

## Card Apprentice Daily Log

### #Chapter 2671: Excommunicated - Read Chapter 2671: Excommunicated

*Chapter 2671: Excommunicated*

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Myriad Realms, Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters

With the matter of the Celestial Empowerment cards settled, I decided to pay a visit to the dungeon seal. With Corey, Lil' Beam, Bloodette, Cortney, and Petra all gathered there, it was practically a convention of troublemakers.

The fact that nothing had exploded yet was already a small miracle. Either they were behaving themselves, or chaos had already broken out and I simply hadn't heard about it yet.

The thought alone made me quicken my pace. I hurried toward the dungeon seal in the basement of the TSR Guild tower. Yet just as I reached the basement and was about to step into the dungeon seal, a voice spoke.

There was no warning. No echo. No direction to turn toward. It didn't roll across the air or rise from the ground. Instead, it manifested directly beside my ear, bypassing distance, walls, and even conscious thought. The voice carried a majestic, crushing weight, one that pressed down on the mind itself as its declaration.

As the declaration continued, I turned on my heel and rushed out of the basement, heading straight for the tower's terrace. The proclamation was being delivered through the greater array formation that spanned the entire Southern Region, declaring to everyone within its borders.

"By the authority of the Southern Region, one of the Five Regions that constitute the world's governing order, this declaration is issued and made absolute."

"Let all who hear this voice be recorded as witnesses."

"Dalton Venera Wyatt, formerly recognized as a registered citizen of the Southern Region, is hereby charged with High Treason against Regional Authority and the established World Order."

"By claiming dominion beyond the authority of his region, by asserting sovereignty over territories not lawfully recognized by any regional Charter or by the Central Government, and by declaring intent to dominate the world order, he has violated the foundational accords that bind the Five Regions."

"Effective immediately, Dalton Venera Wyatt is stripped of all rights, titles, protections, and legal recognition previously granted by the Southern Region."

"His name is expunged from Southern civic registries, bloodline records, and all regionally recognized succession rolls."

"His citizenship within the Southern Region is revoked retroactively."

The voice paused for a breath, invisible pressure pressing against the mind and weighing on the heart, making its presence unmistakable. The declaration was not yet finished.

"The city known as Sky Blossom City, presently under Dalton Venera Wyatt's control, is hereby denounced."

"Its Southern Regional charter is annulled."

"Its status as a legally recognized city under any Royal authority or Central Government jurisdiction is dissolved."

"From this moment onward, Sky Blossom City is classified as a Hostile Sovereign Entity, existing outside the lawful structure of the Five Regions."

"All individuals residing within Sky Blossom City, operating under its administration, or swearing allegiance to Dalton Venera Wyatt are declared complicit in treason against their respective Regions."

"They forfeit regional protection."

"They forfeit diplomatic recognition under both Royal and Central authority."

"They will be treated accordingly."

The voice hardened, as unforgiving as it had been from the very beginning.

"All Regional trade contracts with Sky Blossom City are terminated."

"All inter-regional transit rights to and from Sky Blossom City are withdrawn."

"All sanctioned routes recognized by the Southern Region and the Central Government are hereby void."

"Any external party, whether Royal, Central, or independent, that provides material aid, passage, intelligence, or contractual support to Sky Blossom City or to Dalton Venera Wyatt shall be judged as collaborators under inter-regional sanction law."

Then came the word that truly mattered, spoken only after every other sentence had been hammered into place.

"Dalton Venera Wyatt is excommunicated from the Regional Order."

"No Royal Family shall shelter him."

"No Central statute shall recognize him."

"No Regional or Central tribunal shall hear his appeal."

"By decree, he stands outside the lawful governance of the Five Regions."

Another pause followed, measured and deliberate, as if the voice were allowing the weight of its words to settle before continuing.

"Under the Regional Sanction Protocol, the Southern Region reserves the unrestricted right to enact military, contractual, and all enforcement against Sky Blossom City and Dalton Venera Wyatt at a time of its choosing."

"This declaration does not require ratification by the Central Government."

"This declaration is final."

The voice concluded without ceremony.

"Let this be known."

"Let this be remembered."

"Let no one claim ignorance."

And then, just as abruptly as it had manifested, the presence withdrew.

Sky Blossom City still stood. But every soul within it understood the truth. From this moment onward, the world no longer acknowledged Sky Blossom City or Dalton V.

Wyatt as part of the lawful order of the Five Regions. But only as a defiant threat needed to be neutralized.

After hearing the declaration in full, I realized what the Southern Princess was truly doing. She was using this decree to protect both the Southern Region and me at the same time.

She had the Southern Royal Family invoke the Regional Sanction Protocol, reserving for themselves the unrestricted right to enact military, contractual, and all forms of enforcement against me and Sky Blossom City at a time of their choosing.

This way, the other regions couldn't accuse the Southern Region of sheltering a terrorist, nor could they act freely against me. Any attempt to pursue, capture, or punish me would now fall under the exclusive jurisdiction of the Southern Royal Family, as they alone held the right to enforce the sentence.

I understood exactly why the Southern Princess had orchestrated this. And yet, despite that understanding, I still couldn't help but hope that my guess was right.

Too much was at stake. The lives of everyone in Sky Blossom City, the Freedom Fighters, and every person who had placed their trust in me all hung in the balance.

However, no matter the reason the Southern Princess chose to do this, she gave me a starting point to begin my Card World domination.

Just as I managed to prepare myself for the rapidly developing situation, four more declarations rang out in succession, one after another...

*Chapter 2672: The Counter-Decree*

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Myriad Realms, Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters

The other four regions issued their counter-decrees in direct response to the Southern Region's declaration. They all asserted the same position: that the Southern Region's excommunication was valid, that Sky Blossom City no longer existed within the lawful structure of the Five Regions, and that I stood outside all Regional and Central protection.

Each of them also rejected the Southern Region's claim to exclusive authority over this matter. They reserved for themselves the unrestricted right to act against me and Sky

Blossom City, directly opposing the Southern Region's attempt to monopolize military, contractual, and all forms of enforcement in this matter.

Together, they severed all contracts and trade with the Sky blossom city and all organizations connected to me, authorized military action without restraint and lifted all limits on surveillance and intervention against us. Lastly, the Central Region sealed everything into an official record, confirming that any region could move against me and all organizations run by or connected to me at will.

From that moment on, it was no longer a regional matter. It was the world's.

Basically, the Southern Princess acted first, trying to use the Regional Sanction Protocol to turn the situation in our favor. However, the other four regions and the Central Government responded by declaring me the enemy of the world, invoking the authority of world order to supersede the Regional Sanction Protocol.

That was to say, from that moment on, no region was bound to wait, negotiate, or defer. Anyone could come for me. Anytime. Anywhere.

How did it come to this?

The teleportation network was meant to be my third world-changing innovation, following Silver Milk Powder and the VR-Universe.

I had planned to connect every city across the Five Regions through my teleportation network, funded by the sales of Slime Fairy cards and other aides from the cities themselves and the five regions. From there, I would unveil the Freedom Megalopolises in Lil' Red Storm to the entire world, leading to bigger things and projects.

I was supposed to leverage the undeniable results of my criminal rehabilitation and reintegration program to persuade all five regions to send me their most heinous and hard-core criminals. That would have allowed me to expand the Sinner Army steadily and strengthen my forces under lawful pretenses.

I was meant to make my true entrance when the Three Calamities overthrew the Masters, or when the second demon invasion descended, whichever came first. I would step in as the hero, and from there, ascend naturally to the ruler of the world.

Instead, I had become the most heinous existence in the Five Regions. A world terrorist. An enemy greater than Gideon Grim, greater than the Emissary of Light.

Where did it all go wrong?

I knew exactly who to blame for this. And yet, I couldn't. All I could do was accept it as my punishment for being too greedy. Instead of choosing one, I chose all three of them, and in doing so, made my life three times harder.

I stood there on the terrace as, one by one, the culprits behind my current predicament gathered at my side with the no intent of apologizing for the good deed they did. Others followed soon after. I kept my emotions tightly in check. This wasn't the time for an outburst. My people needed me now more than ever. I will deal with these three later.

"So, you all heard the decrees and counter-decrees," I said, skipping any pretense of small talk or making any attempt to assure them. "Anyone who wants to leave may do so now. You'll receive your severance and compensation for the danger I've brought upon you and your families."

I wasn't giving them a generous free pass. I was weeding out the weak links.

"Boss, I think I can speak for everyone here," Aurelia said as she stepped forward, sweeping her gaze across the group. "If we wanted to leave, we wouldn't have come looking for you."

"Slow down, kid," Kiren cut in calmly, speaking for her team before Aurelia could drag them into her confidence. "We're here for different reasons."

"Who are you calling a kid?" Aurelia snapped, her voice dropping dangerously low. "Old hag, do you have a death wish?" She looked ready to throw hands with a demigod.

I stepped between them at once. "Aurelia, go contact your mother and tell her to proceed as planned. There's no need to rush back over something this trivial. I'll speak with her personally tomorrow morning."

Aurelia shot Kiren and the Western Princess one last glare before finally turning to me. She nodded in agreement and moved off to the side to complete my instructions asap.

Then I turned to Kiren and the Western Princess and said evenly, "I'll deal with you two later. For now, observe all you want. But if you interrupt one more time, I'll make an example out of you."

Kiren nodded. Together with the Western Princess, she stepped back, deliberately separating themselves from my people. I ignored them and addressed the rest.

"Since none of you chose to leave, you have my thanks for placing your trust in me," I began. "First and foremost, the citizens are our priority. If anyone wishes to leave the city, buy their properties at a ten to twenty percent markup and assist them in relocating to cities that still remember my grace."

I continued without pause. "For those who intend to stay, instruct them to suspend all business and external operations for the next two days. The same applies to us. For anyone already en route, mobilize the Sinner Army to escort and protect them. Don't hesitate to use force if necessary."

"Aside from that, everything proceeds as usual. In two days, the Royal Families and the Central Government will be forced to reconsider their decrees and counter-decrees. And if anyone tries to stir trouble inside the city," I added calmly, "you already know what to do."

I swept my gaze across them. "If I missed anything, or if something wasn't clear, now's the time to ask."

*Chapter 2673: Gangster General*

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Myriad Realms, Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters

"Boss, honestly, you don't need to worry about the citizens of Sky Blossom City. We, the Bright Lions Gang, have strong public relations across every city under our control. Trust me. Say the word, and they'll bear arms against the world for you," Aurelia said confidently as she returned after delivering my instructions to her mother. She casually paced past Kiren and the Western Princess, daring either of them to give her a reason. Her demeanor made it seem as though this were just another ordinary day for her. Seeing her like this, the others also appeared slightly relieved and more at ease.

A subtle smile formed on my face as I listened to Aurelia. She was the clearest example of why I had entrusted the senior management of my organization to capable card apprentices I could rely on, rather than to my calamity daughter cores. Also, I don't believe anyone else could match Aurelia's growth within my organization. Umm... maybe Jaya in terms of strength, but in my organization not so much.

It hasn't been long since she took over the Bright Lions gang, yet she had enough confidence to claim she could get the cities, mostly second and third tier cities, whose underground was taken over by the Bright Lions gang to rebel against all the governing bodies of the five regions.

Even as a rookie in the gang, she focused on public relations and the well-being of the organization without anyone needing to tell her to. Through actively serving the citizens, taking on their problems as her own, and treating them like family, she steadily gained popularity. Her influence wasn't limited to Sky Blossom City, but extended to every city whose underground now fell under the control of the Bright Lions. On the day she challenged the Bright brothers for leadership of the gang, citizens from all those cities gathered in Sky Blossom City to cheer for her.

Honestly, she was like my gangster general. In her own way, she was following in her ancestors' footsteps, a path that had become a tradition for her family and for many



families in Border City. Well, given Border City's financial hardship and infamy, most of its people could only secure stable livelihoods by joining the Southern Watch or the army.

When neither Kiren nor the Western Princess reacted, Aurelia's eyes drooped in brief disappointment. She quickly shook it off and continued, "Boss, our Bright Lion gang branches from other cities keep calling me, asking for permission to take over their respective cities and declare their undying allegiance to you."

"Hahaha," I laughed aloud, unable to stop myself. Realizing that I had underestimated my people, especially the younger generation. It seems their admiration for me is greater than that of their admiration for the Southern Royal family.

I couldn't help but tilt my head back and stare at the sky in melancholy, thinking that maybe this was for the best. There was no such thing as perfect timing for world domination. And if I was afraid to even voice intentions of it out loud, then perhaps it wasn't something that truly suited my appetite.

I turned to Diana and asked, "Where does the Fine Gold stand?"

"Awaiting your command," Diana replied. Three words, but they were enough.

"Good. Good," I said. "Tell both the Fine Gold Guards and the Bright Lions Gang to stand down. They are not to take matters into their own hands. Have them lie low for the next two days. If there's an emergency, deploy the sinner army."

"Boss, are you sure? This is a good opportunity to overthrow the Southern Royal family. Their pompous asses have already ruined the South enough. If they hadn't tried to act smart, the other regions wouldn't have had a reason to join hands against us. If you ask me, they did it on purpose. The only problem is, for the life of me, I can't figure out why they would do that," Aurelia said, her tone openly challenging, as she all but threw down the gauntlet against the Southern Royal family while speculating about their motives.

Understandable as of everyone present, she had the most reason to hate the Southern Royal family. Then, to everyone's surprise, she turned to Anna and, with a gentle smile, she added, "Sister-in-law, no offense. As the boss's general, I have to give him my honest opinion."

"What makes you think you're Wyatt's general?" Jaya snapped at Aurelia before Anna was given any chance to respond.

"You still dare stand before me? It seems I haven't whooped your ass hard enough," Aurelia shot back instantly. She and Jaya had formed a friend-rival bond through repeated clashes over the leadership of the Bright Lions Gang.

A Viltronian versus an Auriculean.



Now that was a battle I would pay to watch. In terms of raw strength, Jaya was clearly superior, but when it came to skill and combat experience, Aurelia held a significant advantage. More importantly, Aurelia was willing to die to win and get what she wanted, while Jaya was not.

Still, I had to give Jaya credit. She was shaping up to be a solid investment, and this rivalry with Aurelia was forging her character. She was no longer just Diana's baby sister.

"Oh yeah? I'll whoop your ass hard enough to knock that delusion right out of you," Jaya shot back, glaring straight into Aurelia's eyes.

"Cut it out," I stepped in, having let their banter continue long enough believing it was good for morale. Then I looked around at the others and asked, "Anyone else have anything to add?"

"Wyatt, what about the VR-universe?" Jill asked. Although she believed they had done nothing wrong, she didn't dare meet my eyes. That made me wonder whether it was really that obvious that I was upset with the three of them. I had thought I was hiding it well.

In reality, I was being distant, but not because I was angry. The truth was that, even though I had found the courage to acknowledge that I wanted all three of them. I didn't dare stay close to any one of them, afraid of stirring resentment in the other two. That choice left me holding a delicate bomb of my own making, and I had no idea how to defuse it.

For now, I decided not to push my luck.

*Chapter 2674: The Moral Loan Shark*

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Myriad Realms, Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters

"What about the VR-Universe?" Jill asked. It hadn't even made it onto the list of things I was concerned about. It was virtual, hosted within my personal realm network, and protected by the Devil Merchant Code.

"Your dynamic currency system," Jill continued. "The exchange rates are going to crash. People will panic-sell, fearing that once the central government and the royal families take control of the VR-Universe, they won't recognize trades and deals conducted under you." She had a valid point. What she didn't realize was that humans

were greedy by nature. That hadn't changed in the past, wouldn't change in the present, and wouldn't change in the future.

"You're right about panic-selling, but the exchange rate is stable, and the currency value is steadily increasing. That's because the major noble and royal families, their branch families and allies, along with the top ten universities and various hidden sects and clans, have begun investing heavily in the VR-Universe. Now that they've made up their minds to come after me together, they've started fighting over who gets how much of the VR-Universe. We have nothing to fear on that front. In fact, in a way, this is excellent for us," I explained, relying on the Hive Spirits' real-time reports.

"Isn't that a little presumptuous? They're acting like they've already won," Aurelia remarked, irritation flickering through her voice. Still, she was quietly relieved that their boss didn't need them to go to war, confident enough to handle the situation on his own. Despite all her bravado, Aurelia understood this was for the best. No one present knew the cost of war better than she did.

Were the world leaders being presumptuous? No, they weren't. The fact that, despite their massive investments in the VR-Universe, the currency value rose steadily rather than skyrocketing proved they knew exactly what they were doing.

Come tomorrow, even if the world-governing bodies failed to act against me or collapsed disastrously in the attempt, their investments in the VR-Universe would remain safe and continue to grow. Either way, it was a win-win for them.

At any other time, the VR-currency value would have surged several fold almost immediately. It didn't, because their aggressive buying pressure was counterbalanced by panic-selling. That selling came primarily from common people, those who had invested in the VR-Universe early, back when most couldn't see its potential or were waiting for the central government to sanction it or outright steal it from me.

It was saddening, but that was simply how the investment world worked. If they trusted me, they would hold. If they didn't, they would panic-sell. That wasn't my problem to solve. Sooner or later, people would catch on, and it was only a matter of time before the VR-currency value finally shot up.

"Thanks for the tip, boss. If the meeting's done, I have some urgent business to attend to," Aurelia said at once, reading everything she needed from my smile as she rubbed her hands together like a gambler at a roulette table who believed it was not gambling if she knew she was going to win.

As the leader of the Bright Lions Gang, she now handled its finances. It was a gang after all, it had no formal treasury or dedicated treasurer, which meant she directly controlled a vast pool of capital. In the past, the Bright Brothers had simply left financial matters to Diana. Aurelia, however, was different. She had chosen to manage it herself.

One of the perks of maintaining excellent public relations was that it allowed her to personally know small business owners across the cities, making it easy for her to identify which ventures showed real promise and could blossom into solid investments with proper support and encouragement.

As a result, she began offering zero-interest loans with a three- to ten-year principal return period in exchange for majority shares. In essence, she was a loan shark, but not the kind that grew by draining its borrowers dry. She grew alongside them.

I glanced around at everyone. They all seemed calmer now, more confident, even a little eager and urgent, as if I was keeping them from something very important. I never knew my employees were so enthusiastic.

Seeing that no one had any further issues to raise, I said, "So, I take it all of you know what you need to do. If something urgent comes up, you know where to find me. If I'm unavailable, contact them. You're all dismissed."

With that, all of them hurried off to their posts, including Jill, Anna, and Susan. I was willing to go out on a limb and guess they all shared the same idea as Aurelia. No wonder they all seemed that eager to get back their work.

I turned to Kiren and the Western Princess. They hadn't left, though the princess's bodyguards had. That alone said a lot, but I still asked, "Aren't you two following them?"

"No. We invested all our savings into the VR-Universe the day we learned about it. We had planned to venture into the Way Beyond to earn more and invest further, but then Redfall happened, and so did you," Kiren said, her words carrying a trace of blame. She appeared proud of their foresight, yet at the same time faulted me for becoming an unexpected distraction to their plans.

"Funny thing is, I told those two they should invest in the VR-Universe. They didn't believe me, but the moment they heard you, they instantly regretted it. It was satisfying. Still, I gave them a five-minute window to sort things out," the Western Princess, Christina, said, prompting me to raise an eyebrow.

If I were in her position, I would have fired those guards and hired new ones. They had left their princess alone with someone who had threatened her just minutes earlier, all for the sake of money. That was simply unprofessional.

As if reading my thoughts, Christina added, "Don't underestimate their loyalty to me. They would die for my amusement. It's just that they trust your strength too much. I convinced them to leave by telling them you were strong enough to kill all of us together without us even realizing it. So staying behind to guard me, while missing the opportunity to make the fortune of a lifetime, would be stupid."

*Chapter 2675: Foolish Ambition?*

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Myriad Realms, Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters

"So, what is it you two wanted to talk to me about?" I asked, realizing I might have been too quick to judge Christina's guards. They were far more self-aware than I had given them credit for.

"We wanted to talk you out of your plans for world domination," Kiren answered in a relaxed tone. "But after listening in on your little meeting, we no longer intend to. We now understand that you have no such plans." As she spoke, she summoned a canteen from her grimoire and took a sip. A faint fruity scent drifted through the air, leading me to guess it was wine.

I shook my head firmly and clarified, "No, you've got it wrong. World domination is still on."

"What? You're pulling our legs, right?" Christina was convinced I was joking. But when she saw the look in my eyes, her mouth fell open in shock. "You're crazy."

"Wyatt, that's absurd. Everyone of them will die because of your foolish ambitions. Put aside your massive ego for a second and think of these people who are willing to die for you and your vision," Kiren persuaded aloud, her voice edging toward hysteria. Even though she knew I was strong, this time I would be facing all the governing bodies of the five regions, and she had no confidence that I would come out on top without a series of miracles.

"No, no one will die... Everything will be clear to everyone in two days. Enjoy your front-row seats to the new world order," I assured the nosy duo, all the while waiting for Field Marshal Lorn to contact me after reading the message I had sent to her devil merchant codex several minutes earlier.

"Yeah, more like, in two days, consider yourself lucky if this little city is still standing and not reduced to dust along with its citizens," Christina snapped in rage. She almost lunged at me, clearly wanting to punch my face, but Kiren pulled her back just in time.

"Wow, you two really have a death wish," I warned Christina and Kiren with my gaze before adding calmly, "For your information, that's not going to happen. My people and I will take care of it."

I had to reassure them because I had no intention of killing them. Like every favored of the Card Celestial, those two never liked sticking to the script and always managed to introduce an unexpected twist. Knowing them, they would try something reckless in the name of what they believed was right.

Previously, I was counting on that tendency, hoping they would help me deal with some of the criminals the world leaders intended to send my criminal rehabilitation and reintegration program's way, particularly those who weren't actually guilty of any or major crimes and were simply people victims of difficult lives.

Take the high school gang in the Southern Capital, for example. I hadn't met them myself, but Aria had sworn they'd done nothing wrong, and I trusted her judgment. After Anna, she was the only other Unparalleled bloodline descendant I held in high regard. That little square, though uptight, was oddly adorable. I guess it was her sense of duty and righteousness.

"You and what people? Aurelia and the rest?" Christina scoffed. "I could slaughter them all, and they wouldn't even be able to put up a decent struggle. Who are you kidding? Do yourself a favour and just apologize paying some fines," she suggested, rigidly controlling every fiber of her body to stop herself from taking another swing at me.

I shook my head with a quiet chuckle and replied in amusement, "Those guys? Yes, they pack a punch, but I have bigger guns. The kind that will settle all this in two days."

At that, Kiren and Christina exchanged a glance filled with disbelief. Even so, that didn't stop them from prying. Kiren asked, "Who? The freedom fighters? Redfall and Yin Widow?"

"Nah. They've got their own responsibilities keeping them busy—" I paused mid-sentence as my grimoire rang up with an incoming call from someone I never expected to hear from: Sansa Baylor.

Seeing her contact ID, a single thought crossed my mind. Did she catch on to Henricks's attempt to rescue Ned? It was supposed to be a simple search-and-rescue mission, yet they still hadn't returned.

No. If she had, Ned would be dead by now, and she would have made sure I knew it. That begged the question of why she was calling me. Was it to inform me of that? Or did she simply want to rub salt into my wounds?

Sansa was a crazy woman. Aside from her infatuation with Demigod Baylor, predicting her next move was nearly impossible. Either way, it wouldn't hurt to remind her of reality if she had forgotten it.

I turned to Kiren and Christina, asked them to leave, warning, "Leave and don't try to pull anything for the next two days if you don't want to see me kill Cam and Ollie before killing you two."

Kiren stared at me in silence. Had it been anyone else, she would have dared them to do it, trusting Cannibal Cam, her husband's other persona, not only to protect him but to tear their heads off. But I was different. My gaze alone terrified Cannibal Cam. Their brief exchange with me that day was still fresh in her mind, and Cam had confided the dread he felt when my gaze had pierced into him. That was why she didn't test my patience and immediately dragged Christina away while I was still asking politely.

"Kiren, what are you doing? If we let him do whatever he pleases—" Christina protested, but she was easily overpowered. Kiren seized her and dragged her away as Christina continued complaining aloud.

"Shut up, Christina," Kiren snapped, cutting in. "I don't mind dying, but I don't want to die knowing we got Cam and Ollie killed—"

However, both of them suddenly stopped in their tracks and turned back toward me, frozen in place as a surge of golden soul energy erupted from my head and condensed into a humanoid form.

*Chapter 2676: Soulmates*

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Myriad Realms, Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters

The golden energy shifted and condensed into a clearly defined female figure in an elegant evening dress, while the last traces of golden energy flowed down her long hair and along the fabric before slowly dissipating. Her presence was striking, with an unmistakably majestic aura which pressed down on the surroundings like the perfect centerpiece, attracting all eyes.

Kiren and Christina stood frozen, breath trapped in their throats. Every instinct screamed at them to leave.

Ignoring that warning, Christina shouted, "Sansa Baylor? I knew it. Something was wrong with him from the start. Did you corrupt him?"

Horror widened Kiren's eyes as Wyatt's annoyed gaze slid toward them, followed by Sansa's openly amused one. Sansa Baylor, the Matron. Her reputation alone made her presence suffocating.

The five regions were not ready to learn the truth of her Paw Clan, and despite knowing what she had done, no one wanted to make an enemy of her. She knew far too much about them, far more than they knew about themselves. For a prestigious family, that kind of imbalance was more frightening than a psychotic killer roaming free.

"Did I corrupt him? Me, corrupt him? Oh, honey," Sansa laughed lightly. She slowly circled around me before stopping at my side. "Can a sea corrupt an ocean? No, sweetie. You see, people like us, we're born like this. Stick around, and you might get to see the real him."

"Enough. Don't make me repeat myself," I warned, my gaze fixed on Sansa and never wavering.

Kiren reacted instantly. She seized Christina and dragged her away with all her strength, cutting her off mid-sentence. "Wyatt, don't tell me she's the big gun you were talking about—"

I kept my memory of Sansa suppressed, leaving the Hive Spirit to remember her in my place, ensuring she couldn't manifest behind me at my weakest moment to kill or seal me. But when Sansa's call reached me, those sealed memories resurfaced. Before I could even respond, she used my memory of her as an anchor and arrived in person.

I wasn't surprised by that alone. I knew the abilities of her origin card. What truly caught me off guard was that she had come in her original body. After our last meeting, I had assumed her cautious nature would never allow that. Yet she stood here now, unmistakably present, in her original body.

Sansa smirked. "Are you sure you want to take that tone with me? Right beneath my feet lies everything you've worked for, everything you care about. A blink of an eye. That's all I need—"

"Get on your knees before I make you," I cut in, letting the command stand on its own.

Sansa's smirk widened further. "It seems you have a lot more to lose now than the last time we met, Wyatt."

"Yeah, I do. But I wonder if losing them would hurt me the same way it would hurt you when I'm done with the one thing you care for," I said, deliberately provoking her. "Go on. Show me whether I love those three as much as you love your husband. I want to know."

Sansa's body went rigid at my words. They were insane, yet they made sense to her. Once, she too had gone around killing people who mattered to her husband, just to feel the unbearable pain that filled her heart as she watched him break, devastated and hollow. It reminded her of how much he meant to her, keeping her grand ambitions firmly anchored around him.



Sansa was insane, but at her core, she was a hopeless romantic. She believed that every person had a single destined counterpart. Baylor was hers. That belief shaped how she judged everything else. Because of it, she never saw Susan, Anna, and Jill as my true love.

I might have liked them, but liking wasn't the same as loving. If I truly loved even one of them, I would have given myself entirely to her. I wouldn't have hurt her repeatedly by forcing her to share me with two others, day after day.

More importantly, Sansa was bound by a demon contract she had signed with me. Unless she discovered a way to circumvent it, she could not directly harm me or anyone around me. Even so, she kept pushing. Like a lioness in a circus, she tested her ringmaster, not to escape, but to see whether the whip would fall.

At that moment, she understood that the leverage she thought she possessed might never have existed at all. I seized that opening and summoned my Celestial Blood Fate Domain, restricting it to the terrace of the TSR main tower. My voice was cold as I issued the command, "Since you don't want to, then get on your knees and finish what we couldn't last time."

"Come on, Wyatt. I thought we'd passed the point of asserting our dominance and could joke around a little," Sansa tried to brush off my command to which I warned, "Do it on your own or I will make you."

"Make me. But before you do, know this. I came here to lend a helping hand," Sansa said defiantly. She would rather die than let me sully her.

"Kneel," I uttered. Inside the celestial blood rule domain, the command took effect instantly. Sansa's knees bent, striking the cold concrete. Her heart lurched downward, her breath paused as her vision aligned with my crotch. I let that moment linger in silence, let the image burn in her mind, before leaning close to her ear and whispering, "Now I allow you to beg. Show me how much you love your husband."

"The Masters ordered the Supreme Leader to deploy his undead legion and capture you tonight," Sansa said, discarding all pretense of small talk she had earlier. "After witnessing your battle with the Emissary of Light, the Supreme Leader isn't confident that he and his legion can complete the mission alone. That's why he recruited me and the Emissary of Light to assist him in capturing you."

*Chapter 2677: Sansa's Shame*

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Myriad Realms, Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters

"I see," I said, unimpressed, in response to the information Sansa had shared.

After the Masters' attempt to use the world decree to force my submission backfired, they had already made one thing clear. They didn't dare face me head-on. Instead, they resorted to indirect pressure, using the Southern Region as a proxy to hand me over.

So after watching me overpower the Emissary of Light on a live stream, it wasn't surprising that they would deploy the undead legion they had prepared for unranked dungeons to eliminate me.

The only part of Sansa's information that truly caught my attention was that the three nuisances I had deliberately spared to deal with the Masters later were now coming for me themselves. It reminded me of something someone once said, *'Man makes plans, God laughs.'*

When I showed no reaction to the revelation, Sansa continued. "The Supreme Leader and the Emissary of Light have already reached an agreement. The former completes the Masters' mission, while the latter claims the fame of killing you. They plan to capture you alive and hand you over to the Masters, but they'll cover it up by informing the world that the Emissary of Light killed you."

"Uh-huh," I nodded, gazing down at Sansa's eyes rolled upward. It was a beautiful sight. "What about you?"

"I haven't given them my answer yet," Sansa said. "However, Karl seems adamant about me tagging along. He offered me various resources that aren't even available in our world. If I had to guess, he's working with Gideon Grim, so he will most likely be joining them as well. The latter hates you to the bone, considering you found a way to use his origin card's ability against him. I believe Karl hid his involvement because the Emissary of Light hates him for some reason."

She spoke without holding anything back, not minding the demeaning position I had forced her in.

When I learned that the Supreme Leader had raised the realm of his undead legion to the Demigod Realm, I had already guessed he was receiving outside help. It definitely wasn't the Masters. That left only one possibility. Gideon Grim, one of the three demon merchants from the Card World.

It could have been the other demon merchant I had yet to locate, but I doubted that a mere demon merchant alone could gather the resources necessary to help the Supreme Leader elevate his undead legion's realm to the Demigod Realm. Even

Gideon Grim, a devil merchant, wouldn't have been capable of that without the backing of the dark faction, the Seven Princes of Hell.

"Why is the Emissary of Light targeting Sky Blossom City?" I asked Sansa as I helped her to her feet.

The brainwashed demigod guard captain had gone to great lengths to steer my suspicion toward the Whiteburn family over the irregularities they had supposedly noticed within the city. I had planned to personally visit Whiteburn Manor to see what was really going on. After all, the last known descendant of the demigod Micheal Angelo Godson, Pax Godson Whiteburn, was staying there. However, one incident after another followed, and I never found the time to check on them.

But if I referenced Clown Mask's future vision, the Emissary of Light had already killed the kid and taken all the relics of the demigod Micheal Angelo Godson. That could explain why the Emissary of Light's fanatics were crawling through Sky Blossom City and why they had even tried to use me to target the Whiteburn family.

However, this was too early in the timeline for the Emissary of Light to have learned about Pax's existence. He didn't have demigod Micheal Angelo Godson's relic to track Pax down. Because of that discrepancy, I couldn't help but question Sansa about what she knew, in hopes of cross-referencing it with my own information to arrive at the most likely conclusion.

"The Emissary of Light believes the Saintess guarding the relics of demigod Micheal Angelo Godson escaped to your city, locating one of her lord's direct descendants in here," Sansa answered without any hesitation, confirming my suspicions while pointing out the irony. "Funny how Micheal Angelo Godson's church previously refused to give his descendants his relics when they were on their last legs, but now that the bloodline is close to extinction, they're scouring the five regions to return the relics to their rightful owner."

According to Clown Mask's memories, Micheal Angelo Godson's relics could only be used by those who carried his bloodline. However, how efficiently they could wield them depended on the purity of the bloodline they carried. The Emissary of Light, on the other hand, because of his faith, could not only use those relics, but wield them perfectly.

If the Emissary of Light got his hands on those relics, he wouldn't have to rely on his faith as heavily in battle. Even if he still did, he would gain far more means at his disposal.

"Is that all?" I asked Sansa indifferently, without bothering to ask how she planned to answer the Supreme Leader's call for her, making it clear that if she had nothing else to add, she should leave before I changed my mind.

"If they invoke the terms of alliance between us, I'll have no choice but to offer my help. I'm already stretching those terms by telling you all of this," Sansa informed, making it clear that her hands were tied, even though I didn't ask.

So, I didn't understand why she was telling me this in the first place. Did she hope I would strike first, before they invoked the alliance and forced her to stand against me?

"I guess you've got to do what you've got to do," I remarked without thinking much of it. I didn't care whether she joined the Supreme Leader, Handsome Fox, and the Emissary of Light against me or not.

#### *Chapter 2678: Sansa's Submission*

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Myriad Realms, Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters

Sansa and I had a demon merchant contract in place. It prevented either of us from harming the other until she helped me kill the Emissary of Light. When the time came, we both knew which contract she would choose to break, most likely the one with the least consequences. I hadn't read their alliance contract, but I knew my demon merchant contract was ironclad.

"Wyatt, I won't just give you Ned if you help me dissolve my alliance contract with the other two. I'll also help you fight them," Sansa finally revealed the real reason she had taken the risk of meeting me in her original body.

"What makes you think I can do that? Even if I could, haven't I made it clear that I want Ned gone?" I feigned ignorance while the reason it was taking so long for Henricks, Ollie, and Cam to find Ned finally became clear to me. Sansa had never released him, despite learning through her Paw Clan's chat group that she supposedly had. Why was that? Had something changed without me knowing?

"Wyatt, I might not be as smart as you, but don't insult my intelligence. The entire Five Regions know that you not only resisted the Masters' world decree, but that the Masters were punished by the World's Will instead," Sansa said. "Anyone with a little sense knows you have a method to communicate with the World's Will."

That much was already public knowledge. The Five regions now knew I shared a connection with the World's will. What they didn't know was the extent of that connection, how deep it truly went.

"As for Ned," she continued, "with the freedom fighters gone, nearly a third of the underground and black markets in the central capital are under my Paw Clan's control. I became aware of Henricks's arrival the moment he entered the central capital."

"Wyatt, even if you somehow manage to face and survive the combined forces of Karl, Gideon, and the Emissary of Light, there are still the five governing bodies of the Five Regions and the other forces to consider. They declared you the enemy of the world just minutes ago. No matter how many you defeat, they will keep coming. It will be endless," Sansa dictated her practiced sales pitch, polished and deliberate, meant to sell herself to me. "Let me help you. No, let me serve you. With your intelligence and prowess combined with my forces, we might witness the birth of a new regime, the Five Regions united under a single ruler."

Among Sansa's fancy words and flattery, what truly held my attention, however, wasn't what she said. It was what she left unsaid. She knew how Henricks had known exactly when and where to find Ned in the streets of the central capital.

What I was trying to say was that Sansa knew I was using the VR-Slime cards and the VR universe for surveillance and intelligence gathering. Other world leaders only suspected this and didn't dare equip the VR-Slime card despite its enticing effects, but Sansa now knew for certain that I was guilty of exactly what they suspected. No wonder she had suddenly become so chatty at the end. She was hoping I wouldn't notice this buried beneath all her words.

For now, I decided to pretend I didn't realize that she knew about my intelligence network.

"For someone who wants my help and claims to serve me, you were certainly very humble and genuine," I remarked, hinting at her attempt to threaten me using Susan, Anna, and Jill. Despite being bound by a demon contract and being weaker than me, the woman was crazy enough to threaten me. She really was the loose cannon among the three mischiefs.

"If I hadn't done that and gone straight to the point, I wouldn't have satisfied your ego or assured you that you were still in control. Then, you couldn't have given what I was asking a serious consideration," Sansa revealed honestly. Her confession now landed harder than anything she had said before.

She had willingly humiliated herself to get what she wanted. That alone showed there was nothing she wouldn't do to achieve her goal. If not for Baylor, she would truly have been a menace, one that even the Supreme Leader, Handsome Fox, and the Emissary of Light would have had to watch closely, like at the end of Clown Mask's future vision.

"You're good. I'll give you that," I said with a chuckle. She was right. I had believed I was reminding her of her new reality, but it was the other way around. She was assuring me that she understood her place, that she had accepted it without reservation. By

threatening Susan, Anna, and Jill, she had provoked me just enough for me to overlook that fact and think I was the one defining our relationship.

Sansa was right about one thing. Compared to the last time we met, I had far more to lose now. But I didn't see that as a weakness. I saw it as having something to live for. The drive I felt to provide for and protect those I loved and cared about reminded me that I wasn't merely alive, but truly living. I had to admit it. Ever since I made my relationship with Jill, then Anna, and finally all three of them public, I felt a deeper sense of belonging to the Card World than I ever had before.

"But that doesn't change the fact that I can never trust you," I said plainly. I didn't beat around the bush. I wasn't obligated to help her or accept her. The demon merchant contract wasn't my concern. It price she had willingly paid to save her life and dignity during our last encounter. She alone was responsible for her choices.

"Fine. Then tell me what I can do to earn your trust. As long as it doesn't harm my dignity, I'm willing to do anything to gain it," Sansa declared resolutely, asking me to give her a path to my trust.

How insane was that? Had she already forgotten that she had turned my mother's life into a living hell and murdered my parents?

*Chapter 2679: Sansa's Shenanigans*

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Myriad Realms, Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters

I looked at Sansa, wondering if I should just kill her. Yes, there was a demon merchant contract between us, but I had loopholes in place to revoke it whenever I wanted. What did you expect? It was a demon merchant contract. It always favored the demon merchant.

Why the sudden change of heart?

There were three reasons for that. First, I had let Sansa live only so that she and the other two mischiefs would kill the Masters, as seen in Clown Mask's future vision. Second, she was meant to be my insider among the three mischiefs, such that when the time came, she could help me eliminate the other two.

Third, and last, the most important of the three, was that she had figured me out. She had pretended to resist when I ordered her to kneel before my crotch, yet she showed no discomfort holding that position while reporting to me.



There was only one explanation for that. She knew I was doing it purely to humiliate and dominate her, I had no intention of taking it any further. To put it in her words, *'Satisfy my ego and show that I was still in control.'* That was why she hadn't been afraid to come here in her original body.

Not to mention, she had figured out that I was using the VR-Slime cards and the VR-universe for surveillance and intelligence purposes, creating my own intelligence network across the five regions. Sansa had learned too much about me. It was only a matter of time that she knew enough to come after me.

When I spared Sansa, I resolved that once she outlived her usefulness to me, she would die a horrible death by my hands, upholding my promise to young Wyatt's resentment on my first day in this world.

Given how the circumstances have developed, I saw no reason to continue my ruse with Sansa. She could have lived another night or two but she had to push her luck.

"Wyatt, come on. We have to find a way to move past our differences and work together. You have the vision and the capital. I have the manpower and the means. Together, we can bring the royal families and the Masters to their knees and unite the five regions under one ruler. You know what I'm saying is true. I know you can already see it. Just tell me what I need to do to help you put the past behind us and trust me to help you unite the five regions under one ruler," Sansa began once again, trying to persuade me after seeing me fall silent in thought.

She had misunderstood my silence. She thought I was weighing whether to accept her proposal, not deciding if I should kill her. The irony almost made me laugh.

"Sansa, you keep saying you'll help me unite the five regions under one ruler," I said as I slowly stepped closer to her. "But you've never actually said who that ruler would be. Would it be me, or would it be you?"

Sansa's eyes widened in astonishment hearing her little trick being caught by me, but she hurriedly denied, "Wyatt, of course it's going to be you. I had no such idea, you are overthinking it."

"Am I, now?" I asked with a chuckle as I watched Sansa try to gaslight me.

This woman was a maniac. She dared to pull a stunt like this under these circumstances. Despite everything I knew about her, it was still hard for me to believe. It made me wonder whether she was being reckless or simply that confident. I even considered the possibility that she had additional insurances in place, which would explain why she was willing to come here in her original body. There was no way to find out without pushing her far enough to force her to use them.



Thanks to my Celestial Blood Fate Domain, Sansa was completely cut off from the outside world. If I killed her here, her origin card would not be able to revive her through the body of someone who remembered her. Escape was not an option.

She could always try a hostage exchange, but I had made it a point to monitor everyone close to those I cared about for any signs of Gideon Grim's, the Emissary of Light's, or Sansa's soul energy influencing their minds or wills. On top of that, the Houndragons were watching over the city. I didn't see any real possibility of that working.

So what was it that made her so confident?

"You don't believe me, do you? Yeah, you're too smart to fall for that. Even to I got caught, I don't regret it. It was fun while it lasted. If got the chance, I would do it all over again," Sansa reflected as her tone shifted abruptly, her demeanor changing with it. She was done pretending. Her voice turned playful, while her posture radiated confidence, silently announce, *'I will leave here alive. What about you?'*

"Wyatt, don't feign ignorance in front of me. I'm the master of memories. When it comes to acting, no one in this world is my match. I can see it in your eyes. You've already made up your mind to kill me, haven't you?" Sansa said, noting my indifference to her supposed revelation. Now that she knew I had caught on to her small games, she was not certain that I wasn't weighing whether to accept her proposal, but had decided to kill her

"Do you know that I've made up my mind to kill you," I replied evenly, "or are you asking whether I have?" I was being deliberately difficult. There was no rush, after all. She was already trapped within my Celestial Domain. I wanted to see what gave her the courage and confidence to stand before me.

"Hahaha," Sansa laughed, completely ignoring my words. "Wyatt, my offer still stands. Partner up with me. The five regions are big enough to accommodate both our egos and our appetites."

*Chapter 2680: Sansa's Nephew*

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

Location: Myriad Realms, Card World, Southern Region, Blossom District, Sky Blossom City, TSR Guild Headquarters

"Partner with you? Ha! That's funny," I laughed, then added, thanking her, "But thank you for coming here in your original body. I know you did it to prove how sincere you are about helping me unite the five regions under one ruler. It saved me the trouble of having to hunt you down myself."

"You know, I don't think my plan had any major flaws. It would have worked. It's just that you had already decided to kill me, hadn't you? You never planned to let me live, just like I never planned to let you live either. Even though I didn't want to, I still ended up underestimating you," Sansa said, finally realizing how foolish it had been to believe I would spare her despite the grudge between us.

She let out a long sigh before adding, "It seems you didn't inherit your mother's stupidity along with her eyes."

"Sansa, since we might not see each other again, I want to ask you something. How can you love someone so deeply? Especially someone who doesn't return that love, someone who loves someone else?" I asked. Not out of curiosity, but out of genuine awe at the depth of her devotion.

I had heard of the sayings:

*'Don't try to understand crazy, it will consume you.'*

*'You have to be crazy to understand crazy.'*

Still, I needed to know how she had been so certain that Demigod Baylor was the love of her life. I wanted to understand the reason behind her unwavering dedication to a love that was never hers, a love that belonged to someone else.

It wasn't just Sansa. Demigod Baylor was the same. He remained fixated on a dead woman who had chosen another man over him. Even while he was married to a woman who wasn't merely devoted to him, but loved him deeply enough to burn the world for his sake, he still loved the dead woman as if waiting to reunite with her in the afterlife.

The same held true for young Wyatt's mother, Elleen Wyatt. Mama Wyatt chose to abandon her old reality to build a new one with Papa Wyatt. From young Wyatt's memories, I could tell that despite their many struggles, the Wyatt couple had been genuinely happy together.

Meanwhile, I loved three women and couldn't bring myself to choose between them. It made me wonder whether what I felt for Susan, Anna, and Jill was truly love, or something else entirely.

I knew it was far too late to be questioning this, but when it came to my love life, I felt insecure. It's not that I doubted the girls. I knew the three of them loved me, because they had chosen to share what should have belonged to each of them alone with the other two, solely for my sake.

"You sure you want to know?" Sansa asked, without taking it personally. When she saw the firmness in my gaze, she decided to answer. "Despite everything, your mother was

my best friend, and I was hers. That makes me your aunt. I suppose that obligates me to help with your love life."

"Really? You didn't hesitate to try to kill me at every opportunity, yet you feel obligated to help with my love life?" I remarked. Only a madwoman could justify that kind of logic, and only someone just as mad could understand it.

"Don't be snippy, young man. Do you want my help or not?" Sansa snapped back.

Hearing her, I felt something crawl under my skin and shuddered without meaning to. She noticed immediately and grinned, making it clear she wasn't afraid in the slightest and was fully confident she would walk away alive.

"Yes, but act normal," I agreed, asking her not to act weird trying to play the aunt I never had. The unsettling part was how natural and convincing her act actually was.

"I love my husband, and I'm devoted to him because he is the love of my life, my soulmate," Sansa began accepting my request to act normal. "From the day I met him, I could only see him. Everything else became a blur and background noise. From that moment on, it felt like there was nothing to life but him."

She then looked straight into my eyes and asked, "Wyatt, do you feel the same way about those three girls? If you don't, then you don't love them. You'd better break it off now, before it turns into something ugly and explodes in your face."

I widened my eyes as I listened to Sansa's words. I didn't think we were close enough to comment on, let alone advise, each other about our personal lives. And yet, I couldn't shake the feeling that she wasn't just advising me but was aggressively pushing me toward breaking things off with Susan, Anna, and Jill. Which was crazy because just a few moments ago she was using them to threaten me. Why does she even care?

"Honestly, it didn't bother me that he didn't love me back," Sansa continued. "I was content knowing that I loved him more. What bothered me was that, just as I could only see him, he could only see her. That meant he couldn't see me, he couldn't see how much I loved him. As long as she was there he would never see me so even though she was my best friend, she and everything of hers had to go."

I was stumped and glanced at Sansa, a single thought surfacing in my mind. Was she justifying the slaughter of the entire Wyatt family to me?

*'What am I even doing listening to her? I don't have to stand here and hear this woman try to justify her actions. Let's end this,'* I resolved, preparing to act. But just as I was about to make my move, she spoke again, "Wyatt, I'm sure the love of your life is somewhere out there. Don't rush into things."

There it was again. She was clearly trying to steer me away from Susan, Anna, and Jill. And that made me wonder. Why did she keep doing this? What does my love life got to do with her? This was so odd and random.