

Card Apprentice Daily Log

Chapter 2251 Transforming Celestial Array Formation

[1,025 words]

Chapter 2251 Transforming Celestial Array Formation

Date: Unspecified

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Location: Lil Red Storm Planet, Unspecified

"Wyatt, don't you dare question my love for the Card World. It's more than you could ever imagine. My sacrifice in defending it from otherworldly invaders and monsters is proof of that. You talk as if these are the only two possibilities-either we leave here erasing our tracks or get caught and drag our entire realm to its doom. Nothing is set in stone; anything is possible. Let us finish what you started, since you spent a fortune declaring this realm yours in the Myriad Realms through the Devil Merchant Code, the Field Marshal, ever the conqueror, refused to retreat, dismissing Wyatt's assumptions as baseless. Though bold, her confidence was what had carried her through the Way Beyond.

Wyatt locked eyes with the Field Marshal, both stubbornly standing their ground. In Wyatt's mind, he could earn back the wealth he had spent on this realm, but he could not say the same for the lives that would be lost if they were caught trespassing and mining by the entity that arranged this artificial celestial array formation.

The Field Marshal, however, felt Wyatt was being overly cautious. She believed that even if they were caught in the act, it wouldn't be the catastrophe Wyatt feared. Perhaps they could come to an understanding with the entity that created the array formation. To her, this seemed far more likely than the disaster Wyatt anticipated.

*Enough. Help me clean the scene, then we're heading to the Dark Realm," Wyatt ordered. Seeing that the Field Marshal wanted to argue further, he sternly added, "This isn't up for discussion. We're

leaving!

Just as Wyatt and the Field Marshal were about to stop the Space Furnace Array formation and disassemble it, they both received a mental transmission. It was a sweet, innocent voice that calmly conveyed, "No, you guys are not allowed to leave."

Regardless of how pleasant the voice sounded, it sent chills down their spines. The pair looked around for the source of the voice, only to hear it again: "Don't waste your final moments looking for me. Say your goodbyes instead."

"Field Marshal, don't resist. I'm using the inter-realm transfer function now," Wyatt mentally informed her. However, after a minute passed with nothing happening, she turned to look at him, wondering what was taking so long-only to see him shaking his head helplessly.

With his Primordial Soul Pupils, Wyatt noticed that the celestial array formation had transformed into a space vault, locking itself out from the rest of the Myriad Realms by rearranging its multiple planetary belts and moons. As a result, their demon/devil codex had lost connection with the Devil Merchant Code. They were stranded. Wyatt, who had lost interest in studying the celestial array midway upon discovering it required two suns as a power source, was surprised to find it capable of such a transformation.

Soon, both Wyatt and the Field Marshal saw a meteor shower descending from the realm's nearest planetary belt, locking onto their location. The two wanted to run to safety but found they couldn't move a muscle. The Field Marshal struggled with all her might, unleashing her full strength, but she was powerless against the celestial array formation. The combined celestial force and spatial energy of the realm bound her to that very spot. As the meteor shower neared them, and with death seemingly inevitable, she chose to speak her final words: "Turns out we were both right. I'm glad it ends with just the two of us."

Wyatt stared at her in disbelief. Even with death at her doorstep, she still coveted the abundant resources of the Lil Red Storm realm. Feeling the burning heat of the meteor shower on his face, he shook his head and made his decision.

'Unlock 4th form: Viltronian Calamity Titan.'

'Activate, Innate plague skill: World Devouring Plague!'

Bound by the lock powered by the realm's combined celestial force and spatial energy, Wyatt's body was grotesquely disfigured as he tried to grow in size. However, when he activated his innate plague, he painfully realized that even with the power of a thousand-plus SSS-rank curses, it was unable to affect the realm.

With no other choice, Wyatt mobilized his primordial energy to enhance the curse energy powering his innate plague. Soon, a red mist emitted from Wyatt's deformed body, devouring the realm's celestial force and spatial energy, increasing its volume and

freeing the Field Marshal along with him. Wyatt's deformed figure then grew into a humanoid of 25,000 feet in height.

As Wyatt expanded, the meteor shower was right in front of his face. But before the meteors could strike him, they were devoured by his innate plague. Devouring the meteor shower resulted in a massive increase in the plague's volume.

"What in the name of-" The Field Marshal was shocked by Wyatt's display of power, but even more disturbed by the red mist surrounding him. Her unique eyes could see its true nature-it was a plague with the ability to devour everything in its path.

"Interesting, they heard the sweet mental transmission again, though this time it sounded less playful and more intrigued. It appeared that Wyatt's current form and innate plague had piqued the entity's curiosity. After all, his power was strong enough to devour the energy formed by the combination of celestial force and spatial rules-a power formidable enough to warrant its attention.

Wyatt ignored the unknown threat's comments, fully aware that he couldn't maintain his 4th form for long while using his innate plague due to the high curse energy consumption. He needed to act quickly to finish things, knowing that he couldn't replenish curse energy. The only way to do that would be to replace the exhausted SSS-rank curses integrated into his primordial spirits with new ones.

Encasing the Field Marshal in a ball of mist, he reassured her, "Don't worry. I'll be right back. With that, Wyatt's gargantuan body, along with the red mist (except what was protecting the Field Marshal), vanished from the physical plane and appeared in the spiritual plane, empowering his spiritual form.

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Chapter 2252 World Devouring Blood Plague Incarnation

[1,076 words]

Chapter 2252 World Devouring Blood Plague Incarnation

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After his grandmaster realm baptism by the energy from the origin source, guided by the baptism energy from the card world, Wyatt underwent several optimizations to his skills, traits, and physique. One of these changes was the fusion of his mutant ego gem, the 'Primordial Calamity Soul Gem, with his innate calamity, "World Devouring Plague" and his third blood rule rune, 'Blood Plague Incarnation"

First, his third blood rule rune, "Blood Plague Incarnation," created a duplicate rune that fused with his innate calamity, "World Devouring Plague, evolving his innate calamity into "World Devouring Blood Plague Incarnation." As a result, his innate calamity gained all the effects of the blood rule, including the ability to use soul energy and blood rule to form and multiply, plague hive, and plague rebirth. This significantly increased the versatility of his innate calamity to a whole new level. Then his evolved innate calamity "World Devouring Blood Plague Incarnation" fused with his origin card "Primordial Calamity Soul Gem" transforming his mutated ego gem into a new form, resembling a single world devouring plague/blood plague cell. In this form, it retained all its original abilities along with his innate calamity's ability to devour anything, including the world and its will. Additionally, it gained the limitless multiplying ability of his innate calamity and third blood rule rune, enabling it to rapidly mass-produce countless primordial calamity daughter gems. They were connected by plague hive and to replace the original after its death using plague rebirth. Each of these daughter gems resembled a plague cell and possessed all the prowess of a world devouring blood plague incarnation.

Essentially, his mutated ego gem, 'Primordial Calamity Soul Gem," and his evolved innate calamity, 'World Devouring Blood Plague Incarnation," had become one and the same. This was only possible due to the parent-and-daughter gem skill of his primordial calamity soul gem, which was similar to the reproductive skill of his world devouring plague and compatible with his third blood rule rune blood plague incarnation. Together they served as base for this miraculous fusion giving birth to primordial calamity soul gem's new form.

Because of this fusion, his Hive AI was also baptized and fused with Plague Hive, transforming from an artificial intelligence serving as a link between his multiple primordial souls into a spirit surviving as the link for his innate calamity along with his multiple primordial spirits. This meant the "World Devouring Plague" could expand limitlessly without Wyatt losing connection or control over it. Even as a spirit, the Hive AI had retain all its AI capabilities. As a spirit, it could execute these capabilities more efficiently and was now called the Hive Spirit.

Also, though not as significant, his third blood rule rune's Plague Rebirth had fused with his Reconstruction skill to become Cellular Reconstruction. This allowed him to regenerate as long as a single cell of his body remained, much like blood rebirth but without being limited to just blood. Despite this successful fusion, his mutated ego gem continued to maintain its previous form by producing multiple primordial calamity

daughter gems. These daughter gems, along with the primordial calamity soul gem at the center, concentrated together in a shape resembling its previous mutated ego gem form. This is why the Field Marshal found nothing wrong with it, despite monitoring Wyatt's mutated ego gem with her innate sense. Even Wyatt wasn't aware of this until he read about it in his grimoire's status page.

Because of this fusion, similar to how his mutated ego gem gained the tiny size and reproduction

ability of his evolved innate calamity, "World Devouring Blood Plague Incarnation," his innate calamity also inherited the various abilities of his primordial calamity soul gem. Some of these notable abilities included:

i) One with the Source: The ability to connect directly to the origin source of the universe. ii) Dual Existence: The ability to exist simultaneously in both the spiritual and physical planes. iii) Primordial Calamity Daughter Gems: The ability to create and control powerful daughter gems with various abilities, including enslavement, Hive Spirit, Viltronian versatility and vitality, Blood Curse immunity, Myriad devil transformation, soul energy manipulation, cellular reconstruction, transformation, etc

In conclusion, thanks to the baptism, Wyatt's origin card has absorbed most of his similar and compatible traits, physique, and abilities, evolving into a stronger version of itself. This made the baptism he received for breaking through to the grandmaster realm his most rewarding power-up so far. It justified the patience showed and time he invested in laying a proper foundation and unlocking his fourth transformation. This further solidified Wyatt's resolve not to rush his practice in pursuit of quickly gaining power.

From his display of power so far, especially against the unknown entity that managed to render the Field Marshal helpless, he appeared to have grown stronger than her. However, that was far from the truth. It was only that his innate calamity was a proper counter to the entity's attack. If Wyatt were to fight the Field Marshal in his current form, assisted by primordial energy, he had no doubt the Field Marshal would easily defeat him, though not as effortlessly as before.

The power and control she gained from mastering multiple martial arts from various disciples and styles to sage level created a huge power gap between the two which was not something Wyatt could overcome with his current arsenal of never-before-seen abilities. These abilities of his could only make him a good punching bag and allow him to escape if he was unable to take the beating anymore. In conclusion, Wyatt was fortunate that his innate calamity was the weakness of the unknown entity's attack. This prompted him to come to the spiritual plane to find the unknown enemy.

"You found me," the innocent voice replied in amazement as Wyatt's form materialized in the spiritual plane, surrounded by multiple red clouds made up of one of his innate calamity's effect 'World Devouring Plague!'

The voice belonged to the celestial array formation core. It seemed the core had given birth to a spirit. This meant the unknown enemy he was facing was the array core's spirit, the master of the realm and the celestial array formation, and not the creator of the celestial array formation who had refined the realm's will into a celestial array formation core. Learning this brought a huge relief to Wyatt.

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Chapter 2253 Gluttonous Plague

[1,075 words]

Chapter 2253 Gluttonous Plague

Date: Unspecified

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A 25,000-foot-tall Wyatt hovered in the spiritual plane, surrounded by red clouds of plague. Despite his immense size, he still appeared tiny before the celestial array formation core. The sheer enormity of the core increased his dread toward the entity responsible for forging such a monstrous structure that too in the spiritual plane. Given its celestial origin, it wasn't surprising that the core had given birth to a spirit.

Although the spirit appeared young, in terms of celestial lifespans, even a millennium-year-old celestial was still a toddler. This suggested that the spirit might be several millennia old, just like the celestial array formation, which had been arranged millennia ago. Remarkably, the celestial core spirit could understand and communicate with them, implying it retained the abilities of its celestial origin, allowing it to bypass any language barrier.

Hopefully, it hadn't inherited all celestial abilities-beyond celestial voice and celestial force-because even though Wyatt's innate calamity was a natural predator of celestial force, he was sure he couldn't take on a celestial in his current state. Judging by the absence of rule streams in the realm's womb, Wyatt was confident that the celestial core spirit was merely a failed imitation of a celestial will.

Though this discovery was encouraging to make matters worse, Wyatt was running on borrowed power, which wasn't limitless, especially considering that his innate calamity was a glutton by nature. He had no idea when he would run out of power, as this was his first time using his fourth form as the Thousand Blood Curse Incarnation and unleashing his innate calamity. Without proper data, even his Hive Spirit couldn't assist him.

At that moment, Wyatt's myriad primordial spirits were circulating his self-created soul-nourishing technique at full capacity, summoning as much primordial energy as possible from the origin source. The combined energy they summoned was 2,048 times greater than what a regular primordial spirit could summon. This astronomical amount of energy would have been enough for most, but not for Wyatt. Half of the primordial energy was being used to enhance the curse energy being used to create the plague, while the other half nourished the 1,024 SSS-Class blood curses integrated with his primordial spirits.

If not for the nourishment from the primordial energy, the SSS-Class blood curses would have been long drained by the effects of Wyatt's innate calamity, the 'World Devouring Blood Plague! However, this balance will not last for long, especially if he planned to continue using the plague to fight the celestial core spirit.

Yes, the plague could devour anything to multiply, but the plague cells reproduced through devouring were not equal to the ones lost. They were facing a powerful enemy, one capable of killing the cells faster than they could multiply. The amount of energy required to replace the dead plague cells wasn't small, and the energy needed to sustain the remaining ones added up to an even larger figure.

No matter how much primordial energy his myriad spirits summoned, it wouldn't be enough to sustain his plague for long. The plague was invincible if one could sustain it, but if not, it would devour its creator. Wyatt had to be careful and work within his limits.

The high energy consumption of the plague cells was due to his relatively low original realm. The energy required to enhance individual plague cells was significant. Thankfully, this applied only to

the initial cells, as their reproduction ability shouldered most of the burden. If not for this ability, Wyatt would have been drained dry by his own plague long ago.

Despite knowing this there was a reason why Wyatt rushed to the spiritual plane to confront the entity targeting them instead of escaping with Field Marshal by using his World Devouring Blood Plague to break through the celestial array formation, which had disconnected them from the rest of the myriad realms, especially the Devil Merchant Code.

It was because he knew the energy consumption of his plague was too great to last long enough for him to break through all six planetary rings of the celestial array formation

that served as barriers isolating them from myriad realms and locking them on this desolate realm. Therefore, he took the gamble of confronting the entity directly. Even if he couldn't defeat it, he hoped to persuade it to spare their lives. Hence, he was relieved to discover that he was facing the core spirit and not its creator.

"You found me!"

Ignoring the spirit's surprise, Wyatt immediately commenced his attack on the celestial array formation core. He was on borrowed time, and so he had to finish this as swiftly as possible, even if it meant diving headfirst without fully understanding the enemy.

'Activate, Innate Calamity: World Devouring Blood Plague Incarnation!

With that, Wyatt's 25,000-foot-tall spiritual body split into trillions of plague cells, morphing into a mist of blood plague. It merged with the surrounding red cloud of plague, drastically increasing its volume. Now, Wyatt was the plague. With the assistance of his Hive Spirit, he maintained absolute control over all the plague cells. Using celestial force, they surged forward like a plague tsunami, targeting the celestial array formation core, intending to devour it as quickly as possible. "Whoa, I was right—you are like me, but different, the celestial core spirit said upon seeing Wyatt's use of celestial force to move his huge plague form within the spiritual plane. Similar to its actions in the physical plane, the spirit attempted to mobilize a combination of celestial force and space rules to restrain Wyatt. However, just as before, the energy failed to restrain the plague, which instead devoured it and grew in volume.

Despite the failure of its attack, the celestial core spirit persisted with the same strategy on a larger scale. It seemed unaware that it was fueling the very fire consuming its home. Wyatt suspected that this might be because the spirit only knew one form of attack. At least in the physical plane, it could rely on the vault form of its array formation to launch meteors from the planetary belt targeting the prisoners. Here, in the spiritual realm, its options appeared limited.

Wyatt couldn't help but wonder if this was due to the celestial array formation's limited offensive capabilities or because the celestial core spirit was still too young to unleash the true power of the

array.

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Chapter 2254 Glimmer Of Hope

[1,007 words]

Chapter 2254 Glimmer Of Hope

Date: Unspecified

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No longer pondering on why the Celestial Core Spirit was using the same attack despite repeated failures, Wyatt gladly accepted its celestial force to increase the spread of his plague. By the time he reached the core, his plague cell count had grown enough to cover every inch of its surface with his World Devouring Blood Plague.

As soon as the plague cells attached themselves to the core, they began to devour it. Soon, painful screams filled Wyatt's consciousness, followed by the words, 'Aw, it hurts. Why are you hurting me?' Listening to these words, with their immature voice and pain-filled tone, Wyatt was stunned for a moment, feeling like a villain bullying a child. However, he quickly recovered and focused on devouring the core before running out of energy. Though it was a pity, with the core devoured, the entire realm and celestial array formation would collapse.

As opportunistic as Wyatt was, after investing his entire fortune into this realm, he would not have preferred such an outcome under different circumstances. But it was a matter of life and death right now, and he had little choice but to watch his investment crumble by his own hand.

Still, he did not give up. In hindsight, he wondered if there was a way to salvage the situation. Thinking about preventing the destruction of the Lil Red Storm realm, Wyatt pondered the plague responsible for it, 'What should I do with the plague after it devours the core?'

After devouring the celestial array formation core, his plague would have grown enormously. Should he use it to devour the remains of the realm, along with its multiple moons, or let the plague starve to death in the void? He could not afford to cultivate the plague on such a massive scale so he could only abandon the plague before escaping to the dark realm to deceive anyone attempting to retrace their steps.

Since Wyatt was still a Card Grandmaster, he couldn't refine the energy collected by the plague after devouring the celestial array formation core, like how Card Demigods use the energy to nourish their divinity and move closer to transcendence. If Wyatt

attempted it, he would break through to higher realms in one leap. Given the size of the plague, the possibility of him reaching the Card Demigod realm in a single bound wasn't far-fetched.

However, Wyatt, who valued perfection over speed in his cultivation, didn't want that. Even if he used his plague to devour the realm's remains and its multiple moons, he would eventually have to let the plague starve in the void. It was better to leave the scene of the crime as soon as possible, fearing that the destruction of the celestial array formation core would summon its creator. It had already taken everything Wyatt had trying to defeat the core spirit, so he didn't dare imagine confronting its creator.

Wasting the power of a celestial, accumulated within the plague, didn't sit well with Wyatt. So, instead of fleeing to the dark realm, he wondered if he should take the plague to the Red Alps and use it to rid the reign of the dark races, who had successfully invaded and were busy looting it. Wyatt wasn't a hero, but he wanted to test his plague against the dark races in a real fight.

However, knowing the Red Alps' natives would face the dark races' wrath after he left, Wyatt decided against it. He then considered another possibility-draining the energy from his plague and transferring it to the Field Marshal. If he could do that, he would help the Field Marshal grow stronger and take a step closer to transcendence. That would be better than letting the plague go to waste.

However, the plague's energy wasn't pure; it was contaminated with other energies, such as blood curse energy. It would be difficult for the Field Marshal to digest it in a single attempt, as she didn't seem to possess the same blood curse immunity that Wyatt had. This caused Wyatt to agonize over the potential loss involved in this process.

Still, such a return was better than losing all his investment and the energy contained within the plague. Just as Wyatt was consoling himself, an idea struck him. Why not use the Myriad Devil Transformation skill on the plague to turn it into a new celestial array formation core, replacing the destroyed one and gaining full control over the realm and its celestial array formation?

With the celestial energy contained in the plague, this was possible. As the new celestial array core, it could use the formation's ability to harvest energy from its twin suns, sustaining itself without relying on Wyatt for power. This way, Wyatt wouldn't lose the plague he had painstakingly cultivated and would make the realm his in every sense-at least until the creator of the celestial array formation came to check on it. Perhaps new core could even avoid the suspicion of the celestial array formation's creator, but only time would tell.

Regardless, Wyatt, still in his plague form, had to complete devouring the celestial core to choose any of them as his next step. His plague hadn't yet broken through the outer layer to reach the spirit at center of the core. Seeing the speed at which his plague was devouring and multiplying, Wyatt realized that if he didn't slow their reproduction, he wouldn't be able to sustain the plague long enough to break through the core's outer layer.

This realization caused him to panic. It turns out though the core spirit was lacking in offense, its natural durability was incredibly high, slowing the devouring power of Wyatt's plague. He feared running out of energy before he could break through the outer layer let alone devouring the entire celestial array formation core.

'Please, stop. Stop hurting me, the spirit's wailing continued, offering Wyatt a glimmer of hope after his cruel realization about his circumstance.

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Chapter 2255 Celestial Voice

[1,030 words]

Chapter 2255 Celestial Voice

Date: Unspecified

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Listening to the celestial core spirit, with its sweet and innocent voice, beg him to stop hurting it. Wyatt was taken aback and left speechless. The spirit's voice resembled that of an eight-or nine-year-old child, and hearing such a voice wailing and crying was good for his fighting spirit when one was fighting for their life. It was disheartening, making the adrenaline in his body rush backward.

Wyatt was at his wit's end. Based on his calculations, at the current rate his plague was consuming his energy, devouring the core, and multiplying, he would run out of energy before he could even break through the core's outer shell, let alone reach the spirit at the center of core. This meant his loss was definite. In an attempt to increase his chances, Wyatt stopped the multiplication of his plague, though this action was not

without cost. Given the size of the core and the time it would take for his plague to devour it, his odds remained bleak.

Interestingly, once his plague started devouring the core, the core ceased its signature combo attack of celestial force and space rule, which had previously been diminishing the plague's numbers. As a result, the plague's cell count remained constant. Seeing this, Wyatt didn't hesitate to halt the plague's multiplication altogether to buy some more no matter how insignificant.

This was only possible because instead of retaliating, the core spirit screamed in pain and begged Wyatt to stop, as if the agony made it forget to fight back. Wyatt pondered whether the pain of being devoured was too overwhelming or if the core spirit had never experienced pain before and therefore lacked the mental and physical resilience to cope with it. Even the slightest pain seemed to render it helpless. It acted very much like a child that fell for the first time.

Considering the toughness of the core's outer shell, Wyatt believed the former was impossible. It had to be the latter—the celestial core's spirit was mentally fragile, like a child experiencing the ant's bite for the first time.

His observations, combined with the core spirit's pleading, made Wyatt feel that violence might not be the best solution to his current predicament. Perhaps persuasion was the answer. As he continued his assault, he finally responded to the spirit's pleas, 'You're the one who attacked us first: Hearing Wyatt's reply, the spirit, amidst its agony, felt a glimmer of hope and hurriedly said, 'No, I didn't! I just wanted to stop you from leaving. Please stop—it hurts! I won't attack you anymore. From this exchange, Wyatt realized that while the spirit sounded like a young child, it was far more mentally mature but had little to no experience with the worldly affairs. Yet, it was capable of holding a complete conversation and conveying its intentions. He believed this was due to the celestial skill 'Celestial Voice.'

Though the spirit claimed it would no longer attack, it also mentioned it didn't want them to leave. Wyatt didn't ease his attack, let alone stop it. He intended to use the spirit's pain as leverage to persuade it into allowing them to leave this realm peaceful or more.

'Don't lie. What about the meteor strikes you launched at us from your nearest planetary ring?' Wyatt pointed out.

'I only did that to scare your friend, to stop her from struggling. Although she's not strong, she managed to pinpoint the weak spots in my celestial space hold and attack them. She almost succeeded in breaking free if I hadn't immediately reinforced the areas she targeted. Had she been a little faster, I wouldn't have been able to stop her. So, I used the meteor shower to distract her. I never meant to harm you or your friend from the start. Please stop hurting me; the core spirit explained, causing Wyatt to understand that the spirit took pride in its 'Celestial Space Hold' skill and had some battle experience.'

'If you didn't mean us any harm, why did you use your celestial space hold on us and lock this realm out of the myriad realms?' Wyatt asked. The core spirit was being cooperative, so Wyatt decided to ease his attack to show that if it continued to cooperate, the pain would lessen or even stop.

'I only used my celestial space hold because you insisted on leaving, even though your friend asked you to stay and continue what you were doing. Now that you know I didn't mean any harm, can you stop hurting me? It really hurts,' the spirit replied, its tone appeared to blame Wyatt for current situation, as if it had no fault in how things had escalated.

From the spirit's words, Wyatt realized it was referring to the time he and the Field Marshal were arguing about whether to leave the realm or continue mining it. It seemed the spirit had been monitoring and eavesdropping on them. When Wyatt ultimately decided they should leave, the spirit had acted swiftly to stop them, leading to the current situation.

It became clear to Wyatt that the spirit truly hadn't intended to harm them. He had misunderstood it. His first instinct upon discovering its presence had been to retreat to the Dark Realm did not help either. Still, this wasn't enough to put him at ease. Though the spirit wasn't as strong as a celestial being, it was still far stronger than him and the Field Marshal combined. Wyatt needed reassurance before he could let his guard down.

With a plan forming in his mind, Wyatt decided to find out what the core spirit wanted from him. 'Why don't you want me to leave?' he asked.

Only by understanding what the celestial core spirit wanted from him could Wyatt decide on a bait to manipulate the spirit. If it was truly as innocent as it sounded, then that should be easy. Then, not only would he be able to get it to allow them to leave the realm peacefully, but he could also try his luck and seek its permission to continue their mining activities.

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Chapter 2256 Celestial Vision

[1,048 words]

Chapter 2256 Celestial Vision

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'Because... you are like me. Though different, you're very much like me. You're clearly not a celestial, but you possess celestial force of your own. You can even use something similar-no, stronger than the celestial vision. I don't understand why you haven't yet unlocked celestial voice.

I've been here, alone, for so long it feels like eternity. In that time, many beings have come, but none were like me. Meeting you, someone like me, for the first time-I was happy and wanted to get to know you. But I felt overwhelmed, and as I was wondering how to approach, you started making plans to leave. In my haste to stop you, I acted rashly.

Please forgive my actions. I mean you no harm. I just want to get to know you. So, please stop attacking me. It hurts a lot, the Core spirit explained, revealing why it didn't want Wyatt to leave.

Loneliness and a desperate desire for kinship-that was the obvious takeaway from its words. But what interested Wyatt were the subtleties hidden between the lines. It seemed the spirit had never met its creator, had come into contact with other celestial who rejected it because its messy origin, and, moreover, that many beings had made it past the celestial array formation's masking ability to reach this realm. These points were significant.

Knowing the spirit hadn't met its creator could explain why it did not know how to fully use the celestial array formation, as well as why it so desperately sought kinship. If it had met its creator, the spirit would likely have a stronger sense of purpose, a sense of self, and more experience than it currently possessed. It wouldn't be so mentally fragile. Celestial beings had rule sources to guide them, helping them learn and grow, but the core spirit seemed to lack this option and also with absence of its creator to act as its mentor to replace the absence of rule source, had stunted its growth and development.

The reason Wyatt found this information especially useful was that it solved one of his major concerns: that the creator of the celestial array formation might pursue him for trespassing and stealing from their property. Based on Wyatt's observations, he saw three possible reasons why the creator had never come to check on the formation:

i) The creator was no longer in the myriad realm. By the time the celestial array formation spirit was born, the creator might have entered the river of reincarnation or achieved transcendence. Given the entity's ability to craft such an array, Wyatt didn't think transcendence was out of the question.

ii) The creator was unable to come. The entity could be preoccupied with other pursuits, practicing to achieve transcendence, dealing with enemies, or even trapped somewhere. Any of these situations or more were possible.

3) The creator had abandoned the Celestial array formation. They might have lost interest, forgotten its existence, or simply considered the array a failed project. Based on the core spirit's performance so far, Wyatt leaned toward the latter.

Regardless of why the entity hadn't met its creation after its birth, Wyatt felt relieved that he didn't need to rush, worrying that the creator might appear to avenge their creation.

Its desperate search for kinship might also stem from the fact that the celestial beings it had come into contact with had rejected it and considered it not one of them considering its ghoulish origin. Therefore, in this vast myriad realms, it considered itself alone. Understandably, it was overwhelmed by joy when it came across a being it believed to be similar to itself. It felt close to Wyatt and thought of him as a brethren. However, things spiralled out of its control, leading to current stand off.

Then there was the matter of other beings managing to reach the realm making past its stealth. One thing was certain: none of them were devil merchants, or Wyatt would have had the opportunity to claim the realm by the laws of the Devil Merchant Code. More importantly, the fact that many entities could travel through the myriad realms without assistance from the Devil Merchant Code became evident.

This reminded Wyatt of the dimension travelers organization Hendricks had once mentioned. Notably, these entities seemed to lack the strength or knowledge of figures like the Divant Devil or Elder Anesthesia Dragon. Had they been as powerful as them, they wouldn't have left such a treasure trove of a realm untouched. The likes of the Divant Devil or even Elder Anesthesia Dragon would have easily subdued the celestial core spirit, as they were powerful enough to not only sense the blood rule source but enter it and cause ruckus within it.

Apart from these observations, Wyatt was intrigued that the core spirit mistook his primordial soul pupils for a higher form of celestial vision and even pitied him for his supposed inability to use celestial voice.

He'd read about celestial vision in the Infinity Library while researching celestial beings, yet none of the information indicated a similarity between celestial vision and his soul pupils. He was curious as to why the core spirit had made such an assumption -were the books he read inaccurate or incomplete?

In any case, he found it amusing that the celestial core spirit pitied him for not being able to use celestial voice, considering him an 'incomplete' celestial similar to itself. Wyatt knew that once his synchronization rate reached a certain percentage, he too would gain celestial vision and celestial voice, allowing him to grow as a celestial.

To increase his synchronization rate and develop as a celestial, all he had to do was ingest more pixie dust. However, he'd feared that consuming too much pixie dust at once at his realm at that time might either overwhelm him with excessive energy causing him to explode or lead to a shaky foundation. So, he had postponed ingesting more pixie dust until he'd fully absorbed the progress he'd made so far as a celestial. Now that he'd made headway in his realm and had grown significantly stronger, Wyatt felt it might be time to make progress in his celestial journey as well.

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Chapter 2257 The Price Of Kinship Is Freedom

[1,042 words]

Chapter 2257 The Price Of Kinship Is Freedom

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil Red Storm Planet, Unspecified

Having understood what the core spirit sought from him, Wyatt set his plan into motion. "I understand this was all a misunderstanding, but that doesn't change the fact that you attacked us first. However, it doesn't warrant a fight to the death over a misunderstanding. So, if you want me to stop attacking you, you'll have to do something for me."

"Okay, I'll do anything," the core spirit agreed without hesitation, not even pausing to learn the condition. It was simply relieved that the agonizing pain would finally stop and that Wyatt was willing to forgive it. Since it was getting everything it wanted, the spirit didn't care about the price it was paying.

Few in the myriad realm were capable of locating the core spirit on the spiritual plane, let alone launching an effective attack against it. So, it wouldn't be surprising if the spirit had little understanding of pain—or if Wyatt attacking it was its first experience of it altogether. Judging by its low tolerance to pain, both scenarios seemed likely. Wyatt too would have been helpless against an enemy like this if not for his array of abilities with unique prowess which would be coveted anywhere in the myriad realms. For most mortals, a being like the celestial core spirit was practically a god. Even many card

demigods and similar level entities across the myriad realms shared this perspective. Celestials were unmatched, so it was no surprise that the celestial array formation core's spirit, as a formidable celestial array formation, lacked predators in the realms and was unfamiliar with pain. Especially considering it could lock and hid itself from the myriad realms. The defensive shell formed by its six planetary rings were no joke either.

However, agreeing to anything just to avoid pain was unlike a celestial. Yet, the core spirit did so was because it had another strong reason. The another big reason for the core spirit's swift decision was its desperation for kinship. Being a unique celestial array formation core spirit meant it was alone in a vast realm where even the most wicked beings could find friends or companions. So, when it found someone it believed was similar to it, it wasn't surprising that it was willing to agree to anything to get to know them and become close to them, even if the kinship was brief or merely an illusion. The spirit just wanted to experience it.

"Good. I want you to stop resisting my plague," Wyatt commanded, ordering his world-devouring blood plague to halt its attack on the celestial array formation core and to start fusing with it using the effect it gained from his primordial calamity daughter gem.

With his current grimoire grade, Wyatt knew it was impossible to subdue the celestial array formation spirit with the calamity daughter gem alone. Even if his grimoire were diamond-grade, the calamity daughter gem would still have no effect on celestials as the World Calamity Tree could devour celestials, but it couldn't subdue them with its calamity daughter seeds.

Despite knowing this Wyatt ordered his plague to fuse the core using the fect of the primordial calamity daughter gem because his daughter gem had been baptized with primordial energy, it had evolved into the primordial calamity daughter gem, significantly enhancing its strength and capabilities.

With his current power, using the primordial calamity daughter gem to subdue the celestial core spirit was possible if he could break past the core's outer shell and reach its center where the spirit was housed. Still, there was a chance the spirit's will might resist even his enhanced daughter gem's control. That was to say while it wasn't a absolute effect like it was previously, the primordial calamity daughter gem still offered Wyatt a viable option for subduing celestials. For this reason, he asked the core spirit to stop resisting his plague's fusion with it.

If the core spirit willingly allowed the fusion, Wyatt's primordial calamity daughter gem would have a one hundred percent chance of subduing it. In other words, the cost Wyatt was asking of the celestial array formation spirit was its freedom. "Alright," the core spirit agreed, willingly allowing Wyatt's world-devouring blood plague to fuse with its body, unaware of the true price it was paying to stop the attack and gain Wyatt's forgiveness-and perhaps even his friendship.

The red mist covering the celestial core fused with it over time, leaving behind a single primordial calamity soul gem plague cell, which multiplied to grow Wyatt's spiritual body on the spiritual plane. As the plague cells fused with the core, they began to heal the previous damage they had caused to the core. Moved by this, the core spirit felt reassured and had no doubts about allowing Wyatt's plague cells to fuse with it, not that it had any to begin with.

In its desperation to feel kinship with Wyatt, it hadn't doubted him even slightly, and now, seeing Wyatt healing it, the core spirit felt it had made the right choice. Overwhelmed with emotion, it wondered if this was the kinship it had yearned for all along, and thought that, if so, it was worth waiting an eternity to experience it. When the plague cells had finally fused with the celestial array formation core through the effect of the primordial calamity daughter gem, Wyatt made a surprising discovery: the core spirit automatically received partner-level authority instead of a servant-level authority. He attempted to reduce its authority level, only to fail repeatedly.

Wyatt wracked his brain, trying to figure out why he couldn't reduce the celestial core spirit's authority level below partner tier as his primordial calamity daughter gem. He wondered if it was because the primordial calamity daughter gem's effect simply wasn't strong enough. This was the only reason he could think of at present.

While this wasn't the outcome he had hoped for, he could only console himself, thinking that this level of control was better than nothing. As, for the moment, it assured that the celestial array formation core's spirit would not be able to turn on him even if he were to return to his original realm.

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[1,011 words]

Chapter 2258 Bloodkin-Tier

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil Red Storm Planet, Unspecified

Just when Wyatt believed his troubles were over, the core of the celestial array formation shone brilliantly with a golden light, startling him. Alerted, he instantly tried to sense the situation through the shared link between him and the core spirit. However, to his dismay, he felt a powerful surge within the link between his's primordial calamity soul

gem and his new primordial calamity daughter gem, the celestial array formation core spirit.

This was the first time he had experienced such a phenomenon and was unsure how to respond. Instinctively, he mobilized all his primordial energy into the Hive Spirit and the protective shell of the world calamity tree seed to shield him from any harm that might come from the power surge within their shared link. After all, aside from his spiritual channel, the primordial calamity soul/daughter gem link had direct access into his mutated ego gem.

Back when he had fought the Circle's Mike Brown in Sun Blossom City, Mike had used the Myriad Devil's Hex on Ji Feng, Wyatt's martyred calamity daughter gem. The curse had extended to him through the calamity soul/daughter gem link. Although Anna's dummy ring resisted the curse on his behalf, it was notable that the curse could spread through the link between the calamity soul gem and calamity daughter gem. Therefore, when he felt great power surge within the link between him and the core spirit, Wyatt couldn't help but be on guard since he had no idea what this power entailed. After fortifying his defenses, he used his primordial soul pupils to study the nature of this great power. To his surprise, it appeared to be a type of innate power- specifically, the innate power of the celestial array formation core's spirit.

Not gleaning much about the potential of this innate power, Wyatt used his unique eyes to further peer through the golden light and into the celestial array formation core, hoping to locate its spirit and gain an understanding of its innate power. However, before he could make sense of it, the great power launched itself into his mutated ego gem through the calamity soul/daughter gem link.

To Wyatt's dismay, neither the Hive Spirit nor the world calamity tree seed's protective shell around his mutated ego gem could hinder, let alone stop, the great power. He had never felt more betrayed by his own prowess. Just as he began to process this, he felt a sudden empowerment similar to the sensation of his recent baptism.

Realizing that the great power posed no threat but was, in fact, empowering him, he understood why his Hive Spirit and the world calamity tree seed's protective shell had allowed it through. It seemed his body had a better sense of judgment than he did. However, Wyatt was still puzzled as to why he had received a portion of the celestial core spirit's innate power-something unprecedented, as none of his calamity daughter gems had ever shared their power with him before. As he pondered this strange event, his grimoire emitted a series of notifications:

[You are being baptized by the 'Unnamed' primordial calamity daughter gem's innate celestial power.]

[Your synchronicity rate has increased.

175% >>> 200%]

[You have awakened celestial skill: Celestial Voice.]

[You have awakened celestial skill: Celestial Vision.]

[Your cursed primordial bloodline has deemed the 'Unnamed' primordial calamity daughter gem worthy to inherit it.]

[Your 'Unnamed' primordial calamity daughter gem has inherited your cursed primordial bloodline.]

Bloodline Purity: 97%]

[Your 'Unnamed' primordial calamity daughter gem's authority tier has increased. Partner-Tier >>> Bloodkin-Tier.]

[Skill Name: Bloodkin-Tier Primordial Calamity Daughter Gem

Effect:

- i) Primordial calamity daughter gems with Bloodkin-Tier authority are bound to the primordial calamity soul gem by the cursed primordial bloodline.
- ii) Primordial calamity daughter gems with Bloodkin-Tier authority have greater autonomy, allowing them to think independently and, at their discretion, ignore commands. However, they cannot defy orders issued through the cursed primordial bloodline.
- iii) Bloodkin-Tier authority grants the daughter gem limited control over other daughter gems with lower authority, enabling them to lead.
- iv) The purity of the cursed primordial bloodline determines the hierarchy among Bloodkin-Tier daughter gems.

Note:

- i) The cursed primordial bloodline can only be inherited by daughter gems deemed worthy by the bloodline.
- ii) Any primordial calamity daughter gem sharing the cursed primordial bloodline with the soul gem is automatically promoted to Bloodkin-Tier.
- iii) Bloodkin-Tier daughter gems possess advanced intelligence and problem-solving abilities, distinguishing them from lower-tier daughter gems.]

Reading the notifications from his grimoire, Wyatt was stunned. He knew little about the cursed primordial bloodline other than that he had gained cursed bloodline while comprehending his second blood rule, the meaning of 'Blood Curse!'

Seeing the cursed primordial bloodline act autonomously and select its inheritors without his input brought a troubled frown to Wyatt's face. Just when he felt a sense of relief, the development blindsided him, catching him off guard.

Most troubling was the addition of a new authority tier-Bloodkin-for his primordial calamity daughter gems. This authority level granted Bloodkin-Tier daughter gems the freedom to think independently and the discretion to reject his orders unless they were issued through the cursed primordial bloodline.

While this advancement made the Bloodkin-Tier daughter gems more capable than their lower-tier counterparts, Wyatt questioned whether the cost of relinquishing absolute control was worth it. Only by observing the extent of the Bloodkin-Tier daughter gems' abilities in comparison to the lower-tier gems would he be able to determine if this trade-off was worthwhile.

Yet, even if he could come to terms with this change, Wyatt found it disconcerting that the cursed primordial bloodline would autonomously decide which daughter gems were worthy of inheriting it. He strongly felt that he should be the one to decide which of his daughter gems would inherit his bloodline and be promoted to Bloodkin-Tier. Realizing that he had no control over this, Wyatt shifted his focus to the next matter at hand: his unexpected acquisition of part of the celestial array formation core spirit's innate power.

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Chapter 2259 Dalie Wyatt

[1,024 words]

Chapter 2259 Dalie Wyatt

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil Red Storm Planet, Unspecified

Wyatt's initial guess was that the new bloodkin-tier of his primordial calamity daughter gem might be the reason why he could share a portion of the core spirit's innate power. However, the bloodkin-tier info contained no mention of such an effect, leaving Wyatt back where he started, without answers.

Soon, he speculated that it might not be him but rather the radiant celestial array formation core itself that shared a portion of its innate power with him. Though the core wasn't shining as brightly as before, it was still radiating brilliantly as it underwent metamorphosis to become bloodkin-tier primordial calamity daughter gem. Wyatt could only wait for it to complete its transformation to question whether it was responsible for sharing its power with him.

Rather than wait, Wyatt decided to meet with the Field Marshal to retrieve his remaining plague essence to nourish his almost exhausted curses, which were currently being replenished using all the primordial energy his myriad primordial spirits were drawing from the origin source. He also intended to update her on the situation-but only enough to assure her their safety on this realm and keep her from asking further questions.

Just then, the enormous core in the spiritual plane disintegrated into countless microscopic particles, forming a shimmering cloud. Soon, a tiny portion of the cloud separated from the rest and condensed into a humanoid form resembling Wyatt in many ways, except it was a female. The remaining cloud reverted back into the celestial array formation core, this time appearing as a massive gem, resembling Wyatt's primordial calamity daughter gem.

Seeing the naked female version of himself appear before him, Wyatt was speechless as his mind went blank from the sheer bizarre ness of the situation until it spoke to him using celestial voice in an innocent voice: 'How do I look?"

'Y-you're the core's spirit?' Wyatt stammered, though he had already grasped the situation; it was just overwhelming to process. It seems he wasn't the only one who gained a bountiful harvest.

'You can use celestial voice now. I see my efforts weren't in vain, but that's nothing compared to the gifts you gave me, the core spirit replied, approaching Wyatt for a closer look. Its new appearance was due to the physiques, traits, skills, abilities, and bloodline it had inherited from Wyatt as his bloodkin-tier primordial calamity daughter gem.

Confirming that the core's spirit was indeed responsible for sharing a portion of the celestial array formation core's innate power with him from its words, Wyatt quickly mobilized his soul energy to construct clothing around the spirit, saying, 'Never show your naked form to others. It's your privacy and is considered indecent.

'Okay! The core spirit, unfamiliar with the concept of clothing, was puzzled but decided to take Wyatt's words seriously as it spun around to look at attire covering its body. It was different from the attire Wyatt was wearing. So, it seemed to be curious about it. However, its face remained expressionless, as it had no experience with body language. Previously, its "body" was the core itself, which had the expressiveness of a rock.

'It seems we're siblings now, sharing the same bloodline and all, Wyatt mused, noting the spirit's resemblance to him. She shared his bloodline, appearance, and powers, so she looked much like his fraternal twin. Accepting the reality, he readily embraced her as his sister rather than an incarnation or a mere clone. Her impassive expression made it hard for him to gauge her thoughts, so he added, 'I suppose there's a lot I need to teach you. Shall we start by giving you a name?'

Wyatt's acceptance of the situation-and of the core spirit as his sister-was primarily because he recognized how much he stood to gain by doing so. He sensed that the core spirit deeply desired kinship, and he intended to make it happy by offering just that. As his bloodkin-tier primordial calamity daughter gem, he could command it as he pleased, but Wyatt preferred to inspire loyalty through goodwill rather than by imposing his will. After all, now it was one of his own. And when it comes to his people he was very generous.

"We are siblings," the spirit murmured, its previously emotionless face lighting up with emotions for the first time as it absorbed Wyatt's words. Though it already knew they were connected through shared powers, hearing him confirm it brought new satisfaction.

"Yes. I am Dalton Wyatt, your brother," Wyatt reintroduced himself with a gentle smile, though the notion of accepting a celestial array formation as a sister was mind-boggling. Still, if it ensured his investment in the Lil Red Storm realm wasn't wasted and gained a steady source of income, he had no reason to object.

"I-I don't have a name. I never needed one," the spirit said, reminiscing about its lonely past. Soon, however, its eyes sparkled again as it asked, "Would you give me one, brother?"

"Me? Oh, no, I'm told I'm not good at naming things," Wyatt responded, trying to avoid the task finding it tedious to find the perfect name for his sister.

"No, I'll like whatever name you give me," the core spirit assured him.

"Alright, if you insist," Wyatt conceded. "What are your thoughts on being called 'Dalie'?"

"Dalie, Dalie Wyatt. I like it," the spirit replied, smiling. "From today on, I am Dalie Wyatt, the elder sister of Dalie Wyatt."

"Great! But why did you add 'Wyatt' to your name? And why are you the elder one?" Wyatt asked, surprised, since as a celestial array formation core's spirit Dalie shouldn't have known about the concept of surnames or the significance of siblings sharing the same one.

"I wanted our names to sound similar. And I'm the elder one among us because I'm older than you," Dalie stated confidently. Though she was new to the concept of surnames, she wasn't unfamiliar with the idea of hierarchy among siblings. This was the basics of kinship, one would know this especially after waiting for it for what felt like an eternity.

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Chapter 2260 Dalie The Exception

[1,016 words]

Chapter 2260 Dalie The Exception

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil Red Storm Planet, Unspecified

So far, from Dalie's actions and words, it seemed she was clueless about the true effects of Wyatt's Primordial Calamity Daughter Gem on her body. Wyatt found this puzzling since it wasn't the case with his other Daughter Gems. He wondered if she might be suffering from amnesia or some form of cognitive damage. If not, he wanted her fully up to speed on his intentions and ideals, just like all his previous Daughter Gems. He didn't have time to indulge this lonely core spirit every whim.

'Lil bro, is something bothering you?' Dalie asked, noticing Wyatt deep in thought. 'Yes. Can't you feel the changes brought on by fusing with my Primordial Calamity Daughter Gem?' Wyatt asked bluntly, though he did aim to keep her content so she would do the same for him, he did not want to waste too much time on her as his schedule was already very tight.

'I do. I've gained various physiques, traits, skills, and abilities-not to mention the bloodline we share. Above all, thanks to the fusion, I can now sense the rule sources,

Dalie replied openly. But even with all her revelations, she still hadn't told him what he wanted to hear.

'What? You can sense the rule sources?' Wyatt exclaimed in shock. None of his other Daughter Gems could do that. He wondered what made Dalie the exception to all the principles of the Primordial Calamity Daughter Gem, which he had believed to be absolute.

'Let me show you, Dalie said, and in a fraction of a second, she connected to the space rule source. Soon, within mere moments, she had forged a space rule stream in the womb of her realm.

Watching the cascading space rule stream in what had once been considered a barren realm womb, Wyatt felt both shocked and mesmerized. He himself had been attempting to forge his blood rule stream and knew that creating a stream was no easy task for any being, mortal or celestial alike. All had to undergo the universally impartial test of the rule sources to forge rule streams. Yet Dalie had created hers in seconds, defying Wyatt's understanding of reality.

'What the...?' Wyatt cursed as Dalie's endless space rule stream continued to rapidly grow in width.

The widening of the rule stream indicated that more rule meanings of the said rule were being fused into it. Yet each of these meanings had to be comprehended to ultimate mastery and understanding before being fused to the rule stream. Based on

the rate of expansion, it seemed Dalie was comprehending and mastering a minimum of two space rule meanings per second. Wyatt's understanding of reality continued to unravel.

'Phew, that was harder than I thought, but I'm glad my realm's womb finally has a rule stream, Dalie said happily, as her space rule stream stabilized. Now it was about twenty-two times its initial width. Finding Wyatt staring at her wide-eyed, she asked, 'What's wrong?

'Why did you stop? Make a few more rule streams, Wyatt said, hiding his shock.

'I only comprehend space rules thanks to the principles of the celestial array formation used in my creation. To forge more rule streams, I'd have to start comprehending different rules first. That will take time-maybe in another century or two I'll manage another rule stream, if I'm lucky, Dalie explained, with a touch of longing to see her womb filled with various rule streams like the wombs of other celestial beings.

Wyatt finally understood. The endless space rule stream before him was the product of Dalie's millennia of space rule comprehension and mastery. Previously, though she couldn't sense rule sources like other celestials, she could still comprehend space rules

due to her celestial array formation. But without access to the rule source, she'd been unable to forge a rule stream. As despite her celestial origin, she was technically more of an array than a celestial. This was why she hadn't showcase the full prowess of her space rule mastery to Wyatt during their battle.

Having spent thousands of years on space rule comprehension alone, it was natural that Dalie could rapidly condense her millennia of space rule comprehension and mastery into a majestic space rule stream. Considering millennia of hard work and innate talent as a celestial and Daughter Gem her success was given.

This realization restored Wyatt's confidence in his understanding of reality. He understood that Dalie was an exception to many Daughter Gem rules because she was uniquely powerful. After fusing with his Daughter Gem, her power had only multiplied. At her current strength, if Dalie were a regular being, it would be expected for her to sense the rule source of the rule she had comprehended. However, because of her origin as a celestial core spirit and a Primordial Calamity Daughter Gem, her ability to sense all rule sources without meeting certain milestones in each rule's mastery was within many possibilities.

Wyatt comparing Dalie to his other Daughter Gems now seemed foolish. Considering her unique origin and the fact that she was his only Bloodkin-tier Primordial Calamity Daughter Gem, Wyatt wondered if his Daughter Gem itself had intentionally withheld the full truth about the Primordial Calamity Soul/Daughter Gem from her fearing her reaction.

Wyatt could only speculate, as his abilities didn't reveal the reasoning behind these actions. Just as the human heart and brain don't explain why they did what they did to them, Wyatt had to research to find answers to his questions. Unlike mortals who can study their fellows, Wyatt was one of a kind. Fortunately, with the primordial soul pupil, he knew that, in time, all mysteries would be revealed.

However, Wyatt had a hunch that the only reason his Primordial Daughter Gem had to resort to such measures was due to the vast difference between him and Dalie in terms of their realm, not to mention her origin as a celestial. After all, Daughter Seeds of a World Calamity Tree were never meant to enslave a celestial.

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Chapter 2261 Mutant Celestial Dalie

[1,053 words]

Chapter 2261 Mutant Celestial Dalie

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil Red Storm Planet, Unspecified

'Dalie, can you sense the origin source?' Wyatt asked, refraining from explaining the full truth of what it meant to be a Daughter Gem, as he didn't want to test the limits of the delicate harmony his abilities had established with Dalic as his Daughter Gem. He chose to trust in the strength of the cursed primordial bloodline, believing it to be absolute, even for Dalie, a mutant celestial.

Wyatt labeled Dalie a "mutant celestial" because, after fusing with his Primordial Calamity Daughter Gem, she had shed her old status, evolving into a complete celestial and even more. Previously, the only thing preventing Dalie from being a true celestial was her inability to sense rule sources and natural growth, requiring her to rely on energy from two suns and resources extracted from meteoroids and asteroids for sustenance. These source were barely enough to fuel her existence let along help her growth and development, even if they were sufficient she was incapable of helping her grow as a celestial but as array spirit they could.

However, now that she could sense rule sources as a regular celestial would, she had a more efficient sources to not only sustain her existence and to help her grow as a celestial, just like other celestials. Not to mention, with the added abilities of the Primordial Calamity Daughter Gem, she was different from regular celestials, making her a mutant among the celestial.

If she could sense the origin source, she would be not only different but superior to a regular celestial, with access to the primordial energy coveted by all beings in the myriad realms, including celestials.

If she were able to sense the origin source than she will not only be different from a regular celestial but better than a regular celestial gaining accessing to the primordial energy coveted by every being in the myriad realms including the celestial beings.

'No, but should I be able to?' Dalie asked with concern, reluctant for this revelation to dampen her excitement over gaining the kinship she had longed for and her new status as a true celestial, something she could only dreamed of.

'You will, as you grow stronger, Wyatt said, attempting to dismiss the matter. But Dalie persisted, 'But you can sense it, can't you?'

'Yes, but that doesn't reflect on your abilities. Besides, Celestials can't sense the origin source without meeting certain milestones and achievements. If you continue to

progress as you are, I'm confident you will be able to sense it too, Wyatt assured her. Despite his tight schedule, he felt he had to indulge Dalie: otherwise, he might soon

find out if she was an exception to the cursed primordial bloodline as well. Wyatt typically didn't like to leave variable unattended to, but he felt helpless since Dalie's strength was beyond his control, and celestials were a special existence in the myriad realms.

Still, if it turned out that Dalie was immune to the cursed bloodline's control, Wyatt had a contingency: he could awaken the dormant plague fused into her celestial array core and let it do what it did best-devour realms. However, this was a last resort. Awakening the plague would consume massive energy, and fully overtaking her core would demand even more. Besides, Wyatt needed Dalie alive to profit from his investment, and he couldn't summon that much power instantly-not yet atleast. 'But you can sense the origin source, Dalie pointed out, sounding disappointed. She wasn't jealous; instead, as his elder sister, she simply felt inadequate. If the Field Marshal overheard her, she might jokingly invite Dalie to the "Wyatt's Friends and Family Club," as feeling incompetent around Wyatt came with the territory. But over time, Wyatt had a way of making others feel that his achievements were their own. ... Wyatt was momentarily speechless. He couldn't quite grasp the source of Dalie's disappointment, but he was sure she wasn't jealous, so he decided to shift the subject. 'Come, let me introduce you to my friend and mentor!

Upon arriving in the physical plane in his usual form, Wyatt retrieved the plague cells surrounding the Field Marshal and informed her, "The situation has been handled. We can continue mining here without any concerns."

"Who is that?" the Field Marshal asked, her voice filled with questions about both the threat and the power Wyatt had displayed. Yet, she chose to ask about the immediate mystery-the female version of Wyatt beside him. She guessed it was an incarnation of him but dreaded the idea that Wyatt might be one of those with a peculiar preference. Moreover, the female version's strength was overwhelming, sending her survival instincts into overdrive and making her want to flee.

"That's my elder sister, Dalie Wyatt," Wyatt introduced Dalie. The Field Marshal suspected he was joking, but his demeanor suggested otherwise. Seeing the confusion on her face, Wyatt added, "Dalie is the will of this realm a.k.a the spirit of the celestial array formation."

"She's a celestial!" the Field Marshal blurted in shock. She quickly descended and bowed deeply to Dalie, pleading, "Please, forgive my insolence, Your Highness." Though it was her first time witnessing a celestial will in physical form, Wyatt's words, and Dalie's strength, left no room for doubt.

"What's she doing? Should I bow too?" Dalie asked Wyatt in confusion. As the will of a barren realm, she had no interaction with mortals, and those she did encounter were

mostly frightened interdimensional travelers trespassing the realm. So, she didn't know mortals revered celestials.

"No, don't. That might just scare her to death," Wyatt hurriedly said, signaling to the Field Marshal to drop the formalities. "Field Marshal, Dalie is my elder sister-treat her as such, nothing more."

The Field Marshal dropped the formalities but gave Wyatt a blank stare, finding it hard to believe that a celestial would consider herself a mortal's elder sibling. There was a limit to boasting, and Wyatt had crossed it my several miles. Though Dalie appeared very friendly toward Wyatt, the Field Marshal didn't dare mistake it for anything else even it meant doubting her young liege's words. This was the difference between Devils and Card Demigods, one hunted celestials as nourishment while other revered them as creator gods.

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Chapter 2262 Wyatt's Apology, Dalie's Big Gift

[1,029 words]

Chapter 2262 Wyatt's Apology, Dalie's Big Gift

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil Red Storm Planet, Unspecified

"He is telling the truth. I am Wyatt's elder sister, and we share the same bloodline. You can check if you want," Dalie said, noticing the skepticism in the Field Marshal's eyes. She drew blood from her palm, intent on proving her connection to Wyatt and establishing their shared lineage.

The Field Marshal was taken aback, startled by Dalie's bold gesture, especially seeing her draw blood. This incident stirred questions in the Field Marshal's mind about her understanding of celestials. 'Since when did celestials start to bleed?' she thought but soon dismissed it, assuming Dalie might have created an incarnation using Wyatt's blood. This could explain her resemblance to Wyatt and the claim of a shared bloodline.

"Dalie, stop. There's no need for that," Wyatt said, intervening before she could further pressure the Field Marshal into verifying their bloodline.

"Yes, Your Highness Dalie. There's no need for a blood test. I trust your word," the Field Marshal added, playing along despite her skepticism about Wyatt and Dalie being siblings to humor the celestial.

"Wyatt, why don't you call me 'elder sister'? If you had, there wouldn't have been such misunderstandings," Dalie pointed at Wyatt, blaming him for the Field Marshal's doubt. She had wanted to bring this up for some time and now had the perfect reason.

"That's not it," Wyatt replied, dismissing her complaint before abruptly changing the topic. "The space furnace array formation is going strong." He then entered the array's storage section, where numerous two-pound bars of refined L.SG were neatly stacked. Wyatt had failed to monitor the array formation because of the disturbance earlier, but the abundance of refined bars indicated that the array was functioning well.

"You know, you don't need this array to extract resources. I can do it for you. Now that I'm a true celestial and can feel the rule sources I don't need to depend on these resources for sustenance anymore, so I could gather and store them for you," Dalie generously offered to her younger brother, choosing not to bring up that he wasn't willing to call her elder sister or mention that he had previously attempted to take her resources without permission or that he hadn't consulted her about mining activities after establishing their relationship as siblings.

Though she no longer needed these resources, Dalie shouldn't overlook the fact that before becoming a complete celestial, she had to rely on these supplements to maintain her existence as relying solely on energy from two suns- two of the

remaining creations of the celestial whose remains were used to create her-would have been insufficient to sustain her.

In her eagerness to have a family, Dalie was blind to the fact that Wyatt was simply taking advantage of her. However, Wyatt's crime wasn't intention but out of ignorance. Because Wyatt had stopped his study of the celestial array formation midway had yet to realize the importance of the resources buried in the realm's crust for Dalie's survival before he unknowingly helped her become a complete celestial.

He wasn't that the majority of the resources gathered by the celestial array formation from the meteors and asteroid were continuously used to supplement the array itself, along with energy from its two suns. The formation was neither as self-sufficient nor as efficient as it appeared on the surface. Nearly ninety percent of its collected resources were used to power the array, with the rest stored as reserves for low-yield seasons.

Considering that Dalie had never seen her creator, every inch of her realm's crust should have been rich with rare resources collected from meteors over millennia. Since, no one had mined ever mined her crust. However, Wyatt had found only a single LSG deposit since his arrival and Henricks, who had been there before, had assumed the realm was barren based on his experience on it.

This suggested that the celestial array formation had totally failed in its purpose to gather resources from the meteors and asteroids, which could explain why her creator might have abandoned it. Dalie had long feared this possibility but had consoled herself over the several millenniums with one question: if the array was truly worthless, why hadn't her creator taken the celestial array formation core and repurposed it, given its value?

"About that, I owe you an apology. I was greedy for the resources in your realm's crust and began mining without considering that they might belong to someone. I'm sorry," Wyatt admitted, feeling ashamed. His actions now seemed similar to the dark races he had recently grown to despise.

Realizing his mistake, Wyatt felt it was wrong not to have contacted the realm's will upon his arrival or to have sought permission to mine its resources. He had behaved as a demon merchant might, trespassing, claiming the realm as his own, and mining its resources without respect. Knowing he was in the wrong, he asked Dalie for forgiveness.

Hearing Wyatt's apology, the Field Marshal felt her blood run cold, recalling how she had pushed him to continue mining until the unknown threat appeared. Though Wyatt hadn't informed her of the threat's details, she had a strong feeling that Dalie was the one and that she might have overheard her insistence on mining the LSG deposit. Gathering her courage, the Field Marshal asked for Dalie's forgiveness. "Your Highness Dalie, please forgive me for my insolent remarks. It was not my intention to steal from you, I hope you can forgive me."

"It's okay; it's all water under the bridge. You don't have to sweat over such small things," Dalie forgave the duo and then with a wave of her hand, she used her celestial force to unearth the entire 15.6-cubic-mile LSG deposit, saying, "Consider this a gift from an elder sister to her little brother." Soon, she employed a spatial disaster to refine it, neatly arranging the refined LSG into stacks of two-pound bricks-all in under a minute. Now that she had established a space rule stream, Dalie was finally able to showcase her true might in terms of spatial rule mastery.

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

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil Red Storm Planet, Unspecified

While the Field Marshal was mesmerized by Dalie's insane display of celestial force and mastery over space rules, Wyatt was more captivated by her talent in array formation.

It wasn't surprising that, after becoming a complete celestial and establishing a space rule stream, Dalie was now able to display her true power in celestial force and space rules-unlike her relatively pathetic display during their battle. However, her skill in array formation was unexpected. Wyatt believed she had even greater potential in array formation than he did.

Just by glancing at the space furnace array formation, Dalie was able to incorporate its principles in her spatial disaster to refine LSG, processing over 15 cubic miles of it in under a minute. It seemed her origin as a celestial array formation's spirit wasn't without merit; she was an array formation genius born once in several millennia. Realizing this, Wyatt suddenly felt eager to see the world Dalie would eventually build as a celestial. Though that was still far in the future, he decided to guide her by introducing her to the field of array formation.

"That was...convenient," the Field Marshal remarked, glancing at the seemingly endless rows of neatly stacked two-pound LSG bricks that Dalie had arranged. Then, turning to Wyatt, she asked, "What now?"

"We'll use what we need and gradually sell the rest. Neither the Dark Realm nor the Devil Merchant Code market can handle such a massive quantity of LSG all at once," Wyatt replied. He then shared all his array formation knowledge with Dalie through the Hive Spirit, adding, "This may not compare to your gift, but I hope it keeps you busy until I can get you your real present."

"I like anything you give me, but what do you mean by "keeping me busy?" Dalie frowned, sensing she might not like what Wyatt was about to say next.

"I'm planning to return to my realm for a short while. There's something urgent I need to handle and it's also related to the gift I want to prepare for you," Wyatt explained. He was being sincere, not just making excuses to leave Dalie, who was rooted in this part of the myriad realms.

"We just met, and now you're leaving already-" Before Dalie could persuade him to stay, Wyatt interrupted her, saying, "Please, trust me on this. I need to do this for us." "Fine, but promise you'll be back soon," Dalie relented with one condition. Wyatt nodded, swearing, "With the Origin Source as my witness, I promise to return soon." "No! Why did you do that? I didn't ask you to take an oath, especially not with the Origin Source as a witness," Dalie exclaimed, distressed. Not everyone can make a oath with Origin

Source as witness, only those who could sense the Origin Source could swear on it, and she knew Wyatt was one of them.

Her intention was never to pressure or harm Wyatt; she just wanted to spend time with her younger brother. Even if he didn't return, though it would sadden her, she would hope for his happiness, wherever he was. She never wanted him to make such a binding oath.

"I did it because I want you to wait for me," Wyatt said with a reassuring smile. Comforted by his words, Dalie nodded, saying, "I'll wait for you."

"Field Marshal, let's head back to my city," Wyatt ordered, only to be met with a firm reminder. "What about your combat training? I know you have many unique skills and abilities at your disposal, but that doesn't replace the need for combat mastery. Without it, no matter how strong your skills are, you won't be able to harness their full power or time them perfectly to achieve critical strikes and gain other tactical advantage in a battle. I can go on and on about this, but it will be pointless if you don't heed them. I sincerely hope you'll stop avoiding combat training and start taking initiative."

The Field Marshal's expression was grim as she lectured Wyatt on the importance of combat mastery. She was genuinely frustrated with her young liege for not taking his training seriously and wondered if she should emphasize this again with some tough love. However, seeing how protective Dalie was of him, she didn't dare act rashly in her presence.

"Field Marshal, I am well aware of the importance of combat mastery," Wyatt agreed with Field Marshal, recalling how she had easily bested him in sparring. However, he immediately reminded her of the conditions she'd agreed to before becoming his combat instructor, saying, "Remember, you agreed to schedule my training around my busy schedule. Something important has come up, so we'll continue later. Don't make me repeat myself again."

Listening to Wyatt, the Field Marshal clenched her fists in frustration but soon controlled her emotions, nodding, "I did agree to that, and I will make sure to not make you remind me again."

"Good. Now, let's head back to the city," Wyatt said, accessing the Devil Merchant Code's inter-dimensional transportation feature. Before leaving, he locked eyes with Dalie and left after uttering, "I'll be back soon."

With Wyatt and the Field Marshal gone, Dalie was alone once again. However, this time she didn't feel lonely, as she could sense Wyatt through the Hive Spirit, the Primordial Calamity Soul/Daughter Gem link, and their shared bloodline. While waiting for her little brother's return, she decided to occupy herself with the array formation knowledge he had shared.

However, she went through all the material on the array formation in a matter of minutes. Proving Wyatt's hunch about her talent in array formation right. If she hadn't encountered difficulties understanding particular array ingredients unique to Card World and that she hadn't come across in her long lifespan, she would have completed it even faster. With nothing else left to do, she decided to unearth the other resources buried in the crust and refine them for her little brother, now that she had little use for them herself and had noticed Wyatt searching for them.

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Chapter 2264 Menacing Third-Eye Socket

[1,008 words]

Chapter 2264 Menacing Third-Eye Socket

Date: 21 April 2321

Time: 21:50

Location: Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Dungeon Highway, Blood Rock Dungeon Seal, Seed World

"Wyatt, you're back!" Dredre was the first to greet him, while the others stayed busy with their work. Almost everyone was gathered in the seed world; it seemed they had turned the Dungeon Seal and the Seed World into their hangout spot.

Wyatt greeted her in return, adding, "Hi, Dredre. I have good news for you."

"What is it, Wyatt?" Dredre asked with joy, momentarily forgetting her headache from the constant pressure of her unborn forest spirit, which kept urging her to let it swallow Wyatt's seed world. If she hadn't restrained it, the spirit would have devoured the seed world and completed its birth long ago.

"Your forest spirit can have the seed world," Wyatt announced with a wide smile. Hearing this, Dredre's joy multiplied instantly, as she'd been struggling to keep rejecting her child's urges.

"Really? Thank you, Wyatt! That child is going to be thrilled." Dredre thanked Wyatt for his generosity with a kiss on his cheek, then rushed to her floating forest island to share the good news with her unborn forest spirit.

"What use does a forest spirit have for an independent sub-space?" Field Marshal asked Wyatt, puzzled at how a forest spirit could benefit from a sub-space. "Trust me, you're better off not knowing." Wyatt said seriously; he suspected that Librarian Jr. had assigned Dredre as his personal pixie with a hidden agenda. He believed that the less Field Marshal knew, the safer she and everyone else would be. "As I suspected, this forest spirit is definitely not simple," Field Marshal muttered, Wyatt's words confirming her doubts. She had sensed all along that Dredre's so-called forest spirit was far more than it seemed. Her unique eyes had never deceived her, and now she regretted second-guessing herself. Still, she trusted that Dredre hadn't lied to her, though Wyatt's words hinted that perhaps Dredre herself wasn't fully aware of the truth.

Ignoring Field Marshal's musings, Wyatt made his way toward the Clown Mask, who was watching Cortney as she worked on comprehending blood rules with Bloodette within her innate blood rule. This would allow Bloodette to grow stronger without having to share half her power with the dungeon seal.

As Wyatt approached, Clown Mask quickly rose to her feet and bowed to him, surprising Field Marshal, who followed suit. It appeared Clown Mask knew Wyatt from even before her imprisonment, almost as if she were his subordinate. This was a bizarre notion, considering Clown Mask had been responsible for his parents' deaths under orders from the Circle, who had been hired by Matron, a.k.a. Susan Bylor. Wyatt had said he had forgiven Clown Mask and was willing to give her a second chance, but this was still a shocking sight to behold.

"Follow me," Wyatt ordered Clown Mask, opening an isolated space for the two of them. Field Marshal attempted to follow, but Wyatt stopped her, saying, "Go see if Park and Susan need your help procuring goods in the Card World market."

"Alright," Field Marshal replied, heading toward Susan and Park, who were in the middle of a heated debate over how to manage the funds Wyatt had allocated for their interdimensional import-export business venture. She left Wyatt to attend to his "urgent" business.

In her mind, however, she was more certain than ever that Wyatt had nothing urgent or important to do and was simply trying to avoid combat training. Despite her suspicions, she kept her thoughts-and her mounting frustration with Wyatt-to herself.

After all, she had agreed to Wyatt's condition to conduct combat training sessions without interrupting his busy and unpredictable schedule. In hindsight, she realized it had been naïve of her to assume Wyatt wouldn't exploit this condition to avoid the sessions as often as possible.

Inside the isolated space, Wyatt looked into Clown Mask's eyes and commanded, "Remove your mask." She obeyed without hesitation, revealing a hideous hole resembling an empty eye socket in the center of her forehead.

As Wyatt gazed into the hollow space-a result of her Tao Eye being forcibly removed - he felt as if he were staring into a bottomless pit, so dark it could consume one's sanity. The first time he saw this wound, it hadn't looked as menacing, but it had changed gradually as his daughter gem upgraded.

This prompted Wyatt to wonder if he could help Clown Mask regenerate her stolen Tao Eye. He wasn't confident at first, until witnessing Dalie evolve from a celestial array spirit to a full celestial through his primordial calamity daughter gem. However, he suspected this transformation was largely due to his cursed primordial bloodline and Dalie's celestial origin. After all, despite being updated to the latest versions, none of his other daughter gems showed such miraculous growth.

Clown Mask's daughter gem was also updated to a primordial calamity daughter gem, and though her Tao Eye showed subtle changes with the upgrade, it hadn't shown any signs of true recovery despite the gem's powerful restructuring capabilities. Wyatt had used his soul pupils on her many times to try to understand what was happening, but to his surprise, Clown Mask's soul pathways held no information on Tao Eyes. However, the soul pathways in the center of her forehead contained certain profound traces, suggesting that something invaluable and profound once resided there.

If not for these traces, Wyatt would have doubted whether Clown Mask ever had a Tao Eye. This also explained why his daughter gems couldn't regenerate her lost Tao Eye; it seemed that all soul pathways connected to it had been lost with it. Without the actual soul pathways of the Tao Eye, the daughter gem lacked a crucial element needed to restructure Clown Mask as a whole. Not to mention, the profound traces in her forehead ensured that, each time Clown Mask's body was rebuilt, an empty third eye socket remained in the center of her forehead.

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Chapter 2265 Insignia Of Terror, Degraded Tao Eye

[1,083 words]

Chapter 2265 Insignia Of Terror, Degraded Tao Eye

Date: 21 April 2321

Time: 22:04

Location: Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Dungeon Highway, Blood Rock Dungeon Seal, Seed World

Without the soul pathways related to Tao Eyes, it was impossible even for Wyatt, with the aid of his soul pupils, to help Clown Mask regenerate a Tao Eye in her third eye socket. However, he was able to help her develop eyelids for the empty socket, removing the need for her to wear a mask to hide it. Despite this, Clown Mask still preferred wearing her mask as it made her feel comfortable. She had lived two lifetimes behind that mask—one in her future vision and the current life she was experiencing so the mask felt like an extension of her body to her. She was more at ease with the mask on than with her own face, so much so that she continued to wear it even when alone. It was a psychological attachment, and as a partner-tier daughter gem, she could retain this personal quirk unless Wyatt willed otherwise.

Turning his gaze from Clown Mask's third eye socket, Wyatt raised his hand and produced a handful of his innate plague. He charged it with primordial energy and added a pinch of pixie dust he had previously gathered from Dredre to it. The intent here was to turn the plague into a carrier of both primordial energy and pixie dust. Dredre had given the pixie dust to Wyatt and both plague and Clown Mask could be considered as extension of Wyatt so it would be work on them.

Once everything was prepared, Wyatt pressed his palm against Clown Mask's ample chest. The blood-red plague cells immediately infiltrated Clown Mask's body, heading toward her daughter gem. Upon reaching it, the plague cells fused with the mutated ego gem, and soon the daughter gem, along with Clown Mask herself, disintegrated into a cloud of blood-red plague cells, leaving her clothes behind.

Gradually, the cloud of blood-red plague began reintegrating, forming a new crimson daughter gem that developed cells, grew tissues, and soon shaped itself into a complete female body with alluring curves in all the right places. However, Wyatt wasn't interested in these soft mounds of meat; his gaze went straight to her forehead.

Noticing that Clown Mask's third eye socket was showing subtle changes as the daughter gem upgraded, Wyatt guessed it was lacking sufficient energy to complete the transformation. Though uncertain about what the transformation would entail, he assumed it might have something to do with her lost Tao Eye. Thus, he decided to provide Clown Mask with ample primordial energy, adding a bit of pixie dust in hopes that the dust would re-trigger the stalled transformation and that the primordial energy would sustain it.

There was another reason he used his innate plague as an intermediary instead of directly providing Clown Mask's daughter gem with primordial energy through the link

connecting them and sprinkling pixie dust into her third eye socket. He wanted to see if his cursed primordial bloodline would deem Clown Mask worthy of becoming his bloodkin and elevate her to a bloodkin-tier daughter gem. Wyatt was fully aware that if his cursed primordial bloodline had considered Clown Mask or any of his other daughter gems worthy, it would already have shared itself with them, raising them to the bloodkin tier. However, Wyatt was greedy. After all, Clown Mask's experience would make her an invaluable asset in his grand plans if she were to become a bloodkin-tier daughter gem.

As Wyatt's gaze fell on Clown Mask's forehead, he was stunned. The horizontal eyelid slit on her forehead was now replaced by an birth mark similar to that of the Supreme Leader's insignia, but it was blood red in color instead of the latter's pitch black insignia. The resemblance was uncanny,

The empty third eye socket on Clown Mask's forehead had vanished, replaced by a blood-red birthmark resembling a crimson tattoo of a vertical third-eye. At its center, where the pupil would be, sat a pitch-black jewel about the size of a one-carat diamond. This vertical eye birthmark was an exact replica of the Supreme Leader's own mark, except his was black with a red jewel, while hers was red with a black jewel.

In Clown Mask's alternate future vision, this birthmark was a symbol of terror-the insignia worn by the Supreme Leader's allies and forces. Seeing it appear on Clown Mask's forehead, Wyatt was visibly shocked. However, after calming himself, he felt this outcome was to be expected. After all, the Supreme Leader had gained his signature vertical third-eye mark after stealing Clown Mask's Tao Eye.

According to Clown Mask's memories, the Supreme Leader had created a card using her Tao Eye, but the result had been subpar. Dissatisfied, he gave it to one of his incarnations, who then used it as an ingredient in his own origin card creation, forming the vertical third-eye mark that the Supreme Leader later absorbed through his origin card.

Taking this information into account, Wyatt was no longer surprised that Clown Mask's empty third eye socket had evolved into a vertical third-eye birthmark similar to the Supreme Leader's. However, he was uncertain about what the color difference signified or why the empty third eye socket hadn't simply regenerated a Tao Eye.

Considering that a Tao Eye wasn't like other physiques and that only one card apprentice with that Tao Eye physique could exist at a time, Wyatt wondered if the power of the Tao Eye had been split between the Supreme Leader and Clown Mask. He speculated that the Supreme Leader possessed about ninety percent of the Tao Eye's power, while Clown Mask retained only ten percent, as he had managed to steal her third eye but not the socket. Since the third eye socket was part of the Tao Eye physique, the Supreme Leader had never been able to claim the full Tao Eye. As a result, despite numerous attempts, he could not recreate the Tao Eye physique and had to settle for a degraded

version.

This was also the reason why Clown Mask had been unable to regrow her Tao Eye and was left with an empty third eye socket unable to get rid of it. However, by supplying her with primordial energy and pixie dust, Wyatt had compensated for much of the missing Tao Eye, allowing her to form her own version of the degraded Tao Eye.

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Chapter 2266 Super-Regeneration Debate

[1,068 words]

Chapter 2266 Super-Regeneration Debate

Date: 21 April 2321

Time: 22:16

Location: Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Dungeon Highway, Blood Rock Dungeon Seal, Seed World

'Should I have used more pixie dust?' Wyatt muttered to himself, wondering if adding more pixie dust might have allowed Clown Mask to regrow her Tao Eye. He pondered this despite the obvious limitation of the physique: that it could only be wielded by one card apprentice at a time. His thoughts were held merit, after all, she was the original bearer of the physique, and currently, there were none with the Tao Eyes.

'Master, I don't think that's possible unless I kill Karl to take back what he stole from me,' Clown Mask replied, overhearing Wyatt's thoughts.

"Why so? Karl doesn't have a Tao Eye physique, so why would you have to kill him to regrow yours?" Wyatt asked, feeling that if the answer were so simple, Karl would have already killed Clown Mask to gain the Tao Eye physique himself instead of keeping her around.

'I don't know. That was just the first thing that came to me when I heard you pondering out loud,' Clown Mask admitted. She wasn't sure why she felt that way, but her gut instinct kept echoing that feeling, turning it into a scream urging her to kill Karl and reclaim what he had taken from her. After seeing the end of her alternate self in her final

future vision, Clown Mask harbored a desire for vengeance against the Supreme Leader for ruining her life, but she had never considered retrieving the physique he had stolen from her-she hadn't thought it was possible.

'I see, Wyatt said, eyeing Clown Mask. His gaze was momentarily drawn to her toned skin and ample curves, Shaking his head, he ordered, "Put on your clothes.

Clown Mask nodded and moved out of Wyatt's sight, gathering her clothes from the ground, giving him a peek at her forbidden garden. The sight was tempting, but Wyatt's mind remained focused on her words about killing to regain what was stolen. Her comment had opened him to reconsider a possibility he had already considered. However, he was intrigued by this for reasons different from hers.

Wyatt had considered about the Clown Mask reclaiming the ninety percent of the Tao Eye that the Supreme Leader had taken from her. He did not know that would be possible but he thought about this because he was curious if the combination of her enhanced ten percent which was no equal to ninety percent and Karl's ninety percent would birth a stronger Tao Eye or perhaps even evolve it. Or, would the extra energy simply dissipate, returning to the realm?

In theory, Wyatt's idea wasn't without merit. It seemed plausible that the Tao Eye physique might evolve or grow stronger if Karl's share and Clown Mask's enhanced share were combined. But after hearing Clown Mask say she'd need to kill Karl to regain her physique, he began to wonder if the Tao Eye was a self-aware or programmed energy, like the baptism energy, meaning it would not evolve or grow stronger unless previously designed to do so.

The current dilemma was similar to a popular debate on regeneration back on earth. If someone with super-regeneration abilities were beheaded, would their head regrow a new body, or would the body grow a new head? Some confidently asserted that, since the head housed the brain and memories, it would regrow a new body. Others disagreed asking where would the head get the energy required to regrow an entire body. They argued that the body, being home to the heart-the energyhouse-would regrow a new head.

However, in the Card World, there was no such debate; they already knew the answer because, in this world, super-regeneration wasn't just a fantasy-it was a reality. The answer was neither. Super-regeneration would regrow either a new body or a new head or both according to its predetermined specifications. Examples of this included the monsters Hydra, Stone Troll, and Earth Dragon.

When beheaded, Hydra's super-regeneration allows its body to regrow its heads, while the Stone Troll's super-regeneration allows its head to regrow a new body. However, Earth Dragon's super-regeneration allows both its head and body to regrow a new body and head, thus multiplying into two. This shows that the super-regeneration function of

different creatures was predetermined and specified in their soul pathways, or, in Earth's terms, their DNA.

Wyatt believed that the Tao Eye, as a pre-programmed energy, would likely not evolve or grow stronger when Karl's degraded version of the Tao Eye combined with Clown Mask's degraded version of the Tao Eye. Instead, he thought it would result in the birth of the original Tao Eye, while any excess energy would return to the realm. He also couldn't help but wonder if primordial energy and pixie dust might be able to override this programming. However, seeing that Clown Mask hadn't regrown a complete Tao Eye even after receiving help from primordial energy and pixie dust, he dismissed the thought.

'I'm getting nowhere. Maybe I should just ask an expert!' Wyatt decided, choosing to stop speculating and instead ask the only expert he knew who might answer such questions: the Blood Rule Stream Spirit of the Card World.

If he approached the Blood Rule Stream Spirit, he was confident he could get the answers he sought because, with an appropriate offering, it would reveal any secret of the Card World within its knowledge to him. Not to mention, it had already confessed to being the secret hand behind the scene responsible for the birth of the Tao Eye and Tao Tongue physiques in this era within the mother and daughter pair, Clown Mask and Courtney.

He even doubted if the spirit itself was behind Clown Mask's premonition to kill Karl and reclaim what he had taken from her. Perhaps the spirit was sending her a message: that killing Karl would allow her to regain her Tao Eye physique. It was just a speculation.

However, the real question was why was Clown Mask having such thoughts now, of all times? Was it because Clown Mask's share of the Tao Eye had been enhanced? Wyatt had too many questions and knew where he could find the answers, but he did not want to reach out to the Blood Rule Stream Spirit over this issue.

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Chapter 2267 Eye of Fortune, Eye of Prosperity

[1,091 words]

Chapter 2267 Eye of Fortune, Eye of Prosperity

Date: 21 April 2321

Time: 22:23

Location: Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Dungeon Highway, Blood Rock Dungeon Seal, Seed World

Wyatt was certain that if he sought the Card World's Blood Rule Stream Spirit with the proper offering to inquire about the Tao Eye physique's potential to evolve or grow stronger, the spirit would likely start questioning why there was 180 percent of the Tao Eye energy in the physical plane instead of just 100. Ultimately, all suspicion would fall on him, increasing the risk of revealing him being one with source and exposing Dredre's presence on this realm.

If that were to happen then consequence would be beyond Wyatt's control and he might have to leave the Card world and not return until he was stronger than its will. To avoid exposing his secrets to the Card World's Will, Wyatt dared not approach one of its rule stream spirits with questions tied to his personal mysteries. Once again, he found himself back at square one, with too many questions and no answers.

"What is it called?" Wyatt asked, eyeing the now-dressed Clown Mask's vertical third-eye birth mark.

"Eye of Fortune," Clown Mask replied, then elaborated, "It allows me to predict the right time to watch out for, the right place to be at, and the right person to associate with or trust. One of its effects is called 'Right Time, Place, and Person.'"

Listening to Clown Mask's description of her Eye of Fortune, Wyatt couldn't help but raise an eyebrow in skepticism, as it made her ability sound like a divination-type physique, turning Clown Mask into a fortune teller.

This physique didn't sit well with Wyatt, who believed there was no singular "right" time, place, or person; he thought it was up to each individual to choose and make them right. He didn't believe in a predetermined destiny, but rather in shaping one's own through choices and actions.

"It sounds like a pretty unreliable physique," Wyatt said, unable to hide his distaste. "Master, please don't misunderstand it by comparing it to superstitions or the self-proclaimed seers of the empire," Clown Mask pleaded, trying to clear up Wyatt's prejudice against her third eye. She continued, "Master, my Eye of Fortune is more like a time-related physique than a divination one. It works by allowing me to peek a few moments ahead into the future. Fortune and misfortune are open to my interpretation, giving a degree of freedom in which futures I can see. However, the extent of what I can see depends on when, where, and on whom I use my physique. "I see: that makes more sense." Understanding the principle behind Clown Mask's Eye of Fortune, Wyatt acknowledged her physique and no longer considered it unreliable. However, he still

had doubts about its limitations, so he asked her for further details. "Explain to me how when, where, and on whom you use your physique's ability affects it."

"Um," Clown Mask nodded in understanding before explaining the workings and limitations of her ability. "Master, my physique is pretty straightforward. For example: If you were to suddenly attack me, my physique would sense my fear and show me a future where I'm attacked, allowing me to see how to avoid your surprise attack. However, I can't see even a fraction of a second beyond the moment of attack.

If you were to ambush me, my physique would sense the danger and show me a future where I'm ambushed, giving me insight on how to avoid it. But again, I can't see even a fraction of a second after the ambush.

If you were to promise me something, my physique would sense my doubt and show me a future where you either keep or break your promise, letting me know if I can trust you. But, once again, I can't see anything beyond that event.

By using these cues, I can control my physique to see a future that helps me make the right choices at any given moment and scenario. But the range of from where and how far I can look into the future is limited."

"That's just cheating," Wyatt muttered, feeling a pang of jealousy every hard-working person feels at some point of their life toward someone lucky enough to have an edge over them just because they were in so called right place at the right time.

He couldn't help but wonder-if the degraded version of the Tao Eye was already this powerful, how overpowered must the original Tao Eye be? Considering Clown Mask had lived an entire lifetime in a future vision before the Tao Eye was forcefully dug out from her forehead, it seemed almost unimaginably powerful. Then, realizing Clown Mask wasn't the only one with this physique, he exclaimed in shock, "Don't tell me Karl has the same physique!"

"No, Master, he doesn't. His physique is called the 'Eye of Prosperity! It allows him to see the true value of time, place, and objects," Clown Mask replied, assuring Wyatt that the Supreme Leader's degraded Tao Eye was quite different from hers. This was new information she'd learned as her share of the Tao Eye increased to match Karl's and formed her own degraded version of Tao Eye. She had a feeling that her Tao Eye wanted to return to her and was helping her, but since she couldn't prove it, she didn't mention it to Wyatt. To not confuse him and also because he did not ask.

"How would that even work?" Wyatt found her description of the 'Eye of Prosperity' odd, wondering how one could measure the "value" of time when most would agree that every second is priceless. He pondered if by "value," she meant something like the auspiciousness or luck associated with time, place, or objects.

"I'm not entirely sure," Clown Mask admitted. "I'm guessing the 'Eye of Prosperity' should work on the same principle as my 'Eye of Fortune.' It might also be more of a time-type physique than a divination-type one like my physique however alternative is also possible but less likely," she said, drawing from her experience with the 'Eye of Fortune! She then added, "Master, although I don't fully understand the 'Eye of Prosperity,' I think I might be able to sense it if I get out of the dungeon seal."

AN: Susan's character art has been added! Check it out and show your appreciation through tips, power stones, golden tickets, and comments. (Gifts are welcome, too!)

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

[1,018 words]

Chapter 2268 Limitations

Date: 21 April 2321

Time: 22:36

Location: Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Dungeon Highway, Blood Rock Dungeon Seal, Seed World

Wyatt raised an eyebrow as he listened to Clown Mask explain that her "Eye of Fortune" could track the "Eye of Prosperity." He wondered if the reverse was also true. As if reading his thoughts, Clown Mask responded, "Master, though I can't prove it, I don't think the 'Eye of Prosperity' can track the 'Eye of Fortune'-or, rather, it's more accurate to say the 'Eye of Prosperity' doesn't want to track its other half. I have a feeling that the Tao Eye desires and taking action to return to its rightful heir, which is me."

"You may be onto something, but one thing keeps bothering me: why now? In your 'Future Vision, you didn't have this feeling, nor did you feel this way until now. Why would the Tao Eye want you to fight for it now when it showed no previous signs of such intent?" Wyatt was puzzled. He hadn't anticipated that helping Clown Mask regrow her Tao Eye would become so complicated.

"Master, maybe it isn't me, but you. I think the Tao Eye wants you to fight for it, and I am merely the medium conveying its intentions. Just like you plan to control the Tao Eye through me, it may also be seeking your help through me. After all, in both my future vision and present self, I never was and never will be a match for Karl, let alone kill him and reclaim the Tao Eye," Clown Mask explained, drawing on insights she felt from her physique to guide Wyatt toward the answer.

"Hmm?" Wyatt looked at Clown Mask's third eye skeptically and said, "Use your third eye and tell me if I can truly help you regrow your Tao Eye. Let me kick-start it: 'Clown Mask, I promise to help you regrow your Tao Eye!'"

Clown Mask stared hard at Wyatt until he lost patience and asked, "Did it work? What did you see?"

"No, it didn't activate. No matter how hard I try, I can't use it on you. Its not just that as a daughter gem I am unable to doubt your promise but it's as if the laws of our time don't apply to you," Clown Mask said with a frown, frustrated at her inability to assist her master.

"Oh!" Wyatt wasn't surprised; he had long known that the time of this universe didn't affect him. He seemed to be an exception to them. Both Chris Chase and Belphegor's time-freeze abilities had failed to affect him, making him aware that he was immune not just to Card World's time rule but to that of the entire Myriad Realms. However, this confirmed that Clown Mask's Eye of Fortune was indeed a time-based ability, not simply divination or fortune-telling.

"Is it only me, or are there others immune to your 'Eye of Fortune' as well?" Wyatt asked, curious if her physique had more limitations.

"Well, the 'Eye of Fortune' only works within the scope of Card World. It's useless in the Myriad Realms," Clown Mask revealed, finally helping Wyatt understand why the Supreme Leader had lost to Aba and hadn't extended his conquest into the Myriad Realms.

In Clown Mask's alternate future vision, the Supreme Leader, given his ambition and the combined abilities of the 'Eye of Prosperity' and 'Soul Pupils', would naturally have set his sights on the Myriad Realms. Yet, he never dared to expand into the Emissary of Light or Matron's territories, let alone the Myriad Realms. Until now, Wyatt had thought Karl was cautious because he feared an alliance between Sansa and the Emissary of Light, but it seemed Karl had reached his peak and was now focused more on preserving his gains than acquiring new territories.

Though Karl's origin card ability allowed him to create and use an infinite number of origin cards by sacrificing his incarnations, it appeared to have significant limitations that he had never shared with anyone. Wyatt's knowledge of Karl's abilities was entirely based on what Clown Mask had gathered from her future vision, so he, too, was in the dark about the precise limitations of Karl's origin card. However, he now understood that while Karl's ability was powerful, it wasn't without boundaries.

Even though Wyatt didn't know the exact limitations, just knowing that Karl had them gave him greater confidence. With his current strength, Wyatt believed that Karl was no match for him, even if he commanded an army of incarnations and undead card

apprentices. All that remained was to locate the original Karl and put an end to this looming threat.

Strangely, all three of the mischiefs had managed to avoid detection by Wyatt's VR-slime card information network. This made Wyatt wonder if he had overestimated the appeal of the 'Soul Energy Digestion' skill among Card Apprentices. However, knowing that one of the Founding Demigods, Norley, was using it offered some consolation. Lately, even Norley had not made an appearance in the VR-universe, which left Wyatt wondering why. Maybe the latter was too busy to waste time playing within the VR-Universe he thought.

"So, if the dark races were to enter this realm, could you use your ability on them or not?" Wyatt asked, considering if Clown Mask's physique could be useful in the Myriad Realms.

"Yes, I can. But I cannot use my ability on Card Apprentices who leave Card World unless they return," Clown Mask clarified, emphasizing the limits of her power. "So, your physique can only be used within the Card World's celestial field. That is better than nothing. I suppose." Wyatt said, deciding that perhaps he should conduct better than nothing, I suppose," Wyatt said, deciding that perhaps he should conduct most, if not all, of his future dealings within Card World. This way, he could rely on Clown Mask's 'Eye of Fortune' to help identify trustworthy allies. He didn't fear hard work, but he worried about those who might attempt to sabotage his efforts by abusing his trust.

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Chapter 2269 Blood Fate/Fortune

[1,038 words]

Chapter 2269 Blood Fate/Fortune

Date: 21 April 2321

Time: 22:48

Location: Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Dungeon Highway, Blood

Rock Dungeon Seal, Seed World

[- Physique-

Name: Eye of Fortune (Incomplete)

Type: Acquired Physique (Unique)

Info:

- i) This physique is derived from Tao Eye and hence his is considered incomplete.
- ii) The card apprentice can peek into the future to make the right choices and take the right actions when in Fear, Danger, and Doubt.
- iii) The card apprentice is loved by the nature,

Addition Effect:

- 1) Fortune Forecast: The card apprentice can forecast if the time, place, and person is in his favour.
- ii) Right Time, Place and Person: The card apprentice can forecast if the time, place, and person will help and not become a obstacle in their agenda.
- iii) Evil Never Sleeps: If any ill will is directed toward the Card apprentice the 'Eye of Fortune' physique will autonomously activate and allow them to peek into the related future. Its up to the card apprentice to interpret and act on it.
- iv) Nature's Protection: All your defense related stats, cards, physique, runes and traits will recive 300 percent boost.

Note:

- i) The Card apprentice can used this ability on any being with in the Card World's celestial Field.
- ii) As the chosen one by the Tao Eye, the card apprentice can locate the 'Eye of Prosperity' physique and retrieve to gain the complete Tao Eye physique.]

[AN: Tao Eye is Innate Physique but 'Eye of Fortune' and 'Eye of Prosperity' are considered acquired since they are result of human intervention.]

"I am sorry, Master; I couldn't be of more help; Clown Mask apologized, feeling useless. However, Wyatt shook his head, finding the apology unnecessary. He added, "Why apologize for something beyond your control? Actually, you've been very helpful-more than you think. Don't worry, as promised, I will help you regrow your Tao Physique as long as you help me locate the original body of Supreme Leader Karl:

The last sentence Wyatt spoke wasn't directed at Clown Mask, but rather at her Tao Eye physique. He wanted to assure it that, as long as it helped Clown Mask locate Karl accurately, he would put an end to that menace and help the Tao Eye regain its original

power and grandeur. He hoped the message reached it, though he had no way of knowing.

The only thing stopping Wyatt from hunting down the three mischief-makers with his current strength was his inability to locate their original bodies. But now, with Clown Mask's "Eye of Fortune" allowing her to track the "Eye of Prosperity" wielded by Karl, nothing was holding Wyatt back from eliminating this future threat once and for all. With his mastery over blood rule, he looked forward to using his blood fate plunder rune on Karl. Wyatt wasn't interested in Karl's origin card itself, but rather in the origin cards Karl had collected using his wicked origin card.

"By the way, how are things with Cortney? Wyatt asked, knowing Clown Mask dearly wanted a normal mother-daughter relationship with Cortney. She regretted choosing vengeance over her daughter, but her pursuit of revenge also served a greater purpose in combating the three mischiefs. Even when she became a daughter gem, among all her desires, her longing to be a mother to Cortney managed to persist.

"I'll get through to her sooner or later. I'm willing to wait as long as it takes. I owe it to her and myself! Clown Mask replied, without delving into details, as she had no concrete plan with Cortney. Her approach was simply to be present in her daughter's life, hoping that one day, they might try to be a normal mother and daughter together.

"I know for sure that she appreciated having you around to show her the ropes when she contracted her grimoire and became a Card Apprentice. She might not show it, but those were some memorable days for her. She was also very sad when the Royal family imprisoned you. But I think she'd prefer it if you acted more like a mother than a drill sergeant. If you're unsure about anything, ask the hive spirit for help. If it can't assist directly, it'll connect you with someone who can," Wyatt encouraged Clown Mask for Cortney's sake.

"I'll keep that in mind, Master," Clown Mask replied with a polite nod. As Wyatt turned to leave the isolated space, she hesitantly stopped him and added with a genuine smile, "And Master, I'm glad Cortney has a good friend like you looking out for her!"

Knowing that Clown Mask wasn't speaking these words as his daughter gem but as Cortney's mother, Wyatt appreciated them. However, before he could give a humble reply and continue on his way his grimoire sounded with a series of notifications interrupting him,

[Your cursed primordial bloodline has deemed the primordial calamity daughter gem 'Clown Mask' worthy to inherit it.]

[Your primordial calamity daughter gem 'Clown Mask' has inherited your cursed primordial bloodline.

Bloodline Purity: 89%]

[Your primordial calamity daughter gem Clown Mask's authority tier has increased.

Partner-Tier >>> Bloodkin-Tier.]

[Your primordial calamity daughter gem Clown Mask has inherited a bloodline ability "Blood Fate Memory:"]

[- Bloodline Ability -

Name: Blood Fate Memory

Type: Inherit Ability

Info: i) The card apprentice has inherited this ability from their bloodline, 'Cursed Primordial Bloodline!'

ii) The card apprentice can use this ability to read the past memories of any being by sacrificing the said being's blood to the ability.

iii) The card apprentice can use this ability to read the past memories of any object by sacrificing their blood to the ability.

Additional Effect:

i) Blood Fate/Fortune: The card apprentice can use their 'Eye of Fortune' physique in combo with the ability 'Blood Fate Memory' to peek into the past of the target.

ii) Blood Memory: The card apprentice can now store their memories and experience in their blood and for their descendants to inherit.

Note:

i) This ability can only be inherited by those deemed worthy by cursed primordial bloodline.

ii) This ability is hand picked and tailored for the daughter gem by cursed primordial bloodline from arsenal of abilities in soul gem.]

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Chapter 2270 Secrets Of Cursed Primordial Bloodline

[1,101 words]

Chapter 2270 Secrets Of Cursed Primordial Bloodline

Date: 21 April 2321

Time: 22:57

Location: Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Dungeon Highway, Blood Rock Dungeon Scal, Seed World

"What am I missing?" Wyatt mused aloud as he finished sifting through the series of notifications in his grimoire. Although surprised by Clown Mask's authority as his daughter gem advancing to the coveted bloodkin-tier, Wyatt's immediate reaction was to wonder what had changed in the past few seconds for his cursed primordial bloodline to deem Clown Mask worthy of inheriting it.

He pondered deeply, yet nothing notable came to mind. Even after having the Hive Spirit replay his memories multiple times, he found nothing within his memories that would suddenly prompt his cursed primordial bloodline to recognize Clown Mask as worthy. All they had done was discuss her incomplete physique and her relationship with Cortney. Neither seemed significant enough to elicit such a response from his cursed primordial bloodline.

Oblivious to his surroundings, Wyatt continued straining his mind, trying to deduce the criteria behind his cursed primordial bloodline's choice of inheritors. But then Clown Mask's voice broke his contemplation, "Master, I seem to have advanced to bloodkin-tier and gained the bloodline ability 'Blood Fate Memory'"

"I received the notification as well," Wyatt replied, shifting his thoughts to the bloodline ability. 'Blood Fate Memory' appeared to be a derivative of his Blood Fate Plunder meaning of the blood rule. While he wasn't surprised that his bloodline shared a derivative of his first blood rule rune with his daughter gem, he was intrigued that it provided Clown Mask with an ability that complemented her physique well enough to form a combo. It showed how informed it was about Wyatt and his daughter gems.

From selecting its inheritors among his daughter gems to bestowing suitable abilities upon the chosen ones, the cursed primordial bloodline executed all of these decisions autonomously, without Wyatt's permission. This concerned him greatly, as he had little knowledge of the cursed primordial bloodline beyond its origin, that he had gained it while comprehending the blood rule.

What was there for Wyatt to be concerned over his cursed primordial bloodline being autonomous? Weren't all bloodline's like that? Why couldn't Wyatt simply accept his gains and feel at ease?

Wyatt's synchronization rate was at 200%; he had complete control over both his bodies, all his forms, and his prowess-except the cursed primordial bloodline. For a regular card apprentice, this might not be an issue, but it was different for him as a young celestial. His control over his mortal body and its prowess should have been unparalleled and unchallenged, yet his cursed primordial bloodline remained beyond his grasp, disregarding his celestial will.

Having encountered someone like Demigod Redfall, who used the bloodline memory meaning of the blood rule to escape death and reincarnate within a descendant carrying his purest bloodline, Wyatt had good reason to worry.

Then, he had met Adriene and observed her trait, 'Inner Goddess'-an entity equal to or stronger than a ruler-class being that had attached itself to a promising soul as a leech, aiming to escape the reincarnation cycle by being reborn through it. How could Wyatt still be unconcerned?

Wyatt's dilemma with his cursed primordial bloodline felt like a blend of Sarah and Adriene's experiences. When Sarah first began to comprehend the blood rule, the initial meaning she grasped was bloodline memory. She had no idea why she chose it, nor why it came so easily. Sarah instead of questioning it accepted it unsuspectingly, only to later discover that Redfall's bloodline within her body had been subtly manipulating her.

It was forging a bridge between her mutated ego gem and the river of souls through bloodline memory meaning, allowing Redfall's soul to avoid erasure of his individuality from breath of erosion by entering Sarah's mutated ego gem to leave spiritual plane and effectively use her body to be reborn in the physical plane. If not for Wyatt and Bloodette, Redfall would have succeeded in his body heist from the afterlife.

Then there was Adriene's trait, 'Inner Goddess, which had been leeching her soul energy-the very energy that would have made her the youngest demigod in the Card World, surpassing even Demigod Baylor's record. Instead, she became a target for the World Leaders, nearly bringing her family to ruin if not for the magnanimity of the Southern Ruler.

What's more, the entity even had the gall to act as her benefactor, lending her temporary demigod-level strength and a divine barrier. Unsurprisingly, unsuspecting Adriene regarded the leech as a benefactor, feeling immense gratitude toward it.

Cautious by nature, Wyatt couldn't ignore the similarity between his situation and their situation. Knowing all this, how could he still not be troubled by the existence of an unknown bloodline functioning autonomously within him? Though it acted in his favor

now, there was no guarantee it would continue to do so in the future when he were at his weakest, or that it was not part of some hidden conspiracy.

Various possibilities regarding his cursed primordial bloodline crossed Wyatt's mind, but only two seemed plausible, as he had seen them happen to others he knew:

- i) The bloodline might belong to a powerful figure in young Wyatt's ancestry.
- ii) The bloodline was an unknown entity leeching off his otherworldly soul.

Both scenarios spelled trouble for Wyatt. He feared that, whether this was an ancestral bloodline or a parasitic entity, it had little reason to aid him but ample motivation to strike at his weakest moments. Since it could act independently of his will, he assumed it was likely stronger than his current self. However, Wyatt reminded himself that this was all conjecture, and he kept his mind open to other possibilities while preparing for these potential possibilities.

If it were someone from young Wyatt's ancestry, it could be from either his mother's or father's side. While young Wyatt's mother hailed from a noble family in the central capital, his father had been an orphan. Given the circumstances, it was obvious which side was more likely, but Wyatt did not entirely dismiss his father's lineage, as little was known about him.

How could a poor orphan like young Wyatt's father have managed to win the heart of a noble's daughter from the central capital? What was he doing in the central capital when Wyatt himself wasn't able to get permission to travel there? These questions alone convinced Wyatt that he needed to conduct a thorough background investigation into young Wyatt's father's origins, suspecting there might be a hidden, potentially dangerous past awaiting discovery.

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Chapter 2271 The Pixie Ritual

[1,021 words]

Chapter 2271 The Pixie Ritual

Date: 21 April 2321

Time: 23:09

Location: Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Dungeon Highway, Blood Rock Dungeon Seal, Seed World

Apart from his ancestry, there was also the possibility of his bloodline being a parasitic entity. He would have loved to consult the blood rule stream spirit of the Card World about it, as he had gained the bloodline while trying to comprehend the blood curse meaning of the blood rule.

However, he hesitated, knowing that the blood rule stream had granted him a cursed bloodline that had since grown into cursed primordial bloodline along with his growth. This was not something he could easily explain to the blood rule stream spirit without risking the revelation of his secrets.

Therefore, he decided to start by researching cursed bloodlines in the Infinity Library and the history of the Card World. There was bound to be a case of someone else gaining the cursed bloodline while attempting to comprehend the blood curse meaning of the blood rule.

Updating his to do list, Wyatt then lifted the space isolation barrier, preparing to attend to Dredre and her unborn forest spirit. As he appeared, he found Dredre waiting for him. Seeing him, she approached and said, "Everything is ready. The child is prepared to be born as the spirit of this entire space. Everyone is waiting for you."

"Alright, let's get started," Wyatt replied as cheerfully as he could, though he couldn't quite match Dredre's level of excitement.

Soon, Dredre led Wyatt and Clown Mask to an island near her floating forest island, where everyone else had gathered to witness the birth of the forest spirit and celebrate it with grandeur.

After arriving on the floating island and greeting everyone while admiring the preparations made for the spirit's arrival, Wyatt discreetly used his authority over the seed world to bury a primordial calamity daughter gem, disguised as a pebble, in the core of the floating forest island through which the forest spirit would start its birth in the physical plane.

The pebble-shaped daughter gem brimmed with primordial energy to attract the spirit's attention, hoping it would be drawn to the energy during its birth, thus falling prey to Wyatt's trap. Given the unborn forest spirit's greed and lack of self-control, thanks to Dredre's indulgence, there was little doubt it would fall for Wyatt's ploy. "Everyone, don't worry if the space grows turbulent during the child's birth," Dredre explained. "It's normal since it isn't being born solely through the floating forest island but through the entire seed world. It would be more appropriate to call it the seed world's spirit rather than the

forest spirit," she said, pointing to the banner Susan had made to welcome the forest spirit.

"I'll change it right away," Susan said, summoning her grimoire and quickly updating the banner. Knowing how important this moment was to Dredre, Susan was giving her absolute best to support her cute little friend.

"Anything else?" Park asked Dredre, who shook her head and added, "Everything else is perfect. Now, if everyone is ready, I'll cue the child to begin. Wyatt, please relinquish your control over the seed world to the child when the time comes."

"Of course," Wyatt nodded, as did the others. Seeing everyone prepared, Dredre excitedly flew to her floating forest island and began showering it with golden pixie dust as she danced through the woods.

Her dance was mesmerizing, especially as the golden dust sparkled with each graceful movement. The trees and plants bathed in the dust swayed to her rhythm, while animals and birds joined in song, harmonizing with her graceful choreography. Wyatt and the others couldn't help but wonder if this was a traditional pixie ritual for the birth of a forest spirit.

Their guess was correct, although such rituals typically involved hundreds or even thousands of pixies welcoming the spirit. Due to the circumstances, Dredre had to perform alone, but she was fortunate to have a few close friends to witness the birth and share in the celebration.

Enchanted by Dredre's dance, Bloodette morphed her blood-rule humanoid form into a pixie and began mimicking Dredre's movements from afar. Sensing Bloodette's genuine joy and excitement, Dredre signaled her to join, setting aside their past disagreements.

Bloodette enthusiastically floated over to Dredre's side and, under her guidance, danced to the symphony of animal calls and bird songs. Soon, Corey Park morphed into a fiery pixie form and joined them as well. Inspired, the rest of the girls rushed to join in, even Clown Mask, who hoped to rekindle her relationship with her daughter. This left only Wyatt and the Field Marshal on the sidelines.

"You should join them. I'm sure Dredre would appreciate it," the Field Marshal suggested to Wyatt, who rolled his eyes and, morphing into a pixie version of himself, called out to her, "Join us! You're among friends; there's no need to hide behind a pretense. No one here will judge you—not because they don't dare, but because they truly accept you as you are. Don't be afraid!"

Seeing Wyatt arrive in his pixie form, Dredre was both surprised and delighted. Her excitement grew tenfold, and any lingering complaints she'd held disappeared as she felt embraced by her friends once more. She danced with renewed enthusiasm, keeping

her movements slow so everyone could follow along. Though their coordination wasn't perfect, it formed a beautiful, heartfelt symphony.

Finally, the Field Marshal shed her disguise and transformed into a pixie version of her true self, joining the others. It was a remarkable sight, friends dancing together, sharing in the joy and happiness of a dear companion. As if reacting to their harmonious celebration, the forest spirit began to manifest in the physical plane through the forest, eventually encompassing the entire seed world.

Seeing this, Dredre expanded her dance beyond the floating forest island to the entire seed world, scattering her pixie dust into every corner so the spirit could establish itself more easily in the physical plane through the seed world. With a little help from Wyatt, others followed her around.

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Chapter 2272 Celestial Ceed Captured!

[1,055 words]

Chapter 2272 Celestial Ceed Captured!

Date: 22 April 2321

Time: 02:19

Location: Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Dungeon Highway, Blood Rock Dungeon Seal, Seed World

"Everyone, this is Ceed, Spirit of this Seed World," Dredre announced, introducing the younger pixie standing beside her.

Ceed looked just like Dredre, with pink wings, hair, and eyes. Unlike Dredre, however, whose emotions were always clear on her face, Ceed's expression was as impassive as ice. Yet, she appeared well-mannered and docile, listening and following every instruction Dredre gave her. This was quite different from her earlier, spoiled and bratty self.

After hours of dancing, Dredre and the others finally witnessed the birth of Ceed, the seed world's spirit, on the physical plane. There were many ways for a pixie to create a

forest spirit, and Dredre had chosen to use her pixie dust along with the forest's vitality to impregnate the forest soul pathways with a spirit seed in the spiritual plane. This spirit seed, once matured, would blossom into a forest spirit in the physical plane -or, in this case, into the seed world's spirit, as Dredre's pixie dust made the seed world part of its domain.

This, at least, was what Dredre told everyone, as she believed it to be the truth. Wyatt, however, knew the full story: Ceed wasn't merely a forest spirit but a young celestial. He refrained from correcting Dredre, opting instead to use his Primordial Calamity Daughter Gem to subdue Ceed. As a variant celestial, he was much stronger than an unborn celestial still establishing its domain in the physical plane. Therefore, unlike with Dalie, Wyatt was able to completely subdue Ceed as one of his daughter gems. Though reluctant to grant Ceed partner-tier authority, he still arranged it ordering her to behave normally, but to refrain from bossing Dredre around, to avoid arousing her suspicions. Dredre, overjoyed with her successful creation of a forest spirit, was on cloud nine, celebrating Ceed's birth exuberantly with her friends, especially Cortney and Corey. She did not suspect a thing. Even though Ceed was oddly docile and well behaved.

Despite his success, Wyatt was troubled by one question: why hadn't his bloodline chosen Ceed as its inheritor? Even as a fledgling, Ceed was already far stronger than his other daughter gems, apart from those with Bloodkin Tier authority. This led Wyatt to dismiss strength as the key factor for selection by his bloodline.

Though he showed reluctance to make Ceed a partner-tier daughter gem, he hoped she would be chosen as Bloodkin-tier, which would make it easier for her to act convincingly and avoid raising Dredre's suspicions. Still, partner-tier authority seemed sufficient for now, as Ceed was performing well in her role. Ideally, Wyatt would have avoided this situation entirely. But by the time he realized that Dredre was creating a celestial rather than a forest spirit, it was too late. Asking her to stop would have been akin to asking a mother to abort her unborn child, so Wyatt chose to be the villain in Dredre's life. This was necessary; once the celestial was born, Dredre would lose what little control she had over it, and it would attract unwanted attention from the Card World, which could lead to catastrophic consequences.

"Happy birthday, Ceed, and congratulations, Dredre," Wyatt said, offering his gift to Dredre-the incense sticks he crafted from the outer bark of the World Calamity Tree. Fortunately, he had prepared the sticks before his World Calamity Tree form evolved into the Primordial World Calamity Tree. Otherwise, it would have not only risked exposing his secrets but also risked permanently addicting Dredre to its scent, as the aroma of the Primordial World Calamity Tree was far more potent than that of the World Calamity Tree.

"Wyatt, they smell just like you!" Dredre excitedly exclaimed upon sniffing his gift, prompting everyone to look at Wyatt with suspicion. Knowing Wyatt, they hesitated to jump to conclusions. But Corey, glancing at him with a mix of disgust and smugness,

remarked, "Wyatt, I always knew you were a pervert, but this even surprises me. So, this explains your pixie form. How long have you been planning this?"

"Corey, watch your words!" Susan and the Field Marshal quickly defended Wyatt. Startled by their outburst, Corey retracted her comment, saying, "Alright, chill! I was just kidding."

Dredre, puzzled, asked, "What's wrong?" But Susan quickly responded, "Dredre, it's nothing. Could you bring more of those red fruits? I loved them,"

"Right away," Dredre agreed and rushed off to get Susan the fruits.

"Corey, what's your deal now?" Wyatt asked, finding it strange that Corey was targeting him, especially since things between him and Susan had hit a roadblock as she had hoped. Besides, Corey had said she would take her role as his slave seriously, like her parents had as the Southern Region's slaves.

"Nothing," Corey replied, feigning innocence. "Can't I joke around during my time off?" It was ironic, coming from the same girl who thought being rude and being straightforward were the same.

"Slaves don't get time off," Wyatt pointed out.

"Good. Then I'll tell Dredre I need to leave early because you want me to work during Ceed's birthday celebration," Corey countered.

"Are you blackmailing me?" Wyatt raised an eyebrow as he watched her push her boundaries.

"A slave wouldn't dare," Corey replied with exaggerated meekness, though her eyes betrayed her defiance.

"What about you?" Wyatt asked, testing her.

"I'm your slave."

"Are you asking or telling me?"

"A slave wouldn't dare to do either."

"It seems you're itching for the whoop-ass of a lifetime." Wyatt reached for her wrist, but Corey dodged.

"Wyatt, don't you dare. I may have signed a slave agreement and lost a bet, but I still have basic human rights. Don't push it," Corey protested. Only she and Wyatt truly

understood what "basic human rights" meant in the Card World, a shared understanding as reincarnators and transmigrators from Earth. Though she was often a handful, Wyatt kept her around for nostalgia.

"So you agree you're my slave?" Wyatt pressed.

Corey glared at him but, noticing Dredre returning with the fruits, made a face at

Wyatt sticking her tough out before rushing over to her side. "Dredre, let's dance. I'll outdo you this time!"

"Alright, let's see. Ceed, join us!"

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Chapter 2273 The Diamond Upgrade

[1,508 words]

Chapter 2273 The Diamond Upgrade

Date: 22 April 2321

Time: 02:25

Location: Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Dungeon Highway, Blood Rock Dungeon Seal, Seed World

Once Corey, Dredre, and Ceed began dancing, Bloodette joined in while the crowd around them sang along. From a distance, Wyatt and the Field Marshal, both in their pixie forms, watched the celebration.

"Why are you avoiding Susan?" the Field Marshal suddenly asked Wyatt. Throughout Ceed's birth celebration, the tension between Wyatt and Susan was palpable to anyone emotionally mature enough to sense it.

"Weren't you the one who said I should give her space? Besides, this is a big moment for Dredre. I didn't want to make things awkward," Wyatt replied, explaining why he had been purposely keeping his distance from Susan during the welcome dance. He didn't want their tension to overshadow Dredre and Ceed's special day.

"I said to give her space, not to avoid her like the plague," the Field Marshal clarified. "If you keep this up, she might start believing the nonsense my niece and her cronies are spreading in the network and media. If you don't want to lose her, act like you used to with her. Be present, make her smile occasionally-but don't cling to her. Understood?" Despite rooting for Anna, the Field Marshal couldn't help offering Wyatt some relationship advice, knowing how much Susan meant to him.

"Does this also count as combat training?" Wyatt joked, but the Field Marshal's face darkened, annoyed by his deflection as he had been avoiding training altogether. "Here, take this Diamond-grade grimoire. You've long since surpassed the requirements to contract one. It's about time you upgraded," she said, taking out a Diamond-grade grimoire. After witnessing Wyatt's strength in the Lil Red Storm realm, she was certain his soul had reached the threshold necessary for him to wield a Diamond grade grimoire.

"Are you sure?" Wyatt asked skeptically, reaching for the grimoire. He felt he might be ready to upgrade to Platinum, but Diamond seemed premature. However, seeing the Field Marshal nod confidently, he decided to give it a try. Although he had acquired Diamond-grade grimoires during the Southern Capital incident, he couldn't pass up a free one when offered.

"I will give it a try then," Wyatt said, accepting the Diamond-grade grimoire and summoning his current golden grimoire. Preparing to upgrade, he turned to the Field Marshal. "Cover me."

Knowing the phenomenon accompanying his upgrade would be majestic and might disrupt Dredre's celebration, he asked the Field Marshal to conceal it so it wouldn't attract attention. He even informed his daughter gem Ceed to keep an eye out, just in case.

Wyatt opened his golden grimoire and placed the Diamond-grade grimoire on the creation page. The Diamond grimoire quickly transformed into a cluster of soul pathways, merging with the soul pathways of Wyatt's golden grimoire, which began emitting brilliant rainbow lights that formed an aurora around him.

The Field Marshal reacted swiftly, using her spatial abilities to contain the spectacle so no one would notice Wyatt's upgrade happening just behind them. Soon, the aurora retracted, leaving Wyatt holding a newly upgraded Diamond-grade grimoire. Seeing this, the Field Marshal congratulated him, "Wyatt, congratulations on becoming the youngest card apprentice and the only Card Grandmaster in history to contract a Diamond-grade grimoire."

"Thank you," Wyatt replied, still focused on examining his newly upgraded Diamond-grade grimoire.

Apart from the Diamond-grade epidermis barrier and the restriction on using cards up to SSS rank, not much had changed with Wyatt's grimoire. Well, the grimoire network seemed to come with extra security and privacy features, but other than that, the demon merchant codex appeared unaffected and was still functioning perfectly. It seemed the demon merchant codex was more advanced than even a Diamond-grade grimoire, which was surprising, especially considering the existence of the devil codex.

Still, Wyatt was pleased with the upgrade, as it meant his primordial calamity daughter gem would now have an absolute effect on card demigods and devils. He had never expected to be able to subdue demigods and devils this soon. Caressing his Diamond-grade grimoire, Wyatt found himself looking forward to meeting Supreme Leader Karl.

"Here, an SSS-rank card to commemorate your grimoire upgrade," the Field Marshal said with a sly glint dancing in her eyes as she offered him the card. Taking it, Wyatt curiously examined the SSS-rank card, realizing it was a combat arts card. Specifically, it was a combat training card, which wouldn't instantly make him a combat expert but would guide him in mastering basic combat arts using insights of Martial Sage a.k.a the Field Marshal. Hence, its SSS-rank rating.

Wyatt now understood why the Field Marshal had suddenly proposed upgrading his grimoire to Diamond grade—it seemed that working with her crafty niece had taught her a trick or two about getting what she wanted. Seeing Wyatt roll his eyes, the Field Marshal insisted, "Since you have an unpredictable schedule, this card will help you train your basics whenever you have time. Isn't it handy?"

"It's handy, but couldn't you just give me some SSS-rank martial arts cards? That should be more than enough to make up for my lack of combat training," Wyatt teased,

O

but the Field Marshal instantly exclaimed, "Aha! So, I was right all along. You were making up excuses to avoid combat training on purpose. I knew it." Noticing the emphasis she placed on proving herself right, Wyatt squinted, doubting her priorities. Sensing his skepticism, the Field Marshal coughed, hiding her embarrassment. She then proceeded to persuade Wyatt to give combat arts serious consideration, adding, "Wyatt, if you don't have a solid foundation, you won't be able to use SSS-rank martial arts cards effectively. Forcing it will only harm you, which is why many demigods don't rely on martial arts cards and true martial artist don't need to. Trust me there's no shortcut to mastering combat arts. Just give it a try. I'm sure you'll love it. Think of it as studying the human body. No, combat arts is the study of the human body—yours and your opponent's."

"Just the human body? What if my opponent is a monster or some other race? Combat arts seem unreliable," Wyatt teased, pulling the Field Marshal's leg over her wording. Her face flushed with embarrassment, and, swallowing her pride, she corrected herself,

"What I meant was that Combat Arts is the study of the body-yours and your opponent's."

Wyatt shook his head, smiling to himself, finding the Field Marshal's reaction adorable. It made him want to tease her even more, so he began, "What if" but was interrupted by the flustered Field Marshal, who snapped, "Wyatt, stop arguing and take this seriously. I'm doing this for your own good. You have abundant potential, but it's wasted because you don't even know how to throw a proper punch. Honestly, it's embarrassing."

"Hey, great-grandma, watch what you say," came a sudden voice in Wyatt's defense. Surprisingly, it wasn't Wyatt himself, nor Susan, but the last person anyone expected - Corey Bright.

The Field Marshal's outburst had brought the celebration to a halt, and all eyes turned to watch the scene unfold. Corey joining in was unexpected, but no one wanted to miss how this would play out. Dredre wanted to mediate, but Ceed tugged at her dress to keep her by his side, having received mental instructions from Wyatt to manage

Dredre and keep her content.

Corey's use of "great-grandma" made the Field Marshal furious, but she held back, as Corey was technically correct-she was Corey's great grandaunt, since Anna, in a drunken whim, had named herself Corey's godmother. The royal family had agreed to it as a gesture of thanks for her parents' outstanding work at the Way Beyond, and

now, the Field Marshal was reaping the consequences.

Feeling the Field Marshal's heated gaze, Corey hurriedly defended herself, "Great-grandma, don't call my boss an embarrassment. It's not his fault he's... well, not exactly capable."

'Damn it!' Wyatt cursed inwardly at being called "incapable. Enraged, he shot back, "Are you forgetting you lost to me? If I'm an embarrassment, what does that make you?"

"Boss, why are you turning on me when I'm defending you?" Corey asked, feigning exaggerated disappointment.

"How is calling me names defending me? Besides, I'm in this mess because of you!" Wyatt accused, blaming Corey for the whole situation.

Corey's eyes widened at Wyatt's accusation, and she replied with a smug grin, "Tsk, how is it my fault that you don't know how to throw a proper punch?"

"Where's the martial arts card you promised me?" Wyatt demanded, adding grimly, "If you don't have a proper explanation, prepare your behind for the whooping of a lifetime."

Corey's smug smile froze as she suddenly remembered her forgotten promise to Wyatt. She mentally called out to Park for help, but Park ignored her pleas. Laughing nervously, she stammered, "Haha, about that... give me a second-I'll get Park. You can discuss it with her." Saying this, Corey hurried over to hide behind Park.

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

Chapter 2274 Sansa x Wyatt's Father

[1,027 words]

Chapter 2274 Sansa x Wyatt's Father

AN: Sorry for the mix-up in the previous chapter. I have rectified it. Please read it again before proceeding to this chapter.

Date: 22 April 2321

Time: 02:39

Location: Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Dungeon Highway, Blood Rock Dungeon Seal, Seed World

'Wyatt, I thought I was clear that we couldn't deliver on our promise until you helped create a card to aid Corey's mental condition, Park communicated mentally as the crowd once again lost themselves in the celebration. Corey's antics had lightened the mood, taking everyone's attention off the Field Marshal's sudden outburst. Now, the spotlight was back on the birthday girl and her creator.

'I don't remember that conversation going quite that way, but it doesn't matter. I doubt the Field Marshal will let me have a martial card until I'm adept in Combat Arts. Besides, I have no use for low-rank cards now, Wyatt replied to Park, keeping it brief. 'What about the martial arts cards you asked me to prepare for the twin origin cards for those

twin brothers from the Southern Watch? You received a devil-grade ingredient from Anna in payment for that, didn't you? We haven't delivered yet, Park reminded him.

'I remember. Be prepared-I'll ask the Field Marshal to make the arrangements,' Wyatt said, giving Park a heads-up, then mentally reached out to the Field Marshal to set it up.

'A devil-grade ingredient to create two A-rank origin cards? Isn't that price a bit steep?' The Field Marshal mentally asked, surprised at what Anna was paying for Wyatt's services.

Hearing about such incidents, she occasionally could not help think her niece might be right about curbing Anna's obsession with Wyatt. His reputation as a Card Creationist was renowned, especially after curing Asong Young, but charging a devil-grade ingredient for two A-rank origin cards was practically highway robbery. She couldn't imagine what Anna had been thinking when she agreed.

'Not two A-rank origin cards, but twin A-rank origin cards, Besides, I'm a Diamond-grade Card Creationist now, so that price is a steal. Your Southern Watch got a bargain, Wyatt shamelessly asserted, feigning generosity.

The Field Marshal rolled her eyes. 'Fine, I'll make the arrangements. But promise me you won't use any martial arts cards until you complete my combat training sessions?' 'What about the one you just gave me?' Wyatt teased, only to hear the Field Marshal snap, "That's not a martial arts card; it's a training card. Please, take this seriously. I'm begging you!

'Geez, calm down; I was just kidding, Wyatt said, noticing the Field Marshal's swollen expression. Her face remained tense as she gritted her teeth and added, 'Combat training is no joke. Considering the number of enemies you've made across the myriad realms, you need it more than anyone!'

'Alright, alright. I promise to train in Combat Arts whenever I have free time. Happy?' Wyatt assured her, knowing she wouldn't let it go otherwise.

'Yes, but I'll be even happier when I actually see you training, the Field Marshal conveyed indirectly, implying she would only believe Wyatt when he put his words into action. She made this remark as his combat instructor, not his loyal knight. 'You'll see it soon enough, Wyatt assured her, then asked, 'I need all the information that Anna's mother collected about my father. You received it too, right? Please send a copy to my grimoire!

The Field Marshal didn't bother asking why he was suddenly inquiring about his father. Instead, she truthfully informed him, having already shared the file with his grimoire, 'About that, the information on his time after becoming a card apprentice till he met your mother is unclear. It shows he was hired by a merchant group as a helper and ended up

stranded in the Central Capital after a consignment. But when we asked around, we found nothing. We suspect that Sansa may have tampered with the evidence!

'Sansa?' Wyatt frowned. His first thought was that young Wyatt's father might have been a member of the Paw clan, but then it didn't make sense. Why would young Wyatt's memories of his childhood be so pleasant, with loving parents? This didn't add up, especially since Sansa had needed the local Circle branch's help to kill young Wyatt's parents and he couldn't think of any reason his father would be associated with Sansa.

'We tried to dig up as much as we could about your father, the Field Marshal continued, 'but all we found were the things you already know, and the fake history created by Sansa. His origins, and the time between becoming a card apprentice and meeting your mother, remain a mystery!'

Wyatt listened carefully as the Field Marshal shared everything she knew without hiding anything. From her words, it was clear she believed Sansa and Wyatt's father were associates, perhaps because Anna's mother had concluded as much.

"Thank you, Wyatt said, grateful to the Field Marshal for sharing the information. Although what they had learned about his father wasn't very helpful, it did make him consider his father's origins more seriously.

'Do you miss your parents?' the Field Marshal couldn't help but ask. Having spent so much time with him, she knew that although his young shoulders bravely carried great responsibilities, he had been through a lot at such a young age. Pain wasn't any easier for him simply because he was a quirky genius.

'Would you be surprised if I said no?' Wyatt asked, not wanting to lie to her, as he viewed the Field Marshal as an elder in his life.

'No, I expected you to put on a brave face—that's just who you are. You share your happiness, but not your pain,' the Field Marshal replied, shaking her head. She decided not to press him further, knowing that he would open up to her when he felt ready, as he had when Susan rejected to date him.

Seeing the Field Marshal misunderstand his response, Wyatt shook his head in mild dismay. Then, he flew toward the crowd to join the celebrations, calling out, 'Come on, let's enjoy ourselves! We don't get time off often!'

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Chapter 2275 Lois Surrenders

[1,037 words]

Chapter 2275 Lois Surrenders

Date: 22 April 2321

Time: 02:47

Location: Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Dungeon Highway, Blood Rock Dungeon Seal, Seed World

[Primordial calamity daughter gem 'Lois Forger' Online.]

[Your cursed primordial bloodline has deemed the primordial calamity daughter gem 'Lois Forger' worthy to inherit it.]

[Your primordial calamity daughter gem 'Lois Forger' has inherited your cursed primordial bloodline.]

Bloodline Purity: 93%]

[Your primordial calamity daughter gem Lois Forger's authority tier has increased.]

Servant-Tier >>> Bloodkin-Tier.]

[Your primordial calamity daughter gem 'Lois Forger' has inherited a bloodline abilities 'Dual Presence, 'Celestial Vision; and 'Celestial Voice!']

Wyatt, who was enjoying the celebration with his friends in his pixie form, suddenly froze mid-air as a series of notifications appeared in his diamond grimoire. He quickly regained his composure and subtly moved out of the crowd. However, the Field Marshal followed him and, once they were alone, she mentally asked, 'What happened?'

'One of the prisoners is causing trouble. I'll go check on it; cover for me. I'll be right back; Wyatt replied, hurrying toward the isolated space that housed his trophies.

Upon entering the trophy room, Wyatt's gaze immediately met Lois's. She grinned and said, "So, you're my new master, huh?" As a bloodkin-tier daughter gem, she had retained her individuality. Unless Wyatt decided to strip that away using his bloodline order, she would maintain her original demeanor.

"What happened? How did you escape the trap array subduing you in the gem and become a daughter gem?" Wyatt wasn't interested in small talk; he wanted to know how she'd managed to escape and whether he needed to reinforce the shackles on the other prisoners.

"That was easy-by surrendering myself to you, Master, Lois answered. Instantly teleporting next to Wyatt, she added, "Thanks for the new abilities and power-up, Master. I can use my physique more comfortably now. With my current strength, I feel like I could take on a few elite demigods."

Trapped inside the daughter gem, which had been turned into a prison specifically designed to contain her abilities, Lois had studied her surroundings and tried her best to break free to gain her freedom. However, as weeks passed without progress, she realized her physique was useless here- she couldn't even contact the world's will to assist her. To her dismay, the ego-gem-like artifact imprisoning her only grew stronger and more complex over time. Seeing this, she eventually lost all hope of escape.

At first, she waited, expecting Wyatt to eventually make an appearance, perhaps to negotiate her freedom or even to exact revenge for the harm she had inflicted on his beloved Southern Emperor. But, to her dismay, Wyatt never appeared-not even to check up on her. As time passed, her reserve of soul energy was nearly depleted, as she had expended most of it trying to break free.

She began to fear Wyatt might never come and that she would starve to death in her prison. Desperately, she called out for him, but no one answered. It became clear that nothing could enter or leave her confinement. In the end, to survive, she was forced to break down her runes into rule power to compensate for the dwindling soul energy.

Lois, who had been imprisoned in isolation for weeks without soul energy or rule power to sustain herself, began to lose her mind as the fear of starving to death grew. Desperate, she started yelling in her prison, swearing that she would say and do whatever Wyatt wanted if only he would let her out. As if her pleas had unlocked a hidden key, the ego-gem-like artifact imprisoning her suddenly began to empower her, fusing with her.

The next thing she knew, she was free of her prison-though at the cost of her freedom. Despite the power-ups and new abilities she gained by becoming Wyatt's daughter gem, her sorrow over losing her freedom remained. Still, recalling the isolation and despair she had endured over the past few weeks, the exchange seemed worth it compared to starving to death.

"Surrender?" Wyatt murmured, struck by a sudden epiphany.

His mind wandered to moments when Dalie and Clown Mask had been chosen by his bloodline as its inheritors. Dalie had known Wyatt might harm her, yet she took a chance and willingly fused with his daughter gem and even share a part of her celestial

power with him to help gain 'Celestial Voice! As for Clown Mask, she had expressed gratitude for his friendship with her daughter and his care for her when she became bloodkin-tier daughter gem. It seems, in that moment, Clown Mask also let go of her final resistance and surrendered to him.

With this realization, Wyatt finally understood the condition for his daughter gems to become inheritors of his cursed primordial bloodline. It was simple: they needed to truly surrender themselves to him.

If they surrendered willingly, Wyatt wouldn't need the daughter gem to command them. He now understood why bloodkin-tier daughter gems could ignore his routine orders using their cursed primordial bloodline. This unique status not only made them more intelligent than regular daughter gems but also ensured they remained equally loyal.

Their ability to disregard orders, when necessary, allowed them to adapt and improvise in unexpected situations-a capability regular daughter gems lacked, as they prioritized following orders exactly. This was just one of many advantages that made bloodkin-tier daughter gems superior to their regular counterparts.

Feeling that he might have truly made a breakthrough with his cursed primordial bloodline, Wyatt- who had only ever tricked people into swallowing or fusing with his calamity daughter gem-decided to see if he could get someone to willingly become his daughter gem, fully aware of the consequences of being his daughter gem. He wanted to test if this would cause them to be chosen by his cursed primordial bloodline as its inheritor.

With a clear plan in mind, Wyatt began searching for an appropriate test subject, and his eyes landed on the daughter gem containing the demigod Redfall's soul, tainted by the 'Breath of Erosion! Wyatt believed that, like Lois, Redfall might have grown desperate enough to do anything to get out his prison and be reborn with his peak strength.

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Chapter 2276 Daughter Of Masters

[1,039 words]

Chapter 2276 Daughter Of Masters

Date: 22 April 2321

Time: 02:59

Location: Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Dungeon Highway, Blood Rock Dungeon Seal, Seed World

Before rushing to verify his speculation about the criteria for his primordial bloodline to chose a

daughter gem as its inheritor on Redfall's soul, Wyatt inquired of Lois, "How close are you to establishing your divinity?"

"With the daughter gem's abilities it should take me a moment to reforge all the runes I dismantled and recover to my peak strength. Then, I should be able to establish my divinity soon using the new abilities," Lois replied truthfully. The various abilities and strengths she gained as Wyatt's daughter gem were proving invaluable in her recovery and in establishing her divinity.

"Do you need any help with your full recovery or in establishing your divinity?" Wyatt asked, planning to support Lois to the fullest now that she was his bloodkin daughter gem.

"No, but I think if I conduct more research on my new abilities and their compatibility with my old powers, I could establish a divinity even stronger than the one I originally planned; Lois replied, her ambition clear. "But it will require extensive time and a wealth of information that only the organization can provide in the entire five regions-maybe Morningstar university could too," She trusted Wyatt completely. Deeming him as her universe, she felt no need to be cautious around him. As his bloodkin, she would sacrifice anything for him, even her life, if it were to satisfy him. The organization she spoke of was none other than the one run by her previous masters, the founding figures who secretly controlled the current central government. Given that this organization dated back to before the founding of the five regions, its wealth of knowledge- especially about the power system of the Card Apprentices-was beyond compare. However, Wyatt knew of a far better place to help Lois gain the knowledge she sought to establish her divinity. "Hmm," Wyatt mused before handing Lois one of the Devil Merchant recommendation tokens. "Use this and become a demon merchant. It will help you with your needs. Hive Spirit will guide you through the details and help you join the EGG Guild. Aim to become a devil merchant as soon as possible. Understood?"

"Yes, Master. Thank you,' Lois nodded in agreement, reaching for the token and gratefully bowing to Wyatt for his generosity.

"Continue your training here, and keep a periodic watch over the dragon. Let me know if there is even the slightest development on that end. With your celestial vision, you should be able to handle it, Wyatt instructed Lois, wanting her to stay hidden in the

Seed World and work toward breaking through to the Card Demigod realm as soon as possible.

He didn't want her to emerge into the regular world yet. If she left the dungeon seal, the organization would detect her presence and send their top hunters to retrieve her from wherever the Southern Royal family was supposedly holding her. Lois's former masters believed that the Southern Royal family was keeping her captive and were feigning ignorance when asked. They never suspected that it was Wyatt who had imprisoned their precious agent.

"Yes, Master. It shouldn't be long before I ascend to the Demigod realm, Lois assured him, confident that her ascension was within reach. She only needed to optimize her divinity in line with her new abilities and status. With that she will be able to grow stronger and could be of more help to her master.

"And one more thing" Wyatt suddenly added, recalling an important matter. "When you were in the organization, did you ever encounter a Card Apprentice named Karl? He's involved in the Undead Card Apprentice project.'

"Yes, Master, I did," Lois replied. "Though he didn't seem remarkable, and he isn't particularly renowned within the organization, the Masters seem to trust him greatly. In fact, he's the head of the Undead Card Apprentice project!

Wyatt understood that Karl had managed to deceive the entire organization about his nefarious abilities and intentions, also somehow managed to earn enough trust from the Masters to lead the top-secret undead project. No wonder the Masters never foresaw his treachery in the Clown Mask's future vision.

"Share all the information you have on the Masters and the organization with me through the Hive Spirit. Start with Karl and the Undead Card Apprentice project, Wyatt ordered, finally having a reliable source to help him learn about the organization controlling the central government and its leaders.

The Clown Mask's future vision had been helpful, but most of it pertained to the Supreme Leader, the Circle, the other two Mischiefs, and their forces; there was very little about the organization and its Masters. Thanks to Lois, Wyatt could now finally lift the veil of mystery surrounding the

organization and its Masters and prepare accordingly.

Until now, Wyatt had planned to let the Supreme Leader and the Mischiefs handle the Masters, planning to eliminate whichever side prevailed among them to rid the Card World of both evils. However, now that Lois could help him fill in his knowledge gaps, he planned to use the Tao Eyes to track Karl and end his treacherous reign as soon as possible, ridding the five regions of his wicked incarnations and the undead army that preyed on countless innocent souls periodically to maintain its strength.

After all, sustaining an undead Card Apprentice army wasn't without its costs. The stronger the undead, the more energy they required to be maintained; otherwise, they would turn on their master in their hunger. Because of such heinous crimes, the five regions had united and backed Ada Windsor against the three Mischiefs.

The addition of Lois as his daughter gem and bloodkin was an unexpected gain for Wyatt. He planned to make full use of the information she possessed about the organization and its Masters. As someone who held the special title of 'Daughter of the Masters' within the organization, Lois could provide Wyatt with the best insight into the organization and the Masters-second only to the Masters themselves. This knowledge would be invaluable in aiding Wyatt's ambitions for the Card World.

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Chapter 2277 Refining Unranked Grade Ingredients

[1,014 words]

Chapter 2277 Refining Unranked Grade Ingredients

Date: 22 April 2321

Time: 03:07

Location: Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Dungeon Highway, Blood Rock Dungeon Seal, Seed World

Having arranged matters with Lois, Wyatt turned his attention to the floating island, protected by an SSS-rank trap array formation. At the center of the island lay an altar, on which rested a storage card containing the Heathen Stone box-within which was the daughter gem imprisoning Demigod Redfall's soul.

Approaching the altar, Wyatt used his Hive Spirit to gain an understanding of Redfall's soul's current status. According to the Hive Spirit, Redfall's soul had entered a state of hibernation to conserve as much energy as possible, prolonging its existence in the physical plane.

Recognizing that Redfall's soul was forced into slumber to survive its numbered days, Wyatt confidently equipped the storage card. Though he did not fear Redfall with his current strength, he did take caution with the "Breath of Erosion" tainting Redfall's soul-

an energy potent enough to force even ruler-class beings to take caution. After all, everyone was equal before death.

Wyatt cautiously removed the Heathen Stone box from the storage card and used the Hive Spirit to reach out to the slumbering soul.

'Redfall, wake up!' Wyatt commanded in an authoritative tone. Seconds passed with no response. However, with the Hive AI monitoring the soul imprisoned within the daughter gem, Wyatt knew Redfall had awakened but was pretending to be asleep.

Realizing this, Wyatt instructed the Hive Spirit to be merciless. A jolt shook Redfall's soul, almost destroying it, prompting Redfall to respond in alarm, "I'm up! I'm up!" Fearing that continued feigned slumber might lead to the destruction of his soul, Redfall quickly complied.

Having spent some time in the physical plane, Redfall's soul had finally adjusted to life after the afterlife, even if it lacked a proper vessel. The daughter gem, his prison, served as a makeshift vessel, which was the only reason his soul had been able to survive in the physical plane for this long.

'Don't even think about using the 'Breath of Erosion' against me. I'll extinguish your soul before you have a chance to react, Wyatt warned. He easily deduced why Redfall had feigned sleep: he hoped his captor would check on him in person, giving him an opportunity to unleash the "Breath of Erosion" tainting his soul onto his captor. Wyatt inwardly commended Redfall's nerve, considering the slim chance of success, as well as his patience in resisting isolation and his impending death-something Lois Forger had failed to do.

'Please, don't misunderstand; I had no such intentions. It's just that my soul is very weak right now,' Redfall explained politely, denying any nefarious intentions his captor had warned him of. When no response came, he hesitantly asked, 'Forgive my insolence, but may I know your identity, Senior?' Redfall mistakenly assumed his captor to be a powerful demigod. He believed that, once his soul appeared in the physical plane, his mother-who held his soul candle card-would come to his rescue. Since it had been so long without any word from her, he presumed his captor must be stronger than his mother.

The possibility that his mother had abandoned him or died trying to rescue him never crossed his mind. He trusted deeply in his mother's love and resilience, viewing her as tenacious as himself. Even if she couldn't defeat his captor, he was confident she would have escaped and would be planning a way to retrieve his soul.

This trust in his mother and the invaluable "Breath of Erosion" tainting his soul served as an anchor for Redfall, bolstering his mental fortitude and helping him withstand the isolation and his looming fate. However, nobody knew if Redfall could maintain the

same mental fortitude if he learned his mother had been killed before she could locate his soul-or that his captor was far more terrifying existence than a mere demigod.

"Sure. I am your new master. Surrender your freedom to me and join my quest for a freedom that no one can threaten or take," Wyatt declared grandly. Instead of giving Redfall a straight answer, he invited him to join in his ambition to pursue true freedom by truly surrendering to him. "Uh-Senior, I don't understand," Redfall replied, feigning ignorance. Knowing his soul couldn't withstand another one of those jolts from earlier, he dared not show any sign of disobedience nor attempt to test his captor. His only goal was to prolong his existence until his mother could rescue him. From their conversation so far, he gathered that his captor was even more of a wacko than he had been when alive.

'Fine, if you don't want to join me, then I'll simply sell your soul to the highest bidder. At least that way, you'll contribute to my conquest. After all, a soul tainted with the 'Breath of Erosion' would fetch enough to feed an entire region for a year," Wyatt threatened, making it clear to Redfall that stalling would not work.

Hearing this, Redfall, already anxious about his limited days, began to panic, realizing he might not even live out the short time he had left. Anyone purchasing a soul tainted with the "Breath of Erosion" would use it as a sacrificial ingredient to upgrade their grimoire's card creation page, regardless of the grimoire's grade.

The "Breath of Erosion, which could refine the souls of ruler-class beings, was a prized substance for refining the soul pathways of ingredients in card creation. Cards created with it as a refining agent would either gain permanent durability enhancements or, at minimum, higher durability than would have.

Thus, it was considered a miraculous mythical ingredient, highly sought after by diamond-grade card creators and array masters. It was first recorded by the demigod Michelangelo in his journals. However, even he had never had the fortune of using it in card creation. According to records maintained in the empire, one of his trusted comrades would use the "Breath of Erosion" enabling him to refine the unranked ingredients gained from the unranked dungeons.

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- Chapter 2278 Persuading Redfall

Chapter 2278 Persuading Redfall

[1,024 words]

Chapter 2278 Persuading Redfall

Date: 22 April 2321

Time: 03:20

Location: Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Dungeon Highway, Blood Rock Dungeon Seal, Seed World

'Senior, please don't be hasty. If you truly plan to sell me, sell me to my mother. She will pay any price for my soul,' Redfall urged, desperately trying to convince his captor that his mother would be the best buyer for his soul. Although he didn't want to bring her up, not knowing to whom and when his captor planned to sell him, he felt it was now or never.

"Your mother? No, she can't buy you, Wyatt remarked vaguely, planning to reveal Yin Widow's death to Redfall when his hopes were at their highest, hoping to watch him fall even deeper into despair. "No, Senior. My mother is the renowned card demigod Yin Widow, the excommunicated Elder of the Yin-Yang Harmony Sect. She raided the sect's treasury, stealing many rare mythical and unranked items before leaving. Not only will she be willing, but she will also be able to pay whatever price you demand for my soul. After all, she loves me most," Redfall hastily boasted, desperate to demonstrate his mother's love for her only child and immense wealth, hoping to prove that she would be the best buyer his captor could find for his soul.

"I know who you are, and I know who your mother is. I said she can't buy you because she's dead! Wyatt revealed coldly, waiting for the shock to hit. He planned to further break Redfall's spirit seeing he was vulnerable.

"No... Senior, you are lying, she can't be dead..." Redfall stammered, stunned. His voice faltered, unable to believe his mother was dead but knowing his captor had no reason to lie to him about her death, the weight of the news sank in and he was mortified and fell silent.

"Yes. Your mother really did love you. The day you entered the physical plane, Yin Widow came out of hiding to rescue you. But she was killed by her enemies. In a way, you killed her," Wyatt taunted, savoring Redfall's shock. His intention was to strike at

Redfall's mental fortitude, pushing him deeper into despair. He wanted Redfall to grow desperate, like Lois, who had sacrificed her freedom to escape her prison.

*Senior, did you kill my mother? Redfall's voice grew grim with a dark edge to his tone. He had already begun to plan his revenge, vowing to detonate his own soul tainted with the 'Breath of Erosion' to spread its erosion far and wide. He hoped that by infecting his captor's soul pathway, he could ensure a slow and painful death-a death that would be his mother's revenge.

'Unfortunately, no, Wyatt sighed, disappointed that he hadn't been the one to kill Yin Widow and claim her vast wealth. He chose his words carefully, hoping to stir Redfall's rage and thirst for vengeance. His goal was to push Redfall into sacrificing his freedom in a fit of rage and unbearable despair, much like Lois had.

"She fell in the hands of one of her enemies, leaving all her wealth to her killer," Wyatt added, his tone dripping with mock sympathy, designed to antagonize Redfall and fuel his anger.

As Wyatt anticipated, Redfall's rage exploded. He wasn't just furious at his captor and the card apprentice who had killed his mother, but at himself for his part in her death let alone for not being there when she needed him most. Overwhelmed with guilt and fury, he snarled, "Senior, who killed my mother?"

Redfall believed his captor's words completely. After all, his life was in his captor's hands, and they had no reason for them to lie to him. His captor could kill him at any moment at their whim.

Moreover, Redfall knew better than anyone how many enemies his mother had made across the Five Regions, and how notorious both he and his mother had become for their ruthless actions.

"What will you do, knowing who killed your mother? Nothing but despair and quietly wait for your time to come, so you and your mother can reunite in the afterlife, Wyatt mocked, taunting Redfall's rage and thirst for vengeance. He wanted to make Redfall feel as though his end was near, that he was powerless, unable even to avenge his mother.

"You're right, Senior. As I am now, I cannot avenge my mother, Redfall replied, his voice tight with frustration. But then, after a pause, he continued, his tone more measured. "However, if I were to give my freedom to you, as you asked, would you help me avenge her?"

Redfall's words were calculated, a bargaining chip. After the moment of rage and despair had passed, his mind finally settled, and he began to think clearly. His talk of vengeance was merely a ruse-an attempt to gain his captor's trust and ensure his

survival. Avenging his mother was important, but it was secondary to his true mission: bringing her back from death.

Knowing that one day their enemies would corner them, leaving nowhere to run and no escape from death, the mother-and-son duo had crafted their own plan to return—even after death. With his mother now in the River of Souls and himself trapped in the physical plane, it was up to him to ensure they both survived.

Thus, Redfall chose to temporarily believe his captor and do as he was asked. After all, with his mother dead, he had no other choice. He had reached a point where he would do anything, no matter how degrading, to continue his miserable life and bide his time. Not for himself, but for his mother.

He needed to set into motion the plans to bring his mother back from the dead—just as she had ensured that his descendants survived and one of them grew strong enough to summon him from the River of Souls before he lost his individuality to the 'Breath of Erosion' and was forced into reincarnation. Therefore, even if it meant becoming his captor's slave to ensure his survival, Redfall was willing to do it.

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Chapter 2279 Experiment Failed?

[1,009 words]

Chapter 2279 Experiment Failed?

Date: 22 April 2321

Time: 03:29

Location: Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Dungeon Highway, Blood Rock Dungeon Seal, Seed World

"No, I won't. You have no other choice. Either choose to willingly sacrifice your freedom for my ambition, or I will sell you to the highest bidder to aid my ambitions" Wyatt reminded Redfall, making it clear that he was in no position to bargain. He emphasized that, regardless of what Redfall chose, in the end, he would end up contributing to Wyatt's ambitions.

Wyatt could easily enslave Redfall's soul using the current grade of his Primordial Calamity Daughter Gem, but his intention wasn't to subdue Redfall. Instead, he was testing whether his speculation about his bloodline were correct. That, if his daughter gem were to truly surrender to him, his Cursed Primordial Bloodline would recognize them as its inheritor, as it had with Dalie and Clown Mask.

In truth, if Wyatt hadn't been short on suitable subjects to test his theories about his bloodline, he would never have considered turning Redfall into one of his daughter gems. Redfall's crimes were far too great. Not to mention, bringing him into his forces would turn Redfall's enemies into Wyatt's enemies as well. He could have Redfall change his appearance and hide, but Wyatt didn't want to go to such lengths for someone like Redfall. Wyatt knew that if he were to leave the Southern Region, demigods would flock to him. With so many options to chose from Wyatt didn't want to waste a daughter gem on trash like Redfall.

Redfall wasn't surprised by his captor's words; he had suspected as much. He would have done the same if in his captor's place, but he had to try. After all, it was his freedom he was negotiating for. However, he didn't answer immediately. He wanted to see how long his captor was willing to wait and to gauge his own value in the situation.

"I'll take your silence as a rejection!" Wyatt said, beginning to end the conversation. He knew Redfall was crafty, and from his silence, he sensed that Redfall still had some fight left in him. This indicated that Redfall was planning something. Therefore, Wyatt decided to cut the conversation short to keep Redfall on edge.

Shocked that his captor didn't even wait for a full breath before moving to end the conversation, Redfall quickly spoke up, crying out in surprise, 'Senior, I agree. I wholeheartedly agree to sacrifice my freedom for your ambitions!"

"You're sure?" Wyatt asked coldly. "Once you sacrifice your freedom to me, you will never be able to regain it unless I will it. Don't think you can trick me. The prison holding you is more than just a prison..."

Wyatt warned Redfall to think carefully before making his choice. He began to explain the true effects and abilities of the prison, the Calamity Daughter Gem, making sure Redfall understood the consequences of his decision. Wyatt wanted him to fully comprehend what he was agreeing to ensuring that Redfall was truly surrendering himself to Wyatt's control.

"I understand, Master!" Redfall agreed to be a daughter gem, despite hearing about the true abilities of the Calamity Daughter Gem.

Redfall couldn't believe such an item existed, but seeing the confidence in his captor's demeanor, Redfall chose to believe it. Yet, in the back of his mind, he felt nothing was absolute. Sooner or later, he would have the opportunity to free himself and avenge the humiliation he had suffered at his captor's hands. Therefore, without even waiting for

further orders from his captor. Redfall fused his soul with his prison, the Calamity Daughter Gem, sealing his fate.

[Primordial Calamity Daughter Gem 'Redfall' Online.

Authority: Servant Tier.]

'Sigh, even after I repeatedly warned him, he still didn't give up on conspiring for his freedom after being released from his prison, Wyatt sighed in his mind.

Reading the notification from his grimoire, Wyatt instantly concluded that Redfall had not fully surrendered to him, despite his repeated warnings. Still, he contacted Redfall, whose daughter gem was still in the Heathen Stone Prison, and inquired, "Speak. What were you planning? Why didn't you fully surrender as I asked?"

"Master, I did not fully surrender because I felt I should be able to escape from you and then help revive my mother, the daughter gem Redfall replied, summarizing his old self's thought process without going into too many details.

"Revive your mother?" Wyatt exclaimed in shock. At that moment, he guessed that perhaps, like her son, Yin Widow had made arrangements to revive herself in case of her unfortunate death.

Upon learning this information, Wyatt grew excited. This meant that all the treasures Yin Widow had stolen from the Yin-Yang Harmony Sect's treasury weren't stored in her diamond grade grimoire but in one of her hideouts, waiting for her or her son. He had wanted to find out if Redfall had truly surrendered to him when he chose to become his daughter gem-and in the process, he learned that the Southern Royal Family had not acquired the stolen treasures from the Yin-Yang Harmony Sect. Now, Wyatt understood why the Yin-Yang Harmony Sect hadn't been so eager to force the Southern Royal Family to hand over Yin Widow's grimoire. It seemed they too were doubtful that Yin Widow had stored all the stolen treasures in her grimoire and had been running around the Five Regions. That would have been plain stupid on Yin Widow's part.

Regardless of what the Yin-Yang Harmony Sect or the Southern Royal Family were up to, the stolen treasures were now waiting for Wyatt, as Redfall-Yin Widow's beloved son-was now his servant. He couldn't help but think that one good thing had come from taking Redfall as his daughter gem. However, he still hadn't given up on testing his theory about his bloodline.

"Redfall, if I were to help you revive your mother, would you surrender to me?" Wyatt proposed, recalling how Clown Mask had been promoted to Bloodkin-Tier Daughter Gem.

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Chapter 2280 Wyatt's Vanity

[1,105 words]

Chapter 2280 Wyatt's Vanity

Date: 22 April 2321

Time: 03:41

Location: Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Dungeon Highway, Blood Rock Dungeon Seal, Seed World

"Yes, Master. I will," Redfall sincerely answered as Yin Widow's son, though it was the daughter gem that forced its host to speak the truth.

"Mm," Wyatt nodded as he opened the heathen stone prison, took out the primordial calamity daughter gem, and tossed it into the space before him.

In mid-air, the daughter gem instantly grew layers of tissue that quickly formed a humanoid shape, eventually transforming into a handsome young man. He was tall and lean with pale skin and seductive eyes. His toned muscles, broad shoulders, and sturdy chest made his lean body appear as if it were a sculpture crafted by the almighty creator himself.

Upon gaining his flesh body, Redfall immediately covered himself in a red spandex suit created from blood rule power. Not wanting to further unsettle his master, he could feel his master's dissatisfaction with him, which made him feel as if he were standing on hot coals. As a daughter gem, he was naturally inclined to please his master by surrendering completely, but he could not let go of his desire to revive his mother.

He was conflicted; he wanted to make his master happy but also yearned to bring his mother back to life. However, the daughter gem, which prioritized his master's wishes above all else, was unable to erase his desire to revive his mother as it had done with his other desires. Fortunately, thanks to the daughter gem even though the desire was there he was unable to act on it.

Observing Redfall's appearance, Wyatt understood why Redfall was able to drive so many people, men and women alike, to madness for him. One had to see him in person to truly grasp his allure. However, Wyatt felt that Redfall's charm paled in comparison to the fragrance of his own primordial world calamity tree. In its current version, a single whiff of its scent would be enough to leave any being infatuated with him.

Finding himself comparing Redfall's allure to the fragrance of his physique, Wyatt realized something new about himself and pondered, 'Since when did I become so vain?"

'It must be because of Susan's rejection, he guessed. Shaking his head in dismay, Wyatt retrieved a diamond grimoire from his grimoire and handed it to Redfall, ordering, "Take it! Stay here and recover to your prime as soon as possible. Once you reestablish your divinity, we will go revive your mother. If you want to modify your divinity, then seek Lois. She will help you!"

"Thank you, Master" Redfall replied gratefully as he accepted the diamond grimoire. However, Wyatt knew that this gratitude stemmed from the daughter gem rather than from Redfall himself. If Redfall were truly grateful, he would have surrendered to Wyatt the moment he promised to help him revive his mother, just as Clown Mask had when she thanked Wyatt for being a good friend to her daughter. It might be because of the difference in Redfall and Clown Mask's nature.

Ignoring Redfall, who was now contracting the diamond grimoire, Wyatt summoned another daughter gem and used his primordial soul pupils on it to understand how its enslavement ability truly worked. Although his control over the hosts of the daughter gems was absolute, and they would willingly lay down their lives for him, it seemed all of them were unable to let go of one attachment from their previous lives before being infected by the daughter gem.

Wyatt wanted to understand why this was the case. He felt that if he could figure out the reason

behind it, he would be able to help the daughter gems he valued ascend to bloodkin-tier daughter gems. Soon, Wyatt discovered why all the hosts of his daughter gems had one deep-seated attachment to their past lives, which the daughter gems seemed unable to erase.

It turned out that this was a fail-safe created by his origin card to ensure that each host of the daughter gems retained their individuality and did not become carbon copies of one another. If they did, they would lose the ability to wield their individual grimoires with unique origin cards. This safeguard wasn't just for Card Apprentices but extended to other races as well, as they would otherwise lose their innate abilities and gradually start to resemble the host of the soul gem-Wyatt himself.

Therefore, even if the hosts of the daughter gems did not have a deep-seated desire, the daughter gem would turn one of their desires into a deep attachment. This way, despite becoming part of the hive, they would continue to retain their individuality. Learning this, Wyatt realized that he had underestimated the complexity of the Card world's power system. The fail-safe created by his origin card for his daughter gems was crucial; without it, his daughter gems would become a flock of sheep. However, this also led him to ponder how his cursed bloodline allowed the bloodkin-tier daughter

gems to maintain their individuality after they truly surrendered to him, letting go of the one deep-seated desire that anchored their individual identities and prevented them from completely losing themselves to the hive.

After some thought, Wyatt deduced that the approach of the cursed primordial bloodline in controlling the hosts of bloodkin-tier daughter gems was entirely opposite to the method used by his origin card for regular-tier daughter gems.

The cursed primordial bloodline used the bloodline the bloodkin-tier daughter gems inherited from the host of the soul gem as an anchor to ensure that bloodkins remained absolutely loyal to the parent bloodline, even if they were allowed to have their own opinions and desires. This approach differed from that of the regular-tier daughter gems, whose opinions and desires-except for one- were erased to ensure absolute loyalty to soul gem.

Understanding this, Wyatt's desire for control over choosing which daughter gems could ascend to bloodkin-tier grew stronger. Although Wyatt had his doubts about his cursed primordial bloodline, he did not hesitate to use its abilities. He believed that if one desires to clean the filth, they shouldn't fear getting dirty in the process.

This was Wyatt's current approach toward his cursed primordial bloodline: only by using it would he be able to truly understand it. Because if he were to avoid dealing with his cursed primordial bloodline today by sweeping it under the rug, one day it might grow to a point where he could no longer ignore it. And unsurprisingly, he would find himself unprepared to deal with it.

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Chapter 2281 Wyatt's Choice

[1,046 words]

Chapter 2281 Wyatt's Choice

Date: 22 April 2321

Time: 04:07

Location: Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Dungeon Highway, Blood Rock Dungeon Seal, Seed World

Redfall, who was supposed to be contracting the diamond grimoire, approached Wyatt. Seeing his master deeply contemplating something while staring at the daughter gem in his hand, Redfall decided to wait and not disturb him.

Having learned about the principles of his daughter gems and bloodline, Wyatt turned to Redfall and asked, "What is it?"

"Master, I think I would be able to better serve you if I were to contract my old grimoire. If I contract a new one, I would lose my old origin cards," Redfall explained. Though origin cards are unique, they are still cards, and once equipped, they become unequippable. So, it did not come as a shock to Wyatt to learn that one would lose their origin cards along with their grimoire. Wyatt felt that Redfall's words made sense; without his wicked origin cards, Redfall was just another demigod, albeit a more handsome one. Therefore, Wyatt asked, "Do you know where your old grimoire is?"

"If it isn't currently being used by someone else, I should be able to summon it once I enter the Card World. But if it is being used, I should be able to sense its location while in the Card World," Redfall revealed, causing Wyatt a headache. Taking Redfall into the Card World would mean deceiving the Field Marshal.

Considering Redfall's past crimes, Wyatt couldn't think of any valid reason to convince the Field Marshal to give Redfall a second chance. It would be surprising if she did not attack him on sight. Therefore, he could only ask Redfall to alter his appearance and lie to the Field Marshal about his identity.

There was also the matter of those who possessed Redfall's grimoire. Once Redfall tried to summon or locate his grimoire, they would know he had been revived. Given Redfall's notoriety, all five regions would likely agree to put him on their top ten most wanted list. Soon, Sky Blossom City would become noisy, as that was where Yin Widow had come to find her son.

Not to mention, the Southern Royal family possessed Redfall's Soul Candle card. The moment he stepped out of the dungeon seal, it would immediately leak his information to whoever currently held the Soul Candle card.

Finding that it was too much trouble for one thrash daughter gem he planned to destroy after his experiment was concluded, Wyatt prepared to reject Redfall's request --but Redfall, as if reading his master's concerns, spoke up first. Seeking Wyatt's

permission, he revealed, "Master, I have a rune that helps me hide from all kinds of tracking cards, runes, and curses. Even my Soul Candle card cannot locate me if I don't want to be found. I can reforge my runes and reestablish my divinity without a grimoire, so I plan to first recover my runes and divinity, then search for my grimoire." Wyatt had heard tales of how dreadful Redfall's origin cards were. Though not as powerful as the origin cards of the Three Mischiefs, Redfall's origin card allowed him to establish the

biggest sex cult in the history of the Card World. This cult was deeply rooted across all five regions and even the empire at Redfall's prime.

The terror of Redfall and his cult was not to be underestimated. Even the empire's fanatics feared the madness of Redfall's cult members. Many who had seen Clown Mask's future vision would argue that Redfall and his sex cult were more scary than the Three Mischiefs and their forces.

Not stronger, but scarier, because Redfall and his followers believed in the doctrine of 'Universal Love! They would hump anything that moved, had a hole/pole, or simply turned them on. Many did not fear death but were terrified of their own and their loved ones' dignity being violated. What terrified them the most was that Redfall and his followers wouldn't even spare a mangled corpse.

Just the thought of Redfall and his cult taking turns violating his enemies and their families was enough to make the World leaders lose sleep. Therefore, if they discovered that Redfall had been revived-especially those who had conspired to kill him the first time-they would do everything in their power to find him before he regained his strength and extinguish his soul so thoroughly that he could never be revived again.

Wyatt weighed the pros and cons of helping Redfall retrieve his grimoire. Considering the impending Demon invasion, the Seven Princes of Hell, Gideon Grim a.k.a. Handsome Fox, the Three Mischiefs, the Masters, and Librarian Jr's conspiracy, Wyatt felt that having someone like Redfall in his ranks could be beneficial, especially with his plans to expand in the Dark Realm. After all, Redfall's origin cards operated on the principle of 'Universal Love, which meant he could establish his cult any where in the myriad realms let alone in the Dark Realm.

The more Wyatt thought about it, the more the pros outweighed the cons of helping Redfall regain his grimoire. As his daughter gem, Redfall wouldn't be able to repeat his past atrocities unless Wyatt willed it. Therefore, it was more logical to keep Redfall around and help him reclaim his old origin cards.

Recognizing that he would need all the help he could get when venturing into the myriad realms, Wyatt no longer hesitated. He decisively chose to keep Redfall around and assist him in retrieving his old grimoire.

"Fine. For now, reforge your runes and reestablish your divinity. Once you've fully recovered, I'll help you retrieve your old grimoire," Wyatt informed Redfall, ordering him to focus on his recovery first.

Now that Wyatt had made his decision, he did not let any guilt get to him. He promised himself that he would use Redfall's abilities to help defend the Card World from the upcoming demon invasion. Just then his demon codex sounded with a notification,

[Demon Merchant 'DoubleAgent' has requested to join your EGG Guild. Do you accept?

(Yes/No)

Note: If you accept a demon/devil merchant as a guild member, you cannot remove them without a valid reason. Please check the guild guidelines for acceptable reasons for expelling a member.]

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[1,030 words]

Chapter 2282 DoubleAgent

Date: 22 April 2321

Time: 04:21

Location: Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Dungeon Highway, Blood Rock Dungeon Seal, Seed World

"DoubleAgent, really? You couldn't think of something better?" Wyatt turned to look at Lois and asked, having read her demon merchant username on her guild application.

"You don't like it? I thought it would suit my role," Lois replied, a little disappointed that her master did not appreciate her attempt at being clever with her demon merchant username.

"Your role?" Wyatt asked in confusion, having no clue what she was getting at. "Master, seeing your interest in the Masters and their organization, and considering my past with them, I assumed you would have me infiltrate their ranks and act as a double agent. Hence, the username," Lois explained.

Wyatt was surprised to hear how far ahead Lois had thought for him. It hadn't even been an hour since she became his bloodkin daughter gem, yet she was already showing remarkable initiative. He couldn't help but marvel at the difference between regular-tier and bloodkin-tier daughter gems. If all his daughter gems showed such proactiveness, his dream of living a laid-back life would be achievable much sooner than he had calculated.

Not getting an immediate response from Wyatt, Lois asked tentatively, "Master, did you not plan that? Was I being presumptuous?"

"No, I did plan something along those lines. I was just surprised to hear it from you," Wyatt assured her, appreciating her initiative and encouraging her behavior. In

response, Lois eagerly added, "Master, after breaking through to the Card Demigod realm, I can return to the organization, pretending to have escaped from the Southern Royal family. Considering how much they value my physique, they will take me back without asking many questions if I credit my escape to my breakthrough."

"That could work, but I have something else in mind. Like a hostage exchange. I bet they'd be willing to pay anything to get you back. Plus, that would be even more convincing cover story," Wyatt revealed his plan without outright dismissing Lois's suggestion.

"Great plan, Master. Your way is indeed more convincing. I feel like you have experience in this sort of exchange," Lois praised her master, but Wyatt doubted if her last sentence could be considered a compliment.

"Alright, I've accepted your guild application. You're now a proud member of the EGG Guild. Hurry up and recover. Once you break through to the demigod rank, I'll introduce you to the rest of the gang," Wyatt said, speaking to Lois almost as if she were his close friend. Given that bloodkin daughter gems were capable of opinions and desires, unlike regular daughter gems, this was to be expected.

"Don't worry, Master. I've already recovered spiritually and physically. I just need to restore my runes and establish my divinity. With the abundant rule power in the devil merchant code's spiritual city, I should be able to recover my runes in no time. Then, using the records from the Infinity Library, I'll establish a strong and flawless divinity and break through to the demigod realm soon," Lois informed her master confidently. She couldn't wait to meet the other bloodkins and her master's friends.

"Okay then, I will take my leave. You two recover, and contact Hive Spirit if you need anything," Wyatt said, bidding goodbye to Lois and Redfall. He exited his trophy space to join the celebration, only to find that it had already ended and everyone had gone back to work. Puzzled, he asked, "What's going on? Why did you end the celebration so soon?"

"I didn't feel right continuing the celebration when you were working," Dredre spoke up first, breaking the tense silence. After all, they were celebrating her and her creation's birth. No one felt comfortable continuing the festivities if she wasn't in the mood for it.

"Field Marshal, didn't. I tell you it was just a small hiccup and that I'd be right back, asking you to cover for me?" Wyatt questioned the Field Marshal angrily, feeling she hadn't done a good job of covering for his absence.

"Wyatt, you were gone for almost two hours. Someone was bound to notice you were missing," the Field Marshal responded, not one to make excuses. She had tried her best to cover for him, but her deception couldn't fool Dredre. The Pixie saw right through their attempts, and upon learning that Wyatt was attending to some urgent issue, she

ended the celebration, feeling it was inappropriate to celebrate while their friend was working hard to hold things together.

"Tsk," Corey clicked her tongue loudly, blatantly showing her disappointment in Wyatt. However, her eyes revealed that she hadn't expected much from him to begin with. Still unsatisfied, she remarked, "Poor Dredre, you're unlucky to have met such a client. If it were me-"

"If it were you, you couldn't even afford a pound of mud from her forest. So, shut up," Wyatt snapped back, countering Corey with brutal honesty. The mud in Dredre's forest was enriched with rare minerals, infused with rule power and soul energy. Each pound of it was worth more than Corey's entire bank balance.

"Y-you-money isn't everything! I would be there for Dredre, sharing in our joys and sorrows. It would be us against the myriad realms," Corey argued, using the cliché rhetoric that every incapable person uses to deceive their naive mark.

"Corey! I will not tolerate you targeting Wyatt through me anymore, even if you are my close friend," Dredre suddenly interjected, which was out of character for her. Pixies were usually pushovers, except for the Elder Pixies, the guardians of their kind. "Close friend?" Wyatt was surprised to hear this. While it was easy to befriend Pixies, being regarded as a close friend by one was not. For Corey to have earned that title from Dredre was impressive. Then again, despite her frequent clashes with him, Corey was a genuinely good person and a loyal friend. Otherwise, it would have been impossible for her to rally comrades who were still willing to go against the 'Seven Princes of Hell' for her. She truly was a reincarnator.

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Chapter 2283 Cortney's Uncle

[1,009 words]

Chapter 2283 Cortney's Uncle

Date: 22 April 2321

Time: 04:32

Location: Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Dungeon Highway, Blood Rock Dungeon Seal, Seed World

"But Dredre, I was just speaking up for you. You shouldn't let him off so easily," Corey insisted, trying to convince Dredre but failing miserably.

"Corey, Wyatt has done more for me than any client has ever done for their pixie library guide. If not for him, I wouldn't have this forest, nor would I have been able to create Ceed. So, I am nothing but grateful to him," Dredre defended Wyatt, expressing her gratitude. Despite being here to serve him, Wyatt had never treated her like a servant. Instead, he catered to all her whims, showering her with expensive gifts and favors. Though, it was another matter that if she didn't consider him her best friend, she might not have accepted them.

"If you're fine with it, then I'm fine with it," Corey conceded, feeling disappointed that things didn't go her way. However, sensing Wyatt's intimidating glare, she forced a polite smile. She froze upon receiving his mental transmission: 'First Susan, and now Dredre. Can't you be normal for once? Or do you just enjoy the thrill of trying to steal food from my mouth? Don't ever leave the Seed Space. If I catch you outside, I'll make good on my promise to give you the whooping of a lifetime!

Wyatt made sure Corey understood he was sparing her only for Dredre's sake. Since he was the reason the celebration had ended abruptly, he didn't want to upset Dredre further by letting her see two of her friends fighting over her. Ignoring Corey, he addressed the rest, "Guys, I know the moment has passed, and it's too late to restart the celebration. But I know something that will lift the mood. Hang tight, we're going to visit my elder sister."

"Elder sister? Wyatt, aren't you an only child?" Susan asked in surprise. She had met Wyatt's uncle, uncle's family, maternal aunt, and so-called relatives from the Central Capital, but this was the first time she was hearing him mention an elder sister. If Wyatt did have a blood-related elder sister, Susan felt she needed to get on her good side and earn points to secure her approval of her relationship with Wyatt.

"Wyatt's elder sister?" Everyone else was equally puzzled, as they all knew Wyatt was the only child of his parents.

"I just found out recently. I'm rolling with it since that's easier," Wyatt said, brushing off the details, while the Field Marshal, who knew part of the truth, shook her head in dismay.

"That's great! Now we have a valid reason to continue our celebration. What do you

say, Dredre?" Cortney chimed in, seeking Dredre's opinion. Dredre nodded vigorously, adding, "Yes, let's go meet Wyatt's elder sister."

Meanwhile, Clown Mask turned to Wyatt and asked, "Boss, does that mean you're Cortney's uncle?"

"Master, don't tell me you're Wyatt's elder sister?" Cortney asked her mother in shock and utter disbelief. The others were equally stunned, except for the Field Marshal, who was confused as to why Clown Mask would say that. Wasn't she the one who killed his parents in the first place? Was there a hidden reason why Wyatt forgave her?

"Cortney, I get your point. But can't you just start calling me mother already?" Clown Mask argued, looking at the rest who were waiting for an answer. She added, "Everyone relax, I was just kidding around to get my daughter to stop ignoring me and actually talk to me."

Cortney simply rolled her eyes at Clown Mask, continuing her silent treatment, while Bloodette had mixed feelings about the whole situation.

"Woah, for a minute there, you had us all. Good one," Park said with a chuckle, easing everyone's mood.

"Alright, you guys hang tight. I'm going to move the Seed World out of the dungeon seal and to my sister's home. I'll be back in a jiffy," Wyatt said before exiting the Seed World without waiting for anyone to ask about his elder sister's home. After all, he didn't want to spoil the surprise.

"Wait a minute, doesn't the Seed World now belong to Ceed? How can Wyatt move it to his sister's house on a whim?" Corey suddenly pointed out, feeling something didn't add up.

"I have given the authority to Master Wyatt to do so," Ceed clarified, only to have Corey ask, "Why do you call him 'Master'?"

"Master Wyatt is my creator's boss, so he is my Master," Ceed explained, prompting Corey to reply in scepticism, "That's a messed-up logic, but I guess it makes sense."

"Corey, what's with you? Why are you targeting Wyatt again? I thought you had moved on," Susan asked, puzzled by Corey's renewed obsession with Wyatt. It seemed to have flared up recently.

"Let me tell you why. Unable to keep up with him, she's taking out her frustration like this," Park explained. Corey's problem with Wyatt was that she had started to develop an inferiority complex toward him after repeatedly failing to catch up, let alone surpass him. The change in Wyatt's prowess was too huge, though he hide it well, Corey who knew his previous self could feel the difference.

"Corey, the race is only over when you give up. Don't let your desperation lead you astray. I'm sure, sooner or later, you'll not only catch up with Wyatt but become someone he will look up to. I believe in you," Susan encouraged Corey, urging her not to let her competitive spirit cloud her judgment.

However, Susan didn't forget to warn Corey about her behavior: "Also, your actions are fine as long as they're harmless and meant in fun, but they can easily cause misunderstandings. So, clarify things with Wyatt when you get the opportunity. He's been very tolerant with you for some reason. It's almost as if he has a soft spot for you. So, I'm sure if you're upfront with Wyatt, he will forgive you."

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Chapter 2284 Park's Pride

[1,081 words]

Chapter 2284 Park's Pride

Date: 22 April 2321

Time: 04:39

Location: Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, Dungeon Highway, Blood Rock Dungeon Seal, Seed World

Listening to Susan's advice for Corey, the Field Marshal couldn't help but look at Corey with pity. She knew Corey had secrets of her own, but she doubted they would ever be enough to let her catch up with Wyatt—even in a million years, let alone become his equal or someone he would look up to.

Noticing the pity in the Field Marshal's eyes, Corey was irked and sharply asked, "Why, great-grandma, you don't think I can catch up to Wyatt?"

One would think that as an elder and respected figure in the Card World, the Field Marshal would be above pettiness and would not hold a grudge against an ignorant child like Corey. However, she did. With a humorous tone, she mocked, "No, honey. I just think you're being foolish to compete with Wyatt. Why don't you find someone more suited to your caliber? My grandchild, JJ. Now, if you were to compete against him, maybe you could try and catch up to him in few decades."

"JJ the sewer sweeper? I'll have you know, I can take on hundreds of him right now- Corey began, but before she could finish her sentence, the Field Marshal interrupted, "Without using your snake familiar from the dark realm?"

Corey hesitated but soon nodded, boasting, "Yes, I can. I can easily defeat him on my own."

"Is that so?" The Field Marshal looked at Corey in amusement and proposed, "If you manage to defeat JJ, I will officially adopt you as my great-granddaughter. What do you say?"

"I am already your great-granddaughter," Corey shamelessly claimed. Just when everyone thought she would relent for obvious reasons, she surprised them all by countering the Field Marshal's proposal, "If I manage to defeat JJ, you will take me to meet my parents."

Corey no longer wanted to force her parents to return, knowing that what they were doing was important for them. She also did not want her parents' hard work over the last decade and a half to go to waste due to her childish fits. Therefore, she planned to meet them instead. However, for that, she needed the Southern Royal family's permission, as visiting Way Beyond without a proper permit was a punishable crime. With her current strength and Lil. Baem's support, she could bypass the protocol, but doing so would tarnish her parents' exemplary record in the Southern Watch. Thus, she had repeatedly applied for permission to meet her parents at Way Beyond, only to

be rejected multiple times without a valid reason. She knew she was being given the runaround on the Royal family's orders.

"If you're really strong enough to defeat JJ on your own, I see no reason to stop you from meeting your parents at their post on Way Beyond," the Field Marshal conceded, knowing how much Corey missed her parents. Seeing Corey's recent actions, she felt guilty, thinking that a talented and good kid was going astray because of the Southern Region's incompetence.

"Alright, then. Let's go find the royal sewer sweeper right now!" Corey announced eagerly, brimming with motivation. Then, she hurried to Ceed, asking her to let them out since the Seed World was now Ceed's domain.

"What's wrong?" the Field Marshal asked Park, who was now looking at her with the same pitying gaze she had earlier directed at Corey.

"You really don't love your grandson, do you?" Park asked, feeling that the Field Marshal was being cruel to JJ by throwing him under the bus like that. First, she had him sweeping the sewers of Sky Blossom City, and now she planned to subject him to a beatdown from Corey, Park couldn't help but add, "That kid has a rough road ahead of him."

"You speak as if my grandson's defeat at Corey's hands is a given," the Field Marshal replied, clearly displeased with Park's implication, though the latter didn't seem to care.

As the remnant memory of Demon Emperor Corey Park, she had inherited both her kindness and pride. Except for Wyatt, Susan, and her card apprentice parents, she didn't consider anyone in this realm worthy of Corey's attention, let alone someone from the Southern Royal bloodline. Even though they were strong for this realm, they were the ones responsible for taking Corey's parents away at a young age in the name of the greater good.

If Corey Park didn't have at least this level of pride, it would have been impossible for her to survive in the Dark Realm, let alone build and lead her own forces. With a sneer, she retorted, "Isn't it?"

Park didn't like the edgy version of Corey who could succumb to darkness at any moment or get triggered over petty things. But she hated it more when Corey said she would be more like her parents having listened to the likes of the Field Marshal. In the world's eyes, they might be good soldiers, but to Park, they were just hardworking, kind-hearted people being manipulated by the Royal family, who took advantage of their love for their fellow citizens and country. Park would rather see Corey be edgy than like her parents.

The Demon Emperor Corey Park was kind, but one should not forget she had survived nearly a century in the Dark Realm. Her definition of kindness was borrowed from the demon dictionary, not the card apprentice dictionary. It was worth noting that in some dark race's dictionaries, kindness was listed as a synonym for foolishness.

"You're just an ego spirit. Considering who your master is, I don't blame you for your ignorance," the Field Marshal dismissed Park's remarks, assuming she was just an uninformed ego spirit of Corey.

"Just for that, I won't stop Corey when she goes full Darkside on your grandson," Park warned, as if she could already see how the battle between JJ and Corey would unfold. "What the heck is 'full Darkside'?" the Field Marshal asked, clearly confused. "You'll know when you see it," Park replied cryptically, a sly smile on her face. "Both you and your master need professional help," the Field Marshal said, feeling that both Corey and her ego spirit were delusional. Just when others were getting worried their argument would spiral into a fight, the duo ended their argument, hearing Corey's yell, "Why can't we leave the Seed World?"

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Chapter 2285 New Base

[1,016 words]

Chapter 2285 New Base

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil. Red Storm Realm, Realm's Womb, Seed World

"Corey, are you sure you want to leave the Seed World?" A menacing voice startled Corey.

- A Few Minutes Earlier -

Exiting the Seed World, Wyatt stared into the space before him, having ordered Ceed to unroot the Seed World from the dungeon seal's space so he could transport it to the Lil Red Storm Realm with him. Soon, a pink gem, similar in form and size to Wyatt's primordial calamity daughter gem, became visible, hovering in the air as if it had a will of its own. It floated toward Wyatt, who grabbed it and used his primordial soul pupils to peer inside.

To his surprise, the Seed World had changed beyond recognition. It now contained a nebula of soul pathways and arrangements, and at the center of it all, in its womb, was a celestial spirit resembling Ceed. This was her spiritual body, while her physical body remained in the Seed World with Dredre. Given that Ceed was a newborn celestial, it wasn't surprising that she did not have even a hint of rule power in her womb, let alone a rule stream.

Typically, after their birth, newborn celestials immediately begin comprehending rules from the rule source to summon rule power and satisfy their appetite-unless they have a Pixie to provide pixie dust, or, in the case of Primordial Pixies, primordial energy. If Ceed had done the same, it would have been difficult for her to continue hiding from the Card World. Fortunately, not only did she have a Pixie to feed her pixie dust, but she also had a Master who could supply her with primordial energy.

Analyzing the changes in the Seed World, what intrigued Wyatt the most was Ceed's spiritual channel. Its spiritual end led to the rule source, similar to his. This was common among him, Ceed, and Dalie. However, his spiritual channel also connected to the origin source. He felt it was a pity that neither Ceed nor Dalie inherited his 'One with the Source' skill. Ceed, who had yet to become a bloodkin-tier daughter gem, still had hope

to inherit it, whereas in Dalie's case, he wondered if increasing her bloodline purity might help her gain new skills.

Having satisfied his curiosity, Wyatt stored the Seed World in a storage card. Upon being placed in the storage card the Seed World immediately burrowed into its space, awaiting Wyatt's summons.

Wyatt then hesitantly used his demon codex to activate the devil merchant code's transportation function, teleporting to the Lil Red Storm Realm. He feared it might

Nour Race

charge him for all the people he was carrying with him, as he remembered paying for two when he carried the Elder Anesthesia Dragon out of blood rule source. However, to his surprise, the devil merchant code only charged him for one. Seed World's space stealth seemed able to evade even the devil merchant code, impressing him with the upgrade Ceed brought to the Seed World.

Upon arrival at the Lil Red Storm Realm, Wyatt was enthusiastically greeted by Dalie. "Wyatt, you're back!"

"Looks like you've been busy," Wyatt remarked, noticing how his field of vision was blocked by rows of precious metal bricks stacked upon each other.

"Yes," Dalie replied proudly. "I no longer need them, so I prepared them for you. There are some that I didn't know how to refine, so I left them alone for you to handle."

"I appreciate that," Wyatt said, feeling touched. He knew Dalie genuinely wanted him to have all the resources she had collected over centuries-not just because she was his daughter gem. He summoned his grimoire and, taking out the Seed World, handed it to Dalie, saying, "Here, this little one will keep you company when I'm busy with work."

"Is that a newborn celestial?" Dalie instantly recognized her own kind. Looking at the Seed World, she said with a longing tone, "Her realm is convenient."

"Let it take root somewhere convenient for you, or where you can keep an eye on it. Hurry, my friends are waiting to meet you," Wyatt urged, eager to introduce Dalie to everyone as his Elder Sister. In his two lifetimes, no one had shown him such selflessness. She truly expected nothing from him except the chance to live for him. "Alright, alright. Give me a minute. I'll let it take root next to my core. Then we can go meet your friends," Dalie said, equally excited to meet Wyatt's companions.

As a daughter gem, Dalie knew the newborn celestial was one of them. Therefore, she did not mind letting it stay in her womb. Considering her cursed primordial bloodline purity level, she held supremacy over all of Wyatt's daughter gems. She had plans for

the newborn but decided to proceed only after meeting and discussing things with it. Not wanting force her will on it.

"All done. Let's head in," Dalie announced, having used the hive spirit to inform Ceed to take root in her womb. Together, they entered the Seed World.

Arriving in the Seed World, they were greeted by Corey's yell, "Why can't we leave the Seed World?"

Thinking back to his warning to her a few moments earlier, Wyatt menacingly asked, "Corey, are you sure you want to leave the Seed World?"

"Wyatt!" Corey was startled by his sudden appearance but quickly demanded, "Wyatt, hit me!" Then seeing the puzzled expression on his face she explained, "I know my actions towards you lately were nothing but bitchy. A simple sorry won't cut it. So, hit me until you're satisfied."

14:32

"Huh?" Wyatt was taken aback by Corey's sudden change in demeanor. It was getting hard for him to keep track of her mood swings. This wasn't the first time she had apologized to him because of her actions, and he had a feeling it wouldn't be the last. Seeing the hot mess she was as a reincarnator, Wyatt thanked his lucky stars for his transmigration not having a twist like Corey's reincarnation had.

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

[1,010 words]

Chapter 2286 Rematch

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil. Red Storm Realm, Realm's Womb, Seed World

"Let's pin that for later," Wyatt dismissed Corey and enthusiastically introduced Dalie to everyone. "Everyone, this is my elder sister, Dalie Wyatt. And sis, this is everyone I trust. Now, let's resume the celebrations!"

Just as Dalie prepared to greet everyone, Corey abruptly stepped in front of her and interjected, "Hello, Dalie. I'm Corey Bright, Wyatt's most trusted and efficient employee. If you don't mind, could you ask your little brother to hit me and then let me out?"

"Ah..." Dalie didn't know how to reply to Corey's abrupt request. However, Susan, who had rushed over, grabbed Corey by her ear before Wyatt lost his temper and ordered, "Corey, behave yourself. Now, apologize to big sis Dalie."

"Big sis, let go-Aaaah..." Corey screamed in pain as Susan's grip on her ear tightened. The former turned to see where the latter gained such strength, only to find Susan's hand wearing a gauntlet-she was partially using her origin card.

"Hello, big sis Dalie, I'm Susan, Wyatt's manager and friend. You can call me little Su or anything you prefer. And don't mind Corey; she has a few screws loose but is a good friend and little sister. You'll see once you get to know her," Susan hurriedly introduced herself and rescued Corey, as always.

"Hi, Susan and Corey. It's good to meet you both. If she wants to get out that urgently, I can let her out," Dalie offered, noticing Corey's urgency.

"Really! Please do, I'll owe you one," Corey ignored Susan's grip on her ear and eagerly requested Dalie to let her out.

"Alright," Dalie sent Corey out to Lil. Red Storm realm while neither Wyatt nor the Field Marshal stopped her. The duo had similar grins on their faces.

Stepping onto the dark red mud of Lil. Red Storm and staring at the two suns, a couple of crescent moons, a full moon, and a few planetary rings, Corey's mind went blank for a second. It was due to both shock and a lack of oxygen to her brain. Fortunately, her demon physique quickly adapted, and she immediately screamed, "Wyatt, you fucker, where did you send me?"

Not getting a reply, she summoned her demon codex, which was with Park, planning to use the Devil Merchant Code's transportation service to return to the Card World and find JJ. But to her dismay, she couldn't afford it. Then her eyes fell on rows of precious metal bricks stacked on top of each other. With a sly glint in her eyes, she

shouted, "Wyatt, if you don't send me back to the Card World, don't blame me for using these ingredients as offerings."

"I dare you to touch them."

Sure enough, her threat worked and managed to get a reply from him. However, unable to find his figure, she decided to summon him. She walked toward the bricks and touched them, as he dared her to.

"That's it, you've done it now," Wyatt suddenly appeared behind Corey, planning to shove her head into the ground and make her eat mud. But to his surprise, she grabbed his hand without even looking back and flung him onto the rows of precious bricks, which fell like dominoes.

Seeing the mess, Wyatt was even more pissed. Getting back on his feet and dusting himself off, he said, "You are going to stack them all back up with your hands or else..."

"Bring it, asshole. Today, I'll show you that your win before was just a fluke," Corey said, as her eyes, canine teeth, and nails grew sharper with her excitement.

Ever since her defeat at Wyatt's hands at the city tournament, she had wanted a rematch. However, Park held her back, saying Wyatt was hiding his true strength and she wasn't his match yet. She grew tired of hearing that every time she made progress in her strength and prepared to challenge Wyatt.

Hence, without even realizing it, she was taking out her frustration on Wyatt by regressing to her old self-the bitchiest bitch. The only reason she didn't trigger the conditions of Wyatt's contract was because she wanted to prove herself to him, 'She was no less than anyone out there. No one could ignore her, not harm him.

"Hahaha, that's the funniest joke I've heard," Wyatt said, unleashing a tiny part of his strength, causing Corey's pupils to shrink. However, she did not back down; instead, she declared, "Today, I'll show you that no one can look down on me!"

Corey's eyes turned pitch black as she rushed at him, balling her fists. Nearing him, one of her fists aimed for his head while the other targeted his chest. She had the technique but lacked the power. Wyatt grabbed her fists with ease and asked in confusion, "When did I ever look down on you?"

"Sin Smoke!" Corey summoned the screaming smoke of her ego flame and used it to cover her fists. If one looked closer, they would notice screaming faces inscribed in the black soot covering her fists. With Wyatt's sharp eyes, he even made out individual faces with agony-filled expressions. So, he shoved Corey away, letting go of her fists in disgust. Being pushed back, Corey had a satisfied grin on her face as she uttered, "Sinner's mark."

Wyatt's palms had picked up black soot from Corey's fists, which gathered to form miniature agonized face tattoos on both his palms. Wyatt looked at them in disgust, and tried to wipe them off, but he couldn't-they seemed to have deeply embedded into his skin.

"Wyatt, you cannot get them off, even if you were to chop off your hands. They're rooted in your soul pathways. Just give up; I don't want to put my friend through something meant for the damned," Corey advised, not wanting to use what her reincarnation used

to punish the most heinous of criminals in the dark realm, those undeserving of the sweet release of death or extinction.

"Do your worst."

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Chapter 2287 The Armageddon Song: 1st Verse 'Denial'

[1,010 words]

Chapter 2287 The Armageddon Song: 1st Verse 'Denial'

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil. Red Storm Realm, Realm's Womb, Seed World

"Wyatt, I'm serious. I don't want to use that sinister skill against someone I consider a friend. Don't force me to use it," Corey repeated her advice with a stern tone, feeling that Wyatt was underestimating the extent of her abilities.

"Tell your bullshit to someone else. If you really meant it, you wouldn't have used that skill on me in the first place. Come on, show me the progress you've made," Wyatt dismissed Corey's warning and challenged her to prove what gave her the confidence to face him.

"You called my bluff. Good for you. I should have known you would not cave to such threats. But I no longer plan to go easy on you, Wyatt. Ignite!"

With Corey's chant, the black soot on both her fists began to emit a fiery red glow, accompanied by loud, wailing cries. Surprisingly, the wails coming from the soot had a harmony to them, sounding much like an ominous and eerie background music.

"The Armageddon Song: 1st Verse: Denial," Corey chanted as she punched at Wyatt from afar. The energy from the wails focused into her fist, forming a sonic attack so powerful that its form resembled a fist traveling through the air. The sonic fist, the size of Wyatt's height, shot toward him, breaking the sound barrier.

Wyatt, who had his power suppressed to that of an average Card King, could not react in time, and Corey's attack landed squarely on him before passing through. At first glance, it seemed like it hadn't even managed to harm a hair on Wyatt's body. However, soon after, blood began to ooze from Wyatt's ears, eyes, nose, and mouth. He fell to his knees, staring at Corey, the whites of his eyes dyed red with blood, soon overtaking his pupils as well.

"Stop pretending. An injury like that is something you can instantly recover from. I know it's impossible to harm you unless the attack manages to damage your mutated ego gem," Corey said, seeing right through Wyatt's performance.

"You saw through it, did you?" Wyatt said, getting back on his feet. He had hoped to see Corey make a fool of herself, but it seemed she was smarter than most gave her credit for. Or perhaps Park had informed her that his strength—and weakness—was tied to his mutated ego gem.

Either way, Wyatt was impressed. Corey's attack just now was strong enough to kill a regular Card Emperor. Her sonic punch was capable of bypassing defenses and attacking the target's vital soul pathways and shattering them. Basically, it was sure kill move.

Not to mention, this attack was fueled purely by soul energy. If she had used or added sound rule related runes or rule power, its potency would have increased by several folds. Considering Corey might have inherited all of Park's runes by now, Wyatt believed she held back. Still, for Corey to be capable of killing a Card Emperor with a single punch despite being in the Card Master realm was an impressive feat.

"It seems you've made a lot of progress since we last met. Go ahead, show me what these can do," Wyatt said, pointing at the two sinner marks on each of his palms.

"I would never use something that vile on someone I care—know," Corey shook her head. Having her progress acknowledged by Wyatt, she seemed to calm down a bit.

"Go ahead, I'm just a clone. The original is in the seed world, celebrating with the rest," the clone Wyatt revealed, shocking Corey. In her rage, she channeled rule power into her fist, chanting, "The Armageddon Song: 1st Verse: Denial."

This time, the clone was unable to react in time as well, as the speed of the sonic attack, enhanced by rule power, increased by a few thousand times. Unlike before, Wyatt did not bleed, but his body popped like microwaved popcorn, filling the atmosphere with the scent of barbecue. His primordial calamity daughter gem was flung a few miles away but remained unharmed.

In mid-air, the clone Wyatt reconstructed his body. When he regained his vision, Corey was right in front of him again. Gathering even more rule power in her fist, she punched, chanting, "The Armageddon Song: 1st Verse: Denial."

Unable to react, clone Wyatt's body was blown to bits once more, but this time, his daughter gem showed signs of cracking. He quickly healed it and reconstructed his body while using the adaptive resonance technique to prepare for Corey's next sonic fist.

Corey once again appeared before the clone and used her martial arts, increasing the amount of rule power in her attack. She was struggling to figure out the exact amount needed to break the clone's core. Having witnessed Wyatt's fights, she knew his perfect clones were just as tenacious as him.

However, this time, things didn't go her way. Wyatt's soul pathways vibrated at the frequency of her sonic fist instinctively, allowing him to evade the attack without taking even a scratch.

Witnessing this, Corey was at a loss for words, recalling Park's advice: "You can't be a one-trick pony if you want to defeat Wyatt. He might lack in terms of combat arts and techniques, but he's smarter and far more tenacious than any enemy I've ever faced. If you can't kill him in one attack, sooner or later, he'll figure out the weakness of your assault and render it useless. Mastering one martial art to the sage level isn't enough to beat him; you'll have to master at least a couple to that level to stand a chance."

"Woah, you almost had me with that last punch, phew. The original will be very happy to learn of your progress, and I appreciate your resolve not to use your ultimate move on me, despite knowing I'm just a clone," Clone Wyatt remarked. However, Corey didn't appreciate it she only grew angrier that she couldn't even defeat a clone.

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Chapter 2288 Cowardly/Considerate Clone

[1,024 words]

Chapter 2288 Cowardly/Considerate Clone

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil Red Storm Realm

"You don't seem satisfied with your progress in strength," Clone Wyatt observed, noting Corey's bubbling emotions clearly written on her face.

"I'm still not strong enough to defeat Wyatt," Corey admitted with frustration and a hint of helplessness. She was unwilling to be outdone by Wyatt, let alone his clone. They were of the same age, yet he excelled in everything compared to her. If she considered her past lives, she was much older than Wyatt, which only worsened her mood.

"I don't know if it helps, but our match ended in a draw. Maybe next time, you could defeat him," Clone Wyatt suggested. Though his intentions were good, it was clear he lacked experience in consoling others.

Corey glared at the clone and asked, "A draw? You call that a draw? Are you pitying me?"

"No, no," the clone stammered, hastily explaining, "Though I might have negated your fist arts, I don't have any cards or runes that could help me defeat you without killing you. And—don't look at me like that—you also held back from using your more lethal moves and only stuck to the first verse of your fist art. Not to forget, these sinner's marks on both my palms. That's why I declared it a draw."

"Just take me to Wyatt," Corey demanded, ignoring the clone consideration she ordered it to let her into the seed world.

"That, I can't do. You can't enter the living section of the seed world until you've neatly stored these resources in the warehouse section," the clone relayed Wyatt's instructions to Corey. But seeing Corey's glare, it hurriedly added, "It's not me—it's the original who gave the order."

"Are you sure you're Wyatt's clone? You're too cowardly," Corey scoffed as she began preparing to store the resources in the warehouse. After all, she was Wyatt's employee. As his friend, she could be willful, but as his employee, she had to execute his orders without complaint. That was the price she paid to become a demon merchant.

"Though we are Wyatt's clones, we have our own individualities to ensure that we don't mistake ourselves for the original," the clone explained, noticing that Corey had withdrawn her skill, Sinner's Marks.

"We? How many of you are there?" Corey asked curiously as she stored as many resources as she could in her storage cards while using her spirituality to arrange the bricks in an orderly fashion, stacking them just like Dalie had, so that when summoned, they would arrive neatly arranged.

"Not a lot, just a little over a thousand," the clone replied, using his celestial force to carry as many resources as he could into the seed world. Though the main primordial spirit hadn't explicitly instructed him to help Corey, Wyatt hadn't forbidden it either.

"A thousand! Wyatt has over a thousand clones like you?" Corey asked in shock, pausing her work. Her mind went blank at the thought of facing a thousand of Wyatt's clones, especially when she struggled to defeat just one of them.

However, recalling her skill 'Sin Smoke' and martial art 'Armageddon Song,' both of which had widespread area effects that could target multiple enemies at once, even a small army if conditions were favorable, she calmed down. Not to mention, she hadn't let her ego flame, Park, possess her, as she had a point to prove to Wyatt. But if she had, with Park having regained all her past life's techniques and their proficiency, she could have rendered Wyatt unable to battle within a minute, let alone thousands of his clones.

"Y-yes," the clone replied awkwardly, unable to comprehend Corey's shock. Having thousands of clones wasn't a big deal to him, as most of his knowledge came from the Infinity Library, where the standards were too high. Nothing less than a semi-ruler class was enough to surprise him anymore.

"Good for him," Corey muttered, resolving to master all the martial arts that Park had reached sage level in when she was alive, aiming to reach that level herself before challenging Wyatt next time. This time around, she planned to take Park's advice seriously, especially after her match with Wyatt's clone had played out just as Park had warned.

"Are you done? Let's unload these resources in the warehouse first and return for more," the clone suggested, choosing to ignore Corey's rivalry toward Wyatt.

Dalie could have moved all these resources into the seed's warehouse space with a snap of her fingers, but Wyatt wanted to punish Corey, warning her that her actions would no longer go without consequences.

"Yeah, let's hurry. I need to go find JJ after this," Corey urged the clone, indicating she had other matters to attend to.

"Alright," the clone agreed, and soon they appeared on a barren floating island with plain stone flooring and rows of huge stone shelves, efficient enough to store all of Dalie's resources.

"By the way, where are we, and where did Wyatt get these resources?" Corey asked, her mind finally calm enough to focus on what was in front of her.

"We are in the Lil Red Storm Realm, Dalie's realm. She prepared all these resources as a gift for her little brother," the clone answered as he used his celestial force to neatly stored the stored he had carried in, organizing them in their respective shelves.

"Dalie's realm? Isn't she from the Card Realm? Also, from what I saw, the realm isn't capable of sustaining life. How did Dalie manage to live here?" Corey was shocked to

learn that Dalie wasn't a native of the Card World despite appearing human, and even more surprised to discover that she had grown up on a desolate realm all alone.

"She doesn't live on it; she is the Lil Red Storm Realm," the clone revealed, as Dalie had already shared her origin with the rest of the group. Wyatt never intended to keep it a secret from his friends. Otherwise, he would not have introduced Dalie to them in the first place.

"Dalie is a celestial!" Corey exclaimed in shock.

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Chapter 2289 Rival / Errand Girl

[1,032 words]

Chapter 2289 Rival / Errand Girl

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil Red Storm Realm, Realm's Womb, Seed World, Warehouse Section

"Yes, Dalie is a celestial," the clone confirmed, continuing to store the resources on the shelves, unaware of Corey's shock.

"Then how is she related to him? How can a celestial become a mortal's sister? Did she adopt him? And here I thought I was clever for climbing up the Southern Royal Family's family tree using me being Anna's goddaughter as ladder. That jerk-it's like he breathes fortune." Corey's initial shock quickly turned into envy. Who wouldn't want a celestial as an elder sister, especially one who prepared such a lavish gift? "No, she didn't adopt him. They're related by blood," the clone clarified without going into details, as it was important to Dalie that everyone knew she and Wyatt were blood-related siblings.

"How the heck is it possible for a mortal to be blood-related to a celestial? Don't tell me Wyatt's father was a celestial in disguise! Next, you'll tell me we're in some comic where Wyatt is the main character and I'm his incompetent rival/errand girl," Corey exclaimed, throwing a fit. She glared at the clone, pondering if it took her for a fool. Otherwise, why else would it claim Wyatt was blood-related to Dalie? She wanted to grab its collar and

scream, 'Celestials don't bleed!' but restrained herself, choosing to hear its explanation first.

"It's confidential. I can't explain how, but it's true-they're blood-related siblings," the clone hesitantly replied, fearing Corey's sudden outburst.

"Now I regret not activating Sinner's Marks when I had the chance," Corey muttered, glaring at the clone before resuming her task of stocking the shelves.

"No, you don't. You're loud, but you're not cruel," the clone stated, speaking from its experience of accompanying Corey thus far.

"I'm loud?" Corey pressed, expecting the clone to take back its remark. But the clone, not understanding her irritation, answered, "Yes?" wondering if it had answered correctly.

"Guess you're not that cowardly. You are Wyatt's clone, after all," Corey's expression softened. She knew the clone hadn't meant to offend her by calling her loud. Not to mention, it was considerate and easy to talk to. If Wyatt had been half as approachable, they could have been the best of friends.

Phew, the clone sighed in relief, feeling a bit proud that it had given the right answer. It was getting used to walking on eggshells around Corey and learning how to deal with her.

"What are you two doing here while the rest of us are celebrating?" Dalie suddenly appeared in the warehouse in the form of a pixie. She had sensed them mentioning her name long ago but seeing them enter another section of seed world she decided to investigate.

"We were moving the resources to the warehouse-" the clone began to explain, but with a snap of her fingers, Dalie used her mastery of space rule to move all the resources lying on the Lil Red Storm Realm's ground into the warehouse shelves, neatly in order. She then turned to them and said, "All done. Let's join the others at the celebration."

In an instant, the trio appeared next to Wyatt, who was watching five pixies perform one of their traditional dances. The performers were none other than Dredre, Ceed, Bloodette, Clown Mask, and the Field Marshal. Dalie had been among them earlier but had stepped away, promising to return shortly. Leaving the duo, she hurriedly rejoined them.

Seeing his clone and Corey arrive with Dalie, Wyatt understood what had happened without needing to access the clone's memories. Recalling his clone, he shot a stern glare at Corey, who immediately approached him, pleading, "Help me return to the Card World."

Sensing the desperation in Corey's eyes and voice, Wyatt's frown softened, and he reassured her, "I heard what happened. You don't need to return to the Card World to defeat JJ. I've spoken with the Field Marshal, and she will arrange for you to meet your parents on the Way Beyond."

"Really? Thank you, Wyatt," Corey gratefully said, only for Wyatt's expression to turn stern again as he asked, with a hint of sarcasm, "Why didn't you come to me when the Southern Royal Family was blocking you from meeting your parents? I could have helped you sooner. After all, you are my most trusted and efficient employee."

"I didn't want to bother you," Corey hesitantly replied. However, Wyatt pressed on, "Or did you think I couldn't or wouldn't help you?"

".." Corey stared at her feet, unable to meet Wyatt's gaze. The truth was, it had never crossed her mind to seek his help, especially with Park being busy with Susan for their upcoming joint venture. Lately, her mind has been all over the place. She only felt like herself in Susan or Lil. Baem's presence.

"And what were you thinking, trying to challenge JJ? Don't you know your own strength? You don't need to prove yourself to anyone-especially not to me. I've known from day one that if anyone in the Card World could keep up with me, it would be you. Stop wasting time on unnecessary thoughts and step your game. Otherwise, I'll have to avenge Park alone," Wyatt lectured her, his concern genuine. Since accepting Corey as his friend, Wyatt had embraced both her strengths and flaws. Yes, her quirks were a pain to handle when they flared up, and recently, she'd been nothing but quirky, but Wyatt never intended to let go of her hand. He had a habit of holding on to those who trusted him, respecting and fearing that trust deeply. Corey looked up at Wyatt with teary eyes. For some reason, his lecture and subtle show of concern, deeply moved her. Unconsciously, tears welled up in her eyes. She couldn't understand why she felt this way, but the more she tried to make sense of her turbulent emotions, the more her heart ached.

"Don't go challenging JJ," Wyatt added with a reassuring smile. "I think he's suffering enough, cleaning the sewers day in and day out. Also, after the celebration, let's create a sturdy mental defense-type skill card."

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

[1,038 words]

Chapter 2290 M.O.A.L

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil Red Storm Realm, Realm's Womb, Seed World

The gang celebrated the birth of Dredre's forest spirit, Ceed, and the union of the Wyatt siblings until even the likes of the Field Marshal had to start using her soul energy to cleanse her system of all the booze just to keep partying. Fortunately, most of them were demon merchants, so they never ran out of food, wine, or entertainment to keep the festivities going. With Dalie's gift rejuvenating Wyatt's wallet, they went wild.

Corey and Dalie had wine for the first time as Corey Bright and Dalie Wyatt, while Cortney and Jaya publicly drank wine for the first time as well. As for Wyatt, he joined them, but due to his strong physique, none of the best-selling and popular liquors in the inter-realm network seemed capable of getting him drunk.

Learning this, the gang turned it into a drinking game: they would taste every liquor available on inter-realm network until they found one that could get Wyatt drunk. The challenge was to last the longest without using soul energy, rule power, or any ability to cleanse their body of alcohol. The winner would be the last one standing or those who made it to the end without using any powers. With seasoned drinkers like Dredre and the Field Marshal in the mix, the competition was fierce. Ceed and Dalie couldn't get drunk due to racial reasons, so they acted as judges alongside Wyatt.

Ultimately, they did find a liquor that could get Wyatt drunk. Ironically, its name translated to "Mother of All Liquors," marking the end of the game and the party. Unsurprisingly, Dredre was the winner, with the Field Marshal as the runner-up. Thanks to the party, Dalie had become everyone's new favorite, while Ceed's previously frozen expression and annoyed grunts no longer made her unapproachable as everyone had learned to decipher her grunts. The Field Marshal and Clown Mask seemed to have grown comfortable enough to no longer need their respective masks in the gang's presence.

Wyatt also made some progress with Susan. While Corey was busy drinking and partying, Wyatt followed the Field Marshal's advice and managed to converse with Susan as usual, even making her laugh occasionally, without letting his wounded ego get in the way. It wasn't easy, as he was deeply shocked and hurt by her rejection to his proposal to date publicly.

After the party, Ceed created human-sized pixie-style cottages in the woods for everyone to rest. While the gang slept, Ceed and Dalie left to discuss what kind of celestial Ceed would like to become, following Wyatt's orders to keep Ceed's status as a celestial a secret from the rest, especially Dredre.

Though Dredre considered Wyatt her best friend, as a pixie, she was still loyal to the Librarian. Wyatt didn't want to put Dredre in a position where she would have to choose

between her friend and her master. However, given how things were unfolding, it seemed inevitable, though Wyatt preferred to face that issue later rather than sooner in this one instance.

Waking up in his cottage, Wyatt opened his eyes to be greeted by the pleasant face of Dredre, who was patiently hovering above him, watching over him. With the successful birth of Ceed and Dalie taking Ceed under her wing, Dredre now had more free time on her hands. With her usual playmates Corey, Cortney, and Jaya still asleep, and the rest of the gang busy with their own work, she could only wait for Wyatt to wake up and assign her a task or keep her company.

"How can you be up earlier than me when you drank almost twice as much as the entire gang?" Wyatt asked, getting up.

"If not for those last few glasses of M.O.A.L, I could have drunk a lot more," Dredre replied, using her ability to cleanse Wyatt of all dirt and smell.

Feeling refreshed, Wyatt walked out of the cottage, recalling that the Pixie race's entire lifestyle was one big party. If not for the Librarian getting them to work as book guides in his libraries, they would spend their entire lives nurturing their forests and partying with their tribe members. The Field Marshal never stood a chance against her in the drinking game.

"So, what do you plan to do next?" Wyatt asked, hoping she wouldn't suggest starting another forest, as he would resolutely reject that idea.

However, she wouldn't, since the only reason he agreed to let Dredre grow her forest initially was that she could still feel at home even though she was far from home. Thanks to Ceed, the entire Seed World was now filled with numerous floating forest islands, each mimicking Dredre's native forest and the neighboring pixie tribes' forests in the Dark Realm.

Not that Wyatt had any complaints with the new changes; the Seed World was now more vibrant and calming than before. Most importantly, it followed the time zone and climate conditions of the Card World, which he was accustomed to. Though the Lil Red Storm realm was in the same time zone as the Card World, its two-suns arrangement could only be preferable to the slave-work culture of MNC's back on Earth.

"I could help Susan, Park, and the Field Marshal with their project," Dredre suggested, the first idea that came to mind.

Wyatt's face turned grim upon hearing this, as he had bad news for the mentioned trio. Locating the island where Susan and Park had set up their office, Wyatt headed there with Dredre in tow. Seeing Wyatt awake, the Field Marshal joined them. As they arrived, Susan and Park paused their work to greet Wyatt.

"Good morning, Wyatt."

"Is it morning?" Wyatt asked, trying to gauge the time based on the position of the illusionary sun in the Seed World's spatial boundary. After taking over the Seed World, the first thing Ceed did was replace the fake sun Wyatt had created and let the Seed World's boundaries mimic the climate and weather patterns of the Card World.

"Well, it should be morning in the Card World," Park confirmed, informing him the shortcut to tell time in this realm.

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

Chapter 2291 Bad News? Good New?

[1,022 words]

Chapter 2291 Bad News? Good New?

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil Red Storm Realm, Realm's Womb, Seed World

"I have bad news for the three of you," Wyatt announced, then added, "I know you've all been working day and night to carry out this project, especially you two, Susan and Park. I truly appreciate your hard work. But I'm deeply sorry to say that I have to

pause your project for the foreseeable future."

Unlike the Field Marshal, who had only recently joined the project, Susan and Park had been involved from the very beginning. Thus, Wyatt felt particularly guilty about having to pause it just a few days before its official launch, especially considering all the hard work and sleepless nights Susan and Park had put into it. Now, having to tell them that all their work up to this point was essentially for nothing, Wyatt couldn't help but feel remorseful.

"That's unfortunate, but alright," Susan responded with minimal reaction to what should have been shocking news, while Park simply nodded dismissively. Wyatt was left speechless by their bland reactions; he had expected a much stronger response and

had even braced himself for some harsh words. However, it seemed he had been overthinking it.

Noticing Wyatt's confusion, Susan explained, "Wyatt, during our preparations, we discovered that the import/export business is very difficult without any initial connections. Thanks to the Field Marshal, we managed to secure trustworthy suppliers and buyers in the Card World. But in the inter-realm network, we couldn't find a single reliable supplier or buyer, even after leveraging Park's old contacts. "The demon and devil merchants turned out to be trickier than we initially assumed. So, we planned to use a small batch of goods to conduct trial-and-error trades tests to identify trustworthy partners in the inter-realm network. However, even that approach came with significant risks. Honestly, we're at a loss. The waters of the inter-realm network are too deep."

Park nodded her fiery head like a bobblehead figurine on the dashboard of a car with no suspension. In her past life, Park had been a successful local leader in what could be considered an urban area of the Dark Realm. By Earth's standards, she was just a gang leader in her neighborhood. However, she ultimately failed, dying at the hands of Belphegor and losing her territory to him.

The inter-realm network was far more complex, with even a lone demon merchant wielded more influence than her past self. These merchants either led forces stronger than she had commanded or belonged to much larger organizations. All in all, her past experience offered no advantage in the Devil Merchant Code.

Moreover, Park was never a merchant but a warrior. Her involvement in finances had been limited to overseeing them, relying on trustworthy subordinates to handle her force's businesses and budget. But now, that those people were either dead or had joined new forces, she was just as clueless as Susan.

After all, capable people had little trouble restarting their life. Some of her old allies might come running if she called them, but she didn't want to do that without something substantial to offer. Besides, if she managed to re-establish herself in the Dark Realm, the truly loyal ones would find their way back to her on their own. "So, you pausing the project is actually a big relief to us," Susan admitted, her tone genuinely relieved. She felt like a huge weight was left of her shoulder.

"That's good to know, but now you've put me in a bit of a dilemma," Wyatt said, teleporting the group to the warehouse section of the Seed World. "I was planning to have you guys unload these resources at a reasonable rate."

Looking at the seemingly endless rows of stone shelves filled with precious resources, Susan and Park, who had been celebrating their reprieve, nearly fainted upon realizing they had to find buyers and sell these resources at good prices. Seeing that more work lined up for them, tears welled up in Susan's eyes, while Park would have cried as well if it were physically possible for her. They weren't afraid of hard work, but they were

afraid of failure. As newcomers to this business, losses were inevitable until they got the hang of it.

"Can't we just exchange these resources using the Devil Merchant Code for what we need?" the Field Marshal proposed.

However, Dredre pointed out the flaw in that plan: "The value of your resources will be based purely on the amount of energy the devil merchant code can harvest from it, ignoring factors like rarity and market price unless the items are devil ingredients. On the other hand, the resources you want in exchange will be valued with energy content, rarity, and market price in mind.

"You can also exchange your resources for soul jades, but you'll receive far less than the actual market value. Unless you urgently need rare resources or soul jades, it would be unwise to conduct such a large-scale exchange through the Devil Merchant Code. The demon and devil merchants have tried every trick to exploit the system, but none have ever succeeded. After all, it was designed to be superior to them."

"Then it's going to be very challenging for us to sell these resources at a reasonable, let alone fair, price," Susan remarked. She felt a throbbing headache just thinking of finding a buyer for each of these resources.

"That's true," Park agreed, "unless we manage to find a trustworthy semi-ruler class or above client. Considering the needs of their enormous forces, we could easily empty our stock within no time. If they're involved in crafting, like the Chaos Dwarfs, that would be even better."

"Do you have someone in mind?" the Field Marshal asked, assuming that Park wouldn't have made such a suggestion without a lead.

"In fact, I do," Park admitted, "but I'm not sure if he'll be willing to help us, given my complicated past with him."

"So why bring it up? And aren't you just some ego flame spirit? It seems Corey wasn't entirely truthful with me."

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Chapter 2292 Egg Guild's Business Development Manager

[1,045 words]

Chapter 2292 Egg Guild's Business Development Manager

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil Red Storm Realm, Realm's Womb, Seed World, Warehouse Section

The Field Marshal had long harboured doubts about Park's origin as Corey's ego flame spirit. Park was simply too intelligent to be a mere ego spirit. Today, since the party had brought them close enough for her to reveal her true form, she spoke her mind openly.

"About that, it's complicated. You wouldn't believe us even if we told you. Wyatt and I couldn't believe it ourselves when she shared it with us. And we're not in a position to reveal it unless Corey herself is willing to. Considering she hasn't shared it with her own family or parents, the odds of that happening are low. But please know this: Park is one of us and would never harm us," Susan spoke up, eager to be honest with the Field Marshal, but it was not her secret to reveal.

The Field Marshal frowned but understood there was nothing inherently wrong with her question. It was just that she was asking the wrong people. She had to confront Corey directly about the matter for the answers she sought.

"I don't know what Corey told you, but I remember you mentioning that she claimed to have a mysterious master—that is none other than Park here. She's Corey's mysterious master, the Demon Emperor Park. Once a proud Demon Emperor, she's now a remnant of her former self. She's the one responsible for Corey forging a titled demon core. You can ask how and why to Corey when she wakes up," Wyatt interjected, crafting a story for Corey and Park as they weren't doing a good job of hiding their secret, which was beginning to cause trouble within the group.

The Field Marshal, having shared her own secrets with the group, would be devastated if she found out they weren't being honest with her. This didn't mean everyone had to share their secrets with her, they could if they wished, if not, they should not rub it on other's face. Ultimately, this was an issue between Corey, Park, and the Field Marshal. Fortunately, the Field Marshal seemed to grasp that, as misunderstandings like these could be detrimental to the group.

"I understand. I apologize for making everyone uncomfortable. Let's focus on the matter at hand," the Field Marshal said, assuring everyone that they didn't need to worry about this further.

"There's nothing we can do here. Either we suffer the initial losses to learn from them, or we figure out a way to find rare, trustworthy demon/devil merchants among the crooked ones," Wyatt said. Just as he was about to continue, Park interrupted him, adding, "What about the connection I mentioned earlier? Should I reach out to him?" Wyatt shook his head. "Let's not try to partner with someone above our weight class. There's no telling how things will play out. We already have our hands full with the 'Seven Princes of Hell' targeting the Card World."

"Then what do we do now?" Dredre asked, feeling like they were going in circles. "Now, we find a cheat to win this rigged game," Wyatt said, pointing at the empty space where the Clown Mask suddenly appeared out of thin air. He proceeded to introduce her, "She is our cheat."

Clown Mask, who had suddenly appeared, startled those present in the warehouse. Everyone looked at Wyatt in confusion, unable to understand what he meant. Seeing their puzzled expressions, Wyatt grinned and declared, "From now on, Clown Mask will be the Egg Guild's Business Development Manager. She'll be responsible for qualifying leads and conducting due diligence on potential clients, buyers, and sellers. Any deal, big or small, will only proceed after it passes her screening and verification." "Thank you, Boss. I will prove I am worthy of your trust," Clown Mask hurriedly bowed, accepting the new responsibility Wyatt had given her. She then pointed out, concerned, "Boss, this means I'll have to stay behind at Card World-

"Don't worry. I'll make Cortney and Bloodette your young and perky assistants. Enjoy!" Wyatt interrupted, a mischievous glint in his eyes. Although Clown Mask didn't need any assistants due to her physique, Cortney and Bloodette would serve as extra motivation for her to go above and beyond as the Egg Guild's Business Development Manager.

"Thank you, Boss," Clown Mask enthusiastically thanked Wyatt, bowing once more. As a bloodkin daughter gem, she wouldn't cut corners and would perform the duties Wyatt assigned to her to the best of her abilities but with Cortney and Bloodette now as her motivation, she would happily exceed expectations.

"So, you're the 'DoubleAgent' who joined the guild during the celebrations," Susan guessed, mistaking Clown Mask for DoubleAgent.

"No, I'm not a Demon Merchant yet," Clown Mask clarified. Thanks to the Hive Spirit, she was already up to speed on the Demon Merchant, Egg Guild, and the rest.

"Then who is the "DoubleAgent"?" the Field Marshal asked Wyatt, feeling that a demon merchant with a username like 'DoubleAgent' wasn't trustworthy.

"I'll introduce her to you when she is done breaking through to the Demigod realm. For now, Clown Mask, take this token, become a demon merchant, and join the Egg Guild. If you have any questions, ask Dredre-she'll help you," Wyatt instructed, handing a devil merchant token to Clown Mask.

"I will comply," Clown Mask responded, accepting the token from Wyatt. Guided by the Hive Spirit, she prepared to become a demon merchant.

"Wyatt, do you need me to draft a contract for Clown Mask?" Dredre asked, having created contracts for Susan, Corey, and the Field Marshal.

"No need. I had her sign one long ago," Wyatt replied. At this point, it dawned on the Field Marshal that Wyatt had bigger plans when he freed Clown Mask from the Royal family's secure facility. Unable to resist, she asked, "Was it before Clown Mask surrendered herself to Colleen?"

"Ding! Ding! Ding!" Wyatt answered with a grin.

[Demon Merchant 'FortuneEye' has requested to join your EGG Guild. Do you accept?

(Yes/No)

Note: If you accept a demon/devil merchant as a guild member, you cannot remove them without a valid reason. Please check the guild guidelines for acceptable reasons for expelling a member.]

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[1,009 words]

Chapter 2293 FortuneEye

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil Red Storm Realm, Realm's Womb, Seed World, Warehouse Section

[Demon Merchant 'FortuneEye' has joined Egg Guild.]

"FortuneEye, as in the private eye of fortune? I like it," Wyatt remarked, accepting Clown Mask's guild request.

"Why choose a new codename when you already have one, Clown Mask?" the Field Marshal teased, pointing out Clown Mask still preferred using the codename given by the Circle rather than her real name listed in her ancestral registry.

"FortuneEye, congratulations on joining the Egg Guild."

"FortuneEye, welcome to the Egg Guild."

Compared to the Field Marshal's teasing, Susan and Park gave Clown Mask a warm welcome. They were pleased that she felt comfortable enough around them to appear without her weeping and laughing clown mask.

"I can see most of you don't understand why I chose Clown Mask as the guild's business development manager. You will once you learn about her abilities. Clown Mask, bring them up to speed and get started right away. And Park, after this guild meeting, meet me at Corey's cottage. She's awake, so we can start creating the card for her," Wyatt instructed, preparing to leave.

He chose not to participate in the guild meeting because he would receive updates through Clown Mask and Ceed anyway. By doing this, he wanted to show Susan, Park, the Field Marshal, and Dredre that he trusted them enough to hand over the reins. However, he still retained control behind the scenes.

"Wyatt, wait. How do I get out of here?" Park suddenly stopped him, puzzled about how to move from the warehouse section to the living section of the Seed World, as there were no visible doors or pathways connecting the space sections.

"Just ask Ceed, by saying aloud where you want to go, or you can have Dredre help you," Wyatt replied, before teleporting to Corey's cottage, where she was conversing with Lil. Baem using their familiar pact card.

"Corey, you're up?" Wyatt asked, waiting for her response.

"Wyatt, just a moment. I'll come out," Corey said, getting off her bed. She used her cleansing card to freshen up and a makeup card to fix her appearance before stepping out to meet him. "What's up?"

"Did you forget? I told you we'd make a mental defense-type skill card for you after the celebration. Do you remember, or are you still hungover?" Wyatt teased aloud.

"Let's get started!" Corey shouted enthusiastically, inviting Wyatt into her cottage. "Why are you being so loud? I can hear just fine," Wyatt said, staying outside as he tended to his ringing ears.

"I shouted because you did," Corey shot back, causing Wyatt to look her up and down before saying, "Let's wait for Park to join us."

"Alright, but where is Park, anyway?" Corey asked. Since Park was in an isolated space created by a celestial, Corey couldn't sense her presence.

"She's in the warehouse section, attending a guild meeting. Until she arrives, how about we meet Lil. Baem?" Wyatt suggested.

"Are we going to the Card World just to meet Lil. Baem? That's too expensive. Let's not," Corey declined, aware of the hefty costs involved in using the transportation function of the Devil Merchant.

"I was thinking you could summon Lil. Baem to the Lil Red Realm. She can live freely here compared to the Card World. Here, she wouldn't have to worry about accidentally destroying a city with a sneeze or a snore," Wyatt explained.

Though Lil. Baem was doing well as the guardian beast of Sky Blossom City, her presence caused chaos among the citizens, especially the Card Lords, who could sense her immense power whenever she moved or played around. The past few days had seen Sky Blossom City become both the safest and the most chaotic place due to her presence.

"I don't know, Wyatt. The Lil Red Storm Realm is too desolate. I think she'll be lonely out there," Corey expressed her concern that the Lil Red Realm might not be the ideal home for Lil. Baem, as Wyatt suggested.

After becoming a celestial, Dalie had made significant improvements to the Lil Red Storm Realm, but it was still a work in progress. The first thing she fixed was the realm's fragile space. She modified the celestial array so that the space would only be fragile when meteors and asteroids, attracted by the array, entered the atmosphere. This was why, during Corey's recent battle, the space remained sturdy enough to withstand all her attacks without a single tear. However, the realm was still far from becoming a second home for Lil. Baem.

"How about I have Ceed build a separate sector filled with floating forest islands, beasts, and monsters, so she can eat, sleep, play, and practice to her heart's content in there? Consider it a small playground made specifically for Lil. Baem. This way, you can visit her whenever you feel like it," Wyatt proposed.

He was eager to relocate Lil. Baem from Sky Blossom City before people, who had hailed her as the city's guardian beast, started viewing her as a curse and attempted to drive her out with pitchforks and torches. After all, a beast of her caliber was too much for a small city like Sky Blossom City to handle. Just her presence alone was too taxing on the mortals. Even though Lil. Baem remained in control one slip can lead to a genocide.

"That would be great, but what about when I'm in the Card World?" Corey asked.

"Can't you just summon her whenever you need her?" Wyatt replied.

"What if she wants to return to her playground here?" Corey asked again.

"Please stop asking stupid questions."

"Why are you being mean?"

"Why are you being stupid?"

"Do you want a piece of me, Dalton Wyatt?" Corey challenged.

"Bring it, Bright! You'll finally get to taste the whooping of a lifetime," Wyatt retorted.

"Get over it, neither of you are doing anything," Park appeared, she did not see the tension but a playful banter between friends.

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

Chapter 2294 Invaluable Inspiration

[1,000 words]

Chapter 2294 Invaluable Inspiration

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil Red Storm Realm, Realm's Womb, Seed World, Warehouse Section

"The meeting ended already?" Wyatt asked Park, pretending as if he had no idea what had transpired in the warehouse section.

"Once Clown Mask revealed her physique, the meeting ended shortly after. After all, there wasn't much let to say. With her around, our role in the guild is reduced to that of warehouse workers or PR. If not for the Eye of Fortune's limitations, the myriad realms would start seeming more unfair than I previously thought," Park said with exaggerated frustration. The impact of Clown Mask's physique seemed to have left a significant

impression on the guild members. After all, she had beaten a challenge they were struggling with and believed was impossible with ease.

"Don't worry; once our guild expands into the Dark Realm, you guys can earn your keep," Wyatt consoled the demotivated Park telling her that everyone had their role. "Wow, that's a fun physique. Wyatt, can you make a similar card for me?" Corey exclaimed, rifling through Park's memories to learn about Clown Mask's 'Eye of Fortune' physique.

Wyatt stared at Corey, wondering if she was serious, before sarcastically replying, "Sure, just get me a few time-based ingredients, and I'll give it a try."

"Don't you have the hourglass relic you took from Belphegor's Worldhog incarnation? Use that to create the card," Corey suggested offhandedly, causing Park to shake her head in dismay. Wyatt raised a brow and asked, "How do you know about that?"

"Lil Beam told me," Corey answered before eagerly asking, "So, are you going to make the card?"

"I was planning to use it as an ingredient for Susan's second origin card, but now I'm not so sure. Might as well entertain your whim," Wyatt said, watching Corey's reaction from the corner of his eye.

"No, don't! We already have Clown Mask. It would be a waste of a powerful relic. You should use it for big sis Susan's second origin card. That would be for the best, trust me," Corey hurriedly tried to persuade Wyatt.

"No, I don't want to," Wyatt firmly rejected.

"Why not? Susan is the weakest in our guild. Using the hourglass relic to create her origin card would strengthen the Egg Guild as a whole. As a concerned member of the guild, I say we should use it to boost her abilities," Corey argued indignantly, insisting that the relic should be sacrificed for the guild's benefit.

"The hourglass relic is mine. Why should I give it to the guild? Not to mention, the guild is mine. It's you guys who should be giving me rare and powerful ingredients, not the other way around," Wyatt snapped angrily, asserting that Corey had no right to dictate how he used his resources.

"Wyatt, that's exactly what I'm saying. We can only gather rare and powerful items for you if we're strong enough. And Susan is currently our weakest link. If you use the hourglass relic for her second origin card, the guild will become stronger, and we'll be able to serve you better," Corey explained, cleverly using Wyatt's own logic against him.

Wyatt and Park looked at Corey in astonishment, both thinking, 'Since when did she start using her brain? Wasn't it just for show?' Realizing that Corey's love for Susan

brought out the best in her, Wyatt knew he couldn't win this argument with reason. "No matter what you say, I won't give it to Susan. I'm giving it to Clown Mask instead. Maybe it's compatible with her physique."

Though he said this to manipulate Corey, it sparked a invaluable inspiration in Wyatt's mind. He was eager to explore it but forced himself to stick to his script to see through his little play with Corey.

"Wyatt!" Corey shouted in frustration, then took a deep breath and calmly said, "Didn't you already plan to use the hourglass relic as an ingredient for Susan's second origin card? Just stick with that instead of focusing on maybes and what-ifs."

"Corey, shut up!" Park suddenly interjected. Rushing in front of Wyatt, she exclaimed, "Wyatt, are you thinking what I'm thinking?"

Realizing Park also had similar inspiration as him, Wyatt winked at her and replied, "Yes, yes, I'll give the hourglass relic to Clown Mask."

It took a second for Park to catch Wyatt's signal. Understanding that his banter with Corey wasn't pointless, she decided to step aside and let him continue. However, Corey, feeling betrayed by her, pulled Park aside and barked, "Park, what the heck? How can you root against big sis?"

"I wasn't thinking straight. I'm sorry! I'm always on team Susan. Go, Susan! Go, Big Sis!" Park stammered, pretending to be scared, much to Wyatt's amusement. Corey, however, seemed to buy it. Watching him snicker, Park suddenly yelled at Wyatt, "Wyatt, give the hourglass relic to big sis or else!"

"Are you two out of your minds? Wasn't I clear the first time? I said I don't want to," Wyatt retorted sharply. He hadn't expected Park to help him and was surprised. He thought at best she would remain indifferent to his antics if not help Corey see through his tricks.

Corey glared at Wyatt, her rage simmering, finding his repeated rejection outrageous. But before she could escalate the situation, Park asked, "Wyatt, at least tell us why you don't want to. Maybe we can change your mind." Corey nodded, finding Park's suggestion reasonable.

"I don't want to because Susan refused to date me. She rejected me in front of everyone, embarrassing me. How can I give her the hourglass relic after that?" Wyatt revealed, pretending to hold a grudge against Susan for rejecting his advances.

"You bastar-" Corey's fury flared, and she was about to curse him and all of mankind when Park quickly interrupted, "What if we make her date you? Then will you give the hourglass relic to Susan?"

"Park, are you out of your mind?"

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Chapter 2295 Who Is Tricking Whom?

[1,008 words]

Chapter 2295 Who Is Tricking Whom?

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil Red Storm Realm, Realm's Womb, Seed World, Warehouse Section

Listening to Park's proposal to Wyatt-getting Susan to date him in exchange for his hourglass relic-Corey redirected her rage from Wyatt to Park. However, before she could lash out, Park's fiery body transformed into a fireball and entered Corey's body, taking possession of it and trapping Corey within her own title demon core.

Meanwhile, Wyatt used his primordial soul pupils to peek into their shared title demon core. They had repeatedly warned him to respect their privacy, but desperate times called for desperate measures. He needed to know if Park required his help in tricking Corey.

"Corey, calm down. Just listen to what I have to say first," Park tried to reason with Corey before the latter broke free of her constraints. When it was about Susan, Corey could become a saga or wrath in a instant. She would be very generous to whoever was parsing Susan and she could not tolerate someone disrespecting Susan.

"Park, you better have a damn good reason for this. Otherwise, I will imprison you in the darkest corner of my title demon core for eternity, where you'll be haunted by the agonizing screams of the sinners," Corey threatened, struggling with all her might to break free of Park's constraints and regain control of her body.

"Yes, I do. Calm down so I can explain. Just know this: it's all a ruse to trick Wyatt into giving the hourglass relic to big sis Susan," Park said, planning to do Wyatt's job for him.

"What do you mean, a ruse?" Corey asked, intrigued by the idea of tricking Wyatt. For some reason, just the thought of pulling one over on him was exciting. She decided to listen to Park and then decide whether to punish or praise her. The joy tricking the smartest person she knew should be addictive, she thought.

"I mean, Wyatt thinks we're promising him that Susan will date him in exchange for the hourglass relic. But we only need to get her to agree to a single date. Once that's done, we get him to fork over the relic," Park explained, though she knew Wyatt only needed that one date. Everyone but Corey understood why Susan had rejected Wyatt; it wasn't because she didn't like him but because she lacked the confidence to date someone deemed as the Southern Hope by the entire Card World.

"Then what?" Corey asked, intrigued by Park's plan.

"Then?" Park paused dramatically before confidently asking, "Who are you?"

"Who are you?" Corey repeated, clearly confused by Park's cryptic remark.

"Exactly," Park nodded, pretending to see no confusion on Corey's face. She praised her, "You catch on quick. You've got a bright future as a demon merchant."

'I don't get it,' Corey wanted to cry out but knew admitting that would mean acknowledging she wasn't cut out to be a demon merchant. So, she reluctantly agreed, "Fine, let's do that. But if something goes wrong, remember-

"Yes, yes, you'll lock me away in the darkest corner of your title demon core, where I'll be tormented by the wailing of sinners crying in agony," Park finished Corey's sentence dismissively. Clearly, she didn't take Corey's threats seriously or Corey herself, for that matter. She cared for her, but sometimes even the most loving mother finds her child exasperating.

"So, how do we get big sis to go on a single date with him when she doesn't want to?" Corey asked, after all Park was both the brains and the brawn of their duo.

"We can't tell her we're tricking Wyatt. She's too ethical and takes her job seriously. Even if Wyatt is scum of a boss, she'd rat us out to him immediately. We need another way to convince her to date Wyatt," Park pointed out, knowing that if Susan learned Wyatt was using a relic to manipulate Corey into promoting the date between them, it could worsen their already fragile relationship. Therefore, Park made sure Corey wouldn't reveal their plan to Susan.

"Yes, you're correct. Big sis is indeed very professional. She'd never consider deceiving her employer, nor would she allow others to do so. Even if her employer was a slimy scum like Wyatt. How dare he try to force our mother into dating him? That bastar-"
Corey's rage reignited, but Park quickly interrupted, "Corey, don't lose focus. Our priority

is making big sis stronger, and the hourglass relic in Wyatt's hands is the best way to do that. Not to mention, we'll get even once we trick him."

"You're right, Park. However, I'm not comfortable lying to Susan," Corey admitted. She felt that if she lied to Susan, regardless of her intentions, she'd be no better than the vile Corey who pushed their mother to suicide in her pastlife. Therefore, she had resolved to herself never to lie to Susan.

"Who said anything about lying to big sis? We'll brainstorm later and come up with something. For now, let's go make a deal with Wyatt before he gets suspicious and backs out," Park reassured Corey, explaining that there was no need to deceive Susan to get her to go out on a single date with Wyatt. First, they needed to strike a deal with Wyatt before he changed his mind.

"Alright, let's go out there and teach that asshole a lesson he will never forget. That will show him how to behave from now on," Corey agreed, excited by the prospect Park's plan. How could she not be? She'd not only secure a powerful relic for her big sis but also get to trick her scummy boss in the process. Two birds with one stone- she felt like the smartest person in the room for the first time in her life.

"Now, that's the spirit," Park cheered Corey on, making sure she didn't lose sight of their goal in her rage. After all, Corey was known for her short memory and even shorter temper.

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Chapter 2296 No Remorse

[1,030 words]

Chapter 2296 No Remorse

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil Red Storm Realm, Realm's Womb, Seed World

"What are you two scheming?" Wyatt asked, shifting his gaze between Park and Corey. "Nothing, boss. Scheming is your thing, bossman," Corey replied, rubbing her hands

together and forcing a wide smile, her eyes twinkling with a mischievous light. Her intentions couldn't have been more obvious.

"Wyatt, how about this: if we get Susan to date you, will you give her the hourglass relic?" Park immediately got to the point, wanting to get it over with before Corey realized who was tricking whom.

"Sure, why not? Not only will I give her the relic, but I'll also help her use it as an ingredient in her second origin card creation. If that relic isn't compatible with her fate ingredient or if I'm unable to give it to her due to unforeseen circumstances, I'll get her another relic of equal or greater power. If you don't trust my word, let's take an oath," Wyatt promised, ensuring that in case the hourglass relic could be put to better use in the hands of Clown Mask, he could still fulfil his promise by providing Susan with a different one.

"Wyatt, let's not make any oaths. I trust you," Corey quickly agreed, finding Wyatt's words reasonable. She believed Wyatt was capable of what he claimed. He could get a relic compatible with Susan's fate ingredient if the hourglass relic didn't suit her. However, since she planned to trick him, she had no reason to make him take an oath. If the hourglass relic wasn't compatible with Susan's fate ingredient, she could exchange it for a suitable one in the inter-realm network with Clown Mask's help. Not to mention, if Susan truly didn't want to go on a date with Wyatt, she could simply back out. Corey wasn't afraid of going back on her word-after all, she was a demon merchant.

As all these thoughts crossed Corey's mind, she didn't stop to think that everything she had was thanks to Wyatt. If she were to trick him, how could she escape unscathed? That thought never crossed her mind. All she cared about was getting Susan the hourglass relic and proving to Wyatt that she was smarter than him. Honestly, other than the misunderstanding that Wyatt was trying to become her stepfather, she had no complaints with him. In fact, she considered him her best friend. Cortney, Jaya, and the rest were all Wyatt's friends who had grown close to her. It was just her possessiveness over Susan that had repeatedly become a wedge between them. Ultimately, Wyatt was her first pick for a team, but if Susan were present, everyone else was only second to her.

"Great. So, we have a deal then?" Wyatt asked. Without Park's cooperation in tricking Corey, it wouldn't have been easy to convince her to agree to such a deal.

"Yes, deal. My word is golden," Corey said, trying her best to suppress her laughter. Yet, the mischievous glint in her eyes gave her away. Regardless of how hard she tried, she was an open book to those who knew her well.

"Corey, you are the best! It seems I wasn't wrong to trust you. You're the only one who truly cares about me. If not for you, I wouldn't know whom to turn to after Susan rejected me. Corey, I cannot thank you enough," Wyatt said, not sparing any effort in flattering

her, even though they had already reached an agreement. With this deal, the strongest force opposing his union with Susan would now work in his favor.

Yes, Wyatt considered Corey the biggest threat to his progress with Susan-not Anna's mother, the Southern Princess. He strongly believed that if he could get Corey on his side, even if the Southern Princess used every trick in her book, she would fail to stop his union with Susan.

Unknown to Susan, Corey had become an essential part of her life. Despite entering Susan's life for a short period, Corey had the most significant impact on her-greater than even Wyatt's.

It was like adopting a pet that, without you realizing it, becomes a part of your family, your life, or sometimes even more. It might not have fought wars for you or brought you the stars, but it was just there, present in your life, it would be happy when you're happy and it would sad when you're sad, yet always selflessly trying to make you smile.

Corey was just like that for Susan. She knew she could depend on Corey for anything without expecting anything in return. Therefore, Corey's opinion mattered the most to her, even more than her birth parents' and, in some cases, even Wyatt's. If Corey were to try and "sell" Wyatt to Susan, considering her feelings for him, she would most definitely be swayed in a heartbeat. With Corey on his side, Wyatt doubted Susan could reject him the next time he asked her on a date.

Listening to Wyatt genuinely praise her and thank her gratefully, Corey suddenly grew conflicted. No matter what, he was her best friend, so she hesitated to push him into the abyss for Susan's sake. However, ultimately, she closed her eyes and resolved to push him for Susan, "Don't worry, Wyatt, leave it to me." Such was her obsession with Susan.

With this, the lingering guilt Wyatt felt for tricking Corey vanished. He was trying to trick her, and she was trying to trick him, so they were even. Hence, without any remorse, he asked, "So, when should I expect to hear from Susan?"

"That-" Corey stammered, finding herself at a loss for words. When it came time for her to deliver, it finally dawned on her what she had done, falling prey to her greed. Seeing this, Park quickly stepped in, "Wyatt, we will tell you after we've talked with Susan, So, be patient until then. Otherwise, deal cancel."

Listening to Park, Corey calmed down, realizing that nothing was set in stone. She could back out of the deal whenever she wanted. As a result, her admiration for Park grew even stronger.

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Chapter 2297 Testing Inspiration

[1,018 words]

Chapter 2297 Testing Inspiration

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil Red Storm Realm, Realm's Womb, Seed World

"Okay, Wyatt, let's focus on my card creation now," Corey suddenly proposed, having decided to delay fulfilling the commitment she made with Wyatt for as long as possible. She trusted him to hold up his end of the deal, waiting patiently for her to deliver on hers. This meant Wyatt would save the hourglass relic for Susan, trusting Corey completely. Such was her faith in Wyatt that, if not for their clashes over Susan, they truly would have been best friends like they claimed.

"That will have to wait. We have a more important matter to discuss," Park dismissed the eager Corey, who couldn't wait to test the sudden inspiration she had. This eagerness was the main reason Park had joined forces with Wyatt to conspire against Corey instead of just being a spectator, as she usually was.

"What the heck, Park? You know how much I need that card. You're the one who told me not to break through to the higher realm without it, and now you're delaying its creation. What's more important than me?" Corey questioned, finding Park's behavior odd. After all, it was Park's idea that she should pause her cultivation until she got herself a strong mental defense card, focusing instead on her martial arts practice in the meantime.

"Corey, not now. Trust me, this is important. Go play with Lil. Baem," Park instructed Corey, speaking to her like a mother calming an unruly daughter. Honestly, Park was more of a mother to Corey than her real parents ever were.

"Fine," Corey pouted, proceeding to leave the duo alone. However, Wyatt stopped her. "Park, there's no rush. There are other factors I need to confirm before we put faith in that theory. Not to mention, we need to teach Clown Mask how to use a relic without turning it into an origin card, like the dark races do. There's no need to be impatient. Let me do the due diligence. Once everything is set, we can test it together."

Finding Wyatt's points reasonable, Park nodded in agreement, curbing her excitement about testing Clown Mask's compatibility with the hourglass relic. She then shifted gears, seeking Wyatt's opinion on a new idea. "Okay, before we proceed, I wonder if it

would be better if we helped Corey acquire a mental defense-type physique or trait instead of creating a mental defense skill card. An acquired physique would be a more permanent solution compared to a skill card, unless it's an origin card. After all, a physique, trait, or origin card can grow stronger with her, helping her deal with the darkness that grows within her title demon core."

Park wouldn't have suggested this if she hadn't heard about Wyatt helping his subordinates acquire powerful physiques and traits or fix their incomplete ones. While it might seem miraculous to the card apprentices who witnessed it, she, having spent nearly a century in the dark realm, was well aware of the concept of acquired physiques and traits.

The Infinity Library contained books on how to acquire various physiques and traits, but they were tailored to specific dark tribes, not card apprentices (a.k.a. humans). This was why she proposed the idea to Wyatt, hoping he could modify these methods to fit Corey, just as he had helped his subordinates.

"I like that idea. I'm guessing you have a specific physique or trait in mind," Wyatt said, knowing that since Park proposed it, she must have done her due diligence before bringing it to him.

Before Park could reply, Corey interrupted with an excited exclamation, "I'm getting a physique? Yay! Park, you're the best!" She began celebrating by performing the pixie dance she had learned the previous night. She was on cloud nine; after all, aside from her obsession with Susan, gaining power was her top priority. Acquiring a physique or trait, no matter how insignificant at first, would play an important role in her strength as it would grow with her.

Seeing Corey's antics, Park shook her head and poured water on her excitement, adding, "Corey, don't get your hopes up. Nothing is set in stone. This is only a possibility if Wyatt can modify the acquired physiques and traits developed for various dark tribes to fit you. Otherwise, we're back to our initial plan of creating a mental defense skill card."

Corey froze midway through her dance, turning to face Wyatt slowly like a robot, and pleaded, "Wyatt, promise me you can do it."

"How am I supposed to promise that if I don't even know which physique or trait Park has selected for you? But I can promise that I will do my best to help you acquire a physique or trait suited to your needs, and maybe if possible even more," Wyatt assured, not promising miracles but committing to doing his best. He didn't miss the chance to tease her, adding, "After all, you promised to help me date Susan. So, don't worry, I'll do my best."

Wyatt's last sentence caught Corey off guard. Losing her balance, she fell to the floor, then quickly got up and said, "No need to worry, I'm fine." She gave Wyatt and Park a thumbs-up, avoiding any comments about her promise to help Wyatt date Susan. She was having second thoughts about the deal she made with Wyatt but the hourglass relic was too tempting to pass on.

"Corey, get it together. We're working here to help you," Park admonished, fed up with her restless behavior. Looking at the way they interacted, Wyatt could not help but mentally comment, 'Anyone could easily mistake them for a mother and daughter rather than two of the same person from different lifetimes!'

"What did I do now?" Corey complained, feeling wronged. However, she did not dare to talk back to Park like she dared to threaten Park when they were in the title demon core.

"Wyatt, I've shared the detailed list of acquired physiques and traits I've chosen for Corey with your grimoire. Check them out."

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

Chapter 2298 Corey's Guilt

[1,223 words]

Chapter 2298 Corey's Guilt

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil Red Storm Realm, Realm's Womb, Seed World

Going through the detailed list of acquirable physiques and traits, Wyatt found that they only met Corey's urgent needs and nothing more. Hence, it was a short list. These acquirable physiques and traits all had either mental strength-enhancing or focusing effects, allowing their wielders to showcase strong mental tenacity. Some had unique attributes like mental resistance, mental purification, mental purge, etc., making them rare.

Seeing how all these acquirable physiques and traits were tailored for specific dark tribes, Wyatt concluded that Park had gone through the trouble of translating the methods and summarizing them for him. However, that was unnecessary and counterproductive. When Wyatt created his soul division power system using techniques and methods developed by various races across the myriad realms, he discovered that many important points and meanings these techniques and methods tried to convey often got lost in translation.

To truly understand them, one should learn the language and read the original techniques or methods as their creators intended to impart to future generations. Some, especially those from dark tribes, record their techniques and methods in such a way that, when translated, they function but with a deadly twist. As the saying goes, 'A thief fears theft. Therefore, reading the original text was crucial; otherwise, one might as well abandon the technique or method altogether.

"Is this all? Or do you want to add more? Don't hesitate to include those with higher requirements or restrictions. I plan to read the original techniques or methods for all these acquirable physiques and traits to better evaluate them and reach the best conclusion," Wyatt informed Park, asking her to add more options to the list as he did not fear the workload but rather the possibility of not giving his best effort.

"Are you sure? They are all written in various languages. I had to use the Devil Merchant Code's functions to translate them," Park asked, concerned.

After all, the list contained not only desired acquirable physiques and traits from the dark realm but also from across the myriad realms. She worried that learning all those languages and understanding the original texts would take Wyatt a lot of time, which he did not have—especially since, before leaving the warehouse meeting, the Field Marshal had asked her to remind Wyatt to complete his daily combat arts training. "Just give me the list of the acquirable physiques and traits you actually want Corey to have, and let me worry about the rest," Wyatt assured. With the Hive AI upgraded to Hive Spirit, it had become capable of many incredible feats that were previously impossible. Now was the perfect chance for him to test them out.

"Fine, but don't push yourself too hard. We can always fall back on our initial plan to create a mental defense type skill card," Park said, feeling that Wyatt was going above and beyond his capabilities to help them. Even she, who was aware how desperately Corey was in need of any one of these acquirable physiques or traits, did not bother to read the original texts due to the heavy workload. Yet, he was willing to do it for them with a smile.

Wyatt wasn't aware of the turmoil he had set in motion within Park's ego; it was so intense that it even alarmed Corey. Unconcerned with all that, once he received the file-shared notification, he prepared to leave, informing Park and Corey, "I've got the list. I'm heading into the inter-realm city to take advantage of its different time zones. So, don't worry, we'll complete this today."

"Wyatt.-" Corey suddenly called out, interrupting Wyatt as he found a spot in Corey's cottage to rest his physical body and prepared to have his spiritual body enter the inter-realm city. In his haste, Wyatt did not listen to what Corey had to say and interrupted her before fully immersing himself in the spiritual city. "Don't worry, Corey. I'll find you the best mental-type acquirable physique or trait out there and tailor it to be nothing short of an innate physique or trait."

Park and Corey stood there, watching as Wyatt's physical body entered a hibernation mode while his spiritual body ventured into the inter-realm city, a.k.a. the spiritual city in the spiritual plane. Soon, tears began to roll down Corey's face as she started crying out loud. Park, who understood the reason behind Corey's tears, stood like a like lifeless flame not knowing how to console her.

"Park, what am I doing? He thinks I'm his best friend and is going to such lengths for me, but here I am trying to deceive him."

Corey, who was alarmed by the sudden fluctuation in Park's ego, felt her emotions and understood what had caused the intense impact on Park's psyche. Thus, she learned about the lengths Wyatt was willing to go for her. Even Park, a part of her, was hesitant to take this task due to the immense effort required, but Wyatt's willingly took on the challenge with a smile.

Realizing just how much Wyatt thought of her, Corey fell to her knees, eventually curling up on the floor, hugging her knees as she cried even harder. She thought knowing all this if she still tried to trick Wyatt she would be no different than the Corey whose actions pushed their mother to suicide. Park stood there, looking at her wailing her heart out, unsure of what to say or do. She knew Wyatt was too good for Corey, but today she realized just how good he truly was for her.

Everything they had today was because of his generosity. Without him, the Southern Royal family would have imprisoned her for heresy the moment they discovered her Title Demon Core, and used her to further exploit her parents, who were stuck in the Way Beyond, trying to save their wealth.

"Park, I don't want to deceive him, but I also want big sis Susan to have the Hourglass Relic. What should I do?" Corey wailed, caught in a dilemma. Pushing Wyatt into the abyss for Susan's sake was not an option she was willing to consider anymore let alone as easy as before. She wanted both of them. However, she had to make a choice as she couldn't have it both ways.

"Don't get me wrong, but you could just let Wyatt and big sis Susan date and let nature take its course. If it's meant to be, you can try to be happy for them. If not, you've tried to be a good friend and a good little sister," Park pointed out, knowing Corey wanted her best friend and her mother but did not want her best friend coveting the position of her stepfather. However, if she wanted both of them, she could only give her blessing sooner or later. It was only a matter of time.

AN: I couldn't be concise in this chapter. Many readers have expressed dislike for Corey and her character development, and I take responsibility for not showcasing her complexity effectively. Please keep in mind that she's just a troubled teen who is taking full responsibility for her past and past-lives mistakes, though nobody is asking her to, and is trying her best to be better.

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Chapter 2299 Sector WS9909, Time Relativity

[1,024 words]

Chapter 2299 Sector WS9909, Time Relativity

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Devil Merchant Code, Inter-Realm City, Sector WS9909

[Dear Demon Merchant,

Welcome to Sector WS9909...

Note: Behave.]

Appearing next to the Rainbow liquid Rule Power Fountain Pool of Sector WS9909, Wyatt overlooked the vast expanse of the sector. To his surprise, it wasn't empty and barren like other sectors; it was filled with high-rise buildings. It looked more like a developed metropolitan area than Sector DS0909, which belonged to the Dark Realm time zone. Unlike the bustling DS0909, Sector WS9909 was tranquil and serene, with a pin-drop silence that had a soothing effect on its visitors, similar to the atmosphere found in temples and churches for their believers.

Wyatt discovered this realm by searching for the sector with the highest time dilation from his native sector, where he could spend a significant amount of time without adversely affecting his physical body back home. The Devil Merchant Codes promptly provided a list of sectors, but he chose this one because its time rule had a special meaning known as "Time Relativity."

Due to this unique time rule, regardless of which native sector you belong to, one hour in your native sector equates to a month in Sector WS9909. Most importantly, this time dilation had zero side effects on both spiritual and physical bodies regardless of how long you were on his sector. This unique feature had made it a hub for demons and devil merchants looking to practice combat or various arts that did not involve rule comprehension or cultivation.

Wyatt then headed to the bulletin board next to the fountain to examine the detailed map of Sector WS9909. Although this sector was smaller in expansion compared to DS0909, it was still the most beautiful sector in the entire inter-realm city. Most notably, the cost of staying in this sector or purchasing property here was fifty times that of Sector DS0909.

He summoned his Demon Merchant Codex to learn the do's and don'ts of this sector, especially since everyone—even the devil merchants—seemed to maintain order and keep to themselves rather than acting arrogantly or openly trying to pry into others' affairs as they did in DS0909.

To his surprise, Wyatt was unable to find any information on WS9909 within the inter-realm network. He had to use his executive access to the Infinity Library and pay a hefty price of ten devil-grade ingredients to uncover details. It turned out that the reason for the lack of information about this sector on the inter-realm network was the native demons and devil merchants of this sector. They were so feared that even demons and devil merchants from the Dark Realm dared not sell information on them, except for the Librarian.

The myriad realms' race records that Wyatt consulted did not mention anything about them, which did not surprise him, as he had long concluded that these records were not absolute—especially since they lacked information on Lil. Baem's race.

However, despite paying the ten devil-grade ingredients to gain privileged information on the sector, Wyatt could only access limited historical data on Sector WS9909 and its rules. There was nothing about the native race or the realm this sector belonged to. To access that level of information, he would need a higher-tier access and pay an even steeper price.

Determined to satisfy his curiosity, Wyatt turned to the Devil Merchant Code, only to discover that a devil merchant from this race had secured a privilege from the devil merchant code that prevented any information about their race and realm from being disclosed to anyone by the devil merchant code. Having come this far, Wyatt's curiosity about this race grew even stronger. However, he had more pressing matters to attend to.

According to what he had learned so far, the native demons and devil merchants of this sector had pooled their privileges from the Devil Merchant Code to create a set of strict rules and regulations that everyone had to adhere to while in this sector. No mistakes

would be tolerated, and violators would be permanently banned. This was why even the most reckless devil merchants with strong backing did not dare break the rules in this sector and willingly remained civil.

Many demon and devil merchants, unaware of this fact, ended up breaking a rule shortly after arriving in this sector or on their first day, leading to their permanent ban. Although the accused had the right to appeal through the Devil Merchant Code, the influence and wealth of the native merchants in this sector made the outcome predictable. It seemed as if the native race of this sector was doing everything possible to keep other merchants out.

It is worth noting that almost 97% of the land and property in Sector WS9909 belonged to its native demons and devil merchants, while the remaining 3% was owned by ruler-class forces. This dominance indicated a strong monopoly of native races over the sector, with the remaining minority was held by ruler-class families, clans, and guilds, mostly from the Dark Realm. Even ruler-class forces struggled to afford property within this sector as of the remaining 3%, one percent of the land was owned by the Librarian, mostly used for the Infinity Library.

This fact alone demonstrated the immense power, influence, and wealth held by this race, as well as the unique status of the Librarian among ruler-class forces. It served as evidence that there were races across the myriad realms that even the dark races feared.

However, it was also possible that this native race had acquired all the land before the dark races realized the unique properties of this sector, driving up property prices to the point where even ruler-class devil merchants had to think thrice before considering such an investment. This demonstrated that they weren't just strong but also possessed keen foresight, which was crucial for a race's survival in the myriad realms, especially with predators like the dark races lurking around.

Aware that practicing by the fountain pool was against the sector's rules, Wyatt decided to first visit the Infinity Library of this sector.

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Chapter 2300 OP Corey, Librarian's Brand

[1,029 words]

Chapter 2300 OP Corey, Librarian's Brand

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Devil Merchant Code, Inter-Realm City, Sector WS9909

Noting the location of the Infinity Library, Wyatt briskly entered the automated lane heading toward his destination, adhering to the local rules. The lanes moved at a reasonable speed, but one had to switch lanes at their discretion, following simple and easy-to-understand regulations.

Standing on the automated lane, Wyatt looked around at the towering buildings, none with fewer than a hundred floors, each spanning several acres. These buildings catered to a single business-gym rentals. Each floor housed a personal gym equipped with advanced features such as space expansion, space isolation,

hyper-concentration, and other state-of-the-art array formations. These features made the gyms sturdy and resourceful enough to fulfill all the needs of their renters. Demons and devils practicing arts of any grade could train here without fear of disturbance or damage.

One might assume that these luxurious gyms would have prohibitively high rents. It was, the word predatory also fell short to sum the sector's unique but outrageous rental system. They all followed this system, there was no way around it unless one were capable of buying a land on this sector to open their own gym.

As per the sector's rental system, the gyms could only be rented on a monthly basis, with the rent starting at 1 low grade soul jade for the first month. Each subsequent month, the rent would double. For example:

1st Month: 1 low grade soul jade

2nd Month: 2 low grade soul jades

3rd Month: 4 low grade soul jades

4th Month: 8 low grade soul jades

If a demon or devil merchant wanted to spend an entire day according to their native time zone (equivalent to two years in Sector WS9909's time zone), they would end up paying a total of nearly 16.78 million low grade soul jades. The cost would only escalate further outrageously.

Mastering high-rank arts to any significant level of proficiency was neither quick nor easy; it often took decades or even centuries, depending on one's talent and requirements. Moreover, inspiration or enlightenment could strike at any moment, and any disruptions would cost them heavily. Hence, many demon and devil merchants opted to pay for decades or even centuries of uninterrupted access. After all, not everyone was like Corey, who could rely on her past-life memories to master a high-rank martial art to sage-level proficiency within weeks.

Wyatt was particularly curious about Corey's Armageddon Song and had researched it extensively. It was one of the few complete ancient techniques recovered from the myriad realms' ancient vestiges and was regarded as exceptionally powerful, with super-high requirements.

The Armageddon Song comprised five verses, and when used in repetition, it rendered the user unstoppable and invincible for three to fifteen minutes, depending on their proficiency. Three minutes might seem short, but for an expert, it was more than enough to eliminate their enemies and return home for a hearty feast.

In the records about the Armageddon Song marital arts, Wyatt found that Demon Emperor Corey Park was recorded as the only known individual to have mastered the Armageddon Song to sage-level proficiency. Even nearly a millennium after her death, no one else who studied the technique had achieved her level of mastery until Corey Bright, her reincarnation, who achieved the same within weeks.

The records also stated that many powerful forces had tried to recruit Park because of it, but she remained loyal to her master, resisting greed and the lust for power. This portrayal of Park as a heroic figure was likely influenced by her early death. If she were alive based on her affiliation the portrayal would be different for different affiliations.

Wyatt, however, knew the truth. The only reason Park hadn't accepted any of the enticing offers was that her master, Belphegor, had held her father's soul hostage. If not for that, her hatred for Belphegor would have driven her to accept the most attractive offer, grow stronger, and kill him with her own hands.

For Corey to have mastered such a powerful and coveted martial art in weeks was a testament to how broken her origin card truly was. Even Adrienne's Inner Goddess-a ruler-class entity close to transcendence-feared the Breath of Erosion and hide as a parasite to avoid the cycle of reincarnation, thus evading starting from scratch.

Be that as it may, the predatory rental system used by the native demon and devil merchants in Sector WS9909 was evident. To avoid paying astronomical rents, ruler-class forces and entities often purchased land in the sector despite the tremendous prices. Yet, these purchases accounted for only three percent of the sector's total land area.

It would be a mistake to think these prices were favorable for low-level demon merchants who only practised low rank arts with minimal requirements. Even for them, adding to the gym rent, the cost of staying in Sector WS9909 was exorbitant- almost fifty times higher than that of Sector DS0909.

Despite such predatory prices, finding an empty gym to rent was still a challenge in the sector. To address this issue, the natives had jointly created a gym search engine within the sector's network. Demon and devil merchants could inquire about available gyms for a fee-because, of course, nothing here was free. Compared to Sector DS0909, the greed of WS9909 was like a ravenous beast.

This sector functioned as the natives' money-milking industry. Wyatt couldn't help but wonder what the native demon and devil merchants did with so much wealth, especially since they didn't accept other forms of payment, such as liquid rule power or even devil-grade ingredients.

In his contemplation, switching lanes according to the rules, Wyatt finally arrived at the Infinity Library of the sector. It was the grandest and largest structure he had seen so far in the sector, occupying nearly one percent of the entire sector's land. Even here, the Librarian had left his indelible mark, solidifying his brand. Given that he had enslaved the entire pixie race, the demon and devil merchants of this sector seemed saintly in comparison. Even that out be underestimating the Librarian's terror.

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