

## Endless 421

### Chapter 421: Step Out! \_2

Even if it is just a flimsy piece of paper as proof, a casual promise, or an inexplicable recognition, it's enough to keep you strong.

Yes, your wish is really small."

As Bologue spoke, Aimou climbed out of the dumpster. She walked out of the alley with her back to Bologue, who also climbed out.

Their pace was steady, not too fast or slow, maintaining a safe distance.

Bologue suddenly said, "Are you afraid that I will reject you?"

He remembered the dilemma Aimou had mentioned—a choice that could only be made by oneself, as relying on others might lead to greater harm.

With that in mind, Bologue began to realize the importance of a healthy educational environment for individual awareness. Look at what Teda had turned Aimou into.

"Aimou, you only have the theories of humans but never put them into practice. If you don't try, you'll never know what will happen.

Just like your fear of my rejection. If you don't ask for my help, how will you know whether I'll refuse you or help you?"

Aimou stopped, speaking without turning her head, "Because I understand you. You're an expert, a cold-blooded and efficient expert, who only makes rational and decisive choices without letting personal emotions influence you."

Aimou had shared joyous and bloody experiences with Bologue. She knew well the demeanor of this expert when he was working.

"Is that all? Then your understanding of me is too shallow," Bologue shook his head. "Since things are like this, why not give it a try?"

Silence lingered between them. A strong ether reaction rose in the distance, like a Death God claiming their time for chatting was running out.

"Why did you save me in the Abandoned Land?" Aimou asked. "You gave me the ether and went into dormancy yourself."

"It's just dormancy, not truly dying. Besides, we're brothers through life and death, aren't we?"

Bologue then recounted his old banter with Palmer, "I once devised a plan with Palmer. If we ever encounter an unbeatable situation, I allowed Palmer to use me as a meat shield to carry me away from the battlefield.

You understand what I mean, right? He runs in front, and I take the bullets behind him. After all, I'm not an Undead, am I?"

Aimou couldn't help but laugh. The image was absurdly comical even in imagination.

"My God, Bologue, it's always like this, it's always like this..."

"Why 'always like this'?"

"Every time I decide, you always come out and show me a little hope. Like that time in the Abandoned Land, if you hadn't given me the ether, I would have already started my plan."

"Is it the same this time?"

"Probably. Honestly, remembering such an embarrassing look is terrible, but you're an Undead, and I can't kill you to silence you."

"Ahahaha," Bologue laughed a few times. "You said you trust me."

"But the more I trust you, the more I dare not express my requests to you. If you reject me too, it would be too heartbreaking."

"Why do you think I would definitely reject you? You also need to ask to know the answer, don't you?"

The conversation fell silent and remained so for a long time, until a hesitant voice broke it.

"Then... the time for choice has come, Bologue Lazarus."

Aimou turned around, her words growing firm and devoid of any emotion.

"Are you going to act as an expert of the Order Bureau and apprehend me to maintain their assets, or will you remain as my friend, doing nothing and letting me go to pursue my own wish?"

Bologue did not respond, and Aimou took a deep look at him before turning to leave.

Aimou felt an inexplicable lightness as Bologue did not stop her but let her go, which should have been the best ending. Yet she still felt a bit sad, not knowing where this sadness stemmed from.

As Aimou was about to leave the alley, a wall of earth shot up, blocking her path. Her body was pulled into the air, caught by the Silver Hand, dragging her back to Bologue's side.

"Are you really going to stop me!"

As expected, no one would choose her, not even Bologue. He was a ruthless expert, and she was merely his mission objective.

Aimou turned around to punch, but her punch hit the air, met instead by an embrace.

Aimou froze; Bologue's shout echoed in her ears, further confusing her already bewildered mind.

"I choose the third option!

I want to maintain the Order Bureau's properties while helping you fulfill your wish!"

Bologue released Aimou, then grabbed her face with both hands, forcing her to look him in the eyes.

"Do you understand now, Aimou!"

Aimou was utterly stunned, unable to comprehend the situation. She had never expected such a development. She tried to break free from Bologue's grasp, but her body wouldn't obey, standing there like a scolded child.

"Damn it, listen! Aimou!"

I acknowledge your existence, affirm the soul within you, and believe in everything about you!"

Aimou didn't reminisce; her mind could no longer handle this. She was completely sluggish.

Bologue quickly explained with none of his previous gentleness left, his tone extremely stern, "After the next time reversal, find a way to escape and meet me here, do you understand?"

Bologue practically shouted it.

"If you don't try, you'll never know what will happen. Even if I dismantle the cage trapping you completely, if you're unwilling to take that first step yourself, no one can save you. Do you understand?"

You're just one step away, Aimou, step out, wait for me here. I will come to save you!"

No sooner had his words fallen than the Negative Power User's ether response loomed near, a roaring sound wave destroying the street, with thick roots closing in on the pair.

The King's Shield Guards had arrived, their oppressive ether presence like an approaching storm.

"Remember! Step out!"

Bologue roared, extinguishing the radiant light on Aimou's chest.

The Fantasy Species damaged, a brilliant white light exploded in an instant, sweeping around and swallowing the entire city. After reaching its peak, it collapsed again.

When Aimou regained her sight, she had returned to the starting point of everything.

In this familiar hideout, Aimou looked somewhat dazed as scenes from before kept playing before her eyes, filling her mind.

She was puzzled about what was happening, indescribable thoughts tangled in her mind like venomous snakes biting each other.

A fuzzy touch lingered in her chest, as if the earlier embrace was just an illusion.

This was no illusion. Aimou believed it was real, undeniably real.

Something moved in the stillness, Aimou lifted her head to find the record player, its record spinning slowly like a vortex, swallowing everything in the world into a pitch-black abyss with the singing never ceasing, rising from the shadows.

"Break through the darkness, dispel the suffering.

Bestow blessings, welcome rebirth."

Aimou didn't know how to describe her feelings at this moment, her hands began to tremble, causing her entire body to shake as well.

The halo in her eyes contracted sharply, as if seeking help from the door.

Bologue's words arrived in her ears, reigniting an extinguished flame that flickered into countless stars in the wind.

Step out!

Aimou hesitantly got up and began to walk, her pace quickening, her eyes becoming more determined.

"Examine your soul, touch your heart."

The small room suddenly expanded greatly, like a boundless prairie, even if Aimou used all her strength, she couldn't escape this place.

But this time, Aimou didn't stop. She saw the towering doorway, beyond which lay her wish.

Step out!

The darkness behind her stirred, and in a trance, it seemed as though countless hands were reaching out to drag Aimou back into the darkness, but she didn't care, running forward without a backward glance.

Step out!

The darkness howled and faded, the melody of destruction cheered unabatedly. Countless people celebrated this moment, united in voice, praising the Saint, a chorus of jubilation!

"So radiant! So holy!

He is the Saint!"

Aimou pushed open the heavy door and stepped out, rushing toward redemption.

Chapter 422: Another Person's Action

Bologue went to rescue Aimou, and Lebius embarked on his own journey. As he hurried forward, memories of his previous conversation with Bologue couldn't help but surface in his mind.

Lebius asked Bologue, "Do you think you can persuade Aimou?"

Bologue hesitated for a few seconds, then his eyes became determined, "I think I can."

"I didn't expect you to be a negotiation expert."

"No, I just understand what Aimou is thinking... After all, she's just a child. Every child has a period that cannot be understood by others, trapped in the agony of self-conflict, becoming increasingly rebellious."

"So?"

Lebius was somewhat shocked by Bologue's words, finding it hard to imagine that this violent man also had such a meticulous mind.

Bologue took a deep breath and continued, "Aimou needs a mentor to guide her out of the confusion, and this mentor is usually someone close, from her family."

Bologue shrugged as he spoke, "Teda is not a good mentor."

Lebius agreed with a nod. Teda is not just a poor mentor; he's practically a lunatic. If left unchecked, the Immortal Heart is bound to lose control.

In fact, the loss of control over the Immortal Heart is a minor issue. Awakened the Calamity is not that dangerous. What's most deadly is that once the Calamity leaves the Abandoned Land, there will be no 'sacrifice' for the light to extinguish.

To suppress that sacred glow, the Order Bureau uses the Calamity to block the light, with endless flesh and blood to prevent its spread.

Penetrating the mist and skimming through the gale, Lebius hurriedly descended. During his fall, an ethereal blue glow enveloped him, multiple Ethereal Skills layered together, making him fearless like a being with a Steel Body.

"The Sixth Group has arrived at the Deep Nest Courtyard. The metro will depart in three minutes, expected to stop at Qiushang Town in fifteen minutes."

Yuriel's voice echoed in Lebius's mind.

"Does it really take at least eighteen minutes?" Lebius murmured, "No, the time should be longer."

Theoretically, it takes eighteen minutes for the Sixth Group to start and reach Qiushang Town, and the time to reach the battlefield from Qiushang Town is unknown. After all, Time Reversal is full of variables, and Lebius cannot completely trust this timing.

But this also means that as long as the reset point of Time Reversal is delayed as much as possible, Lebius has the opportunity to wait for the support of the Sixth Group... not only the Sixth Group but also the Ninth Group.

Those guys have the authority to use the Curved Path Breakthrough, and if necessary, these reckless madmen will charge like a surprise force.



"Curved Path Breakthrough... Yuriel, help me apply for Curved Path Breakthrough."

Lebius thought of something—it's been too long since he faced such a severe incident that he actually forgot about this.

Yuriel floated within the Secret Core Ceremony, asking puzzledly, "Curved Path Breakthrough? But you're already on the battlefield?"

The Curved Path Breakthrough is considered a kind of limit-removing Key of the Crooked Path that can be used for long-distance rapid movement in emergencies.

It doesn't need a "key," just a door. If necessary, the Curved Path Breakthrough doesn't even need a door; it can enforce an opening with just a designated area, carving out a fast-moving tunnel between two spaces.

However, unlike the Key of the Crooked Path, whose only side effects are dizziness and nausea, the Curved Path Breakthrough carries immense risk. Under forced opening, the connecting spaces aren't stable, and after entering, you might find yourself in pieces on the other side.

Now that Lebius is already deep inside the Great Rift, he essentially has no reason to use Curved Path Breakthrough for movement, and the Great Rift interferes with the power of the path, affecting all spatial transference.

"No, it's not for me. You just need to apply for me; those couriers know what to do."

Lebius's voice echoed in Yuriel's mind. Without further questioning, Yuriel absolutely trusted her leader.

A new connection was established, and Yuriel conveyed the message to the Decision Room. With the cooperation from the Decision Room, the Heart Core Net expanded continuously, involving more and more departments in the channel.

Yuriel's gaze gradually turned dull and hollow until she completely lost self-awareness, operating solely as a station for communication and information processing.

Lebius swung out a hook line, and after a brief deceleration, he landed heavily on the ground.

This time, Lebius was not as flamboyant as before. Ethereal Concealment swirled around him, rendering the Ether reaction nearly null, making Lebius seem like an ordinary person as he moved through the corridor.

Based on the experience gained from previous Time Reversals, Teda, relying on the Void Realm of the Alchemy Workshop, can still hold on for a while.

The crucial point is that the King's Shield Guard's primary target is the Immortal Heart, so the power remaining here far exceeds that of the Fantasy Species.

What Lebius needs is intelligence, not reckless suicide.

He advanced like a phantom, and soon Lebius dove deep into the chaotic core.

The battlefield was filled with intense Ether turbulences, various attacks crashing toward the Alchemy Workshop, all blocked by the raised barriers.

In radiant explosions, the Alchemy Workshop stood firm like a rock.

Teda was prepared for this scene long ago. This was evident when, after obtaining the Immortal Heart, he used the Void Realm for the Alchemy Workshop to move.

Unexpectedly, Teda now wasn't facing the Order Bureau as an enemy but the mysterious King's Shield Guard.

Along with the Ether bombardment, the Void Realm's barrier gradually weakened, causing the Alchemy Workshop to constantly tremble.

Every part of the Alchemy Workshop was covered in scarlet flesh, even the very crucial core was overlapped with flesh, resembling a spire formed by piled corpses and bones.

In a dim room, dust fell with the tremors like descending grey snow.

Teda stood by the bed, holding a still beating heart with both hands.

"Don't worry, I will never let them take you away..."

Teda's face was as withered as a corpse, and apart from the madness of his thoughts, there wasn't even a trace of sanity left.

He could already see it—Alice opening her eyes and embracing him.

Slowly reaching forward, looking at Alice's sleeping face, Teda's breath quickened, his body trembling, inch by inch lowering his hands...

Outside the Alchemy Workshop, shield guards loyal to the Shadow King had already gathered there.

A silver and white figure stood at the forefront, dressed in exquisite silver and white armor, completely encasing his body. Through the seams of the armor, one could faintly see the glow flickering.

Behind the Silver Knight, there was a Negative Power User and two Prayer Believers standing at a distance, while the remaining Condensers continuously launched attacks, consuming the power of the Void Realm.

The strength of the King's Shield Guard was far greater than the Order Bureau expected. During the venue's raid, he had already lost many men, yet in such a short time, they had mobilized so much power.

"Speed up; our time is running out!"

Bucker shouted to the others. As the Negative Power User among them, Bucker acted as the commander of this team.

Having stayed in the darkness for too long, every time he found himself under the light, Bucker felt a sense of unease, not to mention that now they were being watched by the Order Bureau.

The others didn't respond but intensified their attacks. Some, like Nade, could create flames, while others released pure Ethereal Shocks.

These two Secret Energies are common, belonging to the Path of Embers and Path of Origin from the King's Secret Sword. As the King's Shield Guard, a branch split from the King's Secret Sword, they were not remarkable for possessing such powers.

To quickly capture the Alchemy Workshop, the two Prayer Believers also joined the battle, recklessly wielding Ether, consuming the power of the Void Realm.

To guard against possible dangers, Bucker refrained from striking, needing to conserve his Ether, while the Silver Knight standing at the forefront...

He remained silent and indifferent as if the battle didn't concern him, merely acting as a watcher.

Bucker shifted his gaze away from the Silver Knight, fully aware that the other was beyond his command.

Just as Bucker considered whether to step in personally to accelerate the pace, he suddenly sensed a change on the battlefield.

An Ether reaction vanished... disappearing into thin air.

Battle instincts warned Bucker as he swiftly turned, greeted by a dazzling blade edge.

With a gust of wind, a crisp sound was heard as Lebius's Staff Sword was knocked aside, a silver-white longsword steady planted before him.

In the distance, the Silver Knight held the stance of throwing the sword, with a wave of heated, red light surging in the darkness under the faceplate.

#### Chapter 423: Silver Knight

The long silver sword pierced the ground, causing the rising carnage to pause for a second, and in that brief moment, Bucker made his decision.

"Enemy assault!"

Without a trace of hesitation, Bucker's own Alchemy Matrix roared to life, intricate patterns lighting up one by one, surging with high-pitched Ether.

His eyes were filled with the glow of Ether, a cold chill swept down Bucker's spine.

One must know that Bucker is a Negative Power User, the most elite force in conventional warfare, yet now Lebius managed to silently creep behind him.

If not for the Silver Knight's intervention, Bucker might already have been assassinated by Lebius.

Assassination... I'm a Negative Power User; how could I die so easily?

This suspicion flashed through Bucker's mind, but instinctual fear told him he had just brushed past death.

Bucker immediately judged that Lebius was also a Negative Power User, one who could conceal his presence.

An assassin at the tier of a Negative Power User is indeed cause for serious concern.

Lebius leapt back, with many enemies surrounding him, he had no intention to confront them head-on, especially with that mysterious Silver Knight present.

The figure was completely hidden beneath the armor, vaguely visible was the swirling glow of Ether. As for his tier, Lebius couldn't make a precise judgment, but he estimated that at least he was at the strength level of a Negative Power User.

After all, not just anyone can perceive his assassination.

Both sides exchanged a quick round of blows, and as the next phase of combat was about to erupt, crimson blood spattered; in the corner of Bucker's vision, a Condenser fell down.

The Condenser looked incredulously at his teammate, who suddenly turned against him as though rebelling, swiftly and lethally striking, the blade pierced through his heart.

He looked reluctantly at his teammate, just a day ago they were drinking and having fun together, but now that face was completely unfamiliar.

His face was a pallid white, with a slender wound at his throat, with no blood seeping out, but rather a rolling cerulean glow. Moreover, this kind of radiance was swirling within his unfocused eyes.

Bucker's years of experience immediately made him realize what was happening; he had just sensed an Ether reaction vanish—the deceased Condenser had been possessed by the Spirit Wolf, becoming a member of the pack.

"Stop him!"

Bucker tried to save another Condenser, and at his command, a Prayer Believer moved into action.

Things happened quickly, simultaneously.

Lebius leaped back, the Spirit Wolf slaughtered yet another Condenser, the Prayer Believer charged forward to save, an Ethereal Shock faced them, the possessed Condenser crashed into a rocky wall like a kite with a severed string.

In the rolling dust, the deceased body shakily rose again, with twisted limbs resetting under Ether's reinforcement, like a living dead dug up from their grave, the abdomen torn open with a ghastly wound, crimson intestines spilling out in a bloody scene.

Lebius forcefully commanded the body's limbs, bringing them out of a twisted state, but such physical damage was beyond Ether's ability to heal.

Lebius muttered, "Mortal flesh is still too fragile."

Lebius rarely commands these corpses in combat unless absolutely necessary, one because he finds manipulating corpses disgusting, and secondly, the corpses' Ether fluidity and resilience are far inferior to his custom-built Domination Object, the Blade-Biting Wolf.

The Blade-Biting Wolf is constructed entirely from Alchemy Metal, maintaining extreme hardness while also possessing excellent Ether conductivity, minimizing Ether consumption during battle.

"Too late..."

The Prayer Believer cradled the injured Condenser, dark blood gushed from the chest wound, quickly soaking the clothes with crimson.

Bucker stared intently at Lebius, the unbidden guest, feeling a sense of familiarity, as if he'd seen him somewhere before, but no matter how he searched his memory, he couldn't recall who the person in front of him was.

"Lebius of the Wolves."

A cold voice sounded beneath the Silver Knight's visor; he recognized Lebius.

Bucker was stunned for a moment, memories surging back; he trusted that the Silver Knight wouldn't mistake someone, hence...

"Stay away from the body!"

Bucker shouted at the Prayer Believer, but he was still a step too late.

The corpse in his arms suddenly opened its eyes, a rolling cerulean glow within.

At the moment of death, the Condenser's life rapidly dissipated, fleeing from the hull, but as they vanished, another force gradually occupied the deceased shell.

The Spirit Wolf had possessed this dead body, breaking free from the embrace, instinctively grabbing the gun at his waist, aiming at the Prayer Believer's head and pulling the trigger.

But this time, before the gunshot rang out, a flash of the silver sword cut through, severing the corpse at the waist; bloody viscera fell like petals at midair.

The Silver Knight appeared like a ghost beside the Prayer Believer, one hand on his shoulder, the other gripping the Silver Sword.

His speed was incredibly fast, not a trace of blood splattered on him, his armor shining like a mirror.

Lebius watched this Silver Knight warily, and unlike the others, the Silver Knight showed no ether reaction; ethereal concealment also shrouded him.

"I've met an opponent."

Lebius murmured, though there was a hint of excitement in his eyes.

This made it interesting; if all opponents were like Hood, it would be disappointing to the extreme.



Ethereal concealment is an extremely difficult ethereal skill to refine. Like Bologue, who can cloak himself in ethereal concealment while maintaining silence, but once he moves, this absolutely sealed concealment would crack, causing ethereal fluctuations to leak out.

For many years, Lebius had been training his ethereal skills, allowing him to release secret energy silently under ethereal concealment, fighting like an ordinary person.

Now, another person had achieved this level; the Silver Knight's speed and power were terrifying to the extreme, completing an attack in almost an instant, thwarting his assault.

Yet during this time, Lebius could not detect any ether reaction from him; if not for visually confirming the Silver Knight's presence, it would be impossible to observe him from the ether's fluctuations.

"Lebius Lovisa..."

Underneath the silvery armor, a neutral, icy voice sounded, like a mechanical hum.

The King's Shield Guards immediately abandoned their assault on the Alchemy Workshop, turning to encircle Lebius instead. The King's Shield Guards splintered from the King's Secret Sword, and in the secret war seven years ago, Lebius left a profound impression on the King's Secret Sword.

It can be said that all the Secret Swords who survived the secret war had heard of Lebius's name.

Back then, Lebius teamed up with Geoffrey and almost killed the Sixth Seat.

Lebius had grown accustomed to others calling out his identity; blame it on not killing the Sixth Seat back then. Once that guy returned alive, his information got exposed.

Before the Sixth Seat, all enemies who crossed swords with Lebius died; he perfectly concealed his information by such ruthless means.

"An old foe?"

Lebius's tone was relaxed, and the fallen corpses stood up again, protecting him like soldiers.

Bucker's gaze was profound, without any warning, he struck directly at Lebius, the battle was about to erupt.

Fiery flames roared like the breath of a Red Dragon, and Lebius leaped high. As he was airborne, another Prayer Believer launched an ethereal shock at him.

Pure ether constructed an energy shockwave, and a hint of joy flashed in the Prayer Believer's eyes. With no space to evade in mid-air, this strike was enough to seriously injure Lebius.

As the rumored Negative Power User, Lebius was said to be nothing special.

This thought flashed across the Prayer Believer's mind, but in the next second, Lebius's figure shifted mid-air, abruptly evading the attack.

The Spirit Wolf also resided within Lebius, commanding his own body, making some moves beyond common sense by consuming vast amounts of ether.

"Be careful!"

A warning voice came from afar, and before the Prayer Believer could react, two charred figures broke out of the sea of flames, swinging their blades at him.

Even wrapped in fiery flames, before they were utterly destroyed, the corpses were still under Lebius's command.

The Prayer Believer unleashed an ethereal shock at the corpses; as a Condenser from the Origin School, he could mobilize abundant ether to battle.

The two corpses seemed to be struck by an invisible heavy punch; their scarred bodies were instantly crushed, bones shattered, entrails ground into foul blood.

They faltered for a few seconds, then raised their mangled faces again, opening their bloody mouths to pounce at the Prayer Believer.

"Get away!"

A roar accompanied by another ethereal shock crushed the two corpses completely, forcing them to kneel to the ground, shattering into a pool of blood and gore.

But just when the Prayer Believer was smug about solving his trouble, a hook nailed into the ground before him.

Lebius pulled the hook, descending from the sky like a hunting falcon.

Roaring ethereal shocks came forward, trying to intercept Lebius, but as the staff sword descended, everything was brutally cleaved by Lebius.

The Prayer Believer's heart turned cold; it was as if he were targeted by a predator, wanting to escape but finding his body disobedient, like it was petrified.

Why is it? Clearly only one tier apart, why is the gap so vast?

Just as the Death God was about to claim his soul, another strong ether reaction burst forth. Without a chance to dodge, Lebius was struck by some force, getting pushed away along with the hook embedded in the ground snapping.

Rotating several times in mid-air, Lebius landed steadily. From afar, Bucker made a palm thrusting motion at Lebius, ether surging like a torrent, gradually dispersing into the air.

Chapter 424: Bucker's Refusal

Under Bucker's intervention, the Prayer Believer barely escaped with his life, and upon coming to his senses, he realized how ridiculous his earlier thoughts had been. As the Condenser involved in the most insane war following the Fall of the Holy City, every Condenser surviving the secret war was a battle-hardened monster.

Lebius moved his gaze away from the Prayer Believer, settling on Bucker, for on the battlefield, the only ones that could catch his attention were fellow Negative Power Users like Bucker and the mysterious Silver Knight.

Lebius wasn't in his peak form now. His combat style was that of an Overlord, and before battling them, he needed enough Domination Objects, which was why he attacked these Low Tier Condensers.

Bucker obviously understood Lebius' power, not giving him a chance to summon the wolf pack at all.

Under such circumstances, Lebius didn't intend to waste stamina on such pointless matters. He stepped forward, instantly traversing several meters.

His speed was swift, charging directly at Bucker.

Lebius exerted immense pressure on Bucker, after all, he was the renowned Lebius, personally appearing before him and swinging the Sharp Sword at him.

What troubled Bucker even more was that from start to finish, it had only been Lebius alone.

Many had heard of Lebius' name, but few noticed that Lebius had an inseparable partner, a fierce tiger lurking in the shadows.

"Rest assured, it's just him alone."

The Silver Knight spoke at this moment, as if he knew what Bucker was thinking.

Upon hearing the Silver Knight's words, Bucker's uneasy heart calmed slightly, and a surge of fury arose within his chest.

If it was just Lebius alone, it wouldn't be impossible for them to kill him, knowing that he was also a Negative Power User and had been comparable to Lebius from the start.

Bucker emitted a beast-like low growl, his eyes filled with the glow of Ether.

A terrifying pressure released from his body, followed by an invisible shock spreading. Bucker's power, differing from the Prayer Believer's Ether-driven attack, resembled the Commanding School, commanding all matter to retreat.

The ground shattered, dust rose, and the fragmented stones scattered like heavy rain in all directions.

Dense bullet rain approached, but it didn't hinder Lebius' actions. The Staff Sword effortlessly slashed through all debris, as Lebius neared Bucker.

Lebius felt plunged into an invisible mire, similar to battling Aimou, but Secret Energy-Shadowless Barrier solidified air into barriers to obstruct the enemy.

However, Bucker's Secret Energy now seemed more like interference at the material level.

As if a giant hand attempted to throw him aside, even when Lebius activated Ethereal Amplification, trying to swing the Sharp Sword forward, his Blade raised barely, unable to descend further.

Powerful repulsion filled every part of his body, until Lebius could no longer sustain, being forcefully pushed away.

Lebius was flung back, followed by a fierce impact. He thrust the Staff Sword into the ground, but still couldn't stop retreating, leaving an astonishing mark on the ground.

"Such a familiar feeling."

After the impact ceased, Lebius slowly stood straight, looking at Bucker's face, both foreign and familiar.

He didn't recognize Bucker's face, but remembered this bizarre Secret Energy.

"I remember you... Bucker of Refusal."

Bucker's expression was complex, cautious yet slightly bitter, "Being remembered by the wolf pack isn't a good thing."

"It really isn't a good thing."

Lebius nodded in agreement, he never expected to encounter an old adversary from the secret war era.

"You were on my list too, it's just your Secret Energy was too troublesome back then. Killing you was difficult, even getting close wasn't easy."

Lebius was active during the secret war period, in that shadow-filled war, the Field Operations Department created a list prioritizing targets based on enemy strength, and Bucker was on it.

"Let's not reminisce, Lebius, what are you waiting for?"

Bucker's voice grew stern, ever ready for a life-and-death struggle with Lebius.

A chilling smile appeared on Lebius' face as he glanced at Bucker and then at the nearby Silver Knight.

Not knowing the Silver Knight's identity and ability, acting recklessly was highly inappropriate, yet the usually calm Lebius was somewhat excited at this moment.

Another thrill of encountering an old adversary was verifying his progress against Bucker.

"Seven years ago, I couldn't even get close to you. Seven years later, I truly wish to know how much I've progressed."

With a faint whisper, Lebius' figure twisted, oppressive dark blue glow flickering unceasingly on his surface.

Like a raging hurricane, Lebius stomped the ground beneath him, directly charging at Bucker.

Bucker's mood grew tense, and the unease in his heart had not yet dissipated.

In his memory, Lebius usually traveled with his partner and was accompanied by a pack of wolves, but now he was alone, entirely different from the familiar image.

The deviation between reality and familiar memories made Bucker wary... He was always a cautious person; otherwise, he wouldn't have mastered this Secret Energy and survived the secret war unharmed.

Bucker isn't a strong man, but he's a survivor.

Raising his hand, intricate patterns extended from Bucker's arm to his palm, interweaving to form a complex image.

The Ether flowed endlessly along this radiant path, reaching its peak and unleashing a tremendous wave.

In an instant, a mighty force swept forward in a fan shape from Bucker's epicenter, shattering the ground and sending dust flying.

Within the scope of Secret Energy, all matter obeyed Bucker's command, retreating from him, forming a clear boundary before him.

Inside the boundary, there was no impact, while outside, large rocks were overturned, shattered into dense rubble, and compressed air turned into howling winds.

Lebius wasn't surprised by what's happening; he'd witnessed such power seven years ago.

Within the range of Bucker's Secret Energy, he could command everything, yet, as the Sovereign of all, he could issue only one command.

Secret Energy·Refuse.

Reject all approaching matter, all existing matter, and anything potentially threatening.

Rocks were expelled, crushed into fine dust, and air exiled, compressed to sound with thunderous roars.

An uninvited guest like Lebius couldn't even step half a pace near Bucker.

Even as Lebius imbued the Ether completely into the Staff Sword, striking like a falling Thunder, he felt like he'd hit a heavy iron wall for an instant.

He could tear open a path forward from the iron wall, but once breaking through that layer, he stepped into a sticky mire, unable to move.

For Lebius, this feeling was all too familiar, his actions repelled and delayed, and he felt an intense oppression.

It was as if his whole body was under high pressure, his bones and organs enduring great stress; any slackening and he'd be shot away like a cannonball by Bucker's Secret Energy.

Blood beads seeped from his skin, his eyes flooded with blood, almost at the point of bursting, and his ears ran with fresh blood.



Absolute repulsion enveloped him from all directions, and his delicate eardrums were instantly crushed upon contact.

Yet, Lebius had drawn close to Bucker, leaving only a few meters between them.

"I've come to kill you..."

A suppressed voice echoed from Lebius's throat, almost squeezed between his teeth.

Bucker struggled to maintain composure, fully releasing the Ether to make Secret Energy's roar operative.

Secret Energy·Refuse's lethality was weak, but it could nearly defend against any attack on the physical level; cracking this Secret Energy was easy — just break through its repulsion and confront Bucker directly.

Under Bucker's Secret Energy's effect, everyone within the influence area would be affected, regardless of friend or foe.

Lebius seemed controlled, but if other Shield Guards attacked Lebius, they too would be rejected by Bucker's Secret Energy.

Bucker clenched his teeth, thinking Lebius was a madman beyond match seven years ago, yet he couldn't imagine that seven years later Lebius possessed such terrifying power.

How exactly did Lebius achieve this? Bucker couldn't comprehend, nor did he have time to dwell.

During their stalemate, an upheaval occurred in the Alchemy Workshop behind them, with thundering sounds emanating from the building, followed by a scarlet tendril breaking through, frantically swaying, shattering all it touched, marking only the beginning.

The Void Realm of the Alchemy Workshop was breached internally, like a seal explosion releasing the unrestrained, hungry monster.

More and more scarlet tendrils burst through walls of the Alchemy Workshop, along with flesh spreading over the land like fungal blankets, resembling a decayed ecosystem, eroding the rational world.

For a moment, Shield Guards were beset from all sides, while Lebius squinted, contemplating the situation.

As the Unshakable Lebius, he'd gained intelligence far beyond the present through multiple Time Reversals, easily guessing what was happening ahead by following one time node after another.

Even Bologue said, with Aimou's decision altered, original events might trigger a series of drastic changes; perhaps the current situation was no exception.

Is this Teda's Illusion Creation or the Immortal Heart out of control?

The Silver Knight turned, swinging a Thunder towards the scarlet tendril.

#### Chapter 425: Out of Control Zone

The metallic blade, under high-speed swings and absolute force, was stretched into a silver thunderbolt, and this thunderbolt, like the stroke of a painting on a flat surface, cleaved the frenzied appendages in two.

The Silver Knight leapt into the air, and the appendages before him disintegrated.

Like bubbles pricked by an invisible needle, no blood spilled, only illusory images that continually vanished. These illusion creations constructed by ether were easily subdued at the moment of their eruption.

A slight noise came from within Lebius, and he felt his ribs crack under the formidable repulsive force. But what truly concerned him more than his own injuries was this Silver Knight.

From beginning to end, Lebius couldn't detect a hint of ether response from him. The opponent remained silent, his power contained beneath his armor, giving Lebius no chance to probe.

It wasn't until the Alchemy Workshop's disturbance that the Silver Knight chose to strike, cutting down with a single sword that shattered all of Teda's offensive efforts.

"Remember the priority."

The Silver Knight landed steadily and then said this seemingly irrelevant sentence to Bucker.

But evidently, Bucker understood his meaning.

In an instant, Lebius felt the repulsive force around him increase significantly. Even though he tried to release ether to resist the oppression of the secret energy, the ground beneath his feet began to break apart.

With the support of the ground lost, Lebius once again fell uncontrollably backward, and the fractured ground lifted rocks that crashed into him.

The repulsive force propelled Lebius until he was pushed out of the Alchemy Workshop's range, his body fully suspended over the Great Rift.

Lebius gritted his teeth, and in the blink of an eye, he was driven from the battlefield.

"Again with this!" he muttered under his breath.

During the secret war, Lebius had attempted multiple times to assassinate Bucker, but each attempt had ended in failure.

The scenario at that time was just like in front of him now; Bucker would never give him a chance to strike. Once his location was exposed, he would unleash secret energy with full force, casting him away like a grenade.

Lebius had encountered many cunning and challenging opponents, but an enemy like Bucker, who never faced him head-on, was truly a unique case.

Then Lebius realized something else: the importance of the Immortal Heart to the King's Shield Guards far exceeded his imagination. Even when given a chance to kill him, they would not take the risk, instead choosing a more cautious plan to seize the Immortal Heart.

The grappling hook of the Arm of Adaptation broke, leaving Lebius with no choice but to command his body forcibly, plummeting towards a cliff on the side.

Geoffrey once asked Lebius if, since he could forcibly control his body, if he could make himself fly.

The answer was clearly no. This kind of forced control was not something Lebius could do much of, and often he borrowed strength out of thin air, detonating ether to move through its impact.

Lebius landed firmly on the cliff face, and then, utilizing ethereal amplification, the entire cliff trembled slightly under his acceleration. Lebius, like an arrow, once again charged toward the Alchemy Workshop.

Based on the intel he obtained during the last time reversal, after Teda's illusion creations were destroyed, the next step would be the Immortal Heart's loss of control.

Thus, it all became understandable. To prevent the King's Shield Guard from seizing the Immortal Heart, Teda chose to perish together with them.

The desire of many years stood before him; no one could stop Teda, no one could change his mind.

Lebius sped up, attempting to return to the battlefield, feeling waves of heart-palpitating ether fluctuations ahead, knowing he was destined to be a step too late.

For this reason, Lebius could only hope Teda would not die so easily, as he had long planned for Alice's resurrection, he should be fully prepared, right?

Unsurprisingly, the roar of an explosion rang out, and the intense flames almost dyed the thick Sea of Mist red.

Lebius recalled hearing such a loud noise in the last time reversal, but he did not expect it to be a large-scale explosion.

Unclear about the damage to the King's Shield Guards, but it undoubtedly bought Lebius time. He quickened his pace and soon returned to the battlefield.

At the same time as Lebius returned to the battlefield, a frenzied killing intent expanded from the sea of flame. Scarlet flesh covered the charred ground, the soaring fire was easily extinguished, and appendages resembling stone pillars charged forward recklessly, the scarlet filled every part of the view.

Lebius halted and lifted his head to gaze at the terrifying scene.

The unprepared Condensers were ensnared by the scarlet appendages, crushed into a bloody pulp. The Prayer Believers desperately dodged, releasing secret energy to destroy the flesh, but this monster was immortal. Even when injured, the damaged areas quickly regenerated and proliferated.

As for Bucker, Lebius saw him, his entire body smashed into the cliff, lifting a bloody hand. Several appendages hovered in the air before him. No matter how hard they pressed, they couldn't come near Bucker, as if an invisible barrier separated them.

But this obviously couldn't suppress the hunger of the Immortal Heart. The pressing appendages squeezed into filthy blood, and vast amounts of blood seeped out, creating a scarlet rain locally.

The rumbling vibrations had yet to cease, and Lebius saw the Silver Knight leaping between the appendages, each jump pulling out a beam of sword light several meters long, with which he cleaved all the touched flesh.

But even as the Silver Knight, his strikes could hardly keep up with the proliferating speed of the Immortal Heart.

This disaster faced now was completely different from the ambush at the venue; the imitation used by the Chaos Cult back then was crude, while now everyone faced a power directly from Calamity.

The power of the Immortal Heart.

Lebius suddenly felt a sense of powerlessness, for even he, facing such a monster as Calamity, couldn't think of an effective solution... At least in this instance of time reversal, Lebius had no way to solve it.

"You're truly mad, Teda."

Lebius's gaze became heavy. Ever since Teda left the Order Bureau, he had been living within the Great Rift. During that time, he must have done extensive research on Calamity.

As the former director of the Sublimation Furnace Core, it was all too easy for him to do so, and only Teda could resurrect the Immortal Heart to such a state.

Now, it seemed as if the Immortal Heart had completely come to life, its own flesh's vitality constantly rising, inching its way to the limit.

So the next step...

Before Lebius could think further, a bone-chilling coldness struck his nerves, as if he was not on a battlefield, but in a frost-filled ice cellar.

"Calamity..."

Lebius's voice betrayed neither joy nor sorrow.

The abominable and frenzied power from the Devil emerged, and everyone present could distinctly feel it.

That which was buried deep within the Abandoned Land, eternally tortured by the scorching light and buried under ashes, had awakened. It sensed the power of the Immortal Heart and yearned for its return, to complete its body.

Under Calamity's call, the agitation of the Immortal Heart intensified, flesh proliferating and extending rapidly, spreading across the cliffs and continuing to climb upwards.

As if doomsday, the scarlet flesh soon emerged from the Sea of Mist, rushing towards the Wandering Crossroads. It resembled a crimson tide, coiling around aerial corridors, devouring one living person after another, squeezing every drop of blood.

The disaster spread quickly, dragging everything involved into death.

Thick veins surfaced from appendages, micro-glows flowing within, with each strong surge, large amounts of light particles were gathered and transported to the flesh's center where the Immortal Heart resided.

An invisible heavy punch struck the heart of every person, unifying their heartbeats; after every beat, intense pain erupted from their atrium, and Lebius hunched over, coughing up a large amount of fresh blood.

He vaguely heard the roar of battle drums, the beats akin to deafening heartbeats, and a large amount of nutrients were gathered together. In that flesh-wrapped Alchemy Workshop, it was nurturing something.

Soon, it would be born...

Who knows what it's like on Bologue's side.

This thought crossed Lebius's mind.

Perhaps Bologue was facing a situation more daunting than his own.

Yes, many things cannot be resolved with violence, and Bologue might now be trying, along with Aimou, to physically and mentally open her heart.

Thinking this, Lebius felt that his team members were working so hard, as their leader, he couldn't easily give up, even if everything could start over.

Lebius took a deep breath, fully releasing his Ether, his own Secret Energy unfolding to the limit, and his face seemed covered with a vague wolf's head.

Meanwhile, at the core of the flesh, fair palms reached out from the blood-soaked space; then they slowly tore open the enveloping membrane, streams of blood overflowed from within, a coagulated stench lingering in the darkness, and a blurred silhouette was crawling out bit by bit...

"The villain's emergence!"

In front of the television, the Tyrant applauded and cheered for this scene, while Sai Zong beside him watched the TV attentively, looking forward to what would happen next.

Just as deep despair was about to erupt, a white storm surged from the streets of Opus, instantly engulfing most of the city. Before the blurred silhouette could emerge from its gestation, it was reduced to nothingness by the blinding white light.

The Tyrant's applauding motion froze in place, fists clenched, he struggled to contain his rising emotions, his sinister laughter echoing incessantly in his throat.

"It's okay, this was all meant to be."

In a few breaths, the Tyrant reverted to his elegant demeanor, very patient, but in his eyes, crimson eyeballs bubbled up from the whites, densely covering until they filled his pupils.



The fifth time reversal ended.

The sixth time reversal began.

Chapter 426: Perception

Great Rift, Fog Abyss Fortress.

While battles raged fiercely in the outside world, this ancient fortress, nestled deep within the mist, remained tranquil, like a dead structure, devoid of any vitality.

Crystal clear droplets clung to the pitch-black rocks, while the ground was covered in dust. A gentle breeze swept through, creating a series of deep, resonant sounds in the corridors, as if invisible wraiths were wandering about.

In the Central Courtyard, at the large glass round base, the Shadow King sat as usual, at the center of the glass base, gazing at the churning Sea of Mist below.

This time, the Shadow King did not pick up the fishing rod; his hands rested on his knees as he simply admired the scenery, observing the endlessly rolling Sea of Mist.

Beneath the noble mask, his withered body was frail and decrepit. He shifted his gaze from the Sea of Mist to his own hands.

His hands were like withered wood, devoid of any color, with flesh and blood entirely shriveled, resembling the aged bark of a tree, tightly clinging together, thin and frail like jagged bones.

The Shadow King's gaze was cloudy. In a daze, his hands transformed, no longer appearing the way they seemed, but full of power and youth, like the fists of iron walls.

No, not like this... I am not like this...

Looking down at the Sea of Mist, the Shadow King could see his ugly face reflected on the glass. He knew clearly that this was not his original face; this was not his true self.

His soul was trapped in this dying body.

Most people, faced with such a hopeless situation, would gradually become numb and helplessly accept this reality.

But not the Shadow King. Even now, he had not ceased his resistance. He refused to die like this; this was far from being his end.

The Shadow King kept himself constantly fueled by rage. He knew very well that once the fire of anger in his heart extinguished, he would become numb and accept this harsh despair, eventually falling into the darkness, reduced to a walking corpse.

Footsteps sounded, and a Shield Guard approached with a tray, appearing to be under great pressure, watching the contents of the tray with a tense expression.

Upon reaching the outer edge, the Shield Guard stopped, patiently waiting until another set of footsteps approached.

The Shadow King was not alone. Behind him, the Third Seat unwaveringly guarded him, the silvery armor emanating a cold, oppressive aura. The Third Seat took the tray, while the Shield Guard, as if relieved of some burden, saluted the two and quickly left the shadowy place.

The Shadow King asked, "How are things now?"

"Everything is going smoothly. We've already surrounded the Alchemy Workshop; capturing the Immortal Heart is only a matter of time."

The Third Seat checked the tray to ensure there were no abnormalities, then presented it, bowing, to the Shadow King.

The Shadow King removed the cover from the tray, revealing a piece of crimson flesh underneath, as if freshly sliced from a body, brimming with life force, still incessantly wriggling.

The Third Seat said, "We also discovered some unexpected delights."

"What?"

"A Fantasy Species, though it's already been activated. But if we can kill its host before it's completely consumed, we might be able to reuse the Fantasy Species."

The Third Seat was particularly concerned about the Fantasy Species. The Immortal Heart could only extend the Shadow King's life, but the Fantasy Species could infuse the cold reality with the possibility of a 'miracle.'

The current Shadow King needed a miracle the most.

"A Fantasy Species, is it?"

The Fantasy Species clearly evoked some memory for the Shadow King, but the burden brought by this withered body was too great; even thinking would provoke immense pain, like some form of torture.

The Shadow King grasped the crimson flesh, and upon contact, a myriad of tiny mouths mutated on the flesh, gnawing at the Shadow King's palm.

Biting through the withered skin, yet beneath the wound, there was no trace of blood, only a thick, dark slurry, leading one to ponder what the Shadow King's body was truly made of.

Skillfully, the Shadow King pressed the flesh against his chest. The flesh struggled but gradually fused with the Shadow King. In the past, it only devoured others, but now it was gradually being consumed by the Shadow King.

After merging with the flesh, the Shadow King's pain lessened significantly, and his muddled consciousness cleared a little.

"The impurities are increasing..."

Raising his injured hand, the Shadow King saw crimson fibers under the wound, knitting together, and consequently healing his wound.

Though his body was old, akin to an elder whose physiological functions had reached their limits, it relied on the flesh of calamity to possess a frightening regenerative power, with the conflicting natures of decay and rebirth coexisting within the Shadow King.

All this did not come without a cost. The Shadow King clearly felt the frantic intent within him growing stronger, being gradually devoured by the calamity.

If the Immortal Heart were to be implanted, the Shadow King would confront the wickedness of the calamity head-on, either taming it or being completely swallowed.

Thinking about this, the Shadow King harbored no fear, for he considered his victory inevitable.

The Third Seat was the same, trusting the Shadow King blindly. He intended to speak, but before the words left his lips, a crimson gleam flickered in the darkness beneath his helmet.

The Shadow King noticed the Third Seat's oddity and asked, "What's wrong?"

"I encountered an unexpected guest, it's Lebius Lovisa," the Third Seat quickly added, "but he is alone and cannot influence the situation."

"Lebius Lovisa..."

The Shadow King murmured this name. He had never faced Lebius personally but had a profound impression of him from the subsequent intelligence reports.

"I remember him, the one who turned the tide during the time offensive... He nearly killed the Red Dog."

The Shadow King believed the Third Seat could handle this operation, yet a strange emotion rose in his heart at that moment.

Doubt.

The Shadow King didn't know what he was doubting, but soon those imperceptible flaws rapidly magnified in his eyes.

"He came alone, did he?"

"Yes."

"No companions by his side?"

"Yes."

The Third Seat's answer was resolute, "My Tier is higher than Lebius's. Although I use a Domination Object in battle, to evade my sight, one would need to be at least the same Tier as me."

The Third Seat was a Tier Four Defender, nearing the Tier of a Seeker of Glory. Condensers of this Tier were relatively rare within the Order Bureau, all holding important positions.

Of course, this was also true within the King's Shield Guard. The Third Seat's task was to protect the Shadow King's safety, and even in the struggle for the Immortal Heart, he only assisted using a Domination Object from the sidelines.

It would have been impossible for him to encounter a Defender unless the Third Seat had fallen into misfortune.

"Is that so..."

The Shadow King pondered, if this were true, Lebius had clearly violated the Order Bureau's regulations, yet according to intelligence, Lebius wasn't someone who would breach such regulations.

What kind of matter would cause Lebius to make such a decision?

The Shadow King considered that the Third Seat acted swiftly; in principle, even if the Order Bureau reacted, it shouldn't be this quick, let alone dispatching only Lebius.

"Has the Fantasy Species been activated?"

The Third Seat gave a brief reply, "Yes."

At this point, a vague conjecture in the Shadow King's mind gradually formed a clear outline, and he spoke with an emotionless voice.

"The wish triggered by the Fantasy Species is most likely Time Reversal."

"Time Reversal?"

Even though the Third Seat fully trusted the Shadow King, when he heard 'Time Reversal,' he couldn't help but show a look of doubt.

"Lebius's most outstanding achievement was during the time offensive of the secret war, launching a surprise attack on the Red Dog. Though he couldn't kill him, it shattered the time offensive.

The reason the Order Bureau was able to win against the King's Secret Sword was because there was a group within the Order Bureau impervious to temporal instability, and Lebius was one of them..."

Without needing the Shadow King to elaborate further, the Third Seat had already deduced the reason.

The Fantasy Species induced a Time Reversal, capturing the Order Bureau's attention, for which they dispatched Lebius to investigate.

This could explain why only Lebius was deployed, and how he managed to locate the Alchemy Workshop so quickly and accurately...

The Third Seat recalled Lebius's repeated bold assaults during the confrontation. As an Overlord, he didn't lead his pack of wolves, nor did he concern himself with personal safety, repeatedly placing himself in perilous situations.

A sense of unease arose in the Third Seat's heart, not from the oddity of Time Reversal, but from the realization that he might not be able to reclaim the Immortal Heart.

The Third Seat couldn't allow such a possibility.

#### Chapter 427: Only This Once

At such a time to become aware of such intelligence, it was hard to say whether it was fortunate or unfortunate. The Third Seat became serious, and if conditions permitted, he would have been ready to act personally.

Even if it meant revealing information that he was not dead, he had to seize the Immortal Heart.

The Third Seat was well aware of one thing: if the Shadow King died, everyone's efforts would become futile, utterly worthless.

"What should we do?"

The voice of the Third Seat carried a hint of tension. Facing an enemy capable of infinite retries, during each instance of Time Reversal, Lebius would fully grasp all the actions of the King's Shield Guards.

Most crucially, no one knew when the next Time Reversal would occur. By then, the Third Seat would forget everything he just heard, and the situation would revert to its starting point.

"It's alright," the Shadow King's words were full of confidence, "as long as Lebius appears in every Time Reversal, then I too can sense it in each instance of Time Reversal."

The Shadow King easily realized this point, maintaining an air of arrogance despite the dire circumstances.

"But this is still too passive."

The Shadow King gazed at the Sea of Mist below, pondering how to handle this situation.

Then he looked at his own palm, thinking if he weren't in this decrepit state, if he could regain the power to command all things...

What of Time Reversal? Unlimited trial and error would only keep increasing the Order Bureau's chances of success. Assuming from the start, their odds were a cold zero, then Time Reversal would merely force them to repeatedly witness that scene of despair.

Absolute power can crush all schemes and plots.

Regrettably, all this is hypothetical; the current Shadow King is but a pitiable creature, needing the Calamity's flesh to extend his life.

Before the Shadow King could continue thinking about how to resolve this issue, a blazing white storm emerged from the city, devouring everything in its path. A few seconds later, that blazing radiance ignored material obstacles and poured into this shadowy fortress.

Bologue made a promise to Aimou, extinguishing the Fantasy Species at her chest, triggering a Time Reversal.



The Third Seat witnessed the dazzling radiance, wanting to resist... In every Time Reversal, he had resisted, but even as a Defender, there was still some power that he couldn't defy.

The Shadow King was no different. He unwillingly watched the oncoming radiance; in every Time Reversal, he could sense all this, but the prerequisite for perceiving it was the confrontation between the Third Seat and Lebius.

If Lebius changed strategy in the next Time Reversal, avoiding conflict with the Third Seat, then he might not perceive the existence of Time Reversal, or might perceive it too late.

The Shadow King disliked the feeling of passivity, but faced with this power that toyed with time, he could only sigh silently.

The once murky gaze grew sharp. Even consumed by the Fantasy Species' power, the Shadow King stubbornly stared into the light, trying to find any chance to turn the situation around.

Time gradually slowed down in the Shadow King's eyes; everything was vividly reflected in them, even the dust.

Then the Shadow King heard, amidst the blurred sounds, he could easily distinguish those clamors, and the noise of electric currents.

Someone seemed to be conversing, but they were far from the Shadow King. Even if he concentrated, he could only catch snippets drifting in the wind.

He tried to discern those words but could only grasp vague tones, as if it were language not meant for human hearing.

In the shadows of the world, two figures seated before a television were conversing.

"He has also realized the existence of Time Reversal," the Tyrant observed, letting out a series of strange laughs as he watched the Shadow King on screen, "Seems he's not as frail as imagined, huh?"

"Who is he?"

Sai Zong was quite intrigued by this new character behind the scenes. Though separated by the screen, but upon seeing the Shadow King for the first time, Sai Zong felt a threat.

Like tigers clashing on a narrow road, even without seeing the other side in person, merely knowing of the other's existence, he instinctively sensed the release of that killing intent.

"How interesting..."

Sai Zong rarely found himself so interested.

This man could threaten him, which delighted Sai Zong, but before he could savor this joy, he realized the man was exceedingly weak, utterly inconsistent with that sharp sensation.

"Him? One of my tenants. Since the secret war ended, he's been residing in the Wandering Crossroads," the Tyrant said, "We've never met... he's very wary of me."

Sai Zong bluntly asked, "Can I kill him?"

"As you wish,"

The Tyrant shrugged indifferently, "He's just my tenant, after all. Our relationship is purely one of mutual interest."

Sai Zong fell silent, his gaze hidden deep within the eerie doll mask, before a voice emerged.

"I always find it hard to understand your mind; sometimes you're noble like a king, other times as cheap as a tradesman."

Sai Zong never cared for the Tyrant's attitude, but every time he saw his strange appearance, it ignited an unexplained rage.

"Are you trying to say I'm not like a Devil?"

The Tyrant knew what Sai Zong meant, as others had mentioned it long ago.

The Tyrant raised his hand and snapped his fingers, and in an instant, the surrounding walls reclined back, and bright light descended from above.

At that moment, the Tyrant and Sai Zong found themselves in a magnificent palace made entirely of gold, whereas the darkened room they previously occupied was merely a larger box.

Now the box was opened, and the walls lay flat on the ground.

With another snap of his fingers, the worn-out sofa transformed into a luxurious throne, and the television set split into thousands.

They are piled together, each television representing a color block, countless color blocks pieced together, forming a screen like a high wall.

"Do you find this entertaining?" The Tyrant asked, his voice filled with a weariness of the opulence.

Sai Zong silently nodded; on this point, he agreed with the Tyrant's view—it wasn't interesting.

Clenching and unclenching his fists repeatedly, the will filled with anger gradually calmed down, and Sai Zong realized he had just been influenced by the anger; he reminded himself to be vigilant at all times.

"Right, I also find it uninteresting."

The Tyrant snapped his fingers again, and the walls rose, recomposing this dark box, and the two returned to their initial state.

"I'm just more easygoing; if the Devils had a company, I would be their best salesperson."

The Tyrant looked at Sai Zong, extending slender fingers with dagger-like nails, pressing against Sai Zong's doll costume.

"Just like your perplexity, I also find it hard to understand you... and that guy under your skin, you both only care about bloody violence, what's good about that?"

The Tyrant stopped midway, halting the topic, "Let's not discuss these matters anymore; my siblings have argued about this for so long, and no one has ever won, right?"

"You're right."

Sai Zong rarely agreed with the Tyrant's views; they were beings beyond the present world, wealth, power, beauty, fame... none of it mattered to them.

The only thing they needed to care about, and the only thing worth caring about, was to follow their true selves and find ways to please themselves.

The greedy embrace wealth, the wrathful unleash slaughter.

"Speaking of which, it's time for me to strike back." The Tyrant looked at Shadow King on the screen and suddenly said, "You helped Bologue, reminded him of the existence of Time Reversal, now I must correct this event."

Sai Zong replied coldly, "He's a member of the Undying Club, helping members is my duty."

Having said that, Sai Zong limited his help to that extent; he seemed to enjoy this disarray in the timeline order.

"Then he has paid rent for so many years, I should help my tenant a little, shouldn't I?"

The Tyrant was waiting for Sai Zong's words, and let out that sinister laugh again.

"You must know this is a crossroads of hesitation, a land where wishes come true, I can hear his wishes, so intense..."

Their conversation suddenly halted, and they simultaneously looked at the television screen, only to see Shadow King slowly turning his head in the blazing white torrent, seemingly able to penetrate the boundaries of reality and gaze directly at them.

Sai Zong felt even more joy, exclaiming, "Interesting..."

"You also want the performance to become more interesting, right?" The Tyrant commented beside him.

"Who is he really?"

Sai Zong was completely captivated by this peculiar occurrence, to the point that he didn't mind the Tyrant intervening, as long as he could witness the best show.

Aside from pleasing themselves, there were few things in this world that could draw the attention of beings like them.

Regarding the Shadow King's identity, the Tyrant maintained his mystery, whispering.

"Now is not the time to reveal his identity."

This is a surprise, the Tyrant vaguely guessed who prepared this surprise, but he didn't plan on ruining it because he also wanted to know what reaction would come when the Shadow King stood in the sunlight.

But it was certain that their expressions would be fascinating.

...

The power of Fantasy Species surged like a torrent, just when the Shadow King was about to be completely swallowed, he saw a blurred figure standing before him, parting the roaring stream of light like a rock.

The Shadow King couldn't see his face, but he could clearly feel the extreme frenzy emanating from the blurred figure.

The man raised a finger to him, whispering.

"Just this once."

All things plunged into the utmost brilliance, as time collapsed and contracted, ending the fifth Time Reversal and beginning the sixth.

The Shadow King's vision gradually cleared, the surroundings returned to normalcy, the Third Seat stood not far away as usual.

His spirit was somewhat scattered, quickly the Shadow King realized all before him felt so familiar, as if he had lived through it once.

Fractured memories flashed in his mind, leftover from the last Time Reversal, though they were few, the information contained within left the Shadow King momentarily silent.

"Help from the Devil?"

The Shadow King slowly recalled everything from the last Time Reversal, that silhouette whispering to him.

The identity was too easy to guess, even though he had lived here for years without seeing his landlord, the Shadow King was too familiar with his aura.

"Tyrant, you want to use me?"

Help from the Devil is never free, since the Tyrant helped him retain a memory from a Time Reversal, his subsequent actions would undoubtedly benefit the Tyrant.

To defy the Tyrant was simple; the Shadow King only needed to ignore the memory in his mind and act as he did in the previous Time Reversal rounds.

The Shadow King slowly stood up, using the Tyrant's words to respond to him.

"Just this once."

#### Chapter 428: Serey's Love

Aimou's figure gradually blurred in the dazzling light, then completely faded away.

In the intangible haze, familiar things emerged, and Bologue could once again see his surroundings clearly; he had returned to the very beginning.

Inside the Undying Club, Bologue sat in front of the bar, with Serey's heart-shaped breakfast placed in front of him. Serey stood behind the bar, looking exhausted to the point of collapse.

The bar was in chaos, and Bode was humming a strange melody while leisurely mopping the floor.

Bologue's expression was somewhat dejected, his hands still retaining the cold touch from Aimou, and his own roar seemed to echo subtly in his ears.

The sixth time reversal had begun.

Bologue was just about to get up and take action when a heavy sense of fatigue overwhelmed his heart, followed by heart-wrenching pain in his head.

Leaning against the bar with both hands, Bologue struggled not to collapse, blinking hard as his vision gradually blurred, with multiple afterimages appearing before him.

In previous time reversals, Bologue had experienced similar feelings. As the number of reversals increased, these negative states grew ever stronger.

Bologue guessed that this was perhaps the impact on himself from the conflict between his own Blessing and the time reversals.

Interwoven timelines were gradually crushing his will, yet his independent timeline's undying nature left him hovering between life and death.

A metallic taste rose in his throat, and large drops of nosebleed started to fall.

"Are you alright, Bologue?"

Serey, sensing the sweet scent of blood, perked up a bit.

"I'm fine, nothing to worry about."

Bologue wiped his nose, staining his sleeve with blood.

Bologue wasn't worried about these various negative states, nor about the situation spiraling out of control. If possible, he intended to completely resolve the matter within this sixth time reversal.

However, Bologue still wasn't sure if he had truly moved Aimou, if he had pulled her out of her self-imposed prison; if he reached the rendezvous point and Aimou wasn't there, then his actions in the previous and this time reversal would be meaningless.



Bologue gradually felt the anticipation and anxiety from handing over the choice to someone else.

Serey observed Bologue, "You look tired, Bologue."

From Serey's perspective, Bologue had just woken up, yet his spirit seemed incredibly weary, as if reaching its limit and on the verge of collapse.

In Bologue's perspective, he had already gone through six consecutive time reversals, and during each reversal, he rushed to fight and resolve everything.

Disregarding the buffer period in the Undying Club during each time reversal, Bologue had practically been fighting continuously for a whole day.

If it were slashing Demons, Bologue could indeed gleefully chop away all day, buoyed by the supply of Soul Shards, brimming with energy like a Perpetual Motion Machine.

But this time was different; the reality Bologue faced was far too complex.

Serey asked, "Did something happen?"

"Yes, but it's a bit too complicated to explain now."

Bologue didn't continue the conversation with Serey; he had already said enough in previous time reversals.

Even if he were to fully disclose everything to Serey, what would it accomplish? These Undead were trapped in this dim-witted club, powerless to interfere with the outside world.

Bologue, forcing himself to overcome the discomfort in his mind, managed to stand up, a blue glow flashing in his eyes. With the blessing of Ether, he felt better, but it was only temporary.

Bologue was now supposed to act, but just as he was preparing to leave, Serey called him back.

"Wait a moment, Bologue."

"I'm really busy right now."

"It won't take much of your time."

Bologue didn't want to deal with Serey's antics, so he ignored his words and walked directly towards the door, but suddenly a powerful pressure descended on him, immobilizing him.

"Serey, you..."

Bologue turned his head, but before he could finish, he was interrupted by Serey.

"I can feel it, some force is affecting this city."

Serey's scarlet eyes also gleamed brilliantly at that moment, and he mustered his spirit, grabbing an empty glass from behind the bar and began mixing a drink.

Bologue appeared somewhat surprised; he hadn't mentioned anything, so how could Serey possibly be aware of the time reversals?

Bologue said, "You can't help me with anything."

"True, but... we could bend the rules a bit."

Serey smiled at Bologue, a smile that made Bologue feel extremely uncomfortable. Serey placed the glass on the bar and poured in various mysterious liquids as he muttered like a Witch.

"Add a bit of lemon, a little spirit, and then some love..."

Although Serey said this, Bologue didn't actually see any lemon or spirit. After pouring in those strangely colored liquids, they reacted violently in the glass, emitting white smoke.

When mentioning love, Serey suspended his index finger above the glass, and shortly after, a drop of blood fell from his finger.

As if strong acid had seeped into the liquid, the reaction in the glass became even more intense, with countless bubbles popping incessantly. After about ten seconds, they finally calmed down.

Serey somehow found a tiny umbrella and a cherry, decorating the glass before pushing it towards Bologue.

"Want to try?"

"Can I refuse?"

Bologue's expression was outright disdainful; he could tolerate "lemon" and "spirit," but Serey's "love" he found hard to accept.

"What do you think?"

Serey's face broke into an irrefutable smile, and Bologue warily approached, shakily picking up the glass.

Uncertain of what Serey was up to, it was clear he intended to help; it was just that the manner of this aid baffled Bologue.

Gathering his courage, Bologue picked up the glass and downed it in one gulp.

"What the hell is this?"

Bologue felt like he had swallowed a ball of fire, the burning pain spreading from his throat to his stomach, causing him to cough and retch violently, but the liquid seemed to seep directly into his body, disappearing.

"A gift from Night Race Lord, Serey Villeries."

Serey gave Bologue a thumbs-up, his voice lilting with a mix of pride and narcissism. If Serey could just change out of that gaudy dance costume, maybe those words would be more convincing.

Bologue didn't question further as he already sensed what the so-called gift was; the tormenting pain in his head vanished, and the splitting double vision dissipated as well.

"Serey's love" turned out to be surprisingly potent. Bologue even felt the abundant Ether rolling in the Alchemy Matrix, as if bestowed with some kind of Protection, like during the meeting hall ambush.

"Our Night Race has its own system; higher-tier Night Race can voluntarily donate blood to lower-tier Night Race to elevate their bloodline tier."

Serey leisurely explained, "This act is called 'Blood Donation.'"

Bologue said, "But I'm not part of the Night Race."

"Right, so for you, it just gives you a temporary all-around boost."

"Isn't this against the rules?" Bologue asked.

"Against the rules? I just saw that my member wasn't in good shape today, so I mixed a drink to improve his condition. As for what he does after his condition improves, what's that got to do with me?"

Serey feigned ignorance at such a time, "I'm just a bartender, right? No need to make things difficult for me, is there?"

That previous dignified manner vanished; Serey was once again surrounded by that air of folly. He leaned closer to Bologue and softly said.

"Rules are cold and indifferent, and they are exceedingly foolish. As long as you find a loophole around the rules, they will be at your mercy."

Serey whispered to Bologue, "Think carefully, you should be able to figure it out, right?"

Under Serey's guidance, a ridiculous idea began taking shape in Bologue's mind; his expression became mysterious. He really wanted to high-five Serey in excitement, but felt that doing so would be too obvious; he should pretend to know nothing.

At that moment, the door to the Undying Club was pushed open.

#### Chapter 429: Saving the World

After the time reversal, everything returned to the origin; the piercing killing intent and uncontrollable madness beside him vanished, leaving only reassuring tranquility.

In the morning at the Order Bureau, Lebius stood once again in front of the coffee machine, holding a cup of hot coffee.

With a gloomy gaze, Lebius pondered for a moment, took a sip of coffee, placed it by the coffee machine, and then quickly walked towards the Sublimation Furnace Core.

At the end of the fifth time reversal, Lebius had a direct confrontation with the King's Shield Guard. With the storyline progressing this way, the upcoming loss of control of the Immortal Heart seemed inevitable, and relying solely on his current strength, it was clearly difficult to resolve all this.

He was not sure how Bologue handled it in the end, but trusting Bologue, Lebius believed Bologue had already convinced Aimou.

With this thought in mind, Lebius couldn't help but align with Bologue; both wanted to completely resolve this time anomaly event in this sixth time reversal.

So this operation was not just a simple trial and error; they had to go all out.

Lebius reached the corridor corner, and the mark on the back of his hand emitted a warm sensation. The temporary authority from the Decision Room was granted to Lebius, making his actions unimpeded within the Cultivation Room.

"Notify Belli Yiyeta that I will arrive in one minute."

Lebius said to the Cultivation Room.

He could have forced his way in, but Lebius felt that even if disaster struck, one must maintain a certain level of composure and grace.

The Decision Room heard Lebius's instructions. As Lebius advanced, the gray-white bricks on the wall at the end of the corridor split and moved aside, revealing a heavy iron door, metal writhing on its surface, forming a jagged emblem.

A fruit entwined by a snake.

There was no need to go to the Pillar Courtyard to take the elevator; under the effect of the temporary authority, the Cultivation Room opened a convenient passage for Lebius, straight to the Sublimation Furnace Core.

No... This goes beyond just reaching the Sublimation Furnace Core.

Belli wrapped herself in the blanket, nestling on the bed like a giant caterpillar.

She had excellent sleep quality, sleeping like a corpse every time, so Belli had three alarm clocks by her bedside to ensure she woke up on time.

But this time, before the alarm could ring, the phone beside her blared loudly, the sound deafening.

Belli was immediately startled awake by the piercing sound. After the panic, anger filled her eyes as she grabbed the receiver, eager to know who dared disturb her at this hour.

"Lebius Lovisa will arrive in one minute, please prepare."

A cold, neutral voice sounded in the receiver, a voice Belli was all too familiar with from the Decision Room.

Belli wasn't fully awake and didn't grasp what was happening at first, but after a while, she snapped back to reality, terror painted across her face.

What was going on? Why was the Decision Room contacting her, and why was Lebius coming?

Belli sensed something was amiss, and soon enough, the wall opposite her bed began to writhe and transform.

Belli's heart sank. As a director, she had witnessed major events before, and she knew well what this meant. Someone was using the Decision Room's granted temporary authority to reach her room.

It should be understood that the authority granted by the Decision Room wasn't merely an elevation of permission levels; it also signified the Decision Room's acknowledgment.

If the Order Bureau was seen as an empire in the shadows, then someone with this authority was akin to an imperial envoy assigned by the royal court, and if necessary, the operations of the Order Bureau would tilt in his favor.

The emergent iron door swung open, and Lebius emerged from the emergency passage. Without waiting for Belli to speak, Lebius immediately said.

"Regarding your embezzlement and falsification of accounts, please explain it yourself to the Decision Room later."

Lebius opened with a heavy hammer.

In the last time reversal, when Lebius arrived at Belli's room, Belli confessed her crimes to him while feigning tears.

Even the battle-hardened Lebius was taken aback by such an absurd turn of events, needing some time to process and understand what the minister of the Sublimation Furnace Core had done during her tenure.

Belli hadn't wanted it to be this way; she had prepared several excuses to account for herself. However, she never expected Lebius to be the one to come.

It's important to note that Belli was not yet old, and she considered herself a witness to the secret war. To her, Lebius was a legend extending from her childhood to the present.

With Lebius's prevailing iron-blooded style in the Field Operations Department, Belli had no intention of resisting. She feared that if she hesitated a moment too long, she would be dragged into the Crow's Nest for harsh interrogation.

Rewinding to this sixth time reversal, hearing Lebius's words left Belli dumbfounded. She was just about to confess leniently, only to find out that Lebius already knew everything.

Could it be that... everything I've done has long been discovered by the Decision Room, but the people there were magnanimous and didn't hold it against me? If that's the case, what is Lebius coming here for?



"We are experiencing a time axis disorder event, and soon the Immortal Heart will go out of control. I need some Alchemy Armament to suppress the resurrection of flesh and blood."

Lebius asked Belli; one of the advantages of Time Reversal is that it allows for preparation of Alchemy Armament based on the encountered situation.

Belli took a dozen seconds to understand the current situation. Realizing the severity, with a mindset of redeeming herself, she spoke.

"Recently, the tenth group has been operating in the Narrow Countries, fighting the Sect. For this, they applied for a batch of Alchemy Armament targeting the Sect, which is still in the warehouse, not yet dispatched."

"Alright, I understand."

Lebius continued instructing, "Hand over those Alchemy Armaments to the Observation Tower, notify them to stand by, and prepare for deployment."

Lebius was about to leave but hesitated for a moment and said to Belli, "Wear the Whistle after you wake up and connect to the Heart Core Net; we may need your support."

After delivering these instructions, Lebius pulled open the iron door and disappeared.

Belli sat on the bed with a dazed look, pinched her cheeks hard, and, realizing this wasn't a hallucination, scrambled to her feet, didn't bother with brushing her hair, quickly changed clothes, and rushed out the door.

Lebius's next stop was the warehouse Belli mentioned. In the previous Time Reversal, Belli had talked about these Alchemy Armaments of the tenth group, and he even left with two boxes.

But what he took were just some conventional consumable Alchemy Armaments, which didn't play a role in the battle with the King's Shield Guard.

Lebius forcefully pried open several boxes; the Sublimation Furnace Core had pressed the valuable items to the very bottom, no wonder he didn't notice them last time.

Carrying so many Alchemy Armaments at once was obviously unrealistic, but fortunately, the Observation Tower could deploy them at any time. For this reason, as usual, Lebius prepared two boxes of Alchemy Armaments and then left.

In the parking lot, Lebius didn't encounter Bologue; he quickly walked towards the Undying Club.

Opening the door, he saw Bologue still sitting at the bar, holding an empty glass. When Bologue turned around, his expression was terrible, as if he had just swallowed a lemon.

Bologue asked, "Am I late?"

The conversation with Serey seemed to have wasted quite a bit of time.

Lebius glanced at the watch and shook his head, "Not much time wasted."

Lebius knew clearly that no matter how much time Bologue wasted, he could make up for it on the road. Bologue was a great driver, but once he held the steering wheel, he'd become extremely road-raged, capable of all sorts of crazy maneuvers.

"I think I convinced her; let's solve everything in this Time Reversal."

Bologue walked over; "Serey's Heart" was quite useful, and he felt as if he had been injected with adrenaline, overly excited.

"I think so too," Lebius nodded.

"Wait a minute! What Time Reversal?"

Hearing their conversation, Serey behind the bar realized something was amiss.

The two had no intention of explaining it to him; just as they were about to reach the door, Bologue suddenly stopped and said to Lebius.

"Wait for me a moment."

In these few rounds of Time Reversal skirmishes, Bologue always felt something was missing. Until this moment, Bologue suddenly woke up, realizing he had forgotten something.

Maybe too focused on Aimou's matter, this part was completely forgotten by Bologue, but fortunately, he remembered now, and it wasn't too late.

Lebius looked at Bologue, puzzled, not understanding what he was going to do.

Bologue dashed up the stairs, expertly finding that room in the corridor.

Opening the door, a wave of snoring and the smell of liquor hit him.

Bologue jumped onto the bed, straightened Palmer's drunken face, and delivered two physically awakening slaps.

"Wake up! Palmer!"

Finally, Bologue got the words out, feeling extremely relieved.

"Time to save the world!"

Chapter 430: Safe Driving

The tranquility of the early morning was shattered by the roar of engines, as the azure car shot down the street like an arrow, blasting through one red light after another, honking merrily along the way.

Bologue, as usual, gripped the steering wheel, transforming into a highway killer, while Palmer, still a bit drowsy, sat in the passenger seat, cheeks a little flushed, emanating the scent of alcohol, and gazed dazedly around, struggling to accept the harsh reality.

"So, what you're saying is, we're going through time reversal, and the trigger for this time reversal is Aimou, who somehow got her hands on a Fantasy Species, and there's the King's Shield Guard, the Immortal Heart going out of control... Damn! Has this time reversal happened six times already?"

Palmer muttered from the passenger seat, as he recounted, his consciousness gradually cleared up, eventually turning into a scream.

Palmer realized what was going on, he widened his eyes, looking at Bologue driving.

"You crazy bastard! Bologue, what the hell is wrong with you!"

Palmer screamed repeatedly, reaching out to punch Bologue, "I didn't wrong you, right!"

Bologue ducked his head to avoid Palmer's fist, the car roared past, "Probably... not."

"Isn't it! So why do you only remember me when it's something life-threatening!"

Palmer grabbed Bologue's shoulder, shaking it vigorously, "You didn't think of me in the first five time reversals! Why drag me into this one!"

Palmer was about to lose his mind.

From Palmer's perspective, he'd just been discharged from the Border Sanatorium yesterday, went to the Undying Club to have a drink with Serey, only to find the undead celebrating Aimou's arrival, ignoring him completely.

He drank alone all night, passed out on the bed, hadn't slept enough when he was called up.

Palmer's expression was numb, mimicking Bologue's earlier words, "Wake up! Palmer! Save the world with me!"

This was just too delightful.

"Why? Is there even a need to ask why?"

Palmer seemed to ask a dumb question, Bologue spared a hand to slap Palmer's shoulder hard, "We're partners, after all!"

In the previous five time reversals, Bologue always felt something was missing in their frantic escapes, until Palmer woke up, he felt that emptiness was filled.

Indeed, in times like these, Palmer is needed to lighten the mood, though Palmer himself was quite unwilling.

"I want to get out!"

Palmer couldn't take it anymore, he was just about to push the car door open when a green light flashed, and Bologue welded the whole door shut.

"Damn you!"

Palmer was ready to go after Bologue when Bologue pointed to the rearview mirror.

Palmer suspiciously looked into the mirror, and then he saw a familiar figure.

Lebius sat in the back seat, arms crossed, whenever Lebius was silent, a strong oppressive force always surrounded him, solid as a rock.

Next to Lebius was an iron box taken from the warehouse, noticing Palmer's gaze, Lebius met his eyes expressionlessly.

Palmer started to babble, "Good... Good morning, boss!"

"Now, it's Supervisor, Lebius will be acting with us."

In actuality, Bologue wanted to say, Palmer, your expression is priceless now, like you just swallowed a lemon whole.

"Based on my last time reversal experience, the Immortal Heart will eventually go out of control... We cannot allow that to happen."

Lebius coldly issued his command.

Palmer was numb, under the gaze of the Supervisor, he felt if he ran away, he'd likely die at Lebius's hands.

So, he could only grit his teeth and push forward.

Palmer asked, "Just us for such a serious incident?"

Two First Stage Condensers, one Third Stage Negative Power User, even though they're from the Special Operations Group, elites among elites, Palmer felt they were still overestimating their capability in handling the time axis disorder incident.

Bologue replied, "Pretty much, at least over these time reversals, it's just us."

"This..."

Palmer almost choked, completely deflated, he slumped in his seat, eyes a bit dazed.

"Next, you and Palmer will go retrieve Aimou, ensure the Fantasy Species isn't destroyed, and stop the recurrence of time reversal."

Lebius arranged the next action, "While you act, I'll head to the Alchemy Workshop to try to hinder the King's Shield Guards' assault."

"Keep the whistle signals clear, after handling Aimou, come to merge with me."

Bologue nodded at the rearview mirror, agreeing with Lebius's plan, with intelligence gained in the prior five time reversals, their actions within the Great Rift would proceed unhindered.

Palmer didn't react at all, letting them arrange what comes next, laying his head beside the car window, muttering.

"Finished, it's all finished, am I going to be sent back to the sanatorium after just getting discharged?"

Given the current risk level of this time axis disorder, Palmer felt it's lucky enough if he survives to be sent to the Border Sanatorium.

Lebius was a bona fide workaholic, no matter how dangerous the task, as long as it's within his work scope, he's eager to go, while Bologue is a hardcore undead, even if there's a sea of blades and flames ahead, he'll give it a go.

Compared to them, Palmer seemed so out of place, he just wanted to earn some money to live in Opus, Palmer didn't even consider going back to Wind Source Highlands to take over the family business.

Even such a simple wish couldn't be granted, Palmer couldn't figure out if his Blessing was somehow pulling him into this whirlpool of misfortune.

"Snap out of it!" Bologue reached out to shake Palmer, "Act now!"

"What action?"

Palmer just wanted to enjoy the last peace in his life, but Bologue wasn't giving him even that.

"We've delayed awhile at the start, now we need to make up for it on the road, you understand?"

Bologue felt like he was about to crush the gas pedal, the car sped down the street like a phantom.

Palmer's expression was complex, after thinking it over, his voice turned helpless.

"Alright, alright."

Lebius couldn't quite grasp their conversation; it sounded like their partner's secret code.

Ether's glow appeared in Palmer's eyes, a light breeze wound around the car, and soon gusts became powerful, like a blurry air dome facing forward, breaking through all barriers.

In his downhearted mood, Palmer found some excitement now, one of his hobbies was racing, reflecting on this, he was relieved that his beloved Leica wasn't brought along for this deadly mission.

The car's speed surged, under the rapid speed Lebius was thrown against the seat back by his own inertia, the car let out a jubilant roar, heading straight to the Great Rift.

Lebius steadied his posture, well aware of what would happen next.

Bologue kicked open the car door, Palmer was stunned for a second, couldn't fathom what Bologue was doing, then Bologue leaned out, touched the ground.



The ground writhed intensely, a jumping ramp rose up.

Palmer's face turned pale, he hurriedly searched for the seatbelt under the seat, regretfully it was too late now to find.

The azure arrow shot off the runway, accompanied by gusts of wind and Palmer's screams, leaping into the Sea of Mist.