

## Card Apprentice Daily Log

### - Chapter 2342 Unnamed Chaos Dwarf's Workshop

## Chapter 2342 Unnamed Chaos Dwarf's Workshop

[ 1,065 words ]

### Chapter 2342 Unnamed Chaos Dwarf's Workshop

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

"Dwarf, stop trying to provoke me. Didn't I already say I would accept your challenge as long as you follow the proper due process? However, I need a few hours to learn about corpse puppet crafting," Wyatt said, his tone calm and composed despite being accused of lying by the Chaos Dwarf. To a demon or devil merchant, being called a liar was perhaps the highest compliment. Wyatt, therefore, could not help but look at the dwarf with a mix of bemusement and curiosity, wondering if the comment was meant as a provocation or a peculiar form of flattery before he replied.

"How shameless can you be? If you don't know anything about corpse puppet crafting, how dare you call my corpse puppet a waste of resources?" the Chaos Dwarf snapped, glaring at Wyatt. Suspicion clouded his face as he refused to believe Wyatt's claim. To him, it seemed like Wyatt was merely toying with him, with no intention of accepting the challenge or providing the contact information of the Chaos Dwarf who supplied the Orbiumite ore.

"I have a special talent for appraising items," Wyatt explained, rubbing his temples as if to soothe a growing headache. "Be that as it may, let us sign a devil merchant contract for this challenge so that you can be assured I've never crafted a corpse puppet in my life." He then casually picked at his ears, clearly annoyed by the exaggerated murmurs and assumptions spreading among the crowd of demon and devil merchants surrounding them.

The crowd, much like Wyatt, seemed perplexed. Was the Chaos Dwarf complimenting Wyatt by calling him a liar and shameless, or was he insulting him? The confusion was palpable. It became increasingly apparent to the onlookers that while the dwarf might be an exceptional craftsman, he was sorely lacking in social graces. Otherwise, he would

not have caused such a spectacle in the middle of a crowded street in the Chaos Dwarven District, of all places.

Wyatt, however, viewed the situation differently. He had noticed that the Chaos Dwarf, despite his bluster, was treading carefully. The dwarf understood that Wyatt was not intimidated by his Chaos Dwarf identity, he made it clear when dared to falsely make an appeal to the devil merchant code calling it a thief and kidnapper and get its workshop blacklisted blowing a minor incident out of proportion. It was clear to the dwarf that it couldn't rely on traditional intimidation tactics to cow Wyatt as he might with other demon merchants. Instead, the dwarf seemed to have adopted a subtler approach: pestering Wyatt just enough to provoke him into action but not enough to give him a reason to make an official appeal to the Devil Merchant Code.

The Chaos Dwarf was walking a fine line. He ensured his actions didn't escalate to outright threats, particularly now that Wyatt had made it clear he knew his rights—if he chose to leave the sector or the inter-realm city, the dwarf could do nothing to stop him. Desperate to secure the only lead on a potentially massive Orbiumite Ore reserve, the Chaos Dwarf did his best to coax and corner Wyatt into revealing what he wanted, knowing full well that Wyatt wouldn't do so willingly after the disrespect he had put him through.

"Devil Merchant Contract? That sounds doable... Fine," the Chaos Dwarf finally said, though hesitation lingered in his tone. At first, the challenge had been about redeeming his glory as a crafter and obtaining information about the Orbiumite ore mine. However, upon learning that the demon merchant he was challenging had never crafted a single corpse puppet in his life, the dwarf began to doubt whether any glory could truly be reclaimed by defeating such an opponent. On the off chance he were to lose, he knew it would seal his reputation as the black sheep of his race. Still, his greed for the Orbiumite ore mine ultimately triumphed over his other concerns, and he begrudgingly agreed.

"I have signed the contract stating that we will have an official corpse puppet crafting duel in the Devil Merchant Code's Duel Realm in an hour. Since you're the challenger, you will be paying for everything—from the venue to the resources we use. Also, make sure to carefully read the other clauses before you sign it. I don't want to hear you whining to me about them after I win," Wyatt said, producing the signed Devil Merchant Contract scroll he had prepared. He handed it to the Chaos Dwarf, his gaze steady as he cautioned him to carefully review it before signing.

Wyatt had his reasons for proceeding in this manner instead of using the Demon Merchant Code to draft the contract and declare the crafting duel in Duel Realm. While it was tedious, this approach allowed him to ensure he wouldn't accidentally reveal his identity. In fact, he had even added a clause to protect the identities of both contenders. However, he also included a sneaky clause to reveal the loser's identity to the winner, confident that the overconfident dwarf would overlook it. As for the reward he demanded—

"You must be out of your mind if you think I will accept such a wager. The stakes need to be fair!" the Chaos Dwarf shouted, his voice breaking Wyatt's chain of thought.

"Why? As the one accepting the challenge, I get to set a higher stake. If you have a problem with that, you can choose to cancel the challenge now—nothing is official yet. Besides, what are you so worried about? Don't tell me you fear losing the duel. Other than that, I can't think of any reason why you'd be so concerned about the stakes I'm demanding as compensation," Wyatt countered, his voice calm but his words sharp as he pressed for the hefty reward outlined in the contract.

"I don't mind you setting a higher stake or me paying for the duel, but how dare you ask for my workshop in the Chaos Dwarven District? Are you out of your mind? Do you take the Chaos Dwarves for a joke?" the dwarf roared, his face flushed with a mix of anger and disbelief, his fists clenched tightly at his sides.

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## Chapter 2343 Duel Scheduled

[ 1,053 words ]

### Chapter 2343 Duel Scheduled

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

Going through the contract drafted by Wyatt, the Chaos Dwarf's face darkened with fury. It was enraged. Known for being a miser, it despised the idea of spending even a single penny unnecessarily, let alone paying offerings to the Devil Merchant Code for something it deemed frivolous. It would rather let its workshop be blacklisted by the Devil Merchant Code and rely on the Elder Chaos Dwarfs managing the district to pay the fine for removing the blacklist status. After all, maintaining the reputation of the Chaos Dwarven District took precedence for the Elders.

So, how could it sit idly by and let Wyatt not only make it cover the duel's costs but also demand its workshop in the Chaos Dwarven District as the duel's reward? It would rather be buried alongside its entire wealth than allow such an outcome. Driven by its innate weakness for greed, it decided to take a page out of Wyatt's playbook—blow the situation out of proportion and draw the attention of the Elder Chaos Dwarfs. With their privileges granted by the Devil Merchant Code, the Elders could intervene and teach

this unknown demon merchant a harsh lesson. Even if Wyatt fled to another sector or left the inter-realm city entirely, they would track him down and bring him to justice, to preserve the Chaos Dwarves' reputation in the inter-realm network and the Dark Realms.

"Hey, buddy, slow your roll. I'm not demanding your workshop for myself," Wyatt interjected, his voice calm yet deliberate, as though addressing a tantruming child. "The workshop will go to our guild's deputy guild master. He's a Chaos Dwarf, just like you. He'll receive my winnings in my place. If I win, you'll transfer the rights to your workshop to our deputy guild master and clear all those fines you've been piling up."

Wyatt's words were calculated, his expression impassive, though his sharp gaze hinted at his understanding of the dwarf's inner turmoil. He knew well that workshops in the Chaos Dwarven District could only be traded between Chaos Dwarfs and not to other races or species in the myriad realms. With Primordial Myriad Devil Transformation skill, Wyatt and his Primordial Spirits could assume any number of forms, mimicking various species. Even the Devil Merchant Code who had brought him to the inter-realm city would need to inspect his body in the physical plane to discern his true race.

This detail was precisely why Wyatt had avoided specifying in the contract scroll that the winnings would go to the so-called deputy guild master. It was all part of his plan to pave the way for Ezra Foolhar's entry into the Chaos Dwarven District. Ezra would ultimately debut in sector DS0909 as the best crafter there ever was—or ever would be. Wyatt was thinking beyond international; he was thinking interstellar.

The Chaos Dwarf, who had believed it had Wyatt cornered, suddenly found itself at a loss for words. It hesitated, its mouth opening and closing as it processed the unexpected explanation. However, its stubbornness refused to let it back down entirely.

"A Chaos Dwarf is your guild's deputy guild master?" it sneered, trying to regain the upper hand. "I find that hard to believe unless—don't tell me it's the same Chaos Dwarf who traded Orbiumite ore with you?"

The dwarf's voice dripped with suspicion, its narrowed eyes scanning Wyatt for any sign of deceit. Yet, Wyatt stood unmoved, his composed demeanor only deepening the dwarf's frustration.

"That doesn't concern you. Are you going to sign the contract or not? If not, just return the contract scroll, and I'll be on my way," Wyatt remarked, his tone calm but firm. His posture and the slight wave of his hand toward the scroll emphasized his readiness to leave, causing the Chaos Dwarf to panic.

Fearing that pressing further might drive Wyatt away, and with him the only lead to the massive Orbiumite ore reserves, the Chaos Dwarf relented. "Fine, I'll sign it. I'll see you in the Duel Realm in an hour," it grumbled, its frustration evident in its furrowed brow and clenched jaw.

As the Chaos Dwarf signed the contract scroll, it shimmered briefly before vanishing, saved within the Devil Merchant Code. Now, neither Wyatt nor the unnamed Chaos Dwarf could break the contract without facing dire consequences. The dwarf's confidence in its crafting skills and the knowledge that Wyatt had never refined a corpse puppet in his life gave it the blind courage to finalize the deal. In its mind, it was already victorious and began plotting how it would teach this unknown demon merchant his place. How dare he defy a Chaos Dwarf?

With the agreement sealed, Wyatt and the Chaos Dwarf parted ways. Meanwhile, the onlooking crowd did not disperse. Instead, curiosity got the better of them as they accessed the Duel Realm Network to confirm if the duel between the unnamed Chaos Dwarf and the unknown demon merchant had indeed been scheduled for an hour from now.

"Did any of you find the duel between the Chaos Dwarf and the Unknown Ruler-Class force's brat?"

"No, there are just too many duels scheduled."

"I didn't know there were so many duels in the happening Duel Realm every minute."

"That's because many demons and devil merchants think it's better to resolve their issues through a duel than to appeal to the devil merchant code, only to get ripped off by it and end up with a conclusion that benefits no one except the devil merchant code itself."

"Damn, the devil merchant code is the biggest bully of all. I wonder what it does with all the offerings it collects."

"Someone said it's preparing to break through to transcendence, but seriously, it's been so many millennia, and it still hasn't gathered enough resources?"

"I assume it failed all its previous attempts to transcend and keeps trying, which is why it needs so many resources."

"I found it. I've posted it on my personal realm network. Scan my demon codex ID to check it."

"Aren't you a shameless demon merchant? Fine, let me scan it. If I have free time, I'll check out your personal realm network."

"Thank you, boss."

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# Chapter 2344 Duel Realm

[ 1,134 words ]

## Chapter 2344 Duel Realm

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

Duel Realm, as the name suggested, was a realm specifically designated for conducting duels—whether in combat, crafting, intellectual challenges, or aesthetic competitions. All forms of duels were possible in this unique realm. Over the millennia, the Devil Merchant Code spell had perfected the Duel Realm into a place where anyone could duel over any aspect they preferred. The parameters for judging these duels varied greatly depending on the preferences of the participants, making each duel unique and subjective to the "eye of the beholder." However, for combat and crafting duels, the parameters were simpler: only the strongest fighter or the creation closest to perfection emerged victorious.

There was another reason why the Duel Realm was its own independent realm under the devil merchant code's reign and not just a sector within the Inter-Realm City or a district in one of its sectors. Those who chose to duel in the Duel Realm often sought the ultimate prize—the blood of their opponent as their winnings. Materialistic rewards were rare in such duels, as seen in the case of Wyatt and the Chaos Merchant. Fortunately, both of them had been scholars, experts in their respective fields. Otherwise, if one had been feral or had a blood feud with the other and demanded the death of their opponent as the stakes, nothing could have stopped them except the other contestant's resistance.

True death, however, was a complex matter in the Inter-Realm City. While weak mortals might have faced permanent demise, stronger beings often had an array of tricks up their sleeves to evade certain death. Additionally, the fairness of duels conducted purely in the spiritual plane was often contested, as some species were stronger in their spiritual forms while others were significantly weaker.

To address this, the Devil Merchant Code, with its infinite wisdom and power, had consumed a realm from an unknown corner of the myriad realms and transformed it into a place that existed between the physical and spiritual planes. This allowed the Devil Merchant Code to let Duel Realm function with the same absolute control and dominance over the demon and devil merchants that it exercised over the Inter-Realm City. Most importantly, in the Duel Realm, both demon and devil merchants could enter

in their complete forms—both spiritual and physical—ensuring fair duels without complaints about bias.

This design offered another critical advantage: contestants no longer needed to pay exorbitant fees to the Devil Merchant Code spell to convert their weapons, resources, and items into spiritual form for use in spiritual plane or in the duels. Wyatt, for example, had never encountered this issue. He rarely brought anything to the spiritual plane apart from his grimoire and cards, which were unique in their ability to exist in both the spiritual and physical planes. This capability allowed Card Apprentices to summon their grimoires in the physical plane only when needed it.

Additionally, Wyatt's ability to manipulate soul energy had enabled him to craft spiritual items like clothes, etc for his needs without relying on external resources. Eventually, he had gained dual existence—the rare ability to exist simultaneously in both the physical and spiritual planes. This had rendered him largely independent of the Devil Merchant Code's functionality, which was essential for others who required their physical resources in the spiritual realm.

Leaving the Chaos Dwarven District, Wyatt returned to the Seed World to take advantage of the temporal difference between the Dark Realm and the Card Realm. He decided against heading to sector WS9909, where one month would equate to one hour in any other sector, because he wanted to avoid running into MayMay. He still hadn't been able to completely rid himself of the disgust he felt toward himself for what he had done to her.

Moreover, if he returned to the study room, he doubted MayMay would let him leave. Now that she had learned his compiled knowledge on how to arouse him and experienced her first withdrawal symptoms, her addiction to him would likely only intensify and she wouldn't leave him until she had sucked him dry. While he could avoid the study room and head to a gym instead, he had a nagging feeling that if he entered sector WS9909, she would find him. Such a scenario was unheard of but not impossible, especially considering her claim that the Librarian didn't restrict the freedom of elder pixies as much.

Waking up on one of the floating islands in the trophy section in the seed world, and finding Dredre still resting, Wyatt used his Demon Merchant Codex to access the Infinity Library's personal realm network. He searched for and borrowed the books he needed to learn everything about corpse puppet crafting. Although one hour in the Dark Realm corresponded to nearly a day in the Card Realm, Wyatt had roughly twenty hours to master knowledge that would typically take years for most beings. Fortunately, he had 1,024 primordial spirits with whom he could share the workload, along with the assistance of the Hive Spirit.

Initially, it was challenging to distribute tasks, as all the primordial spirits had to familiarize themselves with the basics of corpse puppet crafting. However, once they grasped the fundamentals, they divided the workload based on the various branches of

the field. Thanks to their extensive experience in learning foreign and dark languages while searching for Corey's perfect trait, they saved significant time decoding the original texts.

To Wyatt's surprise, he and his primordial spirits, aided by the Hive Spirit, compiled the study material on the fundamentals of corpse puppet refining within 18 hours. This left Wyatt two hours to study the anatomy of various beings across the myriad realms, as well as techniques and methods to address the challenges involved in refining their corpses into puppets. It would take him years to digest such vast material, even with the help of his primordial spirits and Hive Spirit.

However, Wyatt, possessing the Primordial Soul Pupils, didn't require extensive study of anatomy of various beings across they myriad realms, as his Primordial Soul Pupils could reveal all the secrets of a being with a single glance. Nevertheless, he had his primordial spirits copy the texts into the Hive Spirit as a precaution, ensuring he could refer to the techniques and methods mentioned whenever needed. He didn't bother studying the material in-depth but stored it in the Hive AI for future reference.

As the time for the duel approached, Wyatt called Dalie and Ceed, entrusting them with the still-asleep Dredre. Using his Demon Merchant Codex, he instructed the Devil Merchant Code to transport him to the venue of his duel with the unnamed Chaos Dwarf in the Duel Realm.

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## Chapter 2345 Chaos Dwarven Forge

[ 1,210 words ]

### **Chapter 2345 Chaos Dwarven Forge**

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Duel Realm, Crafting Sector, Venue: Chaos Dwarven Forge.

As one of the prominent dark races in the dark realm, the Devil Merchant Code, and the myriad realms, known for their unparalleled skills and mastery in crafting, the Chaos

Dwarfs faced numerous challenges from beings who believed they could craft better than the Chaos Dwarfs or make a name for themselves in the Devil Merchant Code by defeating a Chaos Dwarf in crafting.

As such, the Chaos Dwarfs, a semi-ruler class race, partnered with the Devil Merchant Code and opened their own colosseum, The Chaos Dwarven Forge, in the Duel Realm. Here, they would face challengers who wanted to prove themselves by defeating a Chaos Dwarf.

The partnership between the Chaos Dwarfs and the Devil Merchant Code was similar to one between streaming platforms and influencers back on Earth. The Devil Merchant Code provided the Chaos Dwarfs a platform, and the Chaos Dwarfs provided excellent content. They split the profits from all official betting, ticket sales to The Chaos Dwarven Forge duels, and fees for streaming the duels through demon/devil codices equally, with a 50:50 division.

This split was generous and available only to those who could meet the quotas of duels, popularity, and revenue set by the Devil Merchant Code. As such, the Chaos Dwarfs, who once became enraged at challengers daring to think their crafting skills were on better with theirs—let alone challenge them—were now full of smiles. They actively sought crafting duels, as these not only helped them gauge and improve their skills but also allowed them to make money and earn fame for their crafting skills at the same time.

As for what the Devil Merchant Code gained from this, if it wasn't obvious already, its initial goal was to promote the Duel Realm among demon and devil merchants. Now, with everyone having tasted the sweet nectar of fame and wealth gained by selling viewing rights to their duels in the Duel Realm, all participants wanted to duel exclusively there. Some even used the Duel realm as the reason to duel others.

With the growing popularity of the Duel Realm, the Devil Merchant Code shifted its focus from promoting it to extorting as many resources as possible through it. The burden of promotion had been transferred to demon and devil merchants, who now saw the Duel Realm as an easy way to earn lot of fame and money. The Devil Merchant Code could do this because it had no competition in the myriad realms. Even if one were to arise, the demon and devil merchants would eliminate it to protect their source of revenue.

The Devil Merchant Code transported Wyatt to the entrance of The Chaos Dwarven Forge. As he stepped in, he found an invisible barrier preventing him from going further. It wasn't just him—other challengers were also waiting at the entrance. Seeing the number of challengers, Wyatt could only shake his head in dismay. The fame of the Chaos Dwarfs in the crafting field was unparalleled.

Soon, he heard the barrier whispering to him in a female voice, "Your duel registration number, please."

Wyatt narrated his duel registration number to the barrier. Moments later, a female Chaos Dwarf dressed in a golden corset and skirt, appearing to be staff of The Chaos Dwarven Forge, approached him with an urgent look. She hurriedly said, "Contestant, please hurry! Your duel is set to start in a few minutes. If the judges arrive before you, they will not hesitate to declare you lost if you're even a second late to the venue."

Wyatt nodded and stood next to her. The female Chaos Dwarf then used her demon merchant codex to teleport them to his designated duel venue. Arriving at the venue with a minute to spare, the Dwarf sighed in relief, "We made it in time. Next time, please arrive half an hour before the duel."

Wyatt indifferently nodded, only to hear the Chaos Dwarf continue, "You're lucky the judges aren't here yet; otherwise, they would criticize you for being tardy."

Scanning the venue, Wyatt found that it resembled the Greek Colosseum back on Earth, with the only difference being that it was far grander and capable of holding a significantly larger audience. To his surprise, it was almost full house. He realized that he had underestimated the popularity of crafting duels among demon and devil merchants.

Wyatt was pleased to see such high attendance because contestants received five percent of the overall revenue from the viewing rights of the crafting duel that the elected Elder Chaos Dwarf body managing the Chaos Dwarven Forge make. This was also why the unnamed Chaos Dwarf did not resist too much when Wyatt insisted on it bearing all the costs of their competition. After all, as a Chaos Dwarf, it could use this venue free of charge.

Wyatt hurriedly mobilized his soul energy manipulation to obscure his face crafting a spiritual mask and used the myriad devil transformation to subtly morph the tiny details of his appearance—just enough to hide his identity from any potential spectators affiliated with the Seven Princes of Hell, but not enough to make it difficult for the Devil Merchant Code to confirm he was the original contestant of this duel.

Looking at the arena in the center of the colosseum, Wyatt noticed it had two open workshops for both contestants to use, allowing spectators a clear view of the crafting process. Wyatt nodded, thinking it wasn't much different from what he had read and seen in images on the inter-realm network. On the opposite side, Wyatt saw the unnamed Chaos Dwarf waiting for the judge just as he was. However, the Chaos Dwarf was surrounded by elder and young Chaos Dwarfs cheering him on, unlike Wyatt, who only had the female Chaos Dwarf staff member attending to him.

Just like the group of elected elder Chaos Dwarfs who managed the Chaos Dwarven District of Sector DS0909 in the inter-realm city, there was a group of elected elder Chaos Dwarfs who ran The Chaos Dwarven Forge. They were responsible for maintaining the Forge and ensuring it met the quotas set by the Devil Merchant Code. Unlike in the Chaos Dwarven District, where dwarfs looked down on marketing

gimmicks, here the elder Chaos Dwarfs embraced a little of marketing to promote their various crafting competitions—and only for that purpose. Because what use was of winning a competition if one could not brag about it.

Besides, they didn't need to rely on other promotional events, as their reputation as crafting kings made their crafting competitions some of the most popular events in the entire Duel Realm. This was mainly because crafters from other races could compete and learn from the Chaos Dwarfs in these competitions. For many, just earning a rank in these competitions was considered an honor. Not to mention, the Chaos Dwarfs also rented their forges for other duels. As a result, business was flourishing for the Chaos Dwarfs in the Duel Realm.

"When are the judges going to arrive?" Wyatt asked the staff, perplexed by the delay. He'd heard of contestants being late, but never the judges.

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## Chapter 2346 The Judges

[ 1,032 words ]

### Chapter 2346 The Judges

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Duel Realm, Crafting Sector, Venue: Chaos Dwarven Forge. The Judges are believed to be the original natives of the Duel Realm, who became subservient to the Devil Merchant Code when it conquered their world and transformed it into a realm existing simultaneously between the spiritual and physical planes, Duel Real. In fact, they were the only beings—aside from the demon and devil merchants—ever employed by the Devil Merchant Code.

However, it is widely believed that the natives of the Duel Realm willingly worshipped the Devil Merchant Code as their god to prevent them being erased with their old world during the creation of the Duel Realm. Some theorize that the Devil Merchant Code chose this realm from the myriad others specifically because of its natives and their innate ability to compel opponents to speak only the truth.

Regardless of the reason, the Judges became the Devil Merchant Code's heralds in the Duel Realm, ranking above both demon and devil merchants just in Duel Realm. They were granted special privileges, allowing them to preside over and judge all duels on

behalf of the Devil Merchant Code. Thanks to these privileges, the Judges could render even ruler-class beings immobile or sentence them to death within the Duel Realm, making them the most feared entities in that domain.

Demon and devil merchants had little to fear from the Judges as long as they operated within the laws and rules set by the Devil Merchant Code. Nevertheless, the Judges occasionally lorded their authority over these merchants, engaging in minor mischiefs like making them wait unnecessarily. However, they were careful never to misuse their power, as anyone could file an appeal against them to the devil merchant code.

"Is this your first duel in the Duel Realm? It must be, or you wouldn't have asked me that," a female dwarven staff member warned Wyatt. "The Judges are already here; they're just waiting to make a dazzling entry. Be patient with them, or you might lose your duel before it even begins."

The staff's warning was unnecessary for Wyatt, who had already studied the Duel Realm's rules, regulations, and, of course, the Judges and their peculiar antics. However, the bit about their "dazzling entry" was news to him. The more he learned about the Judges, the more they seemed like attention seekers. Considering that demon and devil merchants treated them as trashy slaves of the Devil Merchant Code outside of duels, Wyatt figured their willfulness during duels might be their only outlet.

As the staff member spoke, Wyatt used his primordial soul pupils to scan the colosseum for the Judges. He soon spotted an entity resembling a foot-tall stuffed plush dinosaur—a velvet T-rex, to be precise. Its vivid expression clearly indicated it was alive and not a mere toy. This made the Judge appear all the more endearing. Even Wyatt felt an urge to run his hands over its velvet skin.

Just then, as if sensing Wyatt's gaze, the plush-like entity turned its head in his direction, and their eyes met. Wyatt casually glanced away, feigning indifference, as though he hadn't noticed the Judge. His reaction was flawless, yet the Judge had already sensed something and marked him as their next target.

Suddenly, Wyatt turned to the female dwarven staff member standing beside him and asked, "I didn't catch your name."

"That's because I didn't tell you," she replied with a smirk, her tone brutally honest. "I didn't want to bother giving you my fake name, so I skipped the introduction. But if you insist on a proper one, give me some time to think of a cool fake name."

Wyatt, unbothered by her bluntness, nodded in understanding. "Say no more."

The female staff, monitoring Wyatt's expression out of the corner of her eye, was surprised to see that he appeared completely unaffected by her harsh words. She began to wonder if he had no ulterior motives and genuinely wanted to know her name. Feeling a pang of guilt, she added, "We're advised not to give our real names to

contestants. Some people use them to track us down in the inter-realm city or the Dark Realm with tracking curses. Others try to get close to use on the pretense of being acquaintances and hound us for help crafting or for pointers on specific items. To avoid that, we use fake names, but I'm having trouble deciding on one—there are so many cool names out there—"

"How about Chatty Cathy?" Wyatt interrupted, his tone tinged with annoyance as he cut her off mid-ramble.

His sudden outburst wasn't entirely aimed at the talkative dwarf. Most of his irritation stemmed from the stuffed plush dinosaur—a velvet T-rex—that had been staring directly into his eyes. Hovering right in front of his face using its stealth skill, it occasionally made faces at him, edging dangerously close to his eyes before pulling back. Wyatt was certain the Judges had realized he could see them and were trying to provoke him into acknowledging their presence, despite their supposed stealth, which was considered omniscient in the Duel Realm.

Wyatt's predicament worsened when he realized he could still see the Judges even after deactivating his primordial soul pupils. He believed this was because their stealth skill must be conditional—perhaps it failed against someone who had already detected their presence. Rather than dwelling on the mechanics, Wyatt chose to ignore the plush doll, though its mischievous antics and undeniable cuteness made it increasingly difficult.

Desperate for a distraction, Wyatt turned back to the dwarven staff member, but her incessant chatter wasn't helping.

"Chatty Cathy? That's catchy! What language is it from? Is it your native tongue? What does it mean?" the dwarf asked, her curiosity piqued.

Stuck between the playful plush doll and the overly talkative dwarf, Wyatt sighed and helplessly replied, "It means you talk a lot."

Wyatt's brutal honesty was intentional, hoping she would extend the same courtesy to him that she seemed to expect for herself. He wasn't in the mood to coddle her feelings, especially not while dealing with the mischievous antics of the Judges.

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# Chapter 2347 Bigold & Dulas

[ 1,053 words ]

## Chapter 2347 Bigold & Dulas

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Duel Realm, Crafting Sector, Venue: Chaos Dwarven Forge. The silent dance between Wyatt and the Judges continued for quite some time. The spectators and Chaos Dwarfs waited patiently, as though such delays were a common occurrence. Meanwhile, the female dwarven staff attending to Wyatt occasionally threw sharp glares in his direction, her expression growing increasingly sour. She seemed to have taken offense at being called "talkative."

"I don't talk a lot. I was just trying to be considerate of your feelings," she finally blurted, crossing her arms in indignation. Her tone was defensive, but her natural chatterbox tendencies made her words spill out rapidly.

"Uh-huh," Wyatt replied, the sarcasm dripping from his voice. He barely glanced at her, his focus still on ignoring the Judges. He knew he could simply acknowledge their presence and move things along for everyone's benefit, but where was the fun in that? Smirking at his own mischief, he decided to prolong the game.

Turning to the female dwarf, he said, "Contact the other contestant. I want to discuss the distribution of the income we get from this duel."

The request startled her, and she blinked, momentarily caught off guard. It was standard for the winner of a duel to receive 3 percent of the income while the loser got 2 percent. But Wyatt wanted it all. Of course, greed played a part—who didn't like more money? Yet, his true intentions ran deeper. He wanted to teach the unnamed Chaos Dwarf a lesson it would never forget, especially considering its obsession with wealth seeing how it wouldn't pay offerings to Devil Merchant Code. Moreover, it served as a perfect distraction from the Judges, who were testing his patience.

He planned to see how long the Judges could keep up their antics. After all, he knew they couldn't harm him as long as he adhered to the Duel Realm's rules and regulations.

"You mean Uncle Bigold? Oops!" The female staff's eyes widened in horror as she clamped her hands over her mouth. "I wasn't supposed to say that! It seems I do talk a lot." She stuck out her tongue sheepishly, then clasped her hands together in a pleading gesture. "Contestant, please don't tell him I told you his name!"

Wyatt's disbelief at his attendant grew. His eyebrows rose as he stared at the staff member, his lips pressing into a thin line as he activated his primordial soul pupils to analyze her. The revelation surprised him—she was only thirty-three years old. By Chaos Dwarven standards, that was practically a child, considering their extended lifespans.

Realization dawned on him. It now made sense why a Chaos Dwarf would willingly work as an attendant instead of crafting, their most cherished profession. The Chaos Dwarfs had likely devised a way to exploit their younger members, perhaps assigning them tasks in name of gaining experience akin to unpaid internships back on Earth. Maybe that's the price they pay for getting the demon merchant tokens. Wyatt's lips curled into a faint smirk, a mixture of amusement and mild disdain. Shaking his head slightly, he muttered under his breath, "Figures."

"Yeah, sure. Ask him if he's willing to agree to let the winner of the duel take all five percent of the income distributed to the contestants by the Chaos Dwarven Forge," Wyatt instructed the female dwarf, deliberately choosing to overlook her quirks on account of her youth. He might appear as a seventeen-year-old human boy, but his actual age far exceeded that of the female dwarf.

"Yes, right away," the female dwarf chirped, quickly summoning her demon codex. She fumbled with it for a moment before managing to connect the call. When the line opened, she hurriedly blurted out, "Uncle Bigold, your opponent is asking if you'd agree to change the terms of splitting the income from the duel to a winner-takes-all arrangement."

From the other side of the call, Bigold's voice boomed with indignation. "Damn it, Dulas! Did you just reveal my name to that unknown demon merchant? Now he knows my name too when I don't even know his race and native realm!"

Dulas froze, her eyes darting nervously as her cheeks flushed a deep crimson. Panic overtook her, and she began to stammer. "N-no, I didn't!" she denied quickly, shaking her head as if to convince herself.

But Bigold's irritated response came with proof. "Look in front of you!"

Dulas hesitated, her confusion evident as she frowned. Slowly, she lifted her head, only to see her uncle glaring at her from across the colosseum. Her jaw dropped, and she immediately slapped her forehead in realization.

"Switch to mental conversation mode, you fool!" Bigold barked, waving his arms dramatically to emphasize his point. Mortified, Dulas scrambled to adjust her codex, her fingers fumbling over the controls.

Meanwhile, Wyatt stood to the side, watching the chaotic exchange with mild amusement. His lips curled into a small, sardonic smile as he shook his head slowly. 'I

suppose not all Chaos Dwarfs really as smart as their races reputation in the Myriad Realms,' he wondered, his mind replaying the dwarf's blunders.

After being thoroughly scolded and lectured by her uncle, Dulas finally got a definitive answer. She hurried over to Wyatt and reported, "The other contestant has agreed to the winner-takes-all arrangement for the income from the duel. I've made the changes. It's now official—you can't change it without the other contestant's agreement."

"Thank you, Dulas," Wyatt said, teasing the young dwarf.

Dulas looked at him with wide, pleading eyes. "Please, don't ask me to help you with your crafting. I really can't be much help to you, especially since you're challenging Uncle Bigold—I mean, the other contestant."

"Don't worry, I won't," Wyatt replied with a smirk. After a brief pause, he added, "However, if you ever need someone to help you with your crafting, you know how to find me." His tone was light, but his mind wandered to the thought that if the Chaos Dwarfs didn't fully appreciate the potential of their younger generation, perhaps he could.

"But I really don't!" Dulas exclaimed, frowning. "I have no idea who you are or even what race you belong to, let alone how to find you."

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## Chapter 2348 Duel Rules, Froslings

[ 1,287 words ]

### Chapter 2348 Duel Rules, Froslings

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Duel Realm, Crafting Sector, Venue: Chaos Dwarven Forge.

"Don't worry, soon you will learn my new address," Wyatt said with a confident grin, his tone laced with definite-assurance. Everything was set. Now, if only the Judges would stop wasting time pestering him and show up to commence the duel, it would be perfect. He adjusted his stance, his fingers lightly drumming against his side and whistling a tune, as if he was in no hurry.

"You can see us in our stealth form, can't you?" the foot-long, plush-like velvet T-Rex suddenly spoke, their voice crisp and startling. With that, their stealth spell shattered, instantly revealing their presence to everyone in the colosseum. A ripple of gasps and murmurs swept through the crowd.

Dulas gasped in astonishment, her eyes widening as she found the Judges had appeared right beside her. Wyatt, on the other hand, froze momentarily, his expression shifting subtly as he registered the T-Rex's words. He wanted to deny the claim but found, to his dismay, that he could not utter the word 'no' in any of the languages he knew and he knew a few thousand of them. His mind raced. 'Interesting,' he thought, a flicker of intrigue crossing his features as he silently experienced the Judges' innate ability for himself. He quickly realized the power was amplified by the Devil Merchant Code, making it harder for him to resist.

Clenching his jaw, Wyatt subtly mobilized a tiny bit of primordial energy. His eyes narrowed slightly as the faintest shimmer of power radiated within him. It worked like a charm, negating the Judges' effect and breaking free of its hold. He straightened his posture and smoothed his expression into one of neutrality.

"I don't understand what you're talking about," Wyatt replied with practiced nonchalance, feigning ignorance. The Judges exchanged glances, their brows furrowing in confusion. They had clearly felt his gaze on them, yet he denied it so easily. Their innate ability, enhanced by their lord's power, should have compelled him to speak the truth. No tricks—neither half-truths, withheld information, clever wordplay, nor even self-deception—could bypass its reach. Even ruler-class entities were not immune to its effects, so the notion of a mortal like Wyatt overcoming it seemed inconceivable to them.

"Really? This makes us feel stupid. Anyway, our bad. Let us not delay the duel any longer. Contestants, take your positions," the Judges announced, their voices firm yet tinged with a hint of embarrassment. They flew gracefully to the center of the colosseum's arena, their commanding presence drawing the attention of the crowd.

With their proclamation, Dulas stepped forward, summoning her demon codex with a casual flick of her wrist. Her tone was light but encouraging as she said, "Don't worry about the rules of the duel; the Judges will announce them soon. Good luck, Contestant!" A faint shimmer surrounded Wyatt as she teleported him into one of the open workshops in the arena. The crowd, which had waited long enough, erupted in a deafening cheer, their voices blending into a wave of enthusiasm that reverberated through the massive colosseum.

Wyatt adjusted his stance in the workshop, glancing briefly at the roaring crowd. Noticing Bigold, a faint smirk tugged at the corner of his lips as he saw the latter acting as if he had already won the game. Meanwhile, the Judges, basking in the energy of the spectators, raised their tail to silence them.

"Now, that's the energy. Here we go!" the Judges declared, their voices amplified and resonating throughout the colosseum. Their authority instantly reclaimed the spotlight, and the crowd's roar subsided into an eager hush. The Judges began to explain the duel's rules, their words crisp and deliberate. "Let me see... This is a corpse puppet crafting duel, so the rules will be pretty simple."

The Judges gestured broadly, as if conjuring images of the rules in the minds of everyone present. "I will randomly select a species and a realm. The contestants will have to refine three corpse puppets—each of that species and realm—within the stipulated time limit. Then, the contestants will use their puppets to fight a 3v3 rotation elimination duel. That is, contestant's can swap their corpse puppets in and out during the duel, similar to a tag-team system. The goal is to completely eliminate the opposing contestant's corpse puppets. Once a contestant loses all three corpse puppets, they lose the duel."

The Judge leaned forward slightly, a sly smile on their face as they added, "Simple and clear cut enough, right? Now, who wants to see some gore and action?"

The crowd, mesmerized by the Judges' innate ability, erupted into a primal cry. Their raw anticipation for the duel between the Unnamed Chaos Dwarf and the Unknown Demon Merchant filled the air, echoing with an almost tangible energy.

Infected by the crowd's energy, the Judges, on a whim, decided to add a twist. They, with a mischievous glint in their eyes, announced, "You know what? We feel like it would be better if someone in the audience got to pick the species and the realm of the corpse puppets the contestants should craft. So, which one of you should I choose? Raise your hands!"

As the Judges' words echoed through the colosseum, the crowd's excitement surged to new heights. More than eighty percent of the spectators shot their arms into the air, their voices rising in a cacophony of cheers and pleas. Many jumped up and down, waving eagerly to catch the Judges' attention. Smirking, the Judges lingered, soaking in the crowd's fervent display. They seemed to revel in the attention, their egos swelling with each passing second.

Finally, after deeming the crowd's reaction sufficient, the Judges decided it was time. They vanished in a flicker of light and reappeared before a cloaked figure seated near the edge of the arena. The chosen figure froze in place, visibly panicking under the sudden spotlight. As the Judge stood before them, the figure's hood fell back, revealing a stunning face. Her blue skin and eyes were radiant, with symmetrical features that seemed sculpted to perfection. Snow-white hair cascaded down her back in a long, neatly tied braid, and her pointed ears immediately caught the attention of everyone nearby. Gasps rippled through the crowd as all eyes fixed on the cloaked beauty.

"Frosling species and Demon Emperor realm!" she declared with surprising confidence, her melodic voice cutting through the murmurs of the colosseum. She spoke before the Judge could even finish asking the question.

The Judge tilted their head, their expression shifting into one of mild irritation. "We did not ask about your species and realm. We asked—"

"I know," the female Frosling interrupted sharply, her tone unwavering. "I want the contestants to craft corpse puppets of the Frosling species and Demon Emperor realm." Her firm assertion left no room for argument, and her calm yet commanding demeanor caused a ripple of surprise to sweep through the arena.

The Judge's irritation deepened, their face darkening slightly as they resisted the urge to argue. 'Why did we pick her?' they thought with a twinge of regret. Still, bound by their own rules, they had no choice but to abide by her choice. They straightened, clearing their throat before announcing in a clipped tone, "The species will be Frosling, and the realm will be Demon Emperor." Their bad mood grew as they relayed the information to the entire colosseum.

The crowd, however, cheered wildly at the announcement, entirely oblivious to the Judges' irritation. The cloaked beauty simply folded her arms and watched, a faint tension hanging at frowned brows as the spectacle unfolded.

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## Chapter 2349 Abominable Snowdemons, Time-Space Isolation Array

[ 1,161 words ]

### **Chapter 2349 Abominable Snowdemons, Time-Space Isolation Array**

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Duel Realm, Crafting Sector, Venue: Chaos Dwarven Forge.

Even Wyatt was surprised by the choice made by the female Frosling. His brow furrowed slightly as he considered her motives. 'Does she hold a grudge against her own race?' he wondered, tilting his head in confusion. He couldn't think of a better explanation. However, he also knew the tragic history of the Frosling race—they had been enslaved and their realm destroyed by the abominable Snowdemon race.

This only deepened the mystery for Wyatt. 'Why would she ask us to craft corpse puppets using the bodies of her own people?' he thought, his fingers tapping rhythmically against the edge of his workshop table. 'If anything, shouldn't she be demanding we use the corpses of the Snowdemon race instead?' The contradiction gnawed at him briefly, but he soon dismissed it with a shrug. It wasn't worth dwelling on. It was just an afterthought, after all. He refocused his attention on the Judges, waiting patiently for them to announce the time limit and the list of ingredients for the crafting section of the duel.

Meanwhile, the Judges, still visibly irked by the female Frosling's rudeness, quickly glanced at the contestants. Their tail flicked slightly, betraying their irritation. Seeking to shake off their bad mood, they raised their tail high, signaling for the crowd to quiet down. The noise gradually subsided into an expectant hush. The Judges, regaining composure, cleared their throat and announced, "The time limit for the crafting will be three days. As for the ingredients, contestants may use their resources to purchase what they need from our lord and savior, the Devil Merchant Code. This arrangement is intended to balance the tight time limit."

They paused, their gaze sweeping over the contestants before continuing with a stern tone, "Contestants, please do not abuse your access to buy ingredients from the Lord to cheat. The list of ingredients you purchase will be shared with the spectators and broadcast on the Duel-Realm Network stream. Should any viewer raise a legitimate concern about irregularities, we will step in immediately. Using the privilege granted to us by the Lord, we will judge if you have cheated and, if found guilty, sentence you appropriately. This could include—but is not limited to—automatic disqualification by default."

The Judge's tail swished sharply for emphasis as their eyes locked on the two contestants. "Have we made ourselves clear?"

Both Bigold and Wyatt nodded solemnly, their expressions grave as they agreed to the Judges' conditions. Wyatt, his mind already spinning with strategies, adjusted his stance, his fingers brushing lightly against the edge of his crafting tools as he mentally listed the ingredients he needed to craft three demon emperor rank Frosling corpse puppet. Bigold, on the other hand, crossed his arms tightly over his chest, his jaw clenched with grievance. His furrowed brow and slight shake of his head revealed his sense of injustice. Feeling wronged by the Judges, he finally broke his silence.

"Judges, this is unfair," Bigold protested, his voice tinged with frustration. He gestured toward the Judges with one hand while the other remained curled into a fist at his side. "I am the one covering the cost of the duel. Following your rules, my opponent can order any number of rare ingredients for the duel, create better corpse puppets, or even just pocket the ingredients. Please, I beg you, reconsider this arrangement." His tone softened toward the end, a desperate edge creeping into his voice.

The Judges glanced at Wyatt who was lost in contemplation, their frowns deepening as they considered Bigold's argument. Their tail wagged with the wind rhythmically, as if weighing the options. Finally, they spoke with an air of finality, "Fine. All the ingredients bought but unused in the crafting will be sold back to our Lord, the Devil Merchant Code. Additionally, if the total cost of the ingredients purchased by both contestants exceeds the income the contestants stand to earn from this duel, the contestants will equally share the difference."

Their sharp gaze shifted to Bigold. "Is this fair enough?" the Judge added, their tone firm, as though challenging him to argue further.

"Yes, Judges," Bigold replied through gritted teeth. He wanted to refute further, but he noticed the slight flicker of irritation in the Judges' eyes. 'There's a limit to their patience,' he thought, swallowing his words. While not ideal, he reasoned that this arrangement was better than nothing. He exhaled sharply through his nose, nodding curtly in reluctant acceptance.

"Good," the Judges replied, their tone regaining its usual neutrality. "If the contestants are ready, we will activate the time-space isolation array formation and commence the duel." With a sharp snap of their fingers, a shimmering barrier began to materialize around the arena. It pulsed with energy, growing brighter as the formation completed.

The Judges waited, their eyes scanning the contestants, their tail still. Once both Wyatt and Bigold signaled their readiness, they began the timer and the array, and the duel officially commenced.

The time-space isolation array formation separated the arena's time and space from the rest of the colosseum. A shimmering barrier encapsulated the arena, its surface rippling faintly with an otherworldly glow. Within the arena, where Bigold and Wyatt were crafting, time flowed 24 times slower than in the rest of the colosseum. That meant if Bigold and Wyatt spent three days inside, only three hours would pass for the spectators outside.

Thanks to the intricate recording arrays embedded throughout the colosseum, the spectators had complete control over their viewing experience. They could individually watch the crafting duel at a speed convenient for them, whether in real time or by rewinding, changing the angle of view, or even fast-forwarding to skip to catch up with the progressing duel. The arrays allowed them to focus on specific moments with just a thought. The same functionality extended to viewers streaming the duel on the Duel Realm's realm network via their demon or devil codex. The colosseum buzzed with excitement as the eager audience eyes glued to the display.

Inside the arena, Wyatt stood unfazed by the Judges, the spectators, or even Bigold. His focus was razor-sharp, his expression calm yet determined. Without sparing a glance at his opponent, he began purchasing the ingredients he needed through his demon codex. No stray thoughts or distractions lingered in his mind—he did not even

consider indulging in the argument Bigold had raised to force the Judges to amend the ingredient procurement rules. Wyatt had already moved past that, immersing himself entirely in the task at hand.

Bigold, in contrast, cast a sidelong glance at Wyatt before turning his attention back to his own preparations. His expression betrayed lingering irritation, his jaw tightening slightly as he begrudgingly accepted the situation. Yet, he too began to focus, purchasing his own set of ingredients with his demon codex.

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## Chapter 2350 Frosell, Snow Elven Race, Glacier Plague

[ 1,175 words ]

### **Chapter 2350 Frosell, Snow Elven Race, Glacier Plague**

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Duel Realm, Crafting Sector, Venue: Chaos Dwarven Forge.

Froslings, the frost-born younglings, were a unique offshoot of the snow elven race, native to the icy realm of Frosell—known as the Frost Hell. Their peaceful existence changed forever when the Devil Merchant Code selected a young Frosling warrior to become the first of her kind to ascend as a Frosling Demon Merchant. Driven by unyielding ambition, she was willing to sacrifice anything to achieve her goals.

Upon discovering the artificial demon cores, she abandoned the traditional power system of her people—a system where reaching the Devil Realm was little more than a distant myth. Embracing the dark realm's power, she forged her path to ascendancy, ultimately achieving the rank of Devil Merchant.

With her newfound power, she subdued her entire tribe, gifting them artificial demon cores, introducing them to the dark realm's power system. This marked a dramatic shift for the Froslings of Frosell, as they adopted the dark realm's power system. Empowered and unified under her rule, she marshaled her demon core-imbued army to conquer the Frosell itself. From every corner of the realm, she extracted its resources, channeling them into exchanges with the Devil Merchant Code. These trades fed her insatiable hunger for power, propelling her closer to becoming a Ruler-Class being.

However, she soon realized the limitations of her native realm's bounty. The wealth of Frosell could only take her so far. Resolute in her ambitions, she turned to a darker path: the trafficking of her own people. Exploiting the uncanny resemblance between Froslings fused with demon cores and the Snow Elves from dark realm, she began selling them as slaves across the inter-realm network. Snow Elves, prized for their rarity and beauty, commanded astronomical prices, and her scheme thrived.

Her slave trade became a monumental success. The first Frosling Demon Merchant grew infamous, becoming one of the most sought-after and feared dealers in the inter-realm network. Yet, fame bred enemies. The Snow Elves, appalled by what they saw as a betrayal by one of their own, launched an investigation to uncover how a supposed Snow Elf could stoop so low—and, more importantly, where she was sourcing so many slaves. Misidentifying her as one of their own, they placed a massive bounty on her head and initiated an unrelenting hunt to bring her to justice.

Since the first Frosling Devil Merchant did not originate from the Dark Realm, her pursuers were unable to corner her within its surface. That was, until one fateful day when her rival slave traders and the vengeful Snow Elves orchestrated an elaborate trap. Under the guise of brokering an unprecedented deal, they lured her into the Dark Realm and marked her with a powerful tracking spell, intent on hunting her down once and for all.

Choosing to cut off from returning to her native realm, unwilling to expose the secret location of her personal "farm" of artificial Snow Elves, the first Frosling Devil Merchant made a desperate decision. She sought refuge in the Winter Valley—one of the thirteen deadliest places in the Dark Realm.

The Winter Valley, a perilous mountain range perpetually gripped by the harshest winters, was a forbidden zone even among the Dark Realm's boldest denizens. Its frigid expanse was infamous for the Glacier Plague—a snowborne illness that thrived solely in the valley's extreme environment. Any being that dared to tread there inevitably succumbed, frozen into lifeless ice statues. Even mighty ruler-class beings had attempted to plunder the valley's secrets, resources, and treasures, but few ever returned, and those who did brought only tales of death and despair.

Thus, it was a tremendous shock to the Snow Elves when they discovered that the elusive slave trader—whom they believed to be one of their own—had not only survived within the Winter Valley but had endured long enough for the tracking spell to expire. This revelation caused a stir among the Snow Elves, particularly as they, natives of the Dark Realm, knew full well that even their kind could not survive the Glacier Plague. The mere idea that someone with their appearance could resist the valley's deadly curse was nothing short of extraordinary.

Word of this immunity quickly spread across the Dark Realm, thanks in part to the rival slave traders who collaborated with the Snow Elves. Soon, the entire realm buzzed with rumors of a Snow Elf immune to the Glacier Plague. The hunt for this anomaly

intensified, as curious and greedy factions vied to uncover the truth. Simultaneously, owners of enslaved Snow Elves began conducting tests, hoping to determine whether their slaves shared this remarkable immunity—a discovery that could turn their slaves into treasures of unimaginable value.

As a result of these discoveries, the dark races learned that all the fake Snow Elves sold by the first Frosling Devil Merchant were, in fact, immune to the Glacier Plague. Upon interrogating these slaves, they uncovered a memory-ban spell that had altered and suppressed their recollections. Determined to uncover the truth, the Dark Realm's most brilliant minds worked tirelessly to break the spell. When they succeeded, the full story of the Froslings and their immunity came to light.

The revelation triggered a frenzied race among the dark races to claim ownership of Frosell, the Frost Hell, from the devil merchant code. However, one race emerged victorious: the Abominable Snow Demon Race. Ruthless and calculating, they moved swiftly to secure their prize.

The reign of the first Frosling Devil Merchant came to a decisive and brutal end as the Abominable Snow Demons enslaved the remaining Froslings and obliterated the realm of Frosell within a mere 48 hours. This rapid destruction ensured no other factions in the Dark Realm could challenge their claim out of greed and competition to unravel the secrets of Frosell's unique immunity to the Glacier Plague first.

To placate the other dark races and avoid criticism, the Abominable Snow Demon Race auctioned off half of Frosell's realm fragments and a portion of the enslaved Froslings to the highest bidders. Yet, despite countless experiments and studies, no one was able to uncover a definitive cure for the Glacier Plague. However, it was observed that individuals who used Frosell's realm fragments displayed immunity to the deadly plague.

This led the dark races to conclude that the Froslings' immunity was not an innate racial trait but a blessing derived from their homeland, Frosell's will. Overnight, the value of Frosling slaves plummeted, and many were freed, stripped of their once-prized research significance.

Having lost their native realm, the displaced Froslings had no choice but to make their home in the harsh and unforgiving Dark Realm. Fortunately, they were welcomed by the Snow Elves, who saw in them kindred spirits, if not equals. While the Snow Elves offered the Froslings a refuge, they stopped short of treating them as peers. Nevertheless, the Froslings found themselves fortunate to have a place of shelter amid the Dark Realm's hostility and dangers.

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# Chapter 2351 Soul Crafting

[ 1,035 words ]

## Chapter 2351 Soul Crafting

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Duel Realm, Crafting Sector, Venue: Chaos Dwarven Forge.

[ –Ingredients– >Frosling Corpse (Demon Emperor, Female) x3

>Frosling Demon Core (Demon Emperor) x3

>25L Winter Plague (SSS-Rank) >Clampedo's demonic pearl bomb (Top-Tier) x3

>250L Liquid Frost Rule Power (Frosell Realm Rule Power)

>Winter Weaver's core(SSS-Rank) x3]

After recalling the history of the Froslings, Wyatt swiftly procured three sets of six ingredients, carefully selected for refining his trio of Frosling corpses. With a clear vision for the direction of their crafting, he wasted no time in gathering what he needed. However, his short ingredient list quickly drew the attention—and suspicion—of the spectators. The absence of the basic components typically required to prepare a corpse for crafting into a corpse puppet was glaringly obvious.

Wyatt's peculiar selection of ingredients, combined with the already rampant speculations about his identity, made him the center of the crowd's gossip. Conversations buzzed with theories and conjectures, each more outlandish than the last. Some claimed he must be a rising prodigy, while others dismissed him as a reckless fool courting disaster.

Among the murmuring crowd were self-proclaimed genius corpse puppet crafters who loudly derided Wyatt's approach. They sneered at his methodology, declaring that the unknown demon merchant had no understanding of the intricate art of corpse puppet crafting. "Everyone knows that Froslings, like Snow Elves, are inherently frail. Their weak physiques make it essential to use specific ingredients to enhance the durability of their corpses for crafting proper corpse puppets. Yet this so-called demon merchant didn't buy a single one of those crucial ingredients. It's obvious he doesn't have the faintest idea what he's doing. What a waste of my money buying tickets to this duel!"

"Perhaps, but look at him—he looks like he knows exactly what he's doing. Maybe he has an alternative method. Rumor has it that he's from a ruler-class force. That might explain it."

"Ruler-class or not, the rules of corpse refining are the same for everyone. You can't just skip the essentials and expect to create something better. From where I stand, this brat reeks of inexperience. He doesn't belong to a ruler-class force—he's just some bumpkin from the backwaters of the myriad realms."

"Is that so? Then explain how this 'bumpkin' managed to convince the Devil Merchant Code to blacklist a chaos merchant's workshop—and in the Chaos Dwarf District, no less!"

"Keep throwing that at me all you want, but we don't know the full story. I'm willing to bet there's some missing context. Wait—what is he doing? Is that... soul crafting?!"

"Now tell me, who's the real bumpkin here? The one using soul crafting, or the one making baseless claims with nothing to back them up?"

"Excuse me, what's soul crafting?"

"Soul crafting, also known as soul pathway crafting—wait, if you don't even know what soul crafting is, why are you here? Who let you buy a ticket to this duel?"

"Ignore this fool. Crafting supremacists like him are always looking for someone to belittle. Soul crafting is an advanced technique where items are crafted at their very essence, using the soul pathways of the ingredients themselves. Only those with immense spiritual power can even attempt this method. There are alternative approaches, of course, like using array formations. That's exactly what this demon merchant is doing right now! And look at his precision—he's converting the ingredients into soul pathways seamlessly, without damaging a single one. That's no small feat."

"Is there really an advantage to using soul crafting over traditional methods?"

"Advantage? There's an enormous advantage! Items created through soul crafting are vastly superior in both quality and durability compared to those made with traditional methods. Traditional crafting is riddled with limitations, while soul crafting is virtually boundless. That's why all renowned crafters rely on it. Even I use soul crafting, though only on materials I'm deeply familiar with. Altering or editing the soul pathways of new ingredients without thorough knowledge risks damaging them beyond repair. To master soul crafting, one needs not only immense spiritual power but also profound knowledge of the intricate soul pathways in every resource and ingredient they handle."

"That explains it. The rumors about him being from a ruler-class force must be true."

"It's still too early to make such claims. Let's watch and see how this unfolds."

"Yes, especially since the unnamed chaos dwarf is using soul crafting to refine the ingredients needed to prepare the corpse for crafting a puppet. It's clear he's not as

well-versed in soul crafting as his opponent, but he's a seasoned corpse puppet crafter nonetheless."

"Whatever. It seems the arrogant chaos dwarfs have finally met their match today. Honestly, making the trip to watch this duel in person feels even more worth it now. I can't wait to see the despair on that unnamed chaos dwarf's face when he loses. Who even registers as unnamed in a competition? These chaos dwarfs act like they value only their craftsmanship and nothing else, but they're no different from attention-seeking whores. The only distinction is that others sell their flesh, while these chaos dwarfs sell their so-called masterpieces. I'm so done with their hypocrisy."

"You're not wrong. This entire 'Chaos Dwarven Forge' and their annual crafting competitions are just proof of how much they crave validation through their crafting skills and crafted items. They try to act superior, but in the end, it's all about showing off."

"Are you guys aware you're sitting in a colosseum owned and operated by chaos dwarfs?"

"And? Should I be scared? I said what I said."

"Good. Then why don't you march over there and tell them to their faces instead of whining to us? Honestly, I'm sick of hearing your jealous rants. If you have such a problem with them, take it up with them directly."

The Frosling, the arbiter of this crafting duel, listened intently to the clamoring crowd and the spectacle unfolding before her. Her gaze, keen and discerning, fixed upon the contestant of unknown race, whose every move hinted at a hidden potential. A craftswoman herself, she recognized a kindred spirit, a soul capable of fulfilling her mysterious purpose.

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## Chapter 2352 Crafting Complete

[ 1,035 words ]

### Chapter 2352 Crafting Complete

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Duel Realm, Crafting Sector, Venue: Chaos Dwarven Forge.

Looking at the three tall, slender, silver-haired, ethereal blue-skinned, and well-preserved corpses of female Froslings, Wyatt shook his head at the peculiar choices dictated by the devil merchant code. Each corpse resembled a vivid ice sculpture. They were indistinguishable from the regular Snow Elves corpse. Yet, for some reason, the slaves and corpses of Snow Elves were three to five times more expensive than those of Froslings. Some female Snow Elf corpses even fetched prices ten times higher than their Frosling counterparts.

This price disparity stemmed primarily from the buyers' obsession with lineage and prestige. If the slave or corpse had been a royal Snow Elf, its value was treated like a true relic's, skyrocketing to unimaginable heights. Once dead, however, royal and regular Snow Elves were virtually indistinguishable. In fact, they could easily be mistaken for Froslings. Yet, the significant difference in cost persisted. Such was the market: people were willing to pay exorbitant prices if they believed there was a good enough reason.

This crafting duel was Wyatt's opportunity to provide the demon and devil merchants watching with a compelling justification for the high value of his services. However, that could wait until after her open's his workshop in Chaos Dwarven District. At present, he focused on winning the crafting duel at hand. Wyatt with help of his primordial spirits divided his mental strength so they could simultaneously transform three sets of six ingredients into soul pathways and stored them in the crafting page of his unranked grimoire, which appeared to the audience as an ordinary demon codex.

Inside the crafting page, aided by his thousand-plus primordial spirits, Wyatt began modifying the soul pathways of the three Frosling corpses simultaneously. First, he used 50 liters of frost rule power drawn from the sector of inter-realm city to which the Frosell realm belonged to, to strengthen the soul pathways of the corpses, reinforcing their physiques. This process reactivated and enhanced their realm's blessing that granted Frosling their immunity to the Glacier Plague.

Next, Wyatt utilized the remaining 100 liters of frost rule power combined with 25 liters of Glacier Plague to modify the soul pathways of the Frosling corpses. This modification allowed the corpses, once turned into corpse puppets, to produce bodily fluids containing an enhanced version of the Glacier Plague.

After enhancing the corpses, Wyatt turned his attention to the three artificial Frosling demon cores, which had been cultivated to the demon emperor rank. These cores had been fused with Froslings and had been painstakingly cultivated to reach their current state. Wyatt planned to integrate them with the soul pathways of Clampedos' three demonic pearl bombs to create artificial demon cores specifically tailored to the soul pathways of the three Frosling corpses.

Once the modifications were complete, Wyatt and his primordial spirits fused the soul pathways of the enhanced Frosling corpses with the modified Frosling demon cores, creating three complete and highly modified Frosling corpses.

Finally, Wyatt used the soul pathways from three demonic Winterweaver cores to extract the soul pathways of Snow Silk skill and incorporate them into the modified Frosling corpses. This enabled the corpses, once animated as corpse puppets, to generate Snow Silk using their bodily fluids. Wyatt didn't stop there; he further enhanced the Snow Silk skill with the Glacier Plague present in the corpses' bodily fluids, transforming the skill into Glacier Silk skill.

Once they had prepared the soul pathways of the Frosling corpses to their specifications, the primordial spirits, guided by the knowledge of corpse puppet crafting they had acquired before the duel, began animating the three modified Frosling corpses into corpse puppets. Meanwhile, Wyatt and his Hive Spirit focused on creating three artificial wills for the Frosling corpse puppets. These artificial wills functioned like 3D printer AI software with various previously installed designs for various weapons and machanical armors, programmed using the soul pathways of the corpse puppets' cores as they were being animated.

Both the themes worked on their respective tasks simultaneously. This coordination was crucial to achieving a crafting cry—a miraculous phenomenon that occurs during the creation of an item, causing it to emit a resonant hum. The crafting cry has often been compared to the cry of a living being at birth, symbolizing that the crafted item possesses the potential to give rise to a spirit of its own in the future. Thanks to the Hive Spirit, Wyatt and his primordial spirits displayed unparalleled coordination, allowing them to complete their tasks simultaneously. As a result, they heard three distinct hums as they animated the three Frosling corpse puppets simultaneously. The three crafting cries echoed within the time-space isolation array, jolting Bigold awake and breaking his concentration as he was preparing to animate his first corpse puppet.

Bigold's initial reaction was rage and frustration, but as he realized what the hums signified, his expression shifted. Slowly, he turned to glance at his opponent's workshop, where three shimmering, blue-armored Frosling corpse puppets stood in a row. Seeing that his opponent had already crafted three corpse puppets while he was still working on his first left Bigold utterly stunned.

His astonishment deepened when he observed the three armored Frosling corpse puppets kneel before their crafter in a display of respect and surrender. This act revealed that his opponent's corpse puppets had already begun to develop their own spirits—or, at the very least, had been animated with advanced artificial wills.

'He must have compromised the functionality of his corpse puppets, limiting them to a few combat-oriented abilities and skills to reduce crafting time. That has to be it,' Bigold reasoned, unwilling to let the overwhelming realization sink in—that his opponent had crafted three corpse puppets in just half a day of a three-day crafting duel.

Bigold wasn't alone in his reaction. Many in the audience shared his thoughts, especially when they considered Wyatt's comparatively short ingredient list. Yet, none dared to question the quality of Wyatt's corpse puppets. The crafting cries alone were

proof enough; they indicated that the corpse puppets were of the highest quality possible for the ingredients used.

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## Chapter 2353 Glacier Silk 3D Printing

[ 1,019 words ]

### **Chapter 2353 Glacier Silk 3D Printing**

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Duel Realm, Crafting Sector, Venue: Chaos Dwarven Forge.

Wyatt looked at the three Frosling corpse puppets kneeling before him and nodded in satisfaction. He was pleased with his creations, even though he had deliberately held back to conceal his secrets.

In this crafting, Wyatt had refrained from using his Breath of Erosion to refine the soul pathways of the ingredients. He had also chosen not to use his Calamity Daughter Gem as the core of the corpse puppets, nor did he dare incorporate his knowledge of crafting a Viltronian core to grant them invincible bodies for their realm. Additionally, he avoided giving them mental-type physiques or traits and other advanced abilities and skills.

Wyatt had held back significantly this time due to the audience observing the duel. However, he fully showcased his soul crafting expertise by incorporating a dangerous ingredient like the Glacier Plague into the crafting process. He also displayed creativity by leveraging the Froslings' natural immunity to the Glacier Plague to grant them the unique Glacier Silk skill—a powerful ability whose full potential could only be revealed in the upcoming combat matchs.

Ultimately, Wyatt managed to demonstrate his exceptional crafting skills without exposing any of his deeper secrets. Yet, as always, there were skeptics among the audience—haters who doubted or dismissed his work. Despite this, Wyatt was confident that when the time came to pit his Frosling corpse puppets against Bigold's, their performance would silence many of his detractors.

With his crafting complete well ahead of schedule, Wyatt chose not to rest. Instead, he decided to use the remaining two and a half days to help his corpse puppets familiarize

themselves with their primary skill, Glacier Silk, in addition to their racial and undead abilities.

Bigold and many in the audience weren't wrong to observe that Wyatt hadn't given his corpse puppets an extensive range of functions and skills. However, they were mistaken about his reasons. Wyatt hadn't limited their abilities to reduce crafting time; instead, he believed the Glacier Silk skill alone was more than enough to ensure his corpse puppets could triumph over any Card Emperor realm corpse puppets.

Moreover, Wyatt was aware that being too flashy in this duel—by adding numerous rare and unique skills to his corpse puppets—could attract the wrong kind of attention. He needed to leave a lasting impression on the audience while maintaining a level of moderation that wouldn't make him a target.

'Hive Spirit, help them get familiar with using their skill Glacier Silk to perform 3D printing, and show them how to utilize the 3D weapon and armor designs they inherited during their animation in combat,' Wyatt ordered the Hive Spirit eyeing the shimmering blue armor covering the three female frosling corpse puppets.

Wyatt had not added armor to the Frosling corpse puppets during their crafting. Yet, when they were animated, they appeared clad in high-quality armor. This was thanks to the Glacier Silk skill and the 3D printing software and designs he had programmed into their artificial wills. Without any explicit instructions, the corpse puppets covered their naked bodies in Glacier Armor, 3D-printed using Glacier Silk. This action not only showed they maintained their dignity but also indicated that their spirits were already beginning to develop.

Even more impressive was the nature of the Glacier Armor itself. It functioned as a mechanical exoskeleton, transforming the Frosling corpse puppets into walking and fighting glaciers. This was precisely why Wyatt hadn't focused on strengthening the physical bodies of the Frosling corpses. The Froslings, being naturally unsuited for close combat, excelled instead in ranged combat due to their affinity with the ice element.

Strengthening the physique of a Frosling corpse for crafting a corpse puppet would have been akin to increasing the strength stats of a mage-type character in a game. What use is physical strength to a mage whose abilities are primarily elemental spells? Recognizing this, Wyatt instead gifted the corpse puppets with the Glacier Silk skill and programmed them with 3D printing capabilities.

To understand how the Frosling corpse puppets were able to 3D-print mechanical Glacier Armor using Glacier Silk, it is essential to understand its foundation: the Snow Silk skill and the working principles of the Glacier Plague.

The Winterweaver, a half-humanoid, half-spider demonic beast, secretes bodily fluids that transform moisture and snow from the surrounding atmosphere into a type of icy silk called Snow Silk.

The Glacier Plague, on the other hand, infects its target by causing thin layers of snowflakes to form on their skin using their body heat. Over time, these layers build up, gradually increasing until the target can no longer generate body heat and is ultimately transformed into an ice statue. The layered snowflakes mimic the formation of glaciers, hence the name Glacier Plague.

Thanks to Wyatt's ingenuity, the Frosling corpse puppets could now produce bodily fluids capable of creating Snow Silk imbued with the Glacier Plague. When used together, these two components formed Glacier Silk—a superior material created by combining fine moisture, snow, and heat from the environment. This silk was significantly more durable, as its threads were composed of compactly layered snowflakes, strengthened and tempered by the immense pressure of their combined weight, much like the formation of a glacier.

Wyatt applied the concept of additive manufacturing—a process from his past life that creates three-dimensional objects from a digital design—to enable his corpse puppets to use Glacier Silk for 3D-printing Glacier Armor and weapons.

With Wyatt's order Hive Spirit helped his corpse puppet to get used to using glacier skill to create 3D print of various armor and weapons to use in combat while he planned to monitor the puppets with his Soul Pupils as they practiced to determine further ways to improve them during the remaining time.

Meanwhile, the entire audience and the judges were taken aback by Wyatt's actions. The judges, in particular, felt they could learn a thing or two from Wyatt about how to command attention and become the center of everyone's focus, effortlessly overshadowing one's competitors.

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## Chapter 2354 Glacier Bite

[ 1,176 words ]

### Chapter 2354 Glacier Bite

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Duel Realm, Crafting Sector, Venue: Chaos Dwarven Forge.

"That's time, contestants! Off your workshops!" the Judges announced, their voice amplified across the colosseum as the time-space array formation deactivated while they gestured with their tail to emphasize the end of the time to the contestants and the audience. The audience, however, was engrossed in a heated discussion, completely ignoring the Judges' announcement. They were animatedly debating the bizarre skills the unknown demon merchant's frosling corpse puppets were demonstrating with their strange silks. They were pointing at the puppets, gesturing to each other while exchanging excited whispers.

This obviously soured the Judges' mood. They glanced over the audience before grudgingly turning to eye the unknown demon merchant, who had been teleported back to his corner of the colosseum along with his corpse puppets. They narrowed their eyes at him. However, there was nothing they could do now. The rules were set; the crafting duel was set. All that was left was overseeing the match. Unless they were courting death, the Judges weren't going to create problems for the unknown demon merchant. So they let out a sigh under their breath and shift their tail in resignation.

However, they were still the Judges. Without them, the duel wouldn't progress to its second phase—the combat match between the corpse puppets crafted by the two contestants to decide the winner. As a consequence of being ignored, they decided to make the audience wait until they had everyone's attention. The Judges stood tall in the air above the colosseum, their arms folded, looking expectantly at the crowd.

Seeing the unknown demon merchant return to his corner with his three Frosling corpse puppets, Dulas curiously eyed them. Their icy armor piqued her curiosity the most. As a chaos dwarf, she was no stranger to mechanical armor, but she was surprised to see one made entirely of snow. She analyzed their frame, armor plates, joints, etc., and found that the ice used to make the armor displayed properties similar to SS-rank black steel—from tensile strength and toughness to ductility, weldability, malleability, formability, durability, and general strength.

The more Dulas analyzed the armor, the more she realized its material was superior to SS-rank black steel. Multiple very thin layers of snow fused together to form the armor plates and the softer armor for the joints, significantly enhancing their strength and durability. Not to mention, the entire ice armor had thin threads woven into them forming an array. This was when she realized the mechanical armor was more like a golem—a golem made of glacier, with the Frosling corpses serving as their core.

Thoroughly mesmerized, Dulas wanted to touch it, but the oppressive power emanating from the corpse puppets stopped her. She reached out a hand but a little hesitant to touch it out her fear. Just then, she heard the unknown demon merchant's voice warning her, "If I were you, I wouldn't try to touch them. Unless, of course, you want to be infected by a particularly lethal form of glacier plague."

"Ah!" Dulas hurriedly held her breath and stepped back in fright. She gasped and stumble back, covering her mouth. Seeing her reaction, Wyatt shook his head and said, "Don't worry, the glacier plague is controlled. You won't get infected just by breathing the air they've touched."

Releasing her breath, she took a deep, satisfying inhale and then curiously asked, "Did you give them the ability to control the plague? Considering the Froslings' natural immunity to glacier plague, that would be a lethal skill for a corpse puppet to have."

"Nah, glacier plague's lethality varies depending on the environment. In an environment like this, it can barely survive without support, let alone be weaponized. It would function better as passive additional damage along with the main damage, like frostbite or freezing. The items created by these corpse puppets, and the puppets themselves, have passive additional damage called Glacier Bite. The best thing about it is that it stacks. Meaning, if the corpse puppets land enough clean hits on their targets, they will be frozen solid," Wyatt gestured towards the puppets as he explained, encouraging Dulas's curiosity and admiration for his corpse puppets and their 3D-printed weapons and armors. "I saw them while they were practicing their skills and sparring with each other. How are they able to create what are clearly SS-rank items in such a short amount of time and use them in combat? It takes me half an hour to create an S-rank item through soul crafting. I can't help but envy how your corpse puppets can create SS-rank weapons and armors in under a fraction of a second with their will," Dulas looked down and fidget with her hands while admitting her envy to the unknown demon merchant seeing him be so open and willing to answer and explain his creations to her.

"It's technically not crafting but more of a skill or spell, if you will. Like how one can summon a mud wall, or a bone spear, or a wind blade, or a fire arrow, etc. Those glacier weapons and armors these corpse puppets create are only effective as long as they supply the soul power. Once they stop, those glacier weapons and armors will be like regular glacier, just shaped into weapons and armors.

"So, you have nothing to be envious of. Besides, in my books, being able to craft an S-rank item in half an hour using soul crafting is very impressive for someone as young as yourself. I bet your uncle must be proud of you," Wyatt consoled Dulas a reassuring smile, who was doubting her crafting skills, while also subtly raising an eyebrow as he mention her uncle not missing the opportunity to sow a seed of doubt in her mind.

"Glacier weapons and armors with the Glacier Bite effect. Now those are some cool names. I'm never able to come up with cool names for my items—I bet you can't relate to that since you have a good naming sense. Unlike me, who can't even decide on a cool fake name," Dulas shrugged and said with self-doubt, showing Wyatt that her uncle and elders had certainly done quite a number on her confidence and self-esteem.

"Believe me, I can relate to you. When I first crafted an armor of my own design, I didn't know how to name it coolly, so I gave it a name that was too long making it a mouthful to speak. Whenever I think of it, I get embarrassed," Wyatt said rub the back of his neck

in embarrassment, recalling the name of the armor he had created to rescue Ronnie from the Zhang financiers. "Really? What was it called?" Dulas asked him leaning forward with a hopeful expression. She had come to admire the unknown demon merchant after watching him craft the three Frosling corpse puppets, she couldn't help but get excited to share a common trait with him.

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## Chapter 2355 Crafting Assembly Line

[ 1,014 words ]

### Chapter 2355 Crafting Assembly Line

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Duel Realm, Crafting Sector, Venue: Chaos Dwarven Forge.

"Poison Blaster Mounted Full-Body Rainbow-Scaled Armour," Wyatt said, shaking his head slightly at the memory, reminiscing about the armor. He created it taking inspiration from a hit movie franchise back on earth. He recalled giving that armor card to Susan to feed it to her origin card. "Does it mean something? It doesn't matter; it sounds so cool. I knew you were just saying it to console me," Dulas said with youthful enthusiasm, her bright eyes glancing at Wyatt with admiration.

"You think that's a cool name, kid, clearly something is wrong with your naming sense," Wyatt replied, smiling gently and shaking his head, finding Dulas's childlike innocence both cute and heartwarming.

"Contestant, aren't you afraid I will share all this information with my uncle to help him?" Dulas asked suddenly, looking downcast and fidgeting nervously. She realized that the unknown demon merchant was more supporting and kind to her than her own uncle, who seized every opportunity to call her an idiot or an incompetent fool. She knew she wasn't as skilled as her uncle when it came to crafting or anything else, but every time he called her those names, it hurt deeply. She couldn't help but wonder, 'Why can't Uncle be more like this unknown contestant?'

"That's because of two reasons. Firstly, I trust my craft and have confidence in the items I create. Secondly, I trust you," Wyatt said sincerely, looking directly at Dulas. However, he had already appraised Bigold's corpse puppets with his soul pupils while crafting his own and concluded they posed no threat to his creations.

That fool, Bigold, had completely ignored the racial advantages of the Froslings, instead focused on increasing their strength and durability while teaching their artificial wills various ice-elemental martial arts. To put it in game terms, he had taken the corpse of an excellent ice-elemental mage and turned it into an average ice-elemental fighter.

Bigold's skills as a crafter were indeed worthy of pride and arrogance, but as a corpse puppet crafter, he was just a novice. He had crafted the Frosling puppets into corpse puppets as though they were like any other. If the chosen species for the duel had been sturdy ones, such as dragonoids, giants, behemoths, or leviathans, his approach might have resulted in excellent corpse puppets. However, this wasn't the case. This glaring misstep highlighted Bigold's limited knowledge in crafting corpse puppets.

Now Wyatt understood why he could only find corpse puppets of species with humanoid shapes and sturdy physiques in Bigold's workshop. It wasn't because the workshop array was determining his preference based on his race, but because these were the best of Bigold's work. He realized he had overestimated Bigold, mistaking his arrogance and pride for the mark of a truly skilled craftsman. He had fallen victim to the exaggerated reputation of the chaos dwarves and their crafts.

Listening to the unknown demon merchant's words, Dulas suddenly felt a surge of inspiration. She wanted to be like him—confident in her craft to the point where she wouldn't have to worry about anything else. She imagined letting her work shoulder all her worries and risks, allowing her to move forward without letting the world bend her to its will. Instead, she wanted to carve her own path, growing unhindered, with a one-track mind focused on her goals. Her eyes glimmered with newfound determination as she clenched her fists slightly.

"So, if you don't mind giving me your contact info, I will contact you if I need any help with crafting. I won't impose on you—you don't have to help me unless you are free and willing to," Dulas said shyly, her voice tinged with both hesitation and hope. She fidgeted with the edge of her sleeve as she awaited his reply, her heart racing at the thought of learning from someone like him in the future.

"Sure, let's exchange contact info after the duel," Wyatt replied with a sly grin, his sharp eyes glinting with amusement. Watching the naive girl eagerly step into his trap was almost too easy. However, his ambitions were greater than just her; Dulas alone wasn't enough to satisfy his appetite. He needed her to bring her friends along too. As he studied her with a calculating gaze, Wyatt couldn't believe that a genius capable of crafting an S-rank item using soul crafting in under half an hour was being relegated to the role of an attendant at the Chaos Dwarven Forge.

'Clearly, the Chaos Dwarves had too many talented crafters if they didn't mind delaying her growth by decades,' Wyatt thought, his grin deepening. 'Well, that's their loss and my gain.' He was more than willing to take ambitious talents like Dulas off their hands and turn them into valuable members of his crafting assembly line.

"Great! But you can't tell this to my uncle," Dulas exclaimed suddenly, her enthusiasm bubbling over as she bit her lip nervously. Her hands wrung together as she lowered her voice to a conspiratorial tone. "He doesn't like it when I learn crafting from others. He thinks it's disrespectful. But he doesn't teach me anything! All he does is order me around. Dulas, do this. Dulas, do that. Ugh!" She puffed her cheeks in frustration, crossing her arms tightly over her chest. Dulas paused, glancing at Wyatt, and then continued venting with her talkative quirk in full swing. "I swear, when I become a true crafter, I'm going to teach him a lesson! He acts like I'm just some tool for him to boss around, but I'll show him! Just wait and see!"

Wyatt listened, his smile softening slightly as Dulas poured her heart out without holding back. Her passion and innocence were almost endearing, and he could see the fire of ambition burning in her. 'Perfect,' Wyatt thought to himself. 'The more frustrated and undervalued she feels, the easier it'll be to mold her into exactly what I need.'

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## Chapter 2356 Temperamental Judges

[ 1,033 words ]

### Chapter 2356 Temperamental Judges

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Duel Realm, Crafting Sector, Venue: Chaos Dwarven Forge.

With time, the Colosseum grew quiet as the audience realized their mistake. The once-boisterous chatter dwindled to murmurs, and then to silence, as uneasy glances passed among the spectators. In their heated debate over the unknown demon merchant's Frosling corpse puppets, they had touched one of the taboos of the duel world: ignoring the Judges during a duel. Slowly, heads turned toward the Judges, who hovered above with their expressions veiled, their eyes fixed on the unknown demon merchant and his Chaos Dwarven attendant. The two, oblivious to the scrutiny, shared a light laugh, their postures relaxed, as though they were immune to the tension thickening in the air. Thus, the Judges observed the unknown demon merchant contestant under the patient but simmering gaze of the audience.

Noticing this, Bigold's face twisted with worry as he fumbled for his demon codex. His fingers trembled slightly as he connected the call. "Dulas, you fool! Didn't I warn you about socializing with the contestants, especially this one? Now look what you've

done—the Judges are angry and are purposefully delaying the duel." His voice was sharp, but beneath it lay an undertone of blaming, which made him rub his temple in frustration over his niece's incompetence as he paced.

Reminded by her uncle's scolding, Dulas stiffened and glanced upward. Her brows furrowed as her gaze met the piercing eyes of the Judges, their expressions unreadable yet oppressive. She clenched her jaw and ended the call without a word, her grip on the codex tightening briefly before she recalled it. Taking a deep breath to steady herself, she turned to the contestant. "Sorry, it seems I've gotten you into trouble," she said, her voice soft but tinged with guilt. Her eyes darted upward briefly, subtly signaling toward the hovering Judges.

Wyatt raised an eyebrow and smirked, leaning back slightly as if to emphasize his lack of concern. "Ignore them. You didn't get me into trouble, nor did I by talking," he said calmly, his voice laced with indifference. His gaze flickered to the Judges briefly before returning to Dulas. "They just overestimate their value as slaves to the Devil Merchant Code." He waved a hand dismissively, as though brushing away their presence. To him, the Judges' delay was nothing more than a child's tantrum.

The crowd shifted uneasily, their anticipation mingling with a growing impatience. A little drama makes a duel a lot more fun, but too much drama could ruin it. The Judges could only afford to be moody as long as it didn't harm the profits of their lord, the Devil Merchant Code. Their occasional displays of authority served as entertainment for the stream viewers, who chuckled at their antics and even placed unofficial bets on how long the Judges' moods would last. On the other hand, the live audience squirmed in their seats, their expressions ranging from annoyance to resignation. After all, they had paid to watch the duel unfold, not to endure the Judges' temperamental delay.

The Judges, hovering above the arena, glazed at the unknown demon merchant who was deliberately ignoring, their faces impassive but their gestures deliberate—fingers or tail tapping, arms crossed, or the occasional tilt of a head. They served as both props and precedents for the duel, their actions carefully calculated. Yet, there was a limit to how temperamental they could afford to be. Too much drama risks becoming monotonous or even irritating, whether for the audience or the stream viewers. Such a shift could directly affect the profits of the Devil Merchant Code, a reality that the Judges understood all too well.

Even so, their occasional mercurial outbursts often went unnoticed in the grand scheme of things. With hundreds of thousands of battles happening across the duel realm, viewers could easily switch to another if one duel grew tiresome. As for the live audience, they were accustomed to the risks of disappointment when purchasing tickets for matches between two unknown and unnamed contestants. Many shifted in their seats, their faces resigned as they realized this duel might take longer.

The only reason the viewers and the audience continued to stay was their anticipation of seeing the unknown demon merchant's corpse puppets in action, displaying their

remarkable skill in crafting icy weapons and armors of SS-rank in no time. Despite the Judges scrutiny occasional murmurs and hushes would ripple through the audience, accompanied by the occasional sound of someone shifting in their seat, unable to contain their excitement. Many were utterly intrigued by these three Frosling corpse puppets, their eyes gleaming with curiosity. Most of them were crafters themselves, and knowing the ingredients used to create the puppets, they wanted figure out the mystery surrounding the extraordinary skills these corpse puppets displayed, it was like an unsolvable riddle calling out to their competitive and ambitious nature.

Like Dulas, the audience wanted desperately to uncover how the unknown demon merchant had crafted his Frosling puppets to enable them to forge armors and weapons of SS-rank in mere fractions of a second—an ability that seamlessly integrated crafting into combat. Some leaned forward in their seats, their brows furrowed in thought, while others clutched their codices tightly, jotting down frantic notes about every observation. They had the ingredients list the unknown demon merchant had used, but as they puzzled over it, frustrated sighs and muttered exclamations of disbelief filled the air. They decided they might as well use the delay to quench their mental thirst. But even with the ingredients laid bare, the connection between those raw materials and the puppets' abilities eluded them. Some scratched their heads, while others exchanged whispered theories, their faces etched with a mix of awe and greed.

Unable to piece the puzzle together, their curiosity and avarice kept them rooted in their seats. The viewers at home were no different; their eyes were glued to their demon or devil codex, fingers hovering over screens as they rewatched the puppets' every movement. Desperation to grasp the secrets of the unknown demon merchant's crafting recipe made the tension in the Colosseum grew.

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## Chapter 2357 Curoosity And Courtesy

[ 1,189 words ]

### Chapter 2357 Curoosity And Courtesy

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Duel Realm, Crafting Sector, Venue: Chaos Dwarven Forge.

The Judges noticed the sudden shift in the audience's attitude—it was impossible not to. A shared obsession with uncovering the secrets of the unknown demon merchant's

Frosling corpse puppets gripped the crowd. The collective hunger for secret knowledge bound them in an uneasy silence, broken only by the occasional creak of a chair or the faint hum of a codex. Heads tilted, whispers faded into murmurs, and tension filled the Colosseum.

If not for the duel, they would have swarmed the unknown demon merchant, their hands clutching demon codex and theories, eager to share their findings or ask questions. Yet they refrained, restrained by both circumstance and an unspoken rule. All of them were crafters, and they understood the ultimate taboo: asking another crafter about their trade secrets. Respecting this, they found themselves caught between their reverence for his craft and their burning curiosity.

The unknown demon merchant had, after all, made it somewhat easier by openly sharing the ingredients he used to create his Frosling corpse puppets. That small gesture fanned the flames of their intrigue, yet their pride wouldn't allow them to grovel or beg. Instead, they hoped for an intellectual exchange—constructive debates where both sides could gain something valuable. Others, however, were less honorable. Among the crowd, a few unscrupulous onlookers watched with calculating eyes, weighing their options, scheming ways to corner the demon merchant and wrest his secrets by force.

Wyatt stood calm and collected amid the rising tide of admiration and envy, his face unreadable. He had deliberately held back most of his abilities when crafting these Frosling corpse puppets, yet even his restraint hadn't stopped the puppets from drawing the wrong kind of attention. Wyatt didn't spare these petty schemers a second thought. To him, they were insignificant—wannabe crafters with no real talent, seeking shortcuts by preying on the weak. His cold demeanor and steady posture made it clear that their interest, no matter how malicious, was beneath him.

The audience and viewers weren't alone in their shock and awe. Bigold, too, was captivated, though for him, it was bittersweet. His jaw tightened as a painful realization dawned on him: his corpse puppets were no match for his opponent's. His brow furrowed deeply, and a bead of sweat trailed down his temple as his gaze fixated on his opponent's Frosling corpse ling puppets, their massive mechanical armors gleaming under the arena's harsh lights.

A pang of intimidation rippled through him. Even if his puppets somehow managed to breach the daunting armors, he knew it would be futile. The Froslings had already demonstrated their ability to repair or craft entirely new armor in under a second during their practice sessions. Bigold's hands clenched at his sides, his nails digging into his palms as he realized the hopelessness of his situation. It was excruciatingly clear that, even combined, his corpse puppets wouldn't stand a chance against a single one of his opponent's creations.

The weight of impending defeat pressed heavily on him. He scanned the audience, their rapt attention no longer on him or even the judges but on his opponent's puppets. Their

anticipation was couldn't more obvious—not for his performance, but for the secrets they might glean from watching the unknown demon merchant's corpse puppets in action. In their minds, he had already lost. Their only reason to stay was the faint hope that the match might offer them more insights into the enigmatic Frosling corpse puppets.

Bigold swallowed hard, his throat dry and tight. The bitter truth gnawed at him: the audience didn't care about his struggle or his craft. To them, he was a mere stepping stone in the unknown demon merchant's showcase—a sideshow to the main event. As this realization sank in, Bigold's previous arrogance and pride melted away, replaced by the cold grip of panic. His mind raced as he dived into crisis mode, desperate to think of a way to salvage the duel. Beads of sweat formed on his brow as he clenched his fists, his breathing shallow and erratic. He had to act quickly; otherwise, he would lose his workshop.

Regret began to claw at him, his thoughts bitter with self-reproach. Why had he been so stubborn? Why had he been at odds with the Devil Merchant Code over mere spare change? He should have just paid those fines. If he had, he wouldn't be facing this nightmare now. Bigold's lips tightened into a thin line, and his hands trembled slightly as he tried to suppress his growing anxiety.

Just then, one of the Elder Chaos Dwarfs approached him with measured steps, placing a firm hand on Bigold's shoulder. Leaning in, the elder whispered something into his ear. As the words sank in, Bigold's eyes lit up with newfound confidence and arrogance. A faint, almost smug smile crept onto his face as he nodded sharply, his posture straightening with resolve.

"Don't bring shame to our family," the Elder Chaos Dwarf warned in a low, gruff voice, his piercing gaze lingering on Bigold for a moment before he turned and walked back to his seat.

For Chaos Dwarfs, there was no greater disgrace than losing a crafting duel to another race—especially one from a backwater corner of the Myriad Realm that no one had even heard of. The rest of the Dark Realm and Myriad Realm might eventually forget such an incident, but the Chaos Dwarven race would never let it go. Bigold and his family would carry the shame for generations.

Understanding the weight of the warning, Bigold's expression hardened with determination. He straightened his shoulders and declared firmly, "Don't worry, Elder. I would sooner die than bring shame to the family." Without hesitation, he rushed to the edge of his corner of the Colosseum, his steps echoing with urgency as he called out to the Judges, "Judges, I have an appeal to make!"

The Judges, still simmering with annoyance at the unknown demon merchant's audacity in stealing their spotlight and ignoring their authority, turned to Bigold with sharp, irritable expressions. "What is it?" one snapped, their tone dripping with impatience.

"Judges," Bigold began, his voice steady but tinged with urgency. "I propose that for the upcoming match, we have demon and devil merchants from the audience use our corpse puppets to fight. This way, the last standing puppet will not only prove to be the strongest but also the most user-friendly. After all, shouldn't user-friendliness be a key parameter in deciding which of our corpse puppets is the best?"

His proposal hung in the air for a moment as murmurs rippled through the audience. Bigold stood firm, his chest puffed slightly with confidence, as though daring anyone to question his logic.

The Judges' lips curved into knowing grins, their earlier irritation giving way to amusement. As if seeing through Bigold's ploy, they chuckled softly and turned to glance at the unknown demon merchant. Their gaze was sharp, almost taunting, as they grudgingly responded, "Yes, I think your argument has merit."

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## Chapter 2358 Crafter's Rights

[ 1,084 words ]

### Chapter 2358 Crafter's Rights

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Duel Realm, Crafting Sector, Venue: Chaos Dwarven Forge.

Corpse puppets were tools of war. Deadly and handy, they were also notoriously complex to use. Consequently, they weren't everyone's cup of tea. Unless one had prior training or experience in handling similar tools, wielding a corpse puppet in combat for the first time was an uphill battle—likely disastrous.

Thus, randomly plucking someone from the audience to operate a corpse puppet in a fight was absurd, if not outright foolish. Yet, Bigold and the Judges didn't seem concerned. That was because Bigold's Frosling corpse puppets were basic, fighter-type models. They were relatively easy to grasp, even for a novice. However, the same couldn't be said for Wyatt's Frosling corpse puppets, which seem to require understanding of complex spells to wield effectively in battle.

Bigold's plan was clear: by using this arrangement, he aimed to tip the odds in his favor during the duel. Despite his puppets being inferior in raw capability compared to

Wyatt's, this setup might give him a fighting chance. The Judges recognized his intentions. Normally, they wouldn't agree to such an arrangement, but today was an exception.

"Do you agree with this, or do you have a reason why we should not proceed?" the Judges asked, turning to the unknown demon merchant. Their eyes narrowed slightly, gauging his reaction.

The Judges couldn't unilaterally alter the terms of the duel without consent from both contestants. In the event of an impasse, they were duty-bound to listen to both sides and deliver a fair verdict that neither contestant could dispute.

"User-friendliness is indeed a crucial factor for any tool," Wyatt began, his tone measured but confident. "I don't have a problem with the arrangement. However, as crafters, we should have the right to choose who will represent our tools in the duel. Otherwise, it's a no from me." He delivered his words with a calm but firm expression, despite having seen through Bigold's strategy and the Judges' reasoning. Wyatt trusted the capabilities of his corpse puppets and made his stance clear.

"That's reasonable," the Judges admitted, their brows lifting slightly in surprise. Wyatt's lack of resistance caught them off guard. They turned to Bigold and asked, "Don't you think?"

"Yes, I agree. It makes it fair," Bigold replied with a faint, crooked smile, as if feigning magnanimity. He spoke of fairness as though he were granting it to Wyatt, though his intent was transparent. Wyatt, however, merely smirked in return, knowing his puppets would soon speak for themselves.

"Contestants have half an hour to select three demon or devil merchants from the audience to operate their corpse puppets in the upcoming match," the Judges announced, their tail swishing with satisfaction as they addressed the crowd. "To the interested audience, you may use the Duel Realm network to volunteer as a contestant's champion to their attendants."

The Judges fixed their gaze back on the unknown demon merchant, their subtle smirk hinting at satisfaction in reasserting their authority as they announced, "Contestants, your thirty minutes start now. Choose your champions!"

Soon, Dulas's demon codex chimed with a flurry of notifications. When she saw the sheer number of audience members volunteering to be the unknown demon merchant's champions, her eyes widened in astonishment. The enthusiasm of the crowd, however, did little to distract her from the real issue at hand. Despite her contestant's Frosling corpse puppet being superior to her uncle's in every way, it was likely to lose simply due to incompetent representation.

Just when she had hoped her contestant would deliver a satisfying comeuppance to her uncle—teaching him a long-overdue lesson for all the suffering he had inflicted on her—her uncle, like a cornered rat, managed to claw his way out of trouble again. Dulas clenched her fists, unable to suppress a sense of sympathy for her contestant. At the same time, she couldn't help but wonder why he had agreed to her uncle's arrangement so readily, without putting up a fight.

"Why didn't you argue against my uncle's appeal?" Dulas asked, her brows furrowing as she turned to the unknown demon merchant. "Why would you agree to something so disadvantageous that it could cost you the duel?"

Wyatt met her gaze, his expression calm and composed. With a gentle smile, he replied, "Isn't it obvious? I'm confident in my craft."

Dulas blinked in surprise, Wyatt's words sinking in slowly. "Oho!" she exclaimed, a sudden realization dawning on her. True confidence in one's skill and craft wasn't a choice or an act of resolve—it was a natural byproduct of the quality of one's work. A crafter's confidence in their item was only as strong as the craftsmanship behind it.

At that moment, a shiver of admiration and reverence coursed through Dulas. Her respect for Wyatt crystallized into something deeper: awe. In her mind, he transformed into an idol, a role model she yearned to emulate. She resolved to one day grow into a crafter as skilled and self-assured as him.

Determined to do her best for her newfound idol, Dulas turned her focus to the task at hand. She began combing through the extensive list of audience members who had applied to be Wyatt's champions, carefully sorting out those she deemed most qualified to operate a corpse puppet. Just as she prepared to present her findings to Wyatt, his voice broke through her concentration.

"Don't tell me no one from the audience has applied to be my champion so far," he said, his brows knitting together in a deep frown.

Dulas froze for a second, then realized her mistake. In her eagerness to help Wyatt, she had forgotten to inform him about the overwhelming number of volunteers. Hastily, she clarified, "No, no! More than two-thirds of the audience have applied to be your champion. I was just trying to sort out the most eligible candidates and forgot to tell you. I'm sorry!"

"It's not your fault. I should have asked sooner," Wyatt reassured her, his tone warm with appreciation for her enthusiasm. Then he added, "You don't need to sort them out. I've already chosen the people I want as my champions. Could you help me check if they're willing?"

"Of course! Just point them out to me, and I'll contact them right away," Dulas replied, her voice brimming with determination. She didn't utter a word of complaint about her wasted effort, instead focusing on fulfilling Wyatt's request.

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## Chapter 2359 Crafter's Champions

[ 999 words ]

### Chapter 2359 Crafter's Champions

"The champion candidate is... you," Wyatt said, pointing at Dulas. His gaze steady, he asked, "Dulas, are you willing to be my champion?"

"Me?" Dulas blinked in surprise, her finger unconsciously pointing at herself as if to confirm she'd heard correctly. Though she was technically staff at the Chaos Dwarven Forge, she realized she still counted as part of the audience. A thrill of excitement coursed through her. The idea of being chosen as her contestant's first champion was exhilarating—especially since it gave her a chance to explore the secrets of the Frosling corpse puppet firsthand. What better way to learn its intricacies than by using it in battle?

However, her excitement was quickly tempered by practicality. Having gone through the extensive list of volunteers, she knew there were candidates far more qualified than her to serve as champions. Putting her selfish desires aside, she spoke carefully, "No. I think you shouldn't decide this in haste or on a whim. You should look at the list I've prepared. There are many volunteers who are far more eligible and fit to be your champion than me."

Wyatt's brows arched slightly, but his voice remained calm as he replied, "Kid, as their crafter, I know who the best champions for them are. If I say you're eligible, then you are." His tone grew firmer, his eyes locking onto hers. "Now the real question: are you confident enough to take on the responsibility I'm giving you? Be straight with me. Don't give me any nonsense about 'more eligible candidates.' If you're willing, say yes. If not, say no. Simple."

The weight of his words settled on Dulas like a mantle. She could feel his trust in her—not as a consolation choice, but as someone he genuinely believed in. Clenching her

fists to steady herself, she met his gaze and nodded. "Yes, I am. I won't let you down," she declared, her bright eyes brimming with a newfound confidence.

"It's not about letting me down. Just go out there and have fun," Wyatt said with a reassuring grin. His relaxed demeanor wasn't without reason. He trusted the high-ranking artificial will he had integrated into his Frosling corpse puppets. With the two-and-a-half-day practice session under their belts, these puppets could handle opponents on their own with basic commands like fight or defend.

As Dulas nodded, her expression softening with relief, Wyatt added with a mischievous glint in his eye, "Also, just imagine the item you want them to craft. They'll craft them use it in the battle. Let's give it a try. Which one do you want?" He gestured toward the towering Frosling corpse puppets lined up in formation. Their resemblance to the Snow Elven race made them tall, but the mechanical armor they donned gave them an even more imposing presence.

"The one in the middle," Dulas said, her gaze locking onto a particular puppet. A small grin tugged at her lips. "She looks like she means business." Handing Wyatt a drop of her blood, she added, "Let's see what she's got."

Wyatt accepted the blood with a nod, swiftly transferring temporary ownership of the middle Frosling corpse puppet to her. "She's yours now. Go ahead, give her a try," he encouraged, gesturing for Dulas to test the puppet's capabilities.

Dulas hesitated, glancing back at Wyatt before shaking her head. "Not now. My uncle is crafty. Let's not reveal I'm your champion until it's time." Her eagerness to test the puppet was evident, but she kept her priorities in check, her brow furrowed with determination.

Wyatt chuckled softly, impressed by her restraint. "Fair enough. Keep it under wraps until its time for the match," he said, his tone approving as he turned his focus back to choosing the second and third champions.

"Alright, then. Help me ask the female Frosling who chose the species and realm of the corpse puppet for the crafting duel if she's willing to be my champion," Wyatt requested Dulas. Though he suspected the Frosling would readily agree, he waited for confirmation. As expected, Dulas soon informed him, "She's in. In fact, she's one of the volunteers who applied to be your champion. She's a crafter specializing in corpse puppets. Even if I mess up, she'll hold down the fort."

"Good," Wyatt said with a satisfied nod. "Then, for the third champion, randomly choose one of your friends—someone you trust—only if they're willing to do it." A small smirk tugged at the corner of his lips as he subtly made a move on Dulas's entire circle of friends. He had noticed that many of the young chaos dwarfs seated on Bigold's side of the colosseum seemed to know Dulas, as they would occasionally wave at her. "Really? I get to choose one of my friends to be your third champion?" Dulas's eyes lit up

mischievously, and she let out a low, evil laugh. Whatever she was plotting was evident from the sly grin spreading across her face. The reason for her excitement was simple: many of her friends had already contacted her, begging for her recommendation as a champion candidate to her contestant. Some had even offered her bribes, ranging from helping her clean her uncle's workshop for a week to handing over rare minerals from their personal collections. Dulas had initially ignored these offers, thinking it would be wrong to exploit the influence she had over her contestant. But now that her contestant himself had given her permission, the game had changed.

"This is great," she muttered under her breath, her fingers steepling as if she were plotting world domination. She planned to extract the maximum benefit from her friends while still ensuring Wyatt got a capable and trustworthy champion. "Don't worry, I've got this," Dulas replied with exaggerated confidence, already envisioning the flurry of favors and promises she would secure.

Wyatt observed her with an amused expression, arms crossed, shaking his head at her obvious scheming.

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## Chapter 2360 Biore Ironhold

[ 1,175 words ]

### Chapter 2360 Biore Ironhold

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Duel Realm, Crafting Sector, Venue: Chaos Dwarven Forge.

"Hello, Sir. My name is Biore Ironhold. I am Dulas's uncle. It's an honor to be your champion." The little Chaos Dwarf standing before Wyatt spoke with a stiff formality, though his eyes never strayed from the Frosling corpse puppets nearby.

Biore was bare-chested, wearing pteruges much like Bigold. Despite their various attire, it seemed the Chaos Dwarfs leaned toward this style—at least a few of them opting for shirtlessness. Wyatt's brow furrowed as he considered the possibility that the semi-nude ones all might belong to the Ironhold family or be closely related.

Biore appeared to be the same age as Dulas, which prompted Wyatt to muse on the peculiar virility of Chaos Dwarf race. It seemed her grandparents were still enjoying a particularly lively marital life. Given the extended lifespan of Chaos Dwarfs, such occurrences were not uncommon.

"Wow, what a surprise," Wyatt said, his tone dripping with sardonic amusement. "Of all the Chaos Dwarfs, you bring me the one who knows how to kiss ass. Though, I admit, it's humbling to know Chaos Dwarfs like him exist. Or is it just because he isn't particularly skilled?"

Wyatt turned to Dulas, raising an eyebrow in mock curiosity.

Dulas nodded, her expression a mixture of exasperation and reluctant defense. "Yes, he's a kiss-ass," she admitted bluntly. "But as for his crafting skills? He's better than me. I can personally vouch for him. The elders don't see it that way, though. They compare him to our parents' generation, and in their eyes, he doesn't measure up. Flattery is the only way he can get by in the family."

"They look down on him," Dulas continued, her voice tinged with a trace of sympathy. "And his title make it hard for him to mingle with the younger ones either. They don't respect him. He's the odd one out in the entire family. If not for Grandma checking in on him once in a while, he probably would've starved to death long ago. But for a Chaos Dwarf in his thirties, his skills are top-notch. Not to mention, he's on the verge of breaking through to devil realm."

Biore's jaw tightened as he listened to Dulas's unflinching introduction, his fists clenching ever so slightly at his sides. Years of swallowing his pride and suppressing his anger had taught him how to endure such moments, though the sting never faded.

Despite being an Ironhold by blood, Biore knew he was treated as an outsider, he was a reject. While his brothers had been granted their own workshops in the Chaos Dwarven District by the time they were his age, he had been relegated to serving as an unpaid attendant at the Chaos Dwarven Forge under the guise of "gaining experience."

Despite being an Ironhold by blood, Biore knew he was treated as an outsider, he was a reject. While his brothers had been granted their own workshops in the Chaos Dwarven District by the time they were his age, he had been relegated to serving as an unpaid attendant at the Chaos Dwarven Forge under the guise of "gaining experience."

To outsiders, being a Chaos Dwarf and carrying the Ironhold name meant prestige and power, but Biore knew the harsh reality of his life. Nothing had ever been handed to him. As a toddler, he'd often cried for hours to remind his mother to feed him, her attention absorbed by crafting projects. On particularly busy days, he'd gone hungry for one or even two days at a time.

From a young age, he had understood that, despite belonging to a massive family, he was truly on his own. That knowledge had driven him to practice twice as hard as his nieces and nephews, those of his own age. He knew that only by becoming an exceptional Chaos Dwarf could he hope to carve out a peaceful life and, one day, leave his family behind. Therefore, unlike his brother Bigold who would even dare to arrogantly fight against the rules of the Devil Merchant Code Biore was humble enough to even flatter an unknown demon merchant from some dark corners of the myriad realms that no one has ever heard of. The more Wyatt learned about Biore, the more convinced he became that Dulas couldn't have chosen a better candidate to be his third champion. There was an unshakable resolve in Biore that Wyatt felt made him uniquely suited to govern the Chaos Dwarven Assembly line. For the other Chaos Dwarves, crafting might have been a passion, but for Biore, it was survival—a means of carving out his existence in a world that had offered him nothing freely.

Wyatt's gaze lingered on Biore, his brow furrowed in contemplation. The ancestors of the Chaos Dwarves had risen to the semi-ruler class not through prideful artistry, but by using their craft as a desperate tool for survival. Their ingenuity and grit had etched out their legacy. But now, Wyatt mused, what had once been a fierce determination to thrive had decayed into a hollow arrogance.

The current arrogance of the Chaos Dwarves regarding their craft was little more than a facade. In ancient times, their ancestors had created for anyone who could supply the necessary ingredients, trading their skill for the resources they needed to survive. That relentless pragmatism had elevated them to the semi-ruler class. Yet the younger generation, cushioned by the fruits of their ancestors' labor and sacrifice, had grown complacent, their entitlement eroding the foundation that had once made their race formidable.

Wyatt's lips pressed into a thin line as he recalled Bigold. The Chaos Dwarf's workshop in the Chaos Dwarven District was immensely valuable, yet he had been willing to let it fall into disrepair—blacklisted, even—because he felt slighted by the Devil Merchant Code. Wyatt shook his head, his expression a mix of disappointment and disbelief. When even the elders of their semi-ruler class had made peace with the Devil Merchant Code's ways, what right did Bigold have to complain? His arrogance symbolized how far the younger generation of Chaos Dwarves had strayed, treating crafting as mere passion instead of recognizing it as the lifeblood of their survival in the Myriad Realms.

Wyatt's thoughts darkened momentarily as he considered the broader implications. The Dark Realms boasted many talented crafter clans and races, but only the Chaos Dwarves had ascended to the semi-ruler class, earning their position by being the best among them. If this decay of discipline continued, how long could that legacy last? After all, the current generation were more like the frauds cashing in on their ancestors' legacy. Previously he even doubted if cultivating the Chaos Dwarves as allies a double-edged sword? Could their arrogance ultimately harm him? Yet, as his gaze shifted to Dulas and Biore, a faint glimmer of hope stirred within him. Perhaps the Chaos Dwarven race wasn't a lost cause after all and worth his investment.

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## Chapter 2361 Moon Fright

[ 1,034 words ]

### Chapter 2361 Moon Fright

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Duel Realm, Crafting Sector, Venue: Chaos Dwarven Forge.

After introducing Biore to Wyatt, Dulas glanced around cautiously before floating up to Wyatt's ear and whispering, "Also, he's willing to share his SSS-rank Nigorite ore three ways with us after the duel is over."

Biore's lips curled into a subtle grin as he caught sight of Dulas whispering their deal to the unknown demon merchant. His posture remained steady, but a faint flicker of satisfaction passed over his face, betraying the pride he took in his calculated offer.

"Interesting," Wyatt muttered, his gaze narrowing as he regarded Biore with newfound intrigue. Unlike Dulas, who believed Biore was sharing the SSS-rank Nigorite ore to gain access to the Frosling corpse puppet for study, Wyatt saw through the Chaos Dwarf's real intentions. Biore wasn't merely humble—he was shrewd. The ore wasn't just bait for learning from his Frosling Corpse by using them in the fight; it was leverage for securing a private meeting with Wyatt.

With a faint smirk, Wyatt leaned toward Dulas and whispered back, "You can keep my share, as a tip for such excellent service."

Dulas's eyes widened slightly, but he nodded quickly, accepting Wyatt's casual generosity with a genuine gratitude. Meanwhile, Biore's grin faded back into a calm, collected expression, as though he hadn't overheard their exchange.

For the average crafter, SSS-rank Nigorite was a rare valuable resource, worth scheming or even fighting for. But for Wyatt, it was little more than a footnote. His warehouses already held several tonnes of the ore, buried among countless other resources. He wasn't interested in acquiring more—his true focus was on finding the right use for the materials he already had.

Yes, he had tasked Clown Mask and others with selling off resources, but the scale of the operation barely made a dent. Dalie, now a true celestial with a evolved natural celestial array formation, could draw in asteroids and meteoroids faster than his team could liquidate the inventory. With her now being able to sense rules source, these resources were useless to her, yet her rate of gathering was overwhelming. At this pace, his warehouse sections would soon be overflowing with resources.

This was where his Chaos Dwarven Assembly Line project came into play. Once he managed to establish it, Wyatt would have the raw materials, the Chaos Dwarven craftsmanship, and the workshop in premium location he'd secure by defeating Bigold in the duel. Together, these elements would allow him to mass-produce high-quality items at minimal cost, then sell them at a premium. Even after generously compensating his Chaos Dwarven labor force, the profits would be staggering.

Wyatt's eyes glimmered as the image of his plan unfolded in his mind. With the Assembly Line in full operation, he would be able to mark the beginning of crafting upstart in the Myraid Realm. He aimed to create a brand like the Infinity Library. However, only time would tell if his name would be etched into the Devil Merchant Code as the Myriad Crafter, an unparalleled figure whose ingenuity had reshaped the crafting world or loser whose name was buried under the pages of the history along with the other losers.

Just then, a robed figure gracefully made her way toward Wyatt's corner of the colosseum. Her movements were smooth and deliberate, drawing attention despite the chaos surrounding the area. Arriving next to them, she bowed slightly and introduced herself, her tone polite yet steady.

"Master Crafter, I am Moon Fright. Thank you for deeming me worthy to represent your craft in the upcoming match."

Beneath her hood was a symmetrical, ethereal blue face framed by cascading silver hair, her beauty almost otherworldly in its perfection.

"You are overqualified to be my champion, so you don't need to thank me," Wyatt responded, his curiosity piqued. His gaze lingered on her for a moment before he asked, "But if you truly feel grateful, would you mind telling me why you chose your race as the species to be crafted into a corpse puppet for this duel?"

As someone who had been betrayed by his own kind after freeing them from their alien and superhuman oppressors, Wyatt had yet to harbor enough hatred to justify such an act against his own people. He couldn't help but wonder what could prompt someone else to take that step, especially how emotionless and indifferent she was when she named her choice.

The Frosling's luminous eyes sparkled beneath her hood as she considered his question. She happy to learn the unknown master crafter's interest in her. Her voice

carried a subtle undertone of measured thoughts as she replied, "I don't mind sharing, but I would prefer if we could discuss it privately later."

Hearing this, Biore, who had been meticulously examining the Frosling corpse puppets up close, froze mid-motion. His gaze shifted sharply toward the unknown demon merchant, his expression tight with anticipation. He had been vying for a private meeting with the unknown demon merchant himself, and now it seemed this Frosling was leveraging her opportunity to do the same.

Wyatt noticed Biore's reaction but chose to remain focused on Moon Fright. Her words, paired with the gleam in her eyes, made it clear she had a hidden agenda behind crafting her kin into corpse puppets. Whether it stemmed from ambition, vengeance, or something deeper, Wyatt couldn't yet tell.

"Sure," Wyatt replied evenly, his tone measured. "After the match, you can find me in the Chaos Dwarven District, in his uncle's old workshop," he said, gesturing toward Dulas.

He wanted to understand her motives—whether she was a power-hungry psycho driven by personal gain or if there was a deeper, more calculated reason for her actions. The truth behind her choices intrigued him more than he cared to admit.

Biore's jaw tightened as he glanced between Wyatt and the Frosling, clearly measuring his next move. Meanwhile, Wyatt's mind momentarily drifted back to memories of his past life. These days, outside of research and crafting, he rarely thought of his past life, but that didn't mean its ghosts didn't linger, haunting him in moments like this.

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## Chapter 2362 Armix Race, Armixian Champion

[ 1,545 words ]

### Chapter 2362 Armix Race, Armixian Champion

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Duel Realm, Crafting Sector, Venue: Chaos Dwarven Forge.

"Okay, contestants, the thirty minutes are up! Hope you've chosen your champions wisely," the judges announced, making yet another dazzling entrance. They soared

around the colosseum, their tail leaving shimmering trails of light. With a flick of the judge's tail, the arena began to transform. The two open workshops melted away into the floor, replaced by a vast, open battlefield, ready for the upcoming corpse puppet match.

The judges scanned the contestants with sharp, expectant eyes. "Contestants, send your first champion to the ring!" the judges declared, their voice echoing through the colosseum.

From Wyatt's side, Dulas stepped forward into the arena, her confidence radiating in every step. On Bigold's side, a slender demon merchant with six arms appeared, drawing murmurs from the audience. This opponent was an Armix Race demon—renowned masters of corpse puppetry.

The Armix Race, infamous among all beings in the dark realm and myriad realms alike, were specialists in spiritual puppetry arts. Their unique racial trait, the one that allowed them to control all six pairs of their arms simultaneously, made them unparalleled in certain fields. Among their most terrifying skills was their expertise in spiritual arts like inanimate telekinesis and motion manipulation. This allowed them not only to control multiple puppets at once but also to command puppets far stronger than themselves. Naturally, corpse puppets, known for their durability and reliability, became their preferred weapon of choice.

Dulas narrowed her eyes, scrutinizing her opponent. She couldn't suppress the frown that crept onto her face. "Where did you come from? I didn't see any Armix demons or devil merchants in the audience," she said, her voice laced with suspicion. She crossed her arms, her stance stiff with unease. "When did you even arrive?"

Her opponent simply smirked, the faintest flicker of a taunt in their expression. The crowd leaned in, eager to see how this unexpected match-up would unfold.

"Did my uncle hire you for the match? Did he use the Elder's authority to sneak you into the colosseum halfway through the crafting duel?" Dulas fired off her questions, her voice sharp and accusatory. She clenched her fists, her anger barely contained as she glared at the Armix demon merchant. The idea that her uncle—someone she once admired as a genius crafter—could stoop to such low tactics was almost too much to bear.

She could accept her uncle exploiting loopholes in the rules. After all, they were Chaos Dwarfs and demon merchants—being crafty was practically in their blood. But this? This was outright cheating. Abusing the unique authority granted to their race's elders for managing the Chaos Dwarven Forge wasn't just dishonorable; it was a betrayal of everything she respected about him.

Her thoughts churned like a storm as she struggled to reconcile her frustration. 'If my contestant had access to the same authority, I wouldn't be this mad,' she admitted to

herself. Then it'd just be their fault for not thinking of this loophole first. But the unfairness of it all stung deeply. She glanced toward the judges, the urge to appeal bubbling within her, but she knew it was pointless. The rules were deliberately vague, leaving plenty of room for broad interpretation.

Still, this one act had shattered her image of her uncle. The respect she once held for him crumbled like brittle iron, leaving only disappointment in its wake. She shook her head slightly, muttering under her breath, 'He's not the genius I thought he was... just an incompetent cheat.'

The Armix race demon merchant said nothing, his expression unreadable, but the faintest flicker of amusement in his eyes suggested he were enjoying her turmoil. The audience buzzed with hushed whispers, sensing the tension building in the arena.

Meanwhile, Bigold was grappling with his own storm of betrayal and frustration, much like Dulas felt toward him. He couldn't believe his niece—his own crafting assistant—had chosen to act as his opponent's champion in the crafting duel. The act struck him as a profound betrayal.

How could she do this to me? he thought, his jaw tightening. He could understand this kind of treachery from Biore; that little runt had hated him from the birth. But Dulas? He had been nothing but supportive, guiding her through her crafting journey, mentoring her with patience and care. And yet, here she was, siding with his opponent.

The realization was devastating. His chest felt heavy as he resolved, then and there, to teach her a lesson once this duel was over. Maybe he'd even go so far as to remove her and Biore's names from the family ancestry—a fitting punishment for this kind of disloyalty.

But first, he had a match to contend with. Bigold's eyes narrowed as he considered his options. 'Perhaps I can appeal to the judges?' The thought lingered briefly. He reasoned that Dulas, being his assistant and technically part of the colosseum's staff, shouldn't count as an audience member and therefore couldn't legally participate as a champion. However, just as he was about to speak, he received a mental transmission from his Elder.

'Bigold, let Dulas and Biore be,' the Elder's voice rang in his mind, firm and commanding. 'In the past, it was decided that staff could also be considered part of the audience and could participate in voting or matches. Nothing you say here will convince the judges to disqualify Dulas as your opponent's champion.'

Bigold gritted his teeth, but the Elder wasn't finished. 'Besides, if you lose this duel, their participation could serve as a silver lining. It won't look like you were defeated by some obscure demon merchant from the far corners of the Myriad Realm that no one has heard of. Instead, it'll seem as though you lost to two young and exceptionally talented

Chaos Dwarfs. In other words, you'll have been bested by your own kind, which is far less disgraceful.'

Bigold clenched his fists, his frustration bubbling to the surface. 'But Elder, with the Armix race assisting me, I won't lose!' His mental tone carried both defiance and desperation, unwilling to accept that his Elder seemed to be preparing for his failure.

The Elder sighed, his voice calm but unyielding. 'Don't underestimate your enemy. This is merely a contingency plan.'

Bigold took a deep breath, his nostrils flaring as he fought to keep his emotions in check. 'Fine, Elder. But if I win, I want Dulas and Biore removed from the family ancestry for this treacherous act,' he demanded, his voice dripping with venom. His vindictiveness knew no bounds; even if those who crossed him were his own little brother and niece, he would stop at nothing to see them branded as traitors.

The Elder's response came swiftly, with a chilling finality. 'Don't worry. I already planned to do so, regardless of whether you win or lose. The only difference is this: if you win, you'll redeem yourself. But for them? They sealed their fate the moment they chose to stand against their family.'

Bigold nodded, his face darkening. He glanced at the arena, his resolve hardening as the match loomed closer.

"All right, champions, listen up!" the judges announced, their voice booming across the arena. "Standard corpse puppet combat rules will be used to judge these matches. Keep that in mind—and don't be the reason your Master Crafter gets disqualified and loses the crafting duel!"

The warning was clear and harsh. Any fault on the champions' part would lead directly to their Master Crafter's loss—a punishment severe enough to make the stakes crystal clear.

Dulas and the Armix demon merchant both nodded solemnly, their expressions focused. Seeing their readiness, the judges wasted no time. "Ready or not, fight!" they roared, their voices electrifying the air.

At the command, both contestants summoned their respective corpse puppets.

Before Dulas, a hulking, blue-armored Frosling Corpse Puppet materialized. Its presence immediately chilled the arena, the temperature dropping several degrees as frost crept along the ground. The puppet's shimmering ice armor glinted menacingly under the colosseum lights.

Meanwhile, the Armix demon merchant's corpse puppet appeared—a slender, bare-bones Frosling warrior clad in nothing but a ragged loinloth. Its simplicity stood in stark contrast to Dulas's elaborately armored champion.

Dulas smirked, her confidence evident. She wasted no time. "World Hammer!" she commanded, her voice sharp and decisive.

In an instant, her Frosling corpse puppet activated its Glacier Silk skill. Shimmering threads of icy energy coalesced using 3D printing, forming a massive warhammer with a head three times its size. Without hesitation, the puppet swung the colossal weapon with incredible speed and force, aiming straight for the Armix merchant's Frosling corpse puppet.

The hammer tore through the air with a deafening whoosh, the sheer speed of the attack sending shockwaves across the arena. The crowd erupted into cheers and gasps, their excitement mounting as the first clash of the match began.

The Armix demon merchant's eyes gleamed with cunning as their Frosling corpse puppet sprang into action. With an almost eerie fluidity, it dodged the colossal hammer swing by a hair's breadth, the icy weapon slamming into the ground with a thunderous crash, sending shards of ice flying in every direction.

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## Chapter 2363 Spiritual Interference Technique

[ 1,159 words ]

### Chapter 2363 Spiritual Interference Technique

Seeing her opponent's corpse puppet dodge the World Hammer by a hair's breadth, Dulas frowned. She quickly realized that while her uncle's corpse puppet might be subpar, in essence it was still in the Demon Emperor realm—and, crucially, being controlled by a skilled Armix demon merchant. She reminded herself not to underestimate her opponent.

What caught her off guard, however, was just how seamlessly her Frosling corpse puppet responded to her commands. Manipulating it felt almost effortless. 'Just like Master Crafter said,' she thought, her lips curling into a small, impressed smile. She recalled his instructions: by using the preset commands he shared with her demon

codex, she could command the puppet to craft weapons and armor mid-battle and use them with remarkable efficiency. Even more fascinating, if she could imagine an item clearly and convey it to the puppet, it would materialize her vision in real time using its Glacier Silk Skill.

For now, Dulas had chosen to stick to basic commands that came pre-programmed with the corpse puppet. But after witnessing how quickly and flawlessly it crafted the enormous hammer with its Glacier Silk skill—transforming the raw glacier threads into a item in mere fractions of a second—her confidence surged. Maybe it's time to get creative, she thought, determination hardening her features. 'Let's teach Uncle a lesson he won't forget.'

Meanwhile, the Armix demon merchant watched her reaction closely. He couldn't help but feel a flicker of fascination with the capabilities of her Frosling corpse puppet. Impressive... but no matter how extraordinary the puppet is, it has weaknesses, he reminded himself, suppressing his admiration.

Noticing Dulas momentarily caught in thought, he seized the opportunity. 'Counterstrike, aim for the neck!' he commanded mentally. His unarmored Frosling corpse puppet lunged forward with precision, targeting the joints in its opponent's armor. The Armixian merchant knew full well that his puppet lacked the strength to penetrate the SS-rank mechanical ice armor covering Dulas's champion corpse puppet. Instead, he aimed for weak points, hoping to finish the armored puppet before it could react.

The arena grew tense. Even the crowd, who had initially erupted in awe at the sight of the SS-rank hammer being crafted so effortlessly, had fallen silent. Their eyes darted between the slender, nimble attacker and the hulking, armored defender. The subtle whirring of the puppets' movements and the sound of cracking ice filled the air, heightening the anticipation.

Dulas's frown deepened as she snapped back to attention. 'He's aiming for the joints... crafty move, but I'm not about to let you have your way.' Her Frosling puppet shifted subtly, preparing to counter the incoming attack by swinging its colossal hammer in a wide arc.

But in a blink, the Armixian's corpse puppet vanished from its path, reappearing behind Dulas's armored puppet with unnerving speed. It delivered a swift and devastating kick directly to the armored puppet's neck.

The crowd collectively gasped, expecting the armored puppet to falter—or worse, crumble. Instead, to everyone's shock, the armored Frosling corpse puppet stood tall, entirely unfazed.

The real surprise came after the impact when the puppet's leg, the very one that struck the armored puppet, began to freeze. A visible sheen of ice rapidly crept up its limb, and as soon as it touched the ground, the frozen leg shattered into countless glittering

shards of ice. Forced to balance on one leg, the Armixian's puppet looked visibly compromised.

"What the heck is going on?" "It's the Winter Valley's Glacier Plague!" "I get it now. The armored Frosling's armor is laced with Glacier Plague—what a creative way to weaponize the Frosling's natural immunity to it!"

"Hold up, Aren't you forgetting that the opponent is also a Frosling corpse puppet? How the hell is the Glacier Plague freezing its body parts enough to shatter them on impact? That doesn't make sense!"

"You're right! That shouldn't be possible!" "If my observation is correct, there are two reasons for this anomaly. First, that unknown demon merchant likely used Frost Liquid Rule Power from the Frosell Realm to enhance the Glacier Plague's potency. Second, the Chaos Dwarf who created the other puppet must have used an incompatible method to strengthen it. Sure, it's sturdy, but clearly, that sturdiness came with a terrible cost—as we just saw."

"Holy crap. Since when did non-native demon merchants get this good at crafting? To think he accounted for all this when building his puppet—I can't freaking believe it."

"The more I watch that demon merchant's puppet in action, the more impressed—and greedy—I feel."

"Can't blame you, I feel the same way."

"Heck, I still can't wrap my head around the fact that it was crafted by some no-name demon merchant from the far corners of the dark realms that no one's ever heard of!"

The crowd buzzed with excitement and speculation, their awe and curiosity building as the battle continued to unfold.

"It seems I should have asked for more," the Armixian muttered under his breath, his six pairs of arms folding and unfolding in rapid succession. Then, with a resigned shrug, he added, "Anyway, a deal's a deal, and I've been paid. So, I'll deliver. Here goes nothing—Spiritual Interference Technique!"

As he chanted, his six pairs of arms came together in a precise, ritualistic motion. A shimmering, ethereal beam shot out from his body, streaking toward Dulas's armored corpse puppet.

Before she could react, the beam struck her puppet squarely. Instantly, Dulas felt her connection to her Frosling corpse puppet severed, like someone had yanked a cord from her mind. Panic surged through her, her heart pounding as she tried to re-establish the link.

The Armixian, meanwhile, smirked triumphantly, his confidence radiating. "And that's how you—"

But his words caught in his throat as the armored corpse puppet suddenly moved.

With shocking speed and precision, the puppet swung its massive World Hammer, its icy form glinting under the arena lights. The hammer arced toward the one-legged puppet before its master could issue another command. The impact was devastating.

CRACK!

The hammer struck the one-legged puppet squarely, launching it across the arena like a ragdoll. It slammed into the wall with a deafening crash, shards of ice scattering in all directions.

The armored puppet didn't stop there. It charged forward, relentless, and began raining down blow after blow with its hammer. Each strike was a symphony of destruction, reducing the one-legged corpse puppet to a pile of shattered ice shards.

The arena fell into a stunned silence.

Dulas stood frozen, her eyes wide with disbelief. The Armixian stared, slack-jawed, his earlier smugness replaced by sheer confusion. Bigold leaned forward, gripping the edge of his seat as if trying to comprehend what he had just witnessed.

Even the judges, typically composed, were startled, their tails frozen mid-air.

And the crowd? They erupted into a chaotic mixture of gasps, cheers, and frantic murmurs.

"What just happened?" someone in the stands finally blurted, echoing the thoughts of everyone present.

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

[ 1,575 words ]

## **Chapter 2364 Necrophiliac**

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Duel Realm, Crafting Sector, Venue: Chaos Dwarven Forge.

Spiritual Interference technique, as the name suggests, is a spiritual technique designed to disrupt a target's spirituality. Think of it like electromagnetic fields interfering with electronic devices. Just as strong EMFs can fry circuits, a highly skilled practitioner of Spiritual Interference technique—combined with powerful spiritual energy—can leave their target stunned, unconscious, or even comatose.

The effects of this technique aren't limited to living beings; it also impacts anything with a trace of spirituality, including artificial wills. Its effect was more devastating than regular living beings. In corpse puppet battles, it's fair game for a puppeteer to buff their own puppet or debuff their opponent's puppet. However, directly attacking the opposing puppeteer is strictly against the rules. To stay within the boundaries, Bigold's Armixian champion targeted Dulas's armored corpse puppet with the Spiritual Interference Technique, aiming directly at its artificial will. The artificial will, which acts as the spiritual bridge between a puppeteer and their puppet, ensures seamless control and quick responses.

Armixians are famous for their formidable spiritual power, and this particular puppeteer seemed to have mastered the Spiritual Interference Technique to at least a Grandmaster level. Given this, the armored Frosling corpse puppet should have been rendered non-functional.

Even if its artificial will was exceptionally advanced, it should have suffered significant damage—likely losing connection with Dulas, becoming sluggish, or at least being stunned for a few critical moments.

But what actually happened left everyone dumbfounded.

Despite the Armixian's technique hitting the armored Frosling puppet head-on, severing its connection to Dulas, the puppet recovered almost instantly. Not only that, but it also launched a counterattack with speed and precision far beyond what it had displayed under Dulas's control.

The audience leaned forward, murmuring in confusion.

"How's that even possible?" someone whispered.

"Wait a minute," another spectator muttered, scratching their head. "Without a puppeteer guiding it, how's it moving so fast? Shouldn't it be sluggish?"

And they weren't wrong. By design, corpse puppets are inherently slow when operating autonomously. They rely on their puppeteers' spiritual power to remove this sluggishness and optimize their movements. However, they witnessed that it was the other way around in the armored frosling's corpse puppets case. The Armixian stared at the scene, slack-jawed, while Bigold's face twisted in disbelief. Something was off—very off—and everyone in the arena could feel it. Even Dulas was baffled to see her corpse

puppet moving faster after it lost its connection with her. A pang of doubt struck her as she silently lamented, 'Was I the one slowing it down because of my inexperience?'

The audience, the contestants, their champions, and even the judges were frozen, trying to process the unexpected development. Breaking the stunned silence, the unknown demon merchant's calm yet commanding voice cut through the air, "I guess I won this round, right?"

The voice wasn't particularly loud, yet somehow, everyone in the colosseum heard it clearly. It snapped them out of their collective shock. The judges bewilderedly glanced at the armored Frosling corpse puppet before announcing the end of the round, pushing their confusion aside for now. As the decision was finalized, the colosseum erupted into cheers, celebrating the dramatic conclusion of the first round.

The Armixian demon merchant, who had represented Bigold in the match, begrudgingly stepped out of the arena. But as he did, his gaze lingered on the unknown demon merchant who had crafted the armored Frosling corpse puppet. His eyes flicked to the two identical armored Froslings standing silently beside the mysterious figure. With an air of resolve, he strode directly toward the unknown demon merchant.

Wyatt, still standing in the arena with his assigned attendant, watched the Armixian's approach, bemused. The crowd held their breath as the Armixian walked right up to Wyatt and asked, loud enough for all to hear, "Can I represent your corpse puppet in the next round as your champion?"

Gasps rippled through the colosseum, followed by a wave of chatter. The atmosphere buzzed with disbelief.

"What did he just say?"

"Did he seriously ask to switch sides?"

Bigold's face turned an alarming shade of crimson, trembling with fury. Ignoring his former champion's audacious betrayal, he focused on sending his next champion into the arena. This time, it was another Armixian, but this one was a devil merchant. The significance of this choice wasn't lost on anyone—devil merchants could supply nearly a hundredfold more spiritual energy to their corpse puppets than a demon merchant, especially a young Chaos Dwarf of Dulas's realm.

Meanwhile, Dulas weighed her options, torn between pride and practicality. Looking at her opponent, she finally made her decision. "Switch," she announced aloud, stepping back.

Her reasons were clear. She didn't have the skills to counter the Armixians' devastating Spiritual Interference Technique, and the previous round had left her convinced that she

was holding her corpse puppet back due to her inexperience and limited spiritual energy reserves.

With that, Dulas and her armored Frosling corpse puppet left the arena, replaced by a hooded and robed figure. As the figure entered the arena, murmurs swept through the audience. Recognition dawned on many faces.

"Wait... isn't that—?"

"It's the Frosling who picked the species and realm of the corpse puppets for this duel!"

"I believe that demon merchant is a necrophiliac. Only those freaks would use their kind as corpse puppet."

Bigold's face darkened as he clenched his fists. Losing the first round had made the stakes even higher. He knew that relying on just one of his Frosling corpse puppets to defeat all three of his opponent's corpse puppet was a gamble—no fool's dream. The pressure weighed heavily on him, and his frustration was growing. His champion had to win now otherwise everything was lost.

Meanwhile, Wyatt's gaze fell on the tall, slender figure of the twelve-armed Armixian demon merchant. Wyatt's voice was calm but firm as he said, "Sorry, but as you can see, I've already chosen my champions. Besides, I'm pretty sure the duel's rules won't allow me to switch champions mid-match."

The Armixian's many hands gestured in a show of understanding, but his next words revealed his true intentions. "I understand. Then how about selling me one of those corpse puppets?" Biore, standing next to Wyatt, smirked knowingly. He had dealt with enough Armixians in the past to anticipate this. Their obsession with corpse puppets was known to all, often driving them to extremes. Just as Biore was about to intervene and take advantage of the situation to curry favor with the unknown demon merchant, a familiar voice interrupted.

"Sir, you're not allowed here. Let me assist you back to your side of the colosseum."

Dulas's voice was steady but polite, her expression a mix of annoyance and determination. Without waiting for a reply, she activated her demon codex. In a blink, the Armixian demon merchant disappeared, teleported back to Bigold's corner of the colosseum.

Biore sighed, his chance to shine slipping away, while Wyatt's lips curled into a faint smile. "Efficient," he remarked, glancing at Dulas.

The audience buzzed with animated murmurs, their excitement heightened by the unexpected drama. The tension in the air was almost electric as every pair of eyes in the colosseum turned toward the arena, eager for the next round to begin.

"Little Frosling, are you a necrophiliac? I like corpse puppets, but even I wouldn't consider turning my own kind into one, let alone using it in battle," the devil merchant Armixian quipped, his voice laced with curiosity and subtle amusement. His twelve arms gestured expressively, as if emphasizing his disbelief.

Moon Fright, however, didn't so much as glance at him. She stood still, her icy demeanor, and waited for the Judges to signal the start of the round. Her silence spoke volumes, frustrating the Armixian but also intriguing him further.

The Judges, sensing the anticipation from the crowd, wasted no time. "Champions, ready or not, Fight!" they declared, their voices echoing through the colosseum.

"Glacier Web," Moon Fright announced with cold precision, her voice cutting through the noise.

As she summoned her corpse puppet, the same imposing Armored Frosling corpse puppet similar to one before materialized in the arena. Without hesitation, it activated its Glacier Silk skill, weaving an enormous web that quickly spanned the entire arena. The audience gasped as the arena walls, ground, and even the air near the web began to freeze over. The glistening ice spread with breathtaking speed, isolating the arena in a cocoon of frost.

Though separated by the freezing web, the audience could still see into the arena through the ice, which now resembled the intricate strands of a glacial cocoon formed from cobwebs. The beauty and menace of the structure left them in awe.

The devil merchant Armixian summoned his corpse puppet, only to find it immediately ensnared in the Glacier Web. The puppet stood frozen in place, unable to move without coming into contact with the deadly threads. The Armixian's brow furrowed as he realized the predicament. His opponent had cornered him within the first moments of the match.

The crowd erupted into murmurs again, their voices a mix of awe and speculation. The Armixian's expression shifted from intrigue to frustration as he tried to devise a way out of this icy trap. Moon Fright, meanwhile, stood calm and collected, her cold, calculating gaze never leaving her opponent.

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# Chapter 2365 Spiritual Spark, Spiritual Snow

[ 1,230 words ]

## Chapter 2365 Spiritual Spark, Spiritual Snow

"Master Crafter, is Moon a... necrophiliac?" Dulas asked hesitantly, her voice respectful yet tinged with curiosity. Her gaze remained fixed on Wyatt, the unknown demon merchant. Ever since she discovered that her uncle was nothing more than an incompetent cheat, her admiration for her contestant had grown exponentially. It was bordering on reverence. If he were to point at gold and call it silver, she wouldn't argue. Instead, she'd wonder why he said it.

Wyatt shook his head, a faint sigh escaping him. "How would I know? Ask her," he replied, his tone carrying a mix of amusement and exasperation. He had noticed how quickly Dulas was beginning to imprint on him, likely due to the collapse of her previous source of guidance. It was both good and bad. Good, because he could mold her into a skilled craftsman. Bad, because he had no interest in becoming a surrogate parental figure. Yet, with Dulas, it seemed both skill and childlike dependence came as a package deal.

"I will do that," Dulas replied with a firm nod, completely missing the subtext in Wyatt's tone. Before he could stop her or change the topic, she pressed on, "Why was your puppet able to withstand the power of the Spiritual Interference Technique head-on?"

Wyatt tilted his head slightly, a playful smirk forming on his lips. "Ask Moon. She seems to have figured it out the moment I gave her authority over one of the corpse puppets," he said, wanting to find out whether Moon had indeed deduced the workings of the puppet's entire Artificial Will or just partially. Either meant that Moon had high talent for crafting.

"I'll do that," Dulas responded with the same unwavering determination. Her earnestness was almost endearing—almost.

Beside them, her uncle, Biore, his fists clenched tightly. His face was a storm of frustration and jealousy. Ignoring his earlier failures, he tried once again to probe the Artificial Will of the Frosling corpse puppet. If a mere Frosling could figure it out, surely he, a Chaos Dwarf Master Crafter, could as well. He seemed to have conveniently forgotten that he had already attempted—failed miserably and gave up—before. But listening to the unknown demon merchant say Moon had figured it out, his competitive spirit ignited. Meanwhile, in the arena, neither Moon Fright nor the Armixian devil merchant made a move. Their eyes locked in an intense stare, neither daring to blink. While it seemed Moon had the upper hand with her Glacier Web covering the battlefield, she remained cautious. After all, her opponent was a devil merchant, and the sheer

spiritual power at his disposal far surpassed hers. This advantage allowed him to compensate for his corpse puppet's shortcomings, making him a serious threat to her Armored Frosling corpse puppet.

The silence was oppressive as the two champions measured each other, the tension in the colosseum grew. Realizing his opponent wasn't going to make the first move, the Armixian devil merchant adjusted his strategy. He had planned to exploit his opponent's arrogance, but it was now clear the Frosling was level-headed and calculated. With a subtle smirk, he broke the standoff and began chanting, "Spiritual Spark!"

Almost instantly, the slender corpse puppet standing before him was enveloped in crackling lightning. Electric arcs danced across its body, disintegrating parts of the Glacier Web upon contact. The air around the puppet hissed and popped with energy, and then—BOOM!—a massive explosion erupted around the Armixian's corpse puppet.

Moon's lips curled into a triumphant grin. The explosion was no accident; she had anticipated this. Even Wyatt was surprised understanding what Moon had just pulled off. The electricity generated by the puppet had triggered electrolysis in the Glacier Web, splitting the ice into hydrogen and oxygen. As the concentration of gases in the air reached a perfect 2:1 ratio, the electric arcs ignited the mixture, causing the violent detonation. Though he wasn't sure if she understood it as he did. Her frame of reference might be different. However, her grin quickly faded. Through the smoke and debris, she noticed the Armixian's corpse puppet standing unscathed. The lightning coursing through it had formed an electric shroud, protecting it from the explosion's flames. Its sturdy frame easily withstood the shockwaves, leaving it ready to continue the fight.

The crowd erupted into murmurs and cheers, their excitement growing by the second. This was shaping up to be one of the most thrilling crafting duels in recent memory.

The judges intensely glanced at the arena from above, intrigued by the display of skill. The Armixian's use of Spiritual Spark—a lightning-attribute spiritual art that converted spiritual energy into lightning—was a clever counter. Not only did it shield the puppet, but it also neutralized the Glacier Web's threat. By infusing the corpse puppet with his own spiritual power, the Armixian had effectively allowed it to wield the Spiritual Spark ability. The electric aura surrounding the puppet also seemed to grant it counter against the Glacier Plague, nullifying one of Moon's greatest advantages.

Moon's eyes narrowed, her thoughts racing as she devised a new strategy. Without hesitation, she chanted aloud, "Spiritual Snow." Her voice echoed through the arena, carrying an air of confidence. This particular spiritual art, gifted to her race by the Snow Elves during their time as refugees, allowed her to convert her spiritual energy into snow.

To everyone's astonishment, Moon's mastery over Spiritual Snow appeared to verge on the sage tier, a level rarely seen. The arena's climate began to shift dramatically. Snowflakes swirled through the air, gathering on the Glacier Web and the frosty arena

floor. The temperature plummeted rapidly, diving into the negatives and still dropping further. The cold in air grew rapidly, sending shivers even through the enchanted barriers protecting the audience.

"Oh, no, you don't!" the Armixian devil merchant bellowed, his booming voice cutting through the rising storm. Realizing her plan, he mentally commanded his corpse puppet to attack. 'Brutalstrike!'

He had discerned Moon's intentions—she was attempting to replicate the frigid climate of Winter Valley. If she succeeded, her corpse puppet could fully weaponize the Glacier Plague infused in it, giving her an overwhelming advantage.

Moon, undeterred, shouted her next move with unwavering determination, "Snow Sword Arts: Third Form, Avalanche!"

The armored corpse puppet reacted instantly, executing her command through their spiritual connection. As Moon envisioned herself wielding a massive claymore, the puppet mirrored her thoughts. Using its Glacier Silk, it conjured a colossal sword through an intricate 3D printing process. The shimmering claymore materialized, crackling with icy energy.

With a swift, deliberate motion, the puppet performed the Snow sword's Avalanche form, its blade cleaving through the air with the weight of an avalanche behind it. Snow, gathered by the bitter winds, surged forward as the puppet's claymore struck. The flurry of snow cascaded down in a massive, roaring torrent, engulfing the charging corpse puppet.

The audience gasped, their cheers muffled by the sheer spectacle of the snowfall swallowing the battlefield. Even the judges floating about the arena were covered in snow, their attention riveted on the clash unfolding below them.

The Armixian's corpse puppet strained against the onslaught, its movements slowed as the cold and snow pressed down like a suffocating force. Yet the Armixian devil merchant's eyes glinted with determination, and the electric shroud covering its body intensified breaking through the cold and pressure, retaining its speed.

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## Chapter 2366 Spiritual Storm Snow

[ 1,028 words ]

## Chapter 2366 Spiritual Storm Snow

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Duel Realm, Crafting Sector, Venue: Chaos Dwarven Forge.

When the Armixian's corpse puppet intensified its electric shroud to counter Moon's Avalanche, the audience braced themselves for yet another explosive spectacle. Many assumed the avalanche would be obliterated entirely by explosion, leaving the Armixian's corpse puppet free to use its lightning speed and attacks to overwhelm the Armored corpse puppet.

But what followed wasn't an explosion. Instead of the expected deafening blast, the arena resonated with deep, rumbling thunder. The melted snow from the avalanche, which had evaporated under the intense heat of the electric shroud, morphed into thick, dark clouds that coiled around the Armixian's corpse puppet.

The crowd gasped as flashes of light flickered ominously within the newly formed storm. Moments later, the clouds unleashed a barrage of lightning strikes, each bolt crashing down on the Armixian's corpse puppet, which now served as a convenient lightning rod.

"Interesting," Wyatt murmured, his eyes narrowing as he analyzed the battlefield. The arena was now a chaotic blend of glacier webs, swirling snow, dark storm clouds, and relentless lightning strikes. It was a masterclass in strategic adaptation.

Moon had anticipated her opponent's move. Clearly, she was thinking two steps ahead of her opponent. When the Armixian's Spiritual Spark disintegrated the avalanche into hydrogen and oxygen gases, Moon acted swiftly. She commanded her corpse puppet to channel Spiritual Snow, freezing the gases back into storm clouds. The electric charge from the Armixian's spiritual sparks then created an imbalance in ion concentration within the clouds, completing the setup. The Armixian's corpse puppet, being the easiest conduit for the electrical discharge, was struck repeatedly by the very lightning it had inadvertently summoned.

The crowd erupted in cheers and murmurs, both impressed and stunned by the ingenuity of Moon's tactics. The thundering bolts illuminated the arena in rapid bursts, each strike intensifying the tension of the match.

Inside the storm, the Armixian's corpse puppet slowly began to disintegrate into ash under the continuous lightning strikes. The Armixian watched in dumbfoundment, making it evident that even the devil merchant hadn't anticipated this twist. No, not the storm clouds and lightning strike, but the durability of the corpse puppet it was using. "What's going on? Why is the corpse puppet falling apart after just a dozen lightning strikes?"

"Yeah, what gives? The Armixian is a devil merchant! With the amount of spiritual power he has, his corpse puppet should've been able to tank those strikes easily."

"It's not the Armixian's fault. The corpse puppet just couldn't handle the sheer amount of spiritual energy needed to defend against all those lightning strikes. Eventually, it burned out—and, well, you saw the result."

"Does that mean the corpse puppet was defective? I didn't expect this from something crafted by a chaos dwarf."

"No, it's not the crafter's fault. Honestly, the Frosling species isn't really cut out to be turned into corpse puppets. From what I can tell, that corpse puppet was probably top-notch for something in the Demon Emperor realm."

"But look at the unknown demon merchant's Frosling corpse puppet! It's standing tall like a champ. It could probably destroy a dozen of the other guy's corpse puppets."

"Well, they took completely different approaches when refining their puppets. You can't just compare them like that. But, if we're being fair, this is a crafting duel, and it seems like the chaos dwarf might've made a poor choice."

"Oh, please. Chaos dwarfs are so overrated. This duel is proof enough of that. The unknown demon merchant clearly had the foresight of a true crafter. They both knew what their puppets would face in this duel. If the chaos dwarves are as great at crafting as everyone claims, that unnamed chaos dwarf should've built their puppet to handle this better."

"I'm with you. These people have been talking out of their asses from the start. First, they trashed the unknown demon merchant for using some approach they didn't understand. But now that they've seen the results, they're practically drooling over it. The truth is staring them in the face, but they're too jealous to admit it. Honestly, I don't know about the whole chaos dwarven race, but that particular chaos dwarf? Clearly doesn't have a clue what they're doing if this is the best it can craft."

Moon's lips curved into a small, sealing her victory, her confidence bolstered by the success and she could not wait to wipe the floor with Bigold's next champion.

"You're lucky, kid. You chose the right Master Crafter. Make sure he's the right one for you," the Armixian devil merchant remarked, his voice carrying a hint of approval as he turned to leave the arena.

Moon frowned, tilting her head in puzzlement. Who even is this guy? She didn't recognize him, yet he spoke as if they were old acquaintances close enough to offer unsolicited advice. Still, his words struck a chord. She understood the weight behind them. Tools were an essential part of any warrior's strength, and the person crafting those tools needed to be more than just skilled—they had to be dependable in both ability and character.

Moon sighed softly and shook her head, brushing the thought aside as she refocused on the duel. She waited for her next opponent, her gaze fixed on the arena entrance.

When her next challenger finally stepped onto the battlefield, her eyes widened in shock. A bare-chested elder chaos dwarf with a thick, gray beard and matching hair strode confidently into the arena. His imposing figure radiated power and authority, leaving her momentarily speechless.

The stunned silence wasn't hers alone. The entire colosseum fell quiet as the audience and judges alike gaped at the newcomer. The judges, who had been grumbling about contestants prematurely declaring victory, froze mid-complaint.

An elder chaos dwarf even in the higher devil ranks were unmatched. They were known for their overwhelming power and had fearsome reputation in crafting and battleground alike. They stood among the strongest crafters and warriors.

Moon swallowed hard, her confidence shaken as she prepared to face this unexpected challenger.

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

## Chapter 2367 Crafter's Sense

[ 1,163 words ]

### Chapter 2367 Crafter's Sense

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Duel Realm, Crafting Sector, Venue: Chaos Dwarven Forge.

"Granduncle!" Dulas cried out in disbelief as the Elder Chaos Dwarf stepped into the arena, her voice trembling with shock.

"Well, I guess shame has officially left the building," Biore sneered, folding his arms as he watched his maternal uncle step in to the arena as Bigold's last champion. His tone was laced with bitterness, the scene before him only adding to his frustration.

Bigold had already lost two of his corpse puppets, leaving him with just one, while the unknown demon merchant still had all three of his intact. For Bigold to win, his remaining puppet would need to defeat all three of his opponent's puppets—a scenario

that, given the apparent gulf in quality between the two sets of puppets, was nearly impossible.

The audience murmured among themselves, fully aware of the uphill battle Bigold faced. After all, the crafting duel was governed by strict rules and regulations, which limited the power and strategies of the champions to the capabilities of the corpse puppets they wielded. This meant that regardless of a champion's personal strengths or realm, their effectiveness was bound by the puppet's design and the official guidelines of the duel.

This rule was precisely why neither side had objected to the realm of the champions representing them. A ruler-class being could still be rendered powerless if their puppet was poorly designed or couldn't keep up.

The earlier matches had perfectly illustrated this point. Moon's previous opponent, the Armixian devil merchant, was undoubtedly skilled in puppetry—his techniques even better than hers. Yet, he lost because his corpse puppet couldn't sustain the immense spiritual power he poured into it. It literally disintegrated after trying to handle its master's spiritual power while simultaneously blocking the lightning strikes. Ironically, the puppet might have fared better facing the lightning head-on rather than overloading itself trying to resist it.

Everyone knew that a corpse puppet's effectiveness could be negatively impacted if the wielder's level didn't align with the puppet's requirements. This issue had already been demonstrated earlier with Dulas. As a demon lord, her spiritual power wasn't sufficient to fully command her demon emperor realm corpse puppet, causing delays in relaying commands, with resulted in the corpse puppet's reaction time being delayed than its actual speed, making it less effective in combat.

With the Elder Chaos Dwarf stepping in as Bigold's champion, the tension in the arena shifted palpably. Murmurs rippled through the crowd, their excitement and curiosity mounting.

Sure, the Elder Chaos Dwarf's realm was higher than that of the Armixian devil merchant, and also when it came to raw puppetry skills, the Armixian devil merchant still held an overwhelming edge. Yet, the audience couldn't shake the feeling that Bigold now had a fighting chance. Why? Because the Elder Chaos Dwarf brought something extraordinary to the table: Crafter's Sense.

Millenniums of experience had granted the Elder Chaos Dwarf the fabled Crafter's Sense, a skill so refined that it allowed master crafters to analyze any item, discern its true potential, and even temporarily enhance it beyond its original design. It was a game-changer.

Unlike raw talent or brute force, Crafter's Sense was earned through countless years—no, millennia—of crafting. Every crafting attempt, every ingredients fused, every failure,

and every masterpiece sharpened this instinct. By the time a Chaos Dwarf ascended to become a Elder Chaos Dwarf, they had devoted their lives to the craft, honing their senses to such an extent that it became second nature. Among their race, one wasn't truly recognized as an Elder Chaos Dwarf unless they had achieved this legendary insight.

The implications were enormous. With his Crafter's Sense, the Elder Chaos Dwarf could potentially draw out the full, untapped power of Bigold's corpse puppet. Depending on the extent of his skill, he might even enhance the puppet's abilities severalfold, transforming it from a mediocre fighter corpse puppet into a top notch fighter corpse puppet.

The audience leaned forward in their seats, their eyes flicking between the Elder Chaos Dwarf and the Moon, eager to see how this unexpected twist would play out.

The judges hovered above the arena, their expressions indifferent as they chose to overlook the fact that the contestants had moved on to the third round without their approval. With a flick of their tail, they cleared the arena, preparing it for the next bout. After formally announcing the unknown demon merchant as the winner of the second round, they signaled the start of the third. "Champions, ready or not, fight!"

Moon wasted no time. "Spiritual Snow, Glacier Golem Form!" she commanded, her voice firm and steady. In her mind, she pictured ice gathering around her, forming into a towering Glacier Golem with herself as its core. Through her connection with the armored corpse puppet, this image was seamlessly shared. The puppet responded instantly, using its Glacier Silk ability to conjure the golem. As it formed, it didn't stop at her vision. The armored corpse puppet added its own touch, reshaping the golem to resemble the armor it wore, creating a massive Armored Glacier Golem. Facing an Elder Chaos Dwarf, Moon wasn't holding back. Meanwhile, the Elder Chaos Dwarf appeared unbothered. With a calm wave of his hand, he summoned his corpse puppet. Standing slender and unassuming, the puppet didn't seem like much—until the Elder activated his Crafter's Sense.

The moment he did, the corpse puppet's aura changed dramatically. It radiated an overwhelming surge of spiritual energy, a fierce storm swirling around it as its long silver hair floated upward, defying gravity. It was as if the puppet had just been infused with unimaginable power, stabilizing into a deadly, focused force.

Moon wasn't about to let the dramatic display rattle her. With sharp focus, she mentally ordered, 'Glacier Strike!'

The enormous Glacier Golem raised its arm, then brought it down with terrifying force, aiming to crush the smaller Frosling corpse puppet in one decisive blow. The audience collectively held their breath, anticipating the impact.

But just as the punch was about to land, the slender corpse puppet moved. With almost casual ease, it raised a single hand and caught the punch mid-strike, halting the Glacier Golem's attack as though it were nothing. Gasps rippled through the crowd.

Then, in one swift, brutal motion, the Frosling corpse puppet grabbed the Glacier Golem's arm, yanked it clean off at the shoulder, and swung it like a club, smashing it against the golem with glacier-crushing force.

Moon's jaw tightened, her mind racing to process the shocking turn of events. The sheer strength and precision of the Elder Chaos Dwarf's puppet had completely beyond what the corpse puppet should be capable of. The crowd roared, torn between awe and disbelief. They have all heard about the Crafter's sense but they did not expect it to be this overpowered turning Bigold's trash corpse puppet into a mighty fighting machine.

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## Chapter 2368 Super Corpse Puppet

[ 1,121 words ]

### Chapter 2368 Super Corpse Puppet

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Duel Realm, Crafting Sector, Venue: Chaos Dwarven Forge.

"Crafter's Sense," Wyatt muttered, watching the Elder Chaos Dwarf's corpse puppet enter what could only be described as a supercharged mode. The scene triggered a memory from an old anime back on Earth in his mind.

Though he'd read about Crafter's Sense before, this was the first time he'd actually seen it in combat. It wasn't just a skill honed in the forge—it was a versatile ability that could be applied to both crafting and combat. This dual functionality was what made Elder Chaos Dwarfs formidable not only in workshops but also on battlefields. It was also why their race had managed to maintain their status in the semi-rule class for millenniums.

Wyatt folded his arms, his expression unreadable, though his eyes gleamed with interest. He hadn't given Crafter's Sense much thought before, largely because he already had his Primordial Soul Pupils. While they didn't offer the same ability to temporarily enhance items and draw out their full potential, they were unparalleled when

it came to crafting assistance, analyzing items, and identifying ingredients. Still if he had the chance to get Crafter's Sense, he wouldn't say no.

Unfortunately, acquiring it wasn't that simple. Crafter's Sense wasn't something that could be gained overnight, nor could it be forced. It was like sword intent or combat sense—there were no shortcuts. It required unwavering dedication, relentless effort, and, above all, an innate talent for crafting.

There were countless crafters across the myriad realms who had worked tirelessly for millennia, producing incredible creations, yet only a select few ever managed to awaken Crafter's Sense. It wasn't tied to species or race; you either had it or you didn't.

For the Chaos Dwarven race, however, the evolution of their natural affinity for crafting made Crafter's Sense appear almost like a birthright. Over time, younger generations began to believe that acquiring it was a prerequisite for advancing into the rank of an Elder Chaos Dwarf. This misunderstanding wasn't entirely baseless—it was simply a result of their race's deep reverence for crafting and the overwhelming fact that all Elder Chaos Dwarfs had Crafter's Sense.

Wyatt sighed softly, his gaze narrowing as the Elder Chaos Dwarf's puppet radiated its enhanced aura. "No wonder their race has such a hold on the crafting world," he thought, though the faint flicker of amusement in his eyes hinted that he wasn't particularly intimidated.

Meanwhile, Moon watched in frustration as her armored glacier golem was smacked around by its own severed arm, wielded effortlessly by the Elder Chaos Dwarf's corpse puppet. Her brow furrowed deeply as she racked her brain, trying to figure out why the Glacier Bite effect of her corpse puppet's Glacier Silk wasn't affecting her opponent's puppet, despite prolonged direct contact.

Her thoughts were interrupted by a sudden mental transmission from Biore, the young male dwarf on her team. His tone was clipped but informative: 'Moon Fright, my uncle's Crafter's Sense has an additional attribute that temporarily reinforces the durability of any item it influences. That's why his corpse puppet is resisting your Glacier Bite.'

The revelation hit Moon like a bucket of icy water. 'So that's it!' She had no idea that Crafter's Sense could come with additional attributes. As a refugee in the Snow Elven territory, she'd been fortunate just to be allowed to study crafting alongside her combat training. While she had read about the legendary Crafter's Sense, the finer details about its advanced capabilities had always been beyond her reach—until now.

With a flicker of gratitude, Moon mentally thanked Biore for the timely warning. Her expression steeled with determination as she switched tactics. She ordered her corpse puppet to retreat using 'Glacier Burst,' a skill that golem exploding forward while the corpse puppet which acted its core used the explosion as smoke screen to retreat,

creating space between it and its opponent. The only reason she'd engaged in close combat earlier was because she'd relied on the effectiveness of Glacier Bite.

Now that her opponent's Crafter's Sense rendered that ability useless, it was time to pivot. If close combat wasn't an option, she'd fall back on her personal combat style, where she could dictate the terms of engagement from a safer distance. Her glacier-blue eyes glinted with resolve as she prepared for the next move. 'Let's see how you handle this,' Moon thought, a faint smirk tugging at the corners of her lips. She envisioned herself drawing a bow and unleashing a volley of arrows at her enemy. Responding to her mental command, her corpse puppet used its Glacier Silk ability to 3D-print an icy bow and a quiver of sharp arrows. Without hesitation, it fired the arrows in rapid succession, aiming for the target before the mist from the Glacier Burst skill had even begun to clear.

The Elder Chaos Dwarf's corpse puppet reacted instantly, vanishing from its original position and reappearing at the edge of the arena, effortlessly dodging the incoming barrage. But just as the puppet seemed to have avoided the assault, the arrows curved mid-air, homing in on their target. Moon's spiritual power guided each one with precision.

The Elder Chaos Dwarf raised an eyebrow, his expression a mix of intrigue and mild concern as his corpse puppet continued to dodge. He didn't dare let it take even a single arrow head-on. Each projectile was an SS-rank item, crafted with devastating power. Even one landing a direct hit could cause significant damage to the reinforced corpse puppet.

"Interesting," the Elder Chaos Dwarf muttered under his breath, his voice tinged with grudging admiration over Moon's neat trick to guide the arrows with her spiritual power. He found himself in a precarious situation. The corpse puppet, though enhanced by his Crafter's Sense, had been designed with a singular focus: maximizing its offensive power and physical durability. Bigold, the unnamed Chaos Dwarf who crafted it, had chosen to forgo any defensive measures, confident in the puppet's resilience as one of the sturdiest Frosling corpse puppets ever made.

While the puppet could rely on its reinforced durability to withstand most attacks, the SS-rank arrows presented a unique challenge. Even with his Crafter's Sense enhancing the puppet's strength and reinforcing its durability, it remained bound by the limitations of its demon emperor realm. Each arrow posed a serious threat.

The Elder Chaos Dwarf briefly considered using his abundant spiritual power to create protective barriers, but he dismissed the idea almost immediately. Overloading the corpse puppet with excessive spiritual power could cause it to collapse under the strain—exactly what had happened to the Armixian devil merchant's puppet in the second round.

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## Chapter 2369 Gatling Glacier Cannon

[ 1,178 words ]

### Chapter 2369 Gatling Glacier Cannon

"What's going on? How is the Frosling able to make her corpse puppet control the arrows like that? Is she using her spiritual arts to manipulate them directly? Wouldn't that break the rules of standard corpse puppet combat?"

"Friend, no offense, but are you even paying attention? Look closer. Check the base of the arrows and the bow in the armored Frosling's hands. What do you see?"

"Snow threads! She's using them to steer the arrows. Clever."

"Not just snow threads—these are far stronger and more subtle. Honestly, I didn't even spot them when they passed through the mist."

"I still don't get it. Why can't she just manipulate the arrows directly? I mean, didn't the Armixian demon merchant directly attack the corpse puppet in the earlier round?"

"Ah, it's not the same thing. Manipulation spiritual arts are only allowed if they're channeled through the corpse puppet itself. You can't use them directly on the corpse puppet or other items in the fight."

"There's actually a funny story behind that rule. Back in the day, stubborn corpse puppeteers would refuse to accept defeat, even after their corpse puppets were destroyed. They'd use their spiritual arts to manipulate the remains of their broken puppets, dragging out the fight endlessly. It always ended in heated arguments over who really won."

So, they introduced a rule: manipulation spiritual arts could only be applied through the active corpse puppet, not directly on the battlefield or its items. It was a tough decision because it limited how much a puppeteer could assist their puppet from the sidelines. But honestly, it made corpse puppet duels way better. Now it's more about strategy and tactics, rather than just spamming attacks to see who breaks first."

"My question is, why doesn't the Elder Chaos Dwarf just have his corpse puppet cut those threads? I mean, it's clearly able to resist the Glacier Plague from the Armored Frosling corpse puppet."

"That's because he's baiting her! Honestly, I'm shocked she hasn't figured it out yet."

"Exactly! By the time he's done with her, that gorgeous corpse puppet is going to be nothing but scrap."

"What are you guys even talking about? All I see is him dodging the arrows like he's desperate."

"Ugh, look at the ground, you fool! From this vantage point, with the angle we've got, it should be obvious—even more so to us than to the Frosling down there in the arena."

"Oh, crap. Is he using his corpse puppet to set up a natural array formation in the arena?"

"Exactly. And once he's done, it'll be game over for her. The question is, why hasn't her team warned her by now?"

"Who knows? The unknown demon merchant seems ridiculously confident in his craft. His whole strategy seems to be about trusting the corpse puppets he's crafted and letting them speak for themselves. I mean, you can see it in the way he didn't even bother selecting a strong lineup of champions for the duel."

"I know, right? Who in their right mind would pick a Demon Lord to pilot a Demon Emperor rank corpse puppet? It's a miracle she won the first round. I'm still scratching my head over how that Armored Frosling corpse puppet managed to recover so fast from the Armixian demon merchant's spiritual interference technique."

"That's the riddle only the unknown demon merchant who crafted that armored farseling corpse puppet can solve." Meanwhile, Moon had already noticed what the Elder Chaos Dwarf was up to. Gritting her teeth, she abandoned the idea of chasing the super corpse puppet with her arrows. However, it kept darting around the arena, determined to complete its natural array formation. Frustration bubbled inside her as she recalled the list of desperate commands Wyatt had shared with them.

"Alright, here goes nothing," she muttered under her breath before shouting aloud, "Gatling Glacier Cannon!"

Her command echoed through the arena. The armored Frosling corpse puppet sprang into action, its glacier silk weaving rapidly to construct six massive cannon barrels, each seven feet long and two feet wide. The barrels were arranged in a circle around a central shaft, with a large hand crank appearing on the side to rotate the barrels. A hopper-fed the ammunition into the rotating mechanism.

"Fire!" Moon commanded, her voice cutting through the air like a blade.

The armored Frosling corpse puppet obeyed instantly, unleashing a relentless barrage of SS-rank armor-piercing glacier cannonballs. Each shot resembled an oversized bullet, and the puppet fired them at a blistering rate of 12 rounds per second. The projectiles tore through the arena with explosive force, forcing the super corpse puppet to halt its array formation and focus on dodging the onslaught.

Within minutes, the once-pristine arena was riddled with craters, as if a meteor shower had descended on it. The deafening roar of the cannon echoed, and the audience watched in stunned silence, unable to tear their eyes away.

As the Frosling puppet paused to reload, using its glacier silk to craft a fresh batch of bullets, the super corpse puppet staggered to the edge of the arena. Its movements were shaky, its once-fierce aura now diminished. One of its arms lay in a mangled heap nearby—sacrificed to endure the relentless assault.

The special ammunition Moon used had stunned even the Elder Chaos Dwarf. These glacier cannonballs were unique—powered not by gunpowder but by Moon's spiritual energy. Upon combustion, the energy propelled the projectiles at speeds at which even a Card Emperor would fail to react. Because of this nature the ammo, their creation took time giving their opponent room to breath. Though the super corpse puppet had survived, it was clear to everyone, including the Elder Chaos Dwarf, that it was barely holding on. Losing its left arm had thrown off its balance, and its defensive capabilities were practically non-existent. Another round of those devastating attacks, and it would be over.

The Elder Chaos Dwarf clicked his tongue in annoyance, his frustration barely hidden. "Natural Volcano Eruption Array—explode," he muttered, his deep voice carrying across the arena.

Realizing he couldn't complete the array formation, he chose the next best option—detonate the incomplete one. Without hesitation, his super corpse puppet darted toward a crater at the arena's edge, seeking shelter.

A low rumble reverberated through the ground, growing into a deafening roar. The arena beneath the Armored Frosling corpse puppet erupted violently. Jets of molten lava burst from the ground, swallowing the puppet in a blazing surge. Flaming embers rained across the battlefield, leaving glowing trails of destruction.

The intense heat shimmered in the air, and the arena was quickly consumed by thick, choking fumes. The smoke billowed upward, cloaking the entire space in an impenetrable haze. Spectators shielded their eyes and noses, leaning forward to try to make sense of the chaos.

Through the heavy fog, no one could see what had become of the Armored Frosling corpse puppet—or whether it had managed to withstand the molten onslaught. The audience buzzed with hushed speculation, waiting anxiously for the arena to clear.

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

[ 1,019 words ]

## Chapter 2370 Rebirth

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Duel Realm, Crafting Sector, Venue: Chaos Dwarven Forge.

While the audience and judges waited impatiently for the smoke to clear, a one-armed corpse puppet shakily emerged from the cozy crater it had been hiding in. Its movements were slow and deliberate as it made its way toward a seemingly shallow puddle of lava and molten rock near the arena's edge.

The floor of the Chaos Dwarven Forge arena was renowned for being made of high-grade materials capable of withstanding battles of any level. But nobody had anticipated that an Elder Chaos Dwarf would blow the entire thing up by detonating an incomplete natural array formation.

By the time the one-armed corpse puppet reached the glowing puddle, a few sharp-eyed members of the audience noticed its peculiar actions. Whispers spread like wildfire, and soon, all eyes followed the puppet's movements. Murmurs turned to gasps as the Elder Chaos Dwarf began chanting loudly, "Earth Fire Furnace!"

Without hesitation, the one-armed corpse puppet dove straight into the puddle of lava and disappeared beneath the surface. It was only then that the audience realized the puddle was far deeper than it had appeared.

The arena was abuzz with confusion. Even Bigold, the puppet's creator, wore a stunned expression. Why would the Elder Chaos Dwarf send a Frosling corpse puppet—famously weak to flame—into a pool of molten lava? To many, it seemed like a complete surrender.

As the smoke finally cleared from the center of the arena, it revealed an expanse of glowing lava. The crowd scanned the pool anxiously, searching for any sign of the Armored Frosling corpse puppet. Suddenly, the surface of the lava rippled, and out rose a massive, nine-foot-long diamond-like coffin, shimmering with an icy brilliance.

The crystal-clear glacier surface of the glacier coffin emit steam while constantly being burned from outside and frozen from outside. Still the translucent surface of the glacier coffin revealed the Armored Frosling corpse puppet resting inside, unscathed. Gasps filled the air as the puppet kicked the coffin lid off with a powerful motion and leapt high into the air.

"Glacier Web!" Moon shouted, her voice sharp and commanding. The crowd's astonishment erupted into wild cheers as shimmering threads of ice spread across the arena, weaving a silken trap along its walls and columns. The icy lattice transformed the entire airspace into her domain.

The Armored Frosling corpse puppet landed gracefully on the Glacier Web, its weight effortlessly supported by the intricate frozen structure. It stood still, scanning the arena alongside Moon to locate its opponent. But to their surprise—and growing unease—the Elder Chaos Dwarf's puppet was nowhere to be seen. It had vanished.

A sense of foreboding tugged at Moon as her gaze shifted to the lava pool. 'Could it be hiding in there?' she wondered. Her instincts screamed caution. She resisted the temptation to send her puppet charging into the molten depths—it would be reckless, a sure way to fall into a trap and give up ones advantage.

Instead, Moon held her ground. Calm but wary, she issued a mental command to her Armored Frosling corpse puppet, activating its last-resort command, having received a mental transmission from her Chaos Dwarven teammate: 'It's over. No disrespect, but once that corpse puppet comes out of the lava, neither of us stands a chance. Trust me—I know.'

The weight of his words made her stomach twist, but Moon pushed her nerves aside. She had one shot at this and couldn't afford to let it go to waste.

Under the watchful, hushed gaze of the audience, the surface of the lava pool began to ripple. Tension crackled in the air as something slowly emerged—not the one-armed corpse puppet everyone had been expecting, but a massive, egg-shaped boulder formed from molten rock.

The glowing structure rose ominously from the lava, its heat warping the air around it, and hovered just above the pool. Confusion rippled through the crowd like wildfire, whispers growing louder as no one—not even Moon—could make sense of what was happening.

Still, Moon didn't waver. She tightened her grip on the spiritual connection with her puppet, her eyes narrowing with steely determination. Whatever was coming, she would face it head-on, 'This is my chance. I won't waste it.'

Under the watchful eyes of the audience and the judges, the egg-shaped boulder began to peel away, its outer shell cracking like a boiled egg. Inside, an amber-brown humanoid figure was curled up, hugging its knees in a fetal position. The spectators gasped in shock at the sight. Even Wyatt couldn't help but react, his eyes widening as he understood what the Elder Chaos Dwarf had done.

The Dwarf had reforged the corpse puppet deep in the lava pool, using the original puppet as the skeleton frame, magma rocks as flesh, and lava as its blood. What had

once been a subpar creation was now transformed into something monstrous—a predator among Demon Emperor-ranked corpse puppets.

"Holy shit, this is it! This is it!"

"Yes, this is why the Chaos Dwarven race is famous across the myriad realms for their crafting."

"Damn, I can't believe he reforged the corpse puppet in a duel. Fuck! Now that is something."

"How did he even do that?"

"Had I known, I wouldn't be wasting my precious time here—I'd be in my workshop, crafting the best piece of my life."

"This is the peak of nepotism. Nephew screws up, and then the overpowered uncle comes in to whip his ass."

"I feel bad for the unknown demon merchant. He's got real talent for crafting, but I gotta blame him for kicking the wrong rock."

"I wish I had an invisible uncle who doted on me and spoiled me like that. Now that would be a dream come true." The arena was abuzz with astonished murmurs as everyone struggled to wrap their heads around what they'd just witnessed. The Elder Chaos Dwarf had transformed his nephew's craft to an entirely new level with his own craft. The crowd couldn't help but admire his audacity and skill.

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## Chapter 2371 Winter Bomb

[ 1,405 words ]

### Chapter 2371 Winter Bomb

"Uncle, how did Granduncle do that?" Dulas asked curiously.

Biore hesitated, not because he didn't want to answer, but because he wasn't entirely sure himself. The truth was, it wasn't a matter of knowledge—it was a matter of power.

The gap between his own spiritual power and that of his uncle's rank was vast, and he couldn't begin to comprehend the full extent of what devils of that level were capable of.

Though he had a rough idea of what his uncle had done, understanding the precise mechanics of it was beyond him. That made it difficult to explain it to his adorable niece. Dulas wasn't just kind because she was nice to everyone—she was genuinely good-hearted, and one of the few reasons Biore hadn't completely given up on his family, the Ironholds.

"Master Crafter, do you know how he did it?" Dulas asked, turning to Wyatt for an answer, seeing her uncle unable to respond.

Wyatt adjusted his stance slightly, his gaze thoughtful. "He ran his Crafter's Sense through the corpse puppet, creating a thin but sufficient layer of protection to let it dive into the magma without being burned. Then he infused it with spiritual power to sustain the Crafter's Sense, putting an insane amount of pressure on the puppet from all directions along with the extreme heat and pressure from the lava transformed the corpse puppet's skeleton frame into an SS-rank crystal structure as a result."

He paused, his tone becoming more impressed as he continued. "He delicately used his spiritual power to protect the puppet's core and joints, ensuring they weren't damaged. Honestly, it only survived because of the attribute of his Crafter's Sense that increased the items durability temporarily. After that, he used his lava-based spiritual arts to shape the new corpse puppet—using magma stones for flesh and molten lava for blood. Though in a sense its just the only corpse puppet wearing a magma stone armor capable of spewing hot lava."

Wyatt's soul pupils glinted faintly, a reflection of his growing interest. Though his eyes could unravel the secrets of nearly anything, leaving him rarely astonished, the Elder Chaos Dwarf's meticulous plan—crafted to adapt seamlessly to every twist Moon presented—genuinely intrigued him.

Despite having much of his original power and capabilities restrained, the Elder Chaos Dwarf had showcased an incredible ability to craft and adapt on the fly, a testament to his years of experience. In this battle, he wielded both his profound realm and unmatched expertise to execute what could only be described as a miraculous comeback.

"Yeah!" Bigold's face finally regained some color, his enthusiasm returning. After both the Armixian corpse puppeters had failed him miserably, he'd been at his wit's end—until his uncle stepped in to defend the family's name. Sure, for a respected elder to step into a contest meant for the younger generation was undeniably shameless, but losing to a non-native demon merchant from some unknown corner of the myriad realms would have been even more humiliating. The Ironholds would have become a mockery in the eyes of the rest of the chaos dwaven race.

For Bigold, this was enough. He might not be the one in the spotlight, but his would win the duel, and he'd get to keep his workshop and learn the identity of the unknown demon merchant. Then he could have his fill of revenge and joy. That alone was a victory worth savoring. As for any punishment from the family for involving his uncle, it didn't bother him in the slightest—it wouldn't come close to the disgrace of being disowned, like Biore and Dulas, who had been labeled as traitors and nowhere near the torture he was going to put the unknown demon merchant through.

Things hadn't turned out quite as he'd envisioned, but they were starting to shape up in his favor, and for someone who had been certain he would lose everything, that was more than enough.

"Finish it," the Elder Chaos Dwarf muttered softly, his voice carrying through the colosseum like a resonating drumbeat. The audience, previously engrossed in heated debates over the unfolding events, turned their attention back to the arena. Their eyes widened as the amber-brown corpse puppet slowly ascended into the air, its molten gaze locking onto its opponent with an unnerving intensity. The puppeteer's crafter's sense surged through the reforged corpse puppet with greater intensity than before, bringing out the puppet's full potential and temporarily amplifying its abilities to a level that transcended the limits of the demon emperor realm.

Moon, who had already activated her corpse puppet's last-resort command, remained calm, her expression unreadable. She wasn't naive; she knew that victory against the Elder Chaos Dwarf's reforged corpse puppet—a creation now leagues beyond her own—was nearly impossible.

Still, she waited, her grip tightening slightly as her puppet stood poised on the glacial web. This wasn't a battle she could win. After being reforged her opponent's prowess solidify its supremacy in the arena erasing any trace of its earlier vulnerabilities. Previously, due to the subpar quality of the corpse puppet, neither of Bigold's champions could fully showcase their prowess and were ultimately defeated because of its limitations. The same held true for the Elder Chaos Dwarf—at least, until he reforged the puppet. Now, with its enhanced sturdiness, greater power, and the ability to handle more of his spiritual energy and crafter's sense, the reimagined creation stood as a testament to his craftsmanship and ingenuity.

Though her armored corpse puppet matched her opponent's reforged creation in strength and functionality, Moon knew she lacked the immense spiritual power and the refined crafter's sense of the Elder Chaos Dwarf. Fighting recklessly would only lead to her inevitable defeat. However, if she made her final stand now, perhaps she could ensure neither of them walked away victorious.

Suddenly, the lava corpse puppet disappeared from her line of sight, reappearing mere inches away. Its molten hand pierced toward her armored corpse puppet's chest. The impact was fierce, but her puppet's mechanical glacier armor proved too formidable; the lava corpse puppet couldn't break through entirely.

"Winter Bomb!" Moon shouted, her voice carrying the weight of desperation and resolve.

A radiant light burst from her armored corpse puppet, followed by a deafening explosion that froze the entire arena in an instant. The lava pool solidified into jagged ice, molten stones crystallized mid-motion, and the once-intimidating lava corpse puppet was encased in a shimmering glacier of frost at the center of the explosion.

The crowd held their breath, their eyes fixed on the frozen arena. The lava corpse puppet stood frozen in place, its arm still extended toward its opponent. Just as whispers of a stalemate began to ripple through the audience, the puppet shifted slightly, cracking its icy prison. A collective gasp filled the colosseum.

But the slight movement was its undoing. A sharp crack echoed through the frosty silence, and in a split second, the lava corpse puppet shattered into countless shards of ice, scattering across the arena floor. A heavy, graveyard-like silence filled the colosseum. Everyone had anticipated Moon's defeat at the hands of the Elder Chaos Dwarf, yet she had managed to claw her way to a draw. The shock of her resilient mind lingered in the air. Now nobody seemed to care if she was necrophiliac.

But the silence didn't last long. A wail of despair broke through—it was Bigold, his face a mask of disbelief and horror as the realization sank in. Despite his elders stepping in to help and bending every rule to tilt the odds in his favor, he had lost. His anguish, however, was quickly drowned out by the roaring cheers of the audience, who couldn't hold back their admiration for the unknown demon merchant ingenious craft and Moon's unexpected tenacity.

The judges descended to the arena, their expressions stern and measured as they deliberated. Finally, their verdict was announced: the third round was officially a draw. With that, the unknown demon merchant was declared the overall winner of the duel, having two corpse puppets left standing to Bigold's zero.

The crowd erupted into even louder cheers and groans, their voices echoing through the colosseum. The thrilling and unpredictable conclusion left the audience buzzing with excitement, their emotions a mix of awe, disbelief, and satisfaction after witnessing a spectacular showdown where they not only watched a Chaos Dwarf lose but also a Elder Chaos Dwarf be defeated.

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# Chapter 2372 Celebrations & Consequences

[ 1,035 words ]

## Chapter 2372 Celebrations & Consequences

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Duel Realm, Crafting Sector, Venue: Chaos Dwarven Forge.

"Holy shit! This started out a little slow, but it turned into the best crafting duel I've seen all year."

"Right? We're lucky we got to see an Elder Chaos Dwarf in action. Even though it was just a corpse puppet duel, it made these overpriced tickets totally worth it."

"Forget the tickets! A Demon Emperor beat an Armixian devil corpse puppeteer and then drew against an Elder Chaos Dwarf in a corpse puppet duel. This duel is definitely going to blow up on the Duel Realm Network."

"Yeah, but you've got to admit, the odds weren't exactly in their favor—thanks to the dumb Chaos Dwarf they chose to represent. However, it makes them more deserving."

"Hey, why's everyone crowding around that unknown demon merchant's section?"

"Isn't it obvious? He introduced a whole new way to craft a Frosling corpse puppet. And judging by how flawlessly it performed in the duel, people want to learn everything they can about it."

"You're thinking too small, my friend. It's not just about learning the technique—they want to own that crafting print. It's priceless."

"Priceless? Come on, I know it's impressive and all, but you're blowing it out of proportion."

"That's why I said you're short-sighted. Do you even realize that Froslings and Snow Elves are practically the same species, just from different native worlds? Do you see where I'm going with this?"

"Wait, hold up—holy shit. You're saying that demon merchant just figured out how to craft a Snow Elf corpse puppet without messing up their soft and supple physique? Damn, that's every necrophiliac's dream!"

"...Buddy, are you a necrophiliac?"

"Ahem—no! Of course not!"

"Anyway, it's not just necrophiliacs. Every corpse puppeteer out there is going to want that version of a Snow Elf puppet. There's so much money in this that the unknown demon merchant could be in the top 20 percent of the wealthiest across the myriad realms within a few decades."

"Assuming he lives that long and doesn't get killed for the crafting print."

"Thanks, brother. I was starting to feel jealous of that demon merchant, but now I feel this weird sense of satisfaction."

"Still, I don't think he's in too much danger. The Elder Chaos Dwarf is heading his way. If he's smart, he'll turn this into an opportunity and make a deal."

"Damn it, that should've been me!"

...

"We won! Master Crafter, we won!" Dulas shouted, her voice full of excitement as the judges officially declared the unknown demon merchant the victor of the duel.

Biore's lips twitched into a reluctant smile. Though he wasn't thrilled that Moon had stolen his spotlight, he couldn't deny the satisfaction of the win. It wasn't every day he got to stick it to his family, after all.

Wyatt gave a small nod, his eyes following Moon as she returned to his side, bowing her head in apology. "Sorry, Master Crafter," she said quietly, her voice tinged with genuine regret.

Wyatt gave her a reassuring look and waved off the apology. "It's alright. You did well," he said, his tone calm and approving. She'd done everything she could to secure the win for him, after all. Plus, it was Bigold who had paid for it all.

He turned his gaze to Biore, who was watching them closely, and said, "Hand over the authority of the corpse puppet to Moon."

Biore clenched his fist, his fingers curling in reluctance. The corpse puppet wasn't just a tool of combat for him; it was a chance to expand his craft. There was so much he could learn from it, and the idea of giving it up was a bitter pill to swallow. He knew it wasn't right to covet something that wasn't his, but the temptation gnawed at him.

Dulas, noticing her uncle's internal struggle, stepped in with a soft smile. "Uncle, it's okay. You can borrow mine."

Biore looked at her, grateful for her understanding, his features softening. With a sigh, he relented and passed the authority of the corpse puppet to Moon.

Wyatt nodded in approval, then spoke, his voice firm but appreciative. "I've transferred the master key of the corpse puppet to you two as a thank-you," he said, handing the puppet over to Dulas and Moon. It was a gesture of gratitude for their help, and also a subtle reminder to Biore: he wouldn't hesitate to reward merit. While Dulas was naive and easy to manage, Biore was another matter—scheming and calculating. Subduing someone like him wouldn't be as simple as it had been with Dulas.

"Thank you, Master Crafter," both Dulas and Moon said, their voices full of gratitude. They bowed their heads, their respect for Wyatt clear in their expressions.

"Alright, let's get out of here. If you guys are free, feel free to join me to check out the workshop I just won," Wyatt said, extending the invitation to all three of them while glancing at the growing crowd swarming around his section of the colosseum, eager for his attention.

Biore and Moon exchanged a quick look before nodding almost immediately. They both had their own reasons for wanting to get to know the unknown demon merchant better. "Yes, we'll come. Thank you, Master Crafter," they responded in unison, their voices polite but eager.

Dulas hesitated, her expression shifting with a hint of reluctance. "I'm sorry, Master Crafter," she said softly, her gaze dropping. "My shift isn't over yet."

Biore, sensing her hesitation, quickly stepped in with a warm smile. "Dulas, I'll help you take a half day off. Just come with us," he offered, his tone persuasive. He needed her by his side as knew that unknown master crafter had a soft spot for her, something he could use to his advantage.

But before Dulas could respond, a familiar voice rang out, sharp and cold. "You don't need to worry about taking a day off. As of today, you both are disowned by the family."

The words hung in the air, freezing the both they young chaos dwarfs in their tracks.

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# Chapter 2373 Ironhold Crafter's Guild

[ 2,165 words ]

## Chapter 2373 Ironhold Crafter's Guild

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Duel Realm, Crafting Sector, Venue: Chaos Dwarven Forge.

"Uncle!"

"Granduncle!"

Both Biore and Dulas exclaimed in unison, their surprise evident as they turned to face the source of the voice. Standing before them was a gray-haired, bearded old dwarf radiating authority—a Elder Chaos Dwarf.

"You two lost the privilege to call me that when you decided to stand against your own family," the Elder Chaos Dwarf said coldly, his voice indifferent. He ignored the murmurs bubbling up from the crowd around them, unbothered by their growing interest in his unexpected appearance at his opponent's stand.

"Oh, yeah, old fart? I don't want to call you uncle either! Old fart!" Biore suddenly exploded, his voice filled with defiance as he hurled the insult. His outburst shocked both Wyatt and Moon, who exchanged startled glances. This was not the scheming and calculative young dwarf they knew. Then it dawned on them that no matter how mature Biore acted for his age he was still a child hitting puberty in term's chaos dwarf lifespan. Dulas, however, stood frozen in place, her expression caught somewhere between confusion and disbelief. She couldn't understand how participating in this duel against her uncle Bigold had equated to standing against her family. Since when did her uncle Bigold represent the entire Ironhold clan? And why hadn't anyone informed her about this change?

The Elder Chaos Dwarf narrowed his eyes at Biore's outburst. His voice was low and dangerous as he said, "If I were you, I'd watch my mouth. You're no longer an Ironhold, so I have no reason to hold back."

With that, a crushing pressure filled the air as the Elder Chaos Dwarf's majestic intent sense bore down on Biore. The sheer force was enough to make most men kneel, but Biore clenched his fists and stood his ground, his teeth gritted against the overwhelming power. "Arghhh!" he roared, refusing to yield.

"Good riddance!" Biore yelled back, his defiance unwavering. "I've been wanting to leave the family anyway but didn't know how. You just did me a favour. And if you so

much as harm a single hair on me, you'll have my mother to answer to. Go ahead—try it. I dare you!"

The Elder Chaos Dwarf scoffed, his voice dripping with disdain. "Funny that you think my sister would fight me—her own brother—over you, a drunken night's mistake," he said with an icy sneer.

Despite his harsh words, the Elder Chaos Dwarf didn't physically harm Biore. Even his oppressive intent sense, though suffocating, was carefully controlled, ensuring it didn't actually harm him. It was a show of dominance—a warning.

"Don't overestimate yourself, old fart. You're the brother she cares the least for, and I'm her favorite son," Biore shouted defiantly, ignoring the murmurs of the growing crowd of chaos dwarves gathering around them. Most of them were from the Ironhold family, their expressions shifting between surprise and disbelief.

Biore's words left nearly everyone stunned. The scene was beginning to feel absurdly comical, and many in the crowd couldn't help but wonder: Does Biore even know what being disowned means—or what it implies?

"Who told you that?" the Elder Chaos Dwarf asked, his mocking smirk widening. "Was it your mother?"

To his astonishment, Biore nodded earnestly. "Yes, she did! She said I'm her favorite and that she cares for me so much she'll even paused her crafting just to check up on me."

Wyatt, standing to the side, shook his head slightly. He was beginning to understand Biore more deeply. To those unaware of chaos dwarves' lifespans and cultural nuances, Biore might come across as a crafty and manipulative schemer. But Wyatt saw him for what he truly was—a bullied and neglected kid who had learned to survive by being resourceful.

Born centuries after his older siblings, Biore had grown up in a household where his parents were too preoccupied with their own priorities to give him any attention. From a young age, he'd been left to fend for himself, developing habits born of necessity rather than malice. His outward confidence and defiance masked years of loneliness and a desperate need for validation.

But while Wyatt could sympathize with Biore's actions, he was struggling to wrap his head around the chaos dwarves' cultural norms. How does a prestigious Elder Chaos Dwarf think it's acceptable to publicly humiliate someone of the younger generation? Even if Biore technically outranked Dulas's generation due to his familial connections, he was still a child in dwarven terms. From the way things looked, this wasn't the first time Biore had been harassed by this so-called uncle.

The Elder Chaos Dwarf narrowed his eyes at Biore, clearly unimpressed by his declaration. "You truly don't get it, do you?" he said, his tone dripping with disdain. Yet, for all his bluster, the Elder made no move to escalate further—perhaps out of recognition, or perhaps out of some unspoken restraint.

Biore's stance remained firm, though his clenched fists and slightly shaking frame betrayed the effort it took to stand his ground. The crowd murmured in hushed tones, watching intently as the family drama unfolded, their intrigue growing with every word. "You really do live in a world of your own, don't you?" the Elder Chaos Dwarf teased, his voice dripping with mockery. "How about I call her right now and let her know you've been disowned? Care to guess how she'll react?"

Biore's face paled instantly. His bravado faltered as he raised a trembling hand, pleading, "Please don't disturb her. She must be busy with her crafting." His voice wavered, and though his words seemed practical, the truth lay deeper. Biore knew exactly how his mother would react—her indifference was predictable. He simply couldn't bear for his uncle to shatter the fragile image of her love he clung to in his mind.

"Hahaha! Don't worry," the Elder Chaos Dwarf chuckled darkly, savoring the despair beginning to seep into Biore's expression. "My sister is a very talented crafter. She can handle her work and answer the call at the same time."

Biore's fists clenched at his sides, his nails digging into his palms as he struggled to maintain his composure. His usual fiery retorts were replaced with a telling silence that didn't escape the crowd's notice.

"Enough!" Wyatt's voice cut through the tension like a blade, commanding immediate attention. His calm demeanor carried an edge as he turned to face the Elder Chaos Dwarf directly. Locking eyes with the older dwarf, Wyatt said firmly, "I'm sure you didn't come all this way just to torment these two with your words. What do you want?"

The Elder Chaos Dwarf raised a bushy brow, a flicker of amusement in his expression. "Such insolence... and arrogance," he remarked, his tone carrying both disapproval and begrudging respect. "I suppose all the geniuses across the myriad realms think they have the right to be so until they find out that they don't the hard way. But," he paused, leaning in slightly, "with the talent you've demonstrated, I suppose you can afford it."

Straightening, the Elder continued, his voice taking on a more formal tone as he delivered his proposal. "Join the Ironhold Crafter's Guild. We will spare no expense to nurture your skills and provide you with shelter and resources. In return, you will serve us for two millennia."

The crowd, composed largely of chaos dwarves and spectators from the colosseum, collectively tensed. Biore, Dulas, Moon, and even the nearby staff, their expressions a mix of astonishment, envy, and disbelief.

Biore glanced at Wyatt, his thoughts racing. He couldn't deny that this was the kind of opportunity most crafters would kill for, yet something in Wyatt's demeanor suggested he wouldn't be so easily swayed. The young chaos dwarf bit his lip, a flicker of jealousy mingling with reluctant admiration.

Dulas, meanwhile, couldn't hide the awe in her eyes. "Master Crafter..." she murmured under her breath, wondering what choice he would make.

Moon, standing just behind Wyatt, remained silent but observant. Her sharp gaze darted between the Elder Chaos Dwarf and Wyatt, her mind working to gauge what this offer might mean for her.

The audience held its breath, waiting for Wyatt's response.

The Ironhold Crafter's Guild was renowned across the myriad realms, an elite organization that accepted only the most skilled crafters, regardless of race or origin. To be invited into its ranks was a dream shared by countless crafters—yet here was this unknown demon merchant, being offered membership on the spot.

As the Guild's name suggested, it was run by the Ironholds, a prestigious and influential family among the Chaos Dwarves. The Ironhold family had created the Guild not just as a symbol of their mastery but also as a means to assimilate talent from outside their lineage and even beyond their race. For all their arrogance and pride in their craft, even the Ironholds couldn't deny that there were always others out there who could rival or surpass them. The Guild was their way of strengthening their family's legacy by absorbing such talent.

Wyatt crossed his arms, his expression unreadable but his gaze steady as he addressed the Elder Chaos Dwarf. "After seeing how you treat your own blood, what makes you think I would join your Guild?" His tone was calm but carried a sharp edge. A faint smirk tugged at his lips as he added, "Besides, I already belong to a guild and I'm happy where I'm."

His words, though simple, hit like a hammer. The crowd collectively gasped, their disbelief palpable. The Ironhold Guild wasn't just any organization—it was a dream many didn't even dare to dream of.

The Elder Chaos Dwarf's brow twitched, though his expression remained composed. Behind the mask of indifference, his irritation was evident to those who paid close attention.

To the onlookers, Wyatt's rejection was almost incomprehensible. Yes, a two-millennium employment term might seem lengthy, but it wasn't a life of slavery. It was more akin to an extended, elite education. Joining the Guild meant access to the vast resources and knowledge of the Chaos Dwarves, a semi-ruler class race. Under their protection, Wyatt could have grown exponentially.

For most, the offer was a golden ticket. By the time the two millennia were up, a crafter under the Guild's wing could reach heights they wouldn't have dreamed of on their own—perhaps even becoming a semi-ruler class entity themselves. The Chaos Dwarves had the resources and track record to make such transformations happen; they had done so for others in the past and continued to do so now.

Yet here was this unknown demon merchant, rejecting the offer with an air of casual indifference. His smirk and the unwavering confidence in his tone conveyed one thing clearly—he wasn't even tempted.

Biore, standing nearby, blinked in astonishment. "He... he just said no?" he muttered under his breath, unable to process it fully.

Dulas bit her lip, her awe for Wyatt deepening. She didn't know whether to admire his courage or question his sanity, but one thing was certain: the Master Crafter was true to his words, he was really confident about his craft. He never doubted it even in face of such temptation.

Moon's sharp eyes darted to Wyatt, her admiration for him growing.

The Elder Chaos Dwarf finally broke the silence, his voice low but carrying a dangerous undertone. "You are either arrogant or more ignorant than I thought. Do you realize what you're turning down?"

Wyatt's smirk widened, his confidence practically radiating off him. "I know exactly what I'm turning down. I'm flattered by the offer, but it's not my cup of tea."

The Elder Chaos Dwarf's eyes narrowed, his expression turning colder. Without a word, he summoned his Devil Merchant Codex, as he prepared to leave, the Elder Chaos Dwarf's nodded at him saying, "Make sure you won't come to regret it later."

Wyatt nodded, unfazed, though he remained cautious. He hadn't expected the Elder Chaos Dwarf to let his rejection slide so easily. Especially, considering his hostility towards Dulas and Biore. He was starting to think there was something calculated about the Elder Chaos Dwarf's hostility toward Biore and Dulas.

Wyatt's gaze flickered briefly to Biore and Dulas, who stood awkwardly on the sidelines. Biore's jaw was clenched, his hands balled into fists, while Dulas looked visibly shaken, her usual spark dulled by the weight of the situation. Wyatt then turned his attention to the young chaos dwarves, who were watching Biore and Dulas as if they had seen the bogeyman. It was clear the Elder Chaos Dwarf had made an example of the two to remind the others of what happens to those who stand against their own. At the same time, he demonstrated that Chaos Dwarves welcome outside talent with open arms. Wyatt knew he had to fix this if he wanted to see his chaos dwarven assembly line to come into existence.

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## - Chapter 2374 Longevity

[ 1,238 words ]

### **Chapter 2374 Longevity**

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Duel Realm, Crafting Sector, Venue: Chaos Dwarven Forge.

There were two reasons why Chaos Dwarfs were rarely found outside their territory. First, because every powerful being out there wanted a Chaos Dwarven slave to create and maintain their precious items. Second, because their elders raised them to prioritize their family and race above all else—right after their craft.

That's why it stunned Wyatt to see an elder Chaos Dwarf publicly disown two young Chaos Dwarfs. What made it even more shocking was when the elder told Biore and Dulas they no longer needed to worry about working at the Chaos Dwarven Forge.

Wyatt's brow furrowed as he tried to make sense of it. Were Biore and Dulas just disowned by the Ironhold family—or the entire Chaos Dwarven race? The Forge didn't belong solely to the Ironhold family but to their entire race. How could an elder from the Ironholds have the authority to dismiss workers who served the Chaos Dwarven Race unless they had been cast out completely—not just from their family, but from their entire people?

That thought seemed ridiculous. The Chaos Dwarfs should know better than him that the moment Biore and Dulas left their territory, they'd be hunted by slave traders. Wyatt's fists clenched as his confusion deepened. If he hadn't stepped in, the elder Chaos Dwarf would've shattered Biore's spirit entirely. Meanwhile, Dulas still hadn't recovered; she stood there, dazed, barely reacting to anything around her.

Moon's sharp eyes caught Wyatt's furrowed expression. With a sigh, she said, "They're paying for their part in the greatest humiliation the Ironholds have suffered since their family was founded."

Wyatt blinked, the realization dawning on him. His features tightened, a mix of understanding and frustration crossing his face. Moon too notice of it and continued, her voice calm but bitter. "It's not their fault. It was the elder Chaos Dwarf who chose to double down on your challenger's mistake."

"He's covering his blunder by sacrificing Biore and Dulas," Wyatt said, his tone edged with realization. Moon's earlier words had hinted at it, but she hadn't dared to say it outright. His comment drew the attention of the two young Chaos Dwarfs.

Dulas, her eyes glistening with tears, looked at Wyatt and, with a trembling finger pointing at the demon codex, said, "Master Crafter, I... I can't reach my parents. They've blocked me."

Biore's jaw tightened as he glanced at Dulas. While his life had prepared him for hardships like this, hers clearly hadn't. Seeing her so broken stirred memories of his own childhood. Taking a slow, heavy step toward her, he gently placed a hand on her head. "Don't worry, Dulas," he said softly. "You still have me."

Moon, standing just beside Wyatt, whispered, "It's going to be hard for those two to survive on their own."

Wyatt frowned, his voice low and questioning. "Are they disowned by the entire Chaos Dwarven race?"

Moon nodded, her gaze darkening. "Yes. Their race is set on making an example of them—especially after what happened to the Ironhold family. They don't want a repeat of this disgrace with their younger generations."

Her explanation sent Wyatt into deep thought. He could see the root of the problem clearly now: longevity. These long-lived races, while blessed with enduring lives, were shackled by the weight of their traditions. The very elders who had once propelled their people to greatness were now holding them back, unable—or unwilling—to understand the world the younger generation had been born into.

On Earth, old age and natural death helped bridge generational gaps, clearing the way for new leadership, ideas, and perspectives. But here, the longer one lived, the stronger they grew—and the longer they held onto power. The elders, who had built their race's traditions and enforced its rules, clung to them with an iron grip. Meanwhile, the younger generation, raised in vastly different circumstances, struggled to relate to those traditions or to the power structures that upheld them.

And when someone dared to challenge the old ways, they were crushed—made into a public example to ensure no one else tried to follow suit.

Back on Earth, in some parts of the world, families would hunt down couples who eloped and kill them. Entire villages would gather to stone women suspected of being unfaithful to their husbands. Daughters were murdered for becoming pregnant out of wedlock.

Interracial couples, homosexuals, people struggling with depression or other mental illnesses, wives unable to bear children—anyone who was seen as "different" in any

way—were often killed in horrific ways. These acts weren't just punishments; they were warnings to everyone else.

Heck, women were treated like livestock be it a princess or a common mans daughter, if they weren't killed in the womb they had no right but to serve their family then their husband and his family. The fact that when he was back on earth still many countries treated women as such spoke volumes. If those men were still alive and in power, the future for women would undoubtedly be bleak.

Wyatt remembered reading about a tribe on Earth that used to sacrifice breech babies to their god. They believed that babies born feet first were demons. This barbaric tradition continued for generations, because if a family refused to sacrifice their child, they were labeled demon worshipers and sacrificed alongside their baby by the rest of the tribe.

But times changed. The people who upheld those cruel traditions eventually died, and those left behind were too old to stop progress from erasing the horrors they had created.

This kind of transformation wasn't possible in the Dark Realm, where the stronger one was, the longer they lived. Here, despite all their strength and knowledge, they still clung to the law of the jungle. Grudges and feuds ran deep, lasting milleniums, megayears even.

Even divided, the inhabitants of the Dark Realm had the power to dominate the Myriad Realms. Wyatt couldn't begin to imagine the force they'd become if they ever united.

Understanding the culture and norms of a species with such long lifespans was fundamentally different from understanding humans. Wyatt stopped trying to make sense of why the elder Chaos Dwarf had treated Biore and Dulas the way he had—especially Biore.

Looking at the two of them, Wyatt took a deep breath. His gaze softened, but his voice remained steady. "I know this isn't the right moment to bring this up," he began, "but I'm afraid if I wait for the perfect time, I might not get another chance to see you two again."

He hesitated briefly, then continued, "So, forgive me if this seems insensitive, given everything you're going through. But I want to invite both of you to join my guild. It's not as big or renowned as the Ironhold Guild, but it can be your new family—if you want it."

Wyatt had originally planned to get to know them better first—share his vision, hear their thoughts, and gradually win them over before inviting them to join his guild. He wanted to make sure they wouldn't turn him down. But their situation had changed everything. His carefully laid plans no longer mattered. He had no clue what their answer would be, but he asked anyway. This was unlike him but did as something in his gut told him it was now or never.

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## Chapter 2375 The Start Of A Lore

[ 1,743 words ]

### Chapter 2375 The Start Of A Lore

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Duel Realm, Crafting Sector, Venue: Chaos Dwarven Forge.

"Family? New family?" Biore asked, his voice dripping with sarcasm as he glared at the mask hiding the face of the unknown demon merchant. Then, his voice rose sharply, anger spilling over. "You want us to be a new family when you won't even show us your face or tell us your name?"

His glance hardened, turning into a full scowl, eyes blazing with hatred. He screamed, "I don't want a family! I want vengeance!" His voice cracked with raw emotion as he jabbed a finger at Dulas, practically shaking with rage.

"I want each and every one of them to feel what she's feeling right now—what I've been feeling for as long as I can remember! I want them to look at me and ask, beg me, 'Why?' Just like I've been asking them since the day I can speak!"

"Whyyyy?!" Biore's voice echoed through the colosseum as he spun on his heel, his scowl piercing into every chaos dwarf present. The younger dwarfs instinctively took a step back, their sheltered lives offered no explanation for the raw, consuming anguish Biore was feeling right now. Even Dulas flinched, moving behind Moon in fright, her face pale with unease.

Biore turned back to the unknown demon merchant, his voice quieter now but no less intense. "I don't care what you look like. I don't care what your name is. The only thing that matters to me is this—" He paused, locking eyes with the masked figure.

"Can you help me achieve what I've just asked for? If you can..." Biore took a step closer, his gaze unwavering. "...I'll be your slave for the rest of my life." His words hung heavy in the air as he stared into the unknown demon merchant's eyes, as he named his price.

"I can," Wyatt said, his voice calm but probing as he locked eyes with Biore. "But are you sure that's what you really want?"

He didn't look away, letting the question linger before continuing. "I don't know your mother. I don't know if she loves you or not. But I do know enough about you to say this: she's the reason you both hate and love crafting. That's yours—it's a part of you. They might have disowned you but they can't take that away from you unless you let them."

Wyatt leaned forward slightly, his tone steady but firm. "So I'll ask you again, one last time—is that really what you want?"

Biore's frown deepened, and he fell into a contemplative silence. Wyatt's words struck something within him, pulling him into a rare moment of self-examination. For the first time in what felt like forever, his emotions stopped shouting over his reason.

In that brief stillness, clarity began to dawn. It wasn't vengeance that he wanted—it never had been. What he truly wanted was to reach the level of craftsmanship his mother had always strived for. He wanted to stand beside her, not in anger, but in shared purpose.

The realization came slowly, like a fog lifting. The elder chaos dwarf's words didn't matter. He knew, deep down, that his mother loved him. She wasn't perfect, but she was his mother. She had given him the gift of crafting—a way to express both his intellect and his emotions.

Biore's chest tightened as he thought about the real reason he had never been able to leave the Ironhold Family. It wasn't because he didn't know how. It was because leaving meant he would lose her.

He understood now: his mother needed resources to chase the dream she had been climbing toward her whole life. The Ironhold Family gave her the means to earn them. And even with her ambitions and duties pulling her in every direction, she still found time to check on him.

The rage clouding his mind began to dissipate, replaced by an overwhelming sense of purpose. What he wanted—what he truly wanted—was to reach the pinnacle of craftsmanship. Not for revenge, but to help his mother achieve her dream. He wanted to stand by her side and guide her to the top the way she had once held his hand and guided him to the base of the mountain named crafting, introducing him to this new way of expressing himself.

Whenever he crafted, Biore never felt alone. It was as if his mother was standing right behind him, silently watching. That's why, every time he worked, he gave it his all—no shortcuts, no cutting corners. In those moments, he realized she had never truly abandoned him. She had given him crafting, a companion for when she couldn't be there herself.

The weight of his realization hit him like a hammer, and tears began to stream down his reddened eyes. He looked at the masked demon merchant, his voice trembling but soft.

"She used to check on me, stay for a bit, and then leave. But if I ever asked her about crafting..." He paused, a bittersweet smile tugging at his lips. "...she would stay longer. So even though I hated crafting at first for keeping her away from me, I decided to learn it anyway. I thought maybe, just maybe, it would make her visits more frequent, spend time with me a little longer."

Biore exhaled shakily, his gaze dropping as he spoke. "She taught me all the basics I know about crafting. The first thing I ever successfully made was an automated scrunchie—something to tie and style her long, silky black hair. I wanted her to save time on her hair so she could focus on her work, undisturbed." He let out a quiet chuckle, his voice tinged with nostalgia. "She wore it every day, right up until it got destroyed in a crafting accident."

He looked up, his expression softening further. "You know... my mother, she looks her most beautiful—and happiest—when she's crafting. I'll never forget the first time we worked on something together. That was the best day of my life. She told me I had talent for it, that I shouldn't let it go to waste."

His voice grew steadier as he continued. "Ever since then, I've worked three, sometimes four, times as hard as my peers. Over time, I lost sight of why I started. I forgot what drove me."

Biore's eyes shone with a mix of clarity and resolve as he turned back to Wyatt. "But now I remember. Thank you. Now I know what I want." His voice softened again as he asked, "Can you help me achieve it?"

Wyatt tilted his head, the faintest trace of a smile behind his mask. "No, I can't," he said calmly, watching Biore's expression shift in surprise.

"Because," Wyatt continued, his tone firm yet inviting, "I haven't achieved it myself either. If you're willing, you can accompany me. Together, we can climb to that elusive peak that every crafter dreams of."

Wyatt extended his hand, the offer not just of a partnership but of shared ambition and hope.

Listening to Wyatt's words, Biore's eyes widened with realization. His journey didn't have to be a lonely one. A smile tugged at his lips. "Sure," he said, but then, with a cheeky grin, added, "I know I've got a lot of catching up to do, but I will—and I'll climb higher. You sure you can keep up with me?"

Wyatt chuckled, his laughter rich and easy. "Hahaha! I'll hold you to that. Just don't come crying to me if I'm too fast for your pace!"

Then, turning to Dulas, who was still half-hidden behind Moon and nervously peeking at them, Wyatt extended his arms with a warm smile. "What do you say, Dulas? Want to join us too?"

"Can I? I'm not—" Dulas began, but her voice faltered, weighed down by her self-doubt.

Before she could finish, Biore stepped forward, extending his arm toward her. His expression was resolute. "Yes, you can. I'll make sure of it. So, what do you say?"

Dulas blinked, looking from Biore to Wyatt and back again, her hesitation melting into determination. "Okay!" she exclaimed, grabbing both Wyatt's and Biore's hands.

The trio exchanged glances and nodded, silently acknowledging one another's resolve. They were climbing the same peak though for entirely different reasons, united, they would reach it undeterred by the looming challenges ahead.

Standing off to the side, Moon observed them. Her arms were crossed, but her gaze was soft, thoughtful. A strange feeling stirred deep within her—a quiet certainty. This moment, and these three, would become stories retold for generations to come.

However, the crowd surrounding them didn't share her optimism. Whispers passed through the gathered onlookers, their faces marked with doubt and cynicism. From Biore's earlier rage to Dulas's visible self-doubt and the masked demon merchant's arrogant demeanor and boastful words, they couldn't help but see a doomed venture. They all thought the same thing: They'll be enslaved or dead the moment they set foot in the Duel Realm.

Earlier, many had believed unknown demon merchant's escape to be a near impossibility. But now? With the two "dead weights" he had attached to himself, the crowd was certain of his fate. In their minds, Wyatt would be caught, tortured for his crafting print, and ultimately sold as nothing more than a crafting slave along with the other two.

Wyatt, on the other hand, was more than satisfied. He had managed to recruit two of the brightest young chaos dwarfs the Ironhold family had to offer. After the scene the elder chaos dwarf had caused earlier, he'd worried he might not be able to snag even one of them. But now, he had two.

A faint smile tugged at the corners of his mouth as he thought ahead. Soon, he'd have enough for an assembly line. He was certain of it. Biore wouldn't be the only chaos dwarf seeking to leave behind his lineage and race. There were others out there—others who felt the same yearning to break free. Wyatt just had to find them.

Or perhaps, he mused, leaning back slightly and glancing at Biore and Dulas, they might find him. Once word spread of how well these two were faring—leaving not just their family but the entire race—others might follow their example.

Wyatt's eyes glinted with quiet determination. This was just the beginning.

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

## Chapter 2376 Trust Can Be Rewarding

[ 1,620 words ]

### Chapter 2376 Trust Can Be Rewarding

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Duel Realm, Crafting Sector Walking out of the Chaos Dwarven Forge, Wyatt and the trio navigated through the bustling crafting sector, heading toward a nearby colosseum. Wyatt had booked a private box for the group to regroup and sort things out. In the Duel Realm, there was little else besides venues for duels. The demon and devil merchants lingering here were either spectators or participants, making a private place just to hang out a rare commodity.

After the ordeal, Demon and Devil merchants had relentlessly approached Wyatt, keenly interested in his crafting skills—especially his unique craft print for the Frosling corpse puppet. Despite his increasingly obvious irritation, they refused to take the hint. Sighing and clenching his jaw, Wyatt had hurried out of the forge, his trio trailing close behind. Even so, the demon and devil merchants didn't relent entirely, shadowing him from a cautious distance. It wasn't the outright harassment Bigold had subjected him to before, but it was enough to set his nerves on edge.

After the duel, so much had transpired that Wyatt didn't bother tracking Bigold down. With the workshop already transferred to his guild under Vice Guild Leader Ezra's name, Wyatt saw no reason to waste his time further on that fool. What was done was done.

Arriving at the reserved box, Wyatt scanned the lavishly decorated room, then turned to Moon. "It's safe to enter the inter-realm city from here, right?"

Moon nodded confidently. "Yes, unless we call for room service, no one will be able to disturb us until the duel is over."

Satisfied, Wyatt exhaled sharply through his nose and gestured toward Biore and Dulas. "Good. Let's meet at the workshop to discuss things properly."

"Master Crafter, before we proceed, I need to inform you something important," Dulas suddenly spoke, her voice tight with emotion. The room fell silent as everyone turned their attention to her, sensing the tension in her tone. Concern flickered across their faces.

"My parents replied..." Dulas began, but her expression wasn't one of relief or joy. Instead, her downcast eyes and trembling hands told a different story. This wasn't good news.

"What's wrong?" Biore asked, his brow furrowing. He found it hard to believe anyone would dare to contact her now, given the circumstances. If Dulas's parents had reached out, it could only mean trouble.

"They said I can come home..." Her voice cracked as she tried to steady herself. "I-if I manage to get the location of the Orbiumite mine owned by Master Crafter." Tears spilled down her cheeks as she confessed. Her words were heavy, each one laced with pain. Even though her family had abandoned her, she couldn't bring herself to hate them. Deep down, she still longed for them to accept her back in to the their race and family. But the price they demanded? It was unbearable.

The box was silent, the weight of her revelation settling over them. Though her voice shook, she spoke with honesty, unable to betray the person who had taken her in when her own family had turned away.

The trio froze, stunned by the gravity of her words. Wyatt was the first to recover. His expression unreadable but calm, he finally said, "It seems your parents are doing their best to bring you back into the family."

Hearing Wyatt phrase it that way, Dulas let out a heart-wrenching wail. The betrayal she felt wasn't from being disowned—it was from their silence after she was publicly disowned. They hadn't reached out when her life had crumbled, nor had they answered her desperate attempts to contact them. Wyatt stepped forward, his gaze softening. He gently patted Dulas's head, his voice calm but firm. "Don't blame them for asking you to betray me. To them, I'm just a stranger. But you're their precious daughter. They're trying to save you in the only way they know how."

Dulas cried even harder, her sobs shaking her small frame as she threw her arms around Wyatt and buried her face against his lower abdomen. "I thought they didn't love me. I thought they hated me. I thought they didn't want me anymore," she choked out between sobs.

Wyatt knelt down on one knee to meet her tearful gaze, his expression gentle but serious. "They don't hate you," he said softly, brushing a stray tear from her cheek. "It's just that circumstances are forcing them to turn away from the one thing they hold most dear—you."

There was no anger in Wyatt's voice, only understanding. He didn't blame Dulas's parents; he could see they were trying to protect their daughter in the only way they knew how. He imagined that the moment they learned about her being disowned, they might have fought tooth and nail against their family and their race's collective decision. But bound by their rules and traditions, they likely couldn't reach out to her openly without risking everything. That was why they had resorted to this desperate measure.

Biore and Moon exchanged glances, their surprise evident. They had been furious when Dulas revealed what her family demanded—enraged by the audacity of the Ironhold family to ask her to betray Wyatt. Yet here was Wyatt, calm and composed, helping Dulas process the situation instead of using it to manipulate her.

After crying until she felt drained, Dulas pulled back slightly and wiped her eyes, her voice shaky as she asked, "What do I do now?"

"First," Wyatt said gently, "you let them know you're okay—that you're doing fine. They might be worried sick about you."

Dulas nodded and, after composing herself, sent a brief text to her parents through demon codex. When she was done, Wyatt continued, his tone steady but firm, "Now, you decide. Do you want to go home?"

"I can't," Dulas said, her voice breaking. "They want the location of your Orbiumite mine. How can I?" Her words carried a heavy implication—the answer seemed obvious to her.

"No, I'm willing to give it to them if that's what it takes for you to be with your parents," Wyatt said firmly, meeting Dulas's tear-filled eyes. "So, what's it going to be?" His tone was steady, but there was an unmistakable warmth in his gaze.

Trust was something Wyatt valued above all else because it wasn't something he could control or command—it had to be earned. Trusting Dulas and Biore had been a leap of faith, but Dulas had proven he was right to believe in her. To Wyatt, her loyalty and honesty were worth far more than an Orbiumite ore mine. If reuniting with her family was what she truly wanted, he would help her make it happen.

His words left Biore and Moon completely stunned. They exchanged wide-eyed glances, their minds racing to piece together who Wyatt truly was. The idea of someone casually offering up something as valuable as an Orbiumite ore mine was unfathomable—he couldn't possibly be some unknown figure.

Dulas, meanwhile, froze mid-sob. Slowly, she wiped her face with her sleeve, sniffling as she stared at Wyatt in disbelief. "You'd really be willing to do that for me?" she asked, her voice a shaky whisper.

"Yes," Wyatt said with a resolute nod, his expression unwavering.

"I've always wanted to explore the Myriad Realms," Dulas began, her voice steady but tinged with emotion. "To learn from crafters across various realms. But my parents never allowed me to leave our family's territory—they were afraid of the slave traders." She paused, her hands clenching briefly at her sides before relaxing. "Now that I'm finally out here, I don't want to go back until I've done that—until I've seen it all. So, no. I don't want to return home. I'll stay with you guys and work to reach the peak of crafting."

Her words were filled with a quiet determination, her gaze unwavering. Now that she knew that her parents' love for her was still there, she decided to turn this tragedy into an opportunity for her to do what she always wanted to do. Wyatt's expression softened, and for a moment, something rare happened—a genuine smile blossomed on his face. It wasn't just a smile; it was an acknowledgment of her resolve and a reflection of his own pride in her decision. He gave her a single, firm nod, silently accepting her answer. It had been a long time since he had felt this way. Trusting someone wasn't easy, but when all was said and done, it could be deeply rewarding.

After making her decision, Dulas sent a text to her family through her demon codex, reassuring them not to worry about her and to take care of themselves until she returned. She took a deep breath, feeling a mix of relief and uncertainty as she sent the message marking the start of a new chapter in her life.

Not long after, Biore's demon codex buzzed with a new notification. He quickly summoned it and went through it before looking up, his expression darkening. "My uncle truly has no shame," he muttered, shaking his head. "He texted me saying he'll let me back into the family if I get them the location of your Orbiumite ore mine."

He paused, clenching his jaw as he recalled the exchange. "Obviously, I didn't accept, and I used the chance to scold him, but this shows something else. The family seems to value your mine for some reason. It might explain why my uncle chose to fight as Bigold's champion and even invited you to join the Ironhold guild."

Biore's voice dropped, his brow furrowing in concern. "This could spell trouble for us."

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

## Chapter 2377 Show Mercy

[ 1,067 words ]

### Chapter 2377 Show Mercy

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Duel Realm, Crafting Sector "It doesn't matter what they're up to," Wyatt said confidently, his tone laced with assurance. "I've thoroughly mined the Orbiumite ore from that mine. If they want it, they'll have to negotiate with me. Otherwise, I'll start flooding the inter-realm network with it at dirt-cheap prices. And if push comes to shove, I'll sell the whole lot to the devil merchant code for pennies on the dollar." He leaned back, giving Biore a calm but firm look, clearly indicating he had the situation under control.

Now that he knew the Ironhold family was after his Orbiumite ore mine, pieces of the puzzle were falling into place. It explained why Bigold had reacted so strongly to the ore. The Ironhold family clearly needed it, though their reasons remained shrouded in mystery.

What Wyatt couldn't quite wrap his head around was why they were so fixated on the mine from which his Orbiumite ore was mined from. With their influence and wealth, they could easily acquire another Orbiumite ore mine. Yet, for some reason, they had set their sights on his. Could it be because the Orbiumite from his mine had a sturdier, more natural shell compared to what was commonly available in the market? But as far as Wyatt knew, that feature didn't play a significant role in crafting applications. The Ironhold family's peculiar interest in his ore continued to baffle him.

"If you've mined the ore completely, the Ironhold family has no choice but to negotiate with you for whatever stock you've stored in your warehouse," Biore remarked thoughtfully. He nodded, clearly agreeing with Wyatt's assessment. "Without any ore left in the mine, they can't rely on underhanded tactics to figure out its location anymore to steal it." After a moment of contemplation, Biore added, "Master Crafter, if I'm not mistaken, you're probably looking for buyers for your Orbiumite stock. Why not sell to the Ironhold family? They need it more than anyone else and would likely pay a premium for it. I could open discussions with them if you'd like."

Wyatt narrowed his eyes slightly, considering Biore's suggestion. "They're interested in my Orbiumite ore, sure," he replied after a pause, "but that doesn't mean they're interested in buying it outright. Still, they're scholars, not bandits. Go ahead and feel them out, but don't make any commitments without my approval," he cautioned, his tone firm yet measured. Despite seeing the logic in Biore's reasoning, Wyatt couldn't shake the concern that the Ironhold family might be willing to resort underhanded methods. However, he wasn't worried because he had Clown Mask. "Thank you. I won't let you down," Biore said, his voice weighted with determination, as if this task were a test of his worth to Wyatt.

Wyatt shook his head lightly and waved a hand dismissively. "No, you don't need to waste your time on that. I've got other employees who can handle it. Just figure out if the Ironhold family's even open to the idea. They'll take care of the rest. Got it?" He gave Biore a reassuring nod before adding, "Alright, let's head to the inter-realm city. We'll meet at the fountain and go to warehouse from there."

The others nodded in agreement, and together they entered the inter-realm network. They regrouped at the fountain near the entrance of the sector DS0909 before making their way to Wyatt's workshop in the Chaos Dwarven Sector.

When Wyatt stepped inside the workshop, he noticed it was completely empty—and that the due fines had been paid in full. After all, after losing the duel Bigold had been left with no choice but to honor the wager.

Surveying the cramped workshop, Wyatt finally understood why Bigold had resorted to an automated array formation to handle customers and sell his items. With such limited space, Bigold had clearly tried to be innovative but had chosen greed over quality. Instead of setting up array that gave premium customer service, he had stuck with a flawed rudimentary system that had cost him in the long run.

"You two find something to keep yourselves busy while I talk with Moon," Wyatt said, gesturing for Biore and Dulas to step away. He could tell Moon had been sticking close to him for a reason—there was something she needed from him, something she couldn't achieve without his help.

Moon, however, gave a small, knowing smile and shook her head. "Master Crafter, I'd rather they stay. If this goes the way I think it will, we'll all be colleagues soon." She glanced at Biore and Dulas, signaling for them to stay and listen.

Wyatt raised an eyebrow, intrigued by her confidence. Folding his arms, he nodded. "Alright, then. Let's hear it."

"Master Crafter, I'll be straight with you," Moon said, her expression serious, her voice steady despite the gravity of her words. "I want you to use your unique craft print for the Frosling corpse puppet to modify the Frosling race's traditional method of upgrading their demon core into a titled demon core—'Frosell.' Can you do it?"

Wyatt folded his arms as he considered her request. "I can," he replied, his tone calm but probing. "But can you afford that?" He arched an eyebrow, knowing full well the value of his craft print. It was already priceless, and creating a titled demon core method derived from it—even if only as a modification of an existing one—would only elevate its worth further.

Moon hesitated for a moment, her sharp eyes softening. Then, taking a deep breath, she stepped forward and lowered herself to her knees, her head bowed in submission. "Master Crafter, you're right. I can't afford it. But I'm prepared to sell myself to you." Her voice wavered slightly, but her resolve was clear. "I promise to willingly be your slave for the rest of my life—to serve you and guard you with my very life—if you'll help me with my request."

Wyatt's expression didn't change, but his gaze sharpened as he listened. Moon looked up at him, desperation flickering in her eyes. "I know the Frosling slaves aren't worth

much in the market," she continued, her voice cracking under the weight of her plea. "Not even a tenth of what I'm asking from you. But I still hope you'll show mercy on my people."

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

## Chapter 2378 Snow Elf Conspiracy

[ 1,130 words ]

### **Chapter 2378 Snow Elf Conspiracy**

Moon Fright was on the brink of breaking through to the devil rank, but she was holding back for past few decades. For centuries, her race had known the bitter truth: no matter how talented a Frosling was, they couldn't break into the noble class of the devil realm or even dream of reaching the ruler class. The reason? The Frosell title demon core method, given to them by the Snow Elves, was low-tier. It would only create a low-tier devil core, confining them to the chivalry-class and preventing them from ever ascending to the nobility-class, much less the ruler-class. It simply wasn't capable of taking them far enough in their pursuit of transcendence.

Learning this was a painful awakening. The Froslings realized the Snow Elves had never been their friends. Instead, they'd been manipulative overlords who wanted servants that looked like them but were cheap and easy to control. The Froslings had never been naive enough to believe the Snow Elves were their saviors, but discovering that the only title demon core method available for their race was designed to block their path to transcendence hit like a cruel betrayal.

Generations of Froslings had been grateful to the Snow Elves believing they not only gave them a place in the Dark Realms but a opportunity to earn the resources to pursue transcendence so their race can soon establish themselves in Dark Realms, but now they seethed with resentment. Their path to transcendence had been deliberately severed, leaving their race stuck in a subservient role for millennia.

Despite knowing the truth, the Froslings were forced to swallow their anger and bow before their oppressors. For centuries, they'd served the Snow Elves, attending to their every need, while neglecting the growth and prosperity of their own race. As a result, they never had the chance to carve out a place for themselves in the Dark Realms.

The land they called home wasn't even theirs—it was part of the Snow Elves' territory. If they dared to demand justice or even ask for an explanation about the deception, they risked losing what little they had. Resistance wasn't an option either. The Snow Elves were a semi-ruler class race with many powerful devils in their ranks, while the Froslings had barely a handful of devils capable of holding their own in the chivalry-class, none in nobility or ruler class let alone any who had begun the journey toward transcendence.

Trapped in this cycle of dependence and betrayal, the Froslings could do little more than endure and hope for a way to reclaim their dignity—one desperate generation at a time. The Froslings needed the Snow Elves now more than ever because after seeing through their treachery, the Froslings had begun to spread out across the Dark Realm, searching for a place to call their own—or someone who could help meet their race's needs. But exploring the Dark Realm required a significant amount of resources, and the only way the Froslings knew to gather funds for these resources was by continuing to serve the Snow Elves.

In response to their dire circumstances, the Froslings began teaching their younger generation that the Dark Realm wasn't some land of evil to be feared but a land of opportunities—if one was desperate and daring enough. They encouraged their talented youth to venture beyond Snow Elf territory, knowing there was no future for them within its borders.

Among this new wave of trailblazers was Moon Fright. She was one of the rare Froslings who managed to establish herself in the Dark Realm without the Snow Elves' protection. Her success, however, was due in part to the crafting skills she had learned in the Snow Elven Forge as a young Frosling and to the Devil Merchant Code selecting her as a demon merchant when she came of age. Luck had played a significant role in her survival; for most Froslings, even the talented ones, the Dark Realm proved far too harsh to navigate alone.

Surviving in the Dark Realm on her own, Moon Fright hadn't had the luxury of addressing the real reason she left her people and ventured into this unforgiving realm. But when she stood on the brink of breaking through to the devil rank, Moon Fright understood what her race truly needed: a complete, high-level titled demon core method that could help them forge high-rank devil core capable of breaking past the chivalry class, allow them to venture in to nobility and ruler class, and maybe even progress far along the path of transcendence.

However, she also knew that discovering an entirely new titled demon core method would only benefit the future generations of her race. It wouldn't help her or the current generation of Froslings, who had already relied on the flawed Frosell titled demon core method. What her people needed was a way to modify the Frosell method—something that could aid both the older and younger generations in pursuing transcendence. For the sake of her race's survival and dignity, Moon resolved to find that solution, no matter the cost.

Having resolved this, Moon had delayed breaking through to the devil rank for decades. She stubbornly chose to dedicate her life to finding a way to modify the Frosell titled demon core method. Her determination stemmed from the fact that using a higher-rank titled demon core would allow a demon to forge a more powerful devil core upon breaking through to the devil realm. This would let them skip the chivalry class entirely and enter the nobility class directly. The stronger one's titled demon core, the higher their rank in the nobility class as a devil.

Moon was convinced that if she succeeded in her pursuit, the sacrifice of delaying her breakthrough would be more than worth it. After all, there were already enough Froslings who had broken through to the devil realm and stuck in chivalry class but hadn't made any real progress in their race's ultimate pursuit. Adding herself to their number wouldn't have changed anything, and she couldn't bear the thought of living with the regret of failing to address the core issue.

...

AN: I have had to slow down the chapter updates as I was stuck figuring out the power system in the Devil Realm. This was becoming necessary as Wyatt has made a dazzling introduction of the EGG Guild to the myriad realms through the crafting duel and now preparing to establish himself in the Dark Realm.

Thank you for your patience.

Devil Realm Class:

i) Chivalry Class: Novice, Elite, Knight, GrandKnight / Knight Commander, Knight Chief

Semi-Nobility Class: Knight General, Knight Marshal

ii) Nobility Class: Baron, Viscount, Earl/Count, Marquess, Duke

Semi-Ruler Class: Arch Duke, Prince

iii) Ruler Class: Crown Prince, Monarch, Supreme Monarch, Sovereign, Deity.

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# Chapter 2379 Perfect Compensation

[ 1,421 words ]

## Chapter 2379 Perfect Compensation

Now, decades later, Moon was starting to question her approach. Doubts crept in as she wondered if she might have been more useful to her race by breaking through to the devil rank and becoming a devil merchant. Every demon merchant had the ability to recommend a demons or devils for merchant status every three decades. However, a devil merchant could make one such recommendation every decade.

Looking back, Moon realized that during all these years, she could have helped many devils from her clan become devil merchants. Those new merchants, in turn, could have used their recommendations to help even more Froslings gain status and influence in the Dark Realm. The thought weighed heavily on her, making her regret her decision to delay her breakthrough.

She couldn't help but feel selfish. At the time, she had believed she was making the right choice, but now the consequences of her actions—and inaction—loomed over her, filling her with doubt and guilt.

Realizing her search for a way to modify the Frosell titled demon core method was going nowhere—and that she wasn't helping her race in any meaningful way—Moon was on the verge of giving up. She began preparing to gather the necessary ingredients to break through to the devil rank, hoping to contribute to her race by helping more Frosling devils become devil merchants.

But even as she tried to move forward, she found herself unable to let go of her original resolve. Unable to make peace with her conflicting feelings, she impulsively bought a ticket to a crafting duel at the Chaos Dwarven Forge. The duel, featuring a demon emperor-rank Chaos Dwarf contestant, was meant to offer her a brief escape and maybe even inspire her with new ideas.

In the colosseum, however, Moon's frustration grew. The judges' antics—delaying their entrance and teasing the audience with unnecessary theatrics—irritated her to no end. All she wanted was to immerse herself in crafting, the one thing she was truly passionate about. Instead, the unnecessary delays frayed her nerves. In her growing agitation, her mind abandoned the gentle demeanor her race was known for, and she found herself glaring at the judges with a murderous intensity, as though she could bathe in their blood for wasting her time.

Perhaps it was this visible frustration that made the judges single her out. To her surprise, they asked her to select the species and realm of the corpse puppet the

contestants would craft for the duel. Without hesitation, she chose Frosling and Demon Emperor realm. It wasn't a random choice—she wanted to use this opportunity to see if the Chaos Dwarven crafter could offer her new insights about her race or present an innovative take on what was already known.

Most crafters avoided using Froslings for corpse puppets due to their fragile bodies, but Moon was curious to see if the Chaos Dwarf could overcome this challenge in a creative way. She hoped to adapt whatever techniques the dwarf used to craft a powerful Frosling corpse puppet, applying them to her own body if possible before breaking through to the devil rank.

To her disappointment, the Chaos Dwarf turned out to be a complete letdown. However, the other, unknown contestant was a revelation. His skill and ingenuity caught her completely off guard. Watching him work, she felt, for the first time in decades, a spark of hope. His understanding of the Frosling race seemed to beyond even her and elders in her race. If it were him, she thought, perhaps she could finally achieve what she had set out to do for her race.

With a newfound spark of hope in her heart, Moon decided to seek out the unknown contestant. She wanted to learn more about him before approaching him to help her race. Her plan was to gather solid proof of his abilities, something compelling enough to convince her race's elders to pool the entire wealth of their community as payment for his help in modifying the Frosell title demon core method.

However, as the duel progressed, Moon began to worry that her race might not be able to afford his expertise. Despite this, she refused to give up and resolved to make contact with him and negotiate.

Fortunately, when Moon volunteered to become the unknown contestant's champion, he accepted her out of all the audience members who applied. This made Moon wonder if fate itself was at work—was this a sign that the unknown contestant was destined to be her race's savior? Her desperation made her mind race, exaggerating the significance of the events. Recognizing this, she calmed herself and resolved to focus on helping him win the crafting duel. She hoped this would leave a strong first impression, paving the way for more favorable negotiations when she approached him with issue of her race.

As the duel progressed, Moon began to realize just how exceptional the Frosling Corpse puppet created by the unknown contestant truly was. Its artificial will was of a remarkably high level, capable of acting independently and completing tasks with only simple instructions and objectives. It even showed potential to develop into a spirit.

The puppet's artificial will demonstrated extraordinary resilience and recovery when confronted with spiritual interference techniques. It could weaponize the Glacier Plague, even outside the frigid environment of the Winter Valley. What's more, it was capable of crafting SS-rank weapons and armor in mere fractions of a second.

The more Moon used the Frosling Corpse puppet, the more impressed she became—especially with its Glacier Silk skill. To her amazement, the puppet could use Glacier Silk to create artificial soul energy pathways, enabling it to lay down array formations. It had even utilized this skill in the creation of its mechanical armor laying micro array formations in it similar to the ones used in creating golems.

The sheer ingenuity behind crafting such a capable Frosling corpse puppet left Moon in awe. She was now convinced that, when it came to knowledge about her race, this unknown contestant knew more than the entire Frosling race combined. She didn't bother to question how he had acquired such expertise—she already knew she wouldn't like the answer, especially given the painful history of her race in the Dark Realm. Her only focus was to recruit him to help her people, though it was becoming painfully clear that her race could not afford his services.

Adding to her concerns, the contestant's identity was shrouded in mystery. Some speculated he was an heir of the ruler class, while others believed he hailed from the farthest corners of the myriad realms, places unknown to most. Regardless of his origins, Moon resolved to stay close to him for as long as possible, waiting for the perfect moment to ask for his help and negotiate his price.

She stuck to her plan even as the unknown contestant made enemies of the Chaos Dwarven race, particularly the powerful Ironhold family, and as whispers spread that the entire Dark Realm might target him for his unique craft print for creating Frosling corpse puppets. Moon had already decided that her life was insignificant compared to the prosperity of her race. Therefore, she had no problem risk her life sticking to the unknown contestant who making enemies left and right.

Her patience was soon validated when she witnessed how the unknown contestant handled two young Chaos Dwarves who had been disowned by their race for supporting him and standing against their family. Where others might have manipulated or exploited the young dwarves, he chose to guide and help them, despite the immense risk to himself.

The moment that solidified Moon's resolve came when the contestant offered to give up an Orbiumite ore mine for one of the young dwarves after she confessed her family wanted her to betray him to regain their favor. That gesture revealed something crucial: the unknown contestant wasn't short on wealth—he was short on loyal allies.

With this realization, Moon devised the perfect offer to secure his help for her race and decided to act on it.

"Master Crafter, you're right. I can't afford it. But I'm prepared to sell myself to you."

"I promise to willingly be your slave for the rest of my life—to serve you and guard you with my very life—if you'll help me with my request."

"I know the Frosling slaves aren't worth much in the market. Not even a thousandth of what I'm asking from you. But I still hope you'll show mercy on my people."

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## Chapter 2380 Guild Leader Venera

[ 1,373 words ]

### Chapter 2380 Guild Leader Venera

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Duel Realm, Crafting Sector, Crafting Colosseum, Inter-realm city, Sector DS0909, Chaos Dwarven District, EGGG Workshop. "Get up. I don't like such formalities," Wyatt said, gently lifting Moon by her shoulders. His tone was firm yet not unkind. He looked her in the eye, his expression a mix of curiosity and mild surprise. "I'm sure if we talk openly and honestly, we'll be able to reach a compromise that benefits us both."

What had caught Wyatt off guard wasn't Moon's desperate offer to become his slave or her plea for him to show generosity toward her race. It was the nature of her request: to modify the Frosling race's sole title demon core method, Frosell. Now that was a project worth considering—one of significant value. But Wyatt was clear neither Moon or her race had the means to afford his expertise for something of this scale.

"Master Crafter, does that mean you'll consider helping my race?" Moon asked, her voice trembling with hope. She tried to resist his strength but found herself standing regardless, feeling both vulnerable and desperate.

Wyatt smirked faintly, crossing his arms. "Sure, I'll consider it. Generosity isn't exactly my strong suit, but I'm sure we can work out some kind of deal—something within your race's abilities, of course." His gaze turned calculating as he considered the possibilities.

To Wyatt, the Frosling race represented an intriguing prospect. An upstart race with great potential, they might someday rival the Snow Elves—or even surpass them. If they were willing to follow his arrangements, he didn't mind helping them modify their title demon core method and more. With his Primordial Soul Pupils and the vast knowledge of the Infinity Library, such a task was hardly a challenge for him.

The true allure, however, lay in the long-term benefits. With minimal effort, Wyatt could create an entire race that owed him allegiance for generations. Whether the Froslings were currently "worth it" didn't concern him. What mattered was their potential to grow into a semi-ruler class race. Helping them was a calculated risk—but one he was willing to take. After all, you win some, you lose some.

He studied Moon, her determination etched in every line of her face. For him, this wasn't just an act of generosity; it was an investment with the potential for immense returns.

"Thank you, Master Crafter. My race will forever remember your generosity." Moon's eyes sparkled with hope, her voice trembling slightly as she processed the verbal agreement from the unknown demon merchant. Her heart raced with a mixture of relief and anxiety, praying that her race either already possessed or could somehow meet the Master Crafter's expectations. Otherwise, everything she'd done would have been in vain.

Wyatt nodded, a faint smirk on his lips. "Alright, before we proceed, let me properly introduce myself. I'm Venera, the guild leader of Ezra's Genuine Goods Guild—EGG Guild, for short." He paused, his gaze sweeping over the trio before him. "You can stop calling me 'Master Crafter.' Just call me Venera."

As Moon's face lit up with realization, Wyatt's under his mask expression turned more serious, his eyes did not fail to convey them to the trio. He shifted his attention to Dulas and Biore, adding with a calm but firm tone, "Yes, Venera is just part of my real name. I'm not sharing my full name or other personal details until my native realm is secure. I trust you all understand the importance of keeping certain things private."

Dulas, ever curious, tilted her head and asked, "I wasn't going to ask about that. I just want to know—why is the guild named after Ezra if you're the guild leader? Is it because it sounds cool?"

Her question hung in the air, prompting Biore and Moon to exchange incredulous looks. Both seemed to silently wonder if Dulas was serious. Wyatt, who was more familiar with Dulas's skewed sense of naming, exhaled deeply and shook his head.

"No, it's not because it sounds cool," he explained patiently. "The guild is named in honor of our vice guild leader, Ezra Foolhar—the Chaos Dwarf I mentioned earlier. He was supposed to be the guild leader, but since he's always busy with crafting, he handed the position over to me to manage the guild's operations."

Wyatt's explanation was calm and straightforward, but his eyes briefly softened as he spoke of Ezra, hinting at the mutual respect between them. Dulas nodded, seemingly satisfied with the explanation, while Moon and Biore exchanged subtle glances, processing the layers of trust and responsibility implied in Wyatt's words.

"Venera, will we be able to meet Senior Ezra?" Biore asked eagerly, his eyes sparkling with admiration. He figured that someone even Venera respected so highly had to be a master craftsman of unparalleled skill.

"Yes, if you join the guild, you can meet him when he's free. You'll also be able to contact him to clarify any doubts you have about crafting," Wyatt replied smoothly, selling the illusion of his dual identities as "Ezra" and "Venera" to both the Dwarves and Moon. With a reassuring smile, he added, "There will be a small test to determine your eligibility for the guild. It's just a formality, though—I'm confident you'll both pass easily."

"I'll apply right away," Biore announced with his usual enthusiasm, his confidence unwavering in the face of the test. However, Dulas furrowed her brows, her unease evident as she asked, "Venera, can you tell me what the test will be about? That way, I can prepare beforehand."

Wyatt chuckled softly, shaking his head. "Dulas, the test is about loyalty to the guild. A firm resolve and a good heart are all that's needed. You have both in abundance, so there's nothing for you to worry about," he reassured her with a warm smile, hoping to ease her nerves and encourage her to apply without hesitation.

In truth, the test involved an interview with Clown Mask through the demon codex call function. Clown Mask's unique ability would ensure they had no intention of betraying the guild's interests. Though both Dulas and Biore had already demonstrated their loyalty by choosing him over their family and race, Wyatt felt it was best to formalize the process. This would also give him peace of mind about bringing them into the Seed World without hesitation.

While the Dwarves enthusiastically began their applications to join the EGG Guild, Wyatt used the time to notify the other guild members. He emphasized that they must keep their true identities and any information about their native realms strictly confidential for the safety of the Card World. Although Clown Mask's approval would guarantee their loyalty, Wyatt understood that slips of the tongue or lapses in self-control could still happen. For now, he decided it was safest for the guild to remain strictly professional until he could confidently ensure that even a ruler-class entity wouldn't target the Card World because of him or the EGG Guild.

His gaze shifted briefly to Moon, who stood quietly, her expression a mixture of hope and wariness. Wyatt's thoughts drifted, wondering if his bravado had been enough to fully convince her. He needed her faith in him to be unwavering—enough for her to stand firm against any naysayers in her race and persuade them to agree to his terms.

After all, what he planned to ask of the Frosling race in return for his assistance wasn't going to be easy for them to accept. It would be a tough pill to swallow, but it was non-negotiable. Wyatt knew that for his plans to succeed, Moon had to see him as the key to her race's survival and advancement. Her conviction in him had to be strong enough to

inspire the same resolve in her people, even if it meant challenging their traditions or enduring criticism.

His lips curled into a faint, enigmatic smile as he considered the delicate balancing act ahead. If Moon's determination matched the spark he'd seen in her eyes earlier, then perhaps she was the linchpin he needed to set everything in motion. But if doubt lingered in her heart, it could derail everything.

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## Chapter 2381 Winter Valley Project

[ 1,222 words ]

### Chapter 2381 Winter Valley Project

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Duel Realm, Crafting Sector, Crafting Colosseum, Inter-realm city, Sector DS0909, Chaos Dwarven District, EGGG Workshop. "So, can you speak for your entire race, or should I have this conversation with your elders?" Wyatt asked Moon, his tone measured yet probing. Nearby, the dwarves were immersed in their guild entrance tests. Now that Wyatt had demonstrated he wasn't alone—that he had a guild filled with capable allies to back him—it was time to lay his terms on the table.

Moon met his gaze steadily, shaking her head with quiet determination. "Venera, you tell me what you want, and I'll handle convincing my race. Trust me, I won't let you be wronged in any way," she said with a voice firm but respectful. Her confidence wasn't feigned. The fact that Venera had agreed to set a price within her race's capabilities gave her the conviction to take the reins.

Wyatt studied her for a moment, nodding subtly. Moon's resolve was exactly what he needed. Without it, she wouldn't stand a chance against the elders of her race. The struggles of Biore and Dulas with their own families were a stark reminder of how rigid and narrow-minded the older generation could be. Yet, Moon might have an edge. Her elders had sent their younger generation out of the Snow Elven territory to search for hope—and Moon had found it. Now, she only needed to present it to them in a way they all believe it was the hope they were all waiting for.

Wyatt's expression softened, though his calculating gaze didn't waver. "Good," he said simply. Then, leaning forward slightly, he asked, "Before we begin, let me ask you this:

Does your race plan to continue staying in the Snow Elf territory? Because once they learn you've modified your title demon core method to a high-rank one, the Snow Elves won't just stand by and watch. Surely your people have found a new territory to start anew far from the Snow Elves' oppression, haven't they?"

As Wyatt's words sank in they struck a chord because they were true. Moon's features flickered, but she quickly composed herself. However, her expression had darkened, as though he had unearthed a painful memory she wished to bury. Her voice wavered slightly as she began, "T-that... my race's elders found many suitable places to establish our clan outside the Snow Elf territory. But every time we managed to build something of value, someone stronger would come along and take it from us."

Her shoulders tensed, her hands clenching at her sides as she continued, "We've tried countless times, and each time, we've had everything stolen once we reached a certain stage of development. So, our elders sought a powerful backer, but no one wanted to align with us because they already believed we were vassals of the Snow Elves. Eventually, the elders halted the plans of developing outside of the Snow Elven territory, deciding to wait... to wait until we had the strength to protect what's ours."

Her frustration bubbled to the surface as she spoke, her tone heavy with bitterness. "Only we know how much we've slaved for the Snow Elves, scraping together the capital to create a territory of our own. But every damn time we've gotten close, someone stronger has come to take it all away. Yes, we're weak, but there are other weak races in the Dark Realm—races without even a single devil among them—who are surviving just fine, making a life for themselves."

Her voice cracked, and her jaw tightened as she forced herself to keep speaking. "Yet for some unknown reason, it's always us. Every damn time. It doesn't matter how careful we are, someone always comes. The elders began to suspect we were being targeted, with the Snow Elves as the likely culprits. But without evidence, we can't prove anything."

Moon let out a sharp breath, her frustration evident in her furrowed brow and the tremor in her voice. "Not that it would matter if we had proof," she added bitterly. "This is the Dark Realm. There are no rules—just the law of the jungle. And we the weak are prey."

The weight of her words lingered, and for a moment, she looked down, her expression a mixture of anger and despair. But as she glanced back up at Wyatt, there was a glimmer of resolve in her eyes. Despite everything, she was determined to change her people's fate.

"It's understandable. The Snow Elves will never let your race establish itself in the Dark Realm. That should be clear by now," Wyatt said, his tone matter-of-fact yet not unkind. He watched Moon's subtle nod of agreement, though her clenched fists and tense shoulders betrayed the frustration simmering beneath the surface.

With a sigh, Wyatt continued, "Your race has only one viable option—find a place where the Snow Elves or their influence can't reach you."

Moon nodded again, but her lips pressed into a tight line. The Snow Elves, being a semi-ruler class race, had an extensive reach. There wasn't a corner of the Dark Realm free from their shadow. While ruler-class races existed, none showed interest in the Froslings, especially after uncovering the truth to their immunity to the glacier plague.

"Have you considered looking for a new realm with conditions similar to your native realm, Forsell?" Wyatt asked. His tone suggested the question had just occurred to him, though he had already suspected the answer. For the Froslings, leaving the Dark Realm seemed like their only hope of escaping the Snow Elves' oppression.

"We've thought about it," Moon admitted, her voice tinged with bitterness and resignation. "But any such realms are immediately snapped up by other races with affinities to ice or related rules. With our financial limitations, we can't compete. Even if we managed to gather the necessary funds, someone always outbids us for the rights, hoping to harvest the realm's will fragment."

Her eyes flickered with helplessness, her words heavy with the weight of her race's struggles. "If we could afford to leave this cursed realm, we would. But the costs of migrating the entire race, combined with the bidding wars... It's impossible."

Wyatt gave a slow nod, his gaze sharp as he pieced together her dilemma. "I figured as much," he replied, his tone quiet but understanding. "Unless your race discovers a suitable realm before anyone else, you'll always be outbid. And realms with the conditions you need are rare and in high demand."

There was a pause, a faint flicker of an idea glinting in Wyatt's eyes. "What about moving to Winter Valley?" he suggested, his tone almost casual as if the question had just occurred to him. However, he had been planning to monopolize Winter Valley, one of the thirteen deadliest places in the Dark Realm, ever since he used glacier plague to craft the Frosling corpse puppets for the crafting duel.

Just when he was thinking about how he should proceed with monopolizing Winter Valley and its untouched resources, Moon came to him with her race's dilemma. Her timing could not have been more perfect. Both for him and for her race. If it was some other time, Moon would have walked out of here in disappointment.

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# Chapter 2382 Frozen Utopia

[ 1,141 words ]

## Chapter 2382 Frozen Utopia

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Duel Realm, Crafting Sector, Crafting Colosseum, Inter-realm city, Sector DS0909, Chaos Dwarven District, EGGG Workshop. "Winter Valley?" Moon repeated, her brows knitting together. "It was actually our first choice, but that place is uninhabitable. Sure, our race is immune to the glacier plague, but the same can't be said for the food and supplies we need for daily life. And let's not forget, the environment is brutal—even for us. Adults in our race can barely handle the cold, but the kids? They wouldn't survive. It's not a place where a civilization can thrive."

Her tone grew firmer as she dismissed Venera's suggestion, convinced he didn't truly understand how unforgiving Winter Valley was and only read about it in the books. It hadn't earned its place among the thirteen deadliest places in the Dark Realm solely because of the glacier plague. The valley itself was a relentless, frozen wasteland that could bring even the strongest dark races to their knees.

"It's not just the glacier plague freezing living beings," Moon continued, gesturing with her hands as if trying to make Venera visualize the severity. "It freezes everything—anything with even a hint of heat in it. Food, tools, furniture... you name it. The slightest warmth is enough to trigger the plague, and whatever gets frozen becomes so brittle that a simple touch could shatter it. We've tried using items with ice attributes, but even those don't last. Our body heat transfers to those item, and that's all it takes for the glacier plague to claim it."

Moon's voice grew heavier, frustration creeping in. "Living there is impossible under those conditions. And yes, I know we're Froslings, but we're not mindless ice eaters. We like our meat well-done. Sure, we can chew and digest frozen meat if we have to, but we prefer it cooked. It's tastier that way. The thought of surviving on frozen scraps in a place where even cooking could spell disaster? That's no life for a civilization."

Her eyes flicked to Venera, her expression daring him to counter her argument. She didn't doubt his intelligence, but she couldn't see how anyone—even someone as resourceful as him—could overcome the sheer hostility of Winter Valley.

"Don't worry," Wyatt said, his tone steady but commanding. "I've already thought this through. If you trust me, gather your people at Winter Valley—all of them. And when I say all, I mean it. Anyone who doubts me or tries to play it safe will be dead to me and my people. They won't be welcome in the frozen utopia, Frosell, that I plan to build in the winter for my people. Do you understand?"

Before Moon could process his words fully, Wyatt pressed on. "As a show of good faith, I'll modify your race's title demon core method—just enough for your elders, who've been stuck at the chivalry and semi-noble class level, to finally break through to the noble class. With my modifications, they won't have trouble reaching the rank of baron or viscount. But if they are hungry for more, tell them to gather their families and wait for me at Winter Valley. Can you handle that?"

"Yes, Master Crafter!" Moon yelled, her voice booming with determination. Her sudden outburst startled the Dwarves, who were in the middle of their guild entrance interview with FortuneEyes.

Dulas and Biore exchanged uneasy glances. The questions they were being asked were puzzling, to say the least. They'd never joined a guild before, but they were fairly certain that these kinds of questions weren't standard procedure. FortuneEyes wasn't asking about their skills or experience; instead, she posed bizarre, almost nonsensical questions, most of which could be answered with a simple yes or no.

The simplicity of the questions left them baffled. Was this FortuneEyes' way of testing them? Or was she going easy on them because they'd been personally introduced by the guild leader, Venera? The latter seemed plausible, and for a moment, they allowed themselves to feel entitled.

After all, they'd been mistreated by their own family for so long that they didn't recognize the boundaries of real entitlement. If they had approached any other guild, their status as young and talented Chaos Dwarves would have been celebrated. Most guilds would have bent over backward to keep them happy, offering them every courtesy.

But here they felt entitled just to breeze through a interview test while the Frosling beside them declared her unshakable loyalty to a man who spoke of transforming a frozen wasteland into a haven for her people.

"Good," Wyatt said with a satisfied nod. "Then return home and start making preparations. I'll send the modified Frosell title demon core method within the next forty-eight hours. Until then, spend some time with your family and friends. Because after this, you won't have much free time. Trust me, you'll forget what time off and leisure even mean."

He admired how decisively Moon had agreed to his terms without hesitation. That kind of resolve and conviction was exactly what he looked for in people who would work under him.

"Yes, Master Crafter! I'll be patiently waiting to hear from you at my house in forty-eight hours!" Moon responded with the enthusiasm of a cadet addressing their drill sergeant. Her voice was firm, yet a mix of fear and excitement flickered in her eyes. She was terrified that her race might squander this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, but at the same

time, she was thrilled by the prospect of Winter Valley becoming her people's new home.

Why had she bought in and agreed to Venera's seemingly outlandish claims and outrageous demands so quickly? Because why not? Her race had lost their native realm, endured decades of inhumane experimentation, been discarded as lab waste, and suffered millennia of oppression under the Snow Elves. The only hope for breaking free of their oppressors was to modify their current title demon core method—an endeavor her entire race had pursued for over a century, without success.

And now here she was, being handed a modified Frosell title demon core method essentially for free. All Venera asked of her was to trust him and rally her people to the Winter Valley for a chance at a better life.

What moved her most about Venera's proposal wasn't just his promise of a better future—it was the way he made it clear that those of her race who trusted him and gathered at Winter Valley would become his people. Moon had witnessed firsthand how Venera treated those he considered his own. Joining his group wasn't just about survival; it was an honor, a chance to be part of something greater. To Moon, that was worth more than the modified title demon core method he was offering to convince her people.

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## Chapter 2383 Absolute Obedience, PeerlessCrafter

[ 1,245 words ]

### Chapter 2383 Absolute Obedience, PeerlessCrafter

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Duel Realm, Crafting Sector, Crafting Colosseum, Inter-realm city, Sector DS0909, Chaos Dwarven District, EGGG Workshop. There were three critical reasons why Wyatt chose not to reveal to the Froslings exactly how he planned to help them thrive in Winter Valley.

First, Wyatt was well aware that not all Froslings shared Moon's idealistic view of loyalty to their race. Among them were those who were content—or even eager—to remain subservient to the Snow Elves. If the Froslings had truly been united in their determination to resist, the Snow Elves, no matter how influential, would never have

bent them to their will. If they had a united front they would rather break then bend. But the current state of the Froslings—with no land to call home and scattered in Snow Elven territory—was proof that some of them had already betrayed their race bending to their oppressors will. After all, a stick that doesn't bend breaks. Wyatt couldn't risk his plans being sabotaged by such individuals.

The second reason was population. While Wyatt was wealthy, sustaining the entire Frosling race in Winter Valley until the promised Frozen Utopia was built would drain an enormous portion of his resources. Such an investment was illogical and impractical. To ensure success, he needed to filter the Froslings and focus only on those who would bring value to his endeavor.

Lastly, Wyatt demanded absolute obedience. He didn't have the time or patience to deal with politics or power struggles within the group. For his vision to succeed, there could be no questioning of his authority, no games or hidden agendas. In a venture this audacious—with the many Dark Races in the Dark Realm who would go above and beyond to oppose the Froslings claiming Winter Valley—absolute obedience was non-negotiable.

Those brave—or desperate—enough to gather their families and assemble at Winter Valley, waiting for him with unshakable faith, were the ones he sought. Their willingness to trust him completely, to risk everything for a chance at a better future, demonstrated the devotion he demanded. And for that devotion, Wyatt would reward them. He would deliver on his promise of a Frozen Utopia after they helped him claim Winter Valley—one of the thirteen deadliest places in the Dark Realm—as his own.

"All right. Head to the most reputable auction in this sector and sell that Frosling corpse puppet I gave you. Make sure they broadcast the sale across the inter-realm network. If they don't, you'll never make it home after leaving the Duel Realm," Wyatt instructed Moon, his tone firm but not harsh, as he gestured for her to get moving.

"Yes, Master. I understand," Moon replied with a bright, ear-to-ear smile. She took a few steps toward the workshop's exit but suddenly stopped and turned back around, flashing a seemingly random, almost giddy smile at Wyatt like a starstruck teenager.

Wyatt furrowed his brows, confused by her behavior. "What is it?" he asked, his tone edged with curiosity.

Caught off guard, Moon scrambled for an answer and blurted the first thing that came to mind. "Master, I didn't give you a copy of the Frosell Title Demon Core method. I'll send it to your Demon Codex now."

"I'm pretty sure I can find a copy in the Infinity Library," Wyatt replied casually. Knowing the Snow Elves' he had no doubt a version of the Frosell method would be available in the Infinity Library.

"No, Master. That's the outdated version. I'm sending you the latest version now," Moon explained, her voice tinged with urgency. "Over generations, my race's elders have refined the method several times, making it more suitable and easier to learn for our people. I've just shared it with you."

Before Wyatt could respond, Moon turned on her heel and hurried out of the workshop, her face flushed with shyness as she caught sight of the knowing smiles shared between the chaos dwarven uncle and niece duo.

"What's wrong with her?" Wyatt asked, perplexed, as he watched Moon's retreating figure. The dwarves, who appeared to have finished their interview and were now preparing to join the Egg Guild—Biore just did, under the alias 'PeerlessCrafter' as for Dulas—

"Yep, something's definitely off with her," Dulas said, nodding. It irked Wyatt that the one time he actually wanted her to explain something in detail, she decided to keep it to herself. Meanwhile, Biore had already moved on, completely forgetting the incident as he eagerly spammed Ezra with texts. He couldn't wait to start learning from him.

Dulas, on the other hand, was still trying to make sense of Moon's behavior. She couldn't fathom how Moon could develop feelings for Venera without even knowing his full name, species, or home—let alone seeing his face. To Dulas, falling for a talking mask seemed absurd. She could understand seeing Venera as a mentor or elder-brother figure, but a romantic interest? That was beyond her comprehension. She thought Venera was incredible, but she couldn't imagine ever feeling that way about him herself.

"What's wrong with you? Why haven't you joined the guild yet?" Wyatt asked Dulas, brushing off any further thoughts about Moon. She was an adult; she could handle herself. His focus needed to be on these two. They were young and, in many ways, still sheltered. Sure, Biore had been mistreated by his own people, but he couldn't deny the opportunities his race had given him despite his misfit status.

"I can't decide on a cool username," Dulas admitted, scratching her head in frustration.

"Ugh, not this again," Biore groaned, rolling his eyes. He walked to the other side of the workshop, still waiting for a reply from Ezra. With every second of silence, his frustration grew.

These two might have been among the most talented crafters in the myriad realms, but they were still kids. Watching them, Wyatt shook his head and thought of Susan. She'd know exactly how to handle them—she always did. Not that Wyatt couldn't manage, but this gave him a perfect excuse to ask Susan to return to the Seed World. He missed her terribly. But he needed to tread carefully. He wanted to give Susan space to figure things out for herself. Not to forget his promise to Corey.

"All right, you two," Wyatt said, clapping his hands to get their attention. "Let's get to work. I want this workshop up and running as soon as possible."

...

Returning from the Inter-realm city, Moon awoke in the VIP box of the colosseum. Her gaze immediately fell on the physical body of Venera. Walking up to it, she paused, her hand instinctively rising to his mask. Her fingers reaching of its edges, traced it gently, her eyes warm and filled with unspoken emotion. Then, with deliberate care, she knelt, taking his right hand in hers and pressing a gentle kiss to the back of it. "I won't let you down, Master," she whispered, her voice resolute.

Rising to her feet, she turned sharply and left the box with firm resolve etched into her every step. Heading straight home, she summoned her demon codex and called for an elders' meeting. Rest wasn't on her agenda—she had long forgotten what it meant to take time off. In a world that despised her kind, she knew they couldn't afford the luxury of idleness if they wanted to rise above insignificance, to be someone, to matter.

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## Chapter 2384 Being Followed?

[ 1,078 words ]

### Chapter 2384 Being Followed?

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm, Seed World, Trophy Section, Duel Realm, Crafting Sector, Crafting Colosseum, Inter-realm city, Sector DS0909, Chaos Dwarven District, EGGG Workshop. "Ms. Crafter. That's it, its a simple and cool alias," Dulas uttered as Wyatt explained to Biore that he couldn't just spam Ezra or any other guild member with text there manners he need to follow when approaching fellow guild members through chat function.

"That's what we call every lady crafter," Biore added, understanding he might not get to meet Ezra anytime soon. Ezra, after all, was more of a crafting fanatic than his own parents.

"Alright, you two, playtime's over. We're heading to our base," Wyatt suddenly announced, cutting the conversation short. Without offering an explanation, he urged them to leave the inter-realm city. He came here planning to focus on work in the

workshop while waiting for Cuth Diya's reply, but instead, he found himself stuck babysitting Biore and Dulas. And it was a enlightening one.

These two seemed utterly clueless about the world beyond crafting. Biore could manage on his own for a while, but Dulas? Not so much. It was as if, for the past 30 years of their lives, crafting had been their sole focus—every breath, every thought consumed by it.

One might assume that stepping into a world beyond crafting would spark their curiosity, but no. Nothing outside the realm of crafting seemed to pique their interest. Dulas, who had claimed she wanted to explore the myriad realms, was only interested in visiting places where crafting was prominent. As for the rest? She couldn't care less. Even Biore, who had a love-hate relationship with crafting, would choose it over anything else every single time.

Watching them, Wyatt couldn't help but wonder if the Chaos Dwarves had some trick to grooming their younglings to be this way. As thanks to his primordial soul pupils, he was certain this wasn't a racial trait. Crafting wasn't in their blood, nor was there a soul pathway unique to Chaos Dwarves that made them inherently good at it. If such a soul pathway existed, Wyatt would have already found a way to gift it to his calamity daughter gems.

Therefore, Wyatt wondered if it was the Chaos Dwarven lifestyle and household environment that had something to do with it. Was it because the parents cared more about crafting than their children? Did children, striving to please their parents, end up embracing crafting so deeply that they eventually loved it more than their family? This gave rise to a vicious cycle of dreams and neglect—children seeking love through crafting and when they become adults try to find love in crafting, while neglecting the people around them who offered them genuine love just for their attention. That thought alone was unsettling.

Waking up in the colosseum box, Wyatt summoned his demon merchant codex and used its teleportation function to transport the three of them to the first coordinate in the dark realm from the list Cuth Diya had just sent him.

They soon arrived in a luxuriously decorated but empty room. Looking around, Dulas asked, "Venera, is this our base?"

"Nope. Hold tight. We have a few more stops to make before heading to our base," Wyatt replied. Without further explanation, he used the devil merchant codex to teleport them through all the coordinates on Cuth Diya's list, one by one.

These locations were carefully chosen by Cuth Diya and were being monitored by his men under Wyatt's orders. With the craft print Wyatt had created for the Frosling corpse puppet gaining far more traction than expected—thanks to the damned Snow Elves—Wyatt had to ensure they weren't being followed.

Even though he was relying on the devil merchant codex, Wyatt never fully trusted it. He believed that as long as it was paid an appropriate price, it would not hesitate to betray him—whether by revealing his travel history or exploiting the privileges it had gifted to its wealthiest users.

Though it was intelligent, it was still just a very high-level spell. It had reason but no emotion. As long as one gave it a compelling reason, it would comply without hesitation. Concepts like pride, honor, and morality were beyond its grasp. It was a merchant—a ruthless merchant—willing to sell anything as long as the price was right.

For this reason, Wyatt's attitude toward it mirrored his view of the internet back on Earth: convenient, but nothing more.

There were more than a few dozen coordinates on the list Cuth Diya had sent, and Wyatt patiently visited each one. He even took some time to explore the coordinates with captivating scenery. At one location, gazing at the aurora-lit sky, Dulas asked, "Venera, what's going on? Why do we keep teleporting from one coordinate to another?"

"That must be to see if someone is following us," Biore replied, further confusing Dulas. She couldn't understand how teleporting would help reveal a pursuer.

Biore explained, "If I am not mistaken there are people are watching the coordinates we've visited. If someone shows up at those locations after us, they'll let us know we're being followed."

"One more stop, and then we'll head to our base," Wyatt informed the Chaos Dwarves before using the devil merchant codex to teleport them to a random basement that Cuth Diya had rented under a fake name.

"Master, good news. So far, no one has visited the coordinates you've traveled to, meaning no one is following you yet. Also, the gate is ready—you can use it to reach the base," Cuth Diya reported, pointing at a teleportation array. The array had been created by Dalie and Cuth Diya set up under her instructions through the Hive Spirit.

When it came to spatial rules and array formations, Dalie was simply unparalleled. Wyatt had merely mentioned to her that he planned to create a teleportation array to travel from the Dark Realm to the surface of Lil Red Storm, and within three minutes of hanging up, she contacted him to say she'd already made it. This array would allow Wyatt to teleport to the surface of the Lil Red Storm Realm without relying on the devil merchant codex.

"Good job. But once we leave, destroy this array completely—leave no trace of it," Wyatt instructed. Taking Biore and Dulas with him, he stepped into the array formation and teleported to the surface of the Lil Red Storm Realm.

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## Chapter 2385 Connecting Three Realms

[ 1,030 words ]

### Chapter 2385 Connecting Three Realms

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm realm  
"Where is this?" Dulas asked, mesmerized by the vast expanse of the Lil Red Storm Realm.

"This is our base," Wyatt replied, noticing Dalie arriving with Ceed to greet them.

"How was the ride?" Dalie asked, referring to the teleportation array she had created to connect the Dark Realm and the Lil Red Storm Realm.

"Smooth. It couldn't have been better," Wyatt answered honestly. He had studied various demon/devil summoning rituals used by dark races to enter the native worlds of their worshippers, but none were as efficient or seamless as the array Dalie had created. It was likely due to her being both a celestial array spirit and the true celestial of the Lil Red Storm Realm.

"Good. I've finished creating the other teleportation array you asked for. I've instructed others to set them up on both ends. Now your people can come and go freely—as long as I allow it," Dalie said. She could have reported this progress through the Hive Spirit at any time, but she waited to tell him in person.

She wanted to be praised by him, to show that she was a responsible elder sister. For someone who had longed for kinship for so long, Dalie was determined to enjoy it fully now that she had two siblings. This was why she had taken Ceed under her wing without hesitation. Considering Ceed was both a celestial and a daughter gem, it was an obvious choice.

"Good job, big sis Dalie. You've saved me a lot of trouble," Wyatt said, not holding back his praise. After seeing the excellent job Dalie had done with the teleportation array between the Dark Realm and the Lil Red Storm Realm, he had asked her to create one for the Card World as well. Additionally, he requested that she make it compatible with Bloodette's dungeon seal. Apparently, she had succeeded. However, the dungeon seal gate would need to be open whenever they planned to use the teleportation array.

"Is that a pixie?" Dulas finally couldn't hold back her curiosity and asked Venera, pointing at Ceed in utter shock. This was the first time she had seen a pixie outside the Infinity Library. She had always thought pixies were creations of the Librarian. After all, for a deity-tier ruler-class being, creating life forms was not difficult, especially given the Librarian's vast knowledge and resources. Her assumption wasn't uncommon among young demons—many shared this misunderstanding.

"No, that's not a pixie; it's a forest spirit, Ceed," Wyatt clarified to the Chaos Dwarves. Then, turning to Dalie, he asked, "Speaking of pixies, how's Dredre doing? Did she wake up?"

"Yes, she's awake and fine. She's been hovering smelling the incense stick you gave her for Ceed's birth. What are those even made of? They smell so fragrant—tempting and hypnotizing. Every time I smell them, they remind me of you. Do you use a cologne made from the same materials as the incense sticks? Anyway, you should go check on her. Maybe take those incense sticks back because I think she might either be addicted to them or just missing you a lot. Neither is healthy for her," Dalie said, speaking with the tone of an elder in Wyatt's family.

Considering her age and strength, she technically was, but in terms of life experience, even Corey had her beat. But she was a quick learner and someone Wyatt could trust with his and friends life. "Let her be. I pushed her a lot earlier. Those incense sticks have a soothing and calming effect on her mind. She'll return to her old self in no time," Wyatt replied. He believed his earlier experiment—testing whether Dredre's pixie dust could be used to revive the dead or harm someone—had placed too much mental and physical strain on her. Now that she had recovered physically, she needed time to cool off mentally.

As for the incense sticks, Wyatt had designed them with Dredre in mind, ensuring they were enjoyable but not prone to abuse. She wouldn't get addicted to them, even if she used them all at once. Their addictiveness was akin to coffee rather than something harmful like cocaine. One could quite coffee anytime, right? Wyatt regretted his earlier actions, he liked her the way she was right now. If it was up to him he would not want her to change but he understood that Dredre hadn't followed him to be his assistant, regardless of Librarian Jr.'s conspiracy. She wanted to explore the myriad realms, much like the primordial pixies. As her good friend, he planned to support her in that endeavor. When she was ready, he intended to share the visualization method he had created to help her use her pixie dust more efficiently for reviving the dead without exhausting herself, as she had before. Teaching her to use her pixie dust offensively, however, would have to wait until she was willing—if ever. She didn't seem to have it in her to hurt even a fly.

"I hope you know what you're doing," Dalie said, deciding to leave Dredre in Wyatt's care. Turning to the Chaos Dwarves, she asked, "Are these two the new recruits? Clown Mask told me about them. I heard they're good at crafting."

"Yes, ma'am, we are!" Biore spoke up before Wyatt could, introducing himself and Dulas. "I'm Biore, also known as PeerlessCrafter, and this is my niece, Dulas, aka Ms. Crafter."

"I'm Dalie Wyatt, Venera's elder sister," Dalie introduced herself to the enthusiastic Chaos Dwarves.

"Nice to mee you but my alias is not Ms. Crafter. No that I heard it him say it out loud, I don't think its cool anymore. I haven't decided on it yet. You can just called ame Dulas for now. Since you are Venera's elder sister does that mean does he look like you? You are beautiful, so he should be handsome too so why does he use that mask to cover his face?" Dulas set out to warn everyone from calling her Ms. Crafter but began to babble uncontrollably forgetting the point she was trying to make.

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## Chapter 2386 I'm The Storm

[ 1,013 words ]

### Chapter 2386 I'm The Storm

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm realm "I hide my identity with a mask because our realm is being invaded by a noble-class dark faction. I don't want them to find allies in my enemies in the dark realm to help them invade our realm," Wyatt explained as the soul energy mask covering his face dissipated.

"Wow, you are handsome. Moon hit the jackpot!" Dulas exclaimed in awe upon seeing Wyatt's features. Her eyes sparkled as if she had witnessed a masterpiece crafted by the myriad realms. However, he was still not her type, so she was genuinely happy for Moon.

"Wait, does that mean your realm is defeating a noble-class dark faction?" Biore asked Wyatt in shock. He knew just how rare it was to find realms in the myriad realms that had grown enough to produce noble-class entities.

However, he was seriously mistaken. The Card Realm did not have a noble-class being in the present to Wyatt's knowledge, but it did during the last demon invasion. The ancient card apprentices had managed to defeat a nefarious dark faction, the Ten

Commandments, erasing them from the Dark Realm altogether. Following their demise, the rights to the Card World fell into the hands of the devil merchant code. Yet in the present, Wyatt wasn't sure if the Card World still had any noble-class individuals.

The Field Marshal could be considered semi-noble class, and combined with her martial expertise, she might be able to take on a low-rank noble-class devil. With the suppression of the Card World's will, she could likely match any rank of noble-class devil. Wyatt assumed that the top ten strongest individuals in the Card World could achieve similar results.

As for the Masters, Wyatt had met Demigod Norley. He was on the verge of breaking through to the noble class but hadn't succeeded. Wyatt had no idea about his martial prowess, so he couldn't estimate how he would fare against a noble-class devil. However, if noble-class devils were suppressed by the Card World's will, they would likely be crushed by him. Thus, the Masters would give the noble-class devils a run for their money.

Meanwhile, Wyatt had no idea how strong the rulers of the four regions were, so he refrained from making assumptions until he met one of them. Therefore, the chances of the present-day Card World fighting off the invasion of a noble-class dark faction again seemed fifty-fifty.

"They have us, so what do you think?" Wyatt asked the young dwarf, pointing at himself, Dalie, and Ceed. Even without involving Dalie and Ceed, he was confident he could fight off the 'Seven Princes of Hell' faction. What he was worried about was how to minimize casualties and damages.

To achieve this, Wyatt planned to shift the battlefield from the Card World to the Dark Realm. This was why he was so aggressively trying to establish himself in the Dark Realm. He wanted to end the 'Seven Princes of Hell' faction in the Dark Realm before they could even set foot in the Card World. Only by doing so could he minimize casualties and damages to the Card World and its people.

Another reason for his actions was his fear that the three mischiefs would use this opportunity to stir trouble. From the looks of it, the Supreme Leader seemed to have broken through to the demigod realm, considering he already had an army of undead demigod card apprentices.

As for Matron, she had gone AWOL after their last encounter. His information network wasn't able to locate her—not even the members of the Paw Clan. Meanwhile, on the side of the Emissary of Light, his fanatic minions were chasing someone from the southern region who appeared to have stolen their Lord Demigod Michael Angelo's relic. This individual had also killed the demigod nun guarding it and destroyed the Church of Michael Angelo in the process.

Lastly, there was Handsome Fox, aka Gideon Grim. He had stopped planting his seeds into card apprentices across the five regions. It wasn't clear if he had stopped because he had achieved his goal or because the heat on him had become too intense.

Wyatt had thought that after learning he had used the information gained from the chaos dwarf demon merchant Ezra Foolhar to place him at the top of the five regions' most-wanted list, Gideon would come searching for him. However, so far, the latter hadn't made a move.

Currently, it was like the calm before the storm. They were all in hiding, making their preparations, waiting for the right time to strike and reach their ambitions. What they did not realize, however, was that the storm they were waiting for was Wyatt himself.

"Do you own this realm? Then why didn't you buy the rights to your native realm?" Biore asked, wondering if Venera was wealthy enough to turn a realm into the base of his guild. Shouldn't he have had the foresight to purchase the rights to his native realm first? After all, if a realm had a demon or devil merchant, the devil merchant code would give them preference over other merchants when selling the rights. Not to mention, it would offer a significant discount.

"By the time I had the money, a devil merchant from my native realm beat me to it. He colluded with the said dark faction and helped them procure the rights to our realm at a discounted price. In return, he got a ticket to the Dark Realm and a powerful sponsor," Wyatt explained, rubbing the head of Dulas, who was staring at his face, trying to take a picture. He had no idea what she planned to do with it, but he warned her, "Dulas, you can't share that picture with anyone."

"I was only going to share it with Moon. I know she would love to see your handsome face," Dulas said dejectedly and deleted the photo, showing Wyatt that she really only intended to share it with Moon and no one else.

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## Chapter 2387 Commerce Array Formation

[ 1,015 words ]

### Chapter 2387 Commerce Array Formation

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm realm  
"These two are a handful, aren't they?" Dalie said, eyeing Dulas and Biore before turning to praise Ceed. "Our Ceed is the best; she's so knowledgeable." Clearly, she was biased toward her kin.

However, she quickly coughed to clear her throat, masking her embarrassment and assuming a more elder-like demeanor. She then asked the chaos dwarves, "Which one of you is skilled at array formation?"

"Array formation? I know the basics, just enough to help me with my crafting," Biore said, not hiding his disdain for array formation. He hated it because it stole jobs from honest crafters. It took crafters years of research and numerous trials and errors to create efficient and economical craft prints, but array masters used these craft prints to design arrays that mass-produced items and sold them cheaply.

By doing so, array masters created a competitive market that stole jobs from hardworking crafters, catering only to the talented ones based on the popularity of the craft prints they created. This practice snatched the livelihood of average crafters, who couldn't match the low prices of mass-produced goods. This belief wasn't unique to Biore; many crafters shared his sentiments. It was why crafters both hated and loved array masters.

"I know a little. I learned it to create an array formation for my uncle's workshop," Dulas revealed. Though her primary passion was crafting, her life had led her to learn array formation.

When Dulas was assigned as Bigold's assistant, he made her sit in his workshop and help him sell his crafted items, leaving her no time to craft, let alone improve her skills. Fed up, she suggested her uncle hire professional sales personnel to cater to customers and sell his crafted items instead of wasting her time. However, being a cheapskate, Bigold refused, claiming he didn't have the money for it and suggesting that if Dulas wanted it so badly, she could pay for them herself.

In a fit of rage, Dulas decided to find a solution. With plenty of free time on her hands—since customers rarely visited her uncle's workshop due to his domineering and judgmental temperament—she turned to research. She had no money, so she sought free and cheap solutions. After thorough research, all paths led her to slaves, clones, puppets, and array formation.

However, neither clones nor puppets were suitable for her problem because she would need to monitor and control them. Slaves were also out of the question—having worked under her uncle, she didn't want anyone to undergo that kind of torture, not even her enemies. Therefore, she had no choice but to turn to array formation. It was the most affordable option.

Since then, she started studying array formation in her uncle's workshop. It seemed that as long as she wasn't crafting, he didn't mind what she was doing in the shop. He didn't care how the shop was run; he only operated it because his parents had gifted it to him, and all his friends owned shops. So, he ran it for the sake of it. Little by little, as Dulas gained experience in array formation, she began to realize that she had a talent for it. She found it fun and interesting. What had started as a means to an end turned into a hobby she couldn't share with her friends or family.

However, that didn't stop her from creating a proposal for a commerce array formation to turn her uncle's workshop into a cashier-less operation. She presented the proposal to her uncle, but he rejected it, claiming he didn't have the money to set up an array formation or to maintain it daily.

Determined, Dulas used her own little pocket money to create a low-grade version of her initial commerce array formation, one that could run by gathering soul energy from Sector DS0909. To achieve this, she had to remove many features from the array formation, simplifying it into a rudimentary design that was just enough to run her uncle's workshop.

When she handed it to her uncle, he gave a patronizing speech about how it was a test and she had passed it. To show his "appreciation" for her hard work and determination, he announced that he would use the array formation in his workshop and officially promoted her to be his assistant. The worst part was that she believed him.

Just when Dulas thought things were finally turning around for her, her uncle had her cleaning the workshop and refused to let her participate in his crafting. It didn't surprise her, and she gave up expecting anything from him. However, she was allowed to use the workshop when he wasn't there—as long as she didn't get caught. And she never did, at least until they disowned her.

Now that she thought back to it, Dulas couldn't help but wonder why she had worshipped her uncle as a great craftsman when he was just a little better than the average crafters out there.

"Dulas, you created the array formation running Bigold's workshop? He led me to believe that he did. However, even though the array formation was rudimentary, the premise was good," Wyatt said, praising Dulas for the array formation. For her level, it was impressive, but for Bigold's level, it was just trash.

"That's because I was tight on budget and had to make sure it would run on the soul energy gathered from within the workshop. So, I had to remove a lot of features I initially planned to add to it. I thought of making it simple, prioritizing customer interface, but my uncle preferred it to be enigmatic, even though it made it tough for customers to navigate. It was a total hit and miss. If I get to do it again, I'll do a lot of things differently, starting with a bigger budget," Dulas explained why the array formation turned out

poorly. However, she still didn't blame her uncle for it, instead attributing the shortcomings to her tight budget and limited resources.

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## Chapter 2388 Dalie's Disciple Dulas

[ 1,517 words ]

### Chapter 2388 Dalie's Disciple Dulas

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm realm "I take it you like array formations," Dalie asked, walking next to Dulas. But before Dulas could answer, Dalie grabbed her shoulder, pointed at the sky, and asked, "Can you see what that is?"

Dulas squinted, trying to look past the glare of the sunlight at the bright sky where Dalie was pointing. A chill ran down her spine as she saw what Dalie was showing her. Her breath became ragged as she softly exclaimed, "It's a Celestial Array Formation."

Dulas hurriedly turned to face Dalie and asked, "Ma'am, did you set it up?"

"No, my father created it. However, I think if I had the resources, I could build a similar one too," Dalie replied. Neither of the chaos dwarves thought she was bragging.

Dulas looked at Dalie in awe and asked, "Ma'am, when you do build one, can I be your assistant? Actually, no, I'm just fine with watching."

"Hahaha, honey, you're so cute," Dalie said, lifting Dulas's chin with her index finger. "How about it? Do you want to assist me in building it as my disciple?"

Dulas didn't answer immediately. She stared deep into Dalie's eyes and then said apologetically, "I want to, I really do, but I've promised Venera and Bigold that I will walk the path of crafting to its peak with them. I'm afraid if I try to juggle between the two, I won't be able to keep up with them."

Dalie was shocked to be rejected—this might have been her first rejection. Though she was the oldest of them all, it had only been a week since she'd had contact with other beings. Before that, she had been stranded in the Myriad Realm as a Celestial Array Spirit, without access to the rule source that the celestials used to keep busy or meet

others like them. However, she took her first rejection in stride, understanding that Dulas's reason made it hard for her to take offense.

However, just as she was about to reassure Dulas that it was okay, Wyatt stepped in, saying, "Dulas, don't let go of this opportunity. Array formations and crafting aren't much different—"

"They are not?" Before Venera could finish, Biore suddenly exclaimed in shock. If it had been someone else saying that, he would have ignored them, thinking they were ignorant and didn't know what they were talking about. However, the person who spoke was Venera, the demon merchant who created the unique craft print to craft the Frosling corpse puppet, causing a stir throughout the Dark Realm. He couldn't believe someone so proficient in crafting would make a statement about crafting that contradicted everything he understood about crafting and array formations so far.

"Yes, they are, Biore. It's no secret," Wyatt asserted, looking at the shocked expression on Biore's face. He then asked, "Have you figured out why my Frosling Corpse Puppet was able to recover so easily from spiritual interference art?"

"No, I couldn't," Biore said dejectedly, still not understanding how this was connected to Venera's claim that crafting and array formation were not much different.

"Dulas, what about you?" Wyatt then turned to Biore's niece and asked.

"At first, I didn't notice, but is it because you created the artificial will of the corpse puppet by using a sequence of micro-array formations?" Dulas asked, unsure if she was correct. However, she did notice that the Frosling Corpse Puppet's artificial will resembled a regular artificial will. Nonetheless upon closer inspection, one would find that it was made up of a sequence of micro-array formations.

"Correct. I used the micro-array formation to replicate the soul pathways and soul arrangement of a regular Frosling to develop the artificial will of the Frosling corpse puppet, unlike the conventional method.

"By doing this, I ensured that the corpse puppet I created would be able to execute the commands of the user more efficiently and not be affected by external influences, like, for example, spiritual interference arts. Crafting and array formation go hand in hand; you can see that in the Frosling corpse puppet I created. It was more apparent in the armor and weapons it had.

"Moon also noticed it because she tried to fill the gap in her crafting with her array formation. She was more open-minded when scrutinizing my Frosling corpse puppet to you crafting elites, so she was immediately able to identify how I had used micro-array formation to enhance my corpse puppet," Wyatt explained to Biore, though, in reality, he was telling Dulas not to narrow her mind and limit herself to just crafting. She could explore both fields and use the best of both to go beyond traditional crafting. With her

talent in both fields, she could afford to pursue them both. As long as she persisted, she could achieve great things.

"Is it cheating to use array formation in a crafting duel?" Biore asked, showing that what Wyatt explained to him went right over his head. Wyatt didn't expect him to understand it right away. After all, what he had just explained went against everything Biore believed, especially considering the crafter's usual prejudice toward array formations. However, Biore would soon see the merit of Wyatt's words as he noticed Dulas's progress in crafting, which was outside his understanding because he had chosen to ignore array formations. With his talent, he could afford this little detour.

"How is it cheating? Don't you use array formation when crafting golems? If one can use array formation when crafting golems, why can't Venera use array formation when creating a corpse puppet? Like the common flying canoe—it uses an array formation mechanism. I can name several thousand items that use array formation. Not just in small items; I've seen many items created by Elders that make use of array formation. So, Venera did not cheat, Uncle. You need to apologize to him," Dulas demanded, urging Biore to apologize to Venera for his remark. She felt Biore was being excessive by calling Venera a cheat, especially considering Venera had taken them in when their own family and race had abandoned them.

Biore, however, stared at Dulas in shock—not because she reprimanded him and asked him to apologize to Venera, but because she was right. The answer to how to make one's craft more efficient and economical was staring right at him, but he had never considered it. He realized he had been blind all these days to such an obvious thing. So, he hurriedly apologized to Venera, saying, "I'm sorry, Venera. I was ignorant, and I didn't understand your advice and lashed out. I hope you can forgive me. I was being narrow-minded—just like the people in my family. I'm truly sorry. You were guiding me, but I was ungrateful."

"It's alright. Water under the bridge," Wyatt forgave Biore because he understood where he was coming from. Hearing Biore say that array formation and crafting go hand in hand was like hearing him say that the person he had called his father for the past thirty years was not his real father, but the person he had called his uncle was. That's how much crafting meant to Biore and how shocking Venera's claims were to him.

Seeing that Venera had forgiven him, Biore immediately turned to Dalie and begged, "Senior, please teach me array formation."

Looking at the young dwarf pleading before her, Dalie's lips curved into a smile. She then turned to look at Dulas and asked, "Is your answer still the same?"

"If it's alright with you, can I call you master, master?" Dulas said cutely.

Shaking her head, Dalie responded, "You're too cute for me to say no to you. Alright, you are my first disciple."

Announcing Dulas as her first disciple, Dalie turned to Biore and said, "Your mastery of array formation is too low. For now, you'll study under my disciple. If I feel like it, I might consider making you my disciple. Is that okay with you?"

"Yes, Senior. Thank you," Biore said, not daring to complain about the difference in treatment between him and Dulas, since he had been the one to show disdain for array formation first. He was grateful that she let him study under her disciple, which meant she didn't hold his previous rashness against him. That was enough for him.

"Now that's settled, let me show you to your living arrangements." Saying that, Wyatt signaled to Ceed, who teleported them all into the seed world. They appeared on a new floating forest island, specifically designed for Dulas and Biore. Their floating forest island was right next to Dalie's. It had both living and workshop arrangements, specially designed for the convenience of the dwarfs.

"I'm sorry, I couldn't throw a big welcome party for you guys because everyone's busy with their own things. But I'm sure we'll find a date to do that. For now, this is Dulas's island, and that one there is yours, Biore," Wyatt informed the chaos dwarfs, pointing at the island forest floating adjacent to theirs.

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## Chapter 2389 Pixieian Mythos

[ 1,517 words ]

### Chapter 2389 Pixieian Mythos

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm realm, Seed World, Living Section "I get my own island with my own house and workshop? Oh my gosh!" Dulas exclaimed in pure joy at finally getting her own workshop. She was tired of boring her parents' and uncle's workshops, where she would be scolded every time she left tools out of place or adjusted the settings of the equipment. "I can't believe this. Venera, tell me this is real."

"Yes, it is," Wyatt answered. Seeing Biore head toward his floating forest island to check it out, Wyatt shouted, "If you need anything, you can call Ceed's name aloud three times, and she will come to assist you."

"Got it," Biore answered aloud without turning back. He was eager to check out his own workshop, like a child on Christmas morning rushing to open presents. Dulas was the same. They left Wyatt, Dalie, and Ceed alone.

"Can I count on you to make sure these kids don't starve themselves to death while engrossed in crafting?" Wyatt asked Dalie, who nodded. But he warned, "Don't spoil them. If you don't understand anything, seek help from Hive Spirit or Susan. Got it?"

Thanks to his promise to Corey, Wyatt kept away from Susan. But it was another thing if Dalie kept calling and seeking her advice on taking care of the young dwarves. She would have no choice but to return to the Seed world from the card world to help make arrangements for the dwarves.

"Got it, my gosh," Dalie nodded vigorously before asking, "You seem to care about these kids a lot. Why is that?" Dalie, being a blood-kin daughter gem, was fully aware of Wyatt's prowess as the soul gem, so she did not understand why Wyatt was going through so much trouble for them.

"They are the cornerstone of my chaos dwarven crafting assembly project," Wyatt revealed, to which Dalie squinted her eyes at him and asked, "Can't you just use array formation to mass-produce the items you want to mass-produce? You don't need an assembly line of chaos dwarves for that."

"Array formation can mass-produce simple items, but not the complex ones—the ones for which people have no choice but to seek out a crafter. Those are worth twenty to thirty times more than the mass-produced kind. Just imagine, what if I manage to mass-produce those and sell them for half the price? I'll take the entire Dark Realm market by storm. Market-wise, there will be no competition for me. Then the Dark Realm will have to welcome me with open arms," Wyatt explained his big plans to Dalie, elaborating on why there was no benefit for him in using the daughter gems on the chaos dwarfs. What made their crafting good was their will to craft; if he were to take that from them, there would be no difference between them and the array formation. Using daughter gems on the chaos dwarfs was akin to breaking them.

"That's a good way to make a lot of enemies and die sooner," Dalie said. She understood Wyatt's big ambition. That was why she knew the Dark Realm would not welcome him with open arms and allow him to grow bigger than them. Their first instinct would be to steal what Wyatt had created and then dispose of him.

"Come on, big sis, you know me better than that. By the time I fall into their vision, I'll have gathered the power and force to face them all. I am progress. I am inevitable. They might hate me, but they need me. They'll hate themselves for that," Wyatt bragged to Dalie arrogantly.

"You're getting bolder day by day, but my brother should have this much arrogance, bare minimum," Dalie encouraged Wyatt's bragging with a satisfied smile as Wyatt

called her "big sis." This felt more natural than the fake ones he used to call her. She was happy that he was beginning to adjust to their new dynamic.

"Alright, I will leave the dwarves in your care. I want to go check on Dredre," Wyatt said, signaling Ceed to teleport him to Dredre's floating forest island.

Whenever he entered the Seed world, Dredre would be the first to greet him, and if she had nothing to do, she would nestle in his hair. But this time, after entering the Seed world, there was no sign of Dredre. This caused him to panic, and he decided to go check on her, wondering if his experiment had taken a greater toll on her mentally than he had previously assumed.

Arriving at the location where Dredre was, he found her sleeping atop a flower, with an incense stick burning next to it. Seeing that she was resting, Wyatt wanted to leave quietly because his primordial soul pupil showed him that Dredre was physically fine. It was a load off his mind.

However, just as Wyatt was about to leave, Dredre sniffed the air and muttered, "Wyatt!" Before her eyes opened, and she rose from the flower to get closer to him. She rushed to him, asking, "Where were you?"

"I went to the Duel Realm to participate in a crafting duel, and I won a workshop in the chaos dwarven district," Wyatt informed the tiny pixie, who immediately went straight into his hair and got cozy, saying, "A workshop in the chaos dwarven district can only be owned by chaos dwarfs."

"I found a workaround for that," Wyatt bragged, feeling a little proud that he had outsmarted the snobbish Chaos Dwarves. Then he asked her, "How are you feeling? You seemed exhausted trying to revive that guy."

"I feel great, even better than before, which is surprising because I've seen my friends experience exhaustion before, trying to create a forest spirit for a forest larger than their capacity. However, it took them nearly months to recover, but I recovered within a day. Did you feed me some expensive miracle drug?" Dredre asked Wyatt fearing that he might have unnecessarily spent a fortune to buy her a miracle drug when she would be fine with some rest. "All that doesn't matter. What matters now is that you're fine. You are feeling fine, right?" Wyatt dismissed Dredre's concerns and focused on ensuring she was alright. The Dredre he knew was cheerful and always the first to greet him. It was unlike her to laze around and fail to notice his arrival in the Seed World. He wanted to make sure his guild's mascot was doing well.

"I am fine, but for some reason, I'm able to hear things I wasn't able to before. It's so noisy and distracting—I can't even hear my own thoughts—" Dredre started but stopped when she noticed Wyatt's worry and concern deepen with her every word. She quickly reassured him, "Don't worry, the fragrance of the incense stick clears my mind, and it smells so soothing."

Wyatt frowned as he listened to Dredre's explanation. He had no idea what the noises she was hearing could be, but he knew that the incense stick, made from the sap of the World Calamity Tree, wasn't a solution. It merely eased her discomfort. Worse, prolonged use could lead to addiction, causing her to grow dependent on it. While it was one thing if she used it sparingly, the way she was relying on it now bordered on misuse.

Wyatt looked into Dredre's eyes and said, "Dredre, I need you to focus on those voices you're hearing and describe them to me. I'll look into their origin in the books of the Infinity Library.

"Don't bother. I've read about this in a book. The noises I'm hearing were described as the sounds of the River of Souls, carrying the souls of the dead to reincarnation. But I doubt that because it's supposed to be impossible for the living to sense the River of Souls. Especially for beings like us, because we're immortal. Even if we're killed, according to my elders, our souls won't go to the River of Souls but instead return to this huge tree whose branches hold the entire Myriad Realms together, like the leaves of a regular tree. That makes us different from other beings—even from the other beings in the Myriad Realms," Dredre explained, sharing her own attempt to find a solution through the books of the Infinity Library but admitting it led nowhere.

"A huge tree whose branches hold the entire Myriad Realms together like the leaves of a regular tree," Wyatt muttered to himself, recalling something similar from mythologies he had read about on Earth. He asked, "What is that tree called?"

"The elders called it the Origin Tree. They said its roots are in the Rule Source, from which it draws the energy needed to create new realms in the Myriad Realms—" Dredre revealed but stopped, noticing Wyatt staring at her in disbelief wondering if by the origin tree she meant the origin source. It was interesting take on the origin of myriad realms considering the pixie's love for trees.

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## Chapter 2390 Call Of River Of Souls

[ 1,018 words ]

### Chapter 2390 Call Of River Of Souls

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm realm, Seed World, Living Section Every civilization, at some point in its history, began to ask questions like, 'Who are we? Why are we here? Why is everything the way it is? What is our purpose in all of this?' They sought to better understand their surroundings, to find their place in the world, and to discover their purpose in life. In their efforts, they created half-true, half-false origin stories, based on observations and expectations, bridging the gap between themselves and their environment limited by their imagination.

The Pixies did the same. They created the Pixieian Mythos, which describes an Origin Tree sprouting from the Origin Source. This tree gradually develops realms on its branches, much like a tree grows leaves. Meanwhile, the roots of the Origin Tree spread into the Rule Source, anchoring themselves to nourish these realms.

Where do Pixies fit into all of this? Some elders claimed that Pixies were the caretakers of the Origin Tree, which explained their abilities to create forest spirits. Others believed that Pixies were the fruits of the Origin Tree, born from it. When a Pixie dies, they fall back into the Origin Source and become one with it, much like a ripe fruit falling to the ground. In this way, Pixies were said to have no concept of death or reincarnation like other beings.

According to books in the Infinity Library, the sound of the River of Souls can only be heard by powerful beings on the verge of death. This sound serves as a warning that their time has come, leaving no room for struggle. It grants them sufficient time to say goodbye to their loved ones and peers. This was why Dredre denied hearing the River of Souls; she insisted it was something else entirely.

"What did your elders say?" Wyatt asked, curious about the elder Pixies' thoughts on hearing the River of Souls. If what the book said applied to Pixies as well, then his experiment might have inadvertently brought about her demise.

As for the Pixieian Mythos, Wyatt believed it was nothing more than bullshit, just like any other mythos out there. In the card world, the Empire had its own mythos, calling Demigod Michael Angelo the son of God. Therefore, Wyatt strongly suspected that the Pixieian Mythos was merely a glorified bedtime story created by the elders to satisfy the curiosity of young Pixies.

Unlike ordinary Pixies, elder Pixies could not only attack but also lie when necessary. Whoever had created the Pixieian Mythos was either fooling or feeding the Pixies' self-esteem. After all, where did the Librarian fit into this narrative? Why did Pixies serve him and not the Origin Source, as the Pixieian Mythos dictated?

Knowing that Pixies were the original primordial beings who went around creating realms in the Myriad Realms, Wyatt couldn't understand how they had fallen so far. Some were even actively helping the Librarian enslave their own kind. However, that wasn't the most pressing issue at the moment. What mattered now was figuring out if Dredre was in danger because of his extreme experiment.

"I never contacted them because I didn't want to worry them unnecessarily over nothing," Dredre said, causing Wyatt to frown. He urged her, "Dredre, I think you should contact your tribe's elder Pixie and talk about it."

"No, I will not," Dredre declared with a surprisingly firm voice, leaving no room for negotiation. Wyatt had never heard her speak so decisively or with such sharp finality. He wasn't even sure if Pixies were capable of speaking that way.

Wyatt decided to let it go for now. It was clear that Dredre would rather suffer in silence until the sickness passed than let her tribesmen worry about her. Wyatt wouldn't have been concerned if Dredre were suffering from something as benign as the common cold. But she wasn't. She was hearing the call of the River of Souls, and that only ended in death. He couldn't understand how she could be so nonchalant about it.

"Dredre, don't be stubborn. This could be serious, and maybe your elders can help you," Wyatt tried to persuade her, guilt weighing heavily on his conscience. He had only wanted to help Dredre realize her potential as a Primordial Pixie, but now she could hear the River of Souls calling her because of his ignorant experiment to get Dredre to revive someone who wasn't even dead in order to remind Dredre that much like the primordial pixies she was capable of anything, "No, Wyatt," Dredre denied again and added, "I shouldn't have shared this with you either. This is not your fault. It's nothing but a mere buzzing in my head—it will soon go away." The concern on Wyatt's face, the self-blame in his eyes, and the desperation in his voice were not lost on Dredre. However, instead of comforting her, it only made her feel guilty for causing him worry.

Left with no other option, Wyatt shook his head and summoned his grimoire, deciding to contact the only elder Pixie he knew—MayMay. But before he could act, Dredre flashed in front of him, hovering before him, and declared, "Wyatt, you are not allowed to contact the Infinity Library or Librarian Jr. about this. I told you I would be fine with a little rest, didn't I? Wyatt, promise me you won't contact anyone from the Infinity Library for my sake."

"Dredre..." Wyatt was shocked to hear her speak with such assertiveness. She was acting like a completely different person. She used to be cuddly, cute, and, most importantly, dependent—like a puppy or a child, someone without strong opinions. But now, Dredre was anything but dependent. She was acting like a stubborn adult, confident in her own opinions about everything.

He replayed their entire conversation carefully in his mind, trying to pinpoint the exact changes in Dredre's behavior.

"Dredre, did you just lie to me?" Wyatt asked, staring at her tiny figure in shock. He couldn't have been more surprised—or more proud of her.

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# Chapter 2391 Transitioning Into Elder Pixie

[ 1,061 words ]

## Chapter 2391 Transitioning Into Elder Pixie

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm realm, Seed World, Living Section "No, I did not lie!" Dredre defended, her face scrunched up in anger.

"There! You did it again," Wyatt pointed out, his face lighting up with sheer joy.

"What did I lie about?" Dredre demanded, glaring at Wyatt in frustration. Being called a liar by her friend hurt more than she expected.

"You're clearly not fine, yet you keep insisting that you are," Wyatt replied, finding her anger unbearably cute. The old Dredre would never get angry; instead, she would be at a loss in such situations, unable to react. Pixies were generally incapable of anger or hatred, as they carried an abundance of fear instead.

"That is not lying," Dredre retorted, but Wyatt countered with a teasing grin, "Ah-hah, so you admit you're not fine, but you still keep saying you are."

"No, you're confusing me with your words. I did not lie!" Dredre insisted, panic creeping into her voice. Deep down, she realized that claiming she was fine was technically a lie. She had no idea what was happening to her, but her concern wasn't for herself—it was for her friends and tribesmen. She didn't want to worry them, so she acted strong for their sake.

Normally, if she had been hearing voices beyond the planes, her first reaction would have been to freeze in fear. But this time, she didn't let fear paralyze her. Instead, she took action. She discovered a way to cope with the voices in her head—the incense sticks Wyatt had gifted her cleared her mind and eased the burden of the voices. She had figured this out entirely on her own.

When the voices finally became bearable, she didn't panic. Instead, she stayed calm and logically analyzed her situation, drawing on the knowledge she had gained from the Infinity Library and her tribe's elders. Eventually, she concluded that what was happening to her was unprecedented—something no one had ever seen or heard of before.

Rather than burden her elders with her unexplained sickness, she decided to face it alone, choosing to endure and confront the haunting presence on her own terms.

"I think I know what's going on here—our Dredre is growing up," Wyatt announced with sheer joy, though his excitement was partly a front to trick Dredre into contacting her tribe's elders.

Wyatt believed that Dredre was transitioning into an Elder Pixie, especially since he had fed her primordial energy—the pure energy from the Origin Source, the birthplace of Primordial Pixies. He thought the primordial energy might have triggered her growth, helping her transition into an Elder Pixie.

Wyatt believed that Dredre was transitioning into an Elder Pixie, especially since he had fed her primordial energy—the pure energy from the Origin Source, the birthplace of Primordial Pixies. He thought the primordial energy might have triggered her growth, helping her transition into an Elder Pixie.

However, just in case he was wrong, he wanted Dredre to reach out to her tribe's elders. If she truly was becoming an Elder Pixie, then that would be a cause for celebration. But if something was wrong, hopefully her tribe's Elder Pixie would be able to help her.

"What?" Dredre asked, her confusion evident. She had no idea what Wyatt was getting at.

"You're growing into an Elder Pixie!" Wyatt announced enthusiastically, knowing that while the current Dredre might hesitate to share her struggles with her tribesmen and friends, she wouldn't hesitate to share her joy.

"No way! That can't be. Pixies can't just grow to become Elder Pixies. There's a reason why there are only a limited number of Elder Pixies," Dredre denied, unwilling to believe something that seemed too good to be true.

"That's true," Wyatt admitted, "but look at the changes in you. You're now able to lie. You're capable of expressing anger. You're no longer getting startled or spooked by everything that goes wrong. And just look at how you've handled the changes in your body—you didn't let it scare you. Instead, you managed it incredibly well. These aren't characteristics of an ordinary Pixie; they're traits of an Elder Pixie. Dredre, my friend, you're just a few steps away from becoming a full-fledged Elder Pixie."

"I am?" Dredre pondered, still skeptical of Wyatt's claims. The only thing stopping her from outright rejecting Wyatt's outlandish theory was that she had no idea how a Pixie grows into an Elder Pixie.

"Yes! This calls for a celebration. I should call everyone to Seed World so we can celebrate you becoming an Elder Pixie," Wyatt said, subtly hinting that Dredre should

share the good news with her tribe. He believed that once Dredre's tribal elder heard she was becoming an Elder Pixie, they would likely have many questions for her and ask her to return to their tribal forest to assist with her transition.

However, cutting through all of Wyatt's schemes, Dredre remarked, "Wyatt, let's hold off on that until we're absolutely sure."

Wyatt frowned deeply, starting to miss the old Dredre who didn't have strong opinions and would go along with whatever he said. This new Dredre wasn't just opinionated but also had a sharp presence of mind. No wonder she had figured out that the incense stick, made from the sap of the World Calamity Tree, would help clear her thoughts. It might have been a coincidence, but the fact that she thought of it on her own showed that she could think critically and tackle problems fearlessly.

"Alright, let's do it your way," Wyatt agreed, then shared a visualization technique he had created to help her focus her prowess with her Demon Merchant Codex. He decided to double down on the assumption that Dredre was transitioning into an Elder Pixie. He knew it was a risky approach, but Dredre seemed unwilling to reveal her condition to her tribe's elders unless absolutely necessary.

Soon, he added, "But you'll have to practice the visualization method I shared with you. I think it will help you transition into an Elder Pixie faster."

"Okay," Dredre agreed, then added shrewdly, "but you have to promise not to involve anyone else in this—just the two of us. Deal?" She used his affection for her as leverage, which Wyatt couldn't help but admire. With a wide smile, he replied, "Deal."

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## Chapter 2392 Cold Dredre

[ 1,021 words ]

### Chapter 2392 Cold Dredre

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm realm, Seed World, Living Section Looking at Dredre, whose pink pupils were fixed intently on her demon merchant codex, Wyatt couldn't help but feel proud of how much she had changed. She was trying to memorize the visualization method he had shared with her, her small hands gripping the codex tightly in concentration. Though the thought of her

hearing the call of the river of souls worried him deeply, the progress she'd made was undeniable. Watching her tackle this challenge on her own, it was clear the changes were for the better. Still, she needed to learn to ask for help when she needed it. Wyatt sighed inwardly, blaming himself for passing on the bad habit of stubborn independence.

Under Wyatt's warm and slightly distracted gaze, Dredre suddenly lifted her pink head, her eyes sparkling with determination. "Done!" she declared, breaking his train of thought.

"What?" Wyatt blinked, caught off guard. He hadn't been paying attention.

"I've memorized the visualization method," Dredre said again, tilting her little pink head as if to emphasize her words.

"Already?" Wyatt asked, raising an eyebrow in surprise. But then he paused, remembering. The tiny, cute, pink being hovering before him wasn't some child. She was a millennia-old powerhouse who had, out of boredom, read most of the books in the Infinity Library. With that thought, his surprise faded. Of course, she'd memorized the method in under a minute—what else could he expect?

"Well, what are you waiting for? Go ahead, practice it and see if it helps with the sounds you're hearing," Wyatt said nonchalantly, withholding the praise he knew she was angling for. He wanted to see how she'd handle a little playful teasing from someone she considered a friend.

Dredre's pink eyes narrowed as she squinted at him, clearly unimpressed by his response. Then, with an exaggerated huff, she turned her back to him and began practicing the visualization method. Her tiny frame radiated determination, but Wyatt caught the subtle flick of her wings—a clear sign of her irritation.

The old Dredre would've doubled down, practicing even harder in front of him to win his approval. But the current one? She didn't hesitate to show her dissatisfaction, letting her actions speak louder than words. Wyatt couldn't help but smile to himself. It seemed it would be harder to tease Dredre any more, anything hardly gets past the current her. Wyatt was being to understand the downside of kids growing up. Well, she won.

"Dredre, I was joking! Good job memorizing the visualization method in under a minute!" Wyatt blurted out, trying to salvage the moment. He knew it was going to get harder to score points with the current Dredre. If this trend continued, he'd lose his spot as her favorite human. Worse yet, Corey—that multi-Identity loon—would claim it.

Wyatt could tolerate losing to almost anyone else, but Corey? No way. He could already picture her smug grin, taking every opportunity to rub it in his face and thoroughly enjoying his suffering.

"I know," Dredre replied coolly, brushing him off without missing a beat. "Now let me focus. I need to practice the visualization method."

Wyatt blinked, momentarily stunned by her response. His mouth opened, but no words came out. Then, as if sensing his shock, Dredre spun around with a mischievous grin. "How does it feel?" she asked, her pink eyes glinting with amusement.

"I've never felt this mortified and proud at the same time," Wyatt said, pretending to wipe imaginary tears of joy from the corners of his eyes.

"Well, you'll get used to it," Dredre teased before her tone turned icy. "Now, go away and let me practice the visualization method more seriously."

"Dredre, that's not funny," Wyatt muttered, frowning. But seeing her dive back into practicing with laser focus, he could only shake his head as he prepared to walk away.

As he turned, Wyatt's concern about losing his spot in Dredre's heart to Corey melted away. Instead, he found himself pitying Corey. Knowing this newer, bolder version of Dredre, Wyatt was certain she wouldn't hesitate to exploit Corey's desperate need for her attention—or to prank her mercilessly. He chuckled at the thought, reassured that his position as her favorite was safe.

Just as he was about to ask Ceed to send him to Corey's island for a quick check-in, a pink flash flickered before him. It was Dredre. Her face was scrunched up, her eyes wide, as if she were barely containing her excitement.

"What is it?" Wyatt asked, unimpressed. If she was planning to make him her first prank target, she'd better brace herself for brutal payback. "It's gone!" Dredre exclaimed in a high-pitched tone, her tiny frame trembling as she tried to control her excitement. Her pink pupils sparkled with a mixture of joy and relief.

"What's gone?" Wyatt asked cautiously, narrowing his eyes. A part of him dreaded being the first victim to one of Dredre's pranks, but his concern for her wouldn't let him ignore her—or take anything about her lightly.

"The sounds! They're gone. But... I can still hear them if I choose to," Dredre replied, practically bouncing in place. Her excitement was so overwhelming that she blurred out the news without giving Wyatt any context.

"You mean... you can no longer hear the sound of the river of souls?" Wyatt asked, piecing her words together with the situation. His brow furrowed as he processed what she was saying. Then, his eyes widened. "That was quick!" he exclaimed in disbelief.

It didn't make sense. She'd only just started practicing the visualization method he'd created for her. It hadn't even been a few seconds—that was far too quick, even for someone as extraordinary as him, a Celestial Viltronian and World calamity tree hybrid.

"Are you sure?" Wyatt pressed, wanting to confirm what he was hearing.

Dredre, still radiating excitement, waved off his disbelief like an annoying fly. Then, with a calmness that didn't match the bombshell she was about to drop, she said, "I can truly revive the dead now."

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## Chapter 2393 Pink God Of Death

[ 1,028 words ]

### Chapter 2393 Pink God Of Death

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm realm, Seed World, Living Section It took Dredre less than a minute to memorize the visualization method, but she practiced it in mere seconds. That was just unbelievable.

This wasn't some simple energy breathing exercise or circulation method—it was a method designed to help her recreate the exact state of mind and body she'd been in when she drove away the Breath of Erosion plaguing Redfall's soul.

Wyatt watched her with a mix of awe and pride. He had crafted the method himself, using what he'd recorded back then with his primordial soul pupils, but even he hadn't expected her to master it so quickly.

"What do you mean? Weren't you able to revive the dead before?" Wyatt asked, feigning ignorance, though his expression betrayed nothing. He knew exactly what Dredre was hinting at, but he wasn't about to confirm her suspicions. After all, the current Dredre was far more cunning—she might even lie to coax a confession out of him.

"Come on, Wyatt. Stop playing," Dredre said, narrowing her pink eyes as she stared him down. Her gaze was steady, probing, but Wyatt didn't flinch. When he didn't break, she finally revealed, "I know what you did."

"I've done a lot of things. What specifically are you talking about?" Wyatt asked with a mock squint, his tone the perfect blend of innocence and deflection.

"Really?" Dredre asked, her pink pupils locking with his in a silent stand-off. Her expression hardened, her lips pursed as if daring him to keep up the act. Finally, she broke the tension with a sly smile and asked, "Are you sure you don't want to know why I can truly revive the dead now?"

Wyatt's eyebrow twitched, a subtle sign of his curiosity piquing. But he quickly masked it, replying with a smirk, "We both know you can revive the dead already, so stop trying to test me with that."

For a moment, Dredre's intense gaze softened, but Wyatt could tell she was testing the waters. He was stunned to see her aiming directly at his weakness: his insatiable curiosity. She wasn't pulling punches and seemed perfectly willing to play dirty.

But tonight wasn't her night. Wyatt knew her better than she realized, and he could tell she was more eager to share her progress with him than he was curious about the mechanics of her newfound ability.

There was still so much of the old Dredre in her—the cute, bubbly being who couldn't wait to share her joy with her closest friends and family. Sure, she could lie now, and she wasn't afraid to express anger. But at her core, she was still inherently good. Her race wasn't wired for deceit or selfishness, no matter how far she had come. Wyatt smiled to himself, realizing that just because she could lie didn't mean she would.

"Argh! Fine, you win, but I'll get you next time," Dredre huffed, crossing her tiny arms in mock defiance. Then, with a deep breath, she launched into an explanation, her excitement bubbling over. "So, I was able to hear the sound of the river of souls because, when I tried to revive that fake dead person, somehow a connection formed between me and the river of souls. I have no idea how, but it did. And now, thanks to your visualization method, I can open or close that connection at will. It's like a key to the doorway to the river of souls inside me."

She paused, her pink pupils gleaming with admiration. "Wyatt, you're amazing! I can't believe you came up with something so incredible. I can't thank you enough. Now I'm not only able to save the forest but also the creatures in it too—"

Her words tumbled out so quickly that she veered off-topic, but Wyatt, grinning, gently steered her back. "Yes, yes, that's great. But how exactly are you able to revive the dead?"

"That? Oh, I can just pick souls out of the river of souls and bring them back into the living world, like this," Dredre said with a flourish. Her tiny hands suddenly cradled a shimmering white orb, three times her size.

Wyatt's eyes widened. "That's a soul..." he murmured, his gaze narrowing as he noticed the dark tendrils coiling around it. "And it's tainted by the Breath of Erosion," he added, concern etched into his features.

But Dredre seemed unbothered, holding the tainted soul as if it were a harmless bubble. In fact, wherever the Breath of Erosion touched her, golden dust emerged, forcing the tendrils to retreat as though they were afraid of her.

"Who is that?" Wyatt asked, frowning. "Whose soul did you just pull out of the cycle of reincarnation?"

"I have no idea. Let me ask," Dredre replied, turning her attention back to the orb. "What's your name?" she asked softly. The soul quivered in her hands, vibrating as though attempting to answer.

Dredre tilted her head, listening carefully, before turning back to Wyatt with a solemn expression. "It doesn't know. Its soul has been completely eroded by the Breath of Erosion. It has no memories. It can't communicate through words."

The next second, the orb in Dredre's hands suddenly vanished. She had casually tossed it back into the river of souls, as if skipping a pebble across a stream.

Wyatt stared at her in disbelief. This time, he had his primordial soul pupils activated, so he witnessed it all with his own eyes. Through the connection between Dredre and the river of souls, he saw the shimmering currents and how she effortlessly discarded the soul.

For a moment, Wyatt couldn't help but swallow hard, his throat suddenly dry. As he gazed at her, a wave of reverence washed over him. In that instant, Dredre looked like the pink god of death—small but impossibly powerful, radiating an aura of otherworldly command.

Noticing the awe on Wyatt's face, Dredre's pink pupils sparkled with joy and satisfaction. His silent admiration was worth more than any praise he could put into words. She giggled softly, watching him remain frozen, still awestruck.

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## Chapter 2394 Unlimited Supply, Cheating Death

[ 1,043 words ]

**Chapter 2394 Unlimited Supply, Cheating Death**

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm realm, Seed World, Living Section "Is that it? Do you not feel any other changes?" Wyatt asked, recovering from his momentary daze. Learning that Dredre could now pluck a soul from the river of souls and revive it was more than impressive, but he was expecting something else.

"Changes? No, nothing." Dredre tilted her head, her pink pupils narrowing slightly as she focused inward, trying to sense any differences in her body. After a moment, she looked back at Wyatt, her curiosity piqued. "What kind of changes should I be looking for?"

"Like signs of you growing to become an Elder Pixie," Wyatt replied, watching her closely. He'd been betting on her ascending to Elder Pixie status—not becoming a god of death, though he wasn't exactly complaining. The latter was a game-changer.

He couldn't help but smirk at the thought of what her newfound connection to the river of souls meant for him—unlimited access to such a priceless resource. With Dredre's ability, she could help him mine the Breath of Erosion to his heart's content. With a virtually endless supply of the most potent and mythical refining agent in existence, his financial future was secure—as long as he had the strength to protect it.

Of course, he wasn't planning to trade it. The Breath of Erosion would be for his personal use, fueling his ambitions. With Dredre by his side, not only did he have a limitless source of this resource, but he also had the greatest medic the myriad realms could offer. One capable of reviving the dead.

Dredre processed his words, her face scrunching up in concentration before replying, "No, I don't sense any changes to hint that I will become an Elder Pixie." Soon added, "Wyatt, it's not that easy for a Pixie to become an Elder Pixie. Gaining a new ability is already a rare encounter, especially one that lets me revive creatures of the forest. Let us just be satisfied with that."

Shaking his head, Wyatt's grin widened slightly as he watched her. She had no idea just how valuable she'd become. Her thoughts were confined to her tiny little forest, unaware that her newfound ability could plunge the entire myriad realms into chaos if word got out. The Infinity Library would be at the center of a war for control over her power.

Yet, here she was, blissfully content with using her abilities to ensure the creatures of her forest could live a death-free life.

"I'm satisfied if you're satisfied," Wyatt said with a gentle smile. Still, he couldn't shake the certainty that Dredre had grown in ways she hadn't fully realized. She could lie now, express anger, and face challenges with newfound bravery. Her control over her abilities had also significantly improved. But why hadn't she ascended to Elder Pixie status?

The thought nagged at him. Maybe she was in the middle of the transition. Or perhaps there were conditions she hadn't met yet. Wyatt's mind wandered back to something he'd read in a book from the Infinity Library—something about how pixies ascend to Elder Pixies to protect their friends and family. He distinctly remembered concluding, with Dredre's help, that someone had recently edited that specific detail into that copy of the book. He doubted it was part of Librarian Jr.'s grand conspiracy, but he couldn't help wondering if it was relevant.

Regardless, Wyatt had no intention of testing that theory. His plan had always been to help Dredre become braver so she could achieve her dream of exploring myriad realms. Now, she was well on her way. That was enough for him.

As for her newfound ability to revive the dead and mine Breath of Erosion from the river of souls? That was just an added bonus—one that came with potential far beyond anything either of them could have imagined.

"See? I told you the call of the river of souls wasn't something worth bothering the elders about," Dredre said, her tone light and triumphant as she flew over to nestle into Wyatt's hair. She tucked the incense stick away for later—it was better to save the limited stock for times when Wyatt wasn't around. Why waste it when she could revel in the fresh, natural fragrance emanating from him instead? It was far better than the sharp scent of burning incense.

"Wait," Wyatt said, his brows furrowing as her words sank in. "You don't plan to tell your elders about your new ability?"

Dredre's nonchalant attitude caught him off guard. He had spent hours wrecking his brain for a convincing excuse to dissuade her from revealing her connection to the river of souls to anyone, especially her tribe. The old Dredre would have agreed with him without a second thought. But this new Dredre—opinionated and independent—was a different story.

Wyatt had been prepared for an argument, but now it seemed she wasn't planning to share her secret at all. Still, he needed to be sure.

"Should I be? I don't think they'd care. And what if they end up worrying unnecessarily, like you did, just because I have a link to the river of souls?" Dredre said, her tiny pink brows furrowing in concern. She could already picture her tribesmen panicking at the mere mention of the term River of Souls. Deciding it wasn't worth the drama, she resolved to keep quiet about it to avoid stirring unnecessary worry.

"That's actually a good call," Wyatt replied, his tone firm. "I was going to ask you not to reveal or discuss your connection to the river of souls—or the abilities you've gained because of it—with anyone. It'll only bring trouble, for you and your tribe. There are plenty of beings out there who'd give anything to cheat death, and you... well, you're the

ticket. It's better if you keep it to yourself." His gaze was steady, his warning laced with genuine concern.

Dredre tilted her head, considering his words before nodding. "Okay, I was planning to do that anyway," she said with a soft smile, reassured that her instincts were right. Wyatt had made an excellent point, and she felt better knowing they were on the same page.

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## Chapter 2395 Exploring Dredre's Ability

[ 1,029 words ]

### Chapter 2395 Exploring Dredre's Ability

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm realm, Seed World, Living Section "Dredre, speaking of cheating death, can you pull anyone's soul out of the river of souls?" Wyatt asked, his tone casual but his eyes glinting with curiosity. Now that he was confident Dredre wouldn't reveal her abilities to her tribe or anyone else, he shifted his focus to exploring the limits of her newfound connection.

Dredre paused mid-flight, her wings fluttering slightly as she turned to face him. "What do you mean by anyone's soul? Are you asking if I can specifically bring out a certain soul from the river?" she asked, her tone tinged with both curiosity and confusion.

"Yes," Wyatt clarified, leaning forward slightly. "If I gave you a name or a soul energy signature, could you track that soul down and revive it?"

Dredre tilted her head, her tiny pink eyebrows drawing together in thought. "A name won't help," she said matter-of-factly. "But a soul energy signature might—though it could take a long time. Think of it like this: I'm a fisherman casting a net in the river. The river is vast, with countless souls flowing through it. What I can do is limited. But," she added with a little smirk, "since I'm a pixie, I'm the best fisherman out there."

Wyatt rubbed his chin, nodding slowly. "I see. What about using something like a tracking spell? Could that help you find a specific soul faster?"

Dredre's pink wings shimmered faintly as she pondered his suggestion. "Hmm, yeah, I think that could work," she said thoughtfully, her voice brightening with interest. "Do you

have someone in mind? I should warn you, though—I can only pull their soul out. For a body, we'd need to find a temporary vessel. Chances are their original one's already decomposed."

Wyatt raised an eyebrow at her pragmatic response. "Fair point," he muttered, already running through possible scenarios in his head. The thought of finding a vessel for the souls didn't bother him; after all, what better vessel than the Daughter Gems he possessed?

But then, an idea struck him—a dark, chilling idea. His lips curled into a sinister grin that was so unsettling it sent a shiver down Dredre's tiny frame. Noticing her reaction, he didn't dial it back as he made his request. "Dredre," he said, his voice low and deliberate, "can you pull out a completely eroded soul for me?"

"Sure," Dredre chirped, seemingly unfazed by the request. Without hesitation, she fished out a soul from the river of souls. Holding it in her tiny hands, she extended the shimmering orb toward Wyatt.

However, as soon as he caught sight of the dark tendrils writhing ominously around the orb, Wyatt instinctively stepped back, his eyes wide with alarm. "Whoa!" he exclaimed, raising his hands defensively. "I'm not immune to the Breath of Erosion like you are!"

Dredre blinked, tilting her head in confusion. It wasn't until she noticed the golden dust emanating from her body keeping the dark tendrils at bay that realization dawned on her. "Oh," she said sheepishly, her cheeks glowing faintly pink. "Sorry, my bad."

With a quick flick of her wrist, Dredre sprinkled a generous amount of her pixie dust onto the soul. The golden particles shimmered as they landed, causing the Breath of Erosion to retreat and dissipate entirely. Once the soul was purified, she handed it to Wyatt with a proud smile.

"There. All clean," she said, folding her arms triumphantly.

Wyatt accepted the purified soul with a cautious nod, muttering under his breath, "Next time, lead with that." Wyatt couldn't help but wonder if Dredre had done that on purpose—as if her casual handling of the soul was a subtle reminder of her newfound status as the god of death. Perhaps it was her way of warning him not to test his luck with her. The thought sent another small shiver down his spine, but he quickly brushed it off.

Holding the orb in his palm, Wyatt focused his soul energy. A Daughter Gem materialized beneath the orb, shimmering faintly. Almost immediately, the orb gravitated toward the gem, merging with it. Wyatt knew the soul had little choice; it couldn't maintain its form in the physical plane for long without risking permanent dissolution, especially with the Breath of Erosion having erased all its past life's merits.

Once the soul and Daughter Gem fused, Wyatt carefully placed it on the ground. Dredre hovered nearby, her tiny face alight with curiosity as she watched the gem transform. Slowly, flesh began to grow over the gem, forming the body of a young female Viltronian-Card Apprentice hybrid.

Wyatt handed the now fully formed but buck-naked teenager a spare set of his clothes. "Here, wear this," he said, glancing at her briefly before returning his focus to the notifications flashing in his grimoire:

[Unnamed Daughter Gem has inherited the Cursed Bloodline.]

[Unnamed Daughter Gem's authority level has increased to Bloodkin-tier.]

[Unnamed Daughter Gem has inherited the skills: SSS-rank Blood Curse Immunity and SSS-rank Blood Curse Incarnation.]

Wyatt nodded in satisfaction. Mentally, he sent a command to Ceed: 'Send this Unnamed Daughter Gem to Dalie. She'll handle her.' Without a word, the Daughter Gem vanished from sight, teleported to Wyatt's elder sister.

Dredre gasped in amazement, her wings fluttering in excitement. "I can't believe the first soul I pulled out of the river of souls was from your race! How crazy is that?"

Wyatt chuckled, shaking his head. "Not quite. It's not about the soul's original race—it's just the vessel I used happened to be of my race."

Dredre tilted her head, confused. Wyatt elaborated, "The Breath of Erosion erased everything from that soul's past life. It's like a blank slate now—completely new, ready to create fresh memories and experiences. Its race no longer matters."

Dredre nodded thoughtfully, though her expression suggested she was still wrapping her head around the explanation. "That's... kinda sad but also amazing," she murmured.

Wyatt smirked, giving her a playful nudge. "Welcome to the cycle of reincarnation, pink god of death."

Dredre giggled, the weight of their discussion momentarily lightened by Wyatt's teasing.

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# Chapter 2396 Ultimate Contingency

[ 1,278 words ]

## Chapter 2396 Ultimate Contingency

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm realm, Seed World, Living Section Souls that the Breath of Erosion completely eroded in the river of souls were essentially no different from the souls of newborns. Like fresh canvases, they had no ideas, opinions, or dreams—just pure potential, waiting to be shaped. Wyatt saw them as ideal candidates for creating Calamity Daughter Gems, especially those capable of inheriting the cursed bloodline, which he believed demanded willing submission and obedience to him. His theory had been validated with the birth of the unnamed blood-kin-tier Daughter Gem.

However, just like newborns, these daughter gems were born weak. They lacked any established realm and had to start from scratch, practicing their active soul control percentage. On top of that, Wyatt noticed that their innate talents played a significant role in determining which skills they inherited from him through the cursed bloodline. For example, the unnamed Daughter Gem had only inherited SSS-rank Blood Curse Immunity and SSS-rank Blood Curse Incarnation from his extensive arsenal of skills derived from the blood rule.

This method of producing blood-kin-tier Calamity Daughter Gems, while simple in concept—akin to giving birth to children—was as challenging as raising them. Wyatt already had his hands full managing and training his Primordial Spirits, working to establish a proper system among them to avoid growing them with a messed up head. The thought of raising an army of Daughter Gems on top of that felt overwhelming.

Still, Dalie had eagerly taken up the task, her excitement for nurturing the new kins was higher than before. However, Wyatt had his reservations. Watching her bounce around like an overenthusiastic older sibling didn't exactly inspire confidence. After all, Dalie herself was still a child in many ways.

Wyatt sighed, rubbing the bridge of his nose as he imagined an army of blood-kin-tier Daughter Gems who were as emotionally stunted as their "older sister." That was the last thing he needed. 'One messed-up me in this world is enough, he thought to himself, a wry smile tugging at his lips.

Shaking his head, Wyatt glanced at Dredre, who was blinking at him curiously, trying to decipher the thoughts running through his mind. Breaking his silence, he asked, "Does this mean you can revive beings more effectively if they've died very recently—like, those who died right in front of you?"

"Yes," Dredre confirmed with a cheerful nod. "I can just grab the soul as it's making its way to the river of souls and put it back into its corpse. Then, with a sprinkle of my pixie dust, I can nurse them back to perfect health." She spoke confidently, as if bringing someone back from the dead was as simple as watering a plant.

"Yes," Dredre confirmed with a cheerful nod. "I can just grab the soul as it's making its way to the river of souls and put it back into its corpse. Then, with a sprinkle of my pixie dust, I can nurse them back to perfect health." She spoke confidently, as if bringing someone back from the dead was as simple as watering a plant.

"That's amazing," Wyatt said, grinning as he patted Dredre's head affectionately. Her wings fluttered slightly at the praise. Extending his hand out, he conjured a few pseudo-calamity soul gems, meticulously shaped into precious gemstones using Myriad Devil Transformations. Handing them to her, he added, "Keep these safe for me. If I ever find myself in a tight spot, I'll head to the river of souls. It'll be up to you to fish my soul out and put my soul into one of these gemstones to revive me."

These pseudo-calamity soul gems were Wyatt's ultimate contingency plan—his true last resort. He wouldn't have entrusted something so critical to the old Dredre, but the current Dredre was a completely different being. She had grown far beyond the simple, naïve pixie she once was. Now, she was someone Wyatt trusted blindly, someone who could not be swayed—even if the Librarian himself appeared and demanded her compliance.

Wyatt wasn't just planning to use the river of souls as a refuge to escape death. He intended to use it as a corridor—a means of transportation. No matter where he was in the myriad realms, he believed he could count on returning to Dredre's side through the river of souls.

He mulled over his plan, a flicker of determination in his eyes. He was confident his Primordial Soul would hold up better than an ordinary soul against the river's Breath of Erosion, buying him the precious time he needed to pull off this soul transmission. Dredre's tiny hands hesitated, not reaching for the gemstones. Her expression grew serious as she looked up at him, her usual playful demeanor replaced by an uncommon, solemn concern. Her wings drooped slightly as she stared at the gemstones in Wyatt's hand, their meaning sinking in.

She understood all too well the gravity of what it meant for a soul to enter the river of souls. It was the same reason she had decided not to reveal her connection to it, even to her tribesmen, with whom she shared everything. But now, as she realized the implications of the gemstones Wyatt was handing her, her chest tightened.

Dredre knew Wyatt was mortal—he would eventually die, unlike her, an immortal pixie. But she hadn't thought they would have to confront the idea so soon. Talking about it now made it feel real, no longer just a fleeting worry her mind had dismissed. She

wasn't ready to lose him. Her dreams of exploring the myriad realms had always included him by her side.

Her voice was soft, trembling slightly as she asked, "Wyatt, are you going to die?"

Wyatt blinked at her, startled by the question, before shaking his head with a small smile. "Nope, I'm not planning on it. Because you're going to revive me, right? Unless..." he paused, raising an eyebrow playfully. "You're saying you don't plan to? Then I guess I am doomed." He chuckled, trying to lighten the mood, though the sight of distressed Dredre tugged at his heartstrings.

Dredre's eyes widened, and she quickly shook her head, her wings fluttering with urgency. "No! I'll always find your soul and revive you, no matter what!" she declared with conviction.

Before Wyatt could respond, she flew over to his forehead, her small hands gripping it as if holding on to him for dear life. Then, leaning down, she kissed it gently.

A radiant golden light burst forth from her tiny body, enveloping them both. Wyatt's eyes widened in awe as he felt the light seep into his body, marking his primordial soul. It was more than just a promise—it was a bond, unbreakable and eternal.

As the glow faded, Dredre floated down to his eye level, staring straight into his gaze. Her expression was resolute, yet her voice softened with a hint of vulnerability. "How can I travel the myriad realms without my trusted partner? It would be lonely."

Wyatt's chest tightened at her words. This was the first time she had spoken about her dream since she'd first confided in him long ago. He smiled gently, reaching up to pat her on the head. "You won't have to," he said softly. "We'll explore it together, I promise."

Dredre nodded as she took the gemstones from Wyatt and then carefully stored them in her private storage space along with her other precious belongings which were mostly seeds. Then her wings fluttered softly as if relieved, and for a moment, the room felt lighter, the weight of the conversation replaced by an unspoken understanding.

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[ 1,006 words ]

**Chapter 2397 Intruder**

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm realm, Seed World, Living Section "Where are we going next?" Dredre asked lazily, her tiny voice muffled as she nestled deeper into Wyatt's hair.

"We're going to check on Corey. I promised to help her get stronger," Wyatt replied, deciding to fly to Corey's floating forest island instead of asking Ceed to teleport him there.

"No, silly," Dredre said, rolling around like a playful puppy in the strands of his hair, clearly enjoying herself. She made a small, contented hum as she covered herself in his familiar fragrance. "I meant our next adventure."

Wyatt blinked in surprise, momentarily stunned. This was the first time Dredre had willingly expressed a desire to tag along with him since becoming his exclusive book guide. She had been cooped up in the seed world ever since Bloodette's dungeon seal had scared her off.

Her sudden enthusiasm caught him off guard, and he paused to consider her question. Where should he take her? His plans for the upcoming days included visiting the Card World and the Red Alps. But given the state of the Red Alps planet, it was far too depressing and somewhat dangerous for Dredre's first outing. That settled it—Card World it would be.

Just as he was about to answer her, Wyatt received a mental transmission from Dalie, 'Wyatt, I caught an intruder. He's from your home world. He introduced himself as Henricks and claimed to know you and the Field Marshal.'

Wyatt's eyes narrowed slightly. His tone was curt as he mentally replied, 'Say no more. I'm on my way.'

Turning his attention back to Dredre atop his head, Wyatt answered, "For now, let's head to the surface of Lil. Red Storm Realm."

"Dalie's realm, huh?" Dredre said, her wings giving a small flutter of excitement. "I guess it'll make a perfect destination for my first adventure!"

Before Wyatt could say anything else, the duo was teleported directly to Dalie's side on the surface of Lil. Red Storm Realm. As they materialized, Wyatt's lips twitched into an amused smile. He couldn't help but wonder what dictionary Dredre had been using to define the word "adventure"—it seemed to hold a completely different meaning for her than it did for him. Considering how reclusive modern-day pixies were, it wasn't surprising that even visiting the surface of Lil. Red Storm Realm would feel like a grand adventure to Dredre.

"Well, what do we have here?" Wyatt muttered as his eyes landed on a bloodied Henricks. Bloodied was putting it lightly—barely clinging to life was a more accurate

description. The man could barely muster the strength to open his eyes and meet Wyatt's gaze.

Wyatt frowned, his surprise evident. He hadn't expected Dalie to be so ruthless. However, she quickly explained, "He tried to escape with some weird space ability when I caught him snooping around. I locked the space to stop him—he would've died, but he barely managed to cling to life."

Wyatt raised a brow, glancing at the pitiful state Henricks was in. Without a word, he pulled a few high-rank blood elixirs from his storage space and tossed them to the wounded man. "Here, fix yourself up."

Henricks caught the elixirs with trembling hands, gratitude flashing in his weary eyes. Despite being a Space-type demigod, his impoverished state was glaringly obvious—so much so that he didn't even have a single elixir on hand to heal himself. Wyatt couldn't help but think how pathetic the Freedom Fighters of this timeline had become. Their downfall had started the moment they decided to steal from him.

"Thank you," Henricks croaked once he had regrown most of his jaw and could speak again. He used two of the elixirs to heal himself and tucked the remaining ones away for later, letting his demigod realm's natural healing take care of the rest of his injuries. Wyatt noticed but chose to ignore it.

As he watched Henricks, Wyatt couldn't help but think of how far the man had fallen. Henricks, the leader of an organization meant to help Aba Windsor reshape five regions of the Card World, was now a broken man—a prime example of how one bad decision could destroy everything.

"Don't mention it," Wyatt said flatly, his tone cool and direct. "Why are you back here? Were you spying on us?"

"No," Henricks said, shaking his head weakly. His voice carried an edge of despair, his desperation seeping through every word. "I came here to find the Field Marshal. Please, call her—I have something urgent to discuss."

Henricks' eyes were hollow, yet the urgency in them was impossible to ignore. Whatever had brought him here, it was clear he was at the end of his rope.

Wyatt's expression hardened as he realized something serious must have happened to bring Henricks to this point. Considering Henricks had once been a proud Field Marshal with countless military achievements under his belt, Wyatt knew this wasn't about his life. It had to be about something even more important to him—his organization, the Freedom Fighters. Wyatt immediately suspected the World Leaders had finally decided to act against them.

But why now?

"Did the World Leaders finally make their move?" Wyatt asked, skipping over the details. He didn't bother calling the Field Marshal, knowing she was occupied with her retreat in the Inter-realm city.

Henricks' bloodied face twisted with anger at Wyatt's words. "World Leaders? Warmongering bandits is what they are! Those assholes—" He cut himself off, taking a deep, shaky breath as he clenched his fists. "Forget it. Just... please call the Field Marshal."

Wyatt studied Henricks for a moment. The man's desperation was written all over him—his clenched jaw, trembling hands, and the sheer weariness in his voice. Yet, Wyatt couldn't oblige him just yet.

"I'm sorry, that's not possible," Wyatt said, his tone firm but not unkind. "She's in a retreat, honing her skills. But tell me what you need to relay to her. If it's urgent, I'll call her myself."

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## Chapter 2398 Southern Princess's Betrayal

[ 1,068 words ]

### Chapter 2398 Southern Princess's Betrayal

Date: Unspecified Time: Unspecified Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm realm, Seed World, Living Section Henricks hesitated, his jaw tightening as he weighed Wyatt's words. He looked like a man carrying the weight of the world on his shoulders, his pride at war with the urgency of his mission.

Wyatt remained calm, his gaze steady, silently conveying that he understood the gravity of the situation. Deep down, he hoped this moment could serve as a bridge—an opportunity to bring Henricks and his crumbling organization into his fold.

Henricks cast a cautious glance at Wyatt but quickly realized something. The young man standing before him wasn't just anyone—he was someone who had earned the Field Marshal's unwavering loyalty. Winning Wyatt's approval was as good as gaining the Field Marshal's backing. After a brief moment of hesitation, Henricks exhaled sharply and decided to open up.

"It's the Southern Princess," Henricks began, his voice tight with restrained anger. "She double-crossed us." He paused, visibly struggling to control the storm of emotions brewing within him. Just saying her name seemed to light a fire in his chest, his fists clenched by his sides.

Wyatt's gaze sharpened his expression hardening. "Don't tell me you handed her the Silver Beach dungeon?" he asked, his tone laced with disbelief. While he didn't think the Freedom Fighters would make such a reckless mistake, Henricks' current mental state left him bracing for the worst.

"No, we didn't," Henricks replied quickly, shaking his head. "Not only is the Silver Beach dungeon still in our possession but the dungeon relocation apparatus she gave us to turn the silver dungeon into a card once again is also in our possession, that is exactly why I don't understand her action. Why would she do this?" His confusion was evident, and it mirrored Wyatt's. Henricks couldn't grasp what the Southern Princess stood to gain by exposing the secret deal between the Freedom Fighters and the Southern Royal family to the rest of the Card World. Her actions had effectively forced the other World Leaders to launch their attack on the Freedom Fighters out of fear of losing the dungeon to the Southern Royals.

Wyatt's brows furrowed as he considered the situation. The fact that the Southern Princess would resort to this risky strategy despite handing the dungeon relocation apparatus to the freedom fighters was just puzzling. After all, though a dungeon relocation apparatus would not compare to a silver beach dungeon it was still a priceless and tactical possession for the Southern Royal family. It could allow them to move SSS-rank or other high-rank or resource-filled dungeons to more convenient and strategic locations. How could she part with something so valuable for the Southern Region so easily? This did not make any sense, just as Henricks said.

"Did she put forward any other conditions?" he asked, wondering if the Southern Princess was using the World Leaders as pawns to get the better of her deal with the Freedom Fighters.

"She did," Henricks admitted, his tone heavy with frustration. "And we had no choice but to agree. Yet she hasn't replied since. I've tried reaching out to her, but she's completely disappeared. That's why I'm here, looking for the Field Marshal. Maybe she knows a way to find or reach out to her." Henricks spoke quickly, the words tumbling out as if he feared losing his train of thought. Before arriving here, he first went to Sky Blossom City, hoping to find the Field Marshal there. Instead, he encountered her incarnation, who informed him she hadn't yet returned from the Lil. Red Storm realm. Desperate, he rushed there, only to find the realm transformed.

Arriving there he glanced around, with apparent confusion. The entire landscape was different, the space feels more stable, almost like another realm entirely. At first, he thought he had ended up in the wrong place but when he double-checked the

coordinates, he realized he was in the right place. He guessed these changes had something to do with Wyatt and the Field Marshal staying here for so long.

Wyatt remained silent for a moment, processing everything Henricks had just shared. His eyes narrowed, the wheels in his mind turning as he pieced together the implications of the Southern Princess's action. An odd thought crossed Wyatt's mind—what if Henricks was a present prepared by the Southern Princess for him? Given their tumultuous history, it seemed far-fetched, but considering her unpredictable actions now and Henricks' growing desperation presenting a godsent opportunity for him, it almost made sense.

Wyatt shook his head, dismissing the idea for now. Whether Henricks was a present that the Southern Princess prepared for him or not didn't matter. What mattered was the opportunity that had presented itself. The Freedom Fighters, despite their financial struggles, were an impressively solid organization. They had members of all realms, a structured hierarchy, and a level of operational efficiency that even the World Government couldn't crack—until Henricks had prematurely exposed their existence by attempting to seize the Silver Beach dungeon and corner the silver milk powder market.

Wyatt folded his arms, his expression steady but firm as he addressed Henricks. "I think you should stop trying to find the Southern Princess," he said, his tone calm but pointed. "And start focusing on how you're going to save your organization and its members. Because if she doesn't want to be found, I doubt even the Field Marshal can help you."

Henricks flinched slightly at Wyatt's bluntness, but the weight of his words clearly settled on him. His shoulders slumped as he let out a heavy sigh, eventually giving a reluctant nod. But then, with a helpless expression, he muttered, "Finding the Southern Princess was my plan to save my organization and its members."

Wyatt raised an eyebrow, his expression a mix of disbelief and exasperation, as if silently questioning whether Henricks had lost his mind. Unable to hold back, he asked bluntly, "How exactly did you expect the Southern Princess to help you and your organization? Not only are your opponents the World Leaders, but they also have a legitimate reason to hunt you down. Or have you forgotten that, in the eyes of the five regions, you're nothing more than rebels they want to bring to justice?"

Henricks's lips tightened into a thin line, and he lowered his gaze, unable to refute Wyatt's harsh but accurate assessment.

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Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm realm

"Where's Ned? Did something happen to him? He'd never let you do something this reckless," Wyatt asked, narrowing his eyes. He knew Ned was the real brains behind the Freedom Fighters, while Henricks served more as their figurehead.

"Ned is missing. We haven't been able to reach him," Henricks admitted, his face darkening with worry. His shoulders slumped as he added, "It's been two days since he disappeared. It's like he just vanished off the face of Yellow Plains." Henricks hesitated for a moment before continuing, his tone lower, "Honestly, most of the department leaders think Luna might be behind it, but none of us have the evidence to confront her."

Wyatt's expression grew grim upon hearing that. The weight of Ned's absence suddenly made everything click into place. It explained why Henricks and the Freedom Fighters had been so quick to bow to the Southern Princess's extra demands without much forethought.

Henricks might have been clever, but he wasn't on the same level as the Southern Princess. Only Ned could guide them through a situation like this. Without him, Wyatt realized, the Freedom Fighters had no anchor, no glue to hold them together.

"What did Luna have to say for herself?" Wyatt asked, leaning forward slightly, his eyes narrowing as he tried to piece together if the Southern Princess was behind Ned's disappearance.

At the same time, he couldn't help but feel a flicker of satisfaction at Luna's current predicament. Betraying her family and homeland for these people and their cause had landed her here-surrounded by suspicion. Once a traitor, always a traitor.

"Nothing," Henricks replied with a weary shake of his head. "But she did modify the dungeon relocation apparatus to help us seal and unseal all the reverse dungeons connected to the Yellow Plains at will. It's bought us some time to search for Ned and the Southern Princess before the World Leaders figure out how to bypass the seals on the reverse dungeons.

Thanks to the list of compromised reverse dungeons you gave us, we've already decommissioned all the other branches. We moved our members and their families to the Yellow Plains to keep them safe with a few casualties. But now, the entire Freedom Fighters organization is stuck there." Henricks's voice grew heavier as he revealed their current dire situation. What was once their safe haven had now become their prison.

Wyatt frowned, crossing his arms as he processed Henricks's explanation. "Why didn't you migrate the Freedom Fighters to another realm and set up a reverse dungeon

there? Instead, you moved them to the Yellow Plains-a place the World Leaders already knew about. You should've done that ages ago. Then you wouldn't be in this mess.

Wyatt's tone was sharp, tinged with exasperation, as he gestured emphatically. Even a mouse knew to find a new burrow when its old one was discovered by predators.

The World Leaders had given the Freedom Fighters plenty of time to act. Henricks had his origin card-why hadn't he used it to relocate them? Wyatt's piercing gaze demanded an answer.

Wyatt couldn't help but nod slightly, begrudgingly acknowledging Luna's ingenuity in turning the dungeon relocation apparatus into a dungeon-scaling apparatus. While it wasn't as groundbreaking as his vision of using it to create new gate dungeons, it was innovative and exactly what the Freedom Fighters needed at the moment. Luna had always been resourceful, but she had betrayed him and the South. He couldn't stop himself from wondering what might have been if she had remained loyal.

"No, I can't do that," Henricks admitted, shaking his head with a mix of frustration and resignation. "There's a limit to my origin card-it only allows me to create reverse dungeons connecting the Card World to another realm, or vice versa, but not between two different realms. One end of the reverse dungeon-either the origin or the destination-has to be the Card World.

With the entire five regions being closely monitored by the World Leaders, I haven't been able to find a single place in the Card World where I could safely create a connecting reverse dungeon with the Card World as an intermediate between two realms to help migrate my members to a new realm." Henricks's voice grew tense as he laid bare the constraints of his situation, his hands gesturing as though trying to convey the invisible barriers he faced.

Wyatt's brow furrowed as the pieces began to fall into place. "So the Southern Princess was supposed to provide you with a covert location in the Card World where you could create two reverse dungeons-one linking the Yellow Plains to the Card World and another connecting the Card World to a new realm. Such that you and your members could migrate to a new realm while the world leaders would be stupidly guarding and attacking the reverse gates dungeons to Yellow Plains. Damn, now I see why you're so desperate to find The Southern Princess."

Wyatt paused, exhaling sharply through his nose, a smirk tugging at the corner of his lips. A flicker of mockery danced in his eyes as he looked at Henricks. "She did you dirty, Henricks," he said, the smirk growing wider as he couldn't help but jab at the latter for choosing the Southern Princess over him.

Henricks's jaw tightened, but he remained silent, clearly the weight of his present situation left him unable to defend his choice back then.

Wyatt leaned back slightly, folding his arms as he let his words sink in. "But I get it now," he continued, his tone softening just a touch. "You chose her because she was your ticket to migrating the Freedom Fighters out of the Yellow Plains and into a new realm. With her authority in the Southern Region, she could've given you a safe passage to see your migration plan through." Knowing the limits of Henricks' origin card, it finally made sense to Wyatt why Freedom fighters chose the Southern Princess over him on every turn. They were just protecting their interest. Henricks glanced away, his shoulders slumping slightly as if admitting defeat. Wyatt studied him for a moment longer, understanding that his whole organization's survival depended on his origin card. Without a way to bypass the limits of his origin card, they were cornered and because of their situation, they could only watch as it happened.

Henricks let out a heavy sigh, his hand rubbing the back of his neck as he nodded. His brow furrowing deeply, he said, "What does she stand to gain from betraying us? We still have the Silver Beach dungeon and the dungeon relocation apparatus. If we go down, she loses too-she loses the only source of silver milk in the entire Card World and the only dungeon relocation apparatus not owned by Morningstar University." He paused, shaking his head in frustration. "There has to be more to this than what we're seeing. There's something I'm missing-something she's after that I haven't figured out yet," Henricks muttered, his voice laced with both confusion and a hint of desperation.

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Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Myriad Realms, Lil. Red Storm realm

"It's me," Wyatt said suddenly, his voice steady as he turned to lock eyes with Henricks. "I believe you guys are the gift she prepared for me."

Henricks froze, his eyes widening in disbelief. The shock on his face quickly gave way to realization as Wyatt's words sank in. Looking at his current predicament-standing before Wyatt, practically begging for help-he couldn't deny that Wyatt might be right. He clenched his fists, his anger bubbling to the surface as he yelled, "What kind of sick game is this?"

His voice shook with fury, and for a moment, it looked as though he might charge at Wyatt. But Henricks held himself back, knowing full well he stood no chance against Wyatt, let alone the forest spirit and girl standing nearby. Still, his frustration boiled over. "Why would she use innocent lives as pawns in this twisted game?" he growled, his chest heaving barely able to contain his rage.

Wyatt remained calm, shaking his head as if Henricks were missing the point entirely. His gaze was steady, almost pitying, as he replied, "The real question is whether I should accept her gift. Because if I do, it would mean forgiving her for everything she's done up to this point."

Henricks's jaw dropped, his face twisting in disbelief. "What the fuck is that supposed to mean?!" he shouted, his voice raw. "You're telling me you'd let innocent lives be destroyed just because of some petty grudge with the Southern Princess?"

Wyatt exhaled slowly, his gaze lifting to the swirling rings of the Lil. Red Storm above them. "Can't you see?" he said, his tone almost detached, as though speaking to himself as much as Henricks. "That's the brilliance of her gift. She's left me no real choice. I have to accept it. When I accept it, it will be definite that I've forgiven her for everything. Every betrayal, every scheme. It's her way of backing me into her corner without even being here."

Henricks shook his head, his anger simmering beneath the surface as Wyatt's words cut deeper. Wyatt, meanwhile, stood silent, his eyes fixed on the sky, wondering how someone as cunning as the Southern Princess had been dismantled by the Matron step by step-and yet still managed to play her pieces so masterfully.

With Colleen's death, the Southern Royal family had become a shadow of its former self-a hollow shell. But now, things were different. Wyatt and Clown Mask had changed everything. Clown Mask's timely information had saved Colleen, and Wyatt's presence had rekindled the dormant ambitions of the entire Southern Region.

Just as mothers are the glue that holds families together, the Soldier Queen had been the cornerstone of the Southern Royal family. With her back in the picture, the current Southern Royal family was on an entirely different level.

"Does that mean you have a way to help us?" Henricks asked, his voice trembling slightly as a flicker of hope broke through the despair clouding his heart.

"Yes," Wyatt replied with a curt nod, turning to Dalie. His tone shifted to one of quiet authority as he ordered, "Create a large-scale teleportation channel to these coordinates." He quickly shared the coordinates of the Freedom Fighters' headquarters in the Yellow Plains with her.

Henricks's face lit up briefly with relief, but it faltered as Wyatt turned back to him and added, "In a few minutes, your members will be able to move here-

"Here?" Henricks interrupted, his voice rising with alarm. The Lil. Red Storm Realm was desolate and hostile to life. The thought of relocating the Freedom Fighters there seemed like a death sentence, the same as the threat posed by the World Leaders. At least with the World leaders, the children might get spared but here they would be first to go.

Wyatt's sharp gaze pinned Henricks in place. "Don't interrupt me," he warned, his tone cold enough to freeze Henricks mid-thought. "As I was saying, your people can move here. But there's a price. Unless you're willing to pay it... well, you understand what that means."

Henricks's jaw tightened, his fists clenching at his sides. The warning stung, but he bit back his pride, knowing their survival was at stake. His throat felt dry as he swallowed his ego along with the lump of frustration rising in it. Taking a deep breath to steady himself, he forced the words out.

"What is it that you want?" he asked, his voice low but steady, his desperation barely masked by his measured tone.

"You already know what I want," Wyatt said, his frown deepening. The way Henricks asked the question made it clear he hadn't seriously considered Wyatt's previous offer - an insult in itself. It was as though Henricks hadn't even bothered to bring up the proposal with the other department heads of the Freedom Fighters.

Wyatt's irritation flared, but he quickly tempered it, his expression cooling. He understood why his earlier terms had fallen flat. After all, compared to the Southern Princess's promise to provide the Freedom Fighters with safe passage to a new home in another realm, his own offer had been lackluster at best.

Surrendering to him by joining his criminal rehabilitation program and admitting to the crimes leveled against them by the central government? That wasn't just unappealing-it was a slap in the face to everything the Freedom Fighters stood for. Of course, Henricks hadn't given it a second thought.

But now the tables had turned. Wyatt was offering something far more compelling than what the Southern Princess promised to deliver and reneged on. This time, he was confident Henricks would give him the answer he wanted-despite any lingering doubts or hesitations. After all, the Southern Princess had reduced their entire organization to a point where they didn't have many options left. They no longer had the luxury to carefully assess, discuss, or deliberate over Wyatt's offer. Let alone hold a meeting between the captains and vote. It was now or never-they had to accept it and get erased from existence.

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