

MARVEL MANIFESTOR

Chapter 411 411: Doubts About the Ancient One

"The guardian of New York—their body is still there."

"It's already been taken back to Kamar-Taj," Mordo replied.

"The London Sanctum has been destroyed. Now only the New York Sanctum and the Hong Kong Sanctum remain to protect us from other dimensions. From this moment on, you are the new Guardian of the New York Sanctum, Sorcerer Strange."

With a single sentence, the Ancient One established Strange's new identity. He had officially become a sorcerer—and was appointed as the Guardian of the New York Sanctum. From now on, the Sanctum was essentially his domain.

"No..."

Strange shook his head. "It's Doctor Strange, not 'sorcerer.' I'm not a sorcerer—I'm a doctor. When I became a doctor, I took an oath not to let anyone come to harm. I

would do everything I could to save every patient. But now, I've watched someone die right in front of me—murdered. I'm supposed to save lives, not take them."

Strange grew visibly agitated. He had thought he was ready to accept everything, but in the end, he still couldn't bear to see someone die before his eyes. It went completely against his principles. When the Guardian of New York died in front of him, he had been powerless—unable even to save himself from a fatal injury.

The Ancient One smiled faintly. She knew that Strange was becoming more and more like a worthy successor. This respect for life was rare. After all, sorcerers stood above ordinary people in terms of power, and that kind of superiority could easily distort one's mindset. Those with unstable hearts would be consumed by power, becoming indifferent to life—just like Kacilius.

But Strange was different. He still respected life, proving she had not chosen wrong. He was indeed one of the most suitable candidates to inherit the title of Sorcerer Supreme.

"As a doctor, you could only save one life at a time. But now, you can save all lives. This is no longer about individuals—it's about the entire world."

Her tone was earnest as she continued.

"No one has absolute control over death, Strange. Not even the man you once were—Doctor Strange—could truly control it."

"Not even Dormammu? He can grant eternal life."

Strange suddenly asked. After hearing Kacilius's words, doubt had taken root. As someone who had once moved among the elite, Strange understood their desires. Just as Kacilius said, those powerful figures dreamed of immortality. They poured endless resources into medical research, all for the sake of extending their own lives.

"The more humanity fears death, the stronger Dormammu becomes. That is how he exists."

The Ancient One's expression remained calm.

"Then doesn't that mean we're the ones sustaining him? And what about you? How did you do it?"

Strange recalled the missing pages he had glimpsed while using the Eye of Agamotto to reverse time.

"I saw the missing pages... and the ritual."

The Ancient One's eyes narrowed slightly. "Do you know what you're saying, Doctor Strange?"

"Master... what is he talking about?"

Mordo looked between the two, completely confused. He couldn't understand a word of their exchange.

"I'm talking about her lifespan—and the secret behind her longevity."

Strange didn't hold back. From those missing pages, he had already uncovered the Ancient One's secret.

The Ancient One neither spoke nor stopped him. It was as if she already knew what he was going to say. Her expression remained composed.

"She draws power from the Dark Dimension... and uses it to sustain her life."

Strange's words made Mordo scoff.

Impossible. The Ancient One was the Sorcerer Supreme—how could she possibly draw on Dormammu's dark power? She was his natural opposite.

"That's absurd. The Ancient One would never draw on dark energy—that's the greatest enemy of all sorcerers."

Mordo refused to believe it.

"I saw the ritual. I understand everything now. And I know how she does it."

Strange continued. After seeing the ritual, he realized that drawing power from Dormammu wasn't as difficult as one might think—otherwise, Kacilius couldn't have done it with just a few torn pages.

"Kacilius hasn't achieved his goal. He and his followers will return soon. You'll need help—go find Karl. He'll assist you."

The Ancient One did not answer Strange's question. She chose to ignore it—but that silence was, in a way, an admission.

After speaking, she left immediately, leaving Mordo behind.

"How can you say that about the Ancient One? You have no idea how heavy the burden she carries is."

"That's right. And I have no interest in knowing."

Strange replied bluntly.

"You're a coward!"

Mordo shouted.

"Because I don't want to kill people?"

Strange shot back.

"Kacilius and his followers will kill us all—and you'd just stand by? Why not strike first?!"

Mordo was furious. He couldn't stand Strange's hesitation—it looked like fear.

"Strike first? How? Can you find Kacilius right now? Do you know when he'll return—whether he'll destroy this place or go straight to the Hong Kong Sanctum? You make it sound so simple, but in the end, won't it be innocent people who pay the price for your 'decisiveness'?"

Strange could already see it—killing Kacilius would cause massive destruction, inevitably harming ordinary civilians.

"Is there no other way?"

Strange asked.

"There is no other way!"

Mordo answered without hesitation.

"That's only because you lack imagination."

"And you lack the courage to do what's necessary!"

Mordo snapped back immediately.

Just as their argument escalated, a sudden surge of unfamiliar magical energy filled the air. Both of them turned toward the staircase below.

"Kacilius!"

Mordo leapt down first, kicking one zealot away and engaging another in combat.

"Strange, get down here and fight! Or do you want to watch Earth fall to Dormammu?!"

Mordo shouted.

Strange watched as Kacilius raised a glowing sphere above his head and slammed it toward the ground.

The expected explosion never came. Instead, the sphere dispersed upon contact, leaving the ground intact—but the surrounding space began to fracture and warp.

"The Mirror Dimension. Nothing here can affect the real world."

Strange floated down from the second floor, his blue cloak billowing behind him.

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## Chapter 412 412: The Chase

"Nicely done."

Kacilius suddenly smiled, then thrust both hands outward. Instantly, the entire hall began to fold and twist.

Mordo shoved away the two zealots restraining him and sprinted toward the exit. Strange burst forward as well, streaking past Kacilius in an instant and following closely behind Mordo out the door.

"I got Kacilius's Sling Ring—they won't escape."

Strange held up a Sling Ring in his hand, while his own still hung at his waist. Clearly, this one belonged to Kacilius.

"Move!"

Seeing Kacilius and his men heading out, Mordo shouted and took off running. Strange followed without hesitation as the two dashed into the street, weaving through traffic at full speed.

At the same time, back at the office, Karl and Wanda had already returned and were having lunch. Suddenly, a strange surge of magical energy appeared. Wanda immediately stepped outside and looked toward its source—it was coming from the New York Sanctum.

"It's from the Sanctum. It's probably Strange and Kacilius."

She returned inside and told Karl, who was still eating.

"Oh. Then let's finish eating first and go check it out."

Karl wasn't concerned in the slightest. He planned to finish his meal before heading over. He knew the Ancient One was watching everything from the shadows—Strange wouldn't be in real danger. By the time he arrived, he could simply play along.

Of course, the price of this "act" would be the Ancient One's life. She intended to use her death to awaken Strange's sense of responsibility and guide him into becoming the Sorcerer Supreme.

Meanwhile, Strange and Mordo were still inside the Mirror Dimension.

The city around them had completely transformed. Buildings shifted and relocated, straight roads bent at impossible angles, and structures rotated like pieces of a giant Rubik's Cube.

The ground beneath Strange tilted sharply, making it nearly impossible to move forward. Not far ahead, the street bent at a ninety-degree angle—there was no way to cross.

"Kacilius's connection to the Dark Dimension strengthens his control over the Mirror Dimension. He can reshape it at will—we're basically walking into our own deaths!"

Mordo rushed over, speaking urgently—though moments ago, he had been urging Strange to act.

Seeing Kacilius closing in, the two turned and ran again. As Strange ran, he drew a circle in the air, opening a portal not far ahead.

But Kacilius wasn't about to let them escape. With a push of his hand, the city in front of them rotated ninety degrees. Just as Strange and Mordo were about to pass through the portal, they were flipped along with the terrain.

With no other choice, they continued running along the side of a building. But Strange had a plan—he led Mordo toward Karl's office.

He knew Karl was highly sensitive to magical fluctuations. There was a good chance he already sensed what was happening. Their only hope was to get close enough for Karl to intervene.

Because of the shifting cityscape, the two ran along vertical walls.

"Where are we going?"

Mordo asked, confused. He had never been to Karl's office and didn't know its location.

"To get reinforcements."

Strange didn't have time to explain further. Right now, running was all that mattered. He could have flown—it would've been faster—but that would mean abandoning Mordo. And he knew Mordo was no match for Kacilius.

So he couldn't leave him behind.

While sprinting along the building, Strange opened another portal—this time, it led directly to the entrance of Karl's office.

Kacilius reacted instantly, slamming his fist into the building. The entire structure rippled like waves on water, disrupting Strange's concentration. Before they could pass through, the portal collapsed.

With another twist of his wrist, Kacilius warped the building into a spiraling corkscrew. Then, starting from the top, it split in two and bent downward. Strange and Mordo lost their footing and fell once more.

The entire city twisted into a vortex, spinning endlessly before splitting into four sections, each bent at ninety-degree angles and opposing one another.

Strange and Mordo stabilized themselves, standing at the edge of a fractured cityscape. Across from them, the city continued to shift and rotate. Strange's expression grew grave.

Then they began falling again.

The city had become a massive stage—Strange and Mordo fled desperately, while Kacilius and his two followers pursued them like cats toying with mice.

In a moment of chaos, the two were separated.

Strange ran alone, with Kacilius close behind. Above him, Mordo was being chased by the two zealots, already engaged in combat as they ran.

Suddenly, Strange's footing gave way, and he plummeted toward the ground. Just before impact, his blue cloak flared outward, slowing his descent and allowing him to land safely.

Strange froze for a moment—then his expression darkened.

He had completely forgotten... he could fly.

He'd been running around like an idiot this whole time.

What a waste.

The next second, the cloak spread wide, and Strange shot upward into the sky. The advantage of flight became immediately obvious—Kacilius could only chase on foot, constantly reshaping the terrain, while Strange soared freely through the air.

He was getting closer and closer to Karl's office. As long as he made it there, Karl wouldn't just stand by and watch him die.

Suddenly, an invisible blade grazed past his shoulder.

Before he could react, another one followed.

Behind him, Kacilius conjured yet another unseen blade.

Strange snapped into action, weaving erratically through the air in an attempt to dodge the attacks.

But then—

A blade pierced through his cloak.

At once, Strange spun out of control, like a plane that had lost a wing, spiraling toward the ground.

Kacilius closed the distance in an instant, forming a blade in his hand and thrusting it mercilessly toward Strange.

Buzz—!

Suddenly, scarlet energy surged into existence, forming a barrier that blocked the strike.

At the same time, a bolt of lightning as thick as a bowl crashed down from the sky.

Boom—!

Thunder roared like the heavens collapsing.

Kacilius was blasted backward, half his body scorched black by the strike.

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Chapter 413 413: The Ancient One's Dark Power

At the same time, the ground beneath Strange's feet began to shift continuously, eventually forming a circular platform. The surrounding city rotated around it, transforming the area into something resembling a grand arena.

Clad in yellow robes, the Ancient One stood to one side. A spell circle hovered in her hand like a folded fan, its golden patterns slowly rotating.

Then, two crimson figures descended from the sky.

One was Wanda, her entire body wrapped in scarlet Chaos Magic. The other was Karl, wearing a red cloak—the lightning that had just blasted Kacilius away had come from him.

They landed on either side of the Ancient One. At that moment, both Strange and Mordo finally saw it clearly—the mark on the Ancient One's forehead, a symbol of dark power belonging to Dormammu.

"This... this... it's actually true!!"

Mordo felt as if his entire belief system had shattered.

The Ancient One—the Sorcerer Supreme—was supposed to stand in absolute opposition to darkness. And yet, just as Strange had said, she had drawn power from it.

In Mordo's eyes, she had betrayed Kamar-Taj, betrayed the Vishanti. She was no longer the Sorcerer Supreme.

Everything he had believed in was collapsing.

The teachings he had followed all his life—eradicate evil, destroy darkness—now stood in direct contradiction to reality. The one who taught him those principles had embraced the very darkness she warned against.

His face twisted in disbelief.

Of all people, she should have been the last to fall.

But now, she had become a servant of darkness.

"She actually drew power from the Dark Dimension... why... why?!"

Mordo collapsed to the ground, his conviction in ruins. In his current state, he could no longer fight—he needed time just to steady his mind.

The Ancient One glanced at Mordo and Strange, then turned her gaze toward Kacilius.

"Kacilius... I never expected you to go this far."

Truthfully, she had once held high hopes for him. Before meeting Strange, she had even considered passing the title of Sorcerer Supreme to Kacilius.

But his temperament was unstable—his mindset did not match his power. In time, he would inevitably become a slave to it.

And now, that had come to pass.

"Ancient One, back then I was lost... helpless... even despairing. I thought you would help me—but instead, you deceived me with lies."

Kacilius remained calm. With Dormammu's blessing, he felt stronger than ever. Even the half of his body that had just been scorched by Karl's lightning had already regenerated under the influence of dark power.

"I was protecting you. You weren't ready to know the truth—your mind couldn't bear it."

The Ancient One spoke plainly. Back then, Kacilius had been reckless and extreme—unfit to handle such knowledge.

"You were just hiding the truth."

Kacilius stepped forward.

"No. I was protecting you from harm."

Her expression remained serene. She had long since prepared herself for death.

She would use her death to awaken Strange—to guide him into becoming the Sorcerer Supreme.

In truth, even if it weren't Strange but Karl instead, she would have made the same decision.

She had lived too long.

So long that she had forgotten who she once was. So long that she had begun relying on dark power to extend her life. So long that she had grown numb to it.

This was not what she wanted.

She could feel the darkness slowly eroding her soul.

It had to end.

Karl frowned deeply. He understood her decision, yet he couldn't change it. Watching her walk toward death still weighed heavily on him.

But since she had chosen this path, the only thing he could do... was honor it.

He took Wanda's hand and stepped back toward Strange and Mordo, leaving the battlefield to the Ancient One and Kacilius.

"Strange—after everything that's happened, if you still plan to go back to being a doctor, I'll personally cut off your hands."

Karl's voice was cold as steel.

Strange didn't fully understand, but the look in Karl's eyes made him swallow whatever he was about to say.

The Ancient One was giving her life for him. If he still chose to walk away from this responsibility, Karl wouldn't hesitate to send him to join her—so she could "teach him properly" one more time.

At that moment, years of resentment erupted from Kacilius.

"I have a new master now. I don't need you to tell me what to do."

The Ancient One spoke calmly, "Dormammu is deceiving you. That's what he does best. You haven't seen his true nature. That so-called eternity he offers... is nothing but a living hell."

"Stop lying!"

Kacilius roared. Invisible blades formed in his hands as he charged forward. His two zealots followed closely behind.

Suddenly, a scarlet barrier appeared, blocking the zealots.

"You're not worthy of facing the Ancient One. I'll handle you two."

Wanda flashed into their path, her eyes glowing crimson. Chaos Magic surged outward, forming a massive phantom behind her.

The zealots exchanged a glance, then rushed her with invisible blades.

Wanda merely waved her hand.

Two enormous spectral hands extended from behind her and slapped them away.

The zealots twisted midair, regaining control before charging again.

"Overestimating yourselves."

Wanda muttered coldly. She traced a circle in the air—instantly, countless dark red crows burst forth, swarming toward them.

Boom! Boom!

The crows exploded on contact, detonating violently around the zealots.

Wanda raised one hand toward the sky—then slammed it down.

Buzz—

A massive scarlet magic circle descended from above, crushing down on the two like a mountain.

"Pff—!"

"Pff—!"

Both zealots spat blood as they slammed into the ground. Cracks spread across their bodies under the pressure, with crimson energy seeping through the fractures.

Without hesitation, they abandoned their bodies—their souls tearing free.

They were fanatics. Their lives meant nothing—as long as they could kill Wanda.

"They actually chose astral projection? Idiots."

Wanda flicked her hand. Two crimson whips shot out like living serpents, instantly binding the zealots' souls.

The moment they were caught, scarlet energy erupted from the whips.

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Chapter 414 414: The Death of the Ancient One

"Ugh—AAH!!!"

Scarlet energy burned through the souls of the two zealots, devouring them like molten lava. Their spiritual forms cracked and fragmented like charred coal, and before the pieces could even fall, they dissolved into nothingness.

Wanda withdrew her whips and slashed her hand downward. The massive magic circle pinning their physical bodies slammed down even harder.

Squelch—!

The soulless corpses were crushed into pulp—utterly annihilated.

On the other side, the Ancient One had already engaged Kacilius in combat. The spell circles in her hands acted like shields, effortlessly blocking his attacks while launching precise counterstrikes.

Empowered by dark energy, Kacilius only grew fiercer. He slammed his hand onto the ground, sending rippling waves surging toward her.

But the Ancient One merely looked on with disdain. She struck the ground with her palm, and the ripples instantly reversed direction, surging back toward Kacilius.

Midway, the ripples transformed into a shockwave, blasting him off his feet. The invisible blade in his hand shattered on impact.

The Ancient One looked at the fallen Kacilius, her expression still calm—completely unshaken.

"Watch out!!"

Suddenly, both Mordo and Strange shouted at once.

The Ancient One turned—

Too late.

Kacilius appeared behind her, his blade thrusting straight through her chest.

"—!"

She looked down slowly. The invisible blade had pierced clean through her body.

At the same time, the "Kacilius" lying on the ground faded away.

It had only been an illusion.

His real body had already slipped behind her.

Seeing this, Strange and Mordo were filled with rage. Even the Chaos Magic around Wanda surged violently.

Karl reached out and took Wanda's hand, calming the erupting power.

"This... was what she chose, remember? Even if we don't like it, we have to respect it. Now it depends on what Strange does next."

He spoke softly near her ear.

Wanda knew this had been the Ancient One's decision—but seeing it happen still shattered her composure. The woman had been her teacher, her mentor. There was no way she could feel nothing.

"I... I..."

Tears filled Wanda's eyes as she collapsed weakly into Karl's arms.

Then—

A portal opened.

Kacilius kicked the Ancient One's body through it. On the other side was the real world—high above the ground.

Strange instinctively reached for his Sling Ring—

Gone.

At some point, it had been taken. Though he had stolen Kacilius's ring earlier, his own had been stolen in return.

Without hesitation, Strange and Mordo leapt through the portal, chasing after the falling Ancient One.

Karl and Wanda, however, did not move immediately.

"Kacilius... take care."

Karl didn't know what else to say. Once friends, now enemies—and Kacilius had been reduced to a pawn in the Ancient One's final plan.

"Next time we meet, I won't hold back."

Kacilius looked at him coldly. Back in Kamar-Taj, Karl had understood him better than anyone. He had even considered him a kindred spirit.

But things had changed.

"Let's go, Wanda."

Karl took her hand. With a wave, Wanda tore open a crimson rift in the Mirror Dimension, and the two stepped through.

—

The Ancient One fell from the sky.

She crashed through a massive glass ceiling before hitting the ground, lying motionless.

Strange and Mordo arrived moments later. Strange immediately checked her vital signs.

There was still a faint pulse.

Barely.

Without hesitation, Strange opened a portal and rushed her to the hospital.

Pushing the stretcher through the halls, he shouted,

"Christine! Christine!!"

In the ICU, Palmer heard his voice and felt her heart tighten. She thought he had been injured again and rushed out.

Turning the corner, she saw him pushing an unconscious patient, accompanied by two emergency staff.

"Neurogenic myocardial contusion—likely caused by a sharp object or extreme force. We need immediate surgery!"

They rushed the Ancient One into the operating room. Strange quickly changed into surgical attire, intending to operate himself.

He didn't trust anyone else.

But the moment he picked up the scalpel—

His hands trembled uncontrollably.

Only then did it hit him.

He could no longer perform surgery.

Even if he forced himself to hold the scalpel, his shaking hands would only cause further harm.

"...Nick."

He called over his former assistant and handed him the scalpel.

"You lead. I'll guide you. First—we need to relieve intracranial pressure."

Nick nodded and took over without hesitation.

But before the surgery could begin—

The heart monitor flatlined.

A piercing, unbroken line stretched across the screen.

"We need oxygen now!"

Strange directed the team from the side. Even if he was no longer a doctor, everyone instinctively followed his commands—he was still the best among them.

"Pupils dilating—no neural response!"

a nurse called out.

At that moment, Strange noticed the monitor flicker.

A realization struck him.

He froze—

Then his soul separated from his body.

Just as he suspected, the Ancient One's spirit had already left her body, drifting toward the exit of the operating room.

Strange immediately gave chase.

"Please—you're dying! Get back into your body!"

He shouted as he followed her.

They arrived in a quiet lounge.

The Ancient One stood by a floor-to-ceiling window, gazing at the storm outside—lightning flashing across the sky.

"You have to go back. We're out of time."

Strange rushed to her side, urgency in his voice.

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The Ancient One shook her head.

"Time is relative. You still haven't learned how to be a proper sorcerer."

She gazed out the window just as a bolt of lightning appeared—but its movement was slowed to a crawl, like a snail. Every intricate detail of the lightning could be seen clearly.

"I have spent a long time peering into the future, observing countless points in time. I have stopped disasters that could have destroyed Earth over and over again. But danger never ceases—it always comes again. Everyone dies eventually... myself included."

She turned to look at Strange. There was no sorrow on her face at the brink of death—only calm and acceptance.

"Do you want to know your future, Strange?"

The question came out of nowhere.

"No. I don't."

Strange shook his head.

The Ancient One suddenly smiled, her gaze carrying a hint of amusement.

"I cannot see your future. I can only glimpse certain possibilities. You are kind... and exceptional. But your drive to succeed doesn't come from desire—it comes from your fear of failure."

"I'm a successful doctor."

Strange replied, pride evident in his voice.

"And that is why you are not yet great."

She lifted her head, as if trying to trace the path of the lightning.

"Your arrogance and your fear of failure blind you to the simplest—and most important—things around you."

"And what would that be?"

Strange pressed, sensing deeper meaning in her words.

"The meaning of life is not about the self. When you first came to me, you asked how I healed Pangborn—the man with the spinal injury. But the truth is, I didn't heal him. I never treated him at all."

She revealed the truth.

"He drew power into himself... the power of magic."

"He's been walking using magic this whole time?"

Strange was stunned.

"That is the truth. Just like you, he once faced a choice—return to his old life, or devote himself to a greater purpose."

The Ancient One revealed this now to see what Strange would choose.

Like Pangborn, would he become a sorcerer—or return to his former life?

"Then... my hands can be healed too?!"

Strange had always believed his hands were beyond saving. Even after learning magic, they hadn't improved—he thought it was impossible.

Now he realized... he had simply been using the wrong approach.

"Of course. You can return to your old life. But the world... will be left with regrets."

She looked out the window again.

She was gambling—betting that Strange would not turn back.

"I never wanted to draw power from the Dark Dimension. But sometimes, one must break the rules. Blindly clinging to them is not always right."

"But Mordo doesn't see it that way."

Strange followed her line of thought.

"Mordo is rigid—unable to adapt. That comes from his upbringing. But you... you are flexible. You can go against the current."

"But I... I'm not ready..."

Strange hesitated. He still hadn't made his choice.

The Ancient One smiled.

"No one is ever ready. We cannot control the world. All we can do... is follow its flow."

She reached out and took his hand.

"Death gives life meaning. It reminds you how brief it truly is. I am ready to embrace it."

Her expression remained serene, as if she were speaking about someone else entirely.

Strange stared blankly out the window.

When he came back to himself—

She was gone.

At that same moment, in the operating room, the Ancient One's vital signs flatlined completely.

—

Karl and Wanda had been waiting downstairs.

He knew she would come.

And she did.

Her soul passed through the ceiling and drifted into the hospital lobby, settling beside them.

"Ancient One..."

Wanda's eyes were red. She knew this was the end—just the final lingering moments of her spirit.

"Do not be sad, Wanda. Everyone dies eventually. I have lived long enough. It is time to let go... and leave things to you young ones."

She was as calm as ever.

"Ancient One, is there anything you wish to entrust to me?"

Karl asked. Though he had refused her earlier offer, he was still willing to help.

"Karl, I know you have your own path. The title of Sorcerer Supreme would only restrain you. But I still ask this—if Kamar-Taj faces danger in the future, please lend your aid."

"You have my word."

Karl agreed without hesitation.

"I have ties to Kamar-Taj as well. I won't stand by and do nothing."

"Good. And about Strange..."

She continued,

"I can see he is still conflicted. Do not force him. Let things unfold naturally. If he truly refuses the role... then find a suitable successor in my place."

Her trust in Karl ran deep.

Karl thought for a moment, then nodded.

If Strange refused... Wang would be a fitting choice. In both temperament and strength, he was worthy.

"I promise."

The Ancient One nodded, satisfied.

"Then... it is time for me to go."

Her figure slowly dissolved into countless points of light, drifting upward.

Wanda could no longer hold back her tears, collapsing into Karl's arms as she cried.

—

Outside the operating room, Strange stood at a sink, washing his hands like a hollow shell.

They were still trembling.

Unchanged.

Palmer walked in, glancing first at the floating blue cloak before approaching him. Seeing his shaking hands and vacant eyes, she gently took them in hers.

"Are you okay?"

she asked softly.

Strange came back to himself and pulled her into an embrace.

"I'm fine. I have to go."

He cupped her face, feeling her warmth.

"Christine... you once told me that losing my hands wasn't the end—it was a new beginning."

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Palmer nodded. "That's right. There are many other ways to save lives."

"But I chose the hardest one."

Strange spoke gently.

"Or maybe... the strangest one."

Palmer had already guessed what he was about to do. From what she had seen before—and the kind of injuries Strange had suffered—this was clearly no ordinary matter.

"Yeah... the strangest way..."

Strange chuckled softly. Just as he was about to continue, an announcement suddenly came over the intercom, calling for Dr. Palmer.

She rolled her eyes. The moment was completely ruined. If she found out who had called her at a time like this, she'd crack their head open.

"Do you really have to go? I don't want you to..."

Strange's voice was as soft as water.

Palmer looked at him with affection and leaned in to kiss him.

"You're a doctor too—you know I can't ignore this."

She didn't want to leave either, but her job allowed no delay.

After she left, Strange stood in front of the mirror, his expression turning serious. The blue Cloak of Levitation slowly draped itself over his shoulders, fastening at the collar with two golden clasps.

—

Hong Kong.

At the end of a bustling street stood a four-story building. At its top was a circular skylight engraved with runes.

This was the final Sanctum—the Hong Kong Sanctum, located in Kowloon.

The streets were alive with nightlife. Restaurants on both sides were filled with diners enjoying late-night meals.

Suddenly, a golden ring appeared in the street, drawing everyone's attention. Three figures stepped out—

Kacilius and his two zealots.

The New York Sanctum had not been destroyed, and Kacilius knew attacking it again would come at a great cost. So he had come here instead—to destroy the Hong Kong Sanctum first.

Of the three Sanctums maintaining Earth's defensive barrier, destroying any two would render it mostly ineffective. Even if Dormammu himself could not fully descend upon Earth, his power would flow in freely.

And once his dark energy began to corrupt the planet, the barrier would be meaningless.

Kacilius led his men straight toward the Sanctum.

Inside, Wong was organizing defenses. The New York Sanctum had survived—but at the cost of the Ancient One's life. Now, with Kacilius targeting Hong Kong and no Sorcerer Supreme to hold the line, everyone had to be fully prepared.

Wong took out a short-handled magical weapon, its ends shaped like sharp claws. The others followed suit, readying their own artifacts.

Soon, Kacilius arrived at the entrance.

Wong was already waiting.

"Kacilius, turn back now and you may still have a chance. Otherwise, you'll be beyond redemption."

He stood alone, the Sanctum behind him.

"You're the one who chose the wrong side, Wong."

Kacilius was fully under Dormammu's influence now. Even the Ancient One couldn't bring him back—let alone Wong.

"Then you truly are beyond saving."

Wong said no more, taking his stance.

—

At Kamar-Taj, in the stone chamber—

The area had been cleared, but ruins still surrounded it. The doors leading to the three Sanctums had all collapsed. Only the central platform, where the Eye of Agamotto once rested, remained intact.

The Eye itself had been entrusted to Karl by the Ancient One, to be passed on when the time was right.

Mordo stood alone on the platform, staring at the devastation.

A portal opened.

Strange stepped out.

"Mordo... the Ancient One is dead."

Mordo showed no reaction. He simply turned to look at him.

"The Dark Dimension is incredibly dangerous. And yet she drew power from it. What if she had been consumed? How could we follow someone like that?"

He paced back and forth, unable to accept what had happened.

"She told us never to touch it. Yet she broke that rule herself—used it to prolong her life."

His voice grew more agitated.

"She did what she believed was right."

Strange tried to defend her.

But Mordo cut him off immediately.

"Didn't you see? Her actions created followers for Dormammu! Kacilius is the result of her mistakes—and that's not all..."

He stepped closer, his face filled with pain and confusion.

"Even we... we were just pieces on her board. She claimed she wouldn't interfere in our lives—but she forced us onto this path!"

"Mordo—the London Sanctum is gone. The New York Sanctum has been attacked twice. You know their next target."

Strange saw clearly that Mordo's beliefs had collapsed—but there was no time for that now.

"Mordo, you once swore to protect the Sanctums with your life. And now they're under attack—and you're standing here doing nothing? I need you with me!"

He opened a portal.

Mordo hesitated, conflicted. But when he saw the Hong Kong Sanctum on the other side, he finally stepped through with Strange.

—

The moment they emerged—

It was as if the sky had fallen.

The Hong Kong Sanctum was already in ruins. Civilians fled in all directions.

Above, a vast, shapeless mass of dark energy spread rapidly—black and purple currents gathering and expanding.

"The Dark Dimension!!"

Strange and Mordo looked up in shock.

The energy coalesced into a vision of space—countless planets suspended within it. But under eternal darkness, they had become lifeless, frozen worlds.

Ahead of them, Kacilius approached with several zealots.

—

Meanwhile, Karl and Wanda were rushing toward Hong Kong at full speed.

Wanda's flight was still limited, so Karl had the cloak carry her while he rode on Onion.

"Karl—I can feel an immense, cold energy!"

Wanda, wrapped in the cloak, streaked across the sky like a crimson meteor.

"Yeah, I feel it too. Looks like that noseless big-headed Dormammu is making his move."

Karl's expression was grim.

He had to get there fast.

Without the Eye of Agamotto, Strange had no way of stopping Dormammu.

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Marvel Manifestor

"Everything's too late... it's over..."

Mordo looked at the destroyed Sanctum and the approaching Kaecilius, the last shred of resolve in his heart collapsing. The descent of the Dark Dimension signaled that Earth would soon become another one of Dormammu's trophies—frozen forever at a moment of his choosing.

"Not necessarily."

Strange narrowed his eyes. He had thought of a spell—the one that could reverse time.

Immediately, Strange formed a hand seal, attempting to cast it again. But this time, nothing happened. Only then did he suddenly realize—the Eye of Agamotto wasn't with him. Without it, the spell couldn't work.

"Damn it! I forgot!!"

Frustration surged through him. At this critical moment, the one thing that could save them wasn't even here. Were they truly doomed?

Strange looked up at the sky. Suddenly, two streaks of light entered his vision—one red, one golden—rushing toward them at incredible speed.

At the same time, Kaecilius launched his attack. Several invisible blades shot toward Mordo and Strange. Mordo immediately drew his weapon and deflected some of them—but not all.

"Watch out!!"

Mordo shouted as he turned back to warn Strange.

By the time Strange reacted, the blades were already right in front of him. There was no time to dodge.

Boom!

A massive stone wall suddenly rose up, blocking the blades and saving Strange from certain death.

At the same moment, two figures descended from the sky—it was Karl and Wanda, finally arriving.

Kaecilius naturally saw Karl, but his mind had long since been consumed by Dormammu. To him, Karl was no different from a stranger—he showed no mercy.

More invisible blades shot out, this time aimed at Karl.

Wanda frowned. Chaos energy surged forth, shredding the blades instantly. Then it condensed into spears, piercing straight through several Zealots beside Kaecilius.

The sudden turn of events stunned Kaecilius. He hadn't expected the Zealots—empowered by Dormammu—to be unable to withstand even a single move from Wanda.

Karl paid him no attention. His only opponent was Dormammu.

On the way here, he had already received a system mission: repel Dormammu and stop the Dark Dimension's invasion.

Judging by the system's usual habits, the reward would likely be another summon—just unknown which one.

Karl extended his hand, and the Eye of Agamotto appeared in his palm.

He handed it to Strange.

"This was left for you by the Ancient One. It's her final test."

Strange hesitated as he looked at the Eye. He only wanted to resolve this crisis—he had no desire to become the Sorcerer Supreme.

At that moment, Kaecilius rallied his followers and charged again. Karl had no time to deal with him and turned to Wanda.

"Wanda, hold them off."

Wanda nodded. Chaos energy erupted, forming a deep crimson barrier that slammed down, blocking Kaecilius's advance.

Kaecilius and the Zealots attacked the barrier frantically, but it stood firm like an unbreakable wall.

Karl looked back at Strange. He didn't rush him—he knew Strange would accept it.

And sure enough, after a brief hesitation, Strange resolutely took the Eye of Agamotto and placed it around his neck.

As he formed the hand seals, the Eye opened. Green energy burst forth, instantly enveloping the entire street.

With a wave of his hand, a green spell circle wrapped around his arm. As he rotated his palm, the ruined buildings around them began to restore themselves. Everything—including the fleeing civilians—started reversing, like a film playing backward.

In just over ten seconds, everything returned to its original state—before Kaecilius destroyed the Hong Kong Sanctum.

Strange had deliberately excluded Karl and the others from the time reversal, otherwise they too would have been rewound.

"The spell is working—take this chance!!"

Strange rushed toward the Sanctum, passing right by Kaecilius and the Zealots as they rewound in time.

Suddenly, Kaecilius and his followers twisted unnaturally—then broke free from the effects of the time spell, just like Karl and the others.

Boom!

Kaecilius grabbed a steel beam and hurled it at Strange. Fortunately, Strange turned in time and dodged.

But while he avoided the beam, he couldn't avoid Kaecilius's flying kick. Caught off guard, he was knocked to the ground.

The Eye of Agamotto still glowed green—the time spell remained active. The surroundings continued to rewind.

Amid the reversing buildings, vehicles, and debris, Strange and Kaecilius clashed. Strange had to dodge both Kaecilius's attacks and the constantly shifting environment.

During the fight, Strange noticed a building in the process of reconstructing. An idea struck him.

He grabbed Kaecilius by the waist and hurled him toward it. His timing was perfect—just as the wall finished reforming, Kaecilius slammed into it and was embedded into the concrete and steel.

Finally gaining a brief moment to breathe, Strange saw that the Dark Dimension was also receding due to the time reversal. The Hong Kong Sanctum was restoring as well.

"Wong!"

At that moment, Mordo spotted Wong lying among the rubble, impaled by steel rods. But thanks to the time spell, he had come back to life.

"What... happened?"

Wong looked at his intact body, clearly remembering that he had died from Kaecilius's attack. Then his eyes landed on the Eye of Agamotto hanging on Strange's chest.

"Breaking the natural order—I know."

Strange caught his expression and spoke first.

"No... don't stop now."

Wong wasn't rigid or dogmatic. Instead, he urged Strange to continue.

"Once the Sanctum is restored, they'll come back again. Be ready."

Strange nodded. As the caster, he understood the spell well—time reversal affected everything, including their enemies. Once the Sanctum was fully restored, Dormammu would return.

By now, they had reached the base of the Sanctum. Just as it fully restored—

Boom!

A loud explosion rang out in the distance.

They turned to look.

As expected, Kaecilius had broken free from the wall. Behind him, the structure had been completely pulverized into dust.

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Marvel Manifestor

"Strange, stop the flow of time. We end this here."

Karl looked at Strange. If they didn't deal with Kaecilius and Dormammu now, reversing time would be meaningless. What was meant to happen would still happen—because the past was fixed. They were only rewinding time, not traveling through it.

Hearing this, Strange immediately halted the flow of time. Everything around them froze in an instant, like a paused frame. Meanwhile, Kaecilius and his followers—unbound by time—slowly approached.

"Look at the sky... isn't it beautiful? A realm beyond time and death. This is our true form."

Above them, the Dark Dimension had not fully receded. The dreamy purple hues and the countless lifeless planets within it looked eerie no matter how one saw them—hardly beautiful.

"Heh... Kaecilius, you've really been brainwashed by that noseless, striped-face Dormammu. Just look at yourself—those dark circles... how drained are you?"

Karl chuckled.

Everything around them clearly showed what the Dark Dimension truly was—nothing but destruction.

"Shut up!!"

Kaecilius roared. The warmth he once had with Karl was gone, replaced by icy indifference.

"Hopeless..."

Karl sighed inwardly. Kaecilius was beyond saving.

He then turned to Wanda.

"Wanda, seal this place."

Wanda rose into the air. Chaos energy filled her eyes as countless crimson spell arrays lit up across the Sanctum—hundreds of them forming a massive formation that enclosed everyone within.

"Strange, I'll leave this to you. Until I return, you must hold off Kaecilius. Wanda won't help you—this is the Ancient One's test."

Without waiting for a reply, Karl called over the cloak from Wanda.

"Onion, protect Wanda. I'll be back soon."

He patted Onion's large head and fed it a wild herb. Then, with a flick of his cloak, he shot upward—straight into the Dark Dimension above the Sanctum.

As he entered, the dazzling purple light made Karl dizzy, even nauseous.

"Yeah... this Dark Dimension really doesn't agree with me..."

he muttered.

Inside, the scenery shifted completely. Countless planets of varying sizes filled the space—some as small as basketballs, others so massive they stretched beyond sight. Black-purple tendrils connected them all, like veins.

Every single one shared one trait: absolute lifelessness.

No sound. No movement. Pure, dead silence.

Flying past these deceptively beautiful yet utterly dead worlds, Karl couldn't help but recall scenes from his past life's movies. But reality far surpassed fiction—the films had only shown a tiny, insignificant corner of this place.

After a while, having seen enough, Karl chose a relatively large planet and landed. He knew that the moment he entered, Dormammu was already aware of him. The only reason he hadn't appeared yet was curiosity.

"Dormammu, I know you're here. I've come to negotiate."

Karl stood calmly, waiting.

Sure enough, within seconds, Dormammu's massive face formed above the planet.

"You've come to die! You and your planet will soon belong to me. What is there to negotiate?"

His voice sounded like phlegm stuck in a throat—harsh and grating.

"I don't think so. I believe you'll agree to my terms."

Karl remained composed, showing no fear before a cosmic entity.

"Oh? Now I'm curious. Speak your terms—before I kill you."

Dormammu's interest was piqued.

"The condition is simple..."

Karl suddenly shouted:

"I'm your father!!"

"You dare mock me?!"

Enraged, Dormammu unleashed beams of purple energy from his eyes. Countless blade-like projectiles shot toward Karl.

Boom!!

A burst of orange-red flames erupted like a miniature sun. Every blade that approached was instantly melted by the intense heat.

Dormammu opened his mouth and spewed purple flames, but they dissolved upon contact with the blazing "sun," like snow meeting fire.

"ROAR—!!"

Within the flames, a red silhouette rose like a demon god. Though small compared to Dormammu, its violent aura was enough to unsettle even him.

A claw burst forth from the fire. As the flames receded, a horned beast emerged—its entire body engulfed in blazing orange fire.

Its eyes burned like twin beacons. Each swing of its claws distorted space with scorching heat.

Karl's summoned form—Ifrif.

Boom!

Ifrif leapt upward. The planet beneath its feet shattered like an earthquake from the recoil, while it soared straight toward Dormammu.

"ROAR—!!"

With a furious roar, Ifrif slammed a punch into Dormammu's forehead.

The impact exploded like a missile strike, blasting Dormammu's massive face backward.

But it didn't stop there.

Ifrit kicked off and ran across Dormammu's face, reaching his eye in an instant—

Another punch.

BOOM!

The strike created shockwave ripples like a sonic boom. Dormammu's left eye exploded, purple energy splattering like blood and corroding nearby planets.

But Ifrit was unaffected—the flames around it incinerated the energy before it could touch him.

"I WILL KILL YOU!!!"

Dormammu roared. The entire Dark Dimension trembled. Nearby planets shattered into dust from the sheer force of his voice.

Ifrit was blasted backward by the shockwave, crashing through several planets before finally stabilizing itself midair.

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Marvel Manifestor

The one-eyed Dormammu opened his massive, blood-filled maw. In front of him, an energy sphere the size of a small asteroid rapidly condensed.

Ifrit raised both hands as well. Between his palms, a blazing sun surged upward—matching Dormammu's attack in sheer intensity.

"Die!!"

With a roar, Dormammu launched the energy sphere toward Ifrit.

At the same time, Ifrit hurled his own attack. The two forces collided midair.

BOOM—!!

An unprecedented explosion tore through the Dark Dimension. Within several kilometers, every planet caught in the shockwave shattered into dust. The space between Dormammu and Ifrit was instantly cleared—utterly empty.

Below, at the Sanctum, Doctor Strange and Kaecilius both stopped fighting and looked up.

Not just them—everyone present raised their heads as a massive burst of fire rippled through the dark sky, followed by violent tremors across the entire dimension.

In the void, Ifrit and Dormammu faced each other from afar.

Dormammu's fury deepened. He hadn't expected that, aside from that old bastard Ancient One, Earth would produce another human this powerful.

Ifrit shook his arms, then pushed off violently, launching himself toward Dormammu once more.

Dormammu exhaled torrents of purple flame.

Ifrit crossed his arms and took the blast head-on. His advance slowed—but did not stop.

"ROAR!!"

With a furious howl, flames erupted from Ifrit's arms—blazing orange-red fire clashing directly against Dormammu's purple inferno.

The two fires collided midair.

Though Dormammu held the upper hand, Ifrit's flames were gradually eroding the purple fire.

"DIE!!"

Dormammu roared again, increasing his output.

The purple flames surged forward, overwhelming Ifrit. His arms began to buckle under the pressure—his strength failing.

BOOM!!

At last, Ifrit could no longer hold on.

The purple flames engulfed him completely, blasting through several planets behind him.

When the flames dissipated—Ifrit was gone.

Dormammu paused, sensing the space—then burst into laughter.

"Hahaha! In the end, just a weak and pathetic human. Not even one ten-thousandth of that old fossil Ancient One!"

His laughter echoed through the entire dimension.

"...Hm?!"

Suddenly—

A streak of orange flame tinged with blue shot forward, slamming into Dormammu before he could react, knocking him backward.

The flames dispersed.

Ifrit reappeared.

But he was no longer the same.

Behind him flowed ribbon-like strands of blue fire, shimmering like the tail feathers of a phoenix. His entire body was engulfed in multicolored flames.

This was the fusion form of Ifrit and the Phoenix—a union of destructive fire and rebirth.

"T-This... impossible!!"

Dormammu stared in shock. No being should have survived that attack—not even the Ancient One.

"ROAR—!!"

Ifrit roared again.

A blazing sun-like fireball formed between his hands—this time laced with streaks of blue flame.

He hurled it.

Like a meteor, it crashed directly into Dormammu's face.

At that moment—

The entire Dark Dimension fell silent.

The explosion blazed across the void, yet no sound followed—as if even sound itself had been annihilated.

Then—

Space began to collapse.

A black point formed, expanding like a black hole, devouring everything nearby. Planets were dragged in, crushed into nothingness.

When the flames faded—

Dormammu's enormous face was half gone.

Only one eye and part of his mouth remained. The rest had been obliterated.

"Human... you are the first to push me to this extent," Dormammu said.

"Even the Ancient One never achieved this."

"What do you want? Or... you could serve me. I will grant you the entire universe."

Ifrit sneered.

With a casual wave, a flaming blade shot toward Dormammu.

"Human—don't push your luck!!"

BOOM!

The blade exploded against his remaining face.

To Dormammu, this was pure humiliation.

"Withdraw from Earth," Ifrit spoke—Karl's voice echoing from within.

"Take your hounds with you. Never step foot here again."

"...Hmph."

Dormammu snorted—but said nothing more.

That silence was agreement.

He had no choice.

The power he projected was nearly exhausted. Without his true body, he could not defeat this monster.

Above the Sanctum, a massive burst of flame erupted.

A colossal beast emerged from the Dark Dimension—trailing radiant, multicolored tail feathers like wings.

Ifrit circled once, then crashed down onto the ground.

Everyone stared at the hundred-meter-tall creature in awe.

Compared to Dormammu, he had seemed small—but that didn't mean he actually was.

Kaecilius looked on in terror.

He felt no trace of dark energy from the beast—which meant only one thing:

It had nothing to do with Dormammu.

It was tied to Karl.

Ifrit ignored everyone beneath him and looked up at the Dark Dimension.

"ROAR!!"

He let out a thunderous roar, flames bursting from his eyes—a clear warning.

The effect was immediate.

Kaecilius and the zealots began to ignite with purple flames. Their bodies disintegrated into ash, drawn helplessly upward into the Dark Dimension.

Within seconds, all of them—including Kaecilius—were gone, absorbed into Dormammu's realm.

At the same time, the Dark Dimension began to recede.

It shrank, pulling away from Earth.

At the very end—

A massive purple eye opened in the void, staring down at Ifrit.

"ROAR—!!"

Ifrit roared back, flames surging violently around him, fire spilling from his eyes in defiance.

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Marvel Manifestor #Chapter 420 - Read Marvel Manifestor

Chapter 420

After a long while, the massive purple eye finally closed unwillingly. At the same time, the Dark Dimension fully withdrew from Earth.

After staring at the sky above the Sanctum for a moment longer, Ifrit gradually dispersed into countless sparks of fire and vanished.

A crimson cloak fluttered.

From within the fading flames, Karl slowly descended to the ground, letting out a heavy breath. Clearly, the battle had taken a serious toll on him.

Summoning Ifrit alone had consumed two-thirds of his magic power. Combined with the Phoenix, he was now completely drained—not a drop of magic left in his body.

[Ding~ Congratulations, Host, for completing the mission. Would you like to claim your reward now?]

"Not now. I'll do it when I get home."

The system fell silent again.

Karl swayed slightly—Wanda immediately rushed over and caught him.

Holding her soft, warm body, Karl glanced up at the sky. Only after confirming Dormammu had truly left did he finally relax, collapsing into Wanda's arms.

A few days later, at Kamar-Taj.

Karl stood in the meditation chamber that once belonged to the Ancient One. Strange, Wong, and Mordo were all present.

"Strange, you've passed the Ancient One's final test. The Eye of Agamotto is yours now—take good care of it."

Karl gestured toward the artifact hanging on Strange's chest.

Strange nodded solemnly.

After everything that had happened, he had come to terms with it. Protecting Earth meant more than protecting a single life.

Just like Palmer once said—finding a new purpose didn't necessarily mean returning to being a doctor.

It could mean becoming the Sorcerer Supreme.

Kamar-Taj held a grand celebration for the birth of the new Sorcerer Supreme.

Everyone drank themselves into a stupor—

Everyone except Mordo.

His eyes were no longer as clear as before. There was resolve in them now.

He had decided to leave Kamar-Taj... to walk his own path.

The sanctum chamber was rebuilt. The portals to the three Sanctums were restored.

The three Sanctums would continue to stand across the world—serving as anchors protecting Earth.

Back at the office.

Karl returned to his usual lazy routine—eating, lounging, or wandering around out of boredom.

"System—claim mission reward."

[Ding~ Reward granted. Congratulations, Host, for obtaining: Summon—Bahamut]

Karl nodded. He had expected this.

In his Sea of Consciousness, only two summons remained unawakened:

Bahamut and Odin.

Naturally, the system would choose one of them.

The strongest always came last.

Within his mind—

Karl looked at the newly awakened Bahamut.

Its massive wings radiated a blazing white light—the ultimate summon representing the power of light.

Opposite it stood the unawakened crystal of Odin, still gray and inert.

"I wonder... which Odin is stronger—this one, or the one from Asgard?"

Karl muttered to himself.

The two were clearly very different.

Compared to the others, Bahamut's crystal emitted an overwhelming presence—its radiance almost overshadowing all the other summons.

Almost.

Because—

A burst of orange-red suddenly flared.

Ifrit's crystal ignited, releasing scorching heat, directly opposing Bahamut.

Bahamut responded immediately—its white light intensifying, a faint dragon's roar echoing from within.

At the same time, Ifrit roared back.

As expected of the embodiment of primal fury—

It could stand toe-to-toe with the so-called strongest summon.

Just as Karl was enjoying the spectacle—

Suddenly—

The massive central crystal erupted with starlight.

Wherever the light touched, both Bahamut and Ifrit's power began to dissolve—like melting snow carried away by the wind.

Buzz—

The giant crystal vibrated softly.

Karl turned his attention to it.

The crystal pulsed like a living thing.

Except for Odin, which remained unlit, all other summons began to glow:

Green for Garuda (wind),

Purple for Ramuh (lightning),

Golden-yellow for the Phoenix,

Blue for Shiva (ice),

Earthy yellow for Titan,

Orange-red for Ifrit,

And brilliant white for Bahamut.

All lights shimmered together, responding to the crystal's hum.

Curious, Karl reached out and touched it.

Though the surface looked rough, it felt smooth and warm—like jade.

And then—

His consciousness was suddenly pulled back into his body.

He found himself sitting in his chair in the office.

"...Weird."

Karl frowned.

The moment he touched the crystal, it felt like he had been forcibly logged out of his own mind.

"System, what was that just now?"

No response.

The system remained silent—like it had also gone offline.

"...Tch."

Karl clicked his tongue.

He could tell—the system was hiding something from him.

And it had something to do with that massive crystal.

Still, he didn't dwell on it. There was no point—he wouldn't figure it out anyway.

Just then, Skye suddenly shouted at her laptop:

"Karl! Wanda! You've gotta see this!!"

Wanda instantly appeared beside her.

Meanwhile, Gwen, who had been reading upside down on the ceiling, dropped down on a web behind Skye.

Only Karl walked over lazily, sitting down next to Skye.

On the screen—

A bearded, overweight man was livestreaming.

Karl couldn't help but think—why did so many foreigners love beards? Fat or thin, tall or short—it didn't matter.

Even Tony—trying to make him shave was like asking for his life.

In the livestream—

An Asian young man in a red varsity jacket was fighting several men in black on a bus.

"Hey everyone! It's your favorite Cliff! Coming to you live from a bus!"

The bearded streamer turned the camera toward himself—only to be instantly flooded with angry comments.

He awkwardly switched it back.

"As you can see, there's a fight happening on this bus. Since I've practiced martial arts since I was young, I'll now provide professional commentary—"

On screen—

The young man moved with agility like a monkey.

The three attackers were no match for him.

Within ten moves, all of them were taken down.

Finally—

With a flying kick, he knocked out the last two.

Nearby, an Asian woman stared at him in a daze.

Karl narrowed his eyes slightly.

"...Well now."

Things just got interesting.

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