

## Card Apprentice Daily Log

### #Chapter 2641: Celestial Empowerment Vs Divine Enlightenment - Read Chapter 2641: Celestial Empowerment Vs Divine Enlightenment

*Chapter 2641: Celestial Empowerment Vs Divine Enlightenment*

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Myriad Realms, Card World, Southern Region, Southern Capital, Guild Association Mall

"My brother, kowtow before me, the true son of heaven, and rise to a new world free of materialistic illusion," the Emissary of Light announced through the guard captain. His two-stories-high apparition projected from the captain's body stopped showering light over me and retrieved its hand, regarding me with a benevolent gaze, though the superiority it directed toward me was hard to miss.

I stared blankly at the apparition before glancing around, feigning confusion as if wondering whether he was speaking to me. Then I warned him once again, "You're talking to me? Enough of your nonsense. If you're done performing your tricks, erase your influence from my citizens while I'm still being polite?"

Listening to me, the Emissary of Light was astonished, nearly yelping in disbelief but remained stunned. This was the first time someone weaker than him had resisted his ability to turn a being into his follower by directly introducing faith into their will. Until now, he had believed resistance was impossible unless he lacked the required faith, or the target surpassed him in strength. Today, however, this Southern Hope was different. He appeared entirely unaffected, as though he had not even sensed the skill's presence. He would be lying if he said he wasn't worried, as the guard captain looked a little panicked.

Seeing the Emissary of Light stunned, I couldn't help but subtly before yelling at him impatiently, "What are you spacing out for, you charlatan? Quickly, let go of them. If anything happens to them—"

The Emissary of Light cut me off mid-sentence, once again stretching his hand above my head and chanting aloud, "I, the true son of heaven, guide you back to the embrace of heaven, freeing you from these materialistic illusions!"

Soon, I was bathed in another wave of light showers. This time as well, I let it be and did not resist. The result was the same as before. It was unable to break through the protective covering of my primordial calamity soul gem. However, one thing had changed. After using his ability on me, the Emissary of Light yelled, "Kowtow before me, you heathen. Your sins are too deep to be washed away at once."

"Cut it out!" I shouted, before rushing forward and grabbing the guard captain by his neck, uttering, "You brought this on yourself. I warned you enough times. Since you aren't willing to listen to my words, I will no longer be polite."

Seeing me grab his neck without giving him time to react, the Emissary of Light was shocked realizing something wasn't right, *'How come the Southern Hope suddenly felt a lot stronger unlike he previously perceived?'*

Before he could resist, I poured my celestial power directly into the guard captain's divinity, mimicking the same method the Emissary of Light used with his I have no idea what its called ability to turn beings into his die-hard followers/ believers.

The Emissary of Light was not physically present, so it had been difficult to hack his grimoire and thoroughly learn his origin card and its abilities, even to determine the ability's name. Whatever it was called, Hive Spirit had recorded its data. Using the data gathered for soul division and healing, it replicated a version I could use, powered by celestial energy instead of faith, as originally intended.

However, my version only empowered the target's willpower, therefore I called it the Celestial Empowerment. It did not implant faith toward me, unlike the Emissary of Light's ability. It was also not as showy as the original. After all, faith and celestial power were inherently different, even though all stemmed from primordial energy. Now, that made it tricky for me to use my empowerment against the original version.

"How are you able to use my Divine Enlightenment?" the Emissary of Light uttered, sensing my Celestial Empowerment flooding the guard captain's divinity. With that he began to struggle vigorously, but found that he could not break free of my grip on his neck, nor could he access the guard captain's soul energy, rule power, or grimoire as they were restricted by the celestial blood fate domain. All he had was his faith. Otherwise, he would never have been able to infiltrate the celestial blood fate domain and project his soul projection through the guard captain.

However, after sensing the difference between my Celestial Empowerment and his Divine Enlightenment, he smirked. "Ha, it's just a cheap knockoff of Divine Enlightenment. But this proves it. The rumors about you didn't do justice to your genius and brilliance. You aren't just the future of the Southern Region, but the entire Card

World. Unfortunately, we were born on different sides of the border. It's such a pity. I would have loved to get to know you and work with you for the sake of our almighty father, the card celestial."

I frowned as I listened to the Emissary of Light, noting that his arrogance had not diminished even after I gave him a taste of my strength. I wondered where his confidence stemmed from when I could clearly sense my Celestial Empowerment clashing with his Divine Enlightenment within the guard captain's divinity.

That realization lifted a weight from my mind. I had been worried that I might foolishly end up empowering the faith implanted in the guard captain's will along with his will itself, which would only strengthen the Emissary of Light's hold over him. However, that did not happen. As it turned out, Celestial Empowerment functioned strictly according to my will. Sensing my intent to oppose the Emissary of Light's Divine Enlightenment, it empowered only the part of the guard captain's will that resisted the implanted faith.

That resistance was small and weak, incapable of doing anything on its own. But once reinforced by celestial empowerment, it began to fight back harder than ever before. Seeing that my plan was working, I began to pour in more celestial power. Just then, I felt the Emissary of Light tighten his grip on my hand that was clutching his neck, squeezing it until it nearly burst into a bloody pulp.

*Chapter 2642: The Big Blunder*

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Myriad Realms, Card World, Southern Region, Southern Capital, Guild Association Mall

Seeing the Emissary of Light display such strength within my celestial blood fate domain, my eyes widened in astonishment as he forced his way through the domain's power. He broke its restriction on the guard captain's access to soul energy, rule power, and grimoire, then crushed my hand that was gripping his neck into a bloody pulp.

"Behold, heathen! This is the power the all father bestowed on me, his one true son. Rejoice as you get to die through his miracle. I will pray to my father that your soul will be spared from eternal damnation," the Emissary of Light shouted freeing himself from my grip. He then watched me, instantly healing my crushed arm with no effort. I appeared as good as new.

"Tsk." He couldn't help but click his tongue in annoyance. His miracles did not come cheap. Each one consumed a vast amount of faith. Forcing his way past the restriction on the guard captain's access to soul energy, rule power, and grimoire, then crushing

my hand that gripped his neck into a bloody pulp, had been especially costly. Seeing that it had not even managed to truly injure me left him dissatisfied.

Though he had amassed a tremendous amount of faith within his origin card, he was saving it to become the true son of the card celestial. That goal was not merely expensive. It was staggeringly so. He was not even certain he could gather enough faith to achieve it, maybe if he were to turn the citizens of all five regions into his followers then he might be able to accumulate enough faith over a decade. Therefore, he used his faith as sparingly as possible.

The Emissary of Light gracefully cleaned the blood staining the guard captain's body using his cleaning card as precaution after all he was in a blood domain, that too a celestial rule domain at that. He soon learned that crushing my hand that was using the celestial empowerment on the guard captain's did not stop me from continuing to empower the guard captain's will against his divine enlightenment.

The guard captain and the other demigods were still within my celestial domain. Using it as a medium, I simultaneously applied my celestial empowerment to all of them.

Under its influence, the guards who were still kneeling within the domain suddenly let out gut-wrenching screams as their willpower, strengthened by my celestial empowerment, purged the faith implanted within them. Once I confirmed they were free of the Emissary of Light's faith, I lifted my celestial domain's restriction on each of them and ordered, "Retreat! Fall back!"

Following my command, the demigod guards who had wanted to fight the Emissary of Light alongside me retreated instead. They were still muddled and powerless after awakening from what felt like an eternity dreaming of versions of themselves willing to sacrifice everything for the Emissary of Light doing shit they weren't proud of. They clearly weren't in shape to fight, so they chose not to hinder me. Since I had been able to free them from the Emissary of Light's influence, they believed I could do the same for their captain.

I then fixed my gaze on the Emissary of Light. He was struggling to move as his influence over the guard captain's will continued to weaken as my celestial empowerment fought his divine enlightenment to bitter end, hindering his ability to maintain his soul projection through him.

Considering the amount of soul energy I had used solely on the guard captain, he should have awakened from the Emissary of Light's influence like the other guards. However, the Emissary of Light's soul projection made it difficult for the guard captain to completely root out the faith embedded in his will, as his Divine Enlightenment was constantly pressing against it despite my Celestial Empowerment.

I had no intention of backing down. Now that the guards were awake, my celestial power was free to supply entirely to the guard captain. I planned to fight the Emissary of Light's Divine Enlightenment to the bitter end with my Celestial Empowerment.

No matter how much celestial energy I devoted to my Celestial Empowerment on the guard captain, the Emissary of Light spared enough Divine Enlightenment to match it. I was even forced to borrow celestial power from the card celestial. This made me wonder just how much faith the Emissary of Light had accumulated in his reserves.

Then a thought lodged itself in my mind. My livestream plan to expose the Emissary of Light might have backfired.

How so?

I blamed the audience from the Empire. Witnessing the struggle between the two of us, their faith in him was being tested, yet most remained resolute. With all these factors combined, the Emissary of Light was receiving a sudden influx of faith. I even feared that his struggle against me was not consuming his faith, but instead adding to his reserves.

'Damn these fanatics!' I cursed inwardly as I studied the Emissary of Light's expression and realized he was feigning struggle. He had already seen through my plan. My celestial blood domain was not truly restricting him, and he had also sensed the sudden influx of faith. Given that, it was no surprise he had caught on by now.

From the looks of it, he was hatching his own plan to harvest even more faith from his fanatic followers. That was why he was putting on such a convincing display of resistance, pretending to be cornered and helpless.

Seeing that I had caught on to his plan, the Emissary of Light met my gaze with a faint, almost reverent grin. Then he cried out, his voice carrying a finality that made the heavens tremble, "Let there be light."

In the next instant, a blinding, overwhelming golden radiance erupted from the guard captain's body. It surged upward like a divine catastrophe, condensing into a towering golden apparition of himself vast enough to blot out the sky. My celestial blood fate domain screamed as it was torn apart, its crimson glow shredded and erased as the golden light flooded the land, drowning everything beneath its brilliance.

The world itself seemed to submit, crimson swallowed whole by gold.

*Chapter 2643: Faith Farming*

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Myriad Realms, Card World, Southern Region, Southern Capital, Guild Association Mall

I watched as the Emissary of Light tore my celestial rule domain apart using nothing but his faith. The spectacle was so overwhelming that he generated twofold or more the faith he had originally gathered to destroy my celestial blood fate domain. All of it was thanks to my dumbass belief that I could use the livestream to expose him to the five regions and deal a massive blow to his faith farming.

Instead, he proved that the Supreme Leader and the Matron had been right all along. They had never tried to expose him as a mere card apprentice who was lucky enough to forge a powerful origin card, pretending to be the Celestial Herald while going around deceiving people and abusing their trust to farm and harvest as much faith as possible, turning his lie into truth.

"Behold, you heathen. This is the power my father gave me. As long as I am alive, I shall not allow any evil to corrupt his land. In the name of my almighty father, I hereby sentence you to death," the Emissary of Light said aloud, his voice carrying absolute certainty, as the golden apparition continued to pour out of the guard captain's body.

I watched it swell and rise, swallowing the man whole, growing larger and larger with him at the center until it towered above everything around us, a colossal figure of pure light that burst through the clouds, standing there like the tallest skyscraper defying the heavens themselves. The demigods and others watching had to run, clearing the area to make room for it.

"Infidel, no matter your sins, you are still the creation of my father. So, I will generously allow you to say your last words," the towering apparition of the Emissary of Light announced grandly. Its voice rolled across the sky, each word crashing down with the weight of thunder. Yet, somehow when it fell on others' ears, it sounded benevolent.

I lifted my brows and tilted my head up to look at the massive apparition. Beside it, I was nothing more than a speck of dirt. Still, I wasn't impressed. What it did make me wonder, though, was just how much the Emissary of Light's faith revenue had increased because of the live stream, for him to be willing to spend so much of it just to deal with me, put on a display like this.

That thought stirred a flicker of curiosity, but I pushed it down just as quickly. I did not want to know. It would only hurt, especially knowing this was the result of my own mistake in underestimating his soul projection. His faith truly let him do anything, as long as there was enough of it.

"What happened, heretic? Have you lost your words at the sight of my father's might?" the Emissary of Light asked, bursting into loud laughter before continuing his taunts. "Where is that sharp tongue of yours now? Did the cat get it?"



I quietly watched as the Emissary of Light farmed faith at my expense, bidding my time, wanting to see how long he could sustain this gigantic form of his. His farming a little longer did not matter much. I knew that over his decades of reign over the Empire, he would have accumulated a massive reserve of faith, and adding a few more to it a few minutes longer would not matter to the situation right now as it wasn't detrimental to his life. Since he was not physically present and was only using a soul projection.

What could actually change the outcome for me was how hard he would fall when the time came. As the saying went, the bigger they were, the harder they fell. That was to say, the only way I could hurt him now was by sowing a massive seed of doubt in his followers' hearts.

From my observations, I had learned that the followers he forcefully recruited through his Divine Enlightenment did not give him faith. He could only harvest faith from his true believers, not from those he had coerced into following him. Otherwise, with his level of strength, he would have already turned most of the five regions into his followers using his Divine Enlightenment by now.

That was why he was so obsessed with creating spectacles and performing miracles. That was also why, at this very moment, he was not hesitating to dig deep into his reserves to manifest this gigantic projection to deal with me as grandiosely as possible. After all, it was a one-time investment. It would not only increase his influx of faith in the present, but also create new believers, permanently boosting his faith income while paving a royal road into the five regions' population.

So I remained calm, letting him continue to farm faith, waiting to act only when his harvest reached its peak. I let him believe he was not only going to win, but that he was going to make a killing. Just as I expected, he was squeezing me for everything I was worth, determined to milk this situation for its full value. This was a godsend opportunity for him. If he made proper use of it, he would be able to turn the entire population of the five regions into his followers far faster than he had previously assumed.

"Don't tell me you are too paralyzed by the fear of being judged for your sins to even say your last words. Sigh, as expected of a heretic, cowardly. Unfortunately, it is too late for you to repent now," the Emissary of Light said, letting out a long sigh as he shook his head, wearing an expression of mercy and love for his father's creation. Then he went on to declare, "Your very existence is an insult to my father. I shall correct it."

With a motion heavy with authority, he raised his colossal golden fist and extended a single index finger toward me, piercing through the clouds, bearing down as though he meant to crush my very existence with one finger of his showing his followers just how powerful the lord they chose to trust in was.

*Chapter 2644: The Viltronian Calamity Titan In Thousand Curse Incarnation Form*

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Myriad Realms, Card World, Southern Region, Southern Capital, Guild Association Mall

The golden index finger came down on me, as though the sun itself were descending to crush me. I took it as my cue that the Emissary of Light had reached the peak of faith he could wring from this display, and that he now intended to kill me to push it even further.

I let out a chuckle before unleashing my fourth transformation, the viltronian calamity titan, in my thousand curse incarnation. He wanted to turn this into a war of good versus evil. Fine. I would give him exactly that, where the victorious one was the good and while the defeated one was the evil. That was a universal truth.

My body rapidly grew in size, expanding at a pace faster than the naked eye could follow, as my innate calamity, the world devouring plague, oozed out of my swelling form. The moment the Emissary of Light's index finger struck my world devouring plague, it was immediately infected. The plague began to eat away at the faith sustaining his form, even as my body continued to expand, soon overtaking his height.

In no time, the immediate vicinity around my growing body was completely filled with my innate calamity, the world devouring plague, spreading alongside my growth until the Emissary of Light was fully submerged within it.

My innate calamity, the world devouring plague, had once been able to fight Dalie on equal terms, granted that back then she was still a celestial array spirit and not yet a true celestial. That fact alone did not change the reality that she had been far stronger than the present Emissary of Light.

When even she had struggled against my world devouring plague, he stood no chance unless he intended to empty his entire faith reserve in this single battle. And if he did that, he would have no choice but to abandon his ambitions of world domination and go into hiding, because the Masters would never let go of such an opportunity to root out a potential future threat.

Soon, my figure grew to eight times the height of the Emissary of Light and still showed no sign of stopping. Meanwhile, he struggled against the world devouring plague, trapped quite literally beneath my vast shadow. That shadow plunged the entire city below into darkness, blocking out the moonlight, while the radiance of the Emissary of Light was steadily swallowed by my innate calamity.

Was I afraid that revealing my innate calamity, the world-devouring plague, would make the Card Celestial wary of me? No, I wasn't. The Card Celestial was far too intelligent for such narrow-mindedness. I wasn't being a kiss-ass. It was simply the truth. I say this because the world calamity seed and the dungeon calamity seed were products of the dungeons themselves and had existed for a very long time.



There were numerous records among card apprentices of dungeon calamity trees reaching their third and even fourth forms. Yet the Card Celestial had never taken action against them. Instead, the card apprentices or the supreme beings would step in, dealing with them and disposing of them with care.

What did this tell you about the Card Celestial? It knew that these dungeon calamity trees, or world calamity trees, would never grow strong enough to threaten it within the ecosystem it had painstakingly created. Rather, they would eventually become nutrients for it. And even if one came close to becoming a genuine threat, the Card Celestial would act without hesitation, as it did in the case of Slay and her stake forged from a ruler-class world calamity tree branch.

As for me? I was still far from being a threat to it. I couldn't even defeat the celestial array spirit Dalia, let alone the Card Celestial, a veteran true celestial. If not for her willingly accepting my primordial calamity daughter gem and becoming my kin, that battle would have ended with my defeat and the Field Marshal's death.

Even now, I was still nowhere near being a threat to the Card Celestial. Not to mention, it had already shown its approval of me carving my own path as a newborn celestial, albeit a hybrid one. That was why I wasn't afraid of revealing my innate calamity, the world devouring plague, to it.

"What heresy is this? How can such an abomination exist?" the Emissary of Light yelled in shock as my growth spurt finally came to a halt, my body rising taller than a mountain. More than a thousand heads and pairs of hands floated behind my form as part of me, while my entire body was shrouded in my red innate calamity, the world devouring plague.

The red plague churned around me from top to bottom, and combined with my towering form, it made it impossible for anyone to see me clearly. All they could make out was a silhouette with a thousand heads and countless arms, hidden deep within a sea of red fog.

Not just them. From up here, even I could only vaguely make out their forms with my naked eye unless I enhanced my vision with soul energy. This was the first time I had ever publicly unleashed my complete true form. I felt liberated and all-powerful. I supposed this was the World Calamity Tree, celestial, viltronian part of me.

Fortunately, there was still my human side, keeping me grounded and humble, not letting me lose myself to this power or allow it to corrupt my mind. I recalled an old saying. There was always a taller mountain out there. This power might place me at the top of the food chain in the card world, but out in the myriad realms, I was still back at the beginning.

"Heresy? Abomination?" I said with a chuckle. "My dear nephew, I am your Uncle Wyatt. Did your father not tell you about me?"

Then my tone hardened as I warned the Emissary of Light, "Be a good little boy and leave that poor man's body. And go wait for me at the Empire... Don't make me come over there right now."

*Chapter 2645: Extreme Shattering Punch*

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Myriad Realms, Card World, Southern Region, Southern Capital, The Heatsend Royal Palace

"This better be good," Anna said aloud as she entered her mother's personal garden, where the Southern Princess appeared to be enjoying late-night tea, with Ann serving her like a palace maid.

Seeing her mother gracefully sip her tea without sparing her a glance, Anna did not grow furious. She was used to it. Instead, she turned to the middle one of them triplets and remarked in disgust, "He trusted you. I trusted you."

"You trusted me? That's rich—" Ann replied indifferently, but stopped mid-sentence, unwilling to start something that would ruin her mother's late-night tea. She then glared at Anna, warning her to remain quiet and not disturb their mother's rare free time.

"Fine, maybe I didn't, but he trusted you. He trusted you because of me. Was all of that an act? Were all those memories fake?" Anna grew emotional. Though she and Ann had their differences, having shared their most beloved and darkest thoughts, emotions, and secrets with one another, Anna had come to accept her as more than her origin card, as her sister. The thought that Ann had only been following her mother's orders all this time unsettled her deeply.

The only reason Anna was able to process and adapt to this truth without crashing out was that this was not the first time her mother had pulled this kind of crap. Back when she was a little kid, her mother had demigod guards morph into children and become her friends, all while guarding her, keeping tabs on her, and, most disturbingly, using peer pressure as a teaching tool. Her mother had pulled such stunts so often that they felt more manipulative than relatable, and it only stopped when Ann was born—

*'Why didn't I realize this sooner?'*

It finally dawned on Anna that her mother hadn't stopped pulling that crap because she trusted her or because Anna had grown, but because she had found herself a very loyal double agent: Ann. Realizing this, Anna glared at Ann, wondering if everything Ann had shared with her was fake, fabricated to give her a false sense of closeness. Thinking

this far, Anna shook her head hard, stopping herself from overthinking and spiraling down that rabbit hole.

"He trusted me because of you? Don't kid yourself. Besides, he didn't trust me. That's why I had to give him all that attention, and that was all it took. After all, every boy or man wants one thing, and it's disgusting," Ann said begrudgingly, trying to imagine how she could have used all the time she had wasted on Anna's fiancé on her mother instead. Then she decided it had all been worth it, since it had helped her mother a great deal. Ann no longer dwelled on it and was even glad that it had finally come to an end. Now, she could focus entirely on her mother while thinking about how to trick Anna into letting her out permanently before her four-month term was over.

"Then wash it," a familiar yet distinct voice commented on Ann's remark.

It was Anne, the third and youngest of the triplets.

Ann was both shocked by the former's presence and bewildered by the latter's response, blurting out, "What?"

Even the Southern Princess, who had been trying to enjoy her tea while ignoring her daughters' bickering, nearly spat it out through her nose and mouth, completely taken aback by the reply and breaking her perfectly graceful yet nonchalant vibe.

"I said, if yours is disgusting, then you should wash it," Anne repeated, then added with clear disdain, "They write poems about virgins' pussies, calling them pure and all that shit. But you say yours is disgusting. Lord only knows what you two, mother and daughter, have been up to behind closed doors."

"How dare you sully our mother like that?" Ann thundered, dashing at Anne, forgetting all her previous poise and grace. However, before she could even reach her, an invisible force smashed into her face, caving her skull in as her body was launched backward like a cannonball, only coming to a halt after crashing into the palace walls.

Anne was far from done. She rushed forward, planning to finish Ann off for betraying and exploiting her beloved's trust. She now blamed Ann for her beloved's disheartening rejection of her heartfelt confession. In her mind, she justified his reaction to her and her love, thinking that she would have responded the same way after learning how Ann had betrayed his trust by spying on him and helping their mother stay one step ahead of him.

However, before Anne could reach Ann, a figure flashed between them, catching Anne in time and stopping her from killing Ann.

It was Colleen.

She had rushed over after sensing Anne's killing intent. Quickly realizing that her granddaughter's physical strength far surpassed her own, she was forced to mobilize her divinity's innate ability, freezing Anne within her embrace. Her hard-earned cultivation did not compare to the unparalleled bloodline's physical prowess. Leaning close, she whispered into Anne's ear, "Calm down, baby girl. You can't kill her. What if Wyatt wants a foursome with the three of you? You wouldn't deny him that opportunity, would you?"

Anne stopped struggling in Colleen's embrace, apparently accepting her logic and finding it sound. Colleen knew her youngest granddaughter had been born from Anna's extreme fixation on their beloved, so she tailored her persuasion accordingly.

Seeing that Anne was under control, Colleen signaled the royal and palace guards to return to their posts at once and not speak of what they had witnessed. That part went without saying, but what Colleen specifically meant was that no one was to spread word that there were now three Annas.

Still holding Anne in her embrace, Colleen walked toward the gazebo where her daughter was having tea, while her daughters had nearly killed one another. Turning to Anna, she asked, "So, what did you name this one? Don't tell me it's... Anal? But it would suit her foul mouth though."

"Unfortunately, no. I saved it for the next one, but this one is called Anne Heatsend. She will kill us all for Wyatt. And as you just saw, she has the strength to do exactly that. So watch your backs when you go to sleep tonight," Anna remarked, delivering the last sentence while staring at Ann, who walked over as her face healed at a visible rate. Anne's extreme shattering punch had done a huge number on her. Anne had created and mastered this fist technique to break the Mystic Dimension seal and meet her beloved.

*Chapter 2646: Extreme Shattering Fist Art*

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Myriad Realms, Card World, Southern Region, Southern Capital, The Heatsend Royal Palace

"Grandma, tell your daughter to stop putting on airs and tell me how to change Wyatt's mind about those two women," Anna said impatiently. She watched her mother, who had urgently baited her over here by claiming she would help convince her young groom to choose her and ditch the other two, now sipping tea as if she had all the time in the world.

"I still don't understand why the two of you can't get along. I would give the rest of my life just to have a few minutes with my mother," Colleen said. Even as she spoke, she knew her daughter's parenting had not been the best. Despite all of them being around to mitigate and help her, she had somehow managed to make her eldest daughter hate her, and perhaps even the youngest.

"Grandma, you're an orphan. Shouldn't you consider finding out who your mother was first?" Anne pointed out from within Colleen's embrace, causing the latter's hand to coil around her neck, nearly choking her to death. Regaining control of her emotions, Colleen told her eldest granddaughter, "Retrieve her into your card. That mouth of hers will get her or you killed out here."

"I can't. She's stronger than me," Anna lied, throwing her hand into the air, only for Ann to exclaim, "Say what now?"

"I said she's stronger than me, so I can't retrieve her into my origin card at my whim," Anna repeated. Ignoring her annoyance, Ann asked, "How is that possible? I'm... I used to be stronger than you, yet I was trapped in your origin card by you for decades."

"It's my fault. I wasn't clear. She's not just stronger than me, but way stronger than me. In her obsession to see Wyatt and confirm his well-being, she combined her mastery of the extreme path and her know how in the martial path to create the Extreme Shattering Fist Art. The only reason she's here and not rushing to Wyatt's side is because she wants to know how to get Wyatt to forget the other two women and me, and focus only on her," Anna explained.

Except for the part about not being able to force Anne into her card, everything was true. Even the part about being unable to forcibly retrieve Anne into her origin card, since the latter was indeed stronger than her.

Yet she was able to withdraw Anne into her origin card anytime she wanted because of the wager she had won against the latter; it allowed her to retrieve Anne back into her origin card at will. She only realized this after understanding that the oath she and Anne had taken for the wager contained major loopholes that worked to her advantage. Even Anne had no idea about this yet. She was saving it for the moment Anne lost control.

Meanwhile, Colleen turned to her daughter and asked, "You said that their love for each other, if true, would help her turn normal. Then why does she still continue to hate you with the passion of a thousand suns?"

"That's because Wyatt made her recall her love for him, while I couldn't, as she subconsciously keeps resisting, she doesn't want to recall that part of her," the Southern Princess answered, her voice steady. "It only proves that I failed as a mother."

"No, Mother, you didn't fail as a mother," Ann cried out. "Everything she is, and everything we are today, is because of you."

"Ann, honey. You're confusing giving birth with parenting. Even monsters can give birth. However, they cannot be parents and raise their child as a mother. In that area, I too failed. I find no shame in accepting it, because you all grew into great adults despite me. So neither should you, my daughters," the Southern Princess said as she rose from her chair and moved toward Anne, the youngest, intending to hug her welcoming her into the family.

However, the latter impatiently snapped, "Enough with your cringy sob stories, and tell me how I can get Wyatt to forget the other women and revere only me."

The Southern Princess frowned, listening to her youngest's words and noticing the manic glint in her eyes. She then warned her eldest, "Anna, don't release this one out of your grimoire under any circumstances unless it's absolutely necessary. Otherwise, she might destroy everything Wyatt values and holds dear just so he'll finally see her, that includes you. This time, you really drew the short straw with this one."

"Why you—" Anne was about to attack the Southern Princess with killing intent after hearing her advice to Anna, but Anna immediately recalled her in her origin card.

"Aha, I knew you were lying to me just to mess with me," Ann exclaimed, pointing at Anna, only for the latter to shrug and reply, "I wasn't lying. If you're a lot stronger than me, you can resist my control over the origin card. But believe what you want."

"Ann, honey, she isn't lying about that," the Southern Princess added, hoping the latter would grow stronger than Anna and eventually fight for her freedom.

"You guys need to see this," Colleen suddenly blurted out, sharing the Western Princess's live stream with Anna and the other two.

"Aren't those our soldiers? Why are they fighting Wyatt? What's going on? I need to get there right now," Anna exclaimed in distress. Her thoughts were in disarray. She wanted to know what was happening, and at the same time, she wanted to rush to her young groom's rescue.

"No, stay put. Wyatt can handle this himself. Also, look at those guards' eyes. They are no longer our guards, but the Emissary of Light's believers. Why is he targeting Wyatt of all people? And why now, of all times?" The Southern Princess immediately deduced, based on what she had learned from Clown Mask's memories and her own independent investigation into the Emissary of Light's origin card. "Mother, contact Matriarch Malvin of the Unstoppable Auriclean Family. I need to know everything she knows about the Empire's current activities and why they would target Wyatt."

Despite what Clown Mask's future vision had shown, the Southern Princess had always believed that in the current era, especially with a second demon invasion on the verge, the Emissary of Light was the greatest threat to all five regions.



*Chapter 2647: Pope's Conspiracy And The Runway Saintess*

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Myriad Realms, Card World, Southern Region, Southern Capital, Heatsend Royal Palace

"Mother, what did City Lord Malvin say?" the Southern Princess asked her mother impatiently.

The reason the princess hadn't contacted the City Lord of the Border City herself and had instead asked the queen to do so was simple: the latter hated her with a passion but got along excellently with her mother. The reason for that was equally simple. She was a diplomat, while her mother was the soldier queen. What was more unsettling was that they had once been friends, but everything changed between them the moment she became a diplomat. However, considering the history of the Unstoppable Aurculean family in the Southern Region, this was hardly surprising.

"She said this might be related to the Saintess of Demigod Michel Angelo Godson's church, who was responsible for protecting the broken runes of Demigod Michel Angelo and was supposedly assassinated last month during the church's explosion.

Now, there's chatter among the Empire's citizens that the Saintess isn't dead, but deliberately faked her death to steal the relics and broken runes of Demigod Michel Angelo.

Because of that, the Pope of Demigod Michel Angelo's church has just announced the absorption of their church into the Emissary of Light's church acknowledging him as the true son of the heaven and publicly begging the Emissary of Light to help them find the traitorous Saintess and retrieve their relics.

She believes this is why the Emissary of Light's followers are in Sky Blossom City, and possibly other cities as well, trying to track down the Saintess," Colleen answered, her eyes still glued to the live stream, envying her grandson-in-law's celestial rule domain. Right now, he looked more like a demigod than she ever had. Subduing more than a dozen demigods with a single word. Who wouldn't be drawn to such power?

"I see. What does she think about this info? Did the Saintess who had been guarding the relics and broken runes of Demigod Michel Angelo for millennia now, actually steal them, or is there more to it?" the Southern Princess asked, even though she had already guessed what was going on.

After all, she had been monitoring the political shifts within the Empire even before becoming the Southern Region's diplomat. After noticing that worshippers of the first demigods were steadily decreasing, switching instead to follow the Emissary of Light.

By now, the Emissary of Light's church had completely absorbed the other churches and held absolute dominion over the Empire far sooner than it had in Clown Mask's future vision, where the Saintess had actually died in the church explosion and Demigod Michel Angelo's relics and broken runes were formally offered to the Emissary of Light by the Pope of Michel Angelo's church.

"Well, she believes that the Pope has been conspiring with the Emissary of Light for quite some time now. He hired an assassin from the Five Regions to kill the Saintess.

That way, he could offer the relics and broken runes of Demigod Michel Angelo to the Emissary of Light in exchange for a higher rank and greater authority within the new parish. Secondly, it would give Michel Angelo a reason to start a crusade against the Five Regions and rake in faith through a battle framed as good versus evil.

However, the Saintess miraculously not only survived but also escaped the Empire, completely ruining their conspiracy. Therefore, they cooked up the story about the Saintess faking her death, betraying the Michel Angelo church, and stealing the relics and broken runes of Demigod Michel Angelo.

This way, no one would believe her if she dared to foolishly come out of hiding and confess the truth to the citizens of the Empire. This was also why they hurriedly absorbed the Michel Angelo church into the Emissary of Light's church, despite strong resistance from the older generation. They even executed them publicly just last night, labeling them as heretic sympathizers," Colleen revealed, relaying everything she had learned from the City Lord of the Border City.

Colleen actually marveled at how accurate City Lord Malvin's deductions were. Having seen Clown Mask's future vision, they were no strangers to the conspiracy between the Pope of the Michel Angelo Church and the Emissary of Light. What they hadn't anticipated was that, due to the anomaly in the timeline, matters within the Empire had already developed to this extent.

The fact that most trusted members of the Royal Family knew about Clown Mask, while the City Lord of the Border City had no knowledge of it, spoke volumes about the Royal Family's opinion of the Unstoppable Aurcelean Family. They believed the other side harbored too many grievances and dissatisfactions toward the Royal Family to be trusted.

That wasn't to say they hadn't attempted to mend the relationship between the two families. The Royal Family had once assigned the current City Lord Malvin as the Southern Princess's royal guard, but she left when the Southern Princess chose to become a diplomat, stating that her duty lay with the Southern Region's royal family and

its citizens, not with the damned ministers who lined their pockets by cheating their Ruler and tormenting the citizens they were supposed to serve.

"It seems the time anomaly that originated with Wyatt didn't spare anyone. Everyone has fallen prey to it," the Southern Princess muttered. Having thoroughly seen Clown Mask's future vision, it wasn't hard for her to figure out that the variations in the timeline all stemmed from Wyatt and were now slowly affecting the entire Card World. So far, it had brought more good than bad to the Southern Region, but she worried that their reckoning might not be far off. Hopefully, they could survive it and shine brighter.

From the corner of her eye, she noticed a change in the live stream, causing her to frown. Seeing the golden radiance bloom in the guard captain's eyes as he defied her son-in-law's celestial rule domain and stood firmly on his feet, she instantly knew that the Emissary of Light himself had arrived.

*Chapter 2648: The Former Southern Hero*

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Myriad Realms, Card World, Southern Region, Southern Capital, Heatsend Royal Palace

"That's the Emissary of Light's soul projection," Ann exclaimed, watching the golden apparition form above the guard captain.

Hearing this, Anna quietly hurried out, planning to go rescue her young groom. Even though he wanted her to share her marital bed with two other women, she was still willing to rush to his rescue without hesitation. She loved him too much to let go over such a small disagreement between them. She believed that, given time, she could change his mind and become the only woman in his heart. Even if she couldn't, she couldn't stand the thought of a future without her young groom by her side.

"Where do you think you're going, young lady? Get back here," the Southern Princess said, as the palace guards and her royal guards emerged from hiding and stepped into Anna's path, blocking her.

"Get out of my way. I'd hate to hurt you guys," Anna warned the guards, who were like elders to her, regretting that she had already used up her long-distance card to get over here.

Now, she was stuck. Even if she made it past the guards, her mother wouldn't allow her to use the Royal Family's teleportation array formation. However, just as she was about to give up helplessly, she remembered hearing about her young groom setting up teleportation hubs that connected the Southern Capital and Sky Blossom City.

"Your Highness, you might be stronger than all of us combined now, but you're not stronger than the palace's array formations set up by your ancestors. Please don't struggle. Make it easy on us and on yourself," the royal guard captain pleaded, having watched her grow right before their eyes.

They loved that she still retained her willful, whimsical side, but they hoped that this time she would take a step back for their sake. As they feared, even though Anna was strong, she wasn't strong enough to face the Emissary of Light. He would convert her into one of his followers before the fight even began.

"How is that even possible?" Colleen cried in shock, causing Anna to panic and hurriedly check the live stream, only to find that her beloved had discovered a way to counter the Emissary of Light. He had used some ability to turn the brainwashed guards back to normal. All the present Heatsend women were astonished and shell-shocked.

Having seen Clown Mask's memories, she knew that the Western and Eastern forces had once been forced to execute those who had been forcibly brainwashed by the Emissary of Light into becoming his followers, as they had been unable to figure out how to undo his control. At first, they had tried imprisoning them in hopes of finding a cure later, but then the warden and the prison guards were converted into his followers as well, and together with the prisoners, they flanked their own positions. It had been a bloodbath. In the end, they had no choice but to steel their hearts and kill them when discovered.

"That's Wyatt for you, making the impossible happen while making it all seem so easy," Anna chimed, seeing that her beloved wasn't in trouble against an existence even her mother was wary of, as she watched the tug-of-war between her beloved and the Emissary of Light's soul projection

"Yes, that young man never fails to surprise us," Colleen said, before turning to her granddaughter and instructing her, "Now that you know Wyatt can hold his own against the Emissary of Light, go make preparations to enter the inheritance land and free your Great Grandaunt."

"Wait, what? Why would we do that? Wasn't she against you and Grandpa's marriage? Let that bitch rot in the royal crypt," Anna said in panic, trying to stop them from freeing her Great Grandaunt.

At first, she had been all for it, but with the recent developments, she no longer wished to free her Great Grandaunt until she was married to her beloved. As she feared, her Great Grandaunt would try to keep the bloodline pure by forcing her into inbreeding with other unparalleled bloodline descendants, like JJ, for example. She was strong now, but she had also heard of her Great Grandaunt's exploits. The latter was a battle manic.

She couldn't help but wonder how her Grandaunt Lorn and Grandpa had managed to seal her Great Grandaunt in the royal crypt within their bloodline's inheritance land,

forcing her to repent and reflect on her actions. As far as Anna knew, her Great Grandaunt was not someone who would repent and reflect on her actions and be forgiving.

"Language, Anna," Colleen warned her granddaughter with a stern gaze. No matter what that woman had done or said to her, no one was allowed to badmouth her, especially not the Southern Heir. She had once been hailed as the Southern Hero, and her contributions to the royal family and the Southern Region were undeniable.

"We need her now that the Masters plan to target us until we're forced to hand over Wyatt to them," Colleen revealed, then couldn't help but grudgingly add, "Also, I want to show her just how dead wrong she was to reject me marrying your grandpa."

"Are you sure about that, Grandma? Because when she gets back, the first thing she'll do is throw Mother out of the royal palace. A betrothed princess has to live with her husband, not in the royal palace, even if divorced. Have you given this any thought? A lot of things around here will change. We can no longer live this free and will be forced to stay uptight and act stuck up in the name of elegance and proper etiquette, like those other royal and noble families—" Anna tried her best to think of reasons why they shouldn't free her Great Grandaunt yet.

However, she was interrupted by her grandmother, who said, "Anna, this is my palace, not hers. So, it's not for her to decide how it's run. Whatever you're worried about regarding her, don't be. Once she sees the path the current Southern Region is on, she'll do everything in her power to bring about that future."

#### *Chapter 2649: Inbreeding Misconceptions*

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Myriad Realms, Card World, Southern Region, Southern Capital, Heatsend Royal Palace

"Grandma, you are not getting my point," Anna cried aloud, then said desperately, "What's stopping her from starting a coup like she did last time. Not immediately, but she definitely will. Next thing you know, she'll be forcing me to inbreed with my uncle or JJ, and locking Wyatt away, forcing him to slave for the Southern Region and the Royal Family for the rest of his life. But I fight her off and save Wyatt. Then we both escape to the Way Beyond and live happily ever after."

"What?" Colleen looked at her granddaughter in puzzlement, trying to figure out how that little brain of hers worked. If anything, it wasn't Anna's turn to worry yet. If anybody should be worried, it was her son, who would have to worry about his grandma trying to inbreed with him. Honestly, Colleen didn't mind the idea; she felt it was far better than

losing her son to the Enlightened Path. She would love their webbed babies no matter what, no less than she loved Anna, Ann, and Anne. After all, they were her grandbabies? Or was it her nephews and nieces? It doesn't matter as long as her son doesn't live a lonely life.

"That's the plot of that old, cringey folk song. No wonder it sounded so familiar," Ann sighed, realizing Anna did not even have the originality to come up with her own version of a tragic romance plot and had to plagiarize a forgotten folk song.

"Anna, stop making excuses and get to it ASAP," the Southern Princess ordered her daughter, ignoring all her bizarre concerns. Though they were not unfounded, the times had changed, and so had the people. Also, Anna was living proof that one didn't need inbreeding to keep the bloodline pure. It was merely a scare tactic used by the ancestors to keep the bloodline within the family.

"No, I will not," Anna said resolutely, turning her focus to the live stream to watch her beloved's fight against the soul projection of the Emissary of Light.

The Southern Princess frowned, knowing it would be hard to convince Anna once she had made up her mind. What astounded her most was that the reason Anna was unwilling to free the former Southern Hero was her fear that the latter would oppose her marriage to her beloved. Considering the former Southern Hero's past actions, it was easy to see why Anna thought so. Even so, when the fate of the entire Southern Region and the Royal Family hung in the balance, her marriage should not have been her primary concern, especially as the Southern Heir.

"What the heck?" Anna cried in shock, seeing the soul projection of the Emissary of Light break her beloved's Celestial Blood Rule Domain and continue to grow stronger.

The Southern Princess and Colleen watched the live stream grimly, understanding why they had lost to the three mischiefs in the Clown Mask's future vision. The strength displayed by the Emissary of Light had made it clear that they, the three mischiefs, too, were the pride of their generation and not to be underestimated. This was only a soul projection; they could not imagine what it would be like if the Emissary of Light were to appear in person.

The myths of the Celestial Rule Domain had driven the likes of the Royal Instructor and other powerful card apprentices into madness for centuries in their pursuit of it, yet here, one had mastered it while the other had found a way to counter it. The two of them were breaking reality as they knew it in turns.

The only regret of the Southern Princess and Colleen was that, unfortunately, neither of them had been born into their family. Thankfully, their willful girl had chosen for herself the most capable of them as her husband.



"Why is Wyatt just standing there like a fool? Why doesn't he try to evade or something?" Ann shouted in frustration, observing that the tug-of-war between them was over, as the soul projection of the Emissary of light summoned an enormous amount of power out of nowhere and was now trying to squash their fiancé like an insect with one finger. Even though she had no time for anyone else in her life besides her mother, she had long accepted that whoever Anna ended up marrying was going to be her husband as well. Because it wouldn't work otherwise.

"I'm sure he has something up his sleeve. If nothing else, he can fake his death like he did in the past," Anna said, having faith in her beloved, believing him to be cautious and far too slippery. He only fought if he had the slightest chance of winning; otherwise, he would slip away, faking his death.

If this had been back when she had taken charge of the Southern Watch, she would have felt nothing but disdain for someone like that, but now she admired him, now loved him to death.

Colleen and the Southern Princess did not comment, as they knew Anna's groom could survive this. Since he had managed to survive the time separation array and nearly four dozen demigods equipped with time-related cards and runes, this level of threat should be nothing to him. They merely wanted to see how he would deal with it, to gauge his power and get a sense of just how strong he truly was. Because every time they thought they had him figured out, he would fail to surprise them.

"That's one way to deal with an incoming attack, I guess. But what's that red fog covering his growing body?" Ann remarked, seeing that Anna's groom had finally reacted by unleashing his giant form. She had witnessed it before, but she had never seen the red fog oozing from it, protecting it by what looked like eating away at the soul projection of the Emissary of Light.

*Chapter 2650: Emissary Of Light's End Game*

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Myriad Realms, Card World, Southern Region, Southern Capital, Heatsend Royal Palace

"What kind of transformation card is that? Is that the true form of the devil he is borrowing power from?" Ann exclaimed in terror, seeing Anna's groom finally transform against the Emissary of Light's soul projection, whose radiating form was no longer visible within the huge shadow and was completely covered by the red fog. "There must be more than a thousand floating heads and pairs of arms behind his giant form, hidden within the fog."

"How is he even sustaining that form? It looks taller than a mountain. That's a lot of soul energy and rule power for a card master," Colleen cried in awe, wondering how the live stream could even capture his entire form within the grimoire's small video frame. She was surprised to learn that the Western Princess possessed such skill in live streaming; the angles at which she filmed her grandson-in-law were nothing short of spectacular and breathtaking. What surprised her even more, however, was her grandson-in-law himself. He made her wonder if he was even human. If not for him having contracted a grimoire, she would have thought otherwise.

"There's no such devil that I've read of," the Southern Princess said, only for Anna to retort, "Why do you all keep associating his power with the dark races? Why can't it be that he cultivated that power himself? Considering everything he has done and achieved so far, is it really that hard for you to believe that a card master can cultivate such power without following the card apprentice power system?"

"Well, honey, that would make him even more suspicious," the Southern Princess remarked, only to see her lovely daughter's face scrunch up in worry. A subtle sadistic smile formed on her face, finding her daughter cute. She loved how Anna would suddenly become more thoughtful and intelligent when it came to her beloved.

Anna was worried about understanding what it meant for her beloved to have come up with a whole new power-system that could co-exist with the card apprentice power system. She was just trying to defend her beloved against claims that he was borrowing power from devils and ended up thinking of far more worse than that. Now, she could only pray that what spouted in the heat of the moment was not the truth. Otherwise, things were only going to get worse.

"A whole new power-system that can be cultivated along with the traditional power-system, now that could explain his abnormal power scaling," Colleen mulled over what her granddaughter said, trying to make sense of her grandson-in-law's prowess.

"It's not a whole new power system. It's just a card he created. You saw that his subordinates also have those cards. We even placed an order for our armies," Anna hurriedly denied, trying to make sure that the idea of a new power system didn't stick. She didn't want this to come and bite her beloved in the ass.

Listening to her, the Southern Princess and Colleen couldn't help but stare at Anna, realizing that if there were ever a need, she would not hesitate to sell them out for her beloved.

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Just like them, the whole of the Card World was shocked by the gargantuan form of the Southern Hope. The more than a thousand floating heads and pairs of arms, shrouded in red fog, invoked a primal dread in their hearts and minds, making them question

reality as they knew it. It was as if they were seeing an entire goddamn mountain come alive, like a deity with more than a thousand heads and pairs of arms.

Before the Southern Hope, the Emissary of Light looked like a fake deity. Even most of the fanatics thought he looked more like a deity than the Emissary of Light.

In Sky Blossom City, on the rooftop of the TSR Guild, Susan, Jill, Corey, Corey Park, and little Baem observed the huge silhouette with a thousand heads and pairs of arms, shrouded in red fog. It wasn't just them; everyone in Sky Blossom City had gathered on the streets or rooftops to witness the majestic figure of the Southern Hope. Even without watching the live stream, most had felt the presence looming above their city and had rushed out to learn what was going on from others.

Meanwhile, the Emissary of Light was burning through faith faster than he was accumulating it, despite the hype surrounding the live stream. At this rate, he would barely be able to earn back the faith he had spent to break the Celestial Rule Domain, achieve his form, and maintain it. Right now, he was stuck in a dilemma. Turns out the Southern Hope was more trouble than he bargained for.

The Emissary of light had two options before him either he retreated and stopped wasting any more faith, risking the sowing of doubt in the hearts and minds of his followers, or he went all out, at the risk of emptying his faith reserves fighting someone several decades younger than him.

However, the boy's taunts were making it harder for the Emissary of Light to choose rationally. He believed that the boy was doing it on purpose, seeing how he was taunting him instead of trying to finish him off.

Also, even though it was only his soul projection, the fact that he lost or secured a desperate win against a teenager would remain, planting seeds of doubt in his followers' hearts and decreasing their faith in him. Therefore, he could neither retreat nor continue to fight. He regretted choosing to intervene using his soul projection. He had seriously underestimated the Southern Hope. No, the whole world had seriously underestimated the southern hope.

Knowing he was trapped in a no-win situation, the Emissary of Light came up with a way to handle it while saving face and preserving most of his faith reserves. No longer hesitating, he burned a large amount of faith and teleported both of them out of the public eye to a secluded location far, far, from the Sky Blossom City.

"Master Wyatt, let us take our battle elsewhere, where no innocent lives will be caught in its wake. Shall we?"

At first, he had planned to teleport the Southern Hope somewhere far away and declare to the world that he had won, but then he changed his mind, knowing the Southern Hope would use that to defame him, calling him a Humbug Herald. He couldn't leave

room for such a possibility. Therefore, he teleported both of them out of Sky Blossom City; this way, everyone would speculate about what had happened, but no one would know what actually occurred.