

## Card Apprentice Daily Log

### #Chapter 2681: Sansa's Memory Bomb - Read Chapter 2681: Sansa's Memory Bomb

*Chapter 2681: Sansa's Memory Bomb*

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

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

"Die—!"

No longer paying attention to Sansa's words, nor trying to understand them, I sentenced her to death within my Celestial Blood Fate Domain, intent on fulfilling the promise I had made to young Wyatt on that cold night when I awakened in this world, in his place.

However, something unexpected happened. Before I could even finish that single syllable, my head exploded.

"Memory Bomb!"

My headless body remained standing as blood sprayed endlessly from my severed neck. Sansa's wild, unrestrained laughter filled my Celestial Blood Fate Domain as she bathed in my blood, utterly unaware of the corrosive nature of my cursed bloodline. The blood burned into her beautiful skin, searing it crimson. Only then did she panic, retreating frantically while activating a cleansing card on herself.

After putting distance between herself and my headless body, Sansa screamed—not in agony, but in despair. The skin her lover adored, the skin he liked to caress and kiss, had become hideous and grotesque. She now resembled a survivor of severe third-degree burns.

She desperately attempted to heal herself using various elixirs and healing cards, but none of them worked.

Only after she finally calmed down did she realize the truth that it was a curse. A high-tier curse at that, as none of her curse-purging cards worked.

The blood spurting from my neck suddenly spiraled inward, forming a violent whirlpool that rebuilt my head. I opened my eyes and looked toward Sansa.

She was cutting her own skin away, then regrowing it using elixirs and healing cards, only to watch the marks left by my cursed bloodline crawl back across her flesh. She repeated the process again and again. Each time, her cuts went deeper, eventually reaching bone.

She showed no mercy to herself, as though the pain meant nothing compared to the terror of facing her beloved with a hideous, ruined face.

When she finally accepted that she could not deal with the curse using the means available to her, she stopped. Her gaze snapped toward me, burning with a fury that words could not capture.

I didn't care. I was too busy analyzing what had just transpired to spare even a thought for her death glare.

The Hive Spirit monitored my body around the clock, alerting me to any irregularities or attacks while my attention was elsewhere. According to its records, she had used my memory of her as the trigger, igniting and detonating my entire memory structure at once, causing my head to explode.

If not for the World Calamity Seed's shell protecting my primordial calamity soul gem, the memories stored within it would have detonated as well, and my entire body would explode with my head, killing me instantly.

Understanding what had happened, I met Sansa's stare head-on, fully aware that she had grown stronger than in Clown Mask's future vision.

I realized then that sparing her in the Yellow Plains realm had been a grave mistake. An even greater mistake than sparing her was humiliating and antagonizing her—showing her just how helpless she was before me, how little I thought of her, to the point that I spared her life without even fearing the possibility of her revenge.

My provocations had pushed her to the edge of despair, so thoroughly that she had submitted to me.

Yet, in the few days since our encounter, the very despair and helplessness that forced her submission had, for reasons I still did not understand, transformed into motivation. It drove her to grow stronger, to devise a new application for her origin card, Memory Bomb—a technique that detonated the target's memories by using their memory of her as the trigger. Simple yet lethal, the technique left me thoroughly impressed.

However, just as I was about to erase the memory of her from my mind and command the Celestial Blood Fate Domain to kill everyone trapped within it, she spoke again. Her

warning came as if she had read my intent to kill her, just like last time, "Wyatt, don't force my hand. I might not be able to kill you, but I can't say the same about your beloved."

At her words, my breath froze. I didn't believe her. I was fairly certain it was a bluff. Even so, I didn't dare to call it. While I hesitated, Sansa continued, "Before you activated your celestial domain, I sent your little sweetheart a message. I introduced myself to her and implanted a 'Memory Bomb' in her memories. It will detonate in twenty minutes. Now she has about eight minutes left."

Feeling my growing murderous intent for her, her smile sharpened, "If anything happens to me before then, the Memory Bomb will detonate immediately."

She tilted her head slightly, eyes locked onto mine, "So, what are you going to do, Wyatt? Tic Toc, Tic Toc."

I stared at her, not to judge whether she was telling the truth, nor to guess which of them she meant—Susan, Anna, or Jill, just to give her that impression while I used Hive Spirit to dispatch my calamity daughters to locate the three of them and ask who among them had received a message from Sansa. That was the only way to determine who the Memory Bomb had been implanted in, since unlike me, my calamity daughter gem did not possess primordial soul pupils.

So why didn't I go to check on them myself?

Because I couldn't leave the Celestial Blood Fate Domain if I intended to maintain it at full throttle. Anything less, and Sansa could escape my celestial rule domain piggybacking off the card world's celestial force that permeated everything using someone who carried her memory as an anchor. Her ability was slippery like that.

Then how did I plan to save them if I couldn't even leave the celestial domain?

Simple. I would have my calamity daughter gems gather the one at risk among the three into the Celestial Rule Domain—perhaps even all three of them, since I did not fully believe Sansa's words.

*Chapter 2682: Sansa's Gambit*

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

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

"Wyatt, who did you think of when I said I implanted a Memory Bomb in your sweetheart?" Sansa suddenly asked, her tone laced with a disturbing curiosity about my love life.

My eyes widened as realization struck. Maybe it was all three of them—or none of them. Perhaps it was someone else entirely. Someone that Sansa believed to be my sweetheart. Or worse, every woman in my life.

As my thoughts spiraled, I received news from my calamity daughter gems. To my shock, none of the three remembered receiving a message from Sansa. Even if she had buried the memory of the text deep within their minds, there should have been a record of it in their grimoire text logs. Yet none of them had any such record.

It made me wonder whether this was all, in fact, a bluff—just as I had thought at the beginning. Time was ticking, and I was right where I began.

"Wyatt, are you too busy asking them whether they received a text from me?" Sansa asked lightly. "Don't bother. The Memory Bomb can not only duplicate my memories in the victims' mind infinitely but also hide itself deep in the target's mind along with every memory of me they possess. Make it hard for one to simply erase it from their memory. That means they won't remember receiving the text at all, and you can just erase the memory bomb from their memories."

She took her time, clearly enjoying herself, taking pleasure in my desperation. Soon, she smirked, adding, "And don't bother checking their grimoire text logs either. There are many ways to send someone a message. It doesn't have to be the grimoire network."

Listening to her, I realized she was right. For someone with her means, she had countless methods to arrange for a message to be delivered to her target by someone who had no idea what they were carrying, someone merely doing their job. The thought ignited murderous intent within me. Sensing it, she smiled and reminded me casually, "Would you look at that? There are only five minutes left."

I was out of options, and if I didn't act soon, I would be out of time as well.

I couldn't leave Sansa behind to rush to Susan, Anna, and Jill's rescue. Nor did I dare bring all three of them into the Celestial Rule Domain to test and save them.

What if I left Sansa and she immediately detonated her Memory Bomb? And what if everything she said was nothing more than an elaborate bluff?

In that case, by bringing all three of them into the Celestial Rule Domain, I would be delivering three perfect scapegoats straight into her hands—three anchors for her to hide within. Once she managed to hide within any one of their memories, it would become extremely difficult for me to do anything to her—let alone kill her.

"Wyatt, do you give up?" Sansa asked. This time, her tone was neither playful nor indifferent, but professional. As the time limit closed in and my indecision persisted, she chose to strike. "Wyatt, I'll be honest with you. While I have you tied down here, my people are busy implanting Memory Bombs into every citizen of Sky Blossom City. We're using every message delivery method available, every service the citizens rely on."

She continued looking down South, "The Supreme Leader, the Emissary of Light, and their forces are two hundred and fifty miles from the city, ready to attack at my signal. I wasn't lying when I said I hadn't given them my answer. My signal will be my answer."

Her eyes locked onto mine as she proposed, "That means my offer to you is still on the table. Join hands with me. I'll erase their forces in one fell swoop while you stall the Emissary of Light. Once I've finished off the Supreme Leader, I'll rejoin you. As for Gideon Grim, we'll need to stay alert—but his forces pose no threat to me here."

She exhaled softly, monitoring my micro-expressions, as she remarked, "Honestly, Wyatt, I never wanted our cooperation to begin with me threatening your people and your city. But you're just as unforgiving and vindictive as I am." A faint smile tugged at her lips. "Along with your eyes, that's what I like about you."

She waited for a heartbeat, letting the reality of my situation sink in, before asking, "So, Wyatt—what's it going to be? Will you join hands with me, or massacre your entire town by killing me... or keeping me trapped in here?"

I was astonished to realize that I wasn't keeping Sansa trapped in my celestial blood rule domain at all. Instead, she was isolating me from the city, giving her paw clan the window to spread her Memory Bomb throughout it, turning every citizen into her hostage strapped to a bomb.

It seemed her new application of Memory Bomb was far more versatile than I had understood. Funny how a single technique, when applied properly, could become so much more.

"You think you've got me, don't you?" I said, letting out a long sigh as I finally did what I had resolved not to do. Sansa had proven herself a worthy opponent. I slowly stepped toward Sansa, adding, "I have to admit, your Memory Bomb is something else. You were meticulous. Careful. But once again, you underestimated me."

Sansa's indifferent expression cracked as she felt the weight of my murderous intent closing in. She realized then that I had made my decision—and it wasn't the one she had hoped for.

According to her calculations and everything she knew about me, that should be possible, but her mind reflexively recalled my answer from earlier, when she had arrived

here through my memory of her and threatened me with the lives of Susan, Anna, and Jill:

*'Go on. Show me whether I love those three as much as you love your husband. I want to know.'*

She stared at me in horror, misunderstanding that I was a bigger psychopath than her.

"You don't care about those three?" she asked frantically. "What about the lives of innocent citizens? If I die, they all die!"

"When you don't care about them," I replied coldly, "why should I?"

*Chapter 2683: Sansa's Faith*

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

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

"You... was that all an act?" Sansa asked desperately, realizing she could no longer sense any memory related to her within her nephew's mind—nothing she could latch onto to trigger her Memory Bomb, even though she stood right in front of him.

She didn't bother threatening to detonate the bombs implanted in others. Within the Celestial Rule Domain, all contact with the card world was severed. If she could trigger the Memory Bomb, she might as well escape directly.

To make matters worse, every attempt she made to converse with her nephew, to create new memories with him, failed—despite her standing right before his eyes.

Then she noticed something was wrong. Her nephew gave her no response to her calls and attempts to converse. His eyes were blank—not blind, but devoid of light, as though nothing remained behind them to reflect her presence.

That was when she concluded her nephew was done talking to her—and about to finish what they hadn't that day in the Yellow Plains realm.

As the silence thickened and the distance between us narrowed, her desperation collapsed into despair. She hurriedly began rearranging the cards on her grimoire's attack page. Previously, each card had been carefully selected to complement and enhance her origin card and Memory Bomb technique—allowing remote activation, timer counters with deadman switches, multi-target deployment, and more. Enough to

seize control of an entire city, despite being trapped within her nephew's Celestial Rule Domain.

In desperation, Sansa hurriedly began to rearrange her cards, preparing for a battle to the death. However, she had never fought without relying on her origin card. Her mind couldn't form a viable card combination without it in it, and her thoughts fell into complete disarray.

Even her runes and rule powers had been comprehended and developed to support her origin card. As for those that didn't, she had never bothered to comprehend them further, simply moved on to the next.

Never once in her entire life had she imagined encountering someone who could perfectly block her origin card. After all, the moment any entity showed even the slightest intent toward her, it meant they possessed memories—and those memories contained a memory of her. That alone was enough to make them prey to her origin card. Avoiding her origin card's prowess was simply impossible.

Still, fate was merciful to her ignorant ass at the Yellow Plains realm, what had transpired there should have been a wake-up call to her about her ways.

Despite that humiliating, life-ending experience, she had learned nothing from it. Instead, she doubled down, focusing entirely on her origin card and refining it until she produced the Memory Bomb technique. She went even further, abandoning the card build she was familiar with and reconstructing it entirely to empower Memory Bomb.

Now, she found herself in the exact same situation she had faced in the Yellow Plains realm, once again forced to confront the same opponent—one who somehow seemed to be completely unaffected by her origin card.

What made it even more baffling was that she had walked into this situation of her own accord, allowing her original body to be locked inside the Celestial Rule Domain.

As these thoughts raced through her mind while she struggled to assemble a viable card combination for the battle that would decide her survival, Sansa's thoughts finally fractured, collapsing further into despair.

In that despair, she stopped trying to rearrange her card build. Instead, she clung to the one thing that had carried her this far—her origin card itself. With her life on the line, she began using it on me relentlessly, desperately searching for a crack, a wall she could infiltrate, a single memory she could latch onto.

Sansa no longer had any intention of fighting a decisive battle. She committed everything to pushing her origin card to its absolute limit, hoping for a miracle.



She planned to hide within the memories of her would-be killer. To that end, she staked her life on a single opportunity—a narrow window through which she could escape into the memories of her nephew, the one who was about to kill her, seeking sanctuary within his memories, intending to remain there until a better option presented itself,

No—she wasn't gambling her life. She was taking a calculated risk.

She knew her nephew's strength. He had forced a freak like the Emissary of Light to retreat, even though it had only been a soul projection. He had been bolstered by faith drawn in through a live stream. That alone was proof that, without her origin card, she stood no chance against him.

Therefore, rather than wasting effort on a futile struggle against her nephew within his Celestial Rule Domain, she chose to trust everything to her origin card. It was the only path she believed remained.

Whether it was desperation, fate, or something else entirely, Sansa's calculated risk paid off. It was not short of a miracle.

At last, she sensed a memory of herself within the Celestial Rule Domain. It was coming from her nephew—yet not from him alone. She had begun to detect the memories of another sentient entity residing within him.

The moment she sensed this new, rich vein of memories, her despair vanished in an instant. Without even allowing herself a sigh of relief, she activated her origin card. Her body dissolved into a beam of light and shot straight into her nephew's body, escaping into the memories of that sentient entity in his body to take refuge within them.

She didn't care who—or what—the entity was. As long as it possessed memories, she would hold the home-field advantage. Once she had secured herself within those memories, she was confident she could deal with everything else as the situation unfolded.

It was neither ignorance nor boldness, but faith—absolute faith in her origin card. In her moment of desperation, she clung to it as though it were her final lifeline.

*Chapter 2684: Sansa's Calamity*

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

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



Erasing all memories related to Sansa and shutting down every one of my senses, I handed my body over to the Hive Spirit.

I could have used the Celestial Blood Fate Domain to sever Sansa's soul energy and rule power, making it impossible for her to activate her origin card, then rendered her immobile and finished the job. It wasn't as though I had time to spare.

But I didn't. Instead, I did something far more daring. I had done something similar once before—with Agent Lois Forger.

I baited Sansa into my calamity daughter gem using the memories of a clone of the Hive Spirit housed within it. I knew I didn't have the time for experimentation, but I had to try. After all, there was only one Sansa. If I didn't try now, I would never get the chance.

And fortune favored the bold.

Sansa not only took the bait, she entered the calamity daughter gem willingly, settling herself within the memories of its Hive Spirit and beginning to lay her roots there.

Without realizing it, she had started to fuse with my calamity daughter gem. She misunderstood what was happening, believing she was merely synchronizing with the entity's memories, allowing her to sink deeper and deeper into them—deep enough that I wouldn't be able to find her, or harm her, even if I erased the entity's entire memory.

In fact, she would have preferred it that way. Because if that happened, it would give her an opening to enter my memories.

After all, I had erased all memories of her and sealed off my senses to protect myself from her origin card. If I were forced to act in that manner, it would mean I remembered her. And the moment I remembered her, she could use her origin card to take refuge within my memory, securing her safety.

Such was her confidence in her origin card—and her fatal misunderstanding. In that second, she had willingly become primordial calamity daughter gem, and was immediately accepted by cursed bloodline becoming a bloodkin.

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

[Your 'Sansa Baylor' primordial calamity daughter gem has inherited your cursed primordial bloodline.

Bloodline Purity: 95%]

[Your 'Sansa Baylor' primordial calamity daughter gem's authority tier has increased.

Partner-Tier >>> Bloodkin-Tier.]

[Sansa Baylor, primordial calamity daughter gem, has inherited your innate calamity 'World Devouring Plague' by modifying into its innate calamity 'Memory Devouring Plague.']

My eyes widened as I read the prompts informing me that Sansa Baylor had become my bloodkin.

Suppressing my questions and doubts, I called Sansa out and released her from my Celestial Rule Domain, ordering her to deactivate all Memory Bombs and instruct her Paw Clan to cease their actions and retreat.

After Sansa left to clean up the mess she had created, my mind was in chaos, unable to decide where to begin.

Should I try to comprehend how Sansa had managed to gain an innate calamity of her own despite only being capable of wielding the third form of the World Calamity Tree? Or should I celebrate the fact that I had successfully tricked my cursed bloodline, by having Sansa willingly become my calamity daughter gem, accepting her as a bloodkin? Or should I reflect the fact that I was forced to break my resolve and turn Sansa into my calamity daughter gem?

Either way, the situation was anything but simple. Sansa's final confrontation with me had brought far too many surprises.

"Master, the situation is under control," Sansa reported as she returned.

I glanced at her, disappointment heavy in my gaze. She was the strongest bloodkin I had created so far—and at the same time, a mark of my failure. I was supposed to kill her. Instead, she had forced my hand, turning herself into my calamity daughter gem.

As if sensing the turmoil in my thoughts, Sansa lowered her head and bowed silently, as though awaiting punishment.

As a bloodkin, she was still the same Sansa I had known—only now bound by new priorities and restrictions, equally possessing far greater prowess.

I looked at her and asked, "I see you've mastered the Blood Memory meaning of the Blood Rule to its ultimate mastery. Why didn't you use it to implant a Memory Bomb—or hide within my bloodline itself?"

"Master, your cursed bloodline wouldn't allow it," Sansa replied calmly. "Whenever I tried to edit the memories of your bloodline to implant a memory bomb or hide within it, it attempted to devour me instead. I was at my wits' end."

She paused briefly before continuing, "In truth, when I entered the Hive Spirit's memory within the calamity daughter gem, I was grasping at my final straw. Compared to certain death outside, I chose to take my chances within those memories. In the end, I was no different from anyone else—I was afraid of dying."

Her voice softened as she recalled and shared her intimate feelings, "Especially now that Baylor has decided to move on and truly accept me, and my love." foreseeing she was about to continue sharing vivid details about her marital bed, I raised a hand, signaling her to stop.

"Go and give your answer to the Supreme Leader. Make sure all three of them gather tonight. None of them should escape," I ordered Sansa, dismissing her as I instructed her to execute the very plan she had prepared in case I chose to ally with her. "Choose a battlefield that won't affect the city too much."

"Yes, Master," Sansa replied, bowing as she prepared to leave.

As a bloodkin, Sansa retained all of her original cunning and now understood the full extent of what I was capable of. With her mind, she should be able to modify her plan accordingly and ensure that the Supreme Leader, the Emissary of Light, and the Handsome Fox would not leave the battlefield alive.

Just as she was about to depart, I called out to her, "Wait. Why did you suddenly take an interest in my love life?"

*Chapter 2685: Crazy Breeds Madness*

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

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

If someone who spent most of your life trying to kill you suddenly paused to lecture you about your love life, you'd be curious too, wouldn't you?

Or was that just me?

Granted, I was the crazy one who brought the topic up with that psycho in the first place. Still, the intensity Sansa showed toward it made it feel like she genuinely gave a damn about my love life. That was baffling—and, unfortunately, it also made me curious about her thought process.

Was she thinking, *'Since I have him here, I might as well lecture him about monogamy and soulmates before I kill him?'*

What good would that possibly do for anybody?

Imagine your killer, in the middle of a desperate struggle for your life, suddenly pausing to lecture you about your love life.

"You know what, Dave? None of your current three wives are good enough for you. Just hang in there a little longer—I'm sure the love of your life is out there somewhere. Anyway, where were we? Right. Time to die, Dave."

If Dave died like that, I'm convinced his ghost would be stuck screaming "What?" for the rest of eternity. An eternity drowning in confusion.

Forget halal—this would be a far crueler way to slaughter.

I don't know how many of you get what I'm saying, but I bet Dave gets it.

"Right, Dave?"

"What?"

"Master, Master," Sansa called out, pulling me from my whimsical thoughts, "Uh?"

"Master, are you okay? You suddenly spaced out," she asked, concern evident in her voice.

That was... not something I would have imagined hearing from her before today. Shaking my head, I asked, "So, where were we?"

"You asked why I suddenly showed an interest in your love life," Sansa replied. When I nodded, she continued, "It's because of Baylor. He said he would like it if our son were friends with you—and if our daughter were romantically involved with you."

Listening to her, I couldn't help but raise an eyebrow in confusion.

When Sansa had said that Baylor was moving on, I hadn't really believed her. But now, I was not only starting to believe it—I was beginning to wonder whether Baylor had completely lost his mind. There was so much crazy to untangle here that my head hurt.

I mean, what the hell, man? I could understand you accepting her despite her killing your lover and lover's husband. After all, she had been your beloved crazy wife, who showered you with enough love to flood an ocean.

But why in the world would you hope that your lover's son would become friends with—or even romantically involved with—the child you sired with his parents' killer?

Ain't that sick?

If that man hadn't completely lost his marbles, what else could possibly explain his thinking?

"Seeing him make plans for a future together with me," Sansa said softly, "I was so happy that I wanted to make that future come true for him. I wanted to bear as many children as he wished. I wanted to raise them with him, grow old with him, and die holding his hand—just like those old romantic novels. So, master, when you asked my advice on your love-life, I felt like it was divine intervention. Things were once again working in my favor."

With every word Sansa spoke, her excitement visibly grew. I began to fear that she might orgasm right there in front of me. I knew bloodkin were granted a disturbingly high degree of freedom, but reaching that completion before me? That was just... sick.

"Are you sure you want to have children with him?" I asked. "Aren't you worried you'll kill them, just like you killed your best friend and her husband for the very same reason? If you can do it once, you can do it twice. Then, you will do it a third time—and again after that. That's something you should think about before you start playing housewife with Baylor."

I wasn't teasing Sansa. I genuinely believed that if she ever had children with Baylor, it would be a miracle if they survived past their first birthday.

If Sansa ever felt that her love for Baylor was being overlooked, she would destroy everything in her path. That didn't mean she wouldn't love those children. It didn't even mean she would be jealous of them. It also didn't mean she would let them take Baylor from her.

"Yes, Master. I will think about it," Sansa said, nodding politely. But she didn't actually think about it.

Her words said one thing; her mind revealed another. She had already made up her mind to have Baylor's children. Still, compared to the other bloodkins, she was the most honest of them all—much like how Lois was the most expressive, and Dalie was the most loyal and selfless.

"You do understand that I'll kill you once I'm done dealing with this mess, right?" I said, making my intentions unmistakably clear. She remained quiet and submissive outwardly, but inwardly, she thought, *'That's all the more reason for me to have Baylor's children as soon as possible.'*

Listening in on her inner thoughts, my eyes widened. I felt a sudden, frantic urge to tip a cow—anything to distract me from the crazy in her head.

I was beginning to understand what Baylor must have endured as her captive. It was no longer surprising that he had lost his mind. To survive her, he must have embraced the madness.

I couldn't help but feel sorry for the guy.

"You can take your leave now," I said. "While you're at it, move Ned and Baylor to Freedom City." I dismissed Sansa, trusting her to make the arrangements as instructed. "Don't worry. You can visit him in Freedom City if he agrees to meet you."

"Thank you, Master," Sansa replied, bowing before she departed.

I retracted my Celestial Rule Domain and turned my attention to Henricks, who had been waiting patiently for me all this time along with the other captains of the Freedom Fighters.

*Chapter 2686: Karl Masters*

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

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

"Look who it is—my prodigal subordinates. You finally decided to show your faces? I was starting to think you'd never leave your cozy nests in Freedom City," I remarked, glancing at Henricks and his captains.

Even Sansa had been quicker than them to check on me.

That said, I couldn't really blame them. They had been isolated in the Lil' Red Storm Realm, and as a result, information circulation and response time there were severely delayed—nothing like those who had been right beside me in Sky Blossom City, listening firsthand to the declarations of the various royal families and governments.

They were too ashamed to speak, hovering there with their heads hung low.

Shaking my head, I said, "This won't do. Talk to Diana. Secure office space in one of these towers and establish your base here. Connect with my other forces and build a proper communication and command bridge between Freedom City and the card world. Otherwise, our people will be dying here while you sit back and enjoy—I don't know—omelets in your cozy nests back in Freedom City?"

I paused, looking at the shocked look on Blair and Jax's face, then added flatly, "Yes, Blair. I know you were enjoying omelets while the royal families and the central government were busy declaring me a world terrorist."

"How did you know?" Blair blurted out in astonishment. Jax followed immediately. "Wait—were you watching us?"

"Yes," I snapped. "While the entire world was branding me a terrorist, I apparently had the time to sit back and watch you steal sanddragon eggs, turn them into omelets, and eat to your hearts' content. Do you really think I have nothing better to do?"

My voice thundered through the space as I glared at Blair and Jax. Somewhere along the way, the two of them had lost their edge—grown indulgent, complacent, and far too comfortable with everything that had happened. Their cause that drove them was now gone and now there were mere employees. And that was something I would not tolerate. However, I was too busy to play with their nanny. Once Ned returns, he will handle them for me.

"I knew it. You really can keep tabs on everyone through the VR-Universe," Luna exclaimed, her excitement barely contained—and, beneath it, a trace of admiration. After all, I had managed to implement it across all five regions with surprisingly little resistance. Also, arm it against them, without them knowing.

"If I were you, I'd go hide in that big lab of yours back in Freedom City," I warned her. "Your grandmother should be arriving any minute now."

I knew full well that if Field Marshal Lorn caught her, even I didn't want to imagine what would happen. Luna had committed the one sin Field Marshal Lorn despised above all others—she had betrayed her family. She had betrayed her people.

Come to think of it, I wouldn't be surprised if Lorn tried to kill Luna outright, treating her as nothing more than a sin-spawn, better dead than alive. I wasn't kidding. Colleen tried to convince her sister-in-law not to take drastic measures, yet the Field Marshal ended up removing Luna's name from their ancestry and adding her name to the most wanted list.

"Yeah, but where is she though?" Luna asked, completely unfazed by my warning. "I thought she'd come for me by now."

That, right there, was another ticking psycho. Fortunately, her obsession leaned more toward unraveling the mysteries of the Myriad Realms than toward people.

"She's in seclusion," I answered honestly. "Training to break past the card world's limits."



Dalie, despite being a newborn celestial, possessed an exceptionally high realm limit due to the celestial whose core had been used to create her. As a result, card demigods could break through to the next realm in here, pushing further along the path toward transcendence.

It was going to be the selling point for real estate in Freedom City. The demigods of all five regions would line up to buy property there. With that in place, I was never worried about convincing card apprentices to migrate to the Lil' Red Storm Realm.

There was also a reason I was being so forthcoming with the Freedom Fighters' captains. Now that we were preparing to face the combined might of five regions and the Masters, I had to give them something—some hope to cling to. Otherwise, they would lose their footing entirely and spiral before the real battle even began. They weren't my calamity daughter gems, who would follow me blindly, without question.

Then I turned my attention to Henricks. I was certain he had a lot to say. After all, he had witnessed Sansa enter and level my Celestial Rule Domain like it was her backyard, and then there was Kiren, along with the Western Princess, they had clearly spared no horrid detail when informing him of her arrival. The expression on Cam and Ollie's faces made it obvious.

"Please forgive me, boss," Henricks said, bowing deeply. "We were detected by the central capital's authorities. I know we should have withdrawn immediately, but I couldn't bring myself to leave without Ned. Things spiraled out of control, and I couldn't make it back in time."

He held his head low while his voice was heavy with guilt. For failing to return... for not being there when the entire sky felt like it was crashing down on us.

"Don't fret over it. I understand," I said generously, then added, "I've spoken with Sansa. She's agreed to release Ned and Baylor."

Henricks and his captains didn't look relieved. Instead, their expressions hardened. But none dared to complain except Luna, who stepped forward instead. "Are we joining hands with Sansa?"

"Nah. She's just a means to an end," I replied, then continued, "Go prepare yourselves. We'll soon be facing Karl Masters, Gideon Grim, the Emissary of Light, and their forces."

*Chapter 2687: Empty Space, A Dead End?*

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

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

When it was their turn to decide, most of the Freedom Fighters' captains had voted to welcome Sansa into the organization.

That was back when the world leaders were on the verge of breaching the Yellow Plains reverse dungeons. Henricks had been scrambling to locate the Southern Princess, Ned had gone missing, and Sansa had already infiltrated the situation using a fake Baylor.

Now it was my turn to decide, every Freedom Fighters captain present was unhappy with my decision to ally with Sansa—if only temporarily. I was talking about now. While they had been lounging around in Freedom City, I had been busy preventing the city from being blown apart by Sansa's Memory Bombs.

Maybe their circumstances weren't as desperate as they had been back then. That alone could explain the change of heart. Or maybe it was something else entirely. I couldn't be bothered with them. I would deal with Henricks and Ned first. They get the rest to fall in line. I was their leader, not their nanny.

However, I still had to keep an eye on Luna and give her special attention. Now that she had seen the world beyond the card realm, there was no telling whether she might side with the first dark faction or clan willing to offer her information or support for her research.

They say, 'Once a turncoat, always a turncoat.'

Was I wrong to assume that? No. I wasn't.

Field Marshal Lorn would agree with me. According to her, if someone could betray their family and homeland, then they were capable of any heinous act

So why was I keeping Luna around?

Because her research into the Empty Space was promising. With Dalie now assisting her, the results were beginning to take on a respectable shape.

Luna claimed her findings could be applied to inter-realm teleportation—one that didn't require array formations on both ends. Instead, all it needed were coordinates, allowing direct travel to the destination, much like how the Devil Merchant Code only required coordinates for its merchants to traverse the myriad realms.

Having access to something like that would be incredibly useful once I officially stepped into the Myriad Realm.

In other words, considering what she could offer, all of her quirks were worth tolerating.

If it was truly that important to me, then why wasn't I working on Empty Space research alongside Luna?

The reason was simple. I had already gone through her work. Although she believed she was approaching a major breakthrough—one that would allow her to deliver on everything she promised—in reality, she was still far from it. I knew this because of the Infinity Library.

The Infinity Library contained numerous materials related to Empty Space. Every researcher documented within it had believed they were on the verge of a great breakthrough, yet all of them ultimately arrived at nothing.

The reason was always the same: they were attempting to deduce something far beyond their comprehension, constrained by their own limited perspectives. As such, they never even came close to truly understanding it.

It was much like how mortals always try to imagine their gods in their own image, yet never come any closer to grasping what a god truly is.

If the Dark Race had truly figured out Empty Space, they wouldn't still be relying on sacrificial rituals to be summoned into other realms inhabited by sentient life, using them as footholds for their conquest across the Myriad Realms.

Luna's research—like all other research on Empty Space—was still at the ground floor, far from paying off any investment placed into it. I didn't have the time to spare for such a long-term endeavor.

Therefore, for the time being, I let Luna and Dalie continue the work, using the materials on Empty Space I had retrieved from the Infinity Library.

Dalie was an array celestial. She had the Hive Spirit assisting her, along with extensive data on Empty Space from the Infinity Library. If nothing else, she and Luna would at least be able to catch up to the Dark Race's research on Empty Space.

That way, when I eventually had the time to take over, I wouldn't be starting from the ground up.

"Why would Sansa side with us and not them?" Blair asked, while the others were still processing the bombshell I had dropped on them.

"Why else? For Baylor, dumbass," Jax mocked Blair for failing to see the obvious.

"Jax, beneath that cruel, gruesome necrophilia persona, you're still a young girl who believes in fairy tales and love stories, aren't you?" Blair shot back. "Otherwise, you'd know that if she truly loved Baylor, she would stick with the winning side, not the losing one."

"Aren't you forgetting that we can always choose to hide in Freedom City?" Jax pointed out, only for Blair to scoff, "And how did that work out for us on the Yellow Plains?"

"That time, we weren't on good terms with the Yellow Plains' celestial will. Now, we're colleagues and friends with the Array Celestial. If they dare to step into the Lil' Red Storm Realm, they'll die. Period," Jax said matter-of-factly. The pride he took in retreating was both maddening and saddening. After all, these were the very people who had once stood against the world at their own expense. For them to be reduced to this state... it was indeed saddening.

My eyes widened as I listened to Jax and Blair bicker. I couldn't help but turn to Henricks, blaming him for their ignorance and lack of motivation. He bowed deeply once more, begging for forgiveness in their stead, taking all the blame, "I'm sorry, boss. They've been through a lot these past few years, so I gave them some time to unwind. I'll make sure everyone is ready for the upcoming war. If you have any information on the hostiles' combined forces and Sansa's forces, I can decide how many Freedom Fighters to deploy in preparation for the battle."

I shook my head in disappointment. I knew that giving people things freely would only be counterproductive, but I had thought the Freedom Fighters would be different. I suppose losing their cause and submitting to me had changed them as well.

Their cause had been the spark that kept them moving forward even when everything seemed impossible. Without it, they were worse than ordinary people.

*Chapter 2688: Terraquake*

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

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

"Contact Sansa. She'll be leading this time," I answered Henricks, sharing her grimoire ID with him and preparing to dismiss them.

"What? Boss, tell me you're joking," Blair exclaimed. When my expression didn't change, she cried out in desperation, "She'll use us as cannon fodder."

"If she feels that's all you're good for, then tough luck," I shrugged, making it clear that Sansa would indeed be leading the war this time. "If you feel differently, take it up with her."

Instead of dismissing them, I decided to leave, letting them marinate in what I had said. But I paused and added, "Have the other captains and demigods who are guarding the teleportation hubs and the city stay behind and continue their good work."

Then I gave Luna one final warning. "You, go hide in your lab and bury yourself in your research. If your grandma sees you, she'll want to kill you—and I won't be stopping her."

Without waiting for her to respond, I turned to go find Susan, Anna, and Jill. They were confused as to why my subordinates had suddenly gathered them, kept asking strange questions. The women were now interrogating them, demanding they come clean and explain what was going on. I had to assure them that everything was under control before they once again banded together to find a way to screw me over like they did earlier today.

"Henricks, why didn't you speak up?" Blair asked their former leader, blaming him for not standing up for them.

"How could I, after that pathetic display?" Henricks shot back. "You ran the Freedom Fighters alongside me, so you know the bare minimum of resources and capital we need just to keep it running, right? Now tell me—how long do you think it would take for us to afford the lifestyle we're enjoying right now on our own?"

"Our boss invested in us without a moment's hesitation, not because he had surplus capital lying around or doing charity, but because he trusted our conviction. He saw our thirst to change the world for the better. And now, when it's time for us to deliver, you're wallowing or talking about retreat."

He exhaled sharply. "Honestly, I'm ashamed."

"Don't forget, Freedom City is only a means to an end. Card World is our home. Do you really think Her Highness Dalie will always be this accommodating? Have you not met other celestial wills? Or do I really need to spell out what will happen if we overstay our welcome?"

"What do you mean?" Jax asked, having never considered the questions Henricks had put forward.

Seeing the looks on his captains' faces, Henricks let out a long sigh before speaking.

"All you need to know is this: in the upcoming war, we have to earn back the trust we lost. The boss's goal and our old cause aren't that different. So I don't want to hear any of you say that we lost our cause. That isn't the case. We didn't lose it—we modified it."

"We can't be rigid. We have to adapt with the times. And if that still isn't enough to motivate you, then I can only ask one thing—please don't ruin this chance at redemption for others."

He straightened. "Now ready your troops. I'll get back to you after I speak with Sansa. Be prepared for the worst."

After Henricks left, Jax turned to the others and asked, "What did he mean by saying Freedom City is only a means to an end?"

They exchanged looks. None of them fully understood what Henricks had been implying with that statement.

Luna spoke up. "I can't say for certain, but considering that the Lil' Red Storm Realm's power-level limit is higher than Card World's, I've always found it odd that there were no life forms of its own. A celestial of its power should be housing powerful sentient life forms but it didn't. I once overheard Her Highness Dalie talking to Wyatt about creating her own kin. I'm guessing she's preparing to populate her realm."

She paused before continuing, "That would make us pests in her garden. I suppose that's why Henricks reminded us not to forget that Card World is our home."

"Can't Her Highness Dalie just accept us as well?" Jax argued, sounding like a runaway who had finally found a new home, only to realize it might never truly be his.

"Sure—when people stop planning their own children and start adopting strays," Luna said sarcastically, finding the change in Jax and most of the captains almost amusing.

These were the same people who had selflessly fought against the central government for decades, sacrificing their wealth and spilling their blood. She still remembered the time Jax had held off an entire central-region army regiment on his own, using necromancy to awaken fallen soldiers and turn them into weapons for his cause.

And yet now, he was behaving like a spoiled child.

"So our fight was never over?" Jax asked in melancholy as the fog clouding his mind finally cleared—the same fog that had settled when he saw his people laughing in Freedom City, no longer worrying about their next meal or whether they would live to see the next sunrise.

"Yep. It never was. We just got a fancier headquarters and a much savvier leader," Luna replied as she headed toward the teleportation hub, ready to return to her lab and continue her research.

However, just as Luna was about to leave, the entirety of Sky Blossom City trembled, as if struck by a massive earthquake. The city's array formation activated immediately.

Just when they thought it was over, the tremors from below grew stronger and stronger.

"What's going on? This can't be natural—are we under attack?"

"The terrain is brimming with rule power. This is definitely an enemy attack."

"All units, take positions!"

"Just like the good old times, people!"

*Chapter 2689: Dungeon Seal*

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

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

"What the heck was that? Are we under attack?" Jill yelled the moment I arrived to check on them, her voice cutting through the aftershocks of the city-toppling tremors. I had no idea what was causing them, only that they had stopped for now.

"How the fuck am I supposed to know?" I said, irritation slipping out. "I rushed over to check on you guys." My priorities one, two, and three were staring at me like I had answers to everything. To be more accurate, I better have the answers for everything. Just the push I needed to remember that I might not know what was going on, but I had inkling about who might be behind it.

The Sky Blossom city was built on a terrain where a terra quake was least likely to happen, yet it had just suffered a series of city-toppling tremors, right when the Stone Supreme happened to be visiting the city. What were the odds it had nothing to do with the Stone Supreme?

"Hang on a minute. I'll go check on something," I said, trying to excuse myself but I didn't get the chance. I was immediately bombarded with questions.

"Where are you going in such a hurry? Why aren't you telling us anything?"

"At least tell us if we're under attack, so I can manage the employees."

"That's it. I'm going to get some answers."

Jill, Susan, and Anna shouted respectively. That was when I realized that I went from being my own boss to having three difficult ones. The funny part was, I'd chosen them myself, and they hadn't even bothered to find a leash before yanking it tight.

I looked at the three of them and said, "Why are you asking me and reporting to me? I'm just the figurehead here. You're the ones actually running and responsible for all my



organizations. Why are all three of you wasting time hounding me for answers? Go find them yourselves and make sure my investments are safe."

"We were doing exactly that," Jill shot back immediately, clearly irritated. "Then they rushed us over here saying you wanted to see us and started asking weird questions, like whether we'd received some kind of message or something."

The three of them looked pissed. They'd been told to drop everything and gather, only to be asked stupid questions about texts and posts. When the terra quake hit, they tried to get a handle on the situation, but their beloved's sycophants stopped them. They wouldn't let them leave and refused to listen to reason.

So they tried to figure things out from there. It wasn't easy, but they still tried. Then they saw their beloved arrive and figured he'd either handled the situation or, at the very least, had some answers. Instead, not only did he fail to give them any, he also had the gall to tell them they weren't doing their jobs. So, sorry if they came off a bit too strong.

I understood where the three were coming from. Honestly, they were confused as hell, but they were still doing what they could. They weren't to blame. The ones at fault were my calamity daughter gems. I'd told them to keep the three together and not let them out of their sight, and then I forgot to update their orders after dealing with Sansa. If a Bloodkin had been in their place, this kind of confusion and misunderstanding wouldn't have happened in the first place.

"Hey, I'm your boss. If I tell you to drop whatever you're doing and come over so I can ask you a bunch of stupid questions, you do it without asking questions," I asserted before turning to leave. "You're dismissed. Stop arguing with me and go. You're wasting my precious time."

The three of them hurried back to their stations, but not before throwing me looks cold enough to drag me straight back to Winter Valley in the Dark Realm. I coughed to hide my embarrassment, then headed toward the basement.

Just as I reached the dungeon gate, a dangerous energy burst out from within. Hive Spirit reacted instantly, deploying my Limitless celestial domain. It expanded to cover the entire newly shared campus of the TSR Guild and Fine Gold, trapping the energy and force within my limitless domain until it exhausted itself.

Then, just as I was about to rush into the dungeon gate, it spat out the entire vein of blood rule rocks it had housed, along with everyone inside, before collapsing in on itself.

It was a dungeon break. To be more precise, they'd straight up broken the dungeon seal. Fortunately, Hive Spirit deployed my Limitless celestial domain in time to contain everything. Otherwise, it would've been a massive disaster.

To my disbelief, in the middle of the chaos, I saw Lil' Baem expand and try to swallow Dredre whole. Dredre immediately phased out of the physical plane, reappeared above the greedy reptile's head, and slammed it with a wave of Breath of Erosion. After taking the direct hit, Lil' Baem began to writhe in pain. In that pain it somehow managed to spit out a white fog that expelled the Breath of Erosion eating away at it and forced it out of the physical plane.

Seeing that Dredre had scared the stupid snake away and could handle herself just fine, I immediately checked on Bloodette and Cortney. Only after I was certain they were safe and sound, despite the dungeon seal being forcibly broken, did I begin compressing the entire blood vein of blood rule rocks within my limitless celestial domain. I stored the compressed limitless celestial domain in my dimensional storage card, filtering out the card apprentices, supreme beings, and a pixie.

A heavy silence lingered as they processed the reality of what they had survived. Then, like a dam breaking, they burst into cheers for managing to successfully break the dungeon seal and freeing Bloodette.

*Chapter 2690: Blood Storm*

Date: Unspecified

Time: Unspecified

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

While the group was busy celebrating, I glared at Yin Widow, blaming her for not informing me right away that they were trying to break the dungeon seal. The Blood Rule Stream Spirit had already warned me that the only way Blood could leave the dungeon seal was by gathering directly outside it, within the innate blood rule rune she shared with Cortney. Things could have turned out so much worse.

*'Why the fuck didn't you tell me they were trying to break the dungeon seal?'* I mentally barked at her, while the rest of them tried to pull me into their celebration of having successfully broken the dungeon seal.

*'Was I supposed to?'*

Yin Widow replied nonchalantly. *'They weren't fighting. They were just discussing things together and trying to break the dungeon seal. I didn't see any harm in it.'*

That answer immediately made me realize why Redfall had grown into such a fucked up, heinous adult. Apparently, even Bloodkin were prone to stupidity and being shitty, especially if they were stupid and shitty people to begin with. That was why I had to be more careful about whom I choose to make my bloodkin.

'Just go report to Redfall,' I said in disappointment. I noticed that, despite acting nonchalant, Yin Widow was actually hurt by it. She looked genuinely sad about letting me down. Before leaving, she bowed and promised, 'I will do better, master.'

I didn't take it to heart. She had an entire lifetime to do better, and she still hadn't changed. I doubted becoming my Bloodkin would change that either. Ignoring her, I had Hive Spirit make a note not to assign Yin Widow any important tasks and to use her purely for combat. Then I had it update me on everything Yin Widow had observed and done within the dungeon seal.

However, I noticed something was off with Bloodette. Physically, she seemed fine and in peak condition, but her expression said otherwise. Just as I was about to reach out to her, blood tears began rolling down her cheeks. Considering she was blood, I hoped it wasn't as serious as it looked.

"Bloodette, are you alright?" Cortney asked as I drew closer.

"I should be happy that I finally broke out of the dungeon seal that trapped me for what felt like an eternity," Bloodette said, her voice shaking, "but I don't know why I can't help feeling sad inside. I feel like crying out loud, like I suddenly lost something very precious to me..."

She broke down into loud, inconsolable sobs, leaving Cortney and Petra, who tried to comfort her, completely at a loss.

Bloodette's cries only grew stronger, strong enough to form multiple small cracks in the space around the basement. Blood began to ooze from them, as if the space itself were weeping alongside her.

I sensed it wasn't limited to the basement either, but spreading outside as well. My suspicions were confirmed when my calamity daughter gems and the grimoire network reported that all five regions were experiencing heavy rain, except it wasn't water. It was blood. I had a feeling it wasn't just the five regions either, but the entire card world caught in a blood storm.

Seeing Bloodette like this, DreDre hovered nearby, clearly at a loss over how to comfort her friend. I could sense that her realm was drastically falling from the ruler class. I guess in the core she still hadn't changed. She was still the cute pixie that cared about others more than herself. Especially her friends.

I was just as helpless. I had no idea what Bloodette was feeling. She said it felt like she'd lost something precious to her. I activated my primordial soul pupils and checked her again and again. Aside from her severed connection to the dungeon seal, she was exactly the same as the last time I'd seen her.

She couldn't be talking about the dungeon seal itself, could she? It was the only thing she seemed to be missing from, at least as far as I could tell.

All of us could do nothing but watch Bloodette cry uncontrollably, everyone except one greedy little reptile. Lil' Baem was still eyeing Dredre, especially now that Dredre was distracted by Bloodette's crying and her realm was slowly dropping.

I reached out and pulled the tiny Dredre into my arms before warning Lil' Baem's clueless master, "Corey, watch your pet snake. This is the second time I know of that it's tried to eat Dredre. If she doesn't behave, I'll train her for you."

"Wyatt, don't be so sensitive," Corey shot back immediately. "Dredre and Lil' Baem are good friends now. She's just playing with her, trying to cheer her up since she's sad and all."

"The drool on her mouth says otherwise," I pointed out. The moment Corey noticed it, she immediately and mercilessly smacked Lil' Baem on the face, shouting, "Baem, you swore to me that you wouldn't treat Dredre as food, but as a friend!"

Lil' Baem hissed back in protest, which only made Corey angrier. "No," she yelled, "sucking on her is not okay. She is not a candy."

Lil' Baem hissed again, like it was trying to bargain. Corey's eyes widened in disbelief. She'd clearly reached her limit. "No sucking, no licking, no smelling, and definitely no biting her. Timeout. Go guard the city."

Sensing her mommy's anger, Lil' Baem immediately started acting cute. Seeing Corey waver, I said, "Don't tell me you're falling for the oldest trick in the book."

"What can I do? She's so damn cute," Corey replied. "But don't worry. I made her swear to me that she won't harm or eat Dredre, or any pixie for that matter. She might still try to lick or suck on her, though."

She said that while still firmly ordering Lil' Baem to go watch over the city. However, I stopped her, informing her that the Houndragons were already patrolling the city's skies and that her pet snake might mistake them for snacks as well.