

## **Seller 671**

### Chapter 671: Off to the Final Battle

Mark ascended the spiral staircase to the third floor of the pagoda.

His boots made faint taps against the smooth obsidian steps, the stillness of the inner sanctum amplifying every movement.

He expected silence and a sulking beast chained in the center of the prison chamber.

What he didn't expect... was company.

As soon as the heavy door creaked open, Mark slowed to a halt. "What the..." His eyes widened.

Standing inside were Lan Xia and, right behind her, the remaining three of his team. They were gathered in a loose circle near the far wall, casually standing nearby the Snow Wolf King, whose colossal form seemed like it is in sleep.

Lan Xia turned to him with a smile the moment he stepped in. "Gege... You are here." Her emotionless, pale face suddenly glowed, and a smile grew on her lips. The three of them bowed slightly in greeting. "Commander."

Mark blinked. "Why are you here?" he asked. "Didn't I just send you all out like hours ago?"

Lan Xia shrugged, grinning as if it were the most natural thing in the world. "You also gave me access to this pagoda, remember?"

Mark furrowed his brows. "Yes, but..." he looked around, puzzled. "I don't understand how you got in without me knowing. I mean... I was carrying it. Literally. In my inven... I mean storage ring."

That's when Lan Xia reached into her storage ring, too.

From within, she pulled out an identical, seven-story miniature pagoda—its silvery sheen glinting under the low ambient light.

Mark stared.

She held it up casually. "It's because I had one of the nine pagodas, too," she said, her voice calm. "They're connected."

Mark took a step forward and examined it closely.

The resemblance wasn't just uncanny—it was perfect. Same structure. Same materials. Same etheric signatures pulsing faintly from within.

"Ark," Mark spoke inwardly. "Is that authentic?"

"Confirmed," Ark responded. "Upon scanning, both pagodas seemed like a part of a unified set."

Mark let out a long breath.

He looked at Lan Xia again, this time with a hint of displeasure. "I told you about this pagoda two weeks ago. And you didn't mention this to me, all this time? So you had no intentions of telling me... even when I trusted you with full access to mine?"

The temperature in the room felt like it dropped, all of a sudden.

Yuan Feng shifted awkwardly, scratching his neck.

Reva looked away, her tail flicking slightly.

Ryder became unusually still, blending almost into the shadows, as if physically avoiding the drama.

Lan Xia didn't smile this time.

She looked at the ground for a second before raising her gaze. "Well, I did tell you that our clan had a pagoda, and my master had one. But... I didn't tell you I had it with me. Honestly, it didn't seem important. There's nothing inside it except old weapons and dusty relics, after all."

She lowered her hand slowly and added in a quiet voice, "I'm sorry."

Mark exhaled and placed both hands on his hips. The irritation softened a little, but didn't leave entirely. He glanced toward the Snow Wolf King, who was wisely pretending not to listen.

"Fine," he said at last. "We'll talk about this after we get back home... back to the sect."

He turned, his voice firming again. "For now, let's focus on the job."

The others nodded silently.

Lan Xia gave a faint nod too, slipping her pagoda back into her storage ring.

Once the drama seemed like it was over between this couple, Reva spoke up, her voice laced with curiosity. "Umm... Commander, by the way, I have a question... were they really prisoners of the White Lion King?"

Mark answered with calm detachment, "Yes. They were once prisoners... now, they're my servants. But don't misunderstand, I don't have any option here."

He paused, then added, "When the White Lion King died, the slave marks on them were transferred to me. They're bound to my soul now. I can't remove them even if I wanted to."

That silenced them for a moment, until Lan Xia narrowed her eyes. "And those guns?" she asked. "Last time I was here... they didn't have weapons."

Mark glanced over his shoulder. "I gave them those. Didn't train them for combat or anything serious—just the basics. How to hold, aim, shoot, and not die from recoil." He smirked faintly. "Some of them are freakishly talented, though. Picked it up like second nature... even though none of them had seen a gun before."

Lan Xia's gaze grew sharper. "You're not seriously planning to use them in the war... are you?"

Her voice was tinged with genuine concern now. She wasn't angry, just worried.

Mark shook his head. "No. I won't throw them into the battlefield. I'm not looking for cannon fodder. They'll stay inside the pagoda for now."

He waved for her to follow. "Anyway, come with me."

As the group turned to move again, Mark threw a glance behind him at the hulking form of the Snow Wolf King, still lounging in silence like an oversized sentinel.

With a snap of his fingers, Mark deactivated the passive override in the AI core.

The wolf blinked—once, twice—then sat upright with a grunt. "Tch... that's a forced sleep," he muttered, shaking his massive head.

Mark folded his arms. "Oh, by the way, meet your temporary companions. You'll be protecting them while I'm gone. Guys, this is Snow Wolf King."

The Snow Wolf King's scarlet eyes flared open. "What?" The other three also gazed at Mark.

"You have one single job, Thaleus. Your job is to keep them safe," Mark then said flatly.

The ancient beast let out a derisive snort. "There's no way I'll play gatekeeper. I want to join the fight. I'm a warrior, not a glorified babysitter."

Mark met his glare without flinching. "If you were strong enough to be my ally... You wouldn't still be chained in this prison."

The wolf's growl died in his throat.

"So shut it," Mark continued, "and do what I say. That's an order."

A tense silence followed. The wolf bared his teeth slightly... then clicked his jaw shut with an audible clack.

"Fine," the Snow Wolf King muttered. He turned his gaze to the others. "You lot," he growled, "will ride on my back and stick to me. Don't wander. Don't disobey. If you fall behind, I won't come back for you."

They nodded quickly, gulping down whatever response they might have had. Yuan Feng tried to act tough, but even he looked hesitant next to the colossal creature. Ryder and Reva exchanged a quick glance. Lan Xia simply nodded with quiet resolve.

Mark said nothing more.

Without another word, he led the group up the final flight of stairs—each step echoing like a countdown.

Above them... awaited the seventh floor of the Seven-Story Pagoda.

And soon, they stood before the swirling gate of the portal chamber—an obsidian frame with silver lines of runic code humming across its surface.

Mark stared into the void of space and light beyond before he turned slightly to the others.

"This portal leads straight into the Demon Cat Empress's palace or her world at the very least," he said, voice calm but firm. "Once we step through, we're in her domain."

The air behind him felt heavy.

"If any of you want to back off now... do it. No shame. I won't blame you or see you differently. After all, the enemies you were going to meet next will be in a whole different league."

A beat passed.

Then Yuan Feng grunted and cracked his knuckles. "I didn't train my whole life just to sit on the sidelines, Commander. If I get to break one of her General's claws, that's good enough for me."

Reva crossed her arms. Her nine tails swayed in unison behind her. "She razed my entire clan in a day," she said, voice ice-cold. "Even if I die today, I want to make sure she feels a fraction of what we did."

Rynder Night pulled his hood down slightly, lightning crackling faintly around his boots. "I'm not backing off," he muttered. "My blade has her name carved on it. I know I'm not strong. But Commander, my lifelong wish is to atleast inflict damage on her and say that I'm from the Night family."

Lan Xia stepped forward last. Her eyes found Mark's. "And you know that no matter what you say, I will follow you," she said plainly, "Don't try to talk me out of it."

Mark's eyes lingered on them one by one.

He gave a slow nod. "Then I'll make sure your vengeance is carried out. One way or another."

Without another word, he stepped into the portal.

The space distorted—his body pulled through like a ripple on water.

The others followed right behind, disappearing into the spiral.

A sharp flash.

Then, impact.

They landed hard, feet hitting black-marble ground within a narrow canyon-like passageway at the base of a towering palace cliff.

However, as soon as they did, a dozen figures turned instantly toward them, all clad in midnight armor and feline-shaped masks. Their auras burst forward—twelve-circle beasts, each emanating the pressure of a battlefield veteran.

"Intruders!" one shouted, claws extending.

"Okay, this is giving me deja vu..." mumbled Reva, before Mark's voice sounded aloud. "Gravity Dome – 3500g, 100 meters."

Chapter 672: The failed trap

Atop the obsidian throne, nestled in a coiled pose, lay a small golden-furred cat.

She looked deceptively ordinary, no bigger than a housecat, with sleek fur that shimmered like gold. Her chest rose and fell rhythmically, soft purrs echoing faintly through the vast, silent chamber. The grand palace hall stood motionless, guarded by nothing but darkness and stillness.

Her long tail twitched once.

Then again.

The heavy doors creaked open.

A humanoid figure stepped in, moving with quick, padded steps. She had the shape of a woman, clad in a tight crimson dress woven from silk and obsidian thread. But her head, paws, and digitigrade legs were

purely feline—coated in short white fur with black stripes. Her golden feline eyes glowed faintly in the dim candlelight.

The maid knelt immediately before the throne, bowing her head low to the polished floor. "Your Majesty..."

The cat's ears flicked. A single eye peeled open lazily.

"Mmm," came the slow, groggy voice of the Demon Cat Empress. "Did I not... say... I would nap till moonrise?"

"I apologize," the maid said swiftly. "But the Western World Gate was breached."

The Empress opened both eyes now, slitted pupils narrowing slightly. She stretched her forelegs like a lazy kitten, yawning. Her voice remained indifferent. "That gate was under the White Lion King's domain. I assume his killer is the one who intruded."

"Yes, it is likely, Your Majesty," the maid said. "There were no survivors. The outer sentry units were annihilated."

Another yawn escaped the Empress's mouth.

"So... the humans finally made it past the border, hmm?"

She slowly stood, paws clicking softly on the black glass of her throne. "Do they really think just because we are surrounded, they can just come in and kill me? The Sky Pavilion Sect is indeed getting more and more arrogant." The air around her shimmered subtly. Despite her small size, the oppressive force of a world-tier being rippled from her like waves of thick gravity, coiling and twisting in the shadows.

The Empress arched her back in a stretch, then blinked slowly. "Send the boy," she said casually.

"Prince Anan?" the maid asked in mild surprise.

The Demon Cat Empress didn't bother replying this time. She simply turned around once and curled up again atop the throne, eyes already half-shut.

"Deploy him with the Prime Legion," she murmured. "If he fails, I'll deal with it myself. But just in case, send an extra general to protect him."

The maid bowed again. "As you command."

She turned to leave.

"Also," the Empress said idly, her voice now soft and dangerously sweet, "if anyone else wakes me before they breach the inner wall..."

A soft crack echoed as one of her claws extended and pierced straight through the obsidian beneath her without effort.

"I'll snap them into two and feed them to those Canine prisoners."

The maid stiffened in place.

"Understood, Your Majesty."

And with that, she disappeared into the shadows, the door closing behind her.

The Empress gave one final yawn. "Humans... always clawing toward things they shouldn't..."

And then, silence returned to the throne room.

Meanwhile, thousands of kilometers away from the palace;

The wind whispered cold and low as Mark's group soared through the sky, their flight craft gliding effortlessly over jagged peaks and cloud-sheathed ranges. Below them, the world stretched in silver ridgelines and vast pine jungles, dotted with icy streams that slithered through the valleys like veins of light.

They descended in a quiet arc into one such valley, deep in the mountain spine that marked the outer ring of the Feline Empire's capital territory. It was a natural bowl, partially hidden by mist and slope, with steep cliffs on every side—a perfect staging ground.

By the time the sky began to darken with the hints of dusk, the camp was already forming with tents and a campfire as if they had come for a picnic, not for the war.

Each of the five companions knew their rhythm.

Mark stood near the center, beside a flat boulder that jutted like a crooked table from the earth. His coat fluttered gently in the alpine wind. In one motion, he brought out Anti-matter mines one after another.

Mark pulled out five and handed them to Lan Xia without a word. Then five more to the others.

"That's all for now," he said. "A total of 20 mines, just spread them widely over the valley, at least 20 li (10 kilometers) between each mine. Understood?"

Yuan Feng grunted, hefting the mines into his satchel like they were candy.

Lan Xia examined one, turning it over thoughtfully before giving a small nod.

Reva simply tucked them into her dimensional sleeve with a flick of her wrist, her fox-like ears twitching faintly.

Rynder gave no visible reaction—just disappeared into the shadows, already on the job

He knelt beside the rocky edge of the clearing and began digging a small depression in the soil with a conjured trowel of solid light. His voice remained calm. "They're not stupid to land on these mines. And even if they did, these won't destroy them but just hurt them enough to finish them off."

Lan Xia tilted her head. "You think they'll come on a flying boat like others?"

"I think so." Mark nodded. "And I believe they surely come at night rather than morning. After all, our vision is limited during the night and they have the night vision."

"But what if they want to blow this whole place from the sky instead?" Reva asked, her nine tails swung left and right in stress.

Mark smiled. "Don't worry, I will force them to land if that happens."

Once he finished planting the first mine, he just covered it with mud. The mines are based on scientific technology. It doesn't have ether or Qi. Just pure antimatter energy. It can't be detected by ordinary senses.

He looked to the others. "Go. Be quick, be quiet. Then we rest."

As the others moved out into the forested edges of the valley, Mark stood still for a moment, alone again.

He stared at the soil beneath his feet, then toward the moonless sky above, and sighed. "O' Anan, what am I doing, just to save you?"

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It was the dead of night—so quiet you could hear the breeze brushing against the treetops and the distant call of nocturnal beasts.

But high above the valley, slicing silently through the clouds, was a colossal flying boat, black-gold in color, shaped like a serpent with wings.

Over a thousand soldiers of the Feline Empire stood tightly packed across the deck—jaguar warriors, cheetah archers, saber-tooth berserkers, lion-shield guards—all dressed in cold war metal, faces set and feline eyes sharp.

At the helm, flanked by two towering generals, stood a lone figure clad in pale red robes.

From a distance, he looked human. Too human, in fact.

Short, clean shoulder-length blonde hair. Warm skin tone. A neutral expression that almost passed for serene.

But even among the feline elites, he radiated arrogance like the heat of the sun.

This was Prince Anan, the Golden Demon Kitten—biological son of the Demon Cat Empress, born in the mortal realm and raised by Mark himself before he was dragged back into the Empire.

His eyes glimmered with lazy superiority as he leaned against the rail, brushing a hand through his wind-ruffled robe.

To his right stood Panthera Leo King, a scar-faced warrior built like a siege tower, and on his left was Tigon Queen, a sinuous, amber-furred female general with piercing jade eyes and coiled muscle under her ornamental armor.

Without turning, Anan asked, "Status?"

A moment later, a blur of static appeared on the deck—a crackle of violet sparks, revealing the crouched form of the Lightning Leopard, the fastest scout in the legion.

He bowed. "Your Highness. I've scouted ahead. There are only five enemies in the valley below."

"Five?" Panthera Leo's eyes narrowed. "Only 5?"

The scout nodded. "Yes. And the Snow Wolf King is among them. As for the others, one is a newly advanced Transcendant, and three are Ascendants."

Anan scoffed, flicking his sleeves. "That's it? That's the mighty force that slaughtered General White's elite fleet?"

The Tigon Queen gave a frown. "Your Highness, the Snow Wolf King is still dangerous. We should..."

Anan cut her off with a smirk. "You're worried I'll get hurt? I've beaten second-stage Transcendants already. These mutts down there? I'll skin them with my eyes closed."

Neither general spoke, though both internally gritted their fangs.

"Tch... this brat really is her son."

"Same arrogance. Same madness. Same damn blood."

Below them, nestled in the valley, a faint orange glow shimmered—a bonfire crackling softly in the center of what looked like a small encampment.

Anan lifted his arm casually. "No need for games. Just blast the place to hell. I don't care if the Snow Wolf King is there or not."

The Tigon Queen blinked. "We're not capturing him?"

"I said burn it down."

But just as her hand lifted to signal the barrage, the Panthera Leo King suddenly froze.

His ears twitched. "Wait."

His nose flared. His pupils narrowed to slits. "everyone is gone... Hmm?"

His head snapped upward.

In the sky above, A small black dot hovered high against the stars. "There's something up there..." he pointed.

Before others raised their heads...

BOOM.

A soundless wave of pressure exploded downward, like a hammer dropped from orbit.

The massive flying boat—engraved with warding runes and floating by divine spirit tech—suddenly crashed into the valley at high speed. And then...

\*Boom\* Boom\* Boom\*

A chain of explosions was heard all over the valley, and a large crater was there. However, the flying boat seemed unharmed, but the barrier around it had heavy cracks.

Up above in the sky, the original Mark was seen floating, and his facial expression seemed ugly. "Damn it. They survived... I thought it was just a flying boat, just like the one with the White Lion King's fleet, didn't expect it to have defensive measures. The trap was failed."

Meanwhile, somewhere on the crater, a pagoda was seen half buried, completely unharmed by the explosion, And inside the pagoda, five of them were with Mark's lightning clone, standing on the first floor. The Battle Maids carry the guns and look at them.

## Chapter 673: Anan's decision

A deep silence filled the broken valley.

The once-thriving flying boat of the Feline Empire now lay embedded deep in the earth, cracked and groaning under the weight of Mark's Gravity Dome.

While the Flying boat remained unharmed from the anti-matter mines, as its defensive barrier cracked, most of the feline warriors were now pinned to the floor, their limbs trembling under the crushing 100,000g pressure. Some had fainted. Others bled from eyes and noses, their bones cracking faintly with each breath.

Mark floated high above them, his black coat fluttering, his face expressionless, watching them under the moonlight.

So far, no one had been able to stand. Even the Tigon Queen and Panthera Leo King could barely lift their heads.

He tightened his fingers, maintaining the field. "I guess in the future, I need to develop a suit that can resist the effects of graviton particle manipulation."

But then... a ripple erupted from the bottom of the crater before a wave of golden light burst from the impact zone like a detonation of stars. In the center, Anan's figure expanded, cracked, and reshaped as golden fur erupted from his skin, claws tearing from his fingers.

Then he roared like a dragon more than a cat.

A piercing, celestial roar that shattered the surrounding air like glass.

The Gravity Dome shattered completely.

Up above, Mark's pupils contracted as a notification chimed in his head.

It wasn't the breaking of his skill that startled him, despite the fact that it was the first time someone destroyed his Gravity Dome. Many resisted it, but none have broken it so far. And it happened right now.

The one who did it emerged as a massive golden-furred cat—a majestic, muscular creature that stood thirty meters tall. Its mane glowed like sunlight.

Mark's lips parted. "Anan?"

The great beast's head turned upward sharply. Its feline eyes met Mark's in the sky.

Recognition struck at the same time on Anan, too.

"Master?" Anan's voice echoed, unsure and shaken, reverberating from the beast's throat.

Panthera Leo King, still kneeling and gasping, stared at the monstrous feline. "How can an elementary-stage transcendent release such divine pressure...?"

The Tigon Queen was too shocked. Only her tail flicked once, a gesture of disbelief.

She recovered first.

"Kill him! Now! That man in the sky—he's the enemy who killed General White!"

But before any of the feline soldiers could act, Anan's voice cracked like thunder.

"Stand down!"

The order rolled through the valley like a command from heaven. Every beast froze.

Even the generals lowered their weapons in hesitation.

Mark descended slowly.

For the first time, his feet touched the valley floor. There was no battle cry, no tension in his stance.

Only the faint mist rising around him, his coat settling, and his eyes trembling with emotion.

His voice came out quietly. "Anan."

The golden beast slowly shifted, shrinking and warping back into his human form.

A young man stood now. Taller than before. Refined in posture. Regal in presence. Clad in rich red and gold robes that marked him royalty, but those familiar golden eyes remained the same.

Only seemed a bit, no... a lot colder.

Anan stared at Mark with a gaze that pierced deeper than any sword. "Lu Zhen." His words landed like blades. "What the hell are you doing on my land?"

Mark looked at him gently, ignoring the hostility. "What else? I'm here to take you home."

"This is my home," Anan said, his tone firm.

Mark's smile faded.

"You really mean that?" he asked. "Do you really see this place as your home? Did you follow them willingly? I heard that they abducted you."

Anan's lips tightened.

A long pause passed.

"It doesn't matter how I got here," he replied coldly. "You abandoned me, Lu Zhen. That fact won't change."

Mark flinched inwardly.

"You have no right to call me family when you severed our contract and just gave it away to your precious wife without even asking for my consent."

Mark's jaw clenched, his hands curling at his side.

"I had no other choice," he said softly. "To protect her... to protect Song Yue. Who else could I trust more than you, Anan?"

"And so you used me!" Anan roared. "Is that all I was to you, then? A beast? A guardian to watch your wife while you ran around being a hero?!"

Mark stepped forward, his own voice rising now, hoarse with pain.

"Do you think I see you as a beast?! Do you really believe that?!"

Anan didn't respond, his eyes burning.

Mark's fists trembled.

"I left my world... left my family, left my babies—they were just born, Anan! I haven't seen them in fifteen months! I've bled for this war, crossed empires, sacrificed everything... for you!"

He took another step forward.

"Because I believed you were family too."

Silence fell between them.

Even the wind held its breath.

Mark's eyes reddened, misting with unshed tears. "Come home with me, Anan."

Anan's jaw tightened. His golden eyes trembled faintly, his throat bobbing as if he wanted to say something—but couldn't.

His fists remained clenched.

But he didn't move.

Watching him closely, the two generals exchanged a sharp glance.

"This is bad," Panthera Leo King whispered.

"He's hesitating to attack," the Tigon Queen hissed under her breath. "We have to act."

The next second, she vanished in a blur.

A streak of amber light cut through the night sky—too fast for the eye, aimed directly for Mark's throat. Her claws extended, her killing intent boiling over in silence.

But—

Clack.

Her claw stopped an inch away from Mark's neck.

Frozen mid-air.

Her brows twitched in confusion.

A shimmering layer, invisible to the eye, rippled gently between them, like water over steel.

"What...?" Tigon Queen's eyes widened.

Mark didn't even blink, muttering. "You think I won't be prepared when facing you guys?"

With No touch skill toggled on, physically, he cannot be touched by any being.

The Tigon Queen's pupils shrank. She tried to retreat as her instincts kicked in,

However, in the next instant, Mark's palm opened swiftly as he muttered. "Singularity, Activate."

A dot of pure black appeared in its center.

The Tigon Queen had no time to react.

The dot pulsed once, and everything within a few meters jerked forward violently. Wind howled. Air cracked. Dust swirled. Her body twisted grotesquely as she was pulled, inch by inch, into that dot.

"No!"

And then, she was gone.

Compressed. Consumed. Deleted from existence. Just like that.

Not even a scream escaped her mouth.

Everything just happened in a moment, from when Tigon Queen tried to ambush but died instead.

The Panthera Leo King just stood there in horror. "What in the hell was that power? He killed Tigon Queen just like that? I need to send a warning to the Empress."

Meanwhile, Anan's eyes widened in horror. "No... No... Aunt..."

He took a step forward, trembling.

"You..." he growled, his voice layered with shock and anger. "What did you just do?!"

His arms lengthened. Fingers broke and reformed into claws. His boots tore open as his feet reshaped into padded paws. His skin shimmered into fur.

"You killed her—!"

Mark's expression didn't waver. "She tried to kill me. So I killed her. What's wrong with that? Am I supposed to wait and let her kill me?"

He looked at Anan calmly, as though stating weather conditions. "You spent enough time with me to know my strength and personality. I'm way stronger than I seem, and I don't show mercy to the enemies that try to kill me."

He took a step forward.

"I have people I trust now. I have guards. Technology. Power beyond imagination. I no longer need you to protect me or anyone else. You don't have to carry that burden if you think I will treat you as some beast to protect my wife or children."

Mark's tone softened slightly.

"You can live freely now. As part of the Spencer family. Like you always did. I won't force down any contract on you, Anan"

Anan's breathing grew heavier.

But Mark's next words sent tremors through the air. "But if you choose not to come with me..."

He paused.

"Then you better run, Anan. Because the Feline Empire will not exist when I'm done."

The words were not a threat.

They were a certainty, spoken like the judgment of a god.

Anan's raw conflicted emotions suddenly grew into hatred by Mark's words.

"Lu Zhen..."

Golden light exploded from his body, and in an instant, he transformed again into the majestic, golden-furred beast that once leveled mountains with a roar.

He stared down at Mark, fury burning in every strand of fur.

"I am the Prince of the Feline Empire!" his voice thundered. "I don't care how strong you've become, Lu Zhen..."

Claws scraped the earth beneath him as he lowered his head, eyes narrowed.

"As long as I draw breath, I will not let you destroy my brethren."

Mark looked up at him. His silhouette was small, insignificant compared to the towering golden beast before him. But his gaze looked like he was the one looking down on the beast. "Everyone is free to make their own choice. And you made your choice. I'll miss you, Anan." He let out a sigh before his gaze turned serious as he raised his hand. "You all can come out now."

Chapter 674: The Final Battle (part-1)

The air rippled like a boiling tide as soon as Mark's words ended.

Out of the buried pagoda, five figures stepped forth, Mark's original companions, led by a lightning-clad clone. Its form shimmered with pure ether, its body with electric lines coursing through its body, eyes sharp and cold as the real thing.

Following behind him came the others.

Lan Xia, her spear glowing faintly with a violet sheen.

Yuan Feng, rolling his neck, jagged glaive already resting on his shoulder.

Reva, her fox tails flicking in the breeze, flames licking around her fingers.

Ryder Night, already vanishing into shadow as soon as he stepped out.

And lastly, a towering beast walked beside them. His steps thundered like falling avalanches. It's the Snow Wolf King. Ice clung to his fur like frost steel, and his eyes burned with cold vengeance.

Below them at the bottom of the crater, the enemy army of a thousand had recovered from the shock of one of their generals' abrupt death.

Dozens of Ascendant-class beasts surrounded the flying boat, forming tight formations, fangs bared, weapons drawn.

Meanwhile, higher-level Transcendents swiftly gathered near Anan, forming a defense line of their own to protect him from Azzy. As for the strongest one in the Army, the Panthera Leo King just stood there in a daze. It is still hard for him to see a fellow general die in a moment.

And the moment Mark's clone and others appeared, the enemy responded with an enraged roar.

Mark leaped back to his team with an unreadable expression.

He spoke calmly. "I'll take the big ones—every one above the Transcendent stage is mine."

He turned to the Snow Wolf King. "Anan is yours. But suppress him—don't kill. Also, don't hurt him too much. Just focus on trapping him or suppressing his movements."

The Wolf King didn't argue. He bared his fangs in a grin. "I'll keep him in one piece."

The others nodded.

Mark's clone moved first—an arc of lightning blasted through the sky and smashed into the ground like a meteor. His target was the remaining General: Panthera Leo King.

A massive boom echoed as the two clashed, shockwaves tearing through trees and rock alike.

At the same time, the Snow Wolf King roared, a freezing beam shot from his mouth like a glacial lance, freezing Anan mid-leap in a block of shimmering ice.

Anan's eyes flicked in surprise before the ice cracked.

He broke free, but the Snow Wolf King had already lunged.

Meanwhile;

Yuan Feng was the first to engage.

He tore through the enemy lines with sweeping arcs of his jagged glaive, his body covered in rocky armor formed from Earth Qi. Beasts surrounded him, slashing and gnashing, but his brute force held strong.

A saber-tooth struck his back, leaving a gash—but Yuan Feng roared and slammed the beast into the dirt, cracking its skull. "Die, you fuck\*ing Feline..."

Reva danced through the battlefield like fire incarnate.

Her Foxfire Mirage Art split her into nine illusions—each tail casting a flame that roared through the enemy like wildfire. Dozens of weaker Ascendants burned in the chaos.

"Argh..."

One cheetah beast managed to pierce her shoulder, but Reva gritted her teeth and turned it to ash. "Die."

Ryder was almost unseen.

Moving through shadows, he darted between enemies, paralyzing nerves with lightning-tipped daggers or shocking their hearts into seizures. Though he took a nasty blow to the ribs, he melted back into darkness before they could strike again.

Lan Xia took the center with grace.

Each sweep of her spear created a wind barrier, and her precise strikes downed enemy after enemy. Lightning Qi danced on her skin, bolts flying as she dashed across the lines. Even injured, her rhythm never faltered. She appeared like the Goddess of Frost and Snow, erasing the unworthy beasts around.

And high above them all...

Mark floated alone.

Dozens of high-tier Transcendents—thirty in total—flew toward him like falling stars under the influence of Mark's Gravity skill, Attraction. All of them glowed with auras of immense pressure, claws and fangs glinting under the moonlight.

Mark flew away from the rest of the battlefield, taking them for at least a few kilometers away before landing on the top of a cliff.

Then, he raised a hand. "Spatial Barrier."

Spatial Barrier: Create a Spatial Barrier to lock a certain volume of Space with a durability of 1 realm above the user (current: 12.9). Range: 1000 meters. Cost: 20% ether energy. CD: None.

As one-fifth of his ether reserves emptied instantly, a shimmering cube of twisted space encased all of them, yanking them from the battlefield into a hidden sub-realm. The sky twisted.

Then....

"Gravity Dome: 100,000g. "

The entire space collapsed downward.

The beasts roared in panic, struggling to stay aloft—but one by one, they crashed into the hardened ground with sickening force, unable to move.

Mark extended both arms. "And now for your demise."

In his left hand, an Antimatter Gun, glowing blue, core rotating with lethal precision.

In his right hand, a massive Desert Eagle, each bullet in the magazine humming with the explosive density of adamantite.

Bang.

The first beast's head exploded under the adamantine round.

Zap.

The second was erased by antimatter.

One by one.

Mark moved like a reaper in the dome.

No words.

No mercy.

\*

Back at the main battlefield, Anan roared louder, fury building as he clashed with the Snow Wolf King—but the beast had far more experience. Frost wrapped around Anan's limbs again and again.

"Calm down, cub," the Snow Wolf King taunted. "Your tantrum isn't helping you."

Anan's eyes glowed gold as his aura built higher.

The wind howled through the valley, slicing between clashing auras and the flickering remnants of destroyed terrain.

Snow danced in broken flurries—not from the skies, but from the relentless waves of frost rolling off the Snow Wolf King's body.

Anan, golden and wild, clashed against the towering beast again and again.

Each strike of his claws cracked ice, each roar scattered mist. His body, half-shifted, shimmered with golden fur and feline grace at blurring speeds.

But the Snow Wolf King was no ordinary opponent either.

A 13-circle Beast, master of cold and ancient warfare. He moved like a glacier with every motion calculated, every response flawless.

"You're strong," the Wolf King said mid-clash, his tone unreadable. "But you have too much pride and you overestimate your own strength."

Boom!

Anan exploded forward, striking the Wolf King across the jaw with a golden claw. The latter's flesh split, and blood spilled.

But before he could follow through, the ice beneath him cracked.

"Frozen Maw."

Dozens of ethereal wolf-heads made of solid ice erupted and snapped at him.

Anan flipped into the air, dodging, but as he landed, his foot slipped.

A moment was all it took.

Crack!

A massive tail of frost slammed into his chest, sending him flying through a pine tree, breaking it in half.

He skidded across the ground, coughing, his eyes glowing fiercely even as blood trailed from his lips.

"I'm not... done yet!" he roared.

He slammed his palms into the earth, and a gravity well formed beneath the Wolf King.

The Snow Wolf King's eyes widened slightly as he felt his legs drag downward. "A gravity field? Hah! Clever brat. You were just as abnormal as your master."

"He is not my master..." Anan roared, shooting forward, this time covered in dark violet Qi—the power of Devouring, a trait unique to his imperial bloodline. "And don't underestimate me."

His claws struck the Wolf King's side, tearing through fur and drawing a roar of pain from the 13-circle.

But again, the tide turned.

The Snow Wolf King opened his jaws.

"Arctic Howl!"

The sky turned white as a cone of frost exploded outward, freezing not just the ground but time itself for a fraction of a second.

Anan was caught mid-motion.

And that's when the Wolf King raised his paw—and an ice spear formed, long as a tree trunk and sharp as divine metal.

Shhkk!

He thrust it forward.

The spear struck true, right through Anan's abdomen.

"Argh...." Anan's eyes widened, lips parting as blood poured down his chin.

The ice shattered behind him as his golden fur faded.

His body shrank, and he returned to his human form, the imperial robes torn and blood-soaked.

He started falling to the ground, pausing the battle. "No, Your Highness..." The Panthera Leo King wanted to rush off, but Mark's lightning clone gave a swift punch to its face, blasting it away, although not inflicting much damage.

And just then...

A golden streak fell from the sky.

"ANAN!!!"

Mark, his real body now free from the upper battle, tore through the clouds like a falling star.

He caught the boy mid-air, wrapping his arms around him as they landed hard on the ground, cracking stone beneath them.

"Anan... no, no, no... damn it!"

Blood coated Mark's robes as he cradled him, his voice raw and panicked.

Anan blinked slowly, vision fading. "You... idiot..." he whispered faintly. "Told you... this is my home... And I'm your enemy."

Chapter 675: The Final Battle (part-2)

The scent of blood hung heavy in the mist-laden air.

Mark stood still, cradling the weakened form of Anan in his arms. The ground beneath them was cracked and soaked in a mix of blood and melted frost. His face, normally composed even in the face of a mythical beast like Blizzard Pegasus, was twisted in frustration.

He turned sharply toward the towering beast still standing nearby. "I told you not to kill him." His voice turned cold.

The Snow Wolf King, blood smeared along his flank, met Mark's gaze. "I aimed to suppress him," he said, voice low. "But he... he was strong. Just as abnormal as you. I held back, but he forced me to end it."

Mark narrowed his eyes. "You're a second-stage Transcendent Beast. He's not even a Transcendent yet, just an Ascendant. Was that truly beyond you?"

A moment of silence passed.

Then the Wolf King growled, almost to himself, "That feline cub... his imperial bloodline is pure. He is as strong as a first-stage transcendent. And he was too aggressive on the field. Frankly, I don't even understand why you are showing kindness to an enemy. A kid or not, he is a Feline Prince."

"Shut up..." Mark growled in response, his glare remaining for a heartbeat longer before lowering his gaze to the pale face in his arms.

But then...

Anan coughed weakly, eyes fluttering open.

Mark's eyes widened. "You're still alive."

He gently laid the boy down and reached out to the system interface.

"Activate Elixir of vitality."

Elixir of Vitality: Create an elixir of vitality from the enchanted oil to heal your or your ally wounds. Note: The created elixir only stays effective for 300 seconds. After that, it will turn into normal oil. Cost: 50% ether energy per flask. CD: 6 hours.

With a brief flick of his fingers, golden oil began to swirl midair, condensing into a translucent flask.

[Skill: Elixir of Vitality – Activated]

The flask shimmered with an inner glow.

He uncorked it and gently brought it to Anan's lips. "Drink this. Slowly."

Anan coughed, weakly gulping it down.

The effects were near-instant. Golden veins of light ran across his body, slowly knitting torn flesh and muscle, sealing the internal wounds right away.

Mark watched silently, his expression unreadable.

Then Anan spoke, voice hoarse. "Why...?"

Mark tilted his head slightly. "Why what?"

"Why save me?" Anan asked. "Why... heal me? After everything? You're killing my kin. You called me back to a place I fled from. You abandoned me back then, Master... And yet... I can't bring myself to hate you."

Tears formed in the corners of Anan's eyes. "Why?"

Mark let out a slow breath, wiping sweat and blood from his brow.

"Because you're family," he said simply. "What's so hard to understand about that?"

Anan clenched his fists. "You still left me."

"I'm sorry," Mark answered softly.

Anan looked away, silent. "I don't know what to do anymore," he said. "So much damage has been done. Too much. And my mother—she won't let this go."

Mark's gaze hardened. "Then we deal with it together."

Anan shook his head. "You should go. Take your people and leave. She will come soon."

Mark stood slowly, the healing flask falling empty beside him. "Fool, I'm here to save you. Why would I abandon you now?"

Anan's lips trembled as he tried to speak, but no words came.

And then...

A crack appeared in the sky. Mark raised his head.

A swirling black-and-purple portal opened above the valley, exuding pressure so suffocating that even the wounded beasts in the distance whimpered and knelt in fear.

From the rift, a silhouette stepped out.

She looked almost human—graceful, elegant, dressed in obsidian robes embroidered with silver moons and walking barefoot on air. But her cat-like ears, the long velvet tail, and her predatory aura made it instantly clear.

Her golden slit-pupiled eyes scanned the battlefield with disinterest... until they landed on Anan.

Mark took a cautious step forward as Ark scanned her. His heart rate increased in excitement and a bit of slight nervousness. This is the final battle.

Species: Golden Demon Cat

Grade: Ancient

Rank: 14 (peak-14-circle/True God realm)

Bloodline: Golden Demon Cat

Attributes: Divinity, Demonic

\*

Anan's lips moved first. "Mother."

The Demon Cat Empress smiled faintly.

And the entire ground trembled.

For a moment, the entire battlefield stood still. Every living feline soldier fell to their knees instantly, heads bowed so low they touched the blood-soaked ground.

"Your Majesty."

General Panthera Leo King also knelt, his deep voice the first to echo.

Even the Snow Wolf King, proud and battered, narrowed his eyes with caution.

In the camp far below, Lan Xia, Yuan Feng, Reva, and Rynder looked up from the Eternal Pagoda's internal viewports, watching in stunned silence.

Reva whispered, "That pressure... It's like a whole world is pressing on my chest."

"That's a third-stage transcendent being," Lan Xia said grimly. "The one closer to the fourth stage."

Back on the battlefield, the Demon Cat Empress's gaze never wavered from Mark.

Her voice slithered through the air, sultry and venomous. "So... you are the thief. The one who stole my kitten... who killed my generals."

Her golden pupils glinted. "You wear an ascendant's skin, but you carry Creation in your blood. I can smell the elements on you. Divinity. Fire, Water, Lightning, Poison, and many more. Every element is in harmony with the others. You carry multiple bloodlines that are in harmony with one another. You're not normal."

She tilted her head ever so slightly. "Tell me, primate. Are you born of flesh? Or are you one of those celestials' artificial creations?"

Mark didn't answer and didn't clear her misunderstanding.

Instead, he raised one hand.

Zzzt—!

His lightning clone, standing quietly nearby, reacted instantly without a command. Its arms flared, lightning crackling wildly as it reached toward each companion like a chain of divine light.

One by one, the beams struck Lan Xia, Yuan Feng, Reva, and Ryder, wrapping around them.

Before they could even blink...

Fzzzap!

All of them vanished, absorbed directly into the Eternal Pagoda, except for the injured Snow Wolf King.

Mark looked up at the Demon Cat Empress. "I don't care if you're Anan's birthgiver," he said flatly. "You lost the egg. I claimed it on my world, not in yours. I hatched it with my blood. I named him. From that moment, he became my family."

"And you? You're the thieving cats. You didn't dare to attack when I was there. You snatched him when I was away. Like the cowards you are."

The Empress let out a soft laugh—a clicking purr, almost playful.

"You intelligent primates... So bold. You see something... and assume it's yours. You steal, you conquer, and then you cry loyalty when cornered. How amusing."

Her tone dropped.

"Do you know how old the Feline Empire is? How many waves of Canines, Primates, and Insects have tried to break us over eons? We are the only ones who remain. Do you know why?"

Before Mark could answer, she raised her hand.

A dark pyramid-shaped artifact, hovering with a faint hum of divinity—materialized in her palm.

"My Generals... your Empress calls you home."

Chapter 676: The Final Battle (part-3)

Mark's AI, Ark, pinged him in real-time.

\*Ding! [WARNING] Life force concentration spiking. Object classification: GOD-GRADE. Exact function unknown. Suggest caution. Scanning... incomplete.

Mark's pupils narrowed. Apart from the divine throne he had, which was back at home in the form of a floating island that holds his factories, Mark had never seen a god grade item before. Even that divine throne is a damaged one. But at the very least, he could understand that it is a heaven-defying item.

Meanwhile, the artifact in Demon Cat Empress' hands pulsed—once, twice—and then cracked open like a blooming flower of black crystal.

From it emerged six masses of glowing light, each dense and ancient.

The first condensed into the white-maned form of the White Lion King.

The second coalesced into the lithe silhouette of Tigon Queen.

Four more followed.

Each figure floated behind the Empress, golden chains of divine authority linking them back to the pyramid. All of them knelt mid-air.

"We greet the Majesty."

Back on the ground, Mark narrowed his eyes. He doesn't recognize the other four, but two of them died in his hands. "Does it bring back the dead to life?" He couldn't help but wonder.

Meanwhile, in the sky.

"Capture the primate," the Empress said coldly. "And retrieve my son. Unharmmed."

On the battlefield, a bit far away from Mark, Panthera Leo King, still injured but eager to prove himself, straightened.

"Your Majesty, I am still alive. I will assist—"

Before he gets to finish, Mark's eyes glinted.

"Explode."

BOOM!

The lightning clone detonated instantly, 100% condensed ether energy, specialized to detonate from within.

The explosion wasn't one of fire or destruction. It was a collapse of lightning-born matter that tore through Panthera Leo King's core.

Every bit of his cell was deeply fried before he could even move. His core was destroyed within, and the general died before his body could fall.

The Empress didn't blink, though. But there was a subtle frown on her face.

Mark looked directly at her, face stone-cold. "So what if you revived six old ghosts?"

"The moment I stepped into the immortal realm, your death was decided."

He lowered his arm slowly.

"The only reason you're still alive is because of my ambition to earn star dust and make the Sky Pavilion Sect my ally in this plane, not because you are some undefeatable monster."

There was a momentary silence before the Empress smiled again, except that this smile just brought a chill down the spine of Snow Wolf King and Anan, the spectators.

Her voice was no longer sweet as she ordered. "Go. I want both of them to be captured."

The sky rippled with heat.

The six resurrected generals of the Feline Empire surged forward without hesitation, streaking across the night like burning comets.

Four of them — White Lion King, and three others — targeted Mark together.

The remaining two generals — the Tigon Queen, reborn once again, and the massive Tri-Horned Tigress Queen, an ancient powerhouse — streaked downward toward the Snow Wolf King, intending not to kill... but to capture.

Mark watched them from the air, standing with one arm lowered, his breaths deep, his heart hammering. His ether reserves were already battered due to continuous usage of skills, at only 55% at the moment. But that didn't stop the pulse forming in his palm.

A deep void shimmered into being — a black dot of infinite suction

"Activate, Singularity."

He used the skill once again without any hesitation.

The moment the gravitational force twisted out from his hand, the very fabric of space buckled.

The four charging generals found their bodies twisted in mid-air as the black singularity pulled them in like helpless leaves. They tried to resist, but it turned out to be useless.

All four generals vanished into the void in less than three seconds, dying again — screaming, clawing, dissolving.

Far away, the Tigon Queen and Tri-Horned Tigress Queen halted mid-flight, horror spreading across their expressions.

Mark's palm closed.

Pop.

The singularity collapsed. The four generals could barely enjoy their second life for a few moments.

The battlefield froze again.

Above them, the Demon Cat Empress's eyes widened. The golden slits dilated into full circles as her fur stood on end for the first time in thousands of years.

She stared at Mark like one might stare at something that shouldn't exist.

Mark's arm trembled slightly, and his legs staggered mid-air. But he looked up at her and smirked. "Do you have anything else?" "Or are you finally coming down yourself?"

For a moment, the Empress said nothing. She simply watched.

Then...

"You look proud, for someone with empty reserves."

Her eyes narrowed at that.

"Your energy is spent. That last move nearly tore your body apart. And you think you still have time?"

She vanished from her spot in the sky.

A golden blur, faster than sound, faster than thought, struck down like a divine execution.

Her claws gleamed with demonic energy this time as she reached Mark in an instant, swinging toward his neck.

But...

Clang!

She halted mid-swing.

A thin invisible barrier surrounded Mark like a shell. The air shimmered where her claws stopped just short.

She blinked, eyes twitching. "What?"

Mark raised a brow and chuckled softly. "Sorry. No physical contact allowed under No Touch skill toggled on."

The Empress snarled, her tail lashing behind her with fury.

"Fine."

Her paw opened.

A sphere of condensed demonic essence formed instantly — dark, volatile, and pulsing with feline blood laws.

She hurled it point-blank.

BOOM!

Mark's world exploded.

The blast flung him across the mountain range like a meteor. He tore through the cliffside, rock and earth flying everywhere. He struck stone with enough force to crack the ground for miles and disappeared into a rising cloud of dust.

For a long moment, silence.

Then from within the haze...

Glow.

The core inside Mark's body flared, pulsing golden and silver lines across his veins.

[Ark]: Mandatory regeneration initiated.

Slowly, Mark stirred.

His body reknit. Muscles closed. Bones mended. Vision cleared while his recovered ether reserves emptied to zero once again

He exhaled, coughing up dust, and then forced himself to his feet, blood still trailing down his lip.

He looked up.

But by then, the Empress was already beside Anan.

She held his wrist firmly. Her tail swished with irritation. "Brat. What are you sitting here for? Return home."

Anan hesitated.

His golden eyes flicked to the cliff, toward the slowly rising figure of Mark.

He didn't say anything.

The Empress glanced at him, displeased. With a sigh, she placed one paw softly on his forehead.

"Sleep."

A brief pulse of divine energy surged into Anan's mind this time.

His eyes fluttered. "Ma...ste..."

And then he collapsed.

The Empress caught him with one arm, lifting him effortlessly.

She turned her gaze back toward Mark, who stood now amidst rubble and flame.

She held Anan in her arms like a prince, her gaze cold as moonlight. "You hatched him. You raised him. But in the end, I am his blood. No matter what you say, you dared to lay your hands on my blood. I will not kill you. I will imprison you for eternity in my citadel."

Mark clenched his fists, his gaze was on the Demon Cat Empress. "Damn it. I would still need half a minute more now to recover... Hmm... wait a second..." Something clicked in his mind.

Chapter 677: The Final Battle (Part-4)

Dust still hung in the air.

Mark stood amid the ruins of the shattered cliffside, the glowing lines on his body slowly dimming. His ether reserves ticked up, but only barely—1%... 2%... 3%...

"Not enough," he muttered.

He opened his system interface.

The screen shimmered into view, pulsing red.

[Item: Amulet of Bael]

[Status: Usable]

[Warning: Current form of Bael exceeds prior summoning threshold. Summoning Time has been shortened to 5 minutes.]

"From 6 hours to just 5 minutes, huh..." Mark didn't hesitate. "Alright, use it."

The amulet function in the system interface glowed on activation, light pouring from it in jagged pulses of gold and obsidian.

A magic circle bloomed beneath Mark's feet, ten meters wide, inscribed with mystical old runes. Demon Cat Empress' facial expression changed as she felt the air turn heavy, wind howled unnaturally, and lightning arced across the sky without clouds.

A second later—

A demonic energy-filled portal opened before Mark, and a presence walked out of it.

But this time... he was not the same as always.

Gone was the pure abyssal armor and devilish grandeur of his past manifestations.

Now, Bael stood with one half of his body clad in shining white divine plate, angelic feathers laced along his left shoulder and back.

The other half — from shoulder to foot — was wrapped in obsidian-black metal, jagged, horned, and steaming with infernal essence.

A crown hovered just above his head — half halo, half flaming ring of demonic. His eyes, one gold and one red, turned toward Mark.

He smiled faintly. "It's been a while, Lu Zhen. Thought you would never summon me again."

His voice was calm, deep, and thunderous.

Mark gave a brief nod. "You look... different. It looks like you have evolved as you wished."

Bael looked at his own arm, demonic claws ending in radiant light. "Yup, it's just as I wished. But it isn't only I who seems ascended, Lu Zhen. You've reached the 11-circle realm, too. So, to what do I owe the pleasure?" A second later, he shrugged. "Never mind. I know that it is."

Then his gaze turned toward the sky.

He narrowed his eyes. "It's the Golden Demon Cat Empress, huh? Oh, Lu Zhen... you upped yourself this time. You offended an existence like her that no one in the demon world would want to fight?"

High above, the Demon Cat Empress stood still with Anan unconscious in her arms. Her aura pressed downward like a mountain, golden and feline, shaking the wind itself.

She examined Bael curiously. "That's a strange one. Half divine? Half abyssal? What are you supposed to be? Should I address you as a demon or a celestial?"

Bael cracked his neck, not rising to the bait. "I see that you were also the same as me, a half-demon and a half celestial beast. But then again, those things don't matter. What matters is that you don't lay a finger on my summoner."

The Demon Cat Empress shifted her gaze to Mark and said. "No wonder you dared to intrude into my territory and want to abduct my son, primate. You are not putting your trust in Snow Wolf King's strength after all. This is your backing, huh..." Clenching her fists immediately, the demonic aura formed a layer over her body and her face turned cold as she added. "But, in the end, this half-demon is also nothing but a newly awakened 3rd-stage transcendant. He isn't a match for me."

Bael turned to Mark, speaking to him telepathically. "She's right, Lu Zhen. I can protect you but I can't defeat her on my own. And due to restrictions, I can only lend you five minutes of help. Do you want me to take you to the demon world with me? You can be safe there."

Mark, however, replied with a straight face. "No need. All I need is just 70 seconds. Provide me that."

Bael grinned at him, "Alright." He didn't ask why. He just extended a hand toward the sky.

"Infernal Domain."

The air split in a fraction of a second.

A crimson-and-gold seal expanded outward, forming a vast sphere of flickering runes that immediately swallowed the Empress and Bael inside.

Mark's hair whipped as the force of it slammed outward like a shockwave.

The Demon Cat Empress blinked once, caught midair with Anan still in her arms.

She glanced around, then floated down and set the unconscious prince onto a floating bed of aura. Her voice didn't change, still calm, but laced with underlying bloodlust.

"I see. You've bound me to a duel."

Bael's eyes gleamed as his voice echoed in the domain. "Until my summoner is done with his preparation, no one will leave this domain."

She gave a low growl and cracked her knuckles. "Very well. Let's see how long you last, half-breed."

They collided midair like crashing galaxies.

Flashes of divine light and shadows of infernal flame collided again and again, illuminating the night sky like an aurora of destruction.

Outside the domain...

Mark stood with one hand on his chest, his heart ticking upward slowly.

1%... 2%... 3%... 4%... 5%...

\*

Inside the invisible barrier caused by Bael's domain, Bael and the Demon Cat Empress moved after just a few seconds of silence.

The Empress vanished in a blur, striking Bael's neck with a claw sharper than any divine weapon. Bael turned his head mid-blink, the claw scratching sparks off the divine half of his collarbone. She flipped in midair, using the momentum to hammer a knee into his chest...

Bael spun with the blow, grabbed her by the leg, and threw her away with an arm swing. The Empress flew backward through it all, eyes glowing silver.

Bael opened his mouth and released a breath of abyssal flame, thick like liquid and hungry like a dying star. It looked as if it was devouring the space between them.

The Empress vanished and reappeared behind him. She stabbed forward, claws extended.

He turned his divine half toward her—she struck the divine wing sprouting from his back.

A crack formed. Blood dripped—golden and black.

Bael grabbed her wrist mid-strike. "Got you."

He pulled her close, forehead slamming into hers like a meteor. She snarled, bit his shoulder, and sent a wave of soul-piercing sound through her throat, a sonic attack heard only by the spirit.

Bael winced. His grip faltered.

The Demon Cat Empress pushed off, darted backward, and raised her hands. Nine golden circles formed behind her.

She meowed once—

And nine avatars of herself emerged, all looked divine and majestic. They charged at him at the same time.

In response, Bael summoned a massive double-edged polearm from the void.

One swing at them—all nine avatars collapsed, torn like paper in a storm.

But the Empress wasn't done.

She used the explosion of her elemental copies to mask her charge. From beneath the dust, she struck Bael's right side.

His armor cracked.

He roared and kicked her across the sphere.

The Empress landed on a spiral of floating glyphs, crouched like a beast. "You're strong," she murmured.

Bael hovered opposite her, one wing bloodied. "You're weaker than I expected."

She flicked a claw. "Then die like you expected."

Outside the domain;

Mark stood at the edge of the crater. He stared upward, keeping an eye on the battle and then his ether recovery.

But then a powerful howl far away captured his attention.

Far from the epicenter of destruction, the Snow Wolf King stood tall atop a broken ridge, white fur glowing faintly under the shattered moonlight.

Opposite him, the two elite generals of the Feline Empire circled like twin executioners.

Snow Wolf King bared his fangs, mist curling from his maw.

The Tri-horned Tigress Queen struck him, vanishing with a sonic boom. Her claws struck the place where he'd been standing, only to find nothing.

Frost exploded from above. The Wolf King was mid-air, jaws open. He howled, a thunderous cry laced with ancient qi.

Frost Howl: Cradle of Stillness.

A conical wave of sub-zero energy washed over the battlefield. The Tigress Queen's movement slowed, her limbs suddenly heavy. Ice began to crust over her paws.

Meanwhile, the Tigress Queen leapt from behind, launching herself like a comet. Her entire body was surrounded by fire.

Solar Pounce: Meteor Crash.

She struck him in the ribs. The wolf was thrown sideways into a rocky wall with a bone-shattering boom.

But before the dust cleared, the Snow Wolf King burst free, twisting mid-roll, his fur now crackling with frost lightning.

"You think I sat in chains and rotted?"

He slammed his front paw down, and a circle of ancient runes flared beneath.

Frost Prison: Royal Coffin.

Ice surged from the ground in massive spears, encasing their entire surroundings in a dome of cold. The Tri-Horned Tigress Queen snarled and activated her body shield — armor glowing, horns charging with volatile qi. She bashed through one of the ice spears, trying to reach him...

Only to be intercepted by the Wolf King's tail, wrapped in ice armor, and swung like a mace.

She flew across the dome, crashing into the wall, cracks spreading through her bone plating.

The Tigon Queen reappeared behind him again, but he was ready for that attack too.

Without turning, he stomped the ground and summoned a wall of pure compressed cold.

Cryo Mirror: Twin Reflection.

The wall captured her momentum and launched a mirror image of her own attack back at her.

Boom!

She was sent flying backwards into the Tigress Queen, the two generals tumbling over each other, breathing hard.

The Snow Wolf King panted slowly, breath misting in the air.

"I am the last king of Frostfang Howl," he growled. "Do you really think you can chain me twice?"

His legs trembled slightly. That last mirror technique... took more energy than expected.

The Tigress Queen stood up, tail swishing.

"Her Majesty ordered us to capture you," she said again. "But if you resist..."

"I am already resisting," he spat. "Are you blind, Feline?"

"Then we'll break you."

They charged again—this time together. But before they even reach the Wolf King, suddenly they stop and started flying in the direction where Mark was standing.

"Attraction."

Chapter 678: The Final Battle (Part-5)

The Tigress Queen and the Tigon Queen barely had time to react.

One second, they were mid-leap toward the Snow Wolf King.

The next—

Their bodies veered violently sideways.

A force, invisible yet overwhelming, seized their cores and ripped them from their intended path.

"W-what?" the Tigress Queen blurted out, eyes wide as her body bent unnaturally through the air.

"Impossible!" the Tigon Queen roared, trying to flare her ether wings to stabilize...

But it was too late.

Their momentum twisted into a violent arc, flung across the landscape like broken puppets.

And at the center of the force stood Mark with a calm expression and his hand stretched out.

The two generals, helpless, were slammed into the same spot midair, right above his palm.

"Let's finish this quickly," Mark murmured.

His other hand rose.

"Activate, Singularity."

A black point formed in the space between them.

Singularity.

The space collapsed.

In an instant, sound died. Light bent.

The two beast generals barely had time to scream before their bodies stretched unnaturally, caught in the crushing grip of a localized void.

Their bones shattered.

A shockwave burst outward as the singularity imploded, releasing a flicker of cracked space before fading.

Ash scattered into the air. The bodies of the two elite generals... gone.

Mark raised his head, staring at the Domain. "I lost most of my ether again. Need to wait another minute now."

Meanwhile, inside Bael's domain;

The Demon Cat Empress flinched.

She turned toward the direction of the shockwave. "Those two were erased as well."

Bael chuckled, blood dripping from one corner of his mouth. "Seems like Lu Zhen's warmed up."

The Empress narrowed her golden eyes. "Regardless of his antics, neither that primate nor you will be able to leave with your life today."

She moved faster than before. At hypersonic speeds.

Bael gritted his teeth, blocking with both arms...

The impact sent him skidding back, his armor fracturing.

Outside the domain, Mark's gaze shifted to the Wolf King.

Mark called out, "Go back into the tower. Leave the rest to me."

The Wolf King didn't argue.

After sending him back to the Eternal Pagoda, Mark once again paid attention to the battle up there.

He couldn't see anything, but two blurs kept on attacking. Due to the Domain in place, no energy was escaping outside. So, he was completely unaffected by the battle.

Focusing on the domain, he shut his mind, connecting to the demon king.

A direct line of intent formed as he transmitted his thoughts into Bael's mind: "Bael, this is the plan. First, you have to let me inside. Second, you have to neutralize her in whatever way you can so that I can have the perfect hit. And three, on my signal, you have to pick me and Anan, take us far away."

Bael, mid-clash, parried a sweeping claw and countered with a strike that split the clouds. He got the message instantly.

The demon couldn't help but glance down.

Mark stood there.

Still. Hand raised. Gaze locked on them.

He sent back the reply telepathically. "Understood."

The Demon Cat Empress noticed the pause and followed his gaze downward. Her slit-like pupils flared as she snarled.

"You dare take your eyes off me, demon?" she hissed, voice cracking space itself.

She slashed horizontally...

A scar of golden-black ether tore across the domain, hurtling toward Bael.

Bael twisted aside in a spin, narrowly avoiding it.

It sheared off one of his horns.

Roughly a minute later;

The Demon Cat Empress slashed at Bael's abdomen, spilling out blood. However, it recovered immediately. He grinned, "Your divinity is natural, kitten. My divinity is acquired. There's a stark difference. You cannot kill me."

The Demon Cat Empress growled. "But you are on a summons, demon. You will disappear soon, anyway."

Bael grinned again. "We'll see about that."

He stretched his arms widely and spoke aloud. "Domain Expansion."

At once, his domain expanded.

The air twisted, time warped, and in the blink of an eye, Mark vanished.

He reappeared inside the blood-red void of Bael's personal domain, hovering just behind Bael.

The Demon Cat Empress blinked in surprise. Then she grinned, showing her sharp fangs. "Bringing your master into your cage? If anything, this is foolishness. As long as I kill that primate, you will disappear on your own."

Bael said nothing. On Mark's silent signal, he launched forward once again.

For the next few seconds, he held nothing back; his divine light and demonic flames collided around his fists as he overwhelmed the Empress, forcing her into retreat with sheer ferocity.

The Demon Cat Empress growled. "You think you can overpower me? The Empress of the Feline Empire?"

She flared her aura and retaliated, momentarily pushing Bael back.

"Raaaa..." Letting out a cry, Bael pushed his strength to the limits as he charged at her but disappeared and tightly bound her limbs from behind.

"You..." The demon cat empress suddenly struggled. Her demonic energy was suppressed by his divine half, while her divine half was suppressed by his demonic half.

That was Mark's moment to act.

He flew forward, body blurred, and appeared right before her, his fingers almost brushing her fur-covered chest.

Right then, she snarled, her tail glowing with destructive energy, was thrust forward.

It instantly struck Mark, piercing through his chest.

"Ach..."

Mark coughed out a mouthful of blood.

As she raised his body above with the tail, she let out a laugh. "What a foolish brat. You should have stayed outside."

Mark, however, managed to raise his arms and grabbed her tail as he spoke. "No, you are the one who is foolish, falling into my trap. Goodbye, Kitty."

And he whispered...

"Disintegration: Activate."

Disintegration: Touch the target and induce antimatter particles in the cells of the body, causing disintegration of the body, as long as the target is below 15-circle realm. Cost: 100% ether energy. CD: 72 hours.

In an instant, all of his ether reserves were once again consumed while a heavy amount of antimatter was induced into her body.

Her pupils shrank, feeling the negative energy inside her system instantly.

"What... What did you do?!"

Right then, Bael freed her and appeared behind him in an instant, grabbing Mark by the arm, freeing him from the tail.

"Now," Mark coughed. "Take us."

Bael instantly dismissed the domain and disappeared, reappearing beside a floating unconscious Anan, grabbing with his other hand and soaring upward.

Meanwhile, the Demot Cat Empress found her body breaking down at a rapid pace. The annihilation was destroying all of her cells. Her body instantly collapsed into a puddle of organic mush, leaving behind no spirit core.

It was about to fall down, but then the lingering energy caused an enormous explosion, almost enveloping Bael.

"Reverse."

Then he uttered the reverse summon command.

With a flash of red infernal energy, all three disappeared.

Scene Break: Netherworld

In the dark citadel of the Netherworld, Bael tossed Mark down onto the black-marble floor.

Mark gasped, blood trailing from his mouth, the hole in his chest still gaping.

Anan lay nearby, unconscious but alive.

The demon servants rushed in, but Bael raised a hand. "No one touches him."

Mark blinked at the obsidian ceiling.

His vision flickered...

Alerts triggered.

<< SYSTEM ALERT: Body Integrity = 7% >>

<< Immediate death imminent. Activating Phoenix Resurrection Trait >>

His body glowed again—seared flesh stitched itself together, muscles restored, nerves reborn.

He gasped and rolled to the side as air flooded back into his lungs.

The AI's voice whispered in his mind:

<< ALERT: VITAL SIGNS CRITICAL >>

<< PHYSICAL BODY AT 2% FUNCTIONALITY >>

<< HOST WILL DIE IN 13 SECONDS >>

<< FORCEFULLY ACTIVATING BLOODLINE EMERGENCY TRAIT >>

His vision went almost black.

But right then, he saw a bright flame of a phoenix inside his head, speaking. "Arise, my descendant."

FWOOOM.

A wave of red-gold flame surged from his chest, recovering his flesh at a rapid pace.

Mark gasped, lungs filling with sharp, cold air as he sat up at the base of the crater.

The AI's voice rang in his head again:

<< Phoenix Bloodline Trait Activated: Rebirth Flame >>

<< Death Count: 2 >>

<< Remaining Lives: 7 >>

<< Immortal Realm is detected. No side effect of cultivation was imposed>>

<< The Soul leakage is detected from the core. Sending master into hibernation>>

Mark slept there in an unconscious state, lying on the ground. Bael furrowed his brows, "Hmm... it looks like he went into hibernation... I should send him to that place."

Chapter 679: The Abode of Moon Goddess

Mark's eyes opened slowly, blinking into the soft golden light that bathed the room.

The ceiling above seemed to ripple like water, an illusion or magic, he couldn't tell at one glance.

And down below, it was a round velvet bed, which seemed to hover in mid-air.

He sat up, his body still aching even in the minute moment, as if the Golden Demon Cat had done something to him apart from just piercing a hole in his chest.

Before he could even fully take in his surroundings, a voice pulsed in his mind.

\*Ding! Master, you have woken up.

Mark groaned, his voice rough. "How long was I out, Ark? And where am I?"

The response from the AI flickered in a cool, crisp tone.

\*Ding! Master has been in hibernation for 3 days. You are currently in the Abode of Chang'e.

Mark froze.

"Chang'e?" The name echoed in his mind. The moon goddess, his wife from one of his past lives.

\*Ding! After the battle with the Golden Demon Cat Empress, you experienced a severe soul leakage. To preserve your core, I initiated hibernation. Demon King Bael then transported you here for recovery, as the netherworld is not a suitable place for a human to recover the damage to his soul.

Mark rubbed his temple, trying to focus. The memory of the battle was still fresh in his mind.

And when he thought of the battle, a figure came to his mind.

Mark quickly turned to the AI, his voice urgent. "Ark, what about Anan? Is he okay? Was he saved by Bael?"

\*Ding! Anan has left, Master.

"What do you mean he left?" Mark felt his heart skip a beat. He deeply furrowed.

\*Ding! It's not my place to give you the message, but I have heard the message he passed on to Demon King Bael. DO you wish to hear it?

"Tell me."

\*Ding! Anan wishes to return to his abode to protect his remaining subjects from the onslaught of the Sky Pavilion Sect.

"Damn it..." Mark couldn't help but grit his teeth in anger. "I sacrificed so much to save him, and I thought I finally got him back, but in the end, everything has gone to waste. I guess he hates me now to death now that I have killed his mother."

\*Ding! Not exactly, Master. Before he left, he initiated the contract with Master. I accepted on your behalf.

\*Ding! Anan Spencer is bound to a master's soul by contract. Master may summon him whenever he wishes, but the summoning limitations lie within the same plane of existence.

"Ah, is that so?" Mark was momentarily taken aback by the sudden change of events. He couldn't help but open his character interface and check the summons tab. He saw the addition of Anan there.

He couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief, his body relaxing ever so slightly. Even if he is far away, the idea of Anan being okay and not angry with him had lifted a weight from his chest.

"Fine. It's better this way. Once I return, I should use the clan to pressurize the Sky Pavilion Sect to leave the Feline Empire alone. Anyway, it's time to return home."

Mark then swung his legs over the side of the floating bed and touched the floor.

He stood, steadying himself.

Just as he was about to exit the room, something clicked in his mind, and he froze mid-step.

"Oh, Shit. The Eternal Pagoda!"

He had completely forgotten about it for the moment.

With a swift motion, his hand reached into the air and summoned the arm-sized pagoda from his inventory.

Without hesitation, Mark entered the tower, feeling the familiar pull of the Pagoda's interior.

Inside the Eternal Pagoda:

As soon as he appeared on the first floor, he saw the battle maids greet him like soldiers with guns in their hands.

He gave a brief nod to them and climbed.

Mark ascended directly to the third floor, where his companions are currently waiting for him, according to Ark.

As soon as he entered that storage vault, Lan Xia was the first to spot him. Her face lit up the moment she saw him, and before Mark could react, she rushed forward and wrapped her arms around him.

"Thank the gods you're okay!" she breathed, holding him tight, as though afraid he would disappear if she let go.

Mark stiffened at first, but then he returned the hug, though with less force. A smile appeared on him. "Sorry."

Reva, the hybrid, glanced at Mark and let out a sigh of relief, "I thought for a second there, I was going to get stuck in this damned place forever, just like those women. It was... quite scary, I must admit."

Yuan Feng, ever the silent one, stepped forward, his eyes narrowing in concern. "Commander, you're really okay?"

Mark offered a small nod.

Ryder, as always, remained silent, standing in the corner with his usual stoic expression.

Mark sighed deeply, looking around at his team. "I apologize once again. But you guys have to stay here for a while," he instructed. "I'll release you when we get back home."

As his words hung in the air, the group nodded in unison, respecting his command.

Returning to the material world, he exited the room and started walking, more like looking for someone.

As he walked further in the courtyard, he noticed a soft glow up ahead.

In the distance, he saw a small, familiar glowing figure bouncing toward him with a cheerful energy. It was a rabbit, but not just any rabbit; this one radiated divine energy. The creature stopped before him, and Mark's heart skipped a beat as he recognized it.

The Jade Rabbit, the Saint Realm Divine Beast, stood before him, her luminous fur almost glistening under the ethereal light of the Pagoda.

Her eyes, large and full of life, locked onto Mark, and she bounded over to him with a joyful leap.

"Master Houyi!" The Jade Rabbit exclaimed, her voice lilting and musical, quite in contrast to the stoic and calm rabbit he was familiar with. She nuzzled against him affectionately, her aura warm and inviting. "I'm so glad to see you're well, Master! We've all been worried!"

Mark blinked, taken aback by the greeting. "Houyi?" He frowned. "It's Lu Zhen."

The Jade Rabbit paused, her ears twitching. She blinked in surprise, clearly startled by his correction, but she quickly nodded. "Ah! My apologies, Master Lu Zhen."

Mark couldn't help but chuckle, feeling like the rabbit looked quite cute. "It's fine. Just, please, call me Lu Zhen."

"Of course, Master Lu Zhen," the Jade Rabbit replied, her voice softening with a mix of respect and warmth. "I am happy to see you in good health once more."

"Where is Chang'e?" Mark then asked, his tone more serious now.

The Jade Rabbit's expression softened, and she gestured for him to follow her. "Come, Master. I will take you to her. She has been waiting for you."

Mark nodded, falling in step behind the Jade Rabbit as she led him through the Moon Palace halls. As they walked, he couldn't shake the feeling that things were about to get even more complicated because of their past.

Chapter 680: Return to Lan Sect

Mark followed the Jade Rabbit silently through the winding halls of Chang'e's abode, the beauty of the structure still striking him as they moved deeper into its serene atmosphere.

As they entered a room that felt even more ethereal than the others, Mark's gaze immediately fell upon Chang'e.

She was sitting on a velvet cushion, her fingers gently caressing the string of the bow laid across her lap.

The bow gleamed in the soft light, elegant and powerful, yet Mark couldn't take his eyes off her for a moment. She was so absorbed in thought, her expression soft and distant, that she didn't notice them approaching.

Mark stood there for a moment, watching her, unsure of whether to interrupt.

She looked... different from the last time. More beautiful than ever, but there was something heavy in her gaze that rattled his emotions.

Memories surged within him of the past, his past life as Houyi, the legendary archer who wielded this very bow. But Mark wasn't Houyi. He is Lu Zhen, and that is his current present. The past of Houyi no longer has anything to do with him.

He clenched his fists, trying to ground himself in the present, to fight off the overwhelming tide of memories that threatened to drown him.

As he took a deep breath to steady his gaze, the Jade Rabbit called out softly, "Master, Lu Zhen is here to see you."

Chang'e looked up at the sound of her voice, her eyes widening as she caught sight of Mark standing in the doorway.

For a heartbeat, she froze, her breath catching in her throat.

Then, her expression softened, and she set the bow aside. Her steps were hesitant at first, but she quickly regained her composure and took a few quick strides toward him, though she stopped halfway, as if unsure of how to approach him.

"Seems you're awake now, Hou... Lu Zhen," she said, her voice calm but laced with emotion. She smiled, though there was a hint of sadness hidden beneath it.

Mark nodded, offering a small, appreciative smile in return. "I'm awake," he said simply.

Chang'e's eyes flicked briefly toward the bow on the bed, a moment of hesitation in her gaze.

Mark's eyes followed hers, and his heart tightened.

The bow... he had held it before, but it had been before the memories of Houyi had returned to him.

Back when he held it, it had meant nothing. But now, he had the memories of Houyi, and it felt quite different as it had accompanied him for years until his death.

He tried to push those thoughts aside, but they lingered, like ghosts tugging at his mind.

The Moon Goddess seemed to notice his lingering gaze on the bow and then quickly looked back at him. "You... remember the bow?" she murmured softly. It was more a statement than a question, but the hurt in her voice was unmistakable.

Mark swallowed the lump in his throat. He couldn't allow himself to fall into the trap of the past again, no matter how badly his heart ached for that time. He needed to focus on the present.

Instead of replying, Mark said. "Your Grace, I will repay you for everything, for your help, and for taking care of me. But I must go back." His voice was firm now, even though a part of him wanted to stay.

"Why not stay for a while?" Chang'e's voice interrupted his thoughts, gentle and coaxing. Her eyes were soft, but they betrayed a trace of sadness. "You just woke up. Your body needs time to recover."

Mark felt a sharp pang in his chest as he looked at her, her gaze filled with an emotion he couldn't quite name. He wanted to stay. He wanted to forget about everything and just rest, to let her take care of him, to feel the warmth of her presence. But he doesn't want to. Because he is not her Houyi. No matter how many women there were in his life, he loved only one person, and that was Song Yue. He doesn't want any other person with whom he might develop feelings.

Hence, it is best to nip it in the bud. Or so he thought.

"I can't," he said politely, his voice barely a whisper. "My family... they're waiting for me. I can't leave them behind, Your Grace."

Chang'e's face dropped, and for a moment, Mark thought she would say something more, but she simply looked down, her fingers clutching the hem of her robes. "I see," she murmured, her voice quiet but laced with sorrow.

Mark's heart ached at the sight.

He felt the urge to go to her, to wrap her in his arms and tell her that everything would be okay. But he held himself back, biting down on the impulse.

Chang'e raised her head, her eyes brimming with unshed tears, but she forced a smile, though it didn't reach her eyes. "If you must go, then I won't keep you." She turned toward the Jade Rabbit. "Make preparations for his return."

The Jade Rabbit gave a small, understanding nod. "Of course, Mistress Chang'e."

Mark stood there for a moment longer, his gaze staying on the Moon Goddess for a bit.

But clenching his fists tightly and then releasing them, repeatedly a few times, without another word, he turned and walked toward the door.

As they reached the Temple of Ouroboros, Mark turned to the Jade Rabbit. The creature, always so composed, was now watching him with a mixture of curiosity and concern.

"You are ready to return to your home, Master Lu Zhen?" the Jade Rabbit asked, its large, soft eyes reflecting the gentle glow of the temple.

Mark, however, replied. "I need to go to the Ice and Fire Plane of Existence."

"Huh?" The rabbit blinked in surprise. "The Ice and Fire Realm?" it repeated, voice filled with disbelief. "Master, I thought you were returning to the mortal realm."

Mark met its gaze and simply said. "I have things to do."

The Jade Rabbit didn't ask further questions. Instead, it nodded respectfully. "As you wish, Master Lu Zhen."

With a deep breath, the Jade Rabbit raised its paw and muttered a chant under its breath.

Mark felt the pull of magic wrap around him like a warm blanket. The world seemed to shift, colors twisting and distorting around him.

In an instant, everything disappeared.

Back in her chambers, Chang'e sat alone in sadness. Her fingers traced the delicate outline of a painting she had made, a portrait of Mark, not one of Houyi but the present Mark.

Her hand trembled as she wiped away a stray tear.

"Why... why can't you remember me?" she muttered softly, her voice barely audible. She looked down at the painting again, her fingers lingering over his image.

A heavy sigh escaped her lips as she closed her eyes, willing the tears to stop.

Meanwhile, far away, in the cold, windswept expanse of the Icy Planet, Mark blinked as he materialized on the frozen world. He exhaled, watching his breath form into visible clouds in the air.

"Back here again," he muttered under his breath. His thoughts immediately returned to the Eternal Pagoda and the others still trapped inside.

He activated the interface of his Eternal Pagoda, and with a flash of light, the doors to the second floor opened.

Lan Xia, Reva, Yuan Feng, and Ryder all stepped out, each of them appearing slightly disoriented after their time spent within the Pagoda.

Lan Xia immediately looked around, her gaze settling on Mark with relief.

Looking around, Reva asked. "Where are we?"

Yuan Feng then spoke. "Commander, are we to remain here on this planet? Is it our next mission?"

Mark glanced at him briefly before shaking his head. He simply smiled as he said. "This is going to be your new home."

"Eh? New home?"

They all looked at each other.

Lan Xia couldn't help but smile as she thought. "We are home. And that means soon, we will become husband and wife."