

Card Apprentice Daily Log



Chapter 2301 Elder Pixie MayMay

[1,035 words]

Chapter 2301 Elder Pixie MayMay

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Devil Merchant Code, Inter-Realm City, Sector WS9909, Infinity Library

"Welcome to the Infinity Library. I am your allotted book guide, Maymay, greeted a voluptuous and strikingly beautiful humanoid creature. She resembled a human in nearly every aspect except for her pointed ears and two pairs of delicate membranous wings.

"Are you perhaps an Elder Pixie, Maymay?" Wyatt asked, his gaze drawn to her flawless skin, violet hair, and matching violet eyes, wings, and attire-all perfectly groomed, from her nails to her leaf-like dress.

"Yes," Maymay replied curtly, surprising Wyatt. To his astonishment, she seemed wary of him for some reason.

This reaction was a first for Wyatt. While it was his first encounter with an Elder Pixie, it was also the first time a pixie displayed unease around him. He wondered if it had something to do with his nature as a hybrid World Devouring Tree/Viltronian. Soon he concluded Maymay's wariness stemmed from the World Devouring Tree side of him.

Wyatt was impressed by Maymay's sharp intuition and began to wonder if all Elder Pixies shared such remarkable perceptiveness. Worried she might discern his true identity, he quickly activated his Myriad Devil Transformation, adding a faint touch of primordial energy to conceal the World Devouring Tree within him. However, he was cautious not to openly use primordial energy, especially in a spiritual city and in the presence of an Elder Pixie.

Despite his precautions, Maymay frowned, her right brow arching as she scrutinized him. Her jaw clenched in frustration when her search yielded nothing. After several

moments, she relaxed but appeared confused. Moments earlier, she had sensed a significant threat from the demon merchant, but now he seemed harmless-incapable of even harming the hem of her dress.

Lost in contemplation, she ignored her duty until Wyatt's polite cough broke her reverie. Blushing crimson from her cheeks to her ears, Maymay hastily bowed at a full ninety degrees and apologized, "I'm terribly sorry, esteemed guest. Please forgive my muddledness." Giving Wyatt a peek at her bountiful cleavage.

"Not unless you start calling me by my name," Wyatt replied, averting his gaze. Maymay subtly glanced up, gauging his sincerity. Realizing he wasn't joking, her blush deepened as she noticed her revealing posture. She swiftly and gracefully covered her bosom by folding her hands in a respectful gesture. "I apologize for showing you something unsightly, esteemed guest. Please forgive me."

"No, I liked it," Wyatt said candidly, catching her off guard. Then, grabbing her wrist gently, he pulled her upright and introduced himself. "Hi, I'm Dalton Wyatt. Nice to meet you, Maymay. You can call me Wyatt."

"Hi, Wyatt. Thank you for your generosity. I'm eternally grateful," Maymay said, her tone softening. "However, I must make up for my shortcomings in attending to you. As compensation, you may avail yourself of a study room in this branch of the Infinity Library for an entire decade, free of charge."

The study rooms in Sector WS9909's Infinity Library were akin to high-end gyms run by native demon and devil merchants in this sector. Here, however, renters gained direct access to the library's boundless collection of books. Renters could summon and practice any art or technique directly within the study rooms-a unique feature of this branch. Unsurprisingly, the rental costs followed the sector's natives' outrageous pricing system. Even with discounts ranging from 10% to 70% for executives of Infinity Library based on their tier, Maymay's offer was worth trillions of top-grade soul jade.

Wyatt hesitated, fearing Maymay might get into trouble for offering such a hefty compensation. Despite her status as an Elder Pixie, she was still a servant of the Librarian, and masters were rarely forgiving of slaves who caused significant losses. "No, you don't have to compensate me for such a small thing. I've already forgotten about it, and you should too," he insisted.

Maymay studied him intently, trying to determine if he was foolish for rejecting such an offer. Her eyes widened in realization when she understood his reasoning: he was declining the compensation to protect her from potential repercussions. A gentle smile spread across her lips as she reassured him, "Don't worry, Wyatt. I won't get in trouble over this. In fact, if I wanted, I could reserve a study room for you indefinitely. Our master doesn't concern himself with such minor transactions. So please, accept it -or I'll be forced to increase the compensation."

"In that case, I won't accept it at all," Wyatt replied, meeting her gaze directly. Maymay blinked in surprise before both of them burst into laughter. She found Wyatt intriguing, unlike any demon merchant she'd ever met. Curiosity sparked within her, and she felt drawn to learn more about him. This was unique feeling she had ever only felt toward the Librarian their elusive master that rarely made appearance before them despite being so generous to them.

"Fine," she said with subtle smile, but she didn't forget her promise, adding, "But if you ever need a study room, you can find me anytime."

Wyatt nodded, unsurprised by her sincerity. Elder Pixies, while sharper than their regular counterparts, shared their innate honesty in insignificant matters.

"In that case, you can find me anytime you'd like to visit my native realm. It's beautiful," Wyatt proposed, subtly probing to see if Elder Pixies were free to leave and return to the library as they pleased. Observing the Librarian's apparent leniency toward Elder Pixies, he was curious to gauge her response.

Wyatt had long been trying to understand the Librarian's intent behind enslaving the pixies. Sometimes he wondered if the Librarian was saving the pixies from their own naivety, and other times he considered whether it was simply about maintaining a monopoly over pixie dust. The way the Librarian treated the pixies was also intriguing; in some ways, he gave them free rein within the Infinity Library. However, they were strictly prohibited from being disrespectful or rude to guests unless absolutely warranted.

Wyatt attempted to uncover what happened to those who tried to take advantage of the docile pixies in the Infinity Library, but to his surprise, no such records existed.

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Chapter 2302 MayMay's Favourability

[1,112 words]

Chapter 2302 MayMay's Favourability

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Devil Merchant Code, Inter-Realm City, Sector WS9909, Infinity Library

"T-that, I can't leave my tribe. My tribesmen need me. But thank you for the

invitation," MayMay stammered, taken aback by Wyatt's offer to visit his native realm. She knew her tribe depended on her to function properly, so she ultimately rejected the invitation, though she appreciated his thoughtfulness.

MayMay could tell Wyatt's offer was sincere, not an act. Even if she was mistaken, she still valued his gesture-it was unheard of for a demon or devil merchant to acknowledge pixies as beings, let alone treat them as equals. Her impression of Wyatt improved the more time she spent with him.

"Is that it? You can visit my realm with your entire tribe. I may not look like it, but I am the richest and strongest person in my realm. No need to give me an answer now-it's an open invitation. If you and your tribesmen ever need a vacation destination, my realm will always welcome you and treat you with the best hospitality," Wyatt said, extending the invitation to her entire tribe. He meant every word, and none of his claims were false. With two celestial beings as his subordinates, he truly was the strongest and richest in the entire Card World.

However, because the way answered, Wyatt was still uncertain whether elder pixies were free to leave their tribes at will. It was one thing for them to remain with their tribe out of a sense of duty, but he wanted to know: could they leave the Infinity Library if they chose? Based on his speculations, elder pixies possessed strength close to ruler-class or even transcendence. It was beyond his understanding how the Librarian, who sought transcendence himself, managed to command such beings. If elder pixies were not bound by duty or responsibility, could the Librarian still control them? This directly related to the freedom of the pixie race. Considering the docile nature of pixies, if even the elder pixies were domesticated by the Librarian, the entire race might never regain its freedom, possibly choosing to die alongside their master instead.

This might be a secret that everyone in the Dark Realm desperately sought to uncover - especially ancient ruler-class forces, who understood the priceless value of even a single pixie. Now, Wyatt found himself among them.

"I'll keep that in mind. Now, let me show you to your study room," MayMay said. Though astonished by Wyatt's invitation to her entire tribe, she masked her emotions and smoothly changed the topic, snapping her fingers to teleport Wyatt and her to his

O

designated study room.

Had it been an ordinary pixie in MayMay's place, they might not have avoided Wyatt's questions so adeptly without revealing any information. Elder pixies, however, seemed capable of transcending the traits that made pixies simultaneously one of the most powerful and one of the weakest races in the myriad realms.

The duo vanished from the waiting hall of the Infinity Library and reappeared inside a vast expanse of forest. Its style reminded Wyatt of the floating forest island Ceed had created for Dredre. MayMay confirmed his guess, saying, "You can change the setting of the study room using your demon merchant codex. I've set it to resemble my tribe's forest, to give you a glimpse of my home."

Wyatt's eyes widened. Pixies were naturally friendly, and elder pixies too, but for one to share personal details like their likes, dislikes, friends, tribesmen, and especially their tribal forest was a different level of closeness.

Yes, MayMay had promised him a free study room whenever he needed it and as long as he needed it, but this gesture was far more significant. It was the kind of bond he shared with Dredre. How had his friendship with MayMay progressed so deeply in a single meeting? If he had to guess, it was because, unlike ordinary pixies, elder pixies were capable of tough love-or even hatred-though such emotions were exceedingly rare and only surfaced in extreme cases.

"It's magnificent-just like you," Wyatt praised sincerely, causing MayMay to blush. Her blush wasn't driven by mortal carnal desires but by the innate vanity and shyness that every pixie possessed. Otherwise, they wouldn't spend so much time decorating their forests and meticulously planning their landscapes.

Through Dredre, Wyatt had learned that each pixie tribe took immense pride in its tribal forest. Some tribesmen even held unofficial contests to rank their forests, though these were not endorsed by elder pixies. To the untrained eye, all pixie forests might look alike, but a knowledgeable observer could recognize the subtle ecosystem design that ensured the forest's self-sustainability, even in the absence of its pixies. Scavengers, pollinators, and predators all played their part in maintaining the delicate balance. It was not the same for all pixie forests, the roles and methods varied depending on their respective pixies.

"I know, right? If you ever visit the Dark Realm, I'll personally give you a tour," MayMay replied, her ego clearly satisfied by Wyatt's admiration. In the heat of the moment, she extended an invitation for him to visit her tribal forest.

"Wait, I'm allowed to visit your tribal forest? Won't that cause trouble for you?" Wyatt asked, shocked. Even Dredre had never invited him to her tribal forest in the Dark Realm.

"No trouble at all. I can let anyone into my tribal forest, especially a friend," MayMay said with authority.

That was when it hit Wyatt: it wasn't up to Dredre to decide who could enter her tribal forest-it was the elder pixies of her tribe who held that authority. Unlike MayMay, who was an elder pixie herself, Dredre couldn't extend such an invitation without permission even if it was him.

The more Wyatt learned from MayMay, the more he began to question the Librarian's true intentions regarding the enslavement of the pixie race. Aside from the role pixies played in the Infinity Library, nothing about the Librarian's treatment of them suggested they were mere slaves.

The Librarian granted his so-called slaves remarkable leniency and luxurious comforts, almost as if ensuring their favor was his primary goal. Did he believe that as long as they favored him, they would never act against him? The logic seemed flawed. Favorability, after all, was a variable, not a constant. While it could be manipulated to fall within certain bounds, even a being as cunning as the Librarian should know that nothing was truly certain. Was it because the history was a evidence that other alternatives would fail sooner? Regardless, now Wyatt was going to try something

bold.

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Chapter 2303 Unwanted Compensation

[1,025 words]

Chapter 2303 Unwanted Compensation

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Devil Merchant Code, Inter-Realm City, Sector WS9909, Infinity Library, Study Room

"Alright, I'll take your word for it. I'm planning to expand my business to the Dark Realm, so we might meet there soon. When that time comes, I'll consider myself lucky if you

don't pretend not to know me, let alone give me a tour of your tribal forest," Wyatt teased, accepting MayMay's invitation. How could he resist? It was too tempting, like being granted access to a forbidden forest. However, he also thought this might put him on the Librarian Zaltan Jr's radar once again.

Thinking of Zaltan, Wyatt let his imagination wander. He wondered: if Zaltan handed Dredre over when he achieved a certain level of favorability with her, would he also hand over MayMay's entire tribe if he visited her tribal forest? Knowing MayMay's favorability toward him, it was a tempting thought. But even Wyatt didn't believe Zaltan would be crazy enough to do such a thing, assuming he even had the authority to do so. After all, it was important to remember he was Librarian Jr. not the Librarian.

"Why would I do that? If I promised to give you a tour of my tribal forest when you visit the Dark Realm, I'll keep my word. I'm not a liar," MayMay suddenly grew serious in response to Wyatt's remark, taking his words at face value instead of seeing it for a harmless teasing.

Wyatt hurriedly explained, "Why so serious? I didn't mean to call you a liar. I was kidding-just teasing you."

"Why would you tease me? Aren't we friends?" MayMay asked, confused. She didn't understand the earthly concept of camaraderie, where friends often teased or played tricks on each other before sharing drinks and celebrating together. This culture, while often harmless, wasn't universal. Across the Myriad Realms-including the Dark Realm-loneliness and the fear of solitude drove many to accept such behavior as part of friendship, even though it was far from ideal. However, it's important to note that not all friendships function this way. Many friendships are based on mutual respect, understanding, and support.

Wyatt, unsure how to explain this to MayMay, ultimately chose to apologize. "I'm sorry. It was wrong of me to tease you. As compensation, I'll let you kiss me whenever you want, wherever you want, and for as long as you want."

"I forgive you, and don't want you to compensate me over something this small. Also, why would you assume I'd want to kiss you?" MayMay asked, baffled by Wyatt's

peculiar offer. She couldn't imagine her ever needing it.

"Duh, because you can," Wyatt replied simply. Then, narrowing his eyes and adopting a serious tone, he added, "MayMay, thank you for your generosity. I'm eternally grateful. However, I must make up for my shortcomings as your friend. So please, accept my offer-or I'll be forced to increase the compensation."

MayMay was speechless. Seeing Wyatt use her words against her, word for word, left her curious about how else he might "increase" his compensation. However, she ultimately decided to accept his offer. "Fine. Though I don't see myself ever using it."

"You can't let it go to waste. You have to try it at least once. You might even like it. I know I will," Wyatt said, keeping a straight face, as if imparting ancient wisdom. This approach was reminiscent of a marketing tactic used by online gambling platforms: partnering with payment apps to offer customers a "free" scratch card with each transaction. More often than not, these scratch cards contained coupons for gambling websites. The strategy banked on a small percentage of recipients engaging with the offer, given the vast potential audience. It depended on its product's addictive factor to retain a regular stream of customer.

Wyatt's demographic, however, was limited to MayMay, making the odds far lower. Still, Dredre had already proven his "product" was addictive, and Wyatt only needed MayMay to try it once. He was sure, once she tried she would never be able to forget and keep redeeming his compensation for her.

"I'm sure you'll like it," MayMay replied, rolling her eyes. She stepped closer to Wyatt and gave him a quick peck on the cheek. "If you wanted a kiss, you could've just asked." "That's not a kiss," Wyatt said, frowning in disappointment. MayMay's kiss had been more of a brief peck, her lips barely brushing his skin. Dredre had done the same whenever she was happy. What Wyatt sought wasn't an elder's endearing kiss but a lover's passionate one.

Here, he wasn't just after a kiss; he wanted to demonstrate that favorability was an unpredictable variable, not something one could control with calculations alone. One might think they can limit it to a desirable range but he was going to prove that only way to maintain favorability was through reliability. Why a kiss and not a touch or a hug? Because a kiss was the most subtle yet effective way to make MayMay experience his product's addictive nature, which had only grown stronger since Dredre's last test. Wyatt only had his product to offer MayMay as Librarian had kept her satisfied in all other department.

"What do you mean? That is a kiss. That's how we kiss in my tribe," MayMay said, confused. She kissed the children in her tribe like that, and her elders had kissed her the same way when she was a young pixie. No one had ever complained. Soon, MayMay narrowed her eyes, her gaze hardening. "Are you teasing me again?" "Why would I tease you again? Didn't I just apologize for that? Or did you not truly forgive me? Do you not trust me?" Wyatt replied, feigning exaggerated disbelief. Before MayMay could respond, he hurriedly proposed a wager, "This is the Infinity Library, right? It should have books on kissing from across the Myriad Realms. Why don't you read them and tell me if I'm teasing you? If you find other forms of kissing, you'll have to redeem my compensation for you to practice them all on me. Deal?"

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Chapter 2304 Kiss, A Symbol Of Trust?

[1,131 words]

Chapter 2304 Kiss, A Symbol Of Trust?

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Devil Merchant Code, Inter-Realm City, Sector WS9909, Infinity Library, Study Room

MayMay was taken aback by Wyatt's sudden outburst and accusations. Seeing his confidence, she even began to question if she was in the wrong. Though MayMay was countless millennia old and an Elder Pixie, she had been a sheltered flower raised by the Librarian. It would have been easy for her to dismiss Wyatt's accusations as nonsense-just as she had handled other demon and devil merchants-had she not opened her heart to him.

Now that she considered him her friend, it was against her nature to dismiss his accusations or turn him away unless he did something truly extreme. One had to understand that it was incredibly difficult for an Elder Pixie to let down their guard when dealing with a guest of the Infinity Library. If not for the initial shock MayMay felt when perceiving a mortal threat from Wyatt-and the confusion that followed when she couldn't locate the source of that innate threat-Wyatt would never have succeeded in getting her to lower her defenses, regardless of whatever tricks he might have used.

If not for the Primordial World Calamity Tree's seed's protective cover interfering with MayMay's keen intuition, stopping her from perceiving malicious intent behind Wyatt's words and accusations, no amount of honeyed words or cunning could have allowed Wyatt to befriend her, let alone gaslight her into doubting herself or believing she had been a poor friend when she had done no such thing.

In her long career as the book guide of sector WS9909's Infinity Library branch, MayMay had faced the best tricksters the Dark Realm had to offer. Yet, she had always remained sagacious, seeing through their elaborate deceptions. For a low-level Card Apprentice to manipulate her should have been unthinkable.

But Wyatt was no ordinary card apprentice. He was a hybrid Primordial World Calamity Tree-the strongest variation of her race's natural predator out there. Everything about him was designed to deceive her kind into delivering themselves to him as prey. Though she was an Elder Pixie, he was her Primordial Predator. MayMay never stood a chance against him.

Seeing her consumed by confusion and self-doubt, Wyatt feigned exaggerated disappointment and self-blame, preparing to strike while the iron was hot.

"I was a fool to assume someone of such high status as you would befriend a hick-a nobody-like me," he lamented dramatically. "I deserve this for stepping out of my

place. Madam MayMay, thank you for showing me my limits so kindly. I'll forever be grateful for the valuable lesson you've taught me."

"Wyatt-" MayMay tried to interject, but Wyatt interrupted sharply, sighing theatrically and exaggerating his despair.

"Don't, Madam MayMay, just don't try to console me," he insisted, his voice heavy with feigned sorrow. "I'm the kind of person who returns a hundred times the love shown to me. If you console me now, it'll only make it harder for me to forget and let go of your friendship. Please, let's just part ways here. And if my presence makes you uncomfortable, I can apply to change my allotted book guide."

Seeing Wyatt summon his demon merchant codex, MayMay panicked. Fearing he would truly change his allotted pixie and she'd never have the chance to explain herself, she hastily cried out, "No, Wyatt, don't! I still want to be your allotted book guide. I never doubted you-I truly consider you my friend. I meant every word I said." "Really? No, you're just being kind to console me," Wyatt replied, pretending to hesitate. "After all, you're a good person. His words subtly hinted at his fear of trusting the wrong person again.

"Wyatt, please trust me!" MayMay pleaded desperately. "What do you want? Do you want me to go through all the books in the Infinity Library about kissing and practice on you? I'll do it! Then will you believe that I truly consider you my friend?"

At this point, her mind was no longer occupied with contemplating who was in the right or wrong. Nor did she have time to doubt and scrutinize Wyatt's words. All she cared about was regaining his lost trust and faith in her. Wyatt's mere suggestion of requesting a change of allotted book guide was so effective that it pushed her into jumping all her usual caution and doubt in rush. She prioritized securing his trust. above all else, even though she didn't fully understand why she felt such urgency. Fortunately, they were in the Infinity Library's study room. If other demon and devil merchants-who had tried in vain to befriend Elder Pixies, aware of their immense authority over the Infinity Library-had witnessed this scene, they would have been so shocked that it might have severed the connection between their spiritual and physical bodies, leaving them as wandering spirits in the inter-realm city unless the Devil Merchant Code deemed them unworthy of its grace.

"No, MayMay, you misunderstood me," Wyatt finally conceded, his voice softening. "I never meant to force you into anything you're uncomfortable with. I just wanted you to find a way of kissing that felt natural to you and to your liking, so my compensation to

you wouldn't go to waste. But let's forget about it. It's okay- its seems you want to kiss me. I trust you."

However, MayMay didn't believe him. A pixie only kissed those they trusted and considered their friends or family. A kiss was their ultimate symbol of trust. Wyatt's claim that she didn't want to kiss him was tantamount to saying she didn't trust him or consider him her friend. His words contradicted each other, leaving them right back where they started.

It was impossible for MayMay to leave it at that, so she gave Wyatt a gentle peck on each cheek, showing with her actions that she truly considered him her friend. "MayMay, you don't have to kiss me if you don't want to, especially just to console me. I don't want you to feel uncomfortable," Wyatt said, pretending as if he was making a great sacrifice for her sake.

"You don't get a say in this," MayMay shot back, her tone firm. "Didn't you say that as compensation for teasing me, I could kiss you whenever, wherever, and for as long as I want? Not only that, I'll learn every way of kissing in the myriad realms from the books in the Infinity Library and test them all on you-you can't stop me. Got it?" With that declaration, the ignorant Elder Pixie MayMay willingly walked right into Wyatt's trap. Now, all that remained was to see if his trap worked and his plan would unfold as he intended or backfire disastrously.

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Chapter 2305 Reading Marathon

[1,010 words]

Chapter 2305 Reading Marathon

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Devil Merchant Code, Inter-Realm City, Sector WS9909, Infinity Library, Study Room

"-you can't stop me. Got it?"

Listening to MayMay's declaration, Wyatt couldn't help but laugh aloud, though he knew it was too early to celebrate. After all, if MayMay were to study every way of kissing across the myriad realms, she would inevitably learn the meanings behind kisses and their variations. And once she uncovered all that "dirt," it would take a miracle for her not to see him as a filth.

Regardless of how she reacted to learning such details, Wyatt planned to feign ignorance and insist that in his hometown, a kiss simply symbolized friendship. He was confident that if he could make MayMay willingly walked into his trap, he could guide things to unfold as he intended, no matter her response. His only concern was avoiding a scenario where she became so disgusted by the idea of kissing that she could no longer bring herself to kiss anyone again. If that happened, he would have broken MayMay, he would have created the first Elder Pixie who rejected the act of kissing as a symbol of trust-a tragic and ironic achievement.

"Wyatt, chop-chop! Tell me what book you want so I can brush up on the ways of kissing across the myriad realms," MayMay urged, treating him more like a close friend than a guest of the Infinity Library. After all, an Elder Pixie's word was her bond. She would follow through on her claim unless doing so was extreme or led to catastrophic consequences.

"Alright, alright! At least let me collect my thoughts first," Wyatt replied, unable to suppress a grin as MayMay's enthusiasm for study infected him-especially given his recent success.

"I'd like all the books you have on the Demon Clam: Clampedo," Wyatt began, pausing briefly before continuing, "and all the original books on the acquirable physiques and traits mentioned in this list, along with books to learn their original languages." He handed over the detailed list Park had prepared.

"You want all of them at once?" MayMay asked, scanning the extensive list with raised eyebrows. She couldn't fathom how Wyatt planned to read so many books simultaneously. While many demon and devil merchants demonstrated impressive speed-reading techniques, they typically needed to revisit the books multiple times to grasp the full depth of the author's meaning. With each reading, the content often felt more profound.

"Yes, please," Wyatt nodded gently.

"Give me a minute," MayMay excused herself and began entering the titles from Wyatt's list into the library's search array formation. Given how lengthy his request was, she had to rely on the array to fetch the books efficiently. Park had listed every acquirable physique and trait relevant to Corey's situation without worrying about their requirements or complexity, trusting in Wyatt's capability to manage them.

"Here you go." With a snap of MayMay's fingers, a vast grassland formed within the forest beside Wyatt. Rows of bookshelves appeared, brimming with the requested volumes.

Pointing to the bookshelves, MayMay explained, "All the books on Clampedo are over here, while the original books on the acquirable physiques and traits you mentioned-along with their accompanying language guides-are arranged in the same order as your list."

"Thank you, MayMay. You're the best," Wyatt said, his eyes scanning the rows of bookshelves that nearly covered one entire side of the forest. He shook his head, knowing his primordial spirits and hive mind had their work cut out for them.

"Wyatt, do you need any spirit medicine to maintain your concentration or relieve mental exhaustion?" MayMay asked, quickly adding, "Don't hold back-it's all on the house."

"Alright, then. Get me a few hundred thousand of each," Wyatt replied as his spiritual body split into a thousand perfect clones before MayMay could even consider whether he was taking advantage of their friendship.

Seeing nearly a thousand identical and perfect copies of Wyatt, MayMay finally understood how he planned to study all those books simultaneously. With newfound enthusiasm, she equipped each of Wyatt's clones with hundreds of pills for concentration, mental exhaustion, and other needs. Once everyone was set and ready for their reading marathon, MayMay bid her farewell.

"Wyatt, I'll take my leave now. If you need me, just call my name three times aloud or use your demon codex-whichever is convenient for you. Happy reading!"

"Got it," Wyatt replied with a nod before returning her well-wishes. "Happy reading to you, too!"

Once MayMay was gone, Wyatt's primordial spirits automatically began dividing the workload among themselves, hurrying to conquer the mountain of books. Meanwhile, Wyatt moved to the other side of the forest and created a personal grassland.

No, he wasn't planning to laze around while his primordial spirits did all the work. Instead, he intended to practice combat arts following the guidance of the training card the Field Marshal had given him. He had long acknowledged the importance of combat arts and it as his main shortcoming. Now that he finally had the time for it, he decided to focus on making up for his only shortcoming in his current combat prowess.

Before beginning, he summoned one of his free primordial spirits to train alongside him. Wyatt planned to practice the combat arts simultaneously with his clone to determine if they shared the same martial talent and whether he could efficiently absorb the insights

his spirit gained during training. His intent couldn't have been clearer, to see if he could make for talent in martial arts with his multiple primordial spirits.

He planned to being with a simple experiment, to see if his primordial spirits could complete combat arts training on his behalf just as effectively as he could, without adverse effects. If successful, Wyatt would have discovered a shortcut-a cheat, if you will-that allowed him to fulfill his daily combat training quota even when preoccupied with other tasks. This way he would not have to give up on everything else to pursue the martial way.

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Chapter 2306 Dear Disciple

[1,011 words]

Chapter 2306 Dear Disciple

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Devil Merchant Code, Inter-Realm City, Sector WS9909, Infinity Library, Study Room

Wyatt acknowledged the importance of martial arts, but his appreciation for it was never strong enough to abandon science and walk the solitary Martial Path. That could never happen; he preferred venturing into the unknown and unraveling its mysteries. He couldn't imagine himself lifting weights or meditating while chanting, "My body is a temple."

After transmigrating, his definition of science expanded along with his understanding of reality. To him, science wasn't about accepting reality at face value but questioning it, uncovering its intricacies, and understanding its principles. If possible, he sought to recreate it, retracing the footsteps of the Myriad Realms. His pursuit had brought him to the origin source. Though not yet strong enough to explore it, he believed the day would come when he could finally reach where the Myriad Realms began. With such a path in mind for his chill life, Wyatt could never see himself walking the Martial Path fully. However, he understood that without its aid, it would be much harder for him to follow his path and reach its peak. Therefore, he sought a way to continue on his journey while

learning from the Martial Path. Though it was said to be impossible to reach the peak of the Martial Path by taking shortcuts, Wyatt didn't care -his pursuit wasn't the pinnacle of martial arts. To him, it was merely a means to an end.

Everyone has their pursuits. Wyatt never claimed he was right or that others were wrong; he only wished to walk his path in peace. After all, a chill life without the people and things you love is just a compromise-or worse, self-deception. Some sages claimed that being satisfied with what one has is the path to contentment. But what if someone covets what you possess? What if your possessions that you were satisfied with lacked the power to let you protect your possession? Then what? That's why Wyatt argued that such a philosophy was a form of compromise or

self-deception.

Positioning themselves for training, Wyatt and his primordial spirit formed a party to share the effects of the Field Marshal's Combat Training card. Soon, the voice of the Field Marshal greeted them,

"Dear Disciple-"

Hearing the card address him as it's beloved disciple, Wyatt immediately interrupted, complaining, "Hold on! I only agreed to make you my combat instructor. When did this escalate into a master-disciple relationship? Field Marshal, you're getting more shameless by the day. Have you and your husband finally decided to let go of shame and claim yourselves as my masters?"

"Dear Disciple, I'm sorry. I can't help you with that. I'm merely the intent of your master. If you have doubts beyond my knowledge or complaints about my performance, you'll need to reach out to your master. I can't assist you further."

As it turned out, the Field Marshal had used her intent to create the Combat Training card-no wonder it was an Mythical Grade card. Her intent functioned much like a programmed AI combat instructor. Wyatt wasn't surprised, knowing that even a low-level card creationist could use monster cores with beast wills to create artificial will for golems or other cards. What annoyed him, though, was how she had programmed the card to call him 'Dear Disciple' instead of just 'Disciple. Clearly, she was trying to manipulate him into accepting her as his master.

First, she cunningly persuaded him to upgrade his grimoire to Diamond Grade so he could equip her Combat Training card. Wyatt had thought her game ended there, but now he realized the card was another pawn in her strategy to lower his resistance to becoming her disciple.

"Stop calling me 'Dear Disciple,'" he ordered. "That would be help enough!"

"Dear Disciple, I'm sorry. I can't help you with that. Your master's boundless love for you instructed me to address you this way. There's no way around it. Please, reach out to your master for further assistance." The card intent answered indifferently. Making Wyatt feel like the fool arguing with a automated voice machine.

"Field Marshal!" Wyatt screamed in frustration. He was tempted to contact her through the Demon Codex and demand she fix the card, but he restrained himself. He decided it wasn't worth ruining his training over something so trivial.

As a Diamond Grade card creationist, Wyatt could overhaul even an SSS-rank card with ease, especially given his primordial soul pupils. However, Field Marshal's combat training card's key component-the intent of the Martial Sage Lorn-was not to be played with. Tampering with it would instantly render the card useless. Helpless but amused, Wyatt muttered with a smirk, "Well played. I'll get you back for this!"

"If you're done whining, Dear Disciple, shall we begin training?" The tone of the Martial Sage Lorn's intent suddenly shifted, losing the politeness and respect the Field Marshal usually afforded Wyatt as her Lord. It now treated him like a lazy, rebellious disciple. Yet, the intent maintained a modicum of respect-it couldn't bring itself to treat him as a mere cadet of the Southern Watch.

"WTF!" Wyatt was taken aback by the intent's sudden authoritative tone, it reminded him of military cadets back on Earth. Instead of complaining, he adjusted his attitude and shouted, "Sir, yes, sir!" His primordial spirit mimicked him, echoing, "Sir, yes, sir!" "That's the spirit, Dear Disciple," the intent said, seemingly pleased. Ignoring Wyatt's refusal to call it 'Master, it continued, "For your realm, your physique is gifted with unimaginable strength and harmony, making it particularly sturdy and effective despite lacking formal training. Not to mention your vast reserves of soul energy.

"You possess everything a martial artist trains for-strength, control, and power. One might think these gifts would make you a natural martial artist, but that's not the case. Because you weren't innately born with these abilities, I have no idea what you did to acquire them but they've now become obstacles on your Martial Path."

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Chapter 2307 Complete Prohibition

[1,014 words]

Chapter 2307 Complete Prohibition

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Devil Merchant Code, Inter-Realm City, Sector WS9909, Infinity Library, Study Room

Listening to the Field Marshal's intent, Wyatt was taken aback. He had never imagined that his hard earned physique, traits, and abilities would one day become obstacles in his pursuit of Martial Path. For a fleeting moment, he wondered if the Martial Sage Lorn was just a quack martial artist who didn't know what she was talking about. However, recalling that Dalie had praised her strength, he decided to hear her out to the end.

If her explanation didn't make sense, he always had the Infinity Library to fall back on. The only decision would be whether to hire a devil merchant to train him or compile all available combat arts guides in the Infinity Library to generate a tailored training routine. Hiring a devil merchant for combat training was an intriguing option-the higher the price he was willing to pay, the better the instructor he could get. This was particularly viable in sector WS9909, where a gym-rental business model had given rise to the gym-trainer profession. There, individuals could sell their expertise in combat, martial, or even fine arts for a price. The devil merchant code set this price, evaluating the trainer's expertise and their ability to impart knowledge, ensuring that trainers didn't harm their trainees by teaching them incorrectly or unable to understand their employers needs.

This system provided muscle-brained demons and devil merchants-those walking the Martial Path but lacking the cunning or intelligence for demon/devil merchant title-a way to earn a living. It was, in a way, a fitting environment for the Field Marshal. She would likely thrive there if she managed to gather the initial capital to become a upstart in this sector.

Planning to introduce the Field Marshal to sector WS9909 and MayMay, Wyatt refocused on Martial Sage Lorn's guidance.

"However," she continued, "all hope is not lost for you. If you're willing to place your physique, traits, and abilities under probation-essentially starting your training as a mortal-you'll be able to walk the Martial Path far enough for it to aid you in your pursuits or even more.

"Before you question my judgment, let me explain why this is necessary. With your physique, traits, and abilities, you don't need to train to gain strength, control, and power. But training offers something more valuable: the wisdom that comes with gradual development. Brick by brick, training allows you to build a martial foundation, fostering a unique understanding of your body, mind, and soul. This connection forms

the foundation of martial arts, enabling you to craft them into a temple and become the sage inhabiting it.

"Dear Disciple, you've found ways to gain strength, control, and power, but you haven't figured out how to apply them efficiently. That's why you've turned to the Martial Path-to fill the gap that even your vast knowledge, that helped you gain strength, control, and power without training, couldn't bridge.

"The difference here is the same as that between memorizing a theory and truly understanding it. Memorizing allows you to recite it, but understanding lets you apply it and even impart it to others. Dear Disciple, even if the Martial Path is merely a means to an end for you, you still have to start from scratch. There's no way around it. "When you accepted me as your master, I initially planned to use my intent to suppress your physique, traits, and abilities, forcing you to train until you mastered the basics. Only then I wouldn't feel ashamed to call you my disciple. However, the power protecting your mutated ego gem far surpasses mine, leaving me helpless. I had no choice but to wait for you to take combat training seriously.

"Now that you've chosen to walk the Martial Path, whatever your reasons, I ask you to trust me. Prohibit your physique, traits, and abilities, and begin training as a mortal. Since you've already experienced the strength, control, and power others train to achieve, you know what you're aiming for. This puts you ahead of most. All that's left is to train-train until you no longer can, then train some more.

"Dear Disciple, trust me, and I will guide you far enough on the Martial Path that you'll no longer need me. Hopefully, by then, you might even come to devote yourself to it." "Damn! You've got all the makings of a sect master. I almost joined your martial cult!" Wyatt exclaimed, pondering whether he should seek a second opinion or trust the Field Marshal, who was clearly bent on turning him into a Martial Mad Card Apprentice. Not to forget, the her guts to shamelessly claim herself his master and then shamelessly add that the she was ashamed to call herself his master.

"It's just prohibiting my physique, traits, and abilities, right? I'll give it a try," Wyatt decided. His study room had an array designed to temporarily suppress all his physique, traits, and abilities, rendering him mortal without adversely affecting his physical body in the physical plane.

Apparently, many demon and devil merchants used this array to better understand the arts they practiced, relying solely on their mortal capabilities without making use of their heightened senses or powers. This approach was especially popular among those striving for sage-level proficiency. The reasoning was simple: using their innate and acquired gifts to bridge skill gaps would only widen those gaps over time, preventing genuine improvement or mastery.

Upon learning this, Wyatt, who had been doubting the Field Marshal and considering a second opinion, changed his mind. He decided to follow her guidance wholeheartedly. Only by giving his best could he earn the right to judge whether the

Field Marshal's methods were right or wrong.

Using his demon merchant codex, Wyatt accessed the array formation to prohibit the physical attributes, abilities of the primordial spirit and himself, turning themselves into mere mortals, allowing them to immediately begin the rigorous training regimen the Field Marshal had prepared for him as she wanted him to.

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Chapter 2308 Competative And Unyielding Primordial Spirit

[1,030 words]

Chapter 2308 Competative And Unyielding Primordial Spirit

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Devil Merchant Code, Inter-Realm City, Sector WS9909, Infinity Library, Study Room

Having become a mere mortal, Wyatt and his primordial spirit began their combat training with the basics, such as stretching exercises and running. The key was to push himself until he could go no further-and then push even more. Within the spiritual city, the spiritual body functioned the same as a physical body in a regular city. The strain and pain were just as real, but they had no effect on or benefit to his true physical body back on the physical plane-not that he needed them to be.

He had already gained everything one could from such training, except for the understanding necessary to apply it. Thus, he couldn't help but feel as though he was paying interest for taking the shortcut of cultivating his body through artificial means rather than honest training. Exhausted, Wyatt nevertheless pressed on, following Martial Sage Lorn's drills.

At times, he wanted to stop and yell, questioning what doing basic exercises and running had to do with learning to apply his strength, control, and power. However, he held his tongue. He trusted the Field Marshal and wanted to see the training through with unwavering determination. Even at his weakest, when his resolve was tested, he never gave in.

"Dear Disciple, you're slacking. Pick up the pace," the card intent would remind him. It called him "Dear Disciple" so many times that he was beginning to think it was his name. Grumbling under his breath at the card intent, he continued at his own pace. After all, as long as his will didn't give up, his spiritual body wouldn't collapse from exhaustion. This was another reason why demon and devil merchants favored training their martial and fine arts in the Sector WS9909.

"Dear Disciple, I'm not trying to be hard on you. Look at your perfect clone. Its spiritual body has the same parameters and attributes as yours, yet it's outperforming you at every turn. This shows you're capable of more-you're just not giving it your all. Discard all distracting thoughts and focus. Come on, if your clone can do it, so can you," the card intent said, using Wyatt's clone as a benchmark. It was right to do so. After all, they were identical, with the key difference being that Wyatt was the main primordial spirit with the soul gem, while the clones were slave primordial spirits with daughter gems.

Hearing the card intent's comments, Wyatt, who was utterly exhausted and running on sheer willpower, couldn't help but regret involving his primordial spirit in the combat training. After all, slave primordial spirits were meant to follow orders despite their individuality. Unlike him, who was meant to stand above them all. Still, unwilling to be outdone by his own clone, Wyatt picked up the pace. Viewing it as his rival, his competitive spirit reignited, giving his will a much-needed boost.

"That's more like it, Dear Disciple. You can do it."

Listening to the card intent, which sometimes sounded like a drill master and other times like a supportive mother, Wyatt wanted to yell, "Choose a role and stick to it, damn it!" However, he ignored the urge, set his sights on his clone, and tried not only to match its pace but to outdo it.

Unaware of how long the card intent had kept them running and doing basic exercises, Wyatt's primordial spirit finally collapsed to the ground upon hearing the words, "Alright, let's take a break." Wyatt managed to catch up and flopped down a foot in front of it to rest. Seeing this, the primordial spirit crawled forward on all fours. Noticing this, Wyatt also crawled forward to maintain his lead. However, just as the spirit was about to overtake him, he leapt onto it, yelling, "Stop, I won, accept it!" "Stop, fucker, I said stop!"

When the primordial spirit finally halted, Wyatt crawled a foot ahead of it and rested with a satisfied smile on his face. Meanwhile, the primordial spirit glared at its childish and unfair master before turning away, grumbling to itself. It went silent, though, when Wyatt shouted, "What the fuck did you say, asshole?"

Wyatt turned to look at his primordial spirit. This was one of his newest spirits, and it hadn't yet developed individuality like the older ones. However, through the brutal basic training, it had begun to develop a competitive and unyielding personality. Curious, Wyatt kicked it lightly to see how it would react, only to find it glaring at him before swallowing its anger. Its emotions could never surpass the bond between master and slave primordial spirits-a relief but also a pity. This bond ensured it remained a mere slave, never able to act independently. Not that Wyatt was complaining, but it was still a pity.

"Dear Disciple, you have a lot to learn about sportsmanship before you can even take the first step on the martial path," the card intent remarked, observing Wyatt's pettiness toward his own clone. If it had been the Field Marshal herself, she might have had a hard time suppressing her laughter at seeing the high-and-mighty Wyatt in such a state.

Ignoring the comment, Wyatt heard the card intent instruct, "Please take the pill for exhaustion so we can continue with the next round of practice."

"Can't we just take a pill for concentration and focus too? It would make it so much easier to train with a one-track mind," Wyatt suggested, thinking of using the pills to make up the difficulties he faced during the training so he could train longer, "No. Though you can train longer by doing that would be counterproductive- especially since you are training to cultivate the mindset and focus that come from regular physical training. Dear Disciple, stop thinking about shortcuts. Dedicate yourself to training vigorously with a one-track mind for the best results," the card intent advised. It recognized that Wyatt's endlessly mindset-always trying to fix or improve things-was likely to be the greatest hurdle he would face on his journey along the martial path.

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Chapter 2309 Unusual Rivalry

[1,161 words]

Chapter 2309 Unusual Rivalry

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Devil Merchant Code, Inter-Realm City, Sector WS9909, Infinity Library, Study Room

When they resumed training, the primordial spirit eyed Wyatt and smirked before taking off ahead of him. Wyatt managed to keep up at first, but he soon fell behind. The primordial spirit seemed different-more focused and stronger. As a result, the gap between them steadily grew until it completed the lap and was right behind Wyatt again.

Hearing the footsteps of the primordial spirit approaching from behind, Wyatt ran with all his might, throwing every other thought aside. The only thing on his mind now was ensuring that his primordial spirit didn't pass him. He would rather die than live to see that happen. Summoning a sudden burst of energy, he ran and ran-until, at one point, a shadow darted past him.

"Damn it!" Wyatt swore, seeing his primordial spirit overtake him. What infuriated him even more was the way it turned to sneer at him as it sped ahead. Wyatt was sure it was exacting revenge on him this way, as it couldn't employ other methods. However, he couldn't prove it without accessing its memories, which he couldn't do as a mere mortal.

"Dear Disciple, stop getting distracted and keep going. Though it is shameful that you cannot outperform your own clone, for now, just focus on running at your pace," the card intent chided. Its words were like oil on a fire, reigniting Wyatt's competitive spirit.

With a single-minded focus on beating his clone, Wyatt pushed himself harder. He ran, ran, and ran some more until the card intent finally called for a break.

"Let us take a break," it instructed.

However, the primordial spirit, having learned its lesson, didn't stop. It kept running, waiting for Wyatt to give up. Wyatt, being its master, refused to concede and kept running as well. Ignoring the card intent's order, the two raced on, determined to see the other falter first.

Their unexpected rivalry fueled their resolve, allowing them to push beyond their limits. The card intent, recognizing the value of their competition, integrated it into the training. It watched Wyatt's progress with satisfaction, noting how the rivalry had turned a simple exercise into a test of willpower.

Had they been in their physical bodies instead of their spiritual ones, the card intent would have forced them to stop, fearing they might injure themselves. But spiritual bodies were different-they could continue to run as long as their will supported them. This simple act of running had transformed into a way to cultivate their will. This was precisely why demon and devil merchants were willing to pay sky-high prices to train their martial and fine arts in Sector W\$9909. Here, one was guaranteed to achieve sage-level proficiency in an art of their choice as long as they practiced diligently, with

full commitment, and in the correct way. Talent might offer a head start on the path, but the rest of the journey depended on their effort. In Sector WS9909, the words "Practice makes perfect" held absolute truth.

Except for the Card Intent, neither Wyatt nor his primordial spirit had any idea how long they had been running. One thing, however, was certain: neither was willing to stop before the other did. Both being primordial spirits, the exercise didn't strain their will but instead helped them tap into its boundless nature, capable of encompassing the entire myriad realms within it.

At a certain point in the race, Wyatt finally managed to keep up with the primordial spirit. No matter how hard it tried, it couldn't shake him off. Seeing his progress, Wyatt felt motivated to teach his rebellious primordial spirit a lesson. Meanwhile, the primordial spirit's will to prove itself reignited as it saw its "useless" master catching up. Neither was willing to fall short, and each step they took was with firm resolve. It was no longer just a training session or even a race-it had become a do-or-die situation for them.

As their rivalry escalated, both Wyatt and the primordial spirit made significant progress. Not only had they met the Card Intent's expectations, but they had also exceeded them by a considerable margin. The Card Intent, noticing this, intended to foster the rivalry further.

However, it couldn't help but find Wyatt's mental state both peculiar and potentially alarming, considering he was fostering such rivalry toward a mere clone, that too his own clone. It made a note to bring it up to the Field Marshal when she would access the training card to check on Wyatt's efforts and progress.

By the time Wyatt matched the primordial spirit's pace, he had gained a clear understanding of the limits of his current mortal strength and body, as well as the boundless nature of will. He quickly realized that he and his primordial spirit had reached the limits of their mortal-level spiritual bodies.

This meant that, no matter how long they ran, it was impossible for either of them to overtake the other unless one's will faltered. Given their primordial spirit status and the infinite nature of their will, this was unlikely to happen unless one of them chose to give up entirely.

Wyatt understood that unless he or his primordial spirit found a way to use their mortal-level spiritual body and boundless will more efficiently, neither would gain the upper hand. They could very well end up running in the study room for eternity- unless his physical body on the physical plane gave out first.

While contemplating this, Wyatt lost focus and began to fall behind the primordial spirit, which maintained a consistent pace. However, this time, Wyatt wasn't bothered. Having grasped the limits of their current mortal-level spiritual bodies and the boundless nature

of will, he started planning ways to apply this understanding for optimal results. His goal was not only to match his primordial spirit's pace again but to surpass it entirely.

He also decided that, while he was at it, he would make up for all the extra laps his primordial spirit had run while he was struggling to catch up. Wyatt even made a mental note to sneer at his primordial spirit every time he overtook it-just as it had

done to him.

Coming to this conclusion, Wyatt felt motivated and continued running while contemplating how to better apply his current limits to achieve more optimal results. Meanwhile, seeing its foolish master fall behind once again, the primordial spirit felt satisfied and maintained its consistent pace, waiting for the moment when its master would finally give up.

As for Martial Sage Lorn's intent, it observed the progress Wyatt had made and noticed his efforts to apply the understanding he had gained. This led it to question whether it had been wrong to think that Wyatt's mindset-always trying to fix or improve things-would be the greatest hurdle he faced on his journey along the martial path.

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- Chapter 2310 Martial Scholar

Chapter 2310 Martial Scholar

[1,110 words]

Chapter 2310 Martial Scholar

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Devil Merchant Code, Inter-Realm City, Sector WS9909, Infinity Library, Study Room

Seeing Wyatt attempt to apply his understanding of his mortal-level spiritual body on the run efficiently and faster, the Martial Sage Lorn's Card Intent not only

reconsidered its previous judgement about his mindset being flawed for Martial Path, but it began to ponder if he might possess the fitting qualities needed to become a Martial Scholar.

Martial Scholars were among the rarest professions in the Card World, dedicated to studying how the human body, soul energy, rule power, and how they interacted at various realms, and creating martial arts tailored to individual needs and talents.

In the current era, however, Martial Scholars were almost extinct. The profession was so demanding that even someone like Martial Sage Lorn, who had created her own martial arts to suit her needs, did not dare to call herself a Martial Scholar. Yet, her Card Intent perceived in Wyatt qualities suited to this path.

Wyatt had zero understanding of martial arts-he didn't even know how to run properly. If not for the support of their spiritual bodies's innate boundless will, they wouldn't have been able to keep up with such intense training because of their haphazard running. However, looking at him trying to find way to run efficiently faster using his understanding of his mortal-level spiritual body, the Card Intent was reminder of the early humans who were the foundation current civilization.

Nonetheless, this alone wasn't enough for the Card Intent to consider him a potential Martial Scholar.

Even if Wyatt managed to create a way for him to run efficiently and faster utilizing the limits of his mortal spiritual body and his boundless will, it wouldn't qualify him. However, the Card Intent-whose very purpose was to bring out Wyatt's potential in martial arts-decided to train him rigorously while testing him at every step, seeking to discover whether he would falter or rise to the challenge of becoming a Martial Scholar.

Talent-wise, Wyatt was more than decent compared to many card apprentices, but in a holy place for combat and fine arts like sector WS9909, raw talent hardly mattered. What truly mattered was whether he was willing to take Combat Arts seriously.

The Card Intent wasn't naive; it didn't believe Wyatt was genuinely committed to Combat Arts. It recognized that the only reason he was giving it a fair chance was so he could rightfully criticize its original body when it failed to help him step onto the Martial Path as it claimed.

Meanwhile, Wyatt's lower half suddenly disintegrated, causing him to collapse to the ground. The primordial spirit running ahead turned to look back at him. Watching Wyatt continue the race by crawling on his hands as his body was restored through sheer willpower, the spirit was moved by its master's unyielding resolve. Its own determination grew firmer-it would only stop when its master gave up or it ceased to

exist.

"Fuck! That hurt like hell," Wyatt swore internally as he got back on his feet and resumed running on them. He focused on using his understanding of his current body's limits to conserve energy by minimizing waste and creating bursts of high-intensity output only when necessary but failed.

Having run for so long, Wyatt was well aware that his running form wasn't perfect. As a result, he was wasting too much energy. Determined to improve, he corrected his posture by recalling the Olympic racers and marathon runners he had seen running in his previous life. He began to understand the difference between their running styles - learning how to conserve energy from the marathon runners and how to generate high-intensity bursts for sprints from the racers.

Once he adjusted his posture, Wyatt immediately found spare energy to utilize. If he were in his physical body, he would have needed to conserve this energy to run longer. However, in his spiritual body, fueled by his boundless willpower, this limitation didn't apply. Free to use the newfound energy, he attempted to maintain a consistent increase in speed. While the theory made sense in his mind, its implementation led to disastrous results. His leg bones fractured and vines surrounding them ruptured causing his lower half dissipated mid-race.

Yet, this failure wasn't enough to stop Wyatt. He continued testing his theory on himself, no matter how many times he failed enduring the tremendous pain that came along with every failure.

His relentless persistence began to draw attention from his primordial spirit. The primordial spirit, which had once passed him with a sneering taunt on every lap, found itself unable to maintain its mockery. It couldn't comprehend why Wyatt wasn't able to run properly and even hurting himself in such a simple, but it began to pity him. However, its resolve remained firm, suspecting that Wyatt might be employing some kind of strategy to force it to give up out of sympathy. Having experienced Wyatt's cunning firsthand, it couldn't dismiss the possibility.

Meanwhile, Wyatt, stripped of access to his Hive Mind and other abilities, had no choice but to act as his own test subject. The pain from his repeated failures made it increasingly difficult to continue. But when he noticed his primordial spirit's sneers transform into glances of pity tinged with suspicion, Wyatt's fury reignited. Fueled by indignation, he resolved to refine his theory into a working technique-not just to succeed but to turn the tables and pity his foolish primordial spirit for daring to pity him.

After countless attempts, losing track of time in the throes of pain, Wyatt finally managed to refine his theory into a functional technique. This new method not only allowed him to use his limited energy more efficiently but also enabled him to run faster.

Armed with his refined technique, it didn't take Wyatt long to catch up with his primordial spirit. Seeing him close the gap, the spirit wasn't shocked; instead, it felt a brief surge of pride, relieved it hadn't fallen for what it assumed was Wyatt's trick to win through pity.

For a fleeting moment, it believed itself to be both stronger and smarter than the main spiritual body.

Unfortunately for the spirit, this illusion of superiority was short-lived. Before it could celebrate, Wyatt sprinted past it, taunting it with a wide sneer. Dumbfounded, the primordial spirit nearly stumbled, thrown off by the sight of Wyatt's monstrous grin. Although it managed to avoid falling, it lost its consistent pace. As it continued the race, it couldn't help but wonder if its own sneers looked as hideous as Wyatt's. After all, they looked the same.

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[1,121 words]

Chapter 2311 Enlightenment

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Devil Merchant Code, Inter-Realm City, Sector WS9909, Infinity Library, Study Room

Seeing Wyatt finally refine his running technique to efficiently and effectively utilize the parameters of his spiritual body and run faster, the Card Intent nodded in approval, feeling validated. However, it refrained from celebrating, aware that Wyatt's running technique would only work within the limited scope of his current spiritual body. It was unlikely to be as effective in the physical plane, where he would be in his physical body which when in mortal constraints wasn't fueled by willpower like his spiritual body. At best he could use his technique for a small sprint.

The Card Intent wanted to move on to the next phase of training but decided to allow Wyatt some time to savor the fruits of his hard work, knowing the intense rivalry he had with his own clone. While the rivalry seemed peculiar, it acknowledged that it spurred Wyatt to achieve his goals faster. Encouraged by this, the Card Intent began revising Wyatt's training regimen, overhauling it to include subtle tests to evaluate if Wyatt had the potential to be a Martial Scholar,

Meanwhile, the primordial spirit, focused solely on the race, pushed itself to regain its fastest pace. However, it found that it couldn't just catch up with Wyatt-the gap between them continued to grow wider. Soon, Wyatt was so far ahead that he disappeared from its line of sight, only to reappear behind it, overtaking it once again. This time, Wyatt didn't taunt it with his unusual hideous sneer. Instead, he cast a pitying glance that

made the primordial spirit feel insignificant. For the spirit, whose only motivation to surpass Wyatt was to prove its worth, that look of pity was like a dagger to its heart. Yet, it only fueled its determination. Having seen Wyatt overcome his weaknesses and outpace it, the primordial spirit believed it, too, could achieve the

same.

Tuning out all distracting thoughts, the primordial spirit pushed itself to run harder and faster. Yet, despite its resolve, it found no way to summon the power needed to increase its pace. No matter how hard it tried, its body seemed unable to produce the required speed. Watching Wyatt alternately sneer and pity it as he repeatedly passed by, the primordial spirit realized that its body-being a replica of Wyatt's-was undoubtedly capable of greater speed. However, it couldn't fathom how to tap into that power.

In its desperation, the primordial spirit briefly entertained the idea that Wyatt might be cheating, perhaps altering the array that restricted them to their mortal states. However, it quickly dismissed the thought. It knew Wyatt well enough to understand

that winning through such a method would bring him no satisfaction. As if were to cheat he would be cheating himself and defeating the purpose of the training, which was to hone his ability to apply his immense strength, control, and power.

Moreover, the Card Intent wouldn't idly stand by and allow such behavior. While it ultimately served Wyatt as its master, its purpose was to guide him onto the Martial Path. Even if it couldn't directly stop him from cheating, it would certainly protest. Interestingly, during this contemplation, the primordial spirit had effortlessly maintained a consistent pace, something Wyatt was unable to do.

The primordial spirit suddenly shook its head stopping itself from taking a detour and cleared its mind for a fresh perspective. Just then, Wyatt happened to pass it throwing a sneer at it. This time however, instead of his sneer, what caught its eye was Wyatt's posture when running. Wondering if they were the reason Wyatt was able to run faster, it began to mimic them to dot. Soon, the results were clear to it, it was able to run with more ease and found spare energy to run faster.

Wyatt technique to run efficiently and faster was no intricate martial arts, anyone with a little brain and know how of running could copy it by looking it. Being Wyatt's primordial spirit it wasn't hard for his clone to copy his moments with a single glance and mimic them perfectly. Now it was able to summon a speed matching Wyatt's. However, it did not take off trying to catch Wyatt. Instead, it wait for Wyatt knowing if they ran at same speed the distance gap between them would remain constant. Since it could not run faster, it chose to run slower and let Wyatt catch up with it.

Wyatt had his fill of his revenge, however he continued to run to make up for the extra laps the primordial spirit had over his head and then some more. That way he would have won completely and could rightly ask the primordial to give up. Until, then he

would continue enjoying the desperation on his primordial spirits face everytime he passed by it, taunting it, giving it a taste of its own medicine.

Wyatt, just as usual, easily caught up with his primordial spirit. However, when he tried to run past it leaving it in his dust, he found that the primordial spirit was able to keep up with him. He wonder if let his thoughts slow him down but found that wasn't the case he was running at his top speed. Then how was his primordial spirit able to keep up with him?

Soon, taking note of his primordial spirit's posture while running and its well timed steps, Wyatt understood that it had not only seen through his trick but also shamelessly copied it. While this realization donned on Wyatt, learning the impact of the perfect posture and well measured and timed steps on its running, allowing it to run efficiency and speed, the primordial spirit felt like a new door was open up in its mind and reaching it, it had a sudden enligthenement and its body began to emit a brilliant light undergoing subtle transformation.

As the light vanished, the primordial spirits eyes look profounder and enigmatic, it was impossible to tell what it was thinking, However, soon it ran past Wyatt and leaving him in the dust. In non time it was behind Wyatt and darted past him. This time it did not have any thoughts of taunting, rather it was focused on improving its running technique on the go with a one track mind not entertaining any distractions. Wyatt gritted his teeth trying to keep up and learn from his primordial spirit's posture just as it did knowing that it had gained somekind of enlightenment pity it was just about running efficiently and faster. Meanwhile, Card intent who was watching all this was astonished to its core.

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Chapter 2312 A Leap Into Martial Path

[1,144 words]

Chapter 2312 A Leap Into Martial Path

[AN: I have made the following changes:-

i) Martial Sage Lorn >>> Martial Demigod Lorn (Indicating she her high achievements in Martial Arts. Especially, practicing countless martial arts to sage level proficiency.) ii) Martial Scholar >>> Martial Sage (Emphasizing the majesty and honor of wielding this title and it only belongs to those adept in not just mastering but creating Martial Arts.)]

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Devil Merchant Code, Inter-Realm City, Sector WS9909, Infinity Library, Study Room

The Martial Demigod Lorn's Intent was astonished to its core upon witnessing Wyatt's clone achieve enlightenment. Its shock doubled when it understood the nature of the enlightenment the clone had attained.

Initially, its surprise stemmed from the fact that a clone-despite being a perfect one- was able to gain enlightenment independently. This was unprecedented. While some clones could achieve enlightenment alongside their masters, for one to do so on its own was unheard of. After all, the clone was not a separate entity but a dependent extension of Wyatt himself.

Its secondary surprise came from the realization that Wyatt's clone had not attained an ordinary enlightenment but a supreme one. At first glance, it seemed like the enlightenment was related to running faster, judging by the clone's actions. However, upon closer inspection, it became clear that the enlightenment was connected to the martial path. The clone appeared to have comprehended the very essence of martial discipline.

This meant that Wyatt's clone had not merely taken a step but a significant leap into the martial path. What made this feat even more remarkable was that it had achieved this within the constraints of its mortal shell, amplifying the significance of the accomplishment. Although the Card Intent couldn't fully grasp the exact nature of the enlightenment, it was confident that this breakthrough would greatly facilitate the clone's journey on the martial path.

In essence, Wyatt's clone displayed an extraordinary affinity for the martial path, and with proper guidance, it had the potential to grow into a Martial Sage. This realization left the Card Intent both excited and perplexed. It was thrilled by the prospect of Wyatt's clone developing into a Martial Sage, yet it struggled to comprehend how a clone-rather than Wyatt himself-could demonstrate such remarkable aptitude for martial arts. It was as though it was witnessing the birth of a miracle-an anomaly. Meanwhile, Wyatt noticed that his primordial clone's posture wasn't the only thing that had changed. The angles of each step, the timing, and even the rhythm of its movements had shifted. It seemed to be running to a precise cadence, conserving energy while maintaining high-intensity bursts of speed.

If it had only been a matter of posture, Wyatt might have been able to mimic it. However, replicating the intricate sequence of angles and timings was a far more complex task-one he couldn't deduce on the run, especially without the aid of his AI, Hive Spirit.

Observing this remarkable display of comprehension by his primordial clone, Wyatt could only concede. He acknowledged that what his clone had achieved through its enlightenment was beyond his current mortal limitations. While given time he might be able to analyze and replicate the techniques employed by his primordial spirit, he recognized that doing so would ultimately be a pointless and time-consuming endeavor.

Wyatt appreciated the progress demonstrated by his primordial spirit during combat training, but he still felt it was a pity that its enlightenment seemed to revolve solely around running. After all, there were countless books on running techniques available in the Infinity Library surrounding them. Still, this development allowed him to move on to the next phase of his experiment-testing whether he could share the progress made by his primordial spirit through their main-slave primordial spirit link. However, just as Wyatt was about to stop running, the primordial spirit, having perfected its running technique to match its current limits and strengths, caught up to him. Matching Wyatt's speed, it began running alongside him. To Wyatt's dismay, the primordial spirit, now running backward with its hands casually tucked behind its head, had the audacity to yawn. It was a blatant challenge-a deliberate taunt. Wyatt, who had planned to bow out gracefully, now felt a burning urge to discipline his rebellious creation. The primordial spirit, noticing his expression darken, shifted gears. It began running backward in front of him, maintaining eye contact while keeping just enough distance to ensure Wyatt couldn't catch it. Its posture remained mocking, hands still tucked behind its head, exuding an air of complete nonchalance. Though enraged, Wyatt couldn't help but be impressed by the sophistication of the running technique his primordial spirit had developed. In his mind, it no longer felt accurate to call it simply a running technique-it was more like a mortal-grade footwork martial art. Realizing that it was impossible for him to catch up without resorting to extreme measures, he decided to concede with dignity and instead focus on finding another way to teach his cheeky primordial spirit a lesson it wouldn't forget-in this lifetime or their shared existence.

Coming to a halt, Wyatt addressed his primordial spirit, "Congratulations on your enlightenment-

However, his words caught in his throat as the primordial spirit began circling him at high speed, further rubbing salt into his wounded pride. Taking a calming breath, Wyatt resumed, "You've earned this win."

Hearing Wyatt's words, the primordial spirit abruptly stopped and fixed him with a suspicious gaze, as though assessing whether his praise was genuine or part of a scheme. Being a part of Wyatt, it knew better than to take his words at face value-especially after it had gone out of its way to taunt and humiliate him during the training session.

Seeing this hesitation, Wyatt couldn't help but feel a swell of pride. 'It really is my primordial spirit,' he thought. Had it fallen for his words too easily, he would have considered it foolish-an oddity among his creations. Smiling gently, he placed a hand on the spirit's shoulder. Noticing that it didn't dodge, Wyatt realized it was confident in its

abilities-as it should be. This time, he offered genuine praise. "Congratulations. You've proven yourself to me."

"Really? You're not just saying this to lower my guard, are you?" the primordial spirit replied, its skepticism deepening with each word of praise. It knew Wyatt was generous with his people but also a notorious sore loser. Even so, it had chosen to challenge him head-on, proving that it was no less determined than he was. Wyatt chuckled, shaking his head. "Why would I do such a thing? We are one and the same. This rivalry and pettiness between us are momentary, for that second. At the end of the day, we are all one," he said, wearing the most genuine smile he could

muster.

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Chapter 2313 Psychologically Evolution

[1,067 words]

Chapter 2313 Psychologically Evolution

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Devil Merchant Code, Inter-Realm City, Sector WS9909, Infinity Library, Study Room

"Alright, enough talk. Take your pills and get back to running," the Card Intent suddenly instructed, disregarding the conversation between Wyatt and his clone.

"What? Running again? I think we've already comprehended that part of the training. Let's move on to the next phase, Wyatt complained, clearly tired of running. Though he had enjoyed understanding the limits of his mortal body and figuring out ways to run more efficiently and faster, he considered it merely one step in his combat training. He didn't want to spend days or weeks on it. He was eager to progress and finish the training as quickly as possible.

"Yes, but if you want to enter the next phase of your training, you're free to try it yourself, the Card Intent replied cryptically, causing Wyatt to raise an eyebrow. He

couldn't shake the feeling that there was a hidden meaning behind its words and thought to himself, What is it scheming?"

"Let's give it a try! I'm game," the primordial spirit chimed in enthusiastically. It seemed eager to explore the limits of its current mortal body and experiment with new ways to train.

"Sure, right after a break. I have a small errand to run. Follow me," Wyatt said, making an excuse and ordering the primordial spirit to come with him. Despite the primordial spirit's individuality and talent, in the end, their identities hadn't changed. He was the main primordial spirit, and the other was a slave primordial spirit created from a part of him.

"What? You're ending the combat training already?" the Card Intent exclaimed in shock as it watched Wyatt and the clone prepare to leave. It wondered if it had pushed them too far by ordering them to run continuously for an entire day-and then some.

The Card Intent's intention in prolonging the running exercise was to see if Wyatt's clone could figure out a way to break free from its mortal constraints. Although the study room array suppressed them to the mortal realm, it was theoretically possible to attempt a breakthrough. While any ascension would be temporary due to the array's settings acting up, the Card Intent was curious if the clone could surpass its mortal limits, even briefly.

"It's just a small break. We'll resume the training soon! Wyatt assured the Card Intent.

"I just don't want you to lose the momentum you've accumulated so far. It would be more rewarding to keep going. At least leave your clone behind! Can't you do that errand on your own?" the Card Intent argued.

Hearing this, the primordial spirit snickered, while Wyatt frowned and retorted, 'You're here to train me, not it.'

"I'm aware of that, it's just-" the Card Intent began to explain.

"Enough. Unequip, Wyatt interrupted, unequipping the card from his grimoire. Then, accessing the study room's array, he lifted the prohibitions on himself and his primordial spirit. Regaining their original strength and abilities, Wyatt decided to put the control he had learned during the training session to the test, aiming to understand the gap between his mortal form and his current, peak form.

Rather than bridging the gap, Wyatt's understanding of control deepened in a different way. He realized just how much more training he needed to wield his strength and abilities with greater efficiency. Previously, this notion had been abstract-something he merely felt. Now, it was a accurate measure and firm conviction.

When constrained by his mortal limits, Wyatt had felt a deep sense of control by the end of the training session, as though he could bend his body entirely to his will. But now, with his full power restored, his body felt like an immense boulder-heavy, unwieldy, and far beyond his ability to mold as he wished. This stark contrast solidified his understanding of just how far he had to go. Having experienced the benefits of combat training, Wyatt now firmly believed that he needed it and there was no way around it. If he couldn't share his primordial spirit's comprehension of martial arts, he resolved to undergo the entire training himself. Previously, his determination to pursue martial arts hadn't been strong enough to make such a commitment, but now it was.

After testing his gains from the training, Wyatt turned to look at his primordial spirit. It seemed to be refining the mortal-grade footwork martial arts, it had previously developed, to match its current prowess. However, it didn't appear satisfied with its progress.

"What's wrong? The martial art you created seems powerful-a remarkable mortal-grade footwork Wyatt asked, noticing the primordial spirit's frustration. The spirit's technique looked impressive and functional for its current form. Observing it in action, Wyatt believed the footwork was quite effective for a mortal-grade martial art. He couldn't understand why the spirit seemed dissatisfied. "No, the footwork fails to fully utilize my entire power. Otherwise, I should be able to run on water while using it in combination with my current strength, the primordial spirit explained, prompting Wyatt to do a double take to see if it was being serious.

"Is that so? Let me help! Wyatt replied. Without any warning, he accessed the primordial spirit's memories. Sifting through its recollections of training, he created a copy of the memories and transferred them to himself. This time, however, he altered the perspective from third-person to first-person, allowing him to relive the primordial spirit's experiences firsthand and attempt to understand the moment of enlightenment it had undergone.

As Wyatt immersed himself in the primordial spirit's memories of running, he experienced the myriad emotions and thoughts the spirit had felt during that moment. It was as if he were the one going through them. He realized that the spirit, for obvious reasons, had possessed a strong desire to execute the given to it. It had no other thoughts in its mind, distracting it, which allowed it to execute the instructions of the Field Marshal's training card's intent with precision, eventually surpassing him in performance.

This sense of being better than the main primordial spirit during the training became a crucial motivator and a defining part of the spirit's developing individuality. Over time, this drive to excel began to shape its character, causing it to psychologically evolve that Wyatt experienced for first time in his primordial spirits.

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Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Devil Merchant Code, Inter-Realm City, Sector WS9909, Infinity Library, Study Room

Undergoing a psychological evolution, the primordial spirit's behavior, thoughts, and emotions became more defined. As a result, its individuality developed at a faster pace. Eventually, its thoughts were no longer confined to merely executing the main primordial spirit's orders; instead, it began striving to prove itself to the main primordial spirit.

Interestingly, it chose the means of proving itself: combat training. Unsurprisingly, this focus caused its individuality, which was already accelerating due to psychological stimulation, to evolve further in the direction of combat training. This essentially became its gateway to the Martial Path.

Consequently, the primordial spirit's individuality continued to develop, gradually intertwining with the Martial Path.

However, witnessing Wyatt not only fail to acknowledge its efforts and achievements but also act petty toward it for excelling beyond him, the primordial spirit grew rebellious. Yet, it did not abandon its resolve. Instead, it became more determined, swearing to make Wyatt recognize its existence-not as just another one of his many slave primordial spirits but as a individual. It did not. want to be ignored being lumped with other slave primordial spirits. It can't become the main primordial spirit but it can be better than the rest.

Since Wyatt refused to acknowledge it through conventional means, the primordial spirit decided to adopt a tougher approach. Ultimately, it resolved to demonstrate its absolute superiority over Wyatt in combat training, leaving him no choice but to acknowledge it. Even if Wyatt wouldn't openly admit or show recognition, the primordial spirit would know. After all, they were one and the same. Living through the internal turmoil of his primordial spirit from a first-person perspective, Wyatt began to realize that he had underestimated his primordial spirits. He had seen them as mass-produced, perfect clones of himself, eternally bound to serve him. But they were far more than

that.

Yes, they were perfect clones of him, but they were also capable of developing beyond him. They remained in servitude to him yet evolved into distinct iterations of himself. They resembled "what-if" versions of Wyatt or similar to the parallel versions of him from alternate universes.

They were identical to him at the moment of their creation, but in the very next second, they began developing into unique iterations. For instance, the first few primordial spirits had evolved into docile versions of Wyatt. They were just as intelligent and capable but lacked his assertiveness, were overly submissive, obedient, deferential, and passive.

This suggested that if Wyatt treated them as mere slaves, they would develop as slaves. The stark difference between his older primordial spirits—who had developed limited individuality—and the one who participated in combat training was a prime example of this contrast.

Thinking this far, Wyatt's face grew grim. He realized he had inadvertently become the father of thousands of children. While their physical development was already complete, he now bore the responsibility for their cognitive, emotional, and social development. His expression darkened further as he considered that, with every breakthrough, he would father a few thousand more children in the future.

Yes, he had long deduced that the mutated consciousnesses he created through soul mutation and division were his equals physically and spiritually, but emotionally and socially, they lacked any experience. He hadn't given this much importance, assuming they would grow alongside him. However, witnessing the extraordinary progress of the primordial spirit that trained with him, Wyatt realized he had underestimated his primordial spirits by a wide margin.

To correct his mistake and ensure all his primordial spirits had equal opportunities for growth, he decided to periodically let them enter the VR universe to live individual lives, learn from their surroundings, and develop through interactions with others. Within this controlled environment, he could ensure their safety and monitor their progress. He even planned to create a sect or school in the VR universe, equipped with the best teachers and facilities, exclusively for his primordial spirits. This would become increasingly necessary as he ascended to higher realms and created more primordial spirits. Or perhaps he could leave the task to the Field Marshal—would she make a good nanny?

Finally, Wyatt refocused as the moment of enlightenment drew closer. This was the defining moment of his experiment. It would determine whether he had discovered a shortcut to mastering the Martial Path or if he would spend more time in the study rooms of the Infinity Library's WS9909 sector branch, training rather than studying.

Bracing himself, Wyatt began to relive the memory of his primordial spirit undergoing enlightenment, hoping to emulate its experience and achieve enlightenment himself. As he immersed himself in the memory, Wyatt realized he had been mistaken: his primordial spirit hadn't gained enlightenment over a simple movement technique. Instead, it had managed to step onto the Martial Path and achieve a milestone that typically took others decades—or even lifetimes—to reach. Now, Wyatt understood why the Field Marshal's card intent seemed more focused on training his primordial spirit than him. The card intent had even altered the entire training regimen for the primordial

spirit, encouraging it to attempt the next phase of training independently. The card clearly recognized the primordial spirit's enlightenment and prioritized it over Wyatt. But how was this possible? Wyatt speculated that the Field Marshal's instructions to the card might have been vague, and since the primordial spirit was a perfect clone of him, the card intent might have chosen to prioritize the clone.

Be that as it may, Wyatt, who was experiencing his emulated enlightenment, took his first steps on the Martial Path. However, unlike his primordial spirit, which had already reached a significant milestone, Wyatt had only advanced far enough to recognize the significance of his primordial spirit's achievements. He also began to understand why he couldn't replicate those achievements. The reason was simple: the same principle applied as in education. Just as students studying under the same teacher might achieve vastly different results in an exam, Wyatt's circumstances and experience differed from his primordial spirit's. This difference explained why he couldn't fully replicate its accomplishments on the Martial Path, even when emulating its enlightenment through its memories.

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Chapter 2315 Martial Mad

[1,080 words]

Chapter 2315 Martial Mad

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Devil Merchant Code, Inter-Realm City, Sector WS9909, Infinity Library, Study Room

Though Wyatt wasn't able to perfectly replicate the gains of his primordial spirit by emulating its enlightenment from its memories, he wasn't saddened. In fact, he considered his experiment a complete success. Without hesitation, he emulated the enlightenment again and again until there was nothing more he could gain from it. By the end, Wyatt not only replicated his primordial spirit's achievements on the Martial Path but surpassed them.

So what if one student was a slow learner? A teacher could send that student to remedial classes to catch up, or, if the parents could afford it, they could hire a tutor. Similarly, Wyatt persisted in emulating the enlightenment until he fully grasped it and no longer needed it. As a result, Wyatt became more well-versed in the Martial Path- or so he thought-than his primordial spirit.

Wyatt now understood why his primordial spirit was dissatisfied with the footwork it had created. It was correct. If executed properly with their regular Card

Grandmaster-level strength, the footwork should have allowed them to walk on water. It's important to note that walking on water in this context referred purely to the use of physical power, unaided by soul energy or any other external tricks.

The footwork martial art created by his primordial spirit was of mortal grade and made no use of soul energy. It relied entirely on raw physical power. His primordial spirit had designed it to complement the boundless nature of their will. As a result, despite being a mortal-grade martial art, the footwork's prowess scaled with the user's physical strength. When applied with sufficient physical power, the technique could enable the user not only to step on water but also, theoretically, to walk on air. With this understanding, Wyatt realized why his primordial spirit repeatedly failed to achieve the desired results using the footwork. It was because, like Wyatt himself, it struggled to bend their Card Grandmaster-level body the way they could bend their mortal body. During combat training, they had thoroughly explored the limits and capabilities of their mortal forms, learning to manipulate them at will. However, the same could not yet be said for their current Card Grandmaster body.

They could have used their unlocked abilities to bridge the gap, but the primordial spirit refused to take that shortcut. Instead, it chose the harder yet more correct path: to understand the limits and strength of their new body so thoroughly that it could apply them with maximum efficiency. This approach would not only allow it to achieve the desired results with the footwork as a Card Grandmaster but also push its

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potential beyond its imagination.

Witnessing this level of diligence and determination, Wyatt began to question whether he had truly surpassed his primordial spirit on the Martial Path. Perhaps he hadn't even caught up to it yet, let alone outdone it.

Humbled by his primordial spirit's diligence, Wyatt concluded his experiment on a positive note, having fully digested its enlightenment until there was nothing more for him to learn. When he looked around, he was greeted by the sight of his clone running through the air nearly thirty feet high, climbing even higher as it tested its limits. With each step, the primordial spirit exerted a forceful downward pressure, generating an

upward thrust that allowed it to continue ascending. This feat was made possible by its exceptional body balance. Though astonished by the display, Wyatt wasn't surprised.

In a short time, the primordial spirit had managed to understand the strength and limits of their Card Grandmaster body well enough to use its self-created, mortal-grade movement technique to walk in the air. Thanks to its diligence and natural affinity for the Martial Path, it had accomplished even more than it originally set out to achieve.

Shaking his head, Wyatt once again immersed himself in its memories from a first-person perspective, using the shortcut to better understand the strengths and limits of his Card Grandmaster body. He replayed the memory in a loop until he was certain he had learned all there was to gain from it. Remarkably, Wyatt managed to comprehend what his primordial spirit had deduced in a shorter time than it had taken the spirit itself.

Armed with his newfound understanding of his body, Wyatt executed the primordial spirit's self-created footwork and climbed through the air faster than the primordial spirit itself, even though it was his first time performing the technique. Repeatedly emulating its memories had prepared him well. Sensing his approach, the primordial spirit was shocked to see him replicate its martial art even better than it had. Looking at the dumbfounded expression on the primordial spirit's face and the disbelief in its eyes, Wyatt shook his head and said,

"I learned it by emulating your memories. You can also try it. But there's a limit to how much one can learn that way. This was only possible because of your diligence and dedication. Thank you. I hope you'll continue to support me in the future!"

Now that Wyatt understood the value of his primordial spirits better, he vowed not to make the same mistakes twice. He explained the reason for his rapid progress and sincerely thanked the primordial spirit for its help, encouraging it to keep up the good work.

The primordial spirit stepped in place repeatedly to stay aloft waiting for its master. Wyatt neared it and mirrored its actions, hovering in the air their eyes met. The primordial spirit stared into Wyatt's eyes and asked, "No games. Do you really mean it?"

Unlike Wyatt, who could freely access the memories of his primordial spirits, the reverse was not possible unless he allowed it. Even if he did, he could alter the memories or selectively show only what he wanted them to see. Knowing Wyatt's history of pettiness and having experienced it firsthand, the primordial spirit dared not trust his words so easily and sought confirmation.

"Yes, I do," Wyatt replied firmly. "I'm not just saying it. My actions from now on will reflect that. Also, you can choose a name for yourself-something you like-but I will call

you Martial Mad." Wyatt offered the spirit the freedom to choose its own name while affectionately expressing his intent to call it Martial Mad.

"So be it. From now on, I am Martial Mad," the primordial spirit announced.

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Chapter 2316 Michael, Gabriel, and Lucifer: The Oldest Tale Of

[1,371 words]

Chapter 2316 Michael, Gabriel, and Lucifer: The Oldest Tale Of

Three Brothers

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Devil Merchant Code, Inter-Realm City, Sector WS9909, Infinity Library, Study Room

Listening to his primordial spirit announce its name as 'Martial Mad, Wyatt shook his head, realizing that his spirit was even worse at naming than he was. "No! That's not how names work. That's what I'll call you as an inside joke between us. Choose something normal. We've learned so many languages by now-can't you think of something you'd like to call yourself? A word that describes you."

"Okay, I think I get it now. Let me think..." Martial Mad's words trailed off as he searched through his memories, as well as the collective memories of his brothers, for a word that best described him. Finally, he spoke. "I found one: Michael. What do you think?"

"It's way better than Martial Mad," Wyatt replied. Before his primordial spirit could change its mind, Wyatt declared, "From now on, you are Michael Wyatt the Martial Mad"

"Martial Mad Michael Wyatt... I like the sound of that," Michael Wyatt said with satisfaction. Simply gaining a name had accelerated the development of his individuality by several times, and though he was an iteration of Wyatt, he now truly fit the template of an individual.

"Can I ask why Michael?" Wyatt inquired, curious to understand what had prompted his primordial spirit to choose that name out of the vast vocabulary available to him. "Can I keep this one to myself?" Michael's cheeks flushed red as he shyly asked. Finding it endearing, Wyatt nodded. "Sure."

"Thank you," Michael replied gratefully. In truth, he recalled the meaning of the name Michael on Earth: "Who is like God?" or "Who is equal to God?" He did not believe he was like or equal to a god, but rather that Wyatt was his god, and he was like and equal to Wyatt.

"All right, now let's get back to training. By 'us, I mean you and this one here," Wyatt said, summoning another free primordial spirit. Handing Michael an unequipped training card, a diamond-grade grimoire and the primordial spirit, Wyatt added, "Continue the training session with this one. Help it make up for the sessions it missed. As for me, I'm not done experimenting."

Before Michael could protest, Wyatt turned to the other primordial spirit and instructed, "Listen to Michael and participate in combat training alongside him. Got

it?"

"Yes, Master!" the primordial spirit shouted enthusiastically, its eyes brimming with reverence. It had been inspired, seeing Wyatt call another primordial spirit by name and treat him as an equal. It admired Michael for achieving something they all yearned for: individuality and recognition. More importantly, it realized Wyatt was willing to treat them equally. It could hardly wait to ask Michael how he had accomplished this feat when they were alone.

"Michael, I'm trusting this one to you," Wyatt said, before heading to the other side of the study room, activating a space-isolating array to separate Michael and the other primordial spirit from rest of them as it was important for his next experiment. Wyatt knew it was a heavy responsibility for Michael to care for another primordial spirit while focusing on combat training. However, he believed Michael had the potential to rise to the occasion-and he was certain Michael would surprise him. Inside the isolated training ground, ensuring Wyatt was gone, the primordial spirit bombarded Michael with questions: "How did you get Master to acknowledge you? How did you get your name? How close are you with Master? Master seemed to treat you like his son. Does that mean you two are really close? You're the first among us to be acknowledged by Master as his son, which makes you our crown prince"

"Son? I'm not sure we're there yet. I guess you could think of me as his first messenger -or herald, if you will. Nothing more," Michael replied, a glint of enthusiasm in his eyes. He enjoyed hearing the other primordial spirit suggest that Wyatt treated him like a son, but he knew better. To Wyatt, they were extensions of himself, like heralds carrying out his will.

"Enough discussion. Let's start training. If you manage to keep up, I'll answer all your questions one by one. And who knows-if you can surpass me in training, you might not only gain my acknowledgment but Master's as well. He seems to place great importance on the Martial Path, maybe because he finds it too tedious to master himself. That's where we come in. Got it?"

"Alright! I'll give it my best, Prince!"

On the other side of the training room, Wyatt had summoned another free primordial spirit. The he used the study room's array to plac them under probation to limit them to their mortal bodies. He recreated an environment identical to the one where he and Michael had first started their combat training. Wyatt even went as far as to display the same subpar performance he had shown back then. He was conducting a simulation- everything apart from the primordial spirit would mimic the original training session to see if this primordial spirit would develop like Michael and gain a enlightenment in Martial Path like him.

However, to his surprise, the experiment deviated from the script during their first. break after a long run. It was when the Card Intent ordered them to stop, previously Michael had collapsed to the ground, resting, only to crawl forward to outpace Wyatt seeing him run ahead of him take rest. That had prompted Wyatt to leap on Michael's back, yelling, "Stop! I won! Accept it! Stop, you fucker, stop!" That was the defining moment of their rivalry, it had solidified in that moment.

In contrast, this new primordial spirit didn't collapse to the ground. Instead, it halted and gracefully sat down. When it saw Wyatt run ahead and stop to rest, it scoffed and ignored him entirely. It freaking ignored him.

Frustrated, Wyatt kicked it, just as he had with Michael back then. But instead of glaring at him like Michael had, this spirit continued to ignore him.

For the sake of the experiment, Wyatt suppressed his anger and continued the simulation. In the next part of the training, he exaggerated his movements and exploded his lower half, mimicking the clumsy effort of trying to think of a way to run faster as he had shown back then. However, to Wyatt's surprise, the primordial spirit didn't pity him like Michael had seeing him constantly exploded his lower half of the spiritual body. Instead, it recognized what Wyatt was trying to do. In the next instant, it corrected its posture and perfectly paced its steps, running even faster. It didn't taunt Wyatt or acknowledge him for pointing it out-it simply continued training, ignoring him entirely.

Infuriated, Wyatt accelerated the pace of the simulation, using the footwork Michael had developed after his enlightenment. He taunted the spirit every time he passed it, mocking it and feigning pity. Yet, to his astonishment, the spirit continued to ignore him, maintaining its own pace and taking its time-until, finally, it replicated Michael's footwork. It actually mastered Michael's footwork, despite being bound by the constraints of a mortal body.

Wyatt had once considered trying that same footwork during his initial training but ultimately gave up, thinking it was a waste of time and pointless. Yet, this primordial spirit did it-and took its sweet time doing so. They had been running for a day and a half continuously, whereas Wyatt and Michael's first training session had ended after just one and a quarter days. Forget achieving enlightenment like Michael; this spirit had completely thrown Wyatt's simulation off course with its defiant, indifferent attitude.

Frustrated, Wyatt stopped the training and lifted the restrictions on their abilities and the realm. Delving into its memories, he discovered that, like Michael, it wanted to prove itself to him-but it was simply too proud to show it. Wyatt couldn't help but wonder: 'How could a slave primordial spirit be so proud? What amazed him even more was that it had the talent and capability to match and justify its pride unlike Michael.

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Chapter 2317 Second Star Lucifer

[1,114 words]

Chapter 2317 Second Star Lucifer

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Devil Merchant Code, Inter-Realm City, Sector WS9909, Infinity Library, Study Room

Wyatt went through the proud primordial spirit's memories repeatedly, even emulating them. Though it had not undergone enlightenment like Michael, it possessed amazing talent. It could understand complex concepts in simpler terms and adapt swiftly. Remarkably, it deduced Michael's footwork within half a day while on the run. Wyatt sensed that this primordial spirit could survive anywhere and excel in any field.

To his surprise, it was using their shared arsenal of abilities to execute Michael's footwork in its card grandmaster form. Unlike Michael, who remained diligent and committed to the martial path, this spirit began modifying the footwork to work in

harmony with soul energy and its abilities. Wyatt felt relieved that it hadn't discarded the footwork entirely.

It respected the fact that the main primordial spirit took time from a busy schedule to teach it, understanding that there must be a reason behind it. Otherwise, it would have long abandoned the practice.

Realizing that he was wrong to push his primordial spirits to learn martial arts without explaining its importance, Wyatt forgave the proud primordial spirit's impudence. Seeing its intelligence, Wyatt believed that if it knew the true reason for their combat training, it would also diligently follow the martial path like Michael. "Hey, stop! Come over here," Wyatt called to the primordial spirit, which was experimenting with combinations of footwork and abilities.

Hearing Wyatt, the primordial spirit hurried over like any other primordial spirit would, though its excessive pride remained. Since it was bound to Wyatt in eternal servitude like the rest, it approached him swiftly on his first call. Without explanation or any warning, Wyatt forced it to undergo memory emulations from a first-person perspective.

The memories were of Michael's combat training: his enlightenment, the creation of the footwork they were practicing, his diligent exploration of the card grandmaster body's limits, and lastly Wyatt allowing Micheal to chose his name. Simultaneously, Wyatt delved into the proud primordial spirit's memories from first person perspective to understand how it grasped complex concepts so effortlessly. Nothing could be more complex than the enlightenment Michael achieved, which Wyatt had to emulate multiple times to fully digest. To his dismay, the proud primordial spirit comprehended Michael's enlightenment in fewer emulations than

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Wyatt himself. Viewing the memories in first-person, Wyatt was shocked by how easily the spirit perceived the complex Martial Path enlightenment. Its brain solved intricate problems with such ease that Wyatt couldn't help but feel astonished. Despite being impressed by the spirit's understanding, Wyatt was aware of its limitations. It wasn't capable of creating the footwork as Michael had. It had the talent but lacked the creative drive. This made Wyatt wonder if it truly reflected him. Creativity was central to who Wyatt was-his intellect came second.

The person who first invented the wheel didn't possess a profound cosmic understanding. They merely identified a practical problem, gathered the necessary tools, and innovated a solution. Those who followed could grasp its purpose and recreate it, unlike those who viewed it as a miracle or magic.

Michael fell into the first category, the proud primordial spirit into the second. Wyatt, however, dreaded the possibility that there might be a primordial spirit that might fall into the third. The mere thought was too agonizing for him.

It wasn't just Wyatt who understood the disparity between the proud primordial spirit and Michael; even the proud primordial spirit itself was aware. With its intellect, it realized that Wyatt had tried to recreate another Michael but failed miserably. It understood that Wyatt had sought a second Michael, only to end up stuck with it. The proud primordial spirit wondered if Wyatt would continue his experiments on the other primordial spirits in search of another like Michael. At that moment, its developing individuality experienced a frightening revelation. However, to its confusion, Wyatt sincerely apologized to it. "It was wrong of me to experiment on you. I showed you the entire truth so that you could find it in yourself to forgive me." "I understand. You don't have to apologize. You did what you had to. If I were in your position, I would have done the same. We need more primordial spirits like Michael," the proud primordial spirit responded, more understanding and reasonable than Wyatt had anticipated. However, Wyatt didn't dare take its words at face value, knowing it shared his cunning nature. Then, putting aside its pride, it suddenly requested, "If you will allow it, I too would like to choose my name."

Wyatt saw no fault in the request, especially after it having seen another primordial spirit receive a name. Moreover, he felt guilty for experimenting on it and agreed. "Sure, go ahead."

"Lucifer! I would like to be called Lucifer Wyatt, if that's okay with you," the proud primordial spirit announced, seeking Wyatt's confirmation.

Wyatt's eyes widened at the name it chose. Considering the name Michael had chosen for himself, the intent behind these primordial spirits became clear. His lips curled into a sneer as he asked, "Are you openly declaring your rebellion against me to my face? Aren't you the bold one?"

"No, Master. You misunderstood. I chose this name because I believe it fits my circumstances. You wanted another Michael, but instead, you found a Lucifer. Master,

I have no complaints. I am honored to be your second named primordial spirit," the proud primordial spirit explained. Wyatt didn't need to delve into its memories sense its sincerity, though he did so out of caution.

"Master, I hope you will allow me to use this name," the proud primordial spirit requested again. Wyatt shook his head and agreed. "Sure, from today on, you are Lucifer Wyatt. But I will call you second star," He knew that if the proud primordial spirit truly intended to rebel, denying the name wouldn't change anything. And he had the feeling its choice of name had to do more with Micheal than him.

"Second Star? Shouldn't it be Morning Star, or more accurately, the Bright Star? Second Star doesn't even make sense. Do you have to call me that?" Lucifer asked, trying to downplay his annoyance.

"It does now that I know how much you hate it. Let's just say it's our little inside joke. Just think of it being better than being called Second Son," Wyatt laughed aloud. Since

each of his primordial spirits were different, he would treat each of them differently. "Come, Second Star. Let's go meet the others, so I can explain you all why we're training in martial arts together"

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Chapter 2318 Gabriel Wyatt

[1,013 words]

Chapter 2318 Gabriel Wyatt

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Devil Merchant Code, Inter-Realm City, Sector WS9909, Infinity Library, Study Room

Wyatt soon brought Lucifer to Michael's training ground, where both of his primordial spirits were training hard, following the instructions embedded in the Field Marshal's card's intent. Interestingly, the other primordial spirit had no trouble keeping up with the training, despite starting later than Michael.

Wyatt immediately accessed the other primordial spirit's memories to better understand its personality, quirks, and strengths. Through this, Wyatt learned that the spirit greatly admired Michael, often following him and learning by observing his actions. It embodied the qualities of both Michael and Lucifer-diligence and resourcefulness. In terms of talent, it demonstrated an impressive creative drive and intellect. Unlike Michael and Lucifer, who were each extreme in their respective fields of expertise, this spirit exhibited a more balanced approach.

Satisfied, Wyatt continued to explore its memories. As he had anticipated, Michael had not let him down. He had dedicated himself fully to helping the other primordial spirit keep up with the rigorous training sessions. Michael's guidance appeared to be a catalyst for the spirit's growth and individuality.

Moreover, it seemed that during these sessions, Micheal not only did not let it affect his training but he had begun to uncover a way to surpass mortal limits. Its creative drive was being pushed to the brink by the Martial Demigod Lorn's intent.

Upon Wyatt's arrival, the primordial spirits took a brief break. The Card Intent addressed him sharply, "Dear disciple, you are slacking off. Your master would be disappointed in you."

"I'll handle her," Wyatt replied dismissively. "Now, tell me how are things progressing? How many disciples can you train at once?" He was curious, knowing the card's will was shaped by the intent of Martial Demigod Lorn,

The Card Intent responded, "Dear Disciple, your clones are exceptional. They absorb everything I teach. But what intrigues me most is their willpower. How can they possess such boundless determination for improvement despite being clones? What they should have is the will to serve which usually gets exhausted. Even for perfect clones, this defies logic. Although, considering they can undergo enlightenment, I suppose nothing about them should surprise me."

Unable to contain its curiosity any longer, it dropped its instructor's pride and asked directly, "What's the secret behind your clones? They don't behave like clones. They act like individuals with independent wills." Without waiting for an answer, Wyatt

would not give it an answer, it added, "I can train as many disciples as you can send my way. After all, I am the intent of a Martial Demigod

Wyatt smirked, amused by its curiosity. "Be honest-you can't even tell the four of us apart, can you? If not for the attitudes of my clones toward me and the fact that you're equipped in Micheal's grimoire right now, you'd still be guessing which one of us is the real me."

The Card Intent, maintaining its composure, replied, "Dear disciple, as Martial Demigod Lorn's Intent, it would be shameful if I couldn't distinguish my disciple from his clones." It neither confirmed nor denied Wyatt's accusation.

"It seems the Field Marshal designed you for more than just being a training instructor," Wyatt remarked, noting that the Card Intent could think and act beyond the role of a combat instructor.

"Dear disciple, your master designed me to handle any challenge her difficult disciple might throw my way," the Card Intent replied, implying that the Field Marshal did not trust Wyatt to diligently undergo combat training without attempting to cheat. And so far he had proved her right.

"Martial Mad, unequip it before it wastes more of my time," Wyatt ordered Michael. Then, turning to Lucifer, he added, "This is Lucifer. Second Star, meet Michael."

"Dear disciple, no-" the Card Intent protested, but its words fell on unsympathetic ears.

"Lucifer, nice to meet you. You don't have any plans to rebel against our master, do you?" Michael joked, revealing how much his individuality had developed. It seemed mentoring a primordial spirit was also stimulating his own growth.

"No, I don't-because we don't have THE Michael to stop me," Lucifer quipped, igniting a playful rivalry.

"Only time will tell," Michael replied, refusing to be baited into a confrontation. "Ahem," Wyatt interrupted. "Save your competitive spirit for the tasks I assign. And you," he turned to the other primordial spirit, "What do you want to be called?" "I-I want to be called Gabriel," the spirit stammered at first but quickly recovered and announced the name it had chosen. Having learned from Michael that their master would ask them to pick a name, the spirit had already decided: Gabriel Wyatt. "What is it with you guys and old mythology?" Wyatt sighed. "Michael, it seems you've started something troublesome. So, I'm leaving it up to you to handle before this mess reaches me." Then, without waiting for Micheal's reply, addressing Gabriel, he said, "Alright, from today onwards, you are Gabriel Wyatt. I'm counting on you to make sure these two don't waste time-fighting and focus on training. Don't be biased toward Michael and isolate Lucifer. He's a loner as it is. Got it?"

"Yes, Master. Leave it to me. I'll ensure there is harmony among us, and we'll make constant progress in training," Gabriel responded earnestly. He showed no doubt, firmly believing his master would not assign him a task he couldn't handle.

"Excellent. I knew I could trust you, Gab," Wyatt nodded, satisfied with Gabriel's confidence. However, he wondered if Gabriel could truly manage the task, given how distinct and strong-willed Michael and Lucifer were. He then turned to Lucifer, who appeared ready to speak, but Wyatt cut him off with a warning. "Lucy, behave. We are all one and the same here."

"Master, I will. But I was hoping you'd allow me to mentor a primordial spirit as well," Lucifer requested, his voice filled with subtle arrogance, Wyatt frowned, his expression stern as he replied firmly, "No, I don't dare to do that..."

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Chapter 2319 Plan Parenthood

[1,062 words]

Chapter 2319 Plan Parenthood

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Devil Merchant Code, Inter-Realm City, Sector WS9909, Infinity Library, Study Room

Wyatt believed that Lucifer resembled his own darker side. He feared that Lucifer might not hesitate to experiment on a fellow primordial spirit, just as he had done with him. He knew that honesty was the best approach when dealing with Lucifer and spoke the truth to him no matter how harsh, "I'm afraid you'll end up making the same mistake I made with you. Fortunately, you're smart, and you turned out okay—though a little quirky."

Hearing Wyatt's reason to deny his request, Lucifer fell silent. After some thought, he realized his master's point made sense. The only reason he had been asked to mentor a primordial spirit was to test whether he could do a better job than Michael had done with Gabriel. The moment this realization crossed his mind, he knew he had already failed. He understood that he could not mentor as well as Michael with such a mindset.

Seeing that Lucifer had grasped his intent, Wyatt sighed, knowing the road ahead would be hectic. He would have to repeat this process hundreds of thousands of times with the other primordial spirit and those yet to be created. His only comfort was that the soul division power system he created ensured that daughter souls could not exist without the parent soul, let alone harbor thoughts of rebellion. Thus, he could focus on learning from his mistakes and doing his best. After all, nobody is born a father—you just have to rise to the occasion.

Noticing Lucifer lost in contemplation, Wyatt tried to cheer him up. "Second Star, if you prove to me that you're capable of taking on such a task, I'll let you train the other thousand primordial spirits alongside Gabriel and Michael."

"Wait, what? We have to train the other primordial spirits?" Michael protested. "Now you're asking us to do your job, Master!" He felt that if he were stuck training another thousand primordial spirits, he wouldn't be able to make any progress on his Martial Path.

"Hey, you don't get to complain," Wyatt replied. "That's the responsibility that comes with being the first. I designed it this way: I train the three of you, you train the thousand, and they'll train the next to come. That's how it should be. Or do you expect me to personally train each and every one of you? Remember, I created you to make my life easier. If you're going to complicate it, you should be smart enough to realize where you stand." Wyatt's brutally honest words gave Michael, Lucifer, and Gabriel something to think about.

"Master, don't worry. We can do it," Gabriel said confidently, his faith and trust in Wyatt evident.

"I guess we have no choice," Michael grumbled. His focus was on the Martial Path, but since he was bound to serve Wyatt without question, he could only obey. Complaining, however, was still allowed, as Wyatt never prohibited it.

"Master, how do I prove myself?" Lucifer asked, knowing that, unlike Gabriel and Michael, he needed to demonstrate his worth to take on the task.

"That's for you to decide," Wyatt replied. "But remember, how you choose to prove yourself will also be part of your evaluation. Good luck, Lucy." With that, Wyatt left after reminding them of the importance of martial arts and their joint task. Leaving them to continue their combat training, Wyatt headed toward the thousand clones who were studying on his behalf.

"Lucifer, how far has your training progressed?" Gabriel asked, noticing that neither Michael nor Lucifer showed any initiative to take the lead.

"I've mastered the footwork Michael created," Lucifer replied.

"Then you're not far behind me," Gabriel noted. Unable to contain his curiosity any longer, he added, "Is Second Star the nickname Master gave you? Like how he gave Martial Mad to Michael? What does it mean?"

Michael perked up, intrigued by Gabriel's question.

"Second Star means Second Son," Lucifer said, generously twisting Wyatt's words, referring to when Wyatt had told him, 'Just think of it as better than being called Second Son.'

"You're close enough with Master for him to call you his son?" Gabriel asked, shocked, only to see Lucifer neither confirm nor deny it.

"No way. Why wouldn't he just call you Second Son then?" Michael asked skeptically.

"Because he said being called Second Star is better than being called Second Son," Lucifer explained again, generously interpreting Wyatt's words to fit his narrative.

"Whoa," Gabriel gasped, astonished. A thought struck him, and he asked, "Then, who's the first son? Is it Michael? Does that make me the third son?"

Michael, who had been about to argue with Lucifer, paused. He liked the idea of being Master's first son and asked, "Is that it?"

"No, I don't think Master meant it that way," Lucifer admitted, clearly uninterested in Gabriel's theory of Michael being the first son. "After all, he keeps saying we're all one and the same. I think it's just a nickname he found amusing for me."

"Yeah, that sounds more like our Master. He wouldn't differentiate between us. After all, we're just extensions of his will," Gabriel agreed. Michael nodded, finding Gabriel's explanation reasonable.

"But enough of this," Michael announced. "Let's get back to training. We'll start together with Lucifer so he can catch up, and we'll get a good warm-up and revision too."

"Great," Gabriel exclaimed. Then, turning to Lucifer, he asked, "What do you think?"

"Okay, let's get started," Lucifer agreed, showing no objection. He was grateful that Gabriel and Michael were being so accommodating.

Michael quickly equipped the training card and summoned the intent of Martial Demigod Lorn to begin the second phase of their training. However, the Card Intent looked at the other two clones in doubt. As what Wyatt had said was true, without monitoring the reactions of the clones it wasn't able to tell Wyatt apart from his clones. "Relax, instructor, our master has left to handle other business. We are all his clones," Lucifer clarified immediately deducing the reason chatty card intent was quiet for so long. "I knew that, I was just reorganizing my training regime since another one of you joined us." ...

AN: Please check out my other work 'The Strongest Cursed Master.'

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Chapter 2320 Demon Clam: Clampedo

[1,020 words]

Chapter 2320 Demon Clam: Clampedo

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Devil Merchant Code, Inter-Realm City, Sector WS9909, Infinity Library, Study Room

Leaving the biblical trio to complete the Field Marshal's training in his stead, Wyatt made his way to his thousand other primordial spirits, who were helping the Hive Spirit compile all available information on the demon clam Clampedo and all mental-type acquirable physiques and traits. They had been working on it for three days, yet they were nowhere near finishing.

However, they did prioritize and successfully compile all the information available on the demon clam Clampedo. Since it comprised only 0.5% of the total data they had to process, most of it was already in the Dark Language they knew. Wyatt needed this information to help Corey acquire any mental-type physique or traits, especially since Corey's demon core originated from Clampedo.

The demon core that Belphegor gave Corey Park the day he recruited her and brought her to the Dark Realm was actually one of the many demonic pearl bombs created by the demon clam Clampedo. More accurately, the demon core had been artificially created by refining a Clampedo's demonic pearl bomb.

These demonic pearl bombs were remarkably similar to the demon cores that dark races are either born with or develop from infancy to adulthood. Some unnamed ancient devil discovered that these pearl bombs could be refined into artificial demon cores, which could then be bestowed on dark races who lacked one which was rare and when someone like that were to be born in any dark race they would most likely be mercy killed in the womb as part of natural selection. Later, a capitalist devil discovered that these artificial demon cores could essentially transform any being in the myriad realms into one of the dark races, allowing them to practice the dark power system seamlessly. This discovery fueled the dark races' craze for inter-realm invasions for numerous reasons.

The artificial demon cores refined from the demonic pearl bombs became a powerful tool for the Dark Races in their inter realm invasion. They helped divide the native forces of invaded realms, turning them against each other in civil wars while simultaneously defending against the invading dark races. This dual conflict ensured that the natives would lose both their realm and their freedom with the war.

What made these artificial demon cores refined from Clampedo's demonic pearl bombs even more prominent and highly sought after in the Dark Realm was their role in the slave trade. These cores were cheap, and bestowing them upon enslaved natives from captured realms significantly increased the slaves' value. Occasionally, some enslaved natives exhibited exceptional talent, driving their prices even higher and causing the slave trade to flourish.

As a result, demon clam Clampedo was domesticated and raised as a common pet in the Dark Realm, akin to how chickens and pigs were raised on Earth. Apart from using their demonic pearl bombs to create artificial demon cores, there were two additional reasons for their domestication: their valuable shells and their ability to survive in any environment with sufficient soul energy, which they used to produce their demonic pearl bombs.

These demonic pearl bombs served as both sustenance and a means of defense for the Demon Clam against its natural predators. The Clampedo was an intriguing creature. It resembled an ordinary clam, but its habitat was not limited to water—it could inhabit any element. Its shell allowed it to merge with their surroundings and swim through them.

This not only provided camouflage but also enabled the Clampedo to plant its demonic pearl bombs on surfaces, thereby evading predators tracking or chasing it.

Tragically, despite the pearls' ability to be refined into artificial demon cores that helped others ascend to higher realms, the Clampedos themselves were shackled to the Demon Master Realm due to their low-grade demonic beast bloodline. They were unable to break through to the Demon Grandmaster Realm. Numerous sages from various dark races had attempted to solve this problem but failed horribly.

Thus, four tiers of artificial demon cores were available in the Dark Realm market:

i) Low-tier Artificial Demon Core: Created using the demonic pearl bomb of a Demon Student Realm Clampedo.

ii) Mid-tier Artificial Demon Core: Created using the demonic pearl bomb of a Demon Soldier Realm Clampedo.

iii) High-tier Artificial Demon Core: Created using the demonic pearl bomb of a Demon Scholar Realm Clampedo.

iv) Top-tier Artificial Demon Core: Created using the demonic pearl bomb of a Demon Master Realm Clampedo.

Any being who used one of these artificial demon cores would only reach the Demon Student Realm initially and would have to cultivate diligently to advance further. The advantage of purchasing the highest-tier artificial demon core was the ability to ascend to the Demon Master Realm faster than those who used lower-tier cores. Beyond this, there were no additional benefits.

However, this fact alone was enough to breed greed in the hearts of many ruling-class factions, families, clans, guilds, etc who were eager to expand their armies and influence across the myriad realms. The source of this greed was the theory that a demonic pearl bomb from a Devil Realm Clampedo could be refined into an artificial titled demon core that would allow any slave to become a devil faster, enabling its owner to mass-produce an slave army of devils.

That said, Belphegor wasn't generous enough to give Corey Park an average artificial demon core let alone the top-tier one. The one he gave her was of the lowest tier. Yet, Corey Park's achievements demonstrated that regardless of the tier of the artificial demon core created using the demonic pearl bomb of a demon clam Clampedo, it was possible to become a devil and advance even further. There were many examples of this in the Dark Realm. After all, many talented enslaved beings from the myriad realms had managed to rise to ruler-class status in the Devil Realm. Some even attempted to avenge their destroyed realms but failed miserably as the waters of slave trade in the Dark realm was too deep.

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Chapter 2321 Artificial Demon Core

[1,042 words]

Chapter 2321 Artificial Demon Core

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Devil Merchant Code, Inter-Realm City, Sector WS9909, Infinity Library, Study Room

Wyatt, who possessed the Primordial Calamity Daughter Gems, also could not help but lust for a Devil-rank Demon Clam Clampedo. The reason was simple: the Daughter Gems came with an ultimate restriction-those who used them would be bound to serve Wyatt eternally. He had no choice in the matter and couldn't share them with his loved ones, such as Susan or Anna.

More importantly, the more he read about the Clampedo, the more it reminded him of the blue stone Jaya used to awaken her Viltronian bloodline. The artificial demon core and Jaya's Viltronian core shared many similarities. He had always wondered if Jaya's parents had separated her Viltronian core in infancy to protect her from whatever had killed them. Assuming she was the only Viltronian alive in the Card Realm, it seemed their plan had worked.

Be that as it may, Wyatt eagerly studied the information on refining Clampedo's demonic pearl bombs into artificial demon cores. After all, the Viltronian cores he had been creating were also a type of demon core. He sensed a incredible fortune waiting to be made here.

Since the unnamed ancient devil first developed the initial artificial demon core refining technique, there had been significant advancements in the field. It was a lucrative business, and the Dark Races had made it so that anyone could domesticate a Clampedo to harvest its demonic pearl bombs. Further more they had simplified the refining technique to the point where even those with basic refining knowledge could refine artificial demon cores using these demonic pearl bombs.

As such, even a common housewife in the Dark Realm could raise one or two Clampedos at home and refine enough artificial demon cores to earn a decent living. Despite the Dark Races' notorious reputation in the myriad realms, they too were a civilization, facing the same struggles with poverty that all civilizations encounter. Especially, since they followed the law of capitalist jungle. If you one were weak they were lucky to freely breath the same air as the rest and not be some else's possession let alone dream about having possessions.

Many within the Dark Races believed that the development of artificial demon cores had reached its peak. However, Wyatt knew better. The artificial Viltronian cores he created used the soul pathways of a Card Apprentice, making them that Card

apprentice's fated ingredient. He wondered if the same could be true for the artificial demon cores.

Wyatt meticulously examined all the available information on artificial demon cores but found no evidence of artificial demon cores being specifically tailored for individuals. The Dark races did not do any research in that direction because did not feel the need as these artificial demonic cores were being developed for slaves so they went with cheap solution and stuck with for several milleniums.

He now had an understanding why the artificial demon cores could never become a Card Apprentice's fated ingredient unlike his artificial viltronian core-except in rare, coincidental cases where the core happened to align with the apprentice's fate. The Dark race's have shared their artificial demon cores with their demon worshipers in the card world but none of them become their origin card, like Jaya's viltronian core and his artificially created viltronian cores did. Wyatt always wondered why but this mystery had been finally solved.

Wyatt saw immense potential in creating artificial demon cores tailored to an individual's soul pathways. He believed this would not only improve the compatibility between the core and the individual but could also unlock other advantages that he would only discover through experimentation.

In his efforts to help Corey, Wyatt unknowingly stumbled upon a diamond mine. However, he saved digging into it for later, refusing to let it distract him from his primary goal: understanding Corey Park's artificial demon core, which she had diligently nurtured into a titled demon core. This was crucial to increasing the success rate of bestowing the mental-type physique or trait he wanted to give her. Wyatt had multiple reasons for putting in so much effort to help Corey, but the most important one was simple-he enjoyed having her around. He didn't know why, but it was what it was. Secondly, he saw her as an investment. Corey still had at least five past lives to explore with each breakthrough. Even if four of them turned out to be duds and only one led her to become a ruler-class existence, Wyatt would still earn a thousandfold return on his investment.

He also hadn't forgotten how Lil Beam had helped him gain an advantage against Belphegor's Worldhog incarnation by assisting him in dealing with the Undead Devil Agony and his true relics-the hourglass relic and the chain binding it to his back. Without Lil Beam's help, Wyatt would have had to fake his death to escape like always and would never have obtained the plague egg that Belphegor had cultivated using a fragment of a realm's will.

The only reason Lil Beam had helped him was because it recognized Corey's scent on him and because Corey often talked to it about Wyatt, venting her frustrations. Unknowingly, Corey had helped him a great deal and would likely continue to do so- so long as it didn't involve Susan. Though Wyatt had tricked her into promising to help him date Susan in exchange for the hourglass relic, he knew she would eventually regret it, allowing him to hold it over her head until she had something worth making him decide to cash in.

As Wyatt finished processing all the information on the Clampedo and the artificial demon cores created from their demonic pearl bombs, he gained a deeper understanding of the darkness troubling Corey's titled demon core. He realized this darkness was primarily responsible for the demonic form Corey had used against him during the Sky Blossom City high school tournament. Now, Corey dared not use that form, fearing it would strengthen the darkness's hold over her core.

Where Park and Corey saw a problem, Wyatt saw a solution-an opportunity to not only help her overcome her fears but also make her stronger.

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Chapter 2322 Cruel Pride

[1,060 words]

Chapter 2322 Cruel Pride

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Devil Merchant Code, Inter-Realm City, Sector WS9909, Infinity Library, Study Room

Park's plan was to obtain a physique, trait, or card for Corey that would make her resistant to the darkness brewing within her title demon core—a darkness that grew stronger with each of her breakthroughs. However, what Park failed to understand was that making Corey resistant to the darkness was the same as making her resistant to the title demon core itself. Her body would begin to reject the title demon core because the darkness was the title demon core. Rejecting the darkness meant rejecting the very essence of her title demon core.

In essence, any physique or trait designed to resist or erase the darkness would act like poison. In her attempt to help Corey manage the darkness better, Park had inadvertently prescribed a cure that would have been lethal. Had Wyatt not thoroughly done his job and instead lazily followed Park's research, he would have killed Corey rather than helping her. This was precisely why Wyatt gave one hundred percent effort to every task he undertook, whether by choice or assignment. A single lapse could be life-threatening to his clients. He would either give it his all—or not do it at all.

What Corey truly needed was to embrace the darkness to fully merge with her title demon core. However, embracing the darkness came with a heavy cost: it made her lose her sanity. Instead of remaining the level-headed Corey who sought to surpass her past selves, she would spiral into madness, driven by her fears and insecurities. While accepting the darkness would make Corey stronger, it would also turn her into the very definition of a demon.

Corey's struggle with the darkness in her title demon core mirrored why Wyatt had turned to martial arts. She, too, had to confront a darkness beyond her understanding. Unlike Wyatt, however, martial arts was not the answer for Corey. Her problem wasn't hers alone—it was a common issue among all those who used artificial demon cores. Park had faced this problem herself. But unlike Corey, Park had started with a low-tier artificial demon core, while Corey began with a title demon core from the outset. Moreover, with each breakthrough Corey made, her title demon core underwent a baptism as part of her origin card, growing stronger and causing the darkness to expand at an accelerated rate. Corey never stood a chance against it.

In Park's case, as she cultivated her low-tier artificial demon core, she gradually grew accustomed to its darkness. She didn't just adapt to it—she made it a part of herself. Eventually, her body fully accepted the artificial demon core, allowing her to evolve it into a title demon core and ascend to the rank of demon emperor.

19:44

Asking a Card Master realm Corey to get accustomed to a Demon Emperor's title demon core was like asking her to achieve the impossible. It was already a miracle that Corey hadn't succumbed to the title demon core's darkness.

The more Wyatt learned about the struggles slaves faced—trying to adapt physically to the artificial demon cores fused with them and mentally to the darkness these artificial

demon cores introduced into their mind and soul-the more he couldn't help but feel sympathy for Corey, whose battle was a hundred times worse than those slaves, Wyatt, who had once thought of Corey as an identity loon, now couldn't help but be impressed by her mental fortitude.

As he pondered this, Wyatt began to wonder: where did this darkness come from? Yes, it was part of artificial demon cores, but his artificial Viltronian cores were also a type of artificial demon core, and they didn't have any darkness threatening to consume the user's mind and soul. Jaya's Viltronian core, along with every artificial Viltronian core Wyatt had created, showed no trace of such darkness. None of the people Wyatt had bestowed Viltronian cores upon displayed any signs of being corrupted by darkness.

In Jaya's case, her Viltronian core was innate, so it wasn't surprising that she showed no signs of being tainted by darkness. But this wasn't the case for Wyatt himself or his other clients. According to the Dark Races' research on the darkness affecting those with artificial demon cores, it was claimed that the darkness was an inherent part of these cores. Wyatt had initially agreed with this conclusion. The research also stated that the darkness served as a test of worthiness for those seeking to wield artificial demon cores, a notion Wyatt found absurd and dismissed.

Wyatt disregarded such nonsensical theories and searched for more substantial explanations. Eventually, he stumbled upon something worth considering: a study suggested that the darkness was stronger in artificial demon cores because the demonic pearl bombs used to refine them were more similar to the demon cores of demonic beasts than to the demon cores developed by the Dark Races from infancy.

While the demon cores of demonic beasts and the Dark Races shared similarities, they were fundamentally different. It had long been discovered that the darkness in demonic beasts' cores was far stronger, which explained why these creatures were aggressive, primal, and lacked the high intelligence that set the Dark Races apart from them and even capable of becoming one of the dominant force in the Myriad realms. With this understanding, Wyatt realized the truth: the Dark Races never intended to cure the darkness in artificial demon cores. Instead, they accepted it as an intrinsic part of these artificial demon cores and refused to label it a side effect that needed a solution instead called it a test that slaves need to go through to show their worthiness because they never wanted slaves to stand as their equals. Their pride was evident in their brutal practice of killing any of their infant incapable of developing a natural demon core rather than granting it an artificial demon core.

The deeper Wyatt's understanding of the Dark races developed, the more Park's achievement in the Dark realm began to resemble a fairy tale. From being a lone slave of Belphegor, she had risen against him, amassing strength and a formidable force capable of threatening his very existence. Even though she failed, it was still an incredible feat. Nobody can deny it.

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Chapter 2323 Corey's Cure

[1,078 words]

Chapter 2323 Corey's Cure

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Devil Merchant Code, Inter-Realm City, Sector WS9909, Infinity Library, Study Room

Realizing that the origin of the darkness in Corey's title demon core was the demonic pearl bomb used in its creation, Wyatt discovered that she might not need to rely on him to acquire a mental-type physique, trait, or card to help her embrace the darkness of her title demon core. The Dark Races had already researched, discovered, and created exactly what she needed to solve her dilemma.

Wyatt wasn't sure if the Dark Races were aware they had developed a solution for the darkness side effect of the artificial demon cores, but they had indeed done so. What's more, it was publicly available in both the Dark Realm market and the inter-realm market, even accessible to slaves. However, it was advertised as a medicine designed to enhance the intelligence of demonic pets or mounts. The various pills the Dark Races had developed to tame demonic beasts and boost their intelligence were precisely what slaves like Park, who used artificial demon cores, needed to overcome the darkness plaguing them.

Even more surprising, slaves with low-tier demon cores only needed the lowest-tier demonic pills to help them. These pills were not only cheap and affordable but also abundantly available. Interestingly, the Dark Races used these pills to domesticate the demon clam, Clampedo.

Demonic beasts were known for being aggressive, wild, and lacking intelligence due to the overwhelming darkness in their demon cores. To calm them, make them submissive, and enhance their intelligence, the Dark Races had long since developed demonic pills that helped these beasts adapt to their demonic core's darkness. This made them less aggressive and develop higher intelligence allowing them to perfectly serve their duties as demonic pets and mounts.

Slaves who used artificial demon cores faced the same problem as these demonic beasts, and the demonic pills created to tame these demonic beasts into demonic pet or mount were more than sufficient to help these slaves manage the side effects of their artificial demon cores once and for all.

The solution to the artificial demon core's side effects had always been there, but no one had connected the dots for some reason. Wyatt wasn't arrogant enough to believe he was the first to make this discovery. He was certain that the demon researchers who uncovered the true origin of the darkness in artificial demon cores must have figured it out too.

Over the course of millennia, someone must have stumbled upon this by accident or coincidence. Yet, since this information wasn't widespread in the Dark Realm, it was clear that any rumors had been suppressed before they could spread. As for who was responsible and why they would do such a thing-there were countless possible reasons, and any number of individuals or factions could be behind it.

Wyatt couldn't help but imagine the shock on Park and Corey's faces when he revealed his discovery to them. Thinking of that, he glanced at his thousands of primordial spirits, all tirelessly working to learn various languages in order to decipher the original texts on methods to acquire mental-type physiques and traits. Considering he had found a simpler and permanent solution for Corey's problem all their effort felt pointless.

However, Wyatt didn't stop them. He reasoned that this knowledge might still prove useful, especially in mental-type skill card creation-particularly for origin cards. Since he was already there and his primordial spirit were immersed in the process, Wyatt didn't want to miss the chance to gather such valuable information. Even if it wasn't immediately useful, it could come in handy in the future.

With this, Wyatt's primary goal for coming here was accomplished. Yet, he didn't feel ready to return to the Seed World and report to Corey and Park. Corey was expecting him to help her acquire a physique or trait to not only help her manage the darkness of her title demon core but also enhance her overall strength. Imagining the devastated look on Corey's face when he delivered her the bad news alongside the good made Wyatt feel an unexpected pang of guilt as he knew how much Corey was looking forward to increasing her strength even if it was just by a little bit.

'It seems I really do think of little hell raiser as a friend, Wyatt sighed, coming to this realization. He couldn't understand how or when he had started seeing her that way, especially considering she had been nothing but a pain. She had openly opposed his relationship with Susan and even badmouthed him to Susan in his presence. Remembering that, the small bit of guilt he felt quickly dissipated. Yet, he thought carefully and decided, 'I should find her a mental-type physique or trait that will help her manage her origin card's ability, so she doesn't become a completely different person every time she goes through baptism!

Wyatt, who had originally come here to find a solution for the darkness in Corey's title demon core, now decided to seek a fix for Corey's origin card as well-an origin card that made her a tragic reincarnator. He concluded that a physique or trait to help her manage her memories would be the best solution.

He summoned the list of books on acquirable mental-type physiques and traits that Maymay had brought him and began reviewing them. To his surprise, there were a ton of options that met his requirements. Wyatt highlighted those selections and instructed his Hive Mind to prioritize them over the others.

After assigning tasks to his primordial spirits, Wyatt didn't relax. Instead, he decided to emulate the combat training memories of the biblical trio in a first-person perspective, aiming to grasp and replicate the progress they had made. He planned to continue this until his primordial spirits finished compiling information on the prioritized acquirable mental-type physiques and traits. Only then would he deliver the good news to Corey.

Wyatt was eager to help Corey because she needed to grow stronger if she were to become a key figure in his efforts to expand and develop in the Dark Realm. Knowing how cruel and competitive the Dark Realm market was, Wyatt understood that, among his people, only Park had the skills necessary to help him succeed there-and Park's strength depended on Corey's strength. Therefore, by helping Corey, Wyatt was ultimately helping Park, and in turn, helping himself.

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Chapter 2324 A Year And A Half

[1,009 words]

Chapter 2324 A Year And A Half

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Devil Merchant Code, Inter-Realm City, Sector WS9909, Infinity Library, Study Room

Time passed, and Wyatt spent a year and a half in sector WS9909 searching for the ideal physique or trait to compensate for the shortcomings of Corey's origin card. His efforts were not in vain, as he finally discovered a perfect trait that, when developed properly, would not only address those shortcomings but also enhance her origin card's potential.

Beyond that, the past year and a half proved incredibly rewarding, especially in terms of combat training. The biblical trio of his primordial spirits not only completed the rigorous combat regimen designed by the Field Marshal to prepare Wyatt for intensive martial arts training within six months, but they also repeated the training three more times over the next four months. In the final eight months, they took on the role of instructors for the other primordial spirits-Michael and Gabriel led the training, while Lucifer assisted the Field Marshal's intent.

Over the past eighteen months, Lucy struggled to reassure Wyatt that he would not experiment on the other primordial spirits, especially those still in the early stages of developing individuality. Therefore, Wyatt allowed Lucifer to participate as long as he served as an assistant to the combat training card's intent.

It took ten months for the thousand primordial spirits and the hive spirit to complete their reading marathon before they joined the biblical trio in combat training. Had Wyatt not insisted on studying all the methods and techniques in their original language-ensuring they absorbed the creators' intended wisdom-it would have taken far less time.

In the remaining eight months, Wyatt meticulously reviewed the compiled data on acquirable mental-type physiques and traits to find the perfect trait to strengthen Corey's origin card. However, he did not spend all eight months on this task alone. He took significant breaks to repeatedly emulate the combat training memories of his thousand plus primordial spirits from a first-person perspective. This allowed him not only to absorb their understanding of the martial path but also to ensure the biblical trio were fulfilling their roles effectively.

The trio excelled, stimulating the individuality development of all the primordial spirits and accelerating their progress. Thanks to his unique advantage, even though Wyatt did not complete the combat training himself, he ultimately benefited the most. He offered the biblical trio the opportunity to use his cheat to further consolidate their understanding, but they declined. They preferred to remain true to the martial

path until they felt they could no longer advance without it. Wyatt felt both proud and ashamed faced with their unwavering conviction and diligence on the martial path.

By the end of the intense year-and-a-half of isolation training, Wyatt's knowledge of mental-type physiques, traits, and how to acquire them, along with his combat training and progress on the martial path, surpassed not only his expectations but also those of Martial Demigod Lorn's Intent. Wyatt realized that he should engage in more of this kind of isolation training.

Why not? It had been an incredibly productive use of his time. Though he spent a year and a half in the study room, only a little over eighteen hours had passed in his native time zone. In less than a day, he had achieved what would have taken over a millennium of study and training (1,024 primordial spirits x 1.5 years). Wyatt couldn't have been more satisfied.

As he prepared to leave, Wyatt decided it was time to bring closure to his friendship with Maymay and mark the beginning of a new relationship. Throughout the past year and a half, he often felt a gaze on him. Thanks to his skill, 'If You See Me, I See You,' he immediately knew it was Maymay. Over time, her gaze softened from stern to curious, letting him know that his tactic of making her wait had worked perfectly.

"Maymay!"

"Maymay!"

"Maymay!"

Wyatt called out her name three times, summoning the elder pixie. True to her word, she appeared before him in less than a second. She looked exactly as she had the last time he saw her-a plump figure dressed in violet-but something had changed. She no longer seemed desperate to prove her friendship or earn his trust.

It seems she had time to think things over. That was the side effect of the "making her wait" trick, and Wyatt had already come to terms with it. As long as she remained curious about the various meanings of a kiss-beyond the one she knew-he felt his gamble was worth it. Pixies were nurturers and caretakers, while elder pixies also served as leaders and protectors. Both were impossible to corruption but Elder Pixies were adventurous and liked to explore new things. Plus, Wyatt, as a primordial World Calamity Tree, represented the strongest version of their natural predator.

"You called for me, Wyatt." Maymay said, her voice emotionless, trying to mask her true feelings. She had figured out her emotions but hadn't fully come to terms with them. She accepted Wyatt as her friend, but after reading everything she could about kissing in the Infinity Library, she grasped Wyatt wanted to be more than just friends. Demon and Devil merchants hitting on her or trying to eat her or a part of her was not new to Maymay, it was part of the job but it never bothered or disturbed her like Wyatt did. For someone of her status and age, every demon and devil merchant appeared like a mere ignorant child. Hence, her tolerance and patients towards them.

However, in Wyatt's case it was different Maymay saw him as equal for some reason which was what made her actively seek his friendship in the first place but now that she knew that sough more than just friendship she was troubled. These feelings were all new to her and she felt too embarrassed to seek advice from her tribal elders or friends on the matter.

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Chapter 2325 Maymay's Emotional Adventure

[1,024 words]

Chapter 2325 Maymay's Emotional Adventure

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Devil Merchant Code, Inter-Realm City, Sector WS9909, Infinity Library, Study Room

"Yes, I did. I wanted to say goodbye and thank you before I leave," Wyatt said with a gentle smile to Maymay, who actively avoided eye contact with him.

"You're leaving?" Maymay asked in surprise, breaking her indifferent mask. She quickly composed herself, silently scolding herself for being unable to control her emotions. For some unknown reason, whenever it came to Wyatt, her usually sublime mind grew muddled, making her clumsy. Even after a year and a half since their previous meeting, she still couldn't fully grasp control over herself in his presence.

"Yes, I've accomplished all my goals for entering isolation training, thanks to your pills. They were incredibly helpful-thank you. Without you, I wouldn't have been able to afford the study room, let alone all the medicines you provided for me and my clones. I'm truly grateful. But now, it's time for me to return," Wyatt said, repeatedly thanking Maymay, subtly extending their inevitable goodbye to give her time to act on her feelings.

"Don't mention it. I only did a little to help my friend, and most of it was part of your compensation," Maymay replied, though her voice and eyes betrayed a sense of loss, knowing Wyatt would soon vanish from her life.

The past year and a half had been emotionally turbulent yet fulfilling for Maymay. Every day, she watched Wyatt from afar, seeing him study so seriously, then pondering on what he meant by asking her to try every type of kiss in the myriad realms on him. The emotional turmoil she experienced was unlike anything she had felt in her long life.

It was addictive. She never grew tired of monitoring Wyatt or replaying their first meeting in her mind. These moments with him were the most emotionally charged of her entire life. Though they barely made up a fraction of one percent of her memories, she wanted to cherish and protect them for millennia to come.

Making saying goodbye to him just as emotionally challenging for her. She wanted to ask him to stay but couldn't, as she still hadn't come to terms with her feelings. She thought of him as a friend, but it was clear he wanted more. Though she didn't feel the same, she grew curious about the possibility of such a relationship after reading all the books on kissing in the Infinity Library. Those books described using kisses to express various forms of love. While she understood familial and friendly love, passionate love was foreign to her, as the mating of pixies differed greatly from that of

other races in the myriad realms.

Biologically, it should have been impossible for her to even consider such love. Yet, when it came to Wyatt, she couldn't help but entertain the thought. She had never felt this way toward anyone before. As an elder pixie, such notions shouldn't have crossed her mind, which was why she felt too embarrassed to seek advice from her tribal elders or friends.

However, embarrassment alone wasn't enough to make these thoughts and emotions go away. Part of Maymay wanted to suppress and forget them, but another part was curious, wanting to explore what Wyatt had suggested. She wanted to try all the types of kissing she had recently learned about and explore the various forms of love to see if they were just as satisfying and fulfilling as the ones she already knew. Yet, she couldn't bring herself to move forward.

Maymay knew what she wanted, but for obvious reasons, she couldn't come to terms with it..

Seeing that Maymay wasn't taking the opportunity he offered, Wyatt decided to push further. "Speaking of compensation, I'm leaving, so this is your last chance to redeem my compensation to you. If you don't know how, just say the word, and I'll take the lead," Wyatt said provocatively, hoping to stir her pride.

"I know how," Maymay retorted, her voice firm. "I read all the books in the Infinity Library on the different ways of kissing in the myriad realms, just like I said I would."

She had replayed their last conversation in her mind enough times to know exactly what Wyatt was doing-he was trying to provoke her. But she didn't care. There was something about him that made her forget her sublime and immortal status as an elder pixie. In his presence, she felt like-what was the word from the book?-a prey, meant to satisfy his desires.

Maymay couldn't understand how she could feel this way toward a male from a race so obscure that many in the myriad realms didn't even know it existed. But that was precisely the point. She had never felt emotions like these before. No one in the entire myriad realms had ever made her feel this way. Yet somehow, in Wyatt's presence, she felt as vulnerable and mortal as any other being.

Instead of wondering why, instead of questioning how this mortal demon merchant could evoke such emotions in her, why him of all the powerful beings in the universe, she thought: 'If it's him, it should be possible! He could help her explore all the forms of love mentioned in the books. With him, she could understand the emotions and expressions that had always eluded her.

Even this craving-this deep desire to understand love more fully-was something she could savor because of him. Without him, she would have remained ignorantly content with the limited forms of love she knew. Despite her immortal status, she would have missed out on the rich experiences mortals cherished in their brief lives.

"So," Wyatt said, breaking her reverie, "do you want to claim your compensation-or should I head back?"

"Huh?" Maymay had a lot to say but didn't know what to say. She wanted to scream, 'Why is this so hard to decide!' But just then, Wyatt's manly hand wrapped around her waist and pulled her into his embrace. Before she could react or protest, his alluring lips locked with hers...

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Chapter 2326 Taming MayMay

[1,058 words]

Chapter 2326 Taming MayMay

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Devil Merchant Code, Inter-Realm City, Sector WS9909, Infinity Library, Study Room

MayMay had put off making a decision until it was made for her. Yet she was taken aback by Wyatt's sudden move. Instinctively, she wanted to push him away, but she was suddenly petrified, feeling his lips on hers. It wasn't because she had suddenly developed some kind of uncontrollable sexual desire for Wyatt-her body wasn't capable of such feelings. Pixies, especially Elder Pixies, weren't wired that way. The reason MayMay was paralyzed in the embrace of an unknown demon grandmaster, despite being a ruler-class being, was due to an instinctive fear ingrained in her soul's very pathways-her natural defense against their race's only predator. Though Wyatt's camouflage fooled her mind, her body knew. It recognized the predator up close. But since MayMay's mind didn't, the communication between her body and mind broke down, leaving her frozen in his embrace as he pressed his lips against hers.

When her mind finally caught up, the ignorant MayMay, fooled by her predator's disguise, misinterpreted her body's instinctive fear and the gratifying relief it felt for very second it wasn't being unharmed and alive. She mistook it as a new, unfamiliar emotion. The blend of primal fear and the overwhelming relief of still being alive gave birth to a rush and pleasure unlike any she had ever known.

As an Elder Pixie, incapable of experiencing the passion shared by two consensual partners but craving to understand it, MayMay misunderstood the pleasure and rush that arose from her body's instinctive fear of her predator and appreciation for every other second she got to live in embrace. She believed it to be the same passionate pleasure she had read about in the books. Each second she spent in Wyatt's arms, unscathed, only caused her misconception to spread to body too. But impossible for a few seconds of pleasure and rush to erase its inherent fear.

'Is this it?' she wondered. 'It doesn't feel like it was described in the books. Is it because I'm too passive?' Determined, MayMay actively began applying all the knowledge of kissing she had studied over the past year and a half.

Wyatt, careful not to come on too strong and risk spooking her, was startled when MayMay's tongue parted his lips and forced its way into his mouth. Her lips locked perfectly with his, creating an airtight seal through which their saliva mingled. Her sudden and aggressive participation caught Wyatt off guard, but he quickly refocused on the prize.

MayMay diligently followed every instruction from her books, yet the passionate rush she sought still eluded her. She felt a strange pleasure from her body, but it wasn't what she expected after reading the books. Just as she began to doubt the books' descriptions as exaggeration, she tasted a sweetness in Wyatt's saliva. It was refreshing and deeply satisfying. Her entire being craved for more. Chasing that sweetness, she aggressively sucked on Wyatt's mouth as if she wanted to drain his mouth dry of every last drop of all saliva.

While MayMay aggressively participated in the kiss, seeking the passionate pleasure described in the books she had read, Wyatt decided it was time to give her a free

sample of his product. He discreetly diluted a tiny drop of his Primordial World Calamity Tree's oil-the source of its irresistible fragrance-with their mingled saliva, letting MayMay do the rest. Oblivious to his trap, she innocently swallowed their mingled saliva, experiencing the singular greatest pleasure of her life.

Wyatt was careful and subtle in feeding her the oil diluted with their mingled saliva, having already witnessed the Elder Pixies' strong instincts during their first encounter. His trick worked perfectly. MayMay mistakenly interpreted the sweetness in Wyatt's saliva, which delivered unparalleled pleasure and satisfaction, as the result of their intimate and passionate kiss, just as described in her books.

Even though the Primordial World Calamity Tree's oil was heavily diluted, it still had a profound effect. Once the oil was in her system MayMay's defenses crumbled one by one, and she became entranced. She had no idea what she had tasted, why she felt the way she did, nor did she care-she only wanted more, awaking a monstrous craving. To satisfy it she would even devour Wyatt whole if she felt it was the efficient way to do so.

Unconsciously, while kissing Wyatt, MayMay pressed herself against him. When she couldn't go any deeper in his embrace, she wrapped her legs around his waist and her arms around his neck. She clung to him, aggressively kissing him, tangling her tongue with his, and thirstily sucking their mingled saliva. Her wings fluttered in delight as she diligently applied all the kissing techniques she had studied, hoping to extract even more of the addictive sweetness from his mouth.

MayMay's technique was so effective that, for a brief moment, Wyatt forgot his priorities and began to enjoy himself. His hands wandered downward, past her hips, firmly grabbing her ample ass cheeks, trying to fit as much as his palms could he dug his fingers into them.

Meanwhile, MayMay's fingers wove through his hair, pulling his head back. She climbed on him, her face now above his, she kissed him harder. Wyatt assisted her by lifting her plump ass higher, giving her the advantage she needed to pull off this kissing trick. In the face of MayMay's vast knowledge of kissing techniques from across the myriad realms, even Wyatt's past experience paled. He became the student, following MayMay's lead diligently.

As the two lost themselves in the pleasure, MayMay's entranced body, mind, and soul began to associate Wyatt's figure, embrace, touch, warmth, bodily fluids, and etc with pure satisfaction and pleasure. She unconsciously confused these sensations with the primal craving her race felt for their natural predator-the World Calamity Tree's fragrance. Unwittingly, Wyatt was using his tree's oil to condition MayMay's body, mind, and soul as planned.

In this way, whenever she was in Wyatt's presence, everything about him-his figure, scent, touch, and taste-would trigger the memory of the pleasure she experienced from

tasting the Primordial World Tree's oil mixed with their mingled saliva. It would awaken her primal craving for it, ensuring that she would always yearn for Wyatt.

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Chapter 2327 I'M New To This

[1,044 words]

Chapter 2327 I'M New To This

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Devil Merchant Code, Inter-Realm City, Sector WS9909, Infinity Library, Study Room

Wyatt, who had planned to get MayMay addicted by leveraging his Primordial World Calamity Tree's inherent ability to lure prey, understood the delicate balance required to control an addict through their addiction and get them to work for him, he needed to manage the supply and demand of the product carefully. If he provided too much of it, they'd be incapacitated, passed out in some alley instead of working. If he gave too little of it, they'd grow aggressive, lose all sense of reason, and wouldn't hesitate to hurt him.

In essence, Wyatt's plan with MayMay was like playing with fire-one misstep, and he could easily get burned. For instance, as he was awakened from his euphoria by the Hive Spirit, he tried to break away from MayMay's kiss, only to find that his strength was insufficient. It was as if he were trying to move a mountain. Realizing that even his strongest effort was no match for an Elder Pixie, Wyatt stopped adding the Primordial World Calamity Tree's oil to their mingled saliva.

The abrupt cessation of her supply, without warning, made MayMay more aggressive. She kissed Wyatt harder, employing every technique she had learned, but it was futile. The sublime, divine sweetness that had given her unparalleled pleasure and satisfaction was gone. Desperate for that feeling, she continued to kiss him aggressively, hoping it would return.

'Ah, MayMay, stop! You're hurting me, Wyatt telepathically alerted his overly enthusiastic partner, who seemed to have forgotten how fragile he was compared to

her. This was one of the many risks Wyatt had anticipated before using himself as bait to manipulate her.

Finally breaking the liplock, MayMay paused, realizing something was wrong. Still clinging to Wyatt, her legs wrapped around his waist, she held his face in her hands and locked eyes with him. "Wyatt, what am I doing wrong? The kissing doesn't feel as good as it did before."

"You're not doing anything wrong. It's just... I'm not feeling it anymore, so it doesn't feel as good," Wyatt replied, pretending to be shy as he broke eye contact.

"What do you mean?" MayMay asked, clearly confused by the meaning behind his words.

"T-that... I'm not in the mood. I'm no longer feeling aroused," Wyatt said, his neck, cheeks, and ears turning red as he looked away, feigning embarrassment.

"You're not in the mood for what? Kissing? But you promised compensation-that I could kiss you as many times as I wanted, anytime, anywhere. You have to be in the mood," MayMay demanded, insisting that Wyatt fulfill the promise he had made to her. "When did I ever stop you from kissing me? Go ahead, kiss me as long as you want-I won't resist. It's just that if I'm not in the mood, it won't feel as good as it did before. And please, control your strength, or you'll end up claiming your compensation from my corpse," Wyatt explained, sharing his dilemma while warning MayMay to be mindful of her strength. At the same time, he rested his head on her soft bosom, using it as a pillow. His warm breath caressed her skin as it traveled through her deep cleavage and down her dress.

MayMay didn't resist or protest as Wyatt used her bosom for comfort, nor did she complain about his wandering hands-one firmly gripping her left ass cheek and the other stroking her right thigh. Instead of feeling repulsed or indifferent, she felt a strange anticipation. Not only did she ignore Wyatt's actions, but she also found herself willing to encourage them if it meant she could taste that sweetness again and experience the pleasure that accompanied it.

Deeply contemplating Wyatt's words, MayMay found them reasonable. After all, many books on kissing emphasized the importance of emotional connection, physical pleasure, and mutual satisfaction to ensure a prolonged and fulfilling experience. Hearing Wyatt say he wasn't in the mood or aroused enough, she realized where she had gone wrong. Taking note of his words, she asked, "Wyatt, tell me what can I do to get you in the mood and arouse you?"

If it had been the MayMay of the past, she couldn't have imagined herself uttering such words, let alone allowing a demon merchant to touch her chest, thighs, or ass. Everything she was doing, enduring, and saying was entirely unlike her. No one, not

even she, would have believed it. Yet here she was, encouraging Wyatt to use her body and asking how she could arouse and gratify him.

Lifting his head from her bosom, Wyatt looked at MayMay's flushed face. Pretending to check if she was serious, he raised an eyebrow and asked, "Say what now?"

"I said, what can I do to help you get in the mood and feel aroused so we can continue our passionate kissing," MayMay repeated, irritation creeping into her voice. She was eager to get back to kissing.

"No, I heard you the first time. I just can't believe it's you saying those words. I did not know you thought of in such a way," Wyatt said, reminding MayMay how out of character her actions and words seemed, given her sublime, immortal status. But after a pause, he added with a sheepish grin, "Besides, I wouldn't know what to tell you-I'm new to all this."

MayMay was taken aback by Wyatt's words. She, too, couldn't believe her own actions, despite having done them willingly. She realized she had an unfathomable craving for Wyatt and wondered if this was the passionate love the books described. She wanted

to analyze everything she was feeling, doing, and saying under a microscope, but the craving she had for Wyatt made it impossible to focus. Every few seconds, her mind would wander back to him.

Lost in thought, MayMay unconsciously found herself pecking his lips with her own. Even though she was aware of what she was doing, she couldn't stop herself. She wondered what she hoped to achieve, knowing Wyatt wasn't aroused, which meant she wouldn't feel that profound sweetness until he was. Yet, despite her awareness, she became sidetracked once again.

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[1,137 words]

Chapter 2328 Insider

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Devil Merchant Code, Inter-Realm City, Sector WS9909, Infinity Library, Study Room

"MayMay, wh-what a-are you d-doing?" Wyatt stammered, trying to reason with her as she kept pecking his lips, sometimes even kissing his teeth. His words were shaky, not just from her interruptions but from the intensity of her kisses.

"I don't know," MayMay murmured, her lips brushing against his, not pausing for even a second. "But I can't help it. The kiss was so good." She spoke breathlessly, each word accompanied by another soft kiss. She reminded Wyatt of someone savoring the last bite of something delicious, the way people lick their fingers or the remnants on a food wrapper, unable to stop because it tastes that good.

"MayMay, come on," Wyatt pleaded, moving the hand that had been caressing her thigh to gently block her mouth. "Let us talk." His other hand remained firmly grasping her ass, though he tried to maintain some control. He knew if he didn't take charge, they'd never get anywhere. MayMay was too lost, too addicted to his bodily fluids.

"Okay, let's talk," MayMay replied, though her lips found his hand instead, her tongue lightly tracing over his fingers. He felt her licking him, and a groan of exasperation escaped his throat. He couldn't blame anyone but himself. He knew how addictive even the scent of a regular World Calamity Tree was to Dredre, and yet he had given MayMay a tiny drop of oil from the Primordial World Calamity Tree. Even diluted by their saliva, it had fueled hours of intense kissing-and apparently, it was still too much.

"I know I promised you, but this madness has to stop," Wyatt insisted, his voice strained. "You promised me a free study room, right? But you didn't expect me to spend my entire life in it, did you? I have other places to be, and I'm not in the mood." "No, you can't leave." Her voice was urgent, desperate. "Tell me, how can I get you in the mood? How can I make you feel aroused so we can get back to kissing passionately like before?" she asked, as if she had forgotten what they were talking about a moment ago.

Wyatt looked deep into her eyes, trying to find some semblance of focus, but all he saw was hunger. Half her mind was lost in the pleasure and satisfaction of their kisses, while the other half used every technique she knew on his hand, turning it into a slick, saliva-covered mess.

Realizing they couldn't have a meaningful conversation like this, Wyatt sighed and said, "I don't know... but I know a book on that-"

"Tell me its title!" MayMay interrupted eagerly, her eyes finally showing a flicker of attention. "I'll read it right away, so we can get back to kissing as soon as possible."

"It's a book from my realm," Wyatt explained hurriedly. "It's not in the Infinity Library. I have to go and retrieve it. I'll be back right away."

"What?" MayMay's brow furrowed in frustration. "Why didn't you offer that book to the Infinity Library already? We could've been enjoying ourselves without interruption!" She

practically shoved him away. "Now hurry up and get it," she demanded, desperation lacing her voice. "Please... come back as soon as possible."

Wyatt gave her one last kiss, soft and lingering, before pulling away. "I'll be right back," he promised, knowing it was a lie. If he didn't leave now, with MayMay's power and authority, he might never get the chance again.

Arriving in his physical body in the Seed World, Wyatt woke up to an empty cottage. As he stood, a wave of disgust washed over him. His actions with MayMay reminded him of a depraved childhood friend—a boy who once smeared peanut butter on his genitals so his dog would lick it off, driven mad by his pent up desires and grown tired of using traditional hand to gland combat to vent them.

Yes, it was repulsive and daring but very disturbingly similar to what Wyatt had done moments ago with MayMay. He shuddered, his body trembling with self-loathing. His shoulders sagged, and he let out a breathless, bitter laugh, shaking his head in disbelief at himself. But no matter how much he despised it, his mind betrayed him. It wandered back to MayMay's soft lips, her supple tongue, the intoxicating sweetness of her saliva, her plump, inviting body, and her relentless, aggressive passion. The memory of it all lingered, tempting him. His hands lifted involuntarily to his face, and he caught himself smelling them.

Disgusted, he clenched his fists. He knew how wrong it was—on so many levels. Yet he had done it anyway, driven by something far more calculating than lust. He needed an insider in the Infinity Library, someone who could help him handle Zaltan Librarian Junior when the time came.

Dredre meant too much to him to involve her in such a plan. She lacked the authority and power necessary to be of any use in the Library's political web. MayMay, however, was another story. She had done nothing wrong, but some pixie had to play the role, and who better than the first elder pixie he had gotten to understand?

She had the power and authority to help him. Not to mention she was clumsy and curious around him, allowing him to easily manipulate her. This was only possible because of their rather interesting first meeting. Otherwise, just another elder pixie, with her sharp perception and instincts, she would have seen through him.

Shaking his head, Wyatt set those thoughts aside. He used his Hive Spirit, mentally instructing it to compile all the knowledge on human male arousal from his mind and the VR-universe. The data, tailored to his preferences, was quickly transformed into a book. Wyatt had it sent to MayMay's Devil Merchant Codex along with an apologetic

note:

[Dear MayMay.

I'm busy with some work right now, but I'll return soon. In the meantime, read this carefully and commit it to heart. We'll put it to use when we meet again.]

He winced at the deceit in his words but sent it anyway. Wyatt knew better than to suggest MayMay read the entire Infinity Library's collection on arousal and intimacy. He didn't want her experimenting with bizarre techniques from around the myriad realms in hopes of get him aroused. That would be dangerous-and violating. His book was enough. It would serve his true purpose: to control MayMay, to mold her into an unwitting tool in his grand plan to outmaneuver the Librarian-especially Zaltan Librarian Junior. If Zaltan thought he could turn Dalton Wyatt into a pawn, he was sorely mistaken. He'd played the wrong game, and Wyatt intended to win.

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[1,028 words]

Chapter 2329 Return

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Main Section

Making peace with what he had done to protect his small world and the people in it, Wyatt stepped out of the cottage. He needed to clear his mind the best way he knew how: by creating new cards, physiques, and traits. His goal today was to help Corey introduce a new trait into this world, using all the knowledge he had recently acquired in the study room. The thought excited him, and he eagerly looked forward to getting started.

Standing at the edge of the floating island, Wyatt scanned the horizon, searching for the island where Corey was supposed to be. When he couldn't locate it, he sighed and called on Ceed's help. In an instant, Ceed teleported him directly to her location. What greeted him was unexpected: Corey and the others had created a hot spring, and they were all lounging in it, sipping wine and various other beverages. Most of those with pressing work-Clown Mask, Susan, Cortney, Bloodette, and the Fine Gold trio-had already returned to the Card World. But those who remained were clearly enjoying a moment of relaxation.

"Wyatt!" they all shouted in unison, startled yet delighted by his sudden appearance.

"Wyatt, you pervert! Look away!" Corey's voice cut through the air, unmistakable in its bluntness. No one else would call him that so casually. She was the only one who was both so rude and so comfortable with him.

Wyatt immediately snapped his eyes shut, raising his hands in mock surrender. He heard the rush of water and the shuffle of fabric as everyone used their cards and abilities to get decent within seconds. A quiet giggle escaped someone, likely Dalie, who still seemed a bit unfamiliar with the human concept of dressing.

Once the chaos settled, Wyatt opened his eyes and quickly learned that Cortney and Bloodette had accepted their roles as Clown Mask's assistants. Susan had followed them, offering her expertise in finance and accounting. Corey, however, hadn't followed Susan. She remained behind, waiting for Wyatt. She didn't need to, but having realized how costly inter-realm transportation through the Devil Merchant Code was, she refrained from being willful this time.

"Here," Wyatt said, handing the combat training card back to Field Marshal. "I won't be needing this anymore unless you plan to add advanced combat training to it. I also need you to make a few changes so it can handle a thousand-plus disciples at a time. I'll send a list of the changes I need, along with ways you can improve and optimize the card."

He almost smirked, tempted to get back at Field Marshal for the card's constant nagging with its annoying Dear Disciple shit. But he let it slide for now. Her intentions had never been harmful.

Field Marshal nodded, swiftly equipping the card in her diamond grimoire. As her intent updated her with Wyatt's progress, her eyes widened in disbelief. It was mind-numbing-but not surprising. Wyatt had once again found a way to cheat the subverting the reality as she knew it. She didn't mind, though. She never expected him to reach the pinnacle of the Martial Path. She only wanted him to understand it well enough to fight efficiently and throw a proper punch-enough so she wouldn't be embarrassed to introduce him as her Lord and Disciple to the world.

Her expression softened, but she maintained a stern tone. Wyatt might be her lord, but he still had a duty to uphold the pride and reputation of his subordinates. He might cheat, but he'd better not tarnish their honor.

Her intent's information about Wyatt's clone, Michael, achieving enlightenment on the Martial Path and showing the potential to become a Martial Sage shocked her. Field Marshal kept her composure. Like her intent, she had too many questions swirling in her mind. How could a clone display such extraordinary talent and potential in Martial path when the original did not? The thought was bizarre, almost too much to believe.

However, she didn't bother to ask Wyatt about it. Some secrets, she felt, were best left untouched. She knew that Wyatt's clone card was unique-one of a kind-and she understood the danger that knowledge could bring. Anyone would covet such a

miraculous card. Even she did. The less she knew, the better. If the world discovered the existence of such a powerful clone card, it would only add another reason for enemies to target Wyatt.

"Wyatt, though you cheated, I'm happy you managed to complete the basic combat training," she said, a satisfied smile softening her stern features. "Now we can start advanced combat and basic martial arts training. Please send me a detailed report on the changes you want me to make to this card. I'll work on it and get back to you" Her gaze sharpened with curiosity, and she asked, "What facility was that you trained in? I could use it when I have free time."

Now that Wyatt was in the Lil Storm Realm, far from immediate danger, the Field Marshal didn't need to monitor or follow him constantly. She had plenty of free time-time she could use to sharpen her own skills. With access to the same facility Wyatt used, perhaps she could achieve her dream of becoming the world's strongest on her own, even sooner than Wyatt had promised.

"It's the study room of the Infinity Library branch in sector WS9909, Wyatt answered, his voice casual but his eyes thoughtful. "It's costly, but I know an elder pixie there named MayMay. You'll need to be a little shameless-just mention my name, and she'll set you up with a study room and all the supplements you'll need for prolonged training. However," he added with a caution, "if she asks about me, tell her I'm busy with something"

Th Field Marshal nodded, acknowledging Wyatt's instruction, though she did not know why he was a little weird about MayMay enough to ask her to lie to her. She did not pry on it, she was more interest about the study room she couldn't wait to try it.

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Chapter 2330 Dredre's Favourite Spot

[1,104 words]

Chapter 2330 Dredre's Favourite Spot

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Main Section

"Go nuts," Wyatt said as the Field Marshal prepared to head toward the study room. Just then, he handed her a storage card, adding with a casual grin, "Here's some money. Use it to try the mentor program at the training gyms in sector WS9909. I think you'll like it."

"Mentor program?" the Field Marshal asked curiously, taking the storage card from Wyatt. She took it believing that if Wyatt thought she needed it then she will need it. After all, Devil Merchant Code was expensive even for someone with her wealth.

"Ask MayMay. She'll fill you in. Have a blast!" Wyatt waved dismissively, clearly uninterested in explaining further. He had his own reasons for suggesting it. Many talented individuals from across the myriad realms were being recruited by the Devil Merchant Code as Demon and Devil Merchants, and Wyatt simply wanted the Field Marshal to scout a few for him. They would prove useful when he made his debut in the myriad realms.

The Field Marshal nodded, tucking the storage card away in her grimoire before heading back to her cottage. Once she was out of sight, Wyatt turned to face Corey, who had been eagerly waiting her turn. She had remained polite, not daring to interrupt, but Wyatt could see the anticipation in her eyes. He squinted at her, suspicion flickering in his gaze.

"Wyatt, how did your research go? Which physique or trait did you decide on for me?" Corey asked eagerly, unable to hold back any longer. Her eyes sparkled with

excitement.

"None," Wyatt replied with a subtle grin, watching as Corey's eager expression morphed into confusion, then disappointment, and finally back to anticipation as Park stepped in.

"Is your research into all the listed mental-type acquirable physiques and traits not done yet?" Park asked, her tone calm but curious.

"No, it's done..." Wyatt trailed off, clearly enjoying the myriad emotions flashing across Corey's face.

Park rolled her eyes, exasperated. "Do you have to be so childish?" she scolded, though her tone was more playful than harsh. She considered calling him sadistic but opted for a gentler rebuke instead.

Corey's gaze darted between Park and Wyatt, frustration growing. Finally, losing

patience, she yelled, "Can either of you just tell me if I'm getting a new physique or trait or not?"

"Well, there's good news and bad news," Wyatt said, his tone turning more serious. "Brace yourselves."

Park frowned, sensing the gravity of his words.

"I found a batch of medicinal pills on the inter-realm network that will help you acclimate to the darkness of your Title Demon Core. These will prevent it from dragging you into madness. Instead, you'll be able to wield that darkness as a strength," Wyatt explained. His voice was steady, and his eyes sharpened with intensity. "Unfortunately, this also means you don't need a mental-type physique or trait to resist or reject the darkness. Doing so could be counterproductive and cause your body to reject your Title Demon Core."

He paused, watching their reactions before continuing. "I've shared my findings on artificial demon core with your grimoire. Go through them to better understand your Title Demon Core. Don't share this information with anyone without my permission. Also, here's some money to buy the prescribed medicinal pills from the inter-realm network."

Wyatt didn't delve further into the specifics, confident the shared findings on the artificial demon core would benefit them in the long run. He didn't expect Corey to do anything with it but he believed Park would figure out to use it. He handed Corey a storage card containing enough money to fix them up with the medicinal pills Corey will need.

With Susan returning to her Card World to assist Clown Mask with finances and accounting, Wyatt was left to manage the finances himself. If he had been there when she prepared to leave, he would have stopped her, insisting that Clown Mask could handle those matters alone. After all, as the daughter gem, she had Hive Spirit helping her.

Giving the reincarnator duo a few minutes to skim through his research on artificial demon cores and digest it, Wyatt turned his attention to Dredre, who was periodically circling him while sniffing intently. Her little nose twitched as she focused on whatever she was detecting, so engrossed that she failed to notice him watching. Shaking his head, Wyatt asked with a smirk, "What's wrong, DreDre?"

"You smell like a pixie," Dredre answered without hesitation, continuing to sniff him.

Wyatt raised an eyebrow, amused. "Aw, thanks for the compliment." He grinned playfully. To him, pixies smelled wonderful-some like fresh forest breezes, others like flowers or ripe fruit. Overall, they always smelled delightful.

"No, that's not a compliment." Dredre's frown deepened, her tiny brows knitting together. "You used to have this great, intoxicating fragrance, but now you smell like a pixie from a different tribe. I'm trying to figure out exactly where the smell is coming

from and which tribe it belongs to, but I can't put my finger on it." She sniffed him again, frustration evident in her sharp inhale.

Wyatt's grin faltered as he instantly understood what she was referring to. He was reminded of his... intense kissing session with MayMay in the study room. Trying to hide from MayMay's elder pixie precision, he had completely suppressed his Primordial World Calamity Tree side using the Myriad Devil Transformation. As such MayMay's bodily fluids that had tainted his spiritual body had him smelling like her unique fragrance.

Technically, no one should have been able to detect it on the physical plane, but Wyatt and Dredre were different. Like Celestials, they had a dual presence, aware of both the physical and spiritual planes simultaneously. With his Primordial World Tree fragrance suppressed, Wyatt was left with only MayMay's scent lingering. Dredre noticed and clearly didn't like it as much as his original body odor.

"What about now?" Wyatt asked, no longer suppressing his world-calamity-tree side and erasing MayMay's smell of him. Dredre's nose twitched in satisfaction, her eyes narrowing as if she leaped in his hair and nested in it, muttering, "There's the smell I love." Now that Ceed no longer needed her especially with Dalie taking her under her wing Dredre was back to reclaim her favorite spot.

Just his scent alone was intoxicating to Dredre; he should have known better than to use even a tiny drop of his oil on MayMay. However, he couldn't afford to take any chances, especially considering she was an elder pixie.

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Chapter 2331 Park's Plea

[1,068 words]

Chapter 2331 Park's Plea

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Main Section

Having gone through Wyatt's paper on artificial demon cores, Park's mind was blown away. Her gut twisted in regret, thinking that if she had possessed this information in her past life, she could have saved so many lives and even broken through to the Devil Realm before Belphegor, even with his support from the Devil Merchant Code.

Wyatt's findings were profound yet elegantly simple. The paper contained details about artificial demon cores that even she, an ex-demon emperor, hadn't known. For example, the dark races claimed that acclimating to the darkness of the artificial demon core was a test to prove worthiness. In her defense, most of her life in the Dark Realm had been a relentless struggle for survival, leaving little room for deeper reflection.

Still, as she read, shame and frustration gnawed at her. She realized she had lived the life of an ignorant fool, blindly accepting whatever the native dark races told her about her artificial Demon Core. Why had she never questioned it? Why had she never tried to understand it for herself? How could she have been so naive? Her fiery body grew hotter, glowing with a brighter red hue growing with her growing anger. Clenching her fists, she cursed under her breath, "Those bastards... They've been lying to us this whole time."

"Who?" Corey asked, confused, tilting her head as she tried to follow Park's train of thought.

Park stared at Corey in disbelief, momentarily dumbfounded. Was Corey even reading the same material? Normally, Park would have ignored such a question, but her frustration boiled over, forcing her to explain. "The dark races," she spat, her voice trembling with anger. "They've been selling their artificial demon cores across the Myriad Realm, claiming that the darkness in it is a test of the core's wielder. But it's not. It's a side effect."

"I read that too," Corey replied, her brow furrowed, "but didn't you already know that darkness was a side effect of the core? Maybe not in as much detail as Wyatt mentioned here, but you had enough of an inkling to prescribe me poison instead of a cure. Not that I'm complaining or anything." She shrugged, clearly puzzled by Park's intense reaction.

"Corey, stop whining!" Park snapped, her voice edged with irritation. "I made one mistake, it wasn't on purpose and Wyatt fixed it, didn't he? I am trying my best alright. Besides, my conclusion was based on cultivating a low-tier artificial demon core into a Title Demon Core. I was too busy surviving to question the garbage they fed us and

learn that they were labeling darkness being some test of worthiness. When it's just a side effect with an easy solution." Her voice trembled with the weight of suppressed rage.

In a way, Belphegor throwing her into the dark realm to fend for herself without any prior knowledge or preparation saved her from listening to the lies they sell to their slaves and beings across the myriad realms.

Her eyes glistened as she continued, voice cracking, "You've seen firsthand how many friends I had to put down because their sanity was swallowed by the darkness of their artificial demon cores. I could have saved every single one of them with something as simple as a demonic beast taming pill. You've been through my memories-you know how many beings have struggled and died because of this, and how many still do. I was one of the lucky ones... Damn it!" Her voice broke into a shout. "I'm so furious at them, I want to burn them all alive!"

Park, who was usually the voice of reason among the reincarnator duo, was now so enraged that Corey found herself struggling to respond. She wanted to be the voice of reason but couldn't bring herself to speak. She had seen Park's memories and understood all too well the depth of her anguish.

"Settle down," Wyatt thundered, his voice booming with authority, immediately drawing the duo's attention. Park's fiery glow dimmed slightly as she hurriedly spoke, her voice desperate. "Wyatt, you have to find a way to share this information with the rest of the myriad realms. It will save lives and make things so much easier for so many. Please, help me with this-I'm begging you." Her eyes glistened with urgency, and she clasped her hands together, leaning forward in earnest.

Park fully understood the dark races had purposefully denied that the darkness of the artificial demon core was a mere side effect. They had hidden the fact that a simple demonic taming pill could ease the suffering of those using it, all to satisfy their pride. She also realized the danger she was asking Wyatt to face, but she knew if anyone could pull it off, it was him. She could only beg him to risk his life for the greater good. Wyatt folded his arms, his expression calm but resolute. "I'm one step ahead of you," he said, his tone measured yet firm. "I've already bought up all the demon-taming pills with expired patents-or those with no patents-and I'm in the process of modifying them. Once that's done, I'll register them with the Devil Merchant Code as medicinal pills designed to help with the darkness side effect of the artificial demon core. However, it'll take time. I need to figure out how to sell them without revealing my identity. We'll be patient and make this count." He paused, a faint smirk tugging at his lips. "By then, I'll have come up with a catchy name for the pills."

Corey's eyebrows lifted, and Park exhaled, her shoulders visibly relaxing. "Yes, yes," Park agreed quickly, nodding. "You can't be hasty with this. Too many people won't like what you're doing" She glanced at him with a mix of gratitude and admiration. "If you need my help with anything, just ask. I know it doesn't mean much since I'm already your employee for the next century and all, but I mean it-use me as you like!"

Her voice softened, and a rare vulnerability appeared in her fiery eyes. She was genuinely grateful for the burden Wyatt had taken upon himself. Although she knew he

planned to make money from the pills, she didn't mind. After all, she understood that things given freely were rarely valued.

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Chapter 2332 Bro's Mother Is Off Limits

[1,160 words]

Chapter 2332 Bro's Mother Is Off Limits

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Main Section

"Hey, hey, hey!" Corey hurriedly interrupted as Park offered herself to Wyatt. She hysterically made her stance clear: "You are mine! You can't go making promises like that. I don't like this. From the looks of it, you wouldn't hesitate to sell me to him if he asked you."

"Corey, I'm hurt. I would never do that," Park replied, though she had already sold Corey to Wyatt once before-without him even asking.

"Whatever. This turned out to be such a disappointment. I thought I'd be getting a physique or trait like the ones in those videos or like Aurelia, but my luck is garbage," Corey dismissed Park's words and cursed her luck. She seemed deeply dissatisfied that she wouldn't be getting a physique or trait.

"Corey, no need to be sad. I wouldn't leave you hanging. After all, you're doing your best to help me date Susan. That's why I spent a year in sector WS9909 searching for the perfect trait for you. Take those pills, get accustomed to your title demon core's darkness and then I'll help you acquire that trait-" Wyatt paused, noticing Corey's lack of reaction. Instead, her eyes were red and teary, as though she was trying too hard not to cry. Concerned, he asked, "What's wrong? You don't want a trait but a physique? That's not worth crying over."

"No-no, a trait is fine. But I don't deserve it," Corey confessed, her voice trembling. "I never planned to help you date Big Susan. I just wanted to trick her into going out with

you one, then take the hourglass relic from you, and kick you to the curb by asking, "Who are you?" or something. Park, I didn't understand what you said. I'm not worthy to be a good friend or a good demon merchant. I'm just a selfish monster who won't stop, even at the expense of the people who love her." She began to wail, tears and snot dripping from her reddened eyes and nose.

Wyatt was speechless as he watched Corey pour out the truth. All the guilt he thought he had buried came rushing back at once, leaving him paralyzed. His heart grew heavy, and he found it difficult to breathe. But seeing Corey so vulnerable, his gaze hardened, thinking, Not today.'

He stepped forward and pulled Corey into a hug, resting her head against his chest. "Come here, sweetie. I'm sorry. I was just kidding, okay," he muttered softly.

Corey didn't hear a single word. She simply rested her head on his chest, her tears still flowing. Her soft hand slowly clenched his jacket lapel, pulling it closer, as if trying to shield herself from the world with his warmth.

Wyatt, with his heightened senses, could feel the depth of Corey's pain, and it only made him feel worse about his actions. He whispered softly, "I'm sorry that I wasn't there for you as your friend-your best friend."

As if his words had reached her, Corey's wailing softened, and she confided, "It's hard, Wyatt. Living is hard, especially knowing that you have to make up for mistakes spanning two lifetimes." Her grip on his jacket tightened as she struggled to speak clearly through her sobs. "I'm trying so hard, but sometimes I feel like I shouldn't wake up from my sleep. I know I shouldn't have thoughts like that-my life doesn't belong to me. I owe so many people, especially my mother from my past life, but I can't help it. It's too hard, Wyatt," she wailed, pouring out the heavy burden she carried on her shoulders every day.

In that moment, Wyatt understood something profound: Corey's origin card didn't need fixing-it was perfect as it was. The problem wasn't the origin card; it was that Corey was a sensitive soul. Her origin card could protect her from the backlash of regaining past-life memories, but it couldn't save her from herself. Nothing could truly save someone from themselves-there were ways to delay the pain, but salvation had to come from within.

"I'm sorry you had to go through all of this alone," Wyatt said, his voice heavy with guilt. He didn't know what else to do but apologize over and over for not being the friend she needed.

The more Corey spoke, the more Wyatt remembered the day she had approached him and Susan after Susan's first auction. She had apologized sincerely for the mistakes her family had made. She didn't offer excuses but shouldered all the responsibility. With remarkable bravery, she even asked Susan to employ her. Most people in her position

would have been afraid of retaliation, but Corey wasn't. She apologized with genuine remorse and pursued what she wanted with unwavering resolve.

From the moment they met, Corey had been a kind and courageous soul. It wasn't surprising that she would dare to shoulder the debts of two lifetimes in an instant. Anyone else would have sought to use those memories to make their life easier, but Corey focused on the mistakes and debts her past selves owed. More importantly, she chose to bear them even when no one was demanding she do so.

This was Corey's true self-the brave little girl that Wyatt saw himself in, desperately trying to redeem herself in her own eyes. She didn't seek forgiveness from others; she just wanted to be able to live with herself. Wyatt finally understood why he was so attached to her. Despite all her mistakes, his heart always found room to forgive her and offer her more. She has always been the same Corey only he failed to see her past her mess.

Suddenly, Corey shifted, resting her forehead against his chest. Both her hands gripped his jacket collar tightly, tears and snot still flowing. In a desperate, pleading voice, she begged, "Wyatt, ask me anything-anything but Susan! I'm sorry. I'll get or give you anything in this myriad realm, but not Susan. Please, don't make me do this." Wyatt gently held Corey's head between his hands, lifting it so she had no choice but to meet his gaze. Staring into her teary, red eyes, he promised in a deep, steady voice, "I won't ask you or myself-to pursue Susan for you. After all, a bro's mother is off-limits. But what if Susan wants to be with me?"

Corey, though taken aback by his promise, met his eyes with determination and declared, "I will give her everything she needs and wants. If it's you she wants, then I will give you to her."

Wyatt smirked, his tone turning teasing. "So, it's okay for your mom to go after your best friend? Don't I get a say in it-" Before he could say more, Corey punched him squarely in the gut. Then, he burst out laughing, "Hahahah!" she started playfully punching him more on his shoulder.

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Chapter 2333 Forgotten Agony

[1,020 words]

Chapter 2333 Forgotten Agony

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Main Section

"Alright, alright, it's starting to tickle! Are you using soul energy?" Wyatt teased, a mischievous grin spreading across his face.

Corey raised an eyebrow and smirked. "You sure you want me to use soul energy?" she asked, her tone half serious, half playful,

Wyatt puffed out his chest, standing tall like he was ready for battle. "Don't underestimate me. I have the thickest skin you've ever seen," he declared proudly, bracing to take Corey's punch head-on. After completing basic combat training, he had gained a better understanding of his hybrid Viltronian defense. Unless Corey used some special martial arts, it would be difficult for her to break through it in her current realm.

Corey let out a soft laugh, throwing her hands up in surrender. "I believe you," she said with a smile. Then, with a hint of hesitation, she asked, "But about the Hourglass Relic... Are you still planning to give it to Susan?"

Wyatt's expression softened. "I've been saving both the True Relics-the hourglass and the chain tying it to the Worldhog's back-for Susan from the start. Yes, I'm petty, but I could never wrong my the people that put their trust in me." His voice became quieter, more serious. "I was joking around, but seeing you take the bait, I went overboard. I'm sorry." He exhaled deeply, feeling a strange closeness to Corey now. "However," he added, "I recently started thinking the Hourglass Relic would be best suited for Clown Mask. Don't worry. If I'm willing to give such a powerful relic to my parents' killer, imagine what I'd be willing to do for Susan and the people who trust me. Honestly, it hurts seeing how little you think of me."

Wyatt kept one secret to himself-Park had helped him trick Corey. To his surprise, Park stepped forward, breaking the silence. "Corey," she began, her voice steady, "I knew what Wyatt was doing, and I helped him. I believed the Hourglass was better suited for Clown Mask than Susan, and I couldn't wait to see if I was right. I betrayed your trust but believe when I say this you'll are a great Demon Merchant and a true friend. Don't doubt yourself. I hope you'll forgive me. If you don't want to see me, I understand. I'll go reflect in the darkest corner of the Title Demon Core."

Corey's eyes softened, and she shook her head. "I knew you were up to something when you tried to hide that part of your memory from me," she admitted. "But I knew you'd never hurt me, so I trusted you. And I was right-you never meant me any harm. Park, when I said I think of you as my elder sister, I meant it. Without you, I wouldn't

have made it this far. I'm really grateful for you being there for me every time I needed you."

Park tried to deflect with humor, waving a hand dismissively. "Well, I'm stuck with you, so I have no choice-" But seeing Corey's frown, she quickly backtracked. "Too soon? Sorry, I'll go reflect in the darkest corner of our Title Demon Core-"

"That, right there!" Corey exclaimed, throwing her hands up in frustration. "How are you guys able to casually say such things and joke around? How am I supposed to know if you're serious or just messing with me?" Her voice trembled with exasperation, but when she noticed Wyatt and Park's jaws hanging open in astonishment to her words, she fell silent, her eyes darting between them, puzzled, 'Did I say something wrong? It was too confusing to tell.'

Wyatt was the first to recover, rubbing the back of his neck sheepishly. "Alright, no more jokes," he said with a serious tone, though the corner of his mouth twitched as if still holding back a grin. "You guys go ahead and buy Demon Emperor-level demonic taming medicinal pills from the inter-realm network. I need Corey to not only get accustomed to her darkness but to fully assimilate with it." He paused, his expression darkening. "The trait I'm planning to give you will require your full focus. There's a chance that Agony might try to take over your body."

Corey blinked, confusion flickering across her face. "Agony? Who?" she asked, tilting her head.

Wyatt sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. "The Undead Devil," he clarified. "The sentient undead puppet refined from Corey Park's corpse. Her name is Agony. How could you guys forget about her? In a way, she is you." His voice carried disbelief as he stared at them, incredulous. "And here I was, patiently waiting for you both to decide what to do with her. Like a fool."

Park shifted uncomfortably, crossing her arms over her chest. "How could we forget?" she muttered, her gaze distant. "We've heard about her maybe once or twice, and we've never even met her. I, for one, don't want to remember her." Her voice softened, laced with pain. "For... numerous reasons." As the remnant ego of Corey Park, she clearly didn't enjoy recalling what had become of her corpse after death.

Corey frowned, chewing her bottom lip. "It just slipped my mind," she admitted, shrugging.

"Anyway," she continued, narrowing her eyes, "how could she try to take over my body if I'm just acquiring a trait? Isn't she locked away somewhere in this Seed World?" Wyatt exhaled slowly, his expression softening into a knowing smile. "I plan to use her Undead Flame of Agony Title Demon Core as an ingredient when helping you acquire the trait," he said carefully.

The forest went still, and both Corey and Park narrowed their eyes at him, disbelief clear in their expressions.

"Wait, what?" Corey finally said, her voice cold.

Park's arms tightened over her chest as her brow furrowed. "You decided... what?"

Wyatt raised his hands in defense, offering a small, apologetic smile. "You guys were taking forever to decide what to do with her," he explained. "So, I decided to use her to help Corey grow stronger."

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

Chapter 2334 Undead Flame Ego Spirit

[1,040 words]

Chapter 2334 Undead Flame Ego Spirit

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Main Section

"Wyatt, please don't tell me you've already killed her and dug out her titled demon core," Corey asked eagerly, her voice tinged with urgency.

"I didn't, but I was about to," Wyatt replied honestly, his tone steady. He didn't react much to her question but followed up with his own. "Why? Don't tell me you want me to let her live or worse-set her free?"

Corey frowned deeply, her eyes narrowing. "Why would I want that? That bitch

treated Lil Baem like a slave and tried to kill you. Just let her rot in her prison," she said firmly. Yet, there was a hint of hesitation in her voice, betraying her inability to outright demand Agony's death or forgiveness.

Wyatt raised an eyebrow, skepticism evident in his expression. "So, let me get this straight. You don't want her dead, but you also want her punished for her crimes?" His tone challenged her resolve.

"Yes," Corey admitted with a nod, her stance unwavering despite his scrutiny.

"That's exactly what I'm trying to do," Wyatt explained with a shrug. "Once I help you manage to acquire a trait, it'll be up to you-whether to kill her or enslave her as your undead flame ego spirit." He leaned back slightly, crossing his arms. Imprisoning Agony, in his opinion, was a waste of resources as there wasn't anything in it for him.

"Wait, you can do that?" Park interjected, her voice sharp with disbelief. She leaned forward, her wide eyes revealing her shock. "I've never heard of anything like that before!"

"Yes, I can," Wyatt replied, his tone calm but assured. "After all, Agony is the spirit of an undead puppet refined from your corpse, Park. The only reason she was born and even managed to reach devil rank was because Lil Baem used some kind of method to revive you as an undead. But since your soul had already reincarnated, it failed. Instead, Agony was created, inheriting your body and gaining the strength of a devil." Wyatt paused, gauging their reactions before continuing. "However, without you, she's incomplete. That's why she's been stuck at the novice devil rank at best, but her Undead Flame of Agony gives her significant power so is better than average devils. Giving her to Corey is the same as returning Agony to where she belongs. So, Corey, you don't need to feel any guilt about this."

Corey's expression softened slightly, but Park wasn't convinced. "How do you know all this?" she demanded, her voice sharp. "Even Lil Baem didn't tell me that. Don't tell me you're closer to her than I am," she added, her insecurity bubbling to the surface.

Wyatt sighed, shaking his head. "No, she didn't tell me. Relax, Corey. There's no need to be so insecure. You mean the world to Lil Baem. Nobody can replace you in her heart." He smiled faintly, his tone softening as he tried to reassure her. "As for how I know all this? That's my trade secret."

Wyatt answered without going into details about how he had used his Primordial Soul Pupils to study Agony's soul pathways, their arrangements, and titled demon core. He had discerned traces of power belonging to Lil Baem, which enhanced Agony's undead puppet body to devil rank. From there, piecing together the rest of the story wasn't too difficult-though he still didn't know what technique Lil Baem had used to try to awaken Park as an undead. Could it have been her innate technique? He wondered silently.

"Oh, Alright," Corey muttered, finally calming down. The tension in her shoulders eased as she reminded herself of her place in Lil Baem's life. Knowing she meant the world to her was an anchor Corey couldn't afford to lose.

"So, neither of you has a problem with Agony's titled demon core being used as an ingredient to help her acquire a trait, right?" Wyatt asked, his gaze shifting between Corey and Park. Seeing them nod in agreement, he pressed on, "What do we do with the body? Donate it to me for research or burn it to ashes?"

Park and Corey froze, staring at Wyatt with wide, incredulous eyes. They couldn't believe what they had just heard. He had the audacity to ask them for their past life's corpse for research? Who even asks something like that to their best friends? they wondered in unison, their shock evident.

Wyatt, noticing their stunned expressions, chuckled awkwardly and raised his hands in surrender. "Alright, alright, I get it. Burning the corpse to ashes it is," he concluded with a resigned tone.

Despite their rejection, his mind briefly wandered to his experimental idea: replacing Agony's titled demon core with his primordial calamity daughter gem. With his grimoire upgraded to diamond-grade grimoire, it might be possible for him to refine the corpse puppet into a devil-ranked daughter gem. But for now, he'd have to put that thought on hold until he could procure the other corpse puppet from the inter-realm network.

"I want the storage card containing the ashes, Corey demanded sharply, breaking his train of thought. Knowing he cannot be trusted when his curiosity is tickled, her narrowed eyes pinned him in place. "Don't even think for a second that I wouldn't be able to tell if they're mine or not."

Wyatt raised his hands again in mock surrender, a sheepish grin spreading across his face. "You got it, boss," he replied, flashing her a thumbs-up.

Corey huffed but seemed satisfied with his response. "Alright, I'll come find you after I've perfectly assimilated my darkness," she said, turning on her heel. Park followed closely behind, casting Wyatt a wary glance before they both headed to their cottage. "Woah, that was tense," DreDre quipped, her small form dangling upside down as she peered into Wyatt's eyes. Nestled snugly atop Wyatt's head in his hair, her ears twitched as she playfully teased him.

"Tell me about it," Wyatt muttered, running a hand through his hair. With a sigh, he summoned Ceed to teleport him to his trophy section, specifically to the floating island where the storage card containing Agony's remains was secured.

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

Chapter 2335 Dredre's Dream

[1,113 words]

Chapter 2335 Dredre's Dream

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section

Arriving at the floating island, Dredre flew out of Wyatt's hair, her tiny wings fluttering excitedly as she looked around the trophy section. Her wide eyes sparkled with curiosity as she exclaimed, "I've always wanted to visit this part of the Seed World!"

However, her excitement quickly faded as her gaze landed on two unfamiliar figures- Louis and Redfall. With a sharp gasp, Dredre darted back into Wyatt's hair, peeking out timidly. "Ah! There are people here I've never met," she whispered, her voice trembling.

Seeing her sudden retreat into shyness, Wyatt shook his head and sighed. "You know you're stronger than both of them combined, right?" he said, trying to reassure her, "Am I?" Dredre asked, her voice filled with surprise. Yet, Wyatt noticed her realm fluctuating, dipping precariously between Card Emperor and Card Demigod. If he weren't present to stabilize her, her realm might have fallen even further, possibly to the mortal level or even on the verge of scaring herself to death.

"Yes," Wyatt said firmly, his tone carrying both authority and encouragement. "If you want them to die, they will die. And if you want them to live, they will live because you let them." He hoped his words would bolster her confidence and help her retain her peak realm.

"Really?" Dredre asked, doubt clouding her voice. She stared at him with wide, questioning eyes, unsure whether to believe him. If anyone else had said this, she would have dismissed it as a joke.

"Yes, trust me," Wyatt replied with a confident nod. Gesturing to the red-haired man, Redfall, he continued, "See that guy over there? Point at him and say 'die' aloud, and he will die. Go ahead, try it."

Dredre's tiny hands gripped Wyatt's hair nervously as she shook her head. "But I don't want him to die," she said, her tone tinged with confusion and distress. The thought of harming someone, even hypothetically, clearly unsettled her.

"Don't worry," Wyatt said calmly, his voice soothing yet persuasive. "You can bring him back to life just by saying 'revive' aloud. But you have to kill him first to test it out."

Dredre's expression grew more resolute as she shook her head again. "No, I don't want to inconvenience him," she stated firmly. As a Pixie, she had a profound respect for the balance of life and death. Not to mention, she couldn't fathom disturbing someone

who was diligently practicing in peace.

"Well, what if he wants you to?" Wyatt said, raising a hand to signal Redfall. The red-haired man stood up from his lotus position and gave Dredre a calm, encouraging nod.

Dredre looked up at Wyatt, her brows furrowing as she looked down and searched his face for answers. "Wyatt, why do you want me to do this?" she asked, her tone both curious and concerned.

Wyatt's expression remained stoic, betraying none of the inner turmoil he felt. "I want you to become aware of your true power. Nothing in the Myriad Realms can hurt you unless you allow it. You trust me, right? Just give it a try."

Dredre hesitated, her tiny wings twitching uncertainly. She didn't understand why Wyatt was pushing her to take such a drastic step, but his unwavering tone gave her pause.

What Wyatt didn't let show was how much it pained him to guide her down this path. Dredre was the purest being in his life, a rare soul untainted by the harsh realities of the Myriad Realms. Yet, he knew it was necessary. To help her achieve her dream of adventuring fearlessly across the realms like her ancestors-the primordial Pixies-she had to confront and understand her strength. What kind of friend would he be if he didn't help her achieve that dream?

"No. Let's find someone who's already dead. I'll try reviving them," Dredre said firmly, her small hands crossing over her chest. Her determined tone left no room for argument. While she trusted Wyatt's words completely, she couldn't bring herself to kill someone just to test her ability to revive them.

"That's too much work. Just kill him and revive him," Wyatt replied lazily, leaning back with a casual shrug.

He hadn't truly had no idea whether Pixies like Dredre could kill and revive beings with a single word, but he intended to find out. His plan was to use his primordial calamity daughter gem's abilities to trick her into believing she could, then see if she could replicate it on her own without him interfering. Testing her power on one of his daughter gems was crucial. If they went out to find a dead being, it wouldn't take more than a moment for Dredre to realize he had been lying to her.

"No," Dredre asserted, her wings twitched in irritation as she narrowed her eyes standing her ground. Not allowing Wyatt to pressure her into killing someone at such a silly reason.

"Fine," Wyatt relented, his voice laced with irritation. "I'll kill him, but you have to revive him. Otherwise, you'll have made me a murderer." He proposed a compromise and without waiting for her reply, he raised his hand and fired a beam of concentrated soul energy. The beam pierced through Redfall's chest with a searing hiss, leaving a gaping hole in its wake. Redfall collapsed to the ground with a dull thud, his eyes glazing over as the light faded from them. His body grew still, the warmth slowly seeping away, and blood pooling on the ground with every passing second. Dredre gasped, her wings freezing mid-flutter. "Wyatt, what did you just do?" she exclaimed, yanking hard on his hair in panic. Her tiny voice quivered, and her face was a picture of horror as she hovered inches away from despair.

"Nothing-if you revive him," Wyatt said coolly, his face impassive. He watched her intently, waiting for her to point at Redfall's lifeless form and utter the word "Revive" so he could silently signal Redfall to stand back up.

In reality, Redfall's consciousness had retreated into his daughter gem the moment Wyatt's beam hit. Using his Myriad Devil Transformation ability, he shifted his core into a lifeless mass flesh in his body which was now truly dead, effectively hiding from Dredre's sensitive Pixie senses.

Dredre took a shaky breath, clutching her hands tightly as she floated higher. "Yes. If I revive him, everything will be alright," she muttered to herself, as if trying to convince herself of her words. She raised her tiny hand and pointed at Redfall's corpse, her voice resolute as she chanted aloud, "Revive."

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Chapter 2336 Unranked Grimoire

[1,033 words]

Chapter 2336 Unranked Grimoire

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section

"Revive!"

Taking cue from Dredre's sweet yet firm chant, Redfall prepared to restore his daughter gem to its original form, restructure his cold, lifeless body, and wake up as if he were someone returning from death. However, to both his and Wyatt's astonishment, the golden dust sprinkled by Dredre's wings began to move as if imbued with a will of its own. It shimmered, climbing onto her shoulder, then gently winding along her extended arm. Gathering at the tip of her finger, which pointed unwaveringly at Redfall's corpse, the dust shot forward as a radiant golden beam.

The moment the golden beam struck Redfall's body, the gaping hole in his chest healed within a fraction of a second. A surge of power coursed through him, rejuvenating his form and cleansing his soul of the corrosion inflicted by the Breath of Erosion. His mind widened in disbelief as he felt the malignant force being expelled-not only from his soul but also from his daughter gem and his entire body.

He bolted upright, urgency flashing in his eyes, and yelled at the soul gem, "Master, feed that Breath of Erosion to your grimoire's card creation page! Hurry, before it returns to the River of Reincarnation!"

Wyatt, who had been closely observing the effects of Dredre's pixie dust beam on Redfall through his primordial soul pupils, was equally astounded. He could see how the radiant beam had not only revitalized Redfall but had also expelled the Breath of Erosion. Wasting no time, Wyatt summoned his shimmering diamond grimoire. Without waiting for further reminders, he rushed to Redfall's side, feeding the expelled Breath of Erosion into the profound crafting array on his diamond grimoire's card creation page.

The moment the Breath of Erosion was swallowed, the bright, gleaming diamond grimoire clamped shut and hovered ominously in the air. Darkness began to creep across its radiant surface, eroding the flawless diamond clarity. The diamond cover and pages blackened, transforming into a void-like pitch black.

Then, tiny shimmering dots resembling stars began to emerge, their numbers gradually increasing. Soon, the grimoire resembled a starry night sky brimming with constellations. The pattern of the stars had aligned, forming a constellation that mirrored Wyatt's identity QR code on cover.

Just as Wyatt reached out for his transformed grimoire, it suddenly morphed into a starry beam and shot into his body, merging directly with his primordial calamity soul

gem. Within moments, his soul gem began undergoing a transformation so profound that it surpassed his comprehension.

Before he could process the changes, his attention was drawn to Dredre. Her golden wings, once radiant, dimmed drastically as she collapsed to the ground like a withered leaf, unconscious.

"Dredre!" Wyatt's voice cracked with alarm. He darted forward, catching her delicate form before she could hit the ground. Panic gripped him as he instinctively poured primordial energy into her. Gradually, her wings regained their original brilliance and glow.

He held her close, whispering with worry etched across his face, "Dredre! Dredre! Are you alright?"

Dredre's tiny body trembled, her delicate wings fluttering weakly as she opened her eyes, which glistened with exhaustion. Meeting Wyatt's worried gaze, she softly muttered, "I am alright, Wyatt. What about the other person? Is he alright?"

Wyatt's shoulders relaxed slightly as he gave her a reassuring smile. "Yes, he is. You did it, Dredre. You brought a being back to life. You're amazing-so strong and so brave." His voice brimmed with genuine praise, though his gaze lingered on her fragile form, hinting at his lingering concern.

However, Wyatt wasn't completely certain Dredre could revive the dead. After all, Redfall wasn't dead to begin with. However, her pixie dust beam's power to drive away the Breath of Erosion and heal the damage it inflicted on Redfall's soul left little doubt about her capabilities. Still, he couldn't ignore the toll it had taken on her. If he hadn't poured primordial energy into her, he dreaded to think how long her recovery might have taken.

He glanced away briefly, his mind racing with calculations. He silently resolved not to push her like this again. Not until he had analyzed the data his primordial soul pupils gathered and figured out a safer way for her to channel her power without experiencing such strain.

"Hahaha." Dredre's weak laughter broke his thoughts as she slowly fluttered out of his hands. Her movements were languid, but her wings managed to carry her back to her favorite spot nestled in his hair. Settling in with a tired sigh, she said, "I'm so sleepy... I'll take a nap!"

"Dredre, are you sure you're okay?" Wyatt asked softly, his concern evident even as her body and wings regained their radiant glow.

"Yes, I'm fine," she murmured, her voice trailing off. "Just... sleepy..."

Before he could say anything further, her tiny form relaxed completely, her gentle breathing signaling that she had already fallen into a deep sleep. Wyatt reached up instinctively to ensure she was secure in his hair. Then, his attention shifted to his

primordial calamity daughter gem. It now resembled a starry, dark gem adorned with numerous constellations. Upon closer inspection, Wyatt realized that each constellation represented an aspect of him-his physique, traits, runes, enslaved primordial spirits, abilities, and more.

At first, he thought these changes were purely aesthetic. However, as he examined it further, he discovered that his soul gem had become sturdier and more refined than before, particularly its outer protective shell formed from the seed of the Primordial World Calamity Tree. The improvements were subtle-so subtle that only someone deeply familiar with the gem, like Wyatt himself, could notice them. It was akin to how a seasoned jeweler could distinguish rare diamonds from ordinary ones.

To his surprise, as he turned his gaze toward Redfall, he discovered that these changes weren't limited to him alone. The transformations had extended to all his primordial calamity daughter gems through their shared link.

Impressed by the changes Breath of Erosion's refinement had brought, Wyatt couldn't help but murmur, "No wonder it's said that the Breath of Erosion can refine anything and everything."

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Chapter 2337 Chaos Dwarven District

[1,019 words]

Chapter 2337 Chaos Dwarven District

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section

Wyatt then summoned his starry grimoire, flipping through its shimmering pages with a nod of satisfaction. Despite its twinkling, almost "girly" aesthetic, he couldn't deny its unparalleled significance. His grimoire was now of unranked grade, making him the only card apprentice in the entire Card World to possess such a treasure—unless someone managed to find and contract the first unranked grade grimoire that once belonged to Demigod Michelangelo's unnamed comrade.

This was a monumental achievement, and Wyatt felt it warranted a celebration. His excitement grew at the thought of crafting a ranked-grade card. His eyes repeatedly

darted toward the altar at the center of the floating island, where the storage card containing the slumbering Agony rested. Shaking off the temptation, Wyatt decided to stick to his plan of burning Park's corpse as agreed.

However, he also planned to visit Sector DS0909 in the inter-realm city to purchase a devil-grade corpse puppet. His goal was to refine it into an unranked card while waiting for Corey to perfectly assimilate the darkness of her titled demon core.

Deciding to reward himself, Wyatt approached the altar. Picking up the storage card, he equipped it, using the imprisoning array to extract Agony's titled demon core. He then incinerated her corpse to ashes. Carefully placing the titled demon core in his personal storage card, he unequipped the storage card containing Park's ashes, intending to hand it to Corey at their next meeting.

As Wyatt prepared to assume the lotus position and enter the inter-realm city, he noticed Demigod Redfall waiting nearby. Raising a brow, he asked, "What is it?"

"Master, I wanted to inform you that thanks to Madam Dredre's power, I've recovered my divinity. I should fully restore my runes within a day at most," Redfall politely replied.

Wyatt nodded thoughtfully, recognizing that this update was Redfall's way of helping him plan. Redfall clearly intended for Wyatt to make time in his schedule to assist him in acquiring a grimoire, traveling to his mother's secret base to revive her using whatever measures she'd prepared for such an event, and looting her belongings. Such that Wyatt could confirm that the complete surrender of a calamity daughter gem was what made them worthy of inheriting Wyatt's bloodline.

"Great," Wyatt responded, "After helping Corey acquire the trait I have in mind, we can get to it."

This wasn't all Wyatt had planned during their excursion to the Card World. He also intended to confirm whether Clown Mask could use the hourglass relic, as he and Park had previously theorized.

"Understood, Master. I will contact you once I've fully restored my runes," Redfall said with a respectful bow before departing to his floating island to continue his recovery.

With his plans set, Wyatt decided to seize this rare moment of free time to indulge in experimentation and satisfy his curiosity. Lately, he had focused solely on growing stronger and amassing abilities and cards, leaving little room for intellectual pursuits on his whim. Assuming the lotus position, he immediately entered the inter-realm city, eager to explore his ideas.

[Dear Demon Merchant, Welcome to Sector DS0909.

Note: Behave...] Arriving at the fountain pond, Wyatt's senses were greeted by the lively bustle of a crowd. Seeing this, he couldn't help but miss the tranquility and order of Sector WS9909. Ignoring it he studied the sector map by the pond, he memorized the route to his destination: the Chaos Dwarf District, where all the guilds and workshops belonging to the Chaos Dwarves were situated. If he was going to make a purchase, he would go to the best—and the item crafted by Chaos Dwarven Race was among the best.

Most importantly, the Chaos Dwarven Race had built their reputation on earning the trust of their customers. To this day, no one had ever accused them of dishonesty in transactions. Unlike others who looked down on weaker clients and wouldn't hesitate to cheat them if it served their interests, the Chaos Dwarves were different. They treated all clients equally, with their characteristic bluntness and scorn—born not of malice but of pride in their creations, knowing their items would never fail their wielders.

The Chaos Dwarves worshipped their craft, and their pride wouldn't allow them to produce anything less than their best. They would sooner die than create something subpar, and they outright refused to sell anything that didn't meet their standards. This pride ensured that they never cheated their clients. Instead, they sought to hear their customers sing praises of their items, even after those items lost their durability. Their ultimate goal was to ruin their clients for other crafters—once someone had a Chaos Dwarven item, no other craftsman's item could ever satisfy them.

In the Chaos Dwarven District of Sector DS0909, every demon and devil merchants could shop with ease, knowing that regardless of what they purchased, they would get their money's worth. Such was the trust in the craftsmanship of the Chaos Dwarven Race. This trust was sustained because the Chaos Dwarves were not to be trifled with. Their clients—demon and devil merchants, notorious tricksters—respected the Chaos Dwarves' reputation. The fact that the Chaos Dwarves could run a business built on trust in such an environment was a testament to their power and influence, which rivaled even that of the Infinity Library. However, their prices reflected their unparalleled quality. For the average demon or devil merchant, owning an item crafted by the Chaos Dwarven Race that suited their realm was little more than a dream.

For Wyatt, however, money wasn't an issue—as long as they had what he wanted. Soon, he reached the Chaos Dwarven District. Unlike other districts, it was unadorned and utilitarian. The Chaos Dwarves didn't waste time decorating their workshops or advertising with banners or flashy displays. They believed their items alone should draw clients. If a demon or devil merchant walked into their workshop, it was because they were genuinely interested in the craftsmanship—not because they were lured by the appearance of the workshop or superficial marketing

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Chapter 2338 Too Rudimentary Too Flawed

[1,092 words]

Chapter 2338 Too Rudimentary Too Flawed

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Inter-realm city, Sector DS0909, Chaos Dwarven District

Walking into the Chaos Dwarven District, Wyatt felt overwhelmed. There were too many choices, and each one seemed like the best. He couldn't make up his mind—every workshop appeared similar, offering no clear way to distinguish one from another without analyzing their items individually.

Each workshop belonged to a Chaos Dwarven guild, all renowned for their craftsmanship. The inter-realm network was no help either; it offered little to no information to differentiate the workshops. Wyatt specifically wanted to find a workshop skilled in refining corpse puppets, but the network provided almost no relevant details. While he understood the Chaos Dwarves' disdain for gimmicks, he couldn't help but think they could at least list what they sold and who excelled at what.

The lack of guidance was frustrating. Half of Wyatt's enthusiasm for creating a corpse puppet daughter gem had already faded. With no other options, he decided to choose a workshop at random and see what surprises fate had in store for him. As he ventured deeper into the district, a workshop in a back alley caught his attention, and he stepped inside.

Inside, Wyatt found himself in a dimly lit hall shrouded in eerie darkness, with a faint red-amber light glowing at the far end. With no front desk or attendant to greet him, he walked toward the light. As he moved forward, the part of the hallway he occupied lit up, revealing items displayed on the walls to his left and right.

With his first step, a sword appeared on the right wall, and a spear on the left. When he took another step, the displays changed: a lance on the right and a round hammer on the left. Curious, he stepped back, and the sword and spear reappeared. Without even using his soul pupils, Wyatt had realized he was inside an array and solved it. Patiently, he continued walking, waiting for the walls to display what he sought—a corpse puppet.

After a while, the wall on his right showcased a humanoid corpse puppet resembling a human. This confirmed his suspicion: the array tailored its displays to weapons and items suited to his form rather than those specialized for other races. Despite finding this mildly interesting, he felt it was an inefficient use of time. Still, he stepped toward the wall with the humanoid corpse puppet, which transformed into a door.

Opening the door, Wyatt stepped into a brightly lit, massive hall that resembled a superhero's lair, complete with displays of weapons, costumes, and trophies. However, in this case, the displays featured various humanoid corpse puppets. As he approached one, he was startled to hear information about the puppet whispered in his ears.

It became clear the workshop operated without any attendants. Customers had to figure things out and help themselves. Wyatt found this method of service both inconvenient and impractical. To many, it reflected the Chaos Dwarves' immense confidence and pride in their creations. However, Wyatt felt as though the workshop owner was indirectly telling him—or any customer—that they weren't worth their time. The owner would rather focus on refining their craft than waste effort on customer service.

Wondering if the Chaos Dwarf would maintain the same indifferent attitude toward him, Wyatt summoned his unranked grimoire and retrieved a seemingly ordinary red stone, about the size of a basketball, from his storage. Holding it in his hand, he continued to slowly gaze at the puppets, awaiting the result of his little social experiment.

He didn't have to wait long. The grandiose ceiling of the hall morphed, transforming into a massive eye that peeked into the room and locked its gaze onto the stone in Wyatt's hand. Taking the cue, Wyatt calmly returned the stone to his storage card and resumed studying the humanoid corpse puppets, ignoring the eye above, which now seemed to be staring directly at him.

The corpse puppets all resembled humans, though some had pointed ears or noses or sharp nails resembling claws, while others appeared larger, almost giant-like, compared to the average human size. They looked decent, but their levels ranged only from the demon grandmaster realm to demon emperor at best. Higher-realm puppets weren't on display, nor were there any puppets crafted for other species with different shapes and sizes. Wyatt couldn't help but wonder: was the array simply assuming his preference based on his physical build and realm, or was it just being outright racist?

Considering this was a Chaos Dwarf's workshop, Wyatt concluded it was likely the former, but that realization only deepened his disappointment. He had expected a Chaos Dwarf to implement a more sophisticated system, especially if they were too busy or unwilling to hire staff to attend to customers.

Wyatt had tried to find a way to communicate with the array managing the workshop to specify what he wanted, but no such function existed. The array was rudimentary, riddled with flaws, and utterly lacked a decent customer interface. While the concept behind it was sound, the execution was abysmal.

He should have known better than to expect much from a workshop that didn't even have a name. Yes, the Chaos Dwarf responsible for this workshop hadn't bothered naming it. Even the Devil Merchant Code referred to it as "Unnamed." No, it wasn't as though they named it Unnamed intentionally—they simply hadn't chosen a name at all, leaving the Devil Merchant Code to fill in the blank with "Unnamed Workshop—10101."

Showing that this chaos Dwarf wasn't and last to do this. Fed up with the array and seeing that the Chaos Dwarf who ran the workshop still wasn't willing to appear, even after Wyatt had drawn out a precious ore that caught their attention, he decided to cut his losses and try his luck at another workshop. His experience here solidified his belief in the importance of marketing and a strong online presence for any brand. Had this workshop invested in such efforts, the bad reviews and negative customer feedback might have warned him in advance, saving him from wasting his time entering it.

However, just as he headed out without purchasing anything, instead of finding himself back on the streets of the Chaos Dwarven District, Wyatt appeared in a plain, white, seemingly endless hall. Before he could process the abrupt change, a young dwarf with bare torso and leather skirt materialized in front of him and demanded, "Mortal, take out the Orbiumite!"

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[1,096 words]

Chapter 2339 Orbiumite

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Inter-realm city, Sector DS0909, Chaos Dwarven District, Unnamed Workshop-10101

"Who the fuck are you? Why would I show my Orbiumite to some stranger?" Wyatt snapped at the unknown dwarf. Looking around in panic, he hysterically yelled, "Why am I not outside but here? Where is this? Did you kidnap me? Are you planning to steal my Orbiumite? I'll appeal to the Devil Merchant Code right away!"

Hearing Wyatt accuse it of being a kidnapper and a thief, the Chaos Dwarf's rage surged, and it was ready to explode. However, upon hearing Wyatt mention an appeal to the Devil Merchant Code, its arrogant, prideful, and enraged expression immediately deflated. The dwarf hurriedly begged, "No, don't. Don't make an appeal. My workshop is one appeal away from being blacklisted."

Wyatt raised an eyebrow at this revelation, wondering what kind of mess fate had dumped him into. For someone to be one step away from being blacklisted by the Devil Merchant Code-a notoriously profit-driven and lenient entity-they must have committed repeated egregious offenses. It was common knowledge that the Devil Merchant Code only blacklisted individuals or entities when their actions became so atrocious and

frequent that no amount of offerings could sway the code's judgment. To think, of all the Chaos Dwarves in this district, Wyatt had stumbled upon the black sheep of the Chaos Dwarven race. He could only conclude that fate was playing a cruel joke on him.

"What does that have to do with me? You fucking kidnapped me, and now you're trying to steal my Orbiumite. I will appeal to the Devil Merchant Code and get appropriate compensation for my troubles," Wyatt said, indirectly hinting that the Chaos Dwarf could compensate him to avoid an appeal.

"Compensation? For what? All I did was take some of your time to view your Orbiumite. Besides, I'd rather make an offering to the Devil Merchant Code than compensate you for nothing," the Chaos Dwarf retorted. Its tone made it clear that it wasn't joking-it meant every word. A thought crossed Wyatt's mind: Don't tell me the only reason this workshop is one appeal away from being blacklisted is because this lunatic refuses to offer the Devil Merchant Code anything to overlook the previous appeals.

"Fine, just send me out without wasting any more of my time," Wyatt replied, abandoning the idea of making an appeal. He realized he had little to gain from the situation. The quirky Chaos Dwarf he had encountered was simply unhinged. This fool was brazenly trying to fight the Devil Merchant Code on its own turf. Wyatt was surprised the dwarf had lasted this long-perhaps it had a strong backing. Not that it mattered to Wyatt. He already had enough insane people in his life; he didn't need to add this one to the list.

"Not until you show me the Orbiumite," the Chaos Dwarf asserted. Wyatt was momentarily speechless, feeling more and more like he had been genuinely kidnapped. The Chaos Dwarf's lack of fear toward the Devil Merchant Code made Wyatt question the entire situation. Something about this felt deeply wrong.

"Fuck you, shorty," Wyatt growled before submitting a detailed appeal to the Devil Merchant Code against Unnamed Workshop-10101. He had decided to teach the Chaos Dwarf a lesson.

"Who are you calling shorty, you freak? I am normal for my race, but you what race are you even? Don't tell me you're from some no-name race in a backward part of the myriad realms. If you don't want your realm to be destroyed, show me the Orbiumite," the Chaos Dwarf threatened Wyatt.

Wyatt, however, didn't believe the dwarf could follow through on its threat. After all, the Chaos Dwarves weren't interested in destruction or conquest-they were creators at heart. They would rather spend their time and resources improving their craft than waste it on obliterating an unknown realm. Besides, while well-preserved Orbiumite ore was rare in the myriad realms, it wasn't valuable enough to justify going to war. "Go ahead, try it. I'll find your tribe, chop every single one of them in front of you, and feed them to you raw," Wyatt countered, testing the Chaos Dwarf's resolve. He wanted to judge if the dwarf's threats were serious based on its response.

"Oh yeah? I'll do the same!" the Chaos Dwarf retorted, its rage blinding it to the lack of originality in its threat. The response was clearly empty, merely an attempt to provoke Wyatt into revealing the Orbiumite.

Wyatt smirked in disdain at the Chaos Dwarf's hollow words. At that moment, he received a reply from the Devil Merchant Code regarding his appeal. Without warning, he was instantly teleported out of the workshop and onto the street in front of it, awaiting a formal hearing. Refusing to let the prior events affect his mood, Wyatt continued toward another workshop-this one situated on a main street and appearing far more larger in size.

To his surprise, the Chaos Dwarf followed him, complaining, "You said you wouldn't make an appeal! You lied!"

"I didn't lie," Wyatt replied coldly. "You didn't appreciate the chance I gave you. Instead, you threatened me. You deserve the blacklist. You've made me lose all the

trust your race has worked for millennia to build. You're a stain on the Chaos Dwarven race," he berated the Chaos Dwarf in the middle of the crowded street, drawing the attention of passersby.

Unhappy with how things were unfolding, the Chaos Dwarf yelled back, "Show me the Orbiumite, or I'll have you banned from the Chaos Dwarven District!"

"Of all the millions of Chaos Dwarves in the world, why did I have to run into this fucker?" Wyatt exclaimed in exasperation. Turning to face the dwarf, he added, "You don't have to ban me. I don't plan to visit the Chaos Dwarven District ever again." With that, Wyatt head out of the district and decided to visit the popular corpse puppet seller recommended by reviews on the inter-realm network. He want to run into another eccentric Chaos Dwarf. Besides, with Clown Mask on his side, he didn't need to worry about being duped. He could simply purchase a corpse puppet from the most reputable boutique in the sector knowing it was the best deal he could get. However, to his astonishment, the Chaos Dwarf appeared in front of him yet again, blocking his path. "No! You aren't allowed to leave the Chaos Dwarven District until you show me the Orbiumite!" the dwarf shouted.

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Chapter 2340 What Do You Want, Mortal?

[1,126 words]

Chapter 2340 What Do You Want, Mortal?

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Inter-realm city, Sector DS0909, Chaos Dwarven District

Wyatt hardened his gaze at the Chaos Dwarf and said, "For fuck's sake, make up your damn mind. Do you want to ban me or keep me in the Chaos Dwarven District?"

"Give me a second," the Chaos Dwarf replied, thinking hard about what exactly it wanted. Just as Wyatt was about to move around him, the Dwarf stepped in his way again and yelled, "All I want is to see your Orbiumite ore!"

"Why the fuck would I show you my Orbiumite ore when you've been nothing but a pain? Get out of my way, or do you want me to get you blacklisted like I did with your workshop?" Wyatt warned the Chaos Dwarf. He didn't actually have the power to do that, nor did the Chaos Dwarf seem to care about being blacklisted by the Devil Merchant Code—or anything else, for that matter.

The Dwarf clearly had a few screws loose. A crowd was beginning to gather around them, and the demon and devil merchants were starting to misinterpret their conversation and the Dwarf's pestering.

"Did he just say he got that Chaos Dwarf's workshop blacklisted?"

"That's not possible. The greedy Devil Merchant Code would never blacklist a Chaos Dwarven Workshop."

"But that's what he said, and the Chaos Dwarf didn't deny it."

"Well, if you're from a ruler-class force, it's possible to get someone blacklisted with enough evidence and a good offering."

"Whatever. I'm just happy someone finally taught these damn Chaos Dwarves a lesson. We spend a fortune on their items, but they treat us like trash."

"That might be true for a small, no-name workshop, but to get a Chaos Dwarf's workshop in the Chaos Dwarven District blacklisted, the force behind that demon merchant must be top-tier—even among ruler-class forces."

"You're right. Every time I buy something from them, I lose all the excitement I had about getting a new item and just feel sad. Still, I do end up getting a lot of practice done that week."

"Which force is powerful enough to get a Chaos Dwarf's workshop in the Chaos Dwarven District blacklisted? That demon merchant's appearance doesn't match anyone I know from a ruler-class force."

"Are you guys seriously gossiping about someone from a ruler-class force and a chaos dwarf right behind their backs? Unless you're from a ruler-class force yourselves, you're courting death."

"..."

"..."

The surrounding demon and devil merchants had only heard part of the conversation, but that didn't stop them from wildly exaggerating their gossip. The Dwarf, however, didn't seem to care. It was as if he couldn't hear them at all and continued pestering Wyatt.

Though the Chaos Dwarf didn't appear to fear the Devil Merchant Code, he seemed well aware of its rules and was exploiting them to harass Wyatt without giving him a valid reason to file an appeal.

Even though the Dwarf was blocking Wyatt's path, every time Wyatt took a step forward, the Dwarf would step backward, maintaining a minimum distance between them. It looked less like the Dwarf was blocking Wyatt and more like he was walking backward in front of him. This tactic meant Wyatt had no grounds to make an appeal to the Devil Merchant Code. As for public nuisance, the spectators didn't mind the spectacle; in fact, they hurried to clear the way to avoid getting involved.

Wyatt could just show the Orbiumite ore to the Chaos Dwarf and get it over with, but if he caved to its antics now, what if it later demanded that he give it the Orbiumite ore? Should he just hand it over to make the Dwarf stop pestering him? That wasn't going to happen. Yes, he was beginning to regret taking out the Orbiumite ore, but he was not about to let this Chaos Dwarf walk all over him. Besides, a properly preserved Orbiumite ore—though a conversation starter—wasn't worth the trouble the Chaos Dwarf was putting him through. He blamed his luck for stepping into such a Chaos Dwarf's workshop in a district filled entirely with Chaos Dwarf workshops.

"Fine, how about this: you're interested in buying a corpse puppet, right? How about I show you the best corpse puppet I've ever crafted in exchange for you showing me your Orbiumite ore?" the Chaos Dwarf finally proposed, offering a compromise instead of simply demanding or threatening Wyatt to show his ore.

"I've seen the corpse puppets displayed in your workshop. They're not worth my time," Wyatt rejected. So what if the Chaos Dwarf was starting to be reasonable? It was Wyatt's turn to give it a taste of its own medicine. Not to mention, if he were to quickly agree to the Dwarf's first compromise, he'd look desperate.

"How dare you!" The Chaos Dwarf glared at Wyatt in rage and then demanded, "Take that back!"

"Why should I? You've displayed the crappiest corpse puppets I've ever seen and tagged them with exorbitant price tags. Have you no shame? Even though I haven't crafted a corpse puppet before, I think I could do a better job than you. Good ingredients wasted in a fool's hands," Wyatt snapped, deciding to vent his pent-up frustration on the stubborn Chaos Dwarf before him.

As Wyatt finished speaking, the crowd around them gasped, while the Chaos Dwarf grinned.

"Did he just issue a corpse puppet crafting challenge to the Chaos Dwarf in the middle of the Chaos Dwarven District?" "Yes, he did. He just issued a challenge to a Chaos Dwarf!"

"Holy shit, I can't believe I'm lucky to witness this. No matter who wins, I get to see someone put a Chaos Dwarf in their place—or a ruler-class brat learn the cruel reality."

"It's been a millennium since anyone dared to challenge a Chaos Dwarf in the Chaos Dwarven District."

"Fuck! I knew it—he must belong to a top-tier ruler-class force."

"Even though I hate to agree with you, that's the only explanation. Otherwise, who would be stupid enough to challenge a Chaos Dwarf in the field of crafting?"

"I don't know. There are plenty of forces that aren't semi-ruler or ruler-class level but still manage to craft better corpse puppets than the average Chaos Dwarf."

"But those are experienced crafters who've spent millennia developing their skills. This demon merchant doesn't even look a century old."

The Dwarf's grin morphed into manic laughter, fueled by the crowd's misinterpretation of Wyatt's words. He heroically declared, "So be it, mortal. I accept your challenge. If I win, you will hand over your Orbiumite ore mine to me. And if I lose—what do you want, mortal?"

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Chapter 2341 What Do You Want, Liar?

[1,243 words]

Chapter 2341 What Do You Want, Liar?

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Inter-realm city, Sector DS0909, Chaos Dwarven District

Wyatt, who was preparing to clarify that he had not challenged the Chaos Dwarf, couldn't help but nod in realization as he listened to the Dwarf demand that Wyatt give him his Orbiumite ore mine if he lost the corpse puppet crafting duel. Finally, he understood why the Chaos Dwarf was pestering him.

As he had guessed, a well-preserved Orbiumite ore by itself wasn't worth all the trouble the Chaos Dwarf was going through to view the one Wyatt had. However, a mine of well-preserved Orbiumite ore was a different story—it was something worth going to war over. Wyatt had underestimated the Chaos Dwarf. Just by glancing at the Orbiumite ore, the Dwarf had guessed from the red color patterns on its surface that it had been mined recently from a massive Orbiumite ore reserve.

"Orbiumite ore mine? This is just one Orbiumite ore I happen to have on me," Wyatt lied.

The Chaos Dwarf didn't believe him and retorted, "From the pattern on the ore's surface, I can tell not only that it was mined less than a week ago but also that, except for the 2mm crust, the rest of the Orbiumite ore is in an extremely pure state, indicating it was mined from a huge reserve spanning several miles.

"You've hit the jackpot, but unfortunately, you didn't know how to hide your wealth. Had you not insulted me, I would have compensated you properly for the mine's location. But you dared to call my crafted corpse puppet trash and challenge me? I'm going to crush you and take your mine as my winnings!"

"I don't know about a Orbiumite mine, but I trade the orbiumite ore I have from a Chaos Dwarf demon merchant named Ezra Foolhar," Wyatt calmly asserted, using his alias as a cover. He even dared to look at the Chaos Dwarf as if he were watching a fool pretending to be the smartest person on the street.

"No way! No self-respecting Chaos Dwarf would ever sell such a pure Orbiumite ore to an ignorant mortal like you," the Chaos Dwarf said in disbelief.

"Why not? I had something he wanted, and we agreed to a trade. Not every Chaos Dwarf is a crazy nut who tries to kidnap and steal from others like you," Wyatt continued with his fabricated story. However, the more the surrounding people listened to their conversation, the more confused they became about Wyatt's identity. "Why does the

Chaos Dwarf keep calling that other demon merchant a mortal? Is it because of his low realm?"

"No, I think it must be something deeper than that. Chaos Dwarves are difficult to talk with, but they don't differentiate between others. To them, we're all the same-trash that doesn't deserve their items."

"No, I think it's because that demon merchant is a non-native demon merchant from an unknown realm."

"Yes, I think so too. I don't recognize any ruler-class force with someone who looks like that."

"As if you've seen every demon merchant of every ruler class force. Buddy, if you want to fart nonsense and except use say it smell fragrent, then you are at the wrong place. Go fart somewhere else."

"I too feel he is just a non-native ignorant demon merchant."

"Then how do you explain him getting the Devil Merchant Code to blacklist the Chaos Dwarf's workshop?"

"Maybe he morphed his appearance to blend in with the crowd, not wanting to be disturbed."

"Forget that! Didn't you hear the Chaos Dwarf say that demon merchant has a massive Orbiomite ore reserve? Even if he isn't from a ruler-class force, he's as rich as the kids from those forces."

"Wipe your drool. It's still not our turn to covet that mine. The Chaos Dwarf clearly has his eye on it, and from the way things are heading, it looks like he'll get it."

"Ruler-class or not, I believe that young demon merchant isn't simple. Look at his posture and how he's handling that difficult Chaos Dwarf."

"Oh yeah? Wanna bet?"

"Place your bets over at Fouever Bets Realm Network."

"Place your bets over at Jackpot Bets Realm Network."

"Unnamed Chaos Dwarf vs. Unknown Demon Merchant!"

Wyatt frowned as he listened to the crowd. Because of the unreasonable Chaos Dwarf, his business was now all over the street, and he didn't like it. Fortunately, he had paid for the highest level of privacy one could buy from the Devil Merchant Code. These

demon and devil merchants could not uncover his information unless they had some peculiar privilege gifted by the Devil Merchant Code. Even so, they would need to satisfy specific conditions to learn Wyatt's identity.

"Listen here, asshole. I never challenged you, nor do I have an Orbiumite ore mine. However, if you're challenging me to a corpse puppet crafting duel, I'm not one to back down. So, are you challenging me?" Wyatt's frustration was evident. He genuinely wanted to find the Chaos Dwarf's physical body and subject it to a torture so severe

that it would strike fear into any being across the myriad realms that heard its

screams.

"Hahaha!" The Chaos Dwarf broke into maniacal laughter once again upon hearing Wyatt's words. Then it said, "Fine, let's say I believe your little story. Give me the contact ID of this supposed Chaos Dwarf who traded that Orbiumite ore with you." "Why should I? I don't owe you anything. If anything, you should be apologizing to me for being such an inconvenience," Wyatt replied. He had no intention of giving the Chaos Dwarf the contact info for Ezra Foolhar-not because he was afraid his cover would be blown, but because he had no obligation to do so. Besides, his eyes were on a bigger prize.

"You're a bold one, aren't you? You know what I think? You don't want to give me that Chaos Dwarf's contact ID because you're lying through your teeth to save your ass," the Chaos Dwarf accused, trying to read Wyatt's reaction to determine whether he was lying or genuinely unwilling to share the contact information. "What need do I have to lie to you? Let's say I do have a massive Orbiumite ore reserve as you claim-what can you do about it? If I have an Orbiumite mine, what are you possibly going to do? Keep following me around Sector DS0909? What if I go to another sector or just return to the physical plane? Then can you follow me?" Wyatt retorted with exaggerated annoyance, emphasizing to the Chaos Dwarf that he had no reason to lie. He genuinely didn't want to give Ezra's contact info to the arrogant, stubborn Dwarf.

Wyatt's words forced the Chaos Dwarf to confront reality. Other demon and devil merchant only feared it because of its race and the items its kind crafted, but beyond that, there was no reason for the masses to fear the Chaos Dwarves. Not to mention, Wyatt had declared he wouldn't buy any items from them. He truly had no reason to

lie.

Finally, the Chaos Dwarf decided to make things official. Issuing a formal challenge to Wyatt, it demanded, "Fine, I challenge you to a corpse puppet crafting duel. If I win, you will give me that Chaos Dwarf's information. And if you win-what do you want,

liar?"

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