongly believed there was no honor among thieves. Therefore he found it hard to believe that Karl would keep his promise after the Matron and Emissary of Light helped him kill the masters. Considering that the Supreme leader was the strongest of the three mischiefs and had the strongest army at his disposal Wyatt did not believe Karl would just abide by their agreements and oaths. He must have been greedy for more, he must have thought of various ways to get what he desired and satisfy his greed. So, what stopped him? Was it Aba Windsor? Did she kill them before he could act on his greed? According to the Clown Mask's memories, the three mischiefs were allied on the surface but underneath it all, they were never harmonious. There were always small conflicts between them but before they could spark into something bigger Aba Windsor rained down her justice onto them.

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## Chapter 2136 Ransom's Unique Eyes

[ 1,053 words ]

### **Chapter 2136 Ransom's Unique Eyes**

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:56

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Celestial Mystic Dimension

"The undead golems' toxic mist is too strong they are even eroding the celestial force. Wyatt's cursed blood flame doesn't stand a chance against their toxins. We have to do something," Henricks said staring at the two and half dozen grotesque undead golems surrounding Wyatt. Their bodies' toxic mist formed a circle around him, containing his cursed blood flames. It seems the undead golems planned to contain Wyatt's huge flame tornado form by forming a toxic mist orb combining their toxic mist. Then smother Wyatt's cursed blood flame from within using their toxic mist. This way they would be able to ensure that they have killed every last bit of Wyatt's energy body and not let a tiny part of him escape and let him live. The undead demigods were really not to be underestimated. Even with their sentience suppressed they still figured out a way to completely kill Wyatt's energy body without leaving any future troubles to complete their masters to assemble into a battle array formation and kill everything in their sight. "Hang on, it is still not the time yet," Ransom said as his eyes stared at Wyatt's face trying to make out his every micro-expression. Just like Henricks he too wanted to immediately rush to Wyatt's rescue but seeing his expressionless face in the face of the undead golems and their deadly toxic mist, Ransom held back believing Wyatt had an ace up his sleeve that he had yet to use. Otherwise, there was no reason for Wyatt to appear so indifferent to the threat of the undead golems. After all, he and Henricks were shitting their pants even though the undead golems were ignoring them. Since Wyatt did not appear to be in need of help, Ransom whose heart yelled to go to the former's rescue immediately listened to the mind that warned him that helping someone when they did not need it would not garner any gratitude. Hence, he continued to wait for the perfect. "Are you fucking with me right now? When will it be the right time? When the fucking toxic mist of the undead golems' smother the boy's energy body into nothingness," Henricks lost his calm, and his language took a turn for the worse. If not for Henricks requiring the assistance of Ransom to help rescue Wyatt from the undead golems surrounding him, he would have beaten Ransom to a pulp without fearing for Field Marshal Heatsend settling the score because he believed if the Field Marshal learned why he beat Ransom, she would forgive him for beating her beloved youngest half dead. "Shut up, you old fool. What are you getting excited about when the one in actual trouble is indifferent to his situation and surroundings? Clearly, the boy has something up his sleeves giving him the confidence in face of death otherwise he would not be so calm right now," Ransom informed his speculation to Henricks. Listening to Ransom's words, Henricks wondered if the former was still drunk and asked, "You dimwit, how the fuck can you tell that from here in an isolated space? I have faced that boy on many occasions, I was a few feet away from his face yet I could not tell what was going on in his mind. What makes you think that you can tell what's going on in his head from here? Not to mention, he is not even human right now. He is a humanoid flame, how the fuck do you read the expression of a flame?" "... " Ransom's mouth twitched in irritation. Like his mother Ransom too had a pair of unique eyes. However, unlike his mother's mighty unique eyes, his weren't that powerful. Hence, they were not as renowned as his mother's unique eyes so most people forget that he too had a unique pair of eyes. Though they were not capable of extraordinary things like his mother's unique eyes they gave Ransom a very sharp and intuitive sight. Allowing him to see many things that regular card apprentices could not. For example, the card apprentices think all the monsters and beasts of a single race look the same as they cannot differentiate them

from one another. However, Ransom's eyes allow him to see them as different individuals with just a glance. The limit of his unique eyes did not end there, his eyes allowed him to observe the minute changes in things not just beings, and tell the direction of their motion, the magnitude of force applied, the probable displacement, etc. Ransom could observe these minute changes in someone or something and predict their course of action. Though at the initial stage, there was a lot of error margin but with practice Ransom had managed to reduce the error margin and adapt this into his fighting style. Hence, earning him the position of the team leader of the rescue team that fixes things when things go horribly wrong. The use of his unique eyes doesn't end there, he has been able to incorporate them into his array mastery allowing him to considerably shorten the time it took him to set up array formation. The same went for card creation, his eyes allowed him to increase the success rate of his card creation by several folds. However, the most useful thing about his unique eyes Ransom felt was that if he focused enough could observe a person's soul through their eyes. More like reading their thoughts and emotions at that moment or regarding something. This even came very handy in combat as it allowed him to learn his opponent's feints and attacks. Not to mention their obvious advantage against deceptive abilities like illusion, etc. Overall, Ransom's unique eyes were a great support ability that had made his life a lot easier. Though his unique eyes failed to read Wyatt's soul through his eyes for some unknown reason he was still able to read Wyatt's thoughts and emotional state through his expression even in his humanoid flame form. This was why he knew Wyatt was not really worried even though he was surrounded by the undead golems' deadly mist that was trying to smother him to death.

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## Chapter 2137 Wyatt's Ace?

[ 1,022 words ]

### **Chapter 2137 Wyatt's Ace?**

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:56

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Celestial Mystic Dimension



Ransom was not surprised that he was not able to use his unique eyes to read Wyatt's soul because it had happened before too. He had come across many individuals on whom his unique eyes did not work. All of these people were extraordinary individuals. His uncle the Southern Ruler, his mother, his daughter Luna, his unrequited love: the City lord Malvin, his cousin Southern Princess, etc were a few of them. He believed these people had stronger souls than average people so he could not use his unique eyes to read their souls. Fortunately, his wife wasn't one of them otherwise he would never have realized that she genuinely loved him and instead have ended up pushing her away thinking she was just with him for his status. He was a lucky person to get such a loving wife but unfortunately, his heart longed for the Ex-General and current Border City City Lord. The heart wants what it wants but he never wronged his loving wife. However, lately, it was getting difficult for him to do so with her twisted demands in the bedroom. Anyhow, even though he was unable to read Wyatt's soul with his unique eyes, he's eyes were able to observe his micro-expressions and speculate his current state of mind and emotional state. With his years of experience in using his unique eyes to see through people, Ransom strongly believed his speculations were right. Right now his years of experience told them that Wyatt had the situation under control. His observation yelled at him that even though Wyatt was being outnumbered by the undead golems and their deadly toxic mist was smothering his flames, he knew what he was doing, had a game plan in place, and was confident about turning the tides of the battle. Seeing that Wyatt did not appear to need any external help Ransom who was planning to make his entry in the nick of time and rescue Wyatt to make him eternally grateful to him knew this was not the time for him to make his entry. Once whatever ace Wyatt was hiding up his sleeves failed and despaired, he would go to his rescue and become his benefactor earning Wyatt's genuine gratitude. While Ransom was engaged in his fantasies Henrick glared at him and clicked his tongue in annoyance. Without his origin card, Ransom was a troublesome enemy to deal with for Hernicks that too in close quarters. So, he really hoped that Wyatt had a hidden trump card to turn the tides as Ransom speculated. Otherwise, by that time it would be too late for any of them to do something. Ransom ignored Henricks's glare and continued to focus on Wyatt, this time however he did not do it to find the perfect moment to rescue Wyatt but he did so because he was curious about what gave Wyatt the confidence that even when facing two and a half dozen undead golems he would still manage to come out on top. By now everyone knew Wyatt was full of tricks, over time he had managed to make many miraculous comebacks. Wyatt faking his death to fool his opponents was one of them. Therefore, Ransom was wondering how Wyatt planned to deal with his one. Even if Wyatt did not manage to win the battle, he would consider it as Wyatt's win if he managed to survive facing two and a half dozen undead golems. Right now Ransom was like an interested viewer sticking their eyes to the television to see how the protagonist would survive the near-impossible situation. With the kind of unique eyes Ransom had, it wasn't surprising that he had developed some unique fetishes related to it. Ransom would not admit this but the feeling of observing people from afar and reading their thoughts and emotions as they tried to overcome the adversaries in their lives made him feel like an omnipotent being that stood above all. However, he would never step up to help them and be satisfied from watching them from afar regardless of whether they overcame their adversaries. His thought process was simple, 'If you ever

come across an ant struggling to carry a grain of sugar to its hole, would you help it? Even though seeing their persistence is amusing, you would not.'

Seeing Wyatt face nearly two and a half dozen undead golems all alone was now bringing out his old fetishes. Ransom was so stoked and excited right now, if not for Henricks being next to him, only he knows how he would have relieved his excitement.

Henricks who was time and again glaring at Ransom noticed the latter's change in emotion and mental state with his intent sense. Ransom was skilled in hiding his emotions but Henricks too was not to be underestimated. Henricks did not doubt Ransom's intentions, instead, he felt that the latter was excited because he knew something he did not know. So, he could not help but wonder if Wyatt still had the capital to change the tide of the battle and come out on top. Therefore, he too focused all his attention on Wyatt. 'It seems this going to be a battle of iteration,' Wyatt thought as he watched the undead golems come together and imprison him in a toxic mist orb, which slowly grew smaller while smothering his flames. At this rate in another ten seconds, the undead's mist would fully extinguish his flames and whip out his flame-energy body.

However, Wyatt did not give up and was still very optimistic about his situation just like how Ransom speculated. Though Ransom thought Wyatt had an ace up his sleeve that was not the case. Wyatt was confident in his abilities. He believed they would help him buy the time he needed and even if they failed him he would still manage to survive no matter what. Hence, his confidence and indifference while facing the undead demigods that Ransom read through his unique eyes.ViiSi

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## Chapter 2138 More Power

[ 1,018 words ]

### **Chapter 2138 More Power**

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:56

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Celestial Mystic Dimension

Water can extinguish fire but a cup of water will not be enough to put out a forest fire. This was why Wyatt thought that his battle with the undead golems was a battle of iteration. Yes, the undead golem's deadly toxic mist was able to smother Wyatt's flames, even when enhanced by the celestial force. But that did not mean Wyatt lost. As long as Wyatt was able to produce more flames than the toxic mist of the undead golems could put out it was impossible for the undead to extinguish his flame body. Wyatt trying to produce more flame than the toxic mist two-and-a-half undead golems could produce, that too while feeding the network of natural nodes, was a bit unrealistic but time was on Wyatt's side. Wyatt did not need to produce more flame than the combined toxic mist produced by two-and-a-half undead golems he just needed to produce enough flames to buy himself the time required to feed the network of natural nodes beyond their limit such that they would explode killing everything in its vicinity. Now the question was if Wyatt had what it to do not only produce enough flames to feed the network of natural nodes beyond their limit and keep the undead golem's toxic mist at bay long for the network of natural nodes to explode. This was why Wyatt said it was going to be a battle of iteration. While Wyatt went all out on producing flames to feed the network of natural nodes and keep the toxic mist at bay, the Hive AI reported to him that he would have to reduce the amount of flame he was feeding to the network of natural nodes to able to have enough flames to keep the toxic mist at bay. However, if Wyatt were to follow Hive AI's recommended change to his plan and decrease the amount of flames he was feeding the network of natural nodes it would take longer for him to feed the network of natural nodes beyond their limit. Which would mean that he would have to face the undead golems longer. At their current level, a fraction second was enough to kill one another, so extending his confrontation by several seconds did not sit right with Wyatt. Though for now, it seemed like the only way the undead golems could deal with Wyatt's energy body was their toxic mist despite their immense power, Wyatt did not know if they were hiding other attacks up their sleeves. If they catch on to what Wyatt was secretly up to then the situation might change for the worse as the undead demigods forming the undead golems might take drastic steps to stop Wyatt from completing his nefarious plan to get rid of them.

Therefore, Wyatt was hesitant about extending the time it to get the network of natural nodes to explode by a few more seconds. It was already a miracle that the undead did not catch on to what he was up to yet, he did not want to increase his odds by extending his plan by several seconds. However, if he did not follow the Hive AI's calculations to dot then he might be smothered by the toxic mist before he manages to get the network of natural nodes to explode. Wyatt was in a bind here, so for now, Wyatt decided to follow Hive AI's arrangement but he did not give up and kept contemplating a way for him to increase the out-of the cursed blood flames he could produce. This way he would not have to extend his game plan by several seconds. If he were able to think of a way to increase the out of the flames he could produce he might be able to continue with his original timeline for his game plan. Increasing the output of his flame would not decrease the timeline for his game plan because there was a limit to how many flames he could feed to the network of natural nodes at a time. It would be a different story if he fed them individually but for the sake of the health of the network connecting these natural nodes he had to follow the recommended limit otherwise the network would

snap and Wyatt would have to restart it all over from the start. Soon Wyatt's mind ran trying to think of a way to increase the amount of flames he could produce. His normal knowledge of flames was of no use here as the cursed blood flame did not burn like normal fire, its fuel was blood and blood rule power. That meant that to increase the amount of flames he produced he would have to increase the amount of blood rule power. However, he was already procuring the blood rule power from the spiritual plane to limit what his current power level allowed. So, if he wanted to increase the amount of the blood rule power he got from the spiritual plane then he would have to increase his current power level. The answer to Wyatt's current dilemma was more power. However, that was not possible as Wyatt was already at his limit. Not to mention considering he was in the middle of a standoff he did not have the luxury to get distracted and focus on powering up. Wyatt was helpless realizing that Hive AI's calculations were accurate, he had no choice but to decrease the amount of flames he fed to the network of natural nodes to see through his game plan even if its timeline was increased by a few more seconds. Just as Wyatt was about to give up, he realized that he was not alone, he had the Card world's blood rule stream supporting him. So, he immediately mimicked the vibrations that Bloodette produced while contacting with the Card world's blood rule stream hoping that it would be willing to help him. Wyatt was optimistic about this.

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## Chapter 2139 Dominate Rule

[ 1,523 words ]

### **Chapter 2139 Dominate Rule**

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:56

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Celestial Mystic Dimension

What Wyatt needed most right now was more blood rule power to produce more cursed blood flame such that he could keep the toxic mist at bay without having to reduce the amount of flame he could feed to the network of natural nodes. However, Wyatt was producing the maximum cursed blood flame using the maximum amount of blood rule power his current power level allowed him to procure from the spiritual plane. Considering his current circumstances Wyatt did not have the luxury to be distracted

even for a second, let alone try to increase his power level mid-confrontation. Even if he were able to do so, Wyatt wasn't sure he would be able to gain enough boost to his power level to meet the requirement of the blood rule power he needed to keep the toxic mist at bay without having to reduce the amount of flame he could feed to the network of natural nodes. Just when Wyatt was helpless and had no choice but to opt for the way out presented by Hive AI, Wyatt found the one variable that the Hive AI failed to take into account during its calculation of the Card world's Blood Rule Stream. The Card world's Blood Rule Stream was the source of Wyatt's blood rule power in the spiritual plane. If he managed to get it to help him then he would not only be able to get enough blood rule power to keep the toxic mist at bay without having to reduce the amount of flame he could feed to the network of natural nodes beyond but to overpower the toxic mist. Was it possible for Wyatt's cursed blood flame to overpower the deadly toxic mist produced by two and a half dozen undead golems when the toxic mist could extinguish his flames when in contact? By himself, no. But if he had the full support of the Card world's Blood Rule Stream, then yes. Because then Wyatt would be able to produce ten times or even more cursed blood flame than the toxic mist produced by the undead golems. By then it would be undead golems panicking trying to produce enough toxic mist to keep Wyatt's cursed blood flame. It was similar to how one fire truck was not enough to put out a wildfire. However, the question was, will the Card world's Blood Rule Stream help Wyatt again when he had yet to fulfill his previous promise to it?

The deal between Wyatt and the Card World's Blood Rule Stream was that it would help him contain the power of the SSS-rank blood curse when he uses it to enter blood curse incarnation form during his confrontation with the kids from the southern capital in return for him delivering its message to Bloodette and Cortney. The Card world's Blood rule stream has not only held up its end of the bargain but also went out of its way to help Wyatt contain the power of his SSS-rank blood curse the second time he entered the blood curse incarnation form even though Wyatt had yet to complete his end of the deal. Now asking for its help again without delivering on his part of the deal would be shameless on Wyatt's part. However, Wyatt did not let the shame stop him from asking the Card world's blood rule stream for help. He made use of the vibrations he had recorded from Bloodette's soul pathways when she contacted the Card world's blood rule stream and begged for a bailout. Yes, a bailout. That was what Wyatt shamelessly called it and he was very optimistic about it when he approached the blood rule stream for a bailout.

He planned to persuade the blood rule stream to help him by claiming that if he were to die here he would not be able to deliver its message to Bloodette and Cortney. So, if it wanted him to deliver its message to Bloodette and Cortney, then it would have to bail him out of his situation by providing him the blood rule power he needed to keep the toxic mist at bay without having to reduce the amount of flame he could feed to the network of natural nodes beyond their limit. Even though he couldn't die from the undead golems' toxic mist because of Calamity Soul Gem and the privilege from Devil merchant code, the blood rule stream did not know that nor did anyone else. His did not burden Wyatt's conscience. He believed he was just taking advantage of his situation to teach the blood rule stream about capitalism. However, Wyatt planned to stay moderate



with his approach because he wanted to maintain a good relationship with the blood rule stream such that he could continue to rely on the blood rule stream as his backer in the Card world. With it on his side, Wyatt believed it would be impossible for him to face defeat in the Card world. Though he could never be the same as Bloodette or Cortney for the blood rule stream, he wanted to maintain a relationship of exchange with it. This time he was acting as its messenger in return for its help, next time he could offer it some other services. Even if the blood rule stream did not need his services anymore would find something it could not refuse. This might be the only relationship where Wyatt would have to go above and beyond to make it work and sustain, after all, he needed the blood rule stream more than it needed him. When Wyatt's physical body concentrated all its strength and power to work at full throttle to produce enough flames to feed the network of natural nodes and keep the toxic gases at bay his spiritual body in the spiritual plan vibrated mimicking the vibrations that Bloodette made while contacting the blood rule stream of the Card world.

After breaking the limits of his mortal synchronization rate Wyatt not only gained celestial powers but like the celestials he too was able to exist in both spiritual and physical planes simultaneously. Which came in very handy right now as he was able to use his spiritual body to contact the blood rule stream in the spiritual plane while his physical body fought in the physical plane. Because of his previous deal with the blood rule stream, Wyatt did not have any difficulty contacting it. He did not waste time and immediately mentioned his dire situation to the blood rule stream and begged for its help. However, to his surprise, the blood rule stream neither agreed nor denied and it heard him out till the end. Wyatt did not expect such a reaction from the blood rule stream. He believed if it was willing to respond to his attempts to contact it, it would more likely agree to bail him out of his situation, or on the off chance that it refused to bail him out then he had prepared a contingency for it too. However, he never expected it to not express its opinion to his pleas. If it did not plan to respond to his pleas then why did it even answer his call? Wyatt's years of experience told him that the blood rule stream was prepared to bail him out but he was not speaking the right words. He speculated that the blood rule stream did not want to bail him out for nothing. It had already helped him out once before to make sure he could pay his debt to it. Now that he was back at its door begging for a bailout, it no longer saw him as a potential stock but saw him as a liability, a bottomless pit of debt. Therefore, it wasn't willing to help him. However, since it still showed up when he tried to contact it then it meant that the bridge was not entirely burnt yet. If Wyatt showed that he was still an asset and not a liability then it might continue to offer him its assistance. This was what Wyatt learned from the blood rule stream's silence. Wyatt has been in enough negotiations to know what the blood rule stream's silence meant. Therefore, he was a little taken aback that a higher power like the blood rule stream would have such thoughts. However, from what he learned about the celestials in the infinity library, he knew that a realm gets shaped by the dominant rules of that realm. The dominant rules of the realm determine that realm's terrains, its flora, its fauna, its evolutions, etc. The stronger a rule's stream the more dominate their influence was in shaping their realm. This was to say that the rule streams of the realms have a hardcore competition among themselves. Even though everything in the realm was in harmony contrary to that many believed that the rules of

realm had a deep seeded competition among themselves to increase their influence in their realm.

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## Chapter 2140 Blood Rule Stream's Purpose

[ 1,558 words ]

### Chapter 2140 Blood Rule Stream's Purpose

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:56

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Celestial Mystic Dimension

From the environment of the Card World, it was clear that the four rules water, fire, wind, and land were the most dominant rules in it. These four rules have molded the foundation of the current card world. Making their influence on the Card world's ecosystem most dominant. Without them, the current Card world would not be possible, therefore they were also called the four basic rules of the Card world. This may also be why it was more like for the card apprentices to have an affinity for these four rules. The other rules could not even compare to these basic rules, they could only fill the gaps left by these four rules to complete the harmonious environment the Card world has today. This did not mean that the other rule had given up on trying to increase their presence and influence in the card world, creating competition among the rules of the realm to gain dominance. Before talking about the competition among the rules of a realm, one needed to understand what the rule streams of a realm were. If they were something comprehended by the realm how come they can compete among them selfs for dominance? Shouldn't it be the realm's decision to comprehend which rule will dominate and influence its environment the most? Actually, the process of rule comprehension by a realm's will from the rule source was no different from the process of rule comprehension by mortals from their realm's will. The only difference was that realms comprehended rules directly from the original rule source while the mortals comprehended rules from the copy of rules that their realm had comprehended. Why can't the mortals comprehend the rules directly from the rule source like the realms they live in? The celestials can directly sense the rule source as they grow while the mortals cannot sense the rules of their realm without creating an ego gem or something similar

let alone sensing the rule source. However, if one day the mortal manages to increase their affinity to a particular rule high enough, they can sense the rule source of that particular rule. Coming back to understanding the rule streams of the realm. When one comprehends three meanings of the rule to ultimate mastery and understanding, the three ultimate meanings of the rule come together to form a rule stream. This was true for both the realms and mortals. However, unlike realms that can continue to add more meanings to the rule stream the mortals would have to high affinity with the rule to do the same or rely on external factors such as realm will fragments, pixie dust, etc. If the rule streams were something the realm comprehended then how do they compete against each other? When the realms comprehend a certain rule from the rule source to a certain point after creating a rule stream, it begins to awaken a sentient consciousness of its own. Such that even if the realm was focusing on other rules comprehension these rule streams could continue to grow with the help of their spirit. It's like idle comprehension. That was to say if one were to achieve a certain level of comprehension into a rule they would be able to comprehend the rule idly without even trying. Though trying might increase the speed of the comprehension. Well, this was a perk only enjoyed by the celestials as apart from them they were no known beings that were known to have such a high synchronous rate since birth. Wyatt had no idea at what point the rule stream of the realm began to develop sentient consciousness of its own because the books in the infinity library too were not clear on this. However, the books did mention that the purpose of these sentient consciousnesses of the rule stream was to increase comprehension of the realm into their rule directly increasing their dominance in their realm by increasing their realm's comprehension of them. The higher the comprehension of a realm in a rule, that rule would have the higher the influence in the realm's environment. Therefore, the rule streams do their best to increase the comprehension of the realm in them. Leading to a competing environment between the different rules of a realm in the spiritual plain despite their harmonious existence in the physical plain as the realm's environment. This was to say even though the rule streams like the blood rule stream were higher power beyond a mere mortal's comprehension, they too had their agenda and would do anything to achieve their purpose. Wyatt believed the Supreme beings of the Card world somehow played a role in the rule stream's sentient consciousness's only purpose otherwise the blood rule stream would not waste its time negotiating with a mortal to help Bloodette. However, the question now was what did the blood rule stream want from him or what could he offer to it or its help? Wyatt could not think of anything that he could offer the blood rule stream. It was a higher power beyond his comprehension for goodness sake. If not for the books in the infinity library, he would not even know what the silence of the blood rule stream meant as he would be under the impression that a high power like the blood rule stream did not have demands. Now that he knew that the blood rule stream also was moving with its own agenda, Wyatt could not think of anything that he could offer to a higher power like the blood rule stream. Previously, he was lucky that the blood rule stream needed his help but now he had nothing to offer not to mention he had yet to complete his previous promise to the blood rule stream. Wyatt who was optimistic about asking for help from the blood rule stream was now no longer optimistic but thought it was a bad idea as this incident would sour his relationship with the blood rule stream if he was unable to come up with something that would please the blood rule stream and

gain its help. Now Wyatt regretted shamelessly reaching out to the blood rule stream for a bail-out even though the situation wasn't that dire. He had underestimated the blood rule stream as a generous higher power that would help out its children but it turns out it too only worked for the sake of its purpose and wasn't generous at all. This was why Wyatt believed that the blood rule stream stood to gain something by cultivating Bloodette and helping her break free from her dungeon seal. If only he knew what it was then he could think of using it now in the negotiation. But he did not so, he had to come up with something else. Only by showing the blood rule stream that it would not stand to make a loss by trading with him could Wyatt continue to maintain a trade relation with it. If Wyatt wanted to be invincible in the card world then he needed this trade channel with the blood rule stream. With it backing him, he would basically be undefeatable in the card world. Such that he would not have to fear about Belphegor and the other Princes of his faction showing up in the card world to kill him. This way the Card world would truly become his safe haven in the myriad realms.

Since this transaction was so important, Wyatt's mind ran at full speed thinking of something the blood rule stream would want. Since its only purpose was to increase the realm's comprehension of the blood rule Wyatt believed he should think of ways he could help the blood rule stream with it. However, that was easier said than done as he still depended on the realm for his rule comprehension while the blood rule stream comprehended rules from the rule source. When he was struggling to comprehend rules from the realm how could he help the blood rule stream to increase the Card world's comprehension of blood rule?

Maybe he could find the answers in the infinity library but right now he was in no position or had the leisure to access the infinity library and read books. That would be contrary to the point of why he decided to beg the blood rule stream to bail him out. He only did so to save time. Therefore, Wyatt immediately rejected that idea.

Just then he recalled about the blood rule slave core, it was something from the blood rule source. Wyatt felt that the blood rule stream that comprehended blood rule from the blood rule source might be interested in it. But the question was if it was enough payment to beg for its help or too high of payment for its services. Wyatt did not let his inability to determine the value of the blood rule slave core to the blood rule stream hold him back and waste time, instead, he decisively offered it to the blood rule stream saying, "Help me and the blood rule slave core I have is yours." Hoping that it wasn't of no value for the blood rule stream.

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# Chapter 2141 Turning Tides

[ 1,529 words ]

## Chapter 2141 Turning Tides

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:56

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Celestial Mystic Dimension

Wyatt who was worried that the blood rule slave core might not be attractive for the Card world's blood rule stream to act and help him, felt a sudden rush of blood rule power within his spiritual channel from the spiritual plane. Feeling the abundant blood rule power flowing into him Wyatt understood that the blood rule stream was pleased with his offering. Knowing this Wyatt felt a little bit of regret, had he known that the blood rule slave cores would be valued by the blood rule stream he would have asked the Elder Anesthesia Dragon to collect a few more of these cores for him. Well, he still could visit the blood rule source anytime he wanted. He only hoped that regardless of who won between the deviant devil and celestial blood rule slave they left behind the blood rule slave cores of the blood rule slaves that were unfortunate enough to be caught in their battle and die a vain death. The battle between Elder Anesthesia Dragon and the Devian devil attracted a lot of blood rule slaves and killed a lot in the process. The same went for the battle of Deviant Devil vs Celestial Blood rule slave. If the winner of the battle was generous enough not to spare attention to the core of the blood rules slaves kill during their battle, then Wyatt would make a killing as such he was more enthused about returning to the blood rule source. He was looking forward to see if he could hit the jackpot. With that amount of blood rule slave cores at this disposal, Wyatt would become invincible in the Card world. He would be able to use them to gain protection and cooperation from the blood rule stream. But the most important thing he could gain here was not the protection and cooperation of the blood rule stream but its help in forming his own blood rule stream. After all, he was one blood rule meaning away from forming his own blood rule stream. Normally, a card apprentice who has achieved ultimate mastery and understanding of a rule would not be able to create a rule stream because they would not have the necessary synchronous rate or the required affinity with the rule and would have to depend on external means to achieve it. However, Wyatt was different from the other card apprentice. Though he was not sure if his high synchronous rate was enough to create a blood rule stream, he could be considered a newborn celestial, and if that did not help he had Dredre's pixie dust. So Wyatt had great hope about creating his own blood rule stream. However, he did not have a teacher to teach about. Even the Infinity Library did not have many books on creating a rule stream. Those limited books on creating rule streams in the Infinity



library required the highest privilege level to access them. However, if Wyatt were to access them, then he would definitely gain the attention of Librarian Jr. After all, he was the one who made it possible for Dredre to follow him. So, he would immediately relate Wyatt's borrowing these books with Dredre's pixie dust. No that would be a trouble that Wyatt did not want to kick. Therefore, he did not bother to raise his privilege level just to access those books. That would be suspicious as hell and might become the death of him. Unlike Belphegor, Librarian Jr belonged to a Ruler Class faction, the means at his disposal were numerous and each one was unfathomable. Even the Devil Marchant Code catered to their needs. If they wanted to, they would not have a hard time erasing Wyatt from the past, present, and future of the Myriad Realms just like they did with the World Calamity Trees. So, he really did not want to kick up this unnecessary trouble. Therefore, he was excited that he finally found a tone at which he got the Card World's blood rune stream to dance to his will. With the cooperation of the blood rule stream, Wyatt's lack of blood rule power was finally resolved. This newfound ability was a significant breakthrough for him. Now, he could generate enough flames to efficiently feed the network of natural nodes beyond their limits, which was crucial for his game plan to kill the undead. Additionally, he was able to create more flames to gain the upper hand against the toxic mists produced by the two-and-a-half undead. Rather than just holding them at bay, Wyatt could now overpower these noxious mists, ensuring that the undead threat was kept under control. This development marked a turning point in Wyatt's struggle, providing him with a much-needed advantage.

Soon, the orb of toxic mist, which had been shrinking as it extinguished the flames trapped within it, began to show red cracks. This was because the flames were growing faster than the mist could extinguish them. The undead, realizing their predicament, had no choice but to increase the amount of toxic mist they produced in an attempt to counter Wyatt's flames. They poured their energy into generating more mist, trying to overwhelm the relentless fire. Eventually, they succeeded in creating enough toxic mist to match the intensity of Wyatt's flames, returning the battle to a stalemate. The air was thick with the struggle, as neither side could gain the upper hand. Wyatt and the undead were locked in a fierce and unyielding conflict, each pushing their limits to maintain their ground. The equilibrium of power was delicate, and the outcome remained uncertain as both forces continued their relentless assault.

The two and a half dozen undead were exhausting themselves trying to produce enough toxic mist to counter Wyatt's flames. They had reached their limits, much like Wyatt had earlier. However, unlike Wyatt, they didn't have a powerful ally to turn the situation around. Wyatt had found support and gained an inexhaustible source of power, but the undead had no such advantage. As they strained to keep up with his relentless flames, it became clear that their efforts were unsustainable. Without a backer or any other contingency, the undead would soon be on the brink of collapse, unable to maintain the stalemate much longer.

Unfortunately for the undead, their collapse came sooner than they could realize. Their suppressed sentience delayed their ability to register and process the unfolding situation. Wyatt, however, had no intention of giving them that time. With the backing of

the Card World's blood rule stream, he now had an abundant supply of blood rule power. This newfound strength enabled him to produce limitless cursed blood flames, or at least enough to overwhelm the undead completely. As the undead struggled to comprehend their dire predicament, Wyatt unleashed a relentless torrent of flames. These cursed blood flames surged forth, consuming the toxic mist and pushing the undead to their limits. The imbalance in power became glaringly evident; the undead had no powerful ally to turn the tide in their favor. Wyatt's strategic advantage and unyielding assault left the undead no room to recover. With their suppressed sentience and lack of support, they were swiftly overpowered by Wyatt's unending onslaught of flames.

Slowly, the entire celestial blood curse domain became filled with cursed blood flames. The toxic mist that had previously overpowered the flames was now confined to the immediate surroundings of the undead, forming a shroud of mist to protect them from the relentless torrent of cursed blood flames. The once-dominant toxic mist could no longer spread and dominate the battlefield. Instead, it was reduced to a desperate defense mechanism. The cursed blood flames surged through the domain, overwhelming everything in their path. The undead were left struggling to maintain their protective shroud, as the flames threatened to consume them entirely. The balance of power had decisively shifted in favor of Wyatt and his newfound strength.

With the support of the Card World's blood rule stream, it didn't take long for Wyatt to dominate the battlefield. His newfound power allowed him to generate an overwhelming torrent of cursed blood flames. However, despite their intensity and sheer quantity, his flames couldn't completely defeat the toxic mist of the undead. Instead, they managed to confine the toxic mist to the immediate vicinity of the undead, limiting its spread and influence. The flames created a barrier that kept the undead's toxic mist from spreading further but couldn't entirely eradicate it. Wyatt's strategic advantage was clear, yet the strength of the toxic mist over his cursed blood flames was obvious which meant the battle wasn't fully won.

Knowing that his flames were not a threat to the undeads' toxic mist regardless of their quantity, Wyatt realized he could only rely on the network of natural nodes to defeat them. Despite his ability to confine the mist, only the explosion of the network of natural nodes held the potential to truly end the undead threat. Wyatt turned his focus to leveraging this powerful array formation and winning the battle.

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# Chapter 2142 Ingenious Solution?

[ 1,036 words ]

## Chapter 2142 Ingenious Solution?

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:56

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Celestial Mystic Dimension

"How is he doing it?" Ransom blurted, his voice filled with incredulity as he stared, dumbfounded, at the celestial blood curse domain now engulfed in cursed blood flames. Just moments ago, these flames had been insignificant, easily overpowered by the toxic mist emanating from the two and a half dozen undead. The flames had been relegated to a corner, seemingly on the brink of being snuffed out of existence. Yet, in a dramatic turn of events, the situation had reversed. The flames surged in volume and intensity, pushing back the once-dominant toxic mist to a corner, where it now struggled to shield its undead masters from the raging inferno.

Ransom had always suspected that Wyatt had an ace up his sleeve, a hidden trump card that he would reveal at a critical moment. He had eagerly awaited the spectacle of Wyatt deploying his secret weapon. However, the reality of what unfolded before him was far beyond anything he could have imagined. Despite witnessing the transformation with his own eyes, Ransom found it nearly impossible to accept. The feat that Wyatt had pulled off defied all logic and reason. Wyatt had conjured a greater volume of flames than the toxic mist produced by the two and a half dozen undead golems combined. What made this even more astonishing was the fact that these flames had not only matched but overwhelmed the toxic mist in sheer quantity. The very flames that had seemed so feeble and doomed were now a dominant force, pushing the mist back and threatening the undead's existence. Ransom's mind reeled as he tried to comprehend the magnitude of Wyatt's achievement. How had he done it? What kind of power or strategy had he employed to bring about such a miraculous change in the battlefield's dynamics? The questions swirled in Ransom's head, but answers eluded him. All he knew was that Wyatt had accomplished something extraordinary, something that defied the natural order and shattered the expectations of everyone who had witnessed it.

"I have read about cursed blood flames," Henricks spoke, his voice carrying the weight of his extensive knowledge. "These flames use the user's blood as fuel. However, if the user has mastery over blood rules, specifically the blood curse meaning, they can utilize their blood rule power instead of their actual blood to sustain the flames. For Wyatt to produce such an immense quantity of cursed blood flames, he must have either an

inexhaustible supply of blood or an extraordinary amount of blood rule power. Based on my experience, even your mother or other beings among the top ten strongest in the Card World wouldn't be able to generate this much rule power from the spiritual plane. I've met the one they call the 'The Right Eye Of The Card World,' Louis Forger a.k.a the Miracle, and even she can't produce limitless rule power from the spiritual plane. Perhaps a Supreme Being could achieve this, but for a card apprentice, it should be impossible.

This leaves us with only one plausible explanation: the boy has devised some kind of card that enables him to produce sufficient blood within his body to fuel these flames. However, no matter how many flames he conjures, they shouldn't be able to penetrate the toxic mist shroud of the undead golems," Henricks speculated aloud. His eyes were fixed on the battlefield, observing the transformation with a mix of fascination and skepticism. He noted that while the power of Wyatt's flames remained the same, their quantity had increased to an alarming degree. His observation was precise, but his conclusion was far from the actual truth.

Henricks struggled to reconcile what he knew with what he saw. The cursed blood flames, previously feeble and on the verge of extinction, had grown exponentially. They now dominated the battlefield, forcing the toxic mist to retreat and protect the undead golems. The sheer volume of flames suggested that Wyatt had access to a source of power far beyond what Henricks believed possible for a card apprentice.

As the flames raged on, Henricks couldn't come to terms with what he was seeing. Wyatt's abilities defied conventional understanding. The sheer amount of cursed blood flames produced by Wyatt was unprecedented, and Henricks wrecked his brain trying to understand the secret behind Wyatt's extraordinary display. Finally, using all his years of experience and a little imagination Henricks thought of a possible reason that he could get behind for why Wyatt was able to produce such large amounts of flames that it could overwhelm the combined efforts of two and a half dozen of undead golems. "Fuck! That's just ingenious," Ransom cursed, grasping the implications of Henricks' words. If Henricks' speculation was accurate and Wyatt had indeed created a card to produce an infinite amount of blood in his body to fuel his cursed blood flame, then that would be an incredibly overpowered ability that many would covet. Ransom knew Wyatt was hiding an ace up his sleeves but what he revealed was just too godly. Ransom found himself leaning towards believing Henricks' theory because the person in question was Wyatt. Wyatt's notable achievements were consistently more shocking than the last. He was the genius who created the VR Universe, discovered the Silver Milk Powder, and developed a card with the soul energy digestion effect. Given his track record, Ransom wouldn't be surprised if Wyatt had indeed created a card that allowed him to produce infinite blood, thereby enabling him to generate an endless supply of cursed blood flames.

This potential revelation was staggering. If true, Wyatt's new card would not only make him a formidable opponent but also an invaluable asset or a dangerous threat, depending on one's perspective. The ability to generate infinite cursed blood flames

would change the dynamics of any battle, making Wyatt nearly unstoppable. Ransom knew that such a powerful card would attract immense attention and potentially put Wyatt in great danger, as others would undoubtedly seek to either ally with him or seize the card for themselves. Ransom, himself, wished to have something like that in his arsenal.

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[ 1,007 words ]

## **Chapter 2143 Inevitable**

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:56

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Celestial Mystic Dimension

Henricks' idea of using a blood-producing card to generate limitless cursed blood flame was indeed clever. However, he overlooked two critical factors:

Firstly, even if there existed a card capable of helping a card apprentice produce an infinite amount of blood within their body, the apprentice wouldn't actually be able to generate infinite blood just by equipping it. This is because both cards and grimoires rely on soul energy. The card would only enable the card apprentice to produce blood as long as it had access to soul energy. Once the soul energy and any other reserves were depleted, the card would cease to function. Therefore, the concept of producing infinite amounts of blood through such a card is impractical.

Secondly, even if there were an infinite supply of blood, the cursed blood flame generated using the user's blood wouldn't be as potent as the cursed blood flame produced using blood rule power. This is particularly true if the user's mastery and understanding of the blood curse meaning were at the ultimate tier. While the blood fuel based cursed blood flame might be better than nothing, at Henricks and Ransom's advanced power levels, such weak flames would be virtually useless regardless of their quantity.

Henricks' speculation, although insightful, didn't account for these limitations. Producing infinite blood and utilizing it to generate cursed blood flames seemed like a viable strategy on the surface. However, the dependency on soul energy and the difference in the quality of flames produced from blood versus blood rule power made the idea flawed in practice. These overlooked aspects underscore the complexity of manipulating



such powerful forces and the practical constraints that even the most ingenious strategies must contend with.

It's not that Henricks and Ransom failed to see these factors, but they found this possibility more acceptable than believing that Wyatt had access to infinite blood rule power. They reasoned that Wyatt, being wealthy, might possess a significant amount of soul jades or a card that enhanced his soul energy recovery rate, allowing him to sustain the blood-producing card longer than usual. While these arguments were far-fetched, they were still more plausible to them than the idea of Wyatt having limitless blood rule power.

This was a reflection of human nature—they feared the unknown and sought comfort in explanations their minds and hearts could accept, even if it meant deceiving themselves. Even the most capable individuals, when confronted with the unknown, often succumb to this tendency. Henricks and Ransom, despite their status as powerful demigods holding authoritative positions in their respective organizations, were no exception. Witnessing Wyatt perform the seemingly impossible, they constructed rationalizations to make it conceivable within their understanding.

They fooled themselves, demonstrating that even mighty demigods were still fundamentally human. They preferred self-deception over accepting that something they deemed impossible was, in fact, happening. This behavior illustrated a universal trait: the inclination to deny the extraordinary in favor of more digestible explanations, no matter how improbable those explanations might be. Henricks and Ransom, despite their power and knowledge, exemplified this trait, showing that the fear of the unknown can compel even the strongest individuals to cling to familiar, albeit flawed, reasoning.

Their rationalizations served as a psychological defense mechanism, enabling them to cope with the bewildering reality before them. In doing so, they maintained their sense of control and understanding in a situation that defied their expectations and challenged their perceptions of what was possible.

"Ingenious, indeed. However, considering Wyatt's current predicament, this clever strategy isn't the desperate solution he needs; it's merely delaying the inevitable. The Undead Golems will soon find a way to overturn this situation and achieve their goal," Henricks remarked. He understood that while the undead demigods' sentience might be impaired, making their decision-making slow, their combined intellect as undead golems was formidable and not to be underestimated. They had proven their strategic prowess time and again.

"Well, there's nothing we can do to help him. Leaving the space isolation array formation will be impossible with his torrent of cursed blood flame covering every inch of the mystic dimension," Ransom said, though it was unclear whether he would allow Henricks out of his confinement to assist Wyatt if push came to shove. He then added, "However, all hope is not lost. Wyatt is still attempting to set up the pseudo-natural sunspot array formation. Considering the amount of cursed blood flame he's channeling

into the network of natural nodes, I believe we should focus on strengthening the space isolation array formation."

"Really?" Henricks eyed Ransom skeptically. "Are you sure you aren't just worried that I'll use the explosion as a chance to escape your grasp?"

"How could that be? I'm just concerned for our safety," Ransom replied, conjuring the most sincere smile he could muster, though Henricks remained unconvinced.

Without waiting for Henricks' reply, Ransom began fortifying the space isolation array formation. He was concerned it might not withstand the impending explosion of the network of natural nodes. However, as Henricks had pointed out, he was more worried about the possibility of Henricks escaping during the chaos.

Determined to protect themselves from the explosion and avoid being vaporized like the undead golems, Ransom focused on strengthening the array formation. His years of experience as an array master, combined with his unique observational abilities, indicated that the explosion of the network of natural nodes would be far more devastating than he had initially assumed. Wyatt was overloading the natural nodes with cursed blood flame, pushing capacity beyond their limits, making the explosion inevitable. The explosion was going to be so devastating that it would only leave behind catastrophic destruction in its wake. "It's time," Wyatt grinned, sensing the natural nodes reaching their breaking point. He glanced at the two and a half dozen undead golems, still suppressed and cornered by his relentless cursed blood flame. Wyatt's grin widened, knowing he had them right where he wanted.

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## Chapter 2144 Eradication Complete

[ 1,544 words ]

### **Chapter 2144 Eradication Complete**

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 22:56

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Celestial Mystic Dimension

When the natural nodes had swollen to the point of imminent eruption, Wyatt resorted to a technique he had learned from Agent Louis Forger a.k.a the 'Right Eye of the World' to evade the impending explosion. As the critical moment approached and the network of natural nodes reached their breaking point, Wyatt knew he had to act swiftly. Just as the nodes burst simultaneously, Wyatt executed a body restructuring maneuver to reverse his size and retreat into his spiritual channel, mimicking Agent Louis Forger's unique skill.

In a split second, Wyatt's form inverted and he vanished into his spiritual channel, narrowly escaping the catastrophic blast. The network of natural nodes detonated with a deafening roar, unleashing a cataclysmic explosion that consumed the entire mystic dimension. The boundaries of the dimension quaked violently, and the intense heat from the explosion incinerated everything in its path, leaving nothing but devastation in its wake.

Wyatt's timely action saved him from the all-encompassing destruction. The spiritual channel provided a sanctuary between the spiritual and physical plane, shielding him from the explosive force and searing temperatures that ravaged the mystic dimension in the physical plane. This escape, a testament to his quick thinking and mastery of advanced techniques, ensured his survival in a situation that seemed otherwise fatal.

From within his spiritual channel, Wyatt peered into the mystic dimension on the physical plane, witnessing the aftermath of the explosion. The once vibrant and mystical dimension was now consumed by fiery, wild energy, obliterating everything in its path. Although the explosion lasted only a few seconds, the unleashed, untamed energy continued to wreak havoc for several minutes. The sheer magnitude of the explosion and the devastating energy it released served as a stark reminder of the immense power contained within the natural nodes and the peril they posed when destabilized. The landscape, once teeming with life and magic, was now reduced to a chaotic inferno, with no trace of its former splendor. From his safe vantage point within his spiritual channel, Wyatt had a clear view of the mystic realm in the physical plane. Despite the obscuring energy currents, he peered through the torrent of fiery chaos unleashed by the explosion, searching for the two and a half dozen undead golems. He needed to confirm that the explosion of the natural nodes had eliminated these pests. If the golems had survived, his efforts to cause the explosion would have been in vain. The unleashed energy rained down terror, obliterating everything in its path. Wyatt's heart raced as he scanned the chaotic scene, hoping to see the golems disintegrated by the immense power. The stakes were high, and he knew that without the complete destruction of the undead golems, he could not go out to help the Field Marshal. Wyatt's decision to trigger the explosion, though perilous, had been crucial to eradicating the relentless undead golems once and for all. Having used nearly all his tricks, ensuring their destruction was paramount. Yet, despite scanning from every angle, Wyatt couldn't find any trace of the golems amidst the fiery torrent. He concluded they must have been vaporized in the initial blast. Finally, Wyatt's heart relaxed, finding peace in the apparent success of his mission.

Reflecting on the devastating explosion in the physical plane, Wyatt understood the importance of the knowledge he had gained from the field of array formation and Agent Louis Forger. This knowledge not only saved his life but also reinforced the value of mastering such critical skills. The experience left him more determined than ever to continue honing his abilities, aware that the challenges ahead would require even greater expertise and readiness. He couldn't always rely on his calamity soul gem and devil merchant code. Once the wild and untamed fiery energy from the explosion died down Wyatt emerged from his spiritual channel, he observed the aftermath of the explosion. The once vibrant and mystical dimension was now reduced to smoldering ruins. The landscape was unrecognizable, with charred remnants and ash swirling in the residual heat. The sheer magnitude of the explosion was a stark reminder of the immense power contained within the natural nodes and the peril they posed when destabilized.

"He did it, he killed all 700 undead demigods by himself," Ransom cheered as if he was the one who achieved the impossible. "Yes, he did," Henricks nodded in approval and then, added, "I still can't believe that he eradicated all two and a half dozen undead golems without even leaving behind their ashes with a single move, proving that knowledge trumps strength." "Fuck! It was too satisfying to watch," Ransom cussed aloud, he was hyped up. Unlike Wyatt who missed the sight of all two and a half dozen undead being evaporated, they watch it all from within their modified space isolation barrier array formation. "Kudos to you too, your array formation was able to withstand an explosion that took out two and a half dozen undead golems in under a second," Henricks praised Ransom knowing the space barrier that was isolating them from the rest of the mystic dimension. "Flattering won't work on me, you stay here, I will talk to the boy," Ransom said heading out of the space isolation barrier array formation. Even though Ransom failed to get on Wyatt's good side by helping him when the latter needed it, he still shamelessly decided to approach Wyatt. Until his mother dealt with whatever trouble she was facing outside, neither of them was going anywhere. So, even if Wyatt did not want to talk to him, he was stuck in here with him. Ransom wanted to use this to clear the misunderstanding between them and get close. The fact that Wyatt had helped him set up the space isolation barrier formation by reducing the influence of his celestial rule domain in their surrounding gave Ransom the courage to approach Wyatt despite having seen his prowess and their previous ugly spat out of his pettiness. "Hey, dumbass, at least air the barrier before you leave. The stink in here is unbearable," Henricks demanded of Ransom, but Ransom ignored him, having exited the space isolation barrier and heading toward Wyatt. However, Wyatt vanished from the mystic realm before Ransom could reach him.

Ransom looked around the mystic realm, trying to locate Wyatt, but his unique eyes indicated that no one else was within the dimension except for Henricks and himself. Despite his disbelief, Ransom meticulously scanned every nook and cranny of the mystic dimension. All he found were charred walls and remnants of the recent explosion.

The devastation had been so intense that the mystic dimension was still in the process of healing itself. The walls, once vibrant and full of life, now bore the scars of the cataclysmic event. Energy flickered and danced erratically, struggling to restore balance to the realm. Ransom's frustration grew as he realized the extent of the destruction and the challenge of navigating the unstable environment.

Even with his keen perception, Ransom couldn't detect any trace of Wyatt. The explosion had not only obliterated the undead golems but also left the mystic dimension in disarray. As he continued his search, the lingering heat and chaotic energy made it clear that Wyatt's disappearance was not just a simple escape. The entire dimension seemed to echo the aftermath of the powerful blast, a testament to the immense forces of the explosion. "This is impossible," Ransom muttered to himself, realizing that Wyatt had indeed left the mystic dimension. Despite his extensive experience growing up and trying to escape his mother's mystic dimension, he knew better than anyone that leaving without her consent or without fulfilling her conditions was supposed to be impossible. Seeing Wyatt manage to leave the mystic dimension on his own, without his mother's consent or meeting her conditions, shocked Ransom beyond belief. He wondered if Wyatt had somehow fulfilled the conditions his mother had set for exiting the mystic dimension. "That must be it," Ransom thought, slapping his thigh in realization. This explanation seemed far more plausible than Wyatt finding a way to leave without adhering to his mother's stringent requirements.

With this understanding, the chaos in Ransom's mind finally settled. He accepted that Wyatt had likely met the conditions for departure. Turning his attention to Henricks, he refocused on his immediate objective. Though he had failed to get close to Wyatt, he still needed Henricks to facilitate a meeting with his daughter.

Determined, Ransom approached Henricks with renewed purpose. Henricks, struggling with the lingering stench in the space isolation barrier array, felt imprisoned and mentally tortured. Ransom had left the barrier minutes ago yet it still reeked in there. As he turned to face Ransom, he met Ransom's eyes and realized the latter was about to pester him relentlessly, adding to his torment.

Meanwhile, Wyatt who had left the mystic dimension had reached his destination, and looking at his surroundings he muttered, "I made it back in one piece." The technique he used to escape the mystic dimension was very risky but he executed it perfectly and made it outside without sustaining any harm in the process.

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# Chapter 2145 Achieving The Impossible

[ 1,533 words ]

## Chapter 2145 Achieving The Impossible

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 23:04

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Blood Rock Cave Gate Dungeon, Dungeon Seal

"Wyatt!" Cortney exclaimed in surprise, seeing Wyatt appear next to her out of thin air.

"Holy shit, I cannot believe I pulled it off," Wyatt blurted out in excitement while Hive AI checked his physical and spiritual body's overall condition. What he had just accomplished was incredible and not something anybody could achieve. He had managed to traverse the spiritual plane and return to the physical plane without getting hurt or lost. Although he had help from the Card World's blood rule stream, it was still an amazing achievement. No one would deny that.

Wyatt had succeeded in replicating Agent Louis Forger's unique teleportation ability, even without her innate physique, the 'Right Eye of the World.' The specialty of her teleportation ability lay in its use of the spiritual plane, which meant it could not be restricted by any array or spatial distortion. Furthermore, it was unpredictable where and when the user would appear. This ability allowed Agent Louis Forger to infiltrate or escape from any place or situation, making her a perfect agent. Unfortunately for her, she met her match when she decided to cross paths with Wyatt, who imprisoned her in his calamity soul gem, modified to act as her prison.

Wyatt's feat was no less extraordinary. By accessing the spiritual plane and returning unscathed, he had demonstrated a profound mastery that set him apart. The Card World's blood rule stream had provided him with the necessary guidance and energy to accomplish this task, yet it was Wyatt's ingenuity and determination that saw him through. The magnitude of what Wyatt had achieved here would cause many to turn green in envy.

With Hive AI confirming that his transportation from the spiritual plane had left no adverse effects on both his physical and spiritual bodies, Wyatt stood triumphantly. His accomplishment was a testament to the knowledge he had accumulated over time and the limitless potential of his high synchronous rate when combined with ingenuity and innovation.

It would not be wrong to say that what Wyatt achieved by escaping the Field Marshal's mystic dimension was a feat that even Agent Louis Forger would not be able to pull off. This was largely because she did not have the advantage of a capable guide like the Blood Rule Stream to help her locate a spiritual channel outside the mystic dimension.

Agent Louis Forger's method of spiritual traveling involved entering the spiritual plane through her own spiritual channel. Once there, she utilized her unique ability, the 'Right Eye Of The World,' to navigate the spiritual plane. This ability allowed her to identify and traverse nearby spiritual channels, enabling her to re-enter the physical plane at different locations. However, when trapped within the confines of the mystic dimension, the only spiritual channels available were those belonging to others who were similarly trapped. To find a spiritual channel of someone not confined to the mystic dimension, one would have to venture deeper into the spiritual plane, an endeavor fraught with peril and uncertainty.

Even with the assistance of the 'Right Eye Of The World,' Agent Louis Forger was reluctant to stray too far from her own spiritual channel. The boundless nature of the spiritual plane posed a significant risk, and the fear of becoming lost forever in its vastness was a constant deterrent. Without precise guidance and support, such as that provided by the Blood Rule Stream, the challenge of navigating through the spiritual plane and finding an exit was immense and daunting.

Wyatt's success was a testament to his extraordinary capabilities and the strategic advantage provided by the Blood Rule Stream. With the help of the blood rule stream, he could locate and utilize a spiritual channel not confined to his immediate vicinity allowing him to accomplish what seemed impossible. This remarkable feat highlighted not only the uniqueness of his situation but also his skill in leveraging the mystical elements at his disposal.

Unlike Agent Louis Forger, Wyatt dared to venture further into the spiritual plane. His courage was bolstered by the Blood Rule Stream, which readily agreed to help him find Cortney's spiritual channel's end connected to the spiritual plane. At first, Wyatt planned to find Corey, who had been next to the Field Marshal the last time he checked, but the Blood Rule Stream would not agree without appropriate payment. The Blood Rule Stream showed a willingness to assist, particularly in matters concerning Cortney/Bloodette. It agreed to help him for free regarding Cortney, whereas it would have demanded appropriate fees for other requests.

In contrast, Agent Louis Forger's reluctance to venture deeper into the spiritual plane underscored the inherent dangers and complexities of such a journey. Her approach, though powerful, had its limitations. Wyatt's accomplishment, therefore, stood as a remarkable demonstration of courage, ingenuity, and the significant advantage of having the right guidance in navigating uncharted territories.

"Hello, Wyatt, are you there?" Cortney called out, waving her hands in front of Wyatt's eyes, which seemed lost in thought.

"Cortney, is something wrong with him?" Bloodette asked, looking at the unresponsive Wyatt with concern.

"Nothing's wrong with me. I was just going over some things," Wyatt's eyes soon regained their focus as he reassured Bloodette.

"That's good to hear, but Wyatt, how did you get into the dungeon seal without me opening the gate?" Bloodette asked, puzzled. The only way to enter the dungeon seal was through the gate, yet Wyatt had somehow managed to enter without using it. This was shocking, and she couldn't wrap her head around it, as it was beyond her understanding. Unable to contain her curiosity, she pressed Wyatt for an explanation.

Wyatt smiled mysteriously, "I found a new way, one that doesn't rely on the gate. It's a bit complicated, but it works." His response only deepened Bloodette's curiosity, leaving her eager to learn more about Wyatt's newfound ability.

Bloodette's eagerness was understandable. She wondered if Wyatt's new ability to enter the dungeon seal meant she could use it to finally leave the dungeon seal. This could be the opportunity she had been waiting for her entire life to free herself from her prison.

Seeing the longing look in Bloodette's eyes, Wyatt knew exactly what she was thinking. He hated to disappoint her, but he shook his head and said, "This ability is a bit special and has huge requirements. Even if you managed to use it, I don't think it would help your case."

"Oh, I see," Bloodette replied, disappointment washing over her. The previous brilliance in her eyes was replaced with confusion and sadness.

"However, all hope is not lost," Wyatt continued. "I've recently learned of a way for you to become powerful enough to break through your prison. If you follow my arrangements, I'm confident you'll be able to break the dungeon seal in no time."

"Really?" Bloodette asked excitedly, her eyes regaining their original brightness and spirit.

"Wyatt, you aren't just saying that to console her, are you?" Cortney asked skeptically.

"I would never be so cruel to a friend," Wyatt replied earnestly. "Besides, the Blood Rule Stream can vouch for what I said. In fact, it was the Blood Rule Stream who told me about this trick. There's a lot I need to tell you both, but I don't have the time right now as I'm needed elsewhere. For now, head into my seed world. The other me in there will inform you of everything you need to know."

With that, Wyatt opened the entrance to his seed world. Then, he hurriedly added, "Bloodette, open the dungeon gate so that I can head out."

Bloodette's eyes sparkled with hope as she did as Wyatt asked. The thought of a potential escape from her eternal prison filled her with a renewed sense of purpose. Meanwhile, Cortney's skepticism began to fade as she saw the sincerity in Wyatt's eyes. However, she still did not fully trust Wyatt because, if the Blood Rule Stream knew how Bloodette could break free of her prison then why did it not tell her or Bloodette about it instead informed Wyatt? "Can't you just leave using the ability that you used to enter the dungeon seal in the first place?" Cortney asked Wyatt, curious if his special ability had any limitations.

"I would love to, but that ability is not cheap to use. I plan to use it only when absolutely necessary," Wyatt explained, avoiding the details about how the Blood Rule Stream would charge him to help locate the specific spiritual channel in the spiritual plane.

Understanding his reasoning, Cortney nodded. Wyatt's explanation made sense, even if it left her with more questions about the costs and limits of his ability.

Before leaving Wyatt gave Bloodette and Cortney a reassuring smile. "Trust me, there is a way," he said before stepping out of the dungeon gate. After Wyatt was safely out of the dungeon seal, Cortney and Bloodette entered the Seed World as Wyatt had instructed. Bloodette's eyes sparkled with hope while Cortney was still skeptical but trusting in Wyatt's sincerity.

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## Chapter 2146 Slippery Enemy

[ 1,021 words ]

### Chapter 2146 Slippery Enemy

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 23:07

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Blood Rock Cave Gate Dungeon, Dungeon Seal

Walking out of the dungeon seal Wyatt immediately entered the Field Marshal's celestial space rule domain covering the entire city. 'How did you get outside of the celestial space rule?' Field Marshal Heatsend mentally contacted Wyatt in curiosity, discovering

his presence in her celestial space rule domain. She knew her celestial mystic dimension the best, so she was impressed that Wyatt managed to escape the mystic dimension without fulfilling her conditions for him to leave the dimension. Considering that Wyatt was able to help Clown Mask escape her confinement in a subspace from miles away this was nothing. So, the Field Marshal wasn't surprised rather curious as to how he was doing it.

'If you are free enough to spare time to talk to me why did you mute the mystic dimension and not answer your son's call for help? I almost killed your son and old Henricks along with the undead,' Wyatt said as he tried to pinpoint the Field Marshal's location unable to feel her presence in the direction of the orphanage. He could not feel her presence within the limits of the city. So he searched for signs of Corey and Little Beam. 'I had to mute it because I have met a slippery enemy. He tried to assassinate Asong Young amidst the chaos. I needed to concentrate to deal with his tricks, so I muted the mystic dimension,' the Field Marshal explained, for her to call someone slippery her opponent must be a skilled assassin. After all, her unique eyes weren't just for show. Many capable card demigods have paid with their lives for underestimating them. 'Does the celestial space rule domain not able to limit him?' Wyatt asked. With the Field Marshal's celestial space rule domain covering the city, it should be impossible for opponents who dared to enter it to escape her grasp. 'I think he has a special physique or origin card that allows him just slip through anything, even my celestial space rule domain wasn't able to hinder his moment,' the Field Marshal said in frustration. It was not that the opponent the Field Marshal faced was too strong but he was just too good at running. He was similar to a mosquito in this case. The Field Marshal can squash her opponent like the pest he was but he would somehow manage to slip away just when she thought she had caught him. Her frustration was similar to the frustration of a mortal who kept trying to kill the mosquito but missed repeatedly.

'Where are you right now?' Wyatt asked, unable to find the Field Marshal or Corey. 'I am hiding in the void, waiting for the pest to make his move,' the Field Marshal informed. She seems to have taken this personally. 'Don't tell me you are using Asong as bait,' Wyatt remarked, knowing for her slippery opponent to leave his comfort zone and make a move the Field Marshal had to dangle an attractive bait, Asong was it. 'So what if I am? I have to put an end to this threat today, I don't plan to babysit her for the rest of her life or do you plan to do that?' the Field Marshal was right, Asong was not a part of the Southern Region, there was no need for her to go the extra mile for her. Still, she did what was in the best interest of Asong in the long run. So what if she put Asong's life at risk a little unless Asong wanted to live the rest of her life in fear of being assassinated, she had little choice but to cooperate with the Field Marshal by becoming the bait to lure out the slippery assassin after her life.

'I was just checking, anyway I am heading to Asong's side to check on her. If the assassin shows up maybe I can deduce his unique ability so that you can be better prepared to face him next time,' Wyatt said as he headed to where Asong was temporarily residing. 'Sure,' Field Marshal agreed even though she strongly felt that Wyatt would not need to do that because she would definitely catch the assassin next



time he dared to make a move on Asong. Soon, Wyatt arrived at the location where Asong was temporarily housed. He did not head to meet her. However, her security detail who seemed to have healed had noticed his arrival. They might have informed Asong about his arrival but Wyatt was in no hurry to meet Asong. He used soul pupils to scan the surroundings feeling that the assassin might be hiding out somewhere nearby to kill Asong when he felt like it was the right moment. While searching for any signs of the assassin, Wyatt noticed that the Field Marshal's celestial space rule domain had shifted a little, even though it covered the entire city, its primary focus was Asong and her immediate vicinity. With this, it would be impossible for the assassin to get close to Asong without getting detected. With such arrangements for the assassin to escape the Field Marshal's hands, again and again, Wyatt could not help but wonder what kind of special ability it was that caused even one of the top ten strongest to clench her teeth in frustration. Wyatt scanned the whole neighborhood with his soul pupils twice but there wasn't any sign of the assassin or anything suspicious. He even had the Hive check the soul pathways of the surroundings he had recorded using his soul pupils just to be thorough. After all, the assassin's ability was able to hide from the Field Marshal's unique eyes. Just to be on the safer side Wyatt had the Hive AI check the recorded soul pathways for any sign of abnormalities. While he did that, Asong walked out of her villa to receive Wyatt, she did not seem to be shaken up despite multiple attempts on her life today.

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## Chapter 2147 Brazen Karl

[ 1,023 words ]

### **Chapter 2147 Brazen Karl**

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 23:11

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Fine Gold Residential Area

"Hey, Wyatt. Why don't you come in?" Asong greeted Wyatt and invited him into the villa.

Wyatt's presence outside the villa puzzled Asong. It wasn't like him to wander around the neighborhood instead of coming straight to her. Normally, she wouldn't mind his behavior, but tonight was different. An assassin from the central region was out to get her, and she didn't want Wyatt to become collateral damage in this deadly game. Her Semi-demigod bodyguard assured her that there was no need to worry about Wyatt, as he exhibited the energy signature of a demigod. This meant that her barely eighteen-year-old friend might be a card demigod.

Asong found this hard to believe. Despite her guards' insistent claims, she struggled to accept that Wyatt could be a demigod. The guards had been buzzing about it ever since they arrived at their temporary housing. They had sensed Wyatt's energy, which matched that of a card demigod during their previous encounter. However, back then, Wyatt appeared as a red humanoid monster. Considering the rumors about Wyatt and his borrowed powers, Asong hadn't thought much of it at the time. But now, Wyatt looked like his regular self, yet the guards still insisted he possessed demigod-level strength.

There was even a moment when her guards worried that this Wyatt might be an impostor, an assassin disguised as Wyatt to get to Asong. However, they quickly dismissed this theory. Field Marshal Heatsend was currently overseeing their situation, and she would undoubtedly be aware of Wyatt's whereabouts and actions. If a fake Wyatt were approaching Asong, the Field Marshal would have alerted them.

Despite the assurances and the evidence presented by her guards, Asong couldn't wrap her mind around the idea. If Wyatt truly was a card demigod, he would be the youngest ever in the Card World, breaking Demigod Baylor's record by several years. The implications were staggering. The entire card apprentice community would be thrown into chaos. Just the thought of the infinite consequences of this news made Asong feel light-headed.

She took a deep breath, attempting to steady her racing thoughts. She knew she needed to focus and greet Wyatt properly. If what her guards claimed was true, this was a monumental moment.

Wyatt looked at her with a calm expression, his usual laid-back demeanor seemingly unaffected by the tension surrounding them. "Just came to check up on you, Asong. I heard they sent an assassin. How did it all come to this despite me repeatedly warning you?"

His nonchalance only added to Asong's confusion. How could someone appear so harmless and possess the power of a demigod at the same time? She studied his face, searching for any hint of the immense power her guards claimed he possessed. But Wyatt just looked like Wyatt – her friend, her ally, the young man she had come to rely on.

"That's the sweat of you, but you didn't have to trouble yourself, it is almost the middle of the night, a grimoire call would have sufficed," she said, trying to sound casual, though her mind was anything but calm.

"How could I not? You are my guest. Your safety is my top priority. Let us continue inside," Wyatt replied, as he walked past her into her villa. "Sure," Asong responded calmly, following Wyatt into the villa she closed the door behind them, bracing herself for the conversation to come. But her mind continued to whirl with questions and doubts. If Wyatt truly was a card demigod, what did that mean for their current situation? Could it be he was here to protect her from the assassin? And more importantly, how had he achieved such power at such a young age? She resolved to get the answer to all these questions tonight. Entering the villa, Wyatt got comfortable on the couch in the living room without waiting for Asong. After all, this was one of his properties that he was temporarily using to accommodate Asong's stay in Sky Blossom City. He glanced at Asong, who was seated opposite him, and sternly said, "I clearly remember going out of my way and breaking many of my rules to warn you and ask you to go into hiding. What part of it did you not understand?"

Asong looked at him, her expression a mix of defiance and frustration. "Your warning only made me more curious. I've had my misgivings for a while now, so I had to know the truth. I thought I was being cautious—besides, they weren't even doing a good job of hiding it."

She paused, gathering her thoughts before continuing. "No, the number of undead they were cultivating had grown so large that they could no longer properly hide the fact that they were using taxpayer money to create an army of undead right in the heart of the central region. Even without me being nosy, their actions were about to be exposed soon."

Wyatt listened intently, his expression not softening. Asong tried to defend her actions, but as she spoke, she realized her efforts might have been unnecessary. The culprits had grown so brazen that their excessive actions would have exposed them soon anyway.

"What do you mean?" Wyatt asked, having gathered from Asong's words that Karl might have grown a little careless in his ways, prompting Wyatt to wonder if this had anything to do with the reason why the undead had grown to the demigod realm ahead of time.

According to Clown Mask's future vision, the masters' undead army should not be ready by now. Yet, for some unknown reason, Karl has helped the masters cultivate their undead army a few years ahead of the time it took him in the Clown Mask's future vision. Therefore, Wyatt could not help but wonder if Karl's brazen actions in the central capital were shown how related to the reason why the undead had achieved the demigod realm ahead of time. So, he could not help but ask Asong for more details.

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## Chapter 2148 Asong's Concern

[ 1,014 words ]

### Chapter 2148 Asong's Concern

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 23:14

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Blood Rock Cave Gate Dungeon, Dungeon Seal

"Previously, they did their best to hide the part of taxpayers' money they were using to nourish their undead army. But this past week or so, they got sloppy at hiding their tracks. That might be because the amount of money they were stealing had increased tenfold. There was no way for them to come up with a coverup for covertly diverting such a large amount of funds. Honestly, it was already incredible that nobody noticed such a huge amount of taxpayer money was being stolen.

At first, I thought it was just a few greedy people stealing the citizens' hard-earned money and filling their pockets, but when I followed the trail of money, I uncovered the most disturbing truth—the horror hiding in the underbelly of the central capital. I cannot believe they would do such a thing. What I want to know is who is involved in this and bring them all to justice," Asong said, her voice tinged with indignation. She knew that diverting such a large portion of taxpayer money couldn't happen without higher-ups' approval. She wanted to find out whether raising an undead army was a scheme devised by the current government or just a few corrupt, power-hungry individuals within it.

"Wait, you have no idea who is behind this?" Wyatt was surprised to learn that Asong only knew what was happening but had no idea who was behind it. Come to think of it, even in Clown Mask's future vision, when Asong was assassinated she knew why she was being assassinated and barely had any idea as to who was behind it. He wondered if Karl knew this. Maybe, not. Regardless, the latter would want Asong dead as she already knew too much. Despite this revelation, Wyatt's mind still focused on the fact that Karl's actions had become brazen in the last week or so. Before that, he made sure to hide the track of money by cooking the books. But last week he swindled out ten times the usual money making it difficult for him to hide his tracks. This info was well and good, but the question here was what made Karl suddenly become more active. If

he could have raised the level of the undead to the demigod realm just by spending a few more bucks then why did he not do it previously and only this last week? What had changed for Karl to take such measures despite the risk of being found? Wyatt could not help but wonder if the failure of the central government and Morningstar University's joint effort to kidnap him was Karl's trigger. No, that wasn't it, or was it his success in the VR Universe? Wait a minute, let's back up, did Karl find the answer to raising his undead to the demigod realm faster and quicker in his VR Universe? No, that is not possible because neither of the three mischiefs has equipped his VR Slime card or entered the VR Universe. However, it was different for their pawns. Even the masters have not entered his VR Universe except for Demigod Norley. Wyatt believed if not for Jill, Demigod Norley too would not have tried VR universe until he was sure that it was safe. Unlike the general populous the masters and the mischiefs believed that if the creator of the VR universe wanted to he could trap their consciousness in it. After all, many researchers around the world have used a high-grade sarmas illusion array formation as an example to explain the VR universe so that the card apprentice could better understand it. This achieved the purpose but also created an obstacle as anybody who knew about illusion array formations did not dare to enter the VR universe which was why still many world leaders had yet to visit the VR universe. Even the Freedom Fighters did not dare to enter it until Luna told them the benefits of the VR Universe.

As Wyatt pondered on Asong's words he found that there were many possibilities as to why Karl had grown more aggressive about leveling the undead in the last week. However, with the information he currently held it was impossible to tell why Karl became increasingly active in the last week even at the risk of revealing the masters' plan of raising an undead army to the world. "I learned a few names during my investigation but they are all small people, they do not have the power to take such a huge chunk of taxpayer money without tripping the warning bells with the respective authorities. I think they are just pawns and this is bigger than them, maybe even as big as the central government itself," Asong said with a grave expression. She was trying hard not to jump to a conclusion but still, she could not help but bring up the central government. She used to think she was a part of it but now she wondered if the central government she knew was just the tip of the ugly iceberg that hid under the deep waters of the central region. The more she thought the more frustrated and concerned she grew about the situation. Asong was now starting to take Wyatt's previous warning to her more seriously than ever. Therefore, she could not help but look at Wyatt and ask, "How did you come to know about this? Was it the Southern Royal Family? Do you know who is truly behind this?"

In response to Asong's question, Wyatt let out a mysterious smile not giving her any answer. He left it to her imagination. Asong was not his person, they were in an alliance that was all. He could not just hand her information for free. Not to mention, currently she was mooching off him. Thanks to her relationship with him, she now has one of the top ten strongest card apprentices in the world protecting her.

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## - Chapter 2149 Partnerships

[ 1,520 words ]

### **Chapter 2149 Partnerships**

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 23:17

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Fine Gold Residential Area

Seeing Wyatt not answer her questions, Asong frowned and reminded him, "Wyatt, we discussed this before. We don't hide anything from each other. If I know something you need to know, I will share it with you, and I expect the same from you."

Asong believed that, with everything that had transpired between her and Wyatt, they didn't need to play games and should be straightforward with each other. However, her having to remind him of this made her think that maybe their partnership meant more to her than it did to Wyatt. This thought left her a little disappointed.

However, Asong's worry was unwarranted. Their partnership was equally important to Wyatt; he simply did not want to risk his plan by telling Asong what was actually happening in the central region. Even if he only told her a part of the truth—that the masters were behind the undead army—she could inadvertently cause a lot of damage.

Asong might seem like a small-time politician, but Wyatt, who had seen future visions from Clown Mask's memories, knew that her death would trigger a series of events leading to the demise of the three mischiefs who had taken the Card world from the masters, the four royal families, and the demigod worshipers. She had many serious and solid connections that would go to any lengths for her or just in her name.

Therefore, Wyatt worried that Asong knowing the truth, even a part of it, would only hinder his plans. He intended to use the three mischiefs to take out the Masters and then use the Southern Princess to take out the three mischiefs. The appearance of Gideon Grim and the possibility of a second demon invasion were variables enough; he wanted to avoid adding more variables to the list if possible.

The Southern Princess had seen the future vision from Clown Mask's memories just like Wyatt. He was certain that she was preparing to embrace that future with a twist: this

time, the Southern Royal family would not be erased but would instead erase the three mischiefs. If she was anything like Wyatt, she would use this situation to her maximum benefit, and she stood to gain the most if the Southern Royal family emerged as the heroes of the coming new world.

As for Wyatt, he had no plans of playing the hero or the king. His primary concern was to ensure his dynasty's safety and prosperity as he prepared to venture into the myriad realms. This mission meant that, even at the risk of worsening his relationship with Asong, Wyatt had to keep a tight lip about his true intentions and the knowledge he possessed. The act of saving Asong's life was already a significant variable in his carefully crafted plan.

Wyatt knew that every piece of information shared or withheld could shift the delicate balance he was trying to maintain. The Southern Princess's ambitions were another factor he had to consider. Her desire to position the Southern Royal family as saviors and take over the Card world added another layer of complexity to the already complicated plan.

Despite the tension it caused, Wyatt believed that keeping certain truths from Asong was necessary. He hoped that she would eventually understand his reasons and see that his intentions were aimed at the greater good of their shared goals. "Asong, if my guess is right, you used your emergency teleportation cards to leave the central capital and hide in your secret hideouts around the globe, but the undead managed to find you every damn time. That's why you had to run desperately to my city to save your lives. You must be hoping that the Southern Watch protecting me would save your asses. Fortunately for you, you were lucky enough to meet two of the greatest card apprentices the Southern Region has to offer to help you—"

"What's your point, Wyatt?" Asong interrupted him midway, clearly impatient with his lengthy speech. She wanted him to get to the point.

"My point, Asong, is that there aren't many places in this world left for you to feel safe anymore. Don't make the Southern Region one of them. I have no problem giving you the answers you seek, but many powerful people's interests are tied to it," Wyatt paused dramatically before continuing, "I really hope I got through to you this time because if you poke your nose where it doesn't belong again, I might not be able to help you."

Wyatt chose his words carefully, attempting to warn Asong without harming their partnership too much. He knew that their relationship was likely to take a hit, but he was doing what anyone would do in an inevitable situation—damage control.

He understood the gravity of the situation. The truth Asong was trying to uncover was dangerous, and her actions could have far-reaching consequences. He respected her drive and determination, but he also knew that she needed to understand the risks involved. Wyatt's own plans hinged on a delicate balance of alliances and secrecy, and he couldn't afford any missteps.

Asong's frustration was evident, but Wyatt hoped that she would grasp the seriousness of his words. Karl and the masters would not sit by if Asong planned to continue down this path. Even the Southern Princess would not hesitate to do the same if such a situation arises because Anna's mother would not risk the survival of her family and lose the opportunity of once-in-a-lifetime, to screw everyone over and take over everything. He valued their partnership and didn't want it to be ruined by misunderstandings or reckless actions. By being upfront, even if it meant being blunt, he aimed to protect both their interests and ensure they could continue working together towards their common goals.

In the end, Wyatt knew that trust was a fragile thing. He hoped that despite the tension, Asong would see that his intentions were to keep her safe and protect their shared mission. Only time would tell if his words had the desired effect, but for now, he could only hope that Asong would heed his warning and proceed with caution.

Asong stared at Wyatt long and hard, this time not daring to underestimate his warning. However, she couldn't help but say, "Looks like my gut was right. This is way bigger than a few corrupt and power-hungry people. I can't think of a reason or explanation as to why and how the Southern Royal family is connected to the horror hidden right under the central capital, but it seems I will soon have to make new living arrangements."

Listening to Asong say she planned to make new living arrangements, Wyatt knew it was her way of saying she wouldn't stop until she knew the whole truth and put an end to it. Therefore, he couldn't help but say, "I might sound like a jerk, but I think I have to say it on this occasion. Sometimes, something good comes out of something bad. What will happen might not be the worst that could happen or even maybe the change the world needs. This might be one of those situations."

Wyatt felt ashamed to say these words, but knowing that the current rulers, the Masters, didn't care about the people and only pursued their own interests strengthened his resolve. There was a reason why the four royal families never allied against the Masters; these rulers were strong and had many versatile means. Wyatt knew someday he would be strong enough to overthrow them, but time wouldn't wait for him, so he had to deal with it as it came.

Knowing what the future had in store, Wyatt understood that a civil war in the card world was inevitable. He would rather get it over with before the second demon invasion began than have it occur during the invasion. This way, the world wouldn't get destroyed, and its people wouldn't be traded across the myriad realms as slaves and livestock by the dark races.

"Wyatt, if you are willing to take an oath to look all those people who are and will be affected by this in the eyes and tell them the same, I will take an oath to stop looking into this matter right now," Asong proposed, her voice shaking with rage. The fact that Wyatt could speak such words made her reconsider their partnership and relationship.

She couldn't help but wonder how she had come to trust someone capable of saying such things.

Her anger and disillusionment were palpable. Wyatt's words had not only offended her but also made her question his character and the foundation of their alliance. The idea that he could so casually speak of potential catastrophe as a necessary evil unsettled her deeply. Asong's mind raced as she weighed her options, realizing that her trust in Wyatt might have been misplaced. The path forward was uncertain, but she knew one thing: she couldn't ignore the warning signs any longer.

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## Chapter 2150 Mind Freak

[ 1,525 words ]

### **Chapter 2150 Mind Freak**

Date- 18 April 2321

Time- 23:21

Location- Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Fine Gold Residential Area

Wyatt never thought for a second that it would be easy to convince Asong to back off, if it were, she would not have been assassinated in her past life or be a target of assassination in this life. She was never afraid of death. She stood in front of the big bad politicians and nobles of the central capital to speak up for the rights of the regular people who were not lucky enough to awaken as card apprentices. She did not only stand up for the mortals but card apprentices too when the central government tried to push the registration bill to get every card apprentice to resister their origin cards, physiques, and traits. Regardless of when and where Asong always stood up for what was good for the general population. So it was not surprising for Asong would react as such listening to his words. Had Wyatt not seen the future vision and known the interests of the various parties involved, his thought process might not have been much different from Asong's thought process. Unfortunately for him, he could not be ignorant of the inevitable. What Asong did not understand was, who was she going to complain about the undead being raised in the central capital when it was the masters who

owned the central capital that ordered and funded these undead to be raised, The Nobles of the central region? Or The Royal families? Or

The hidden sects and clans?

Or The rag-tag revolutionary groups like the Freedom fighters? Or The card apprentice community? Even with all of them banded together they were not the masters' opponents, which was why the masters were able to rule the Card world for many centuries with no one challenging their authority. None of them were capable enough to help Asong hold the masters responsible for their actions and bring them to justice. There was nothing Asong could do after learning the truth except shatter the illusion of a peaceful time in the people's minds and let them know that they were not in control of their lives i.e. all she would do was set a mass panic. So, what if the whole world knew the masters were not the heroes but just power-hungry warlords, the rebels would grow in number which meant the masters, who no longer had to hide their true selves, would come down ten times harder on the rebels coloring the streets of the five regions with blood until they made sure everyone knew they were in charge and there was nothing any of them could do about it. If things were to go in this route then Karl and the other mischiefs might miss their opportunity to kill the masters. That could also mean they might never get a similar opportunity. Meaning, that the future where masters were defeated might never happen. The more Wyatt thought about this the more he could not help but wonder if Asong's death in her past life was all part of the grand scheme of things. If she hadn't been assassinated, then she would have hindered Karl's plan. Meaning, if she continued to live in pursuit of righteousness and justice she might have helped the masters avoid their misfortune and stay in control of the card world for a few more centuries to come. "Asong, answer me this, if you knew who was behind the undead fiasco what would you do?" Wyatt asked Asong, as he did not want to part with the latter on bad terms and he did not want her to see her get herself killed by being too stubborn since he had decided to save her from her fate seen in the future vision he planned to see it through. "That depends on who is behind it. I will take appropriate steps to make sure that they were stopped and brought to justice," Asong answered, though in her mind she had long lost interest in talking with Wyatt. If not for the courtesy she would not even be bothered to answer Wyatt. "What if I tell the people behind this incident are the masters? You live in the central capital you should have heard about them. What will you do then?" Wyatt wanted to hear it from Asong, he wondered how she planned to deal with a group of people that controlled the card world. "Masters? Yes, I am aware of them. I am also aware of their identities. How do you know that the founders were behind this?" Asong did not care about Wyatt's question. Instead, she thought if it was the masters then they would be more than capable of raising an undead army right in the center region, the capital city, without anybody else knowing or talking about it. "It's a hypothetical, just humor me, what would you do?" Wyatt did not fall for Asong's trick and asked her to humor him for instance. "Honestly, If it's the masters who were truly behind this I would have to think that they had a strong reason to do this otherwise we're all fucked," Asong had a feeling Wyatt might not have given her an example but the truth to see her reaction and decide if he should tell her what he knew i.e. this was his test for her. Therefore, she gave serious thought to what Wyatt



asked before answering him. When Asong entertained the idea that the people ruling this world might be the culprits behind this incident she suddenly felt a chill all over her body giving rise to fear in her heart and her brain threatening to shut down by the sheer magnitude of how severe and shocking this information was. That was when she realized that she did not have any contingencies against the masters. How could she when she had no reservations about them? She could not understand how the hands that built this beautiful civilization could be the ones trying to destroy it. Listening to Asong say that if it was the founders who were behind the army of undead being raised in the central capital they must have a good reason, Wyatt looked at Asong in shock. He could not believe such words would come out of Asong's mouth. However, she did add that they all would be fucked if that were not the case. Just the fact that she used a curse word in her speech can tell how shaken up she was by this realization. The only thing keeping her sane was knowing that this was not a fact but just a hypothetical example that Wyatt cooked up to get his point through. "Now you see where I am coming from? Some things are not worth fighting for, This is one of them. I know you want to do good for the people that gave you your authority and status but this is not the only battle there are several other battles out there and we are short on people like you to fight these good battles for the people. Asong, I will not try to persuade you any further but know this your death will rob the people of someone who truly cared about them, your work here is far from done," Wyatt could only hope that Asong would no longer continue to be stubborn about this incident and move on to something new. "Wyatt, I understand but this one is too big for me to ignore especially since nobody is paying attention to it," Asong too understood that her actively seeking death would not help anyone yet she found herself in a dilemma unable to move past what she saw. "Who said nobody is paying attention? I am paying attention, the Southern Royal family is too, let us fight this battle and you continue with your thing," Wyatt hurriedly said wondering if assuring Asong that he was on top of this matter and would see it through might get her to back off. "If you guys are then why aren't you taking any action to put a stop to it and bring the people responsible to justice?" Asong asked in irritation because she would not understand how the Southern Royal family could sit by and watch people raise undead in the central capital. "That is because we're making preparations to take the appropriate actions. These guys were capable of raising an undead army in the central region without getting noticed. That should tell you how powerful and strong these people are. So we cannot just confront them without any preparations. These people are strong and powerful enough to make the Southern royal family cautious that should tell you how dangerous the people we are dealing with are. Trust me and just let us do our thing. The people involved will get what's coming for them," Since Asong asked him to give her a reason to back off this matter without leaving any shadow on her heart, he gave her one, a good one.

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[ 1,775 words ]