

## Witch 1231

### Chapter 1231: Hope

“The reason is fairly simple,” Edith resumed before anyone could raise a question. “The Cage Mountain is not only a branch of the Impassable Mountain Range in the horizontal direction but also the highest point of the Kingdom of Dawn. The artillery of the First Army could have a broader view if they fire from there. Also, the demons will have restricted mobility, considering that there are fewer flying Devilbeasts than inferior Mad Demons.”

“Secondly, the Red Mist tends to move toward the lowlands, and it becomes thinner as it stretches farther. Therefore, the witches shall build the defensive line at the highpoint of the land. I’ve heard that the front has already done so ahead of time.”

“The last is His Majesty’s Radiation Project.” She surveyed the room at these words and continued, “We know that this project relies on the ores at the Cage Mountain. Before we find an alternative resource, we can’t abandon the Cage Mountain.”

Nobody questioned Edith’s decision.

Nobody saw the final product of the Radiation Project, and they could not possibly imagine how much energy those tiny little spheres could produce, but all of them viewed the project as one of the most important missions, simply because Roland said so. Roland swelled up with pride at this thought.

This was probably the biggest achievement an engineering student could ever attain.

“But we can’t desert the Kingdom of Everwinter or the Kingdom of Wolfheart completely either,” Roland said as he cast a glance at Edith. “We need people to win the war.”

“Yes. Therefore, while the Red Mist is spreading, the First Army should focus on bringing in immigrants and stopping the demons from advancing. I don’t think the demons will set up outposts after the Red Mist spreads out. They’ll build them right now, which was exactly what they did 400 years ago.”

Edith paused for a second and said, “To be honest, the sudden appearance of the Bloody Moon helped the First Army. When people in the Kingdom of Everwinter and the Kingdom of Wolfheart see what kind of enemy they’re dealing with, they’ll automatically side with us. By that time, they’ll beg Graycastle for help even if Iron Axe wants to shut them out.”

At these words, Edith’s lips curled up into a faint, inscrutable smile.

In that case, a lot of people would die.

Roland heaved a sigh.

Roland understood why Edith gloated over the misfortune of the refugees. He remembered a piece of news in his previous world saying that some residents opposed to build a cell tower and therefore lost cellphone reception. However, in a war that would determine the fate of the human race, Roland could not stand by watching those people suffer, even though it was because of their own stupidity.

“We harvested tons of Golden Twos this year,” Roland said as he turned to Barov. “Draft a proposal and send some food to the Kingdom of Dawn. Make sure those refugees who left their native towns are fed.”

“Your Majesty, if my understanding is correct, once we confirm the Red Mist would spread out, the First Army will immediately set off for the Cage Mountain. This will create a lot of pressure on the logistics,” Barov replied hesitantly. “I can’t guarantee we can provide food to the refugees while at the same time supplying our army. We won’t have enough ships even if we borrow all the ships from the Chambers of Commerce at the Fjords.”

This was a real problem. Even the largest sailboat in the Fjords would not meet the needs of the war. All the fleets were now filled with immigrants.

“Unless... we build a railway leading directly to the neighbor...” Barov said with great difficulties. He knew such a large project would cost tons of money. His heart ached every time money went out from the treasury.

“We probably don’t have much time,” Roland said while shaking his head. “The railway construction on the Fertile Plain has cost too many resources. If we build another railway, we won’t be able to support the other projects.”

The railway, which stretched away from the Misty Forest all the way to the ruins of Taquila, cost a great amount of steel. Its construction took a year and a half, not to mention that Leaf had amended the first half of the railway and that the second half was built on a flat plain. The road condition between Neverwinter and the Cage Mountain was more complicated than the Fertile Plains, so it would be hard to say how long it would take to build this new railway.

“I totally agree with you, Your Majesty...” Barov rejoined, apparently much relieved.

“Let’s make a plan based on the current situation. Don’t try to save money. Use the money well,” Roland said. “As for the logistics, I’ll see what I can do.”

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

Roland then looked toward Edith and said, “The General Staff should also draft a proposal based on the presumption that the farthest the Red Mist could go is the Cage Mountain. Then we’ll discuss further in detail.”

Smart as the Pearl of the Northern Region was, she had no problem in making a plan. Even if Roland did not remind her, she would understand the urgency of the matter.

“Leave it to me,” Edith said while placing her hand on her chest.

Roland rose to his feet and surveyed the boardroom. “I told you before that the third Battle of Divine Will will determine the fate of the mankind. Now, it’s coming.” The victory of the Taquila war has proved to us that we could win, despite the miserable defeat 400 years ago. I hope we all do our best and devote ourselves to this war. I’m sure today will be remembered!” Roland proclaimed. “Listen, no matter who our enemy is, I only have one request, that is, we must win the battle!”

“As you wish, Your Majesty!” everyone shouted together.

It was going to be a busy night.

After everyone filed out of the boardroom, Roland held Tilly back.

“I want to have a private word with you.”

...

After Roland returned to his office, he dismissed Nightingale and shut the door.

Tilly raised her brows and asked, “Something that you don’t even want Nightingale to hear? It seems you’re not planning to inquire about the training of the Aerial Knights.”

Roland did not answer but poured a glass of minty Chaos Drink for both of them. It did not taste particularly good, but it was pretty calming.

Seeing Roland remain silent, Tilly did not pursue but simply sipped the drink, waiting for him to break the silence.

Roland had a complex feeling toward his “sister”. Tilly was not his real sister. Compared to the Princess Tilly he used to know, the current Tilly Wimbledon had become more like a leader. However, he preferred the little girl who used to curl herself up beside Anna in winter, with her feet sticking out from underneath the blanket, and think about what kind of tough questions she could ask the other witches.

Although Roland knew that people would change, Tilly’s change was too drastic. Within a few days after Ashes’ death, she had grown up. He could see the virulent rancor against the demons in Tilly’s eyes. She seldom revealed such hatred, but Roland was very disturbed by her “only request” of seeking revenge from the demons.

She had made up her mind.

The world had suddenly become meaningless to her.

Roland learned from Lan that Ashes could be brought back to life. He should have verified the information before telling Tilly so that he would not give her a false hope. However, Roland realized that as Ashes’ death had sunk Tilly into the lowest dejection, Tilly might not survive the Battle of Divine Will in the end.

If he told her about the prospective good news now, she might probably elevate herself from such despondency.

Yet there was a risk he had to take. If Ashes did not come back to life in the end, Tilly would be devastated.

That was why Roland did not say anything for quite a while.

But he had to speak.

Roland knew he had made the decision when he had stopped Tilly.

He would rather put his faith in a faint ray of hope in the future than regret later.

“Brother?” Tilly reminded him, a little bewildered. She averted her eyes slightly to avoid Roland’s burning gaze.

Roland took a deep breath and said slowly, “What I’m going to say next may be incredible, but I still want to tell you that — ”

“Ashes may be still alive.”

### **Chapter 1232: Brother**

Tilly quavered. She slowly turned around, and there was a multitude of feelings in her eyes. As if confirming what she had just heard, Tilly asked, “What... did you say?”

“I said that Ashes might be still alive,” Roland repeated slowly. He knew he could not retract now.

“No... brother,” Tilly mumbled as she managed a smile. “I know you want to comfort me, but you can’t...”

“But it’s not what you think,” Roland cut across her. “To be honest, I was as incredulous as you when I heard the news, and I know it’s unfair to tell you before I confirm that it’s true. However, I don’t want to regret it later.”

Tilly fell silent.

She stared at Roland out of his countenance as if processing the information. She suddenly realized that what Roland had said was probably something unusual.

Tilly was one of the smartest and most open-minded witches among all.

After about seven minutes, she asked tentatively, “Who told you that?”

“Lan.”

“I’ve never heard of her...” Tilly muttered as she lapsed into thought. “Does it have something to do with the Dream World?”

Roland was not surprised that Tilly had quickly made the connection. He answered calmly, “Slow down. I’ll tell you everything.”

...

By the time Roland finished, the first hint of dawn was visible in the east. The first ray of sun broke over the horizon behind the mountains and gilded the roofs of the buildings in the distance.

Tilly was still lost in thought. She muttered to Roland as much as to herself, “That means... as long as you control the Realm of Mind, you’ll be able to bring Ashes back?”

“Technically, yes,” Roland replied while nodding. “According to Lan, after a witch becomes a Transcendent, she’ll leave a mark in the Realm of Mind. This is consistent with Kabradhabi’s statement.”

During the interrogation, Kabradhabi had told Zooney that their souls would return to the Origin of Magic. Once their kind dominated the world, he would come back. Although it was quite different from what Lan had told Roland, there was one thing in common.

That was, the Realm of Mind accepted souls.

“In addition, in the ancient book of the underground civilization, the author also wrote that the journey to the Divine Will is the process of a magic power upgrade. The winner will eventually rival God. If we view the Realm of Mind as the pinnacle of magic power, then Lan’s words, in a way, fits the description.” Roland paused for a second before he continued, “Nevertheless, considering that this information may be all from God, we can’t completely trust it. The best way is to verify its validity myself.”

“Brother...”

“Don’t worry. I’ll penetrate the Realm of Mind as soon as I can and try my best to retrieve Ashes, if she’s really there. Therefore, I want you to protect yourself before I find her, as I don’t want to infuriate a Transcendent who has exceeded her limit and is beyond the restriction of God’s Stones of Retaliation...” Roland said in a half-joking manner. Then he suddenly found that Tilly did not look right.

She was trembling, her head hanging, and she was mumbling under her breath as well. Roland held his breath and listened.

“That’s great... That’s great...”

Roland suddenly did not know what to say.

Tears started to trickle down Tilly’s cheeks and splattered against the back of her hand.

Looking at the quivering princess, Roland sighed internally as he slowly stretched out his hand and patted her head.

The next moment, Tilly threw herself onto him and held him tight. The trembling gradually perished into sobs, and Roland felt as though he had traveled back in time to that night again. However, Roland sensed that something had changed.

Unlike last time where Tilly had cried for hours, this time, she dried her eyes within 10 minutes. When she looked up, she forced Roland to turn away.

“Don’t... don’t look at me.”

Then he heard Tilly sniffle and clean up her face behind him.

It was a while before Roland was allowed to turn around.

“Sorry... I made you worried,” Tilly said in a low voice.

“I’m pleased that you’ve realized it,” Roland said while folding his arms. “You should also reconsider your request last time — ”

“Are you referring to the plane used to kill the demons?” Tilly said while blinking. “No, my request stands, brother.”

“Oi...”

“You need my help to reach the Fathomless Abyss. Now, it’s very likely that the demons have already erected a full-grown Obelisk. With that being the case, it’s going to be even harder for us to restrict the Devilbeasts. If we can’t dominate the sky, the First Army might not be able to crush the enemy so easily,” Tilly said as she stuck out one finger to stop Roland. “You’re right. I didn’t care about whether I’ll survive when I made that request. I just wanted to kill as many demons as possible. But now, I’ve changed my mind.”

“And you know what a difference it could make with someone assisting you. Not a single Aerial Knight knows how to fight demons. I’m the only person who can teach and train them,” Tilly went on while patting the chest. “I promise you that I’ll look after myself and wait for you to enter the Realm of Mind.”

Roland found it hard to decline her request. The sparkles in Tilly’s eyes came back, her demeanor as poised as ever, and she was radiant from within.

“Alright then... but you must keep your promise.”

“Of course.” Tilly resumed after a brief pause, “Also... thank you for telling me that.”

“I’m not sure whether this method would work —”

“I’m more than content. At least, we now have a mutual goal,” Tilly said as she again pressed herself to Roland’s chest. “I’m glad you’re my brother...”

...

After Tilly took her leave, Nightingale returned to the office and asked, “What did you say to Princess Tilly? I saw her just come out, and she looks like a different person...”

“The connection between the Dream World and the reality. If you want to know, I can tell you as well, but not now,” Roland said as he fumbled with the drawings. “I just received a message from Honey, saying that a fleet will be arriving at the port of the inner river in two days. They should bring the immigrants from the Kingdom of Wolfheart. Before that, I should finish the drawing for the new project.”

Nightingale shrugged and said, “Never mind me. Haven’t I told you? I won’t insist if you don’t want to say.” She walked to the desk and studied the drawing for quite a while before she said, “It looks like... the vehicle Anna drove the other day in the yard.”

“It’s the same thing, only a lot larger,” Roland said smilingly. “Didn’t Barov talk about the logistics in the meeting? This is the solution.”

Apart from expensive trains, there was also a cheap alternative, a wheeled truck. There were various types of wheeled trucks. Although they were not as efficient as trains, they were more flexible and also easier to operate than a tractor. They could run on a flat, hard-surfaced road easily.

There were many inner rivers in Graycastle and the Kingdom of Dawn, but none of these rivers were connected. Therefore, a fleet of wheeled trucks could facilitate the transportation between the two countries.

## Chapter 1233: Being Trapped

"I see," Nightingale spoke after a moment of contemplation. "Compared to building a brand new railway, it's much easier to build a road to connect the rivers. Railway construction needs Anna and skillful workers, but everybody can build a regular road. Even the refugees can do it. In this way, we can save a lot of time!"

"Exactly. This is another strength," Roland said in approval. "As long as we plan it well, we'll alleviate the stress of the logistics department in one or two months. This is very important for us considering we have such a tight timeline. It appears that you do, sometimes, grasp the nature of the problem."

"Haha, of course... hang on," Nightingale said and her smiles immediately faded out. "What do you mean by 'sometimes'? I can think, and I can help you with your work and cope with my exam..."

Although she looked pretty frustrated, her voice trailed off.

Roland giggled involuntarily.

Nightingale had to first make sure that she did not fall asleep before she set to study.

Roland shoved his eyes back to the map on the desk. If he wanted to connect the rivers in Graycastle and the Kingdom of Dawn, the fastest way was to build a road in the Eastern Region near the Redwater River that ran all the way to the City of Evernight. The road should then wind toward the north, reach the Windswept Ridge, and finally connect the Sparkling River in the neighboring country.

The Sparkling River originated from the Hermes Plateau and diverged at the capital city into three branches. Two wider ones stretched away between the south and north of the Kingdom of Dawn and flew to the ocean. To further facilitate water transportation, the Moya Family had dug out a canal running from the east to the west over the past 100 years, which not only boomed the business activities along the river but also provided a shortcut for Roland's road construction plan.

With that being the case, Roland only needed to build two roads, one from the Sparkling River to the Northside River and the other leading to the Cage Mountain. In this way, there would be a passage connecting the two countries. Compared to a costly railway, the two roads were no longer than 200 kilometers put together, and all he needed to do was to set up three ports for freights.

Since loaded trucks were heavy and could easily damage the road particularly on rainy days, Roland decided to use mortar and cement to harden the road surface instead of gravels to avoid subsequent maintenance. The road, therefore, would be of the same quality as those in Neverwinter.

Cement was now widely used in Neverwinter, but it was time-consuming to ship it to the Kingdom of Dawn, so Roland decided to produce cement locally.

After finishing the drawing, Roland wrote a letter to the king of the neighboring country, Andrea's father, Horford Quinn.

He was going to dispatch some technicians to the City of Glow and taught the three families in the king's city how to manufacture cement and assemble paddle steamers. Then they would be able to build a plant and mend the road for Neverwinter.

Roland believed that the nobles would see the potential value of cement.

With these two technologies, the Kingdom of Dawn could solve the transportation problem by themselves.

Nevertheless, Roland planned to provide completed steam engines because none of the cities except Neverwinter in this era were industrialized. It would thus be meaningless to send over raw materials.

Roland believed that the Kingdom of Dawn would take action immediately. If the Red Mist had already appeared at the crest of the Impassable Mountain Range, Horford would receive the news soon. By that time, he would know what he should do.

...

Two days later, Roland saw the first batch of immigrants from the roof of the Miracle Building.

Smoke coiled up into the air from the endless fleet and dropped a thick veil at the bank. People trodded on the trestle and off on the dock under the guidance of the police. A colorful sea of heads heaved up and down at the bank of the Redwater River.

“50,000 people... That’s the population of a whole city, Your Majesty,” Barov commented in excitement, although also a little worried. “I’ve never expected to see hundreds of thousands of immigrants from the Kingdom of Everwinter and Kingdom of Wolfheart coming to Graycastle. If things go well, we’ll soon reach our target of an increase of 200,000 people each year. Now, I should worry about your treasury.”

“As well as public safety and urban management,” the Chief Knight, Carter, rejoined a little apprehensively. “Those immigrants may not acknowledge your authority. Out of safety concern, I suggest settling them down in a certain area so it would be easier to manage them.”

“Then they’ll never become true Graycastle people,” Roland said while shaking his head. “If the police needs help, ask Barov. Punish the wrong-doers and reward those who make contributions. Send chronic offenders to the mine and subject them to heavy labor. I need workers not imprisoned slaves.”

Without a doubt, the king’s city would be more chaotic with such a huge influx of immigrants. This was an inevitable side effect of his immigration policy. Roland would not have carried out such a hasty plan had he had enough time. Now, the war was around the corner, so he had to implement the policy despite the potential problems it would bring.

The benefits of an population increase overpowered its downside.

For example, he could send 10,000 people out of the 50,000 new immigrants to the plants to increase the production of firearms. Then, the soldiers at the front would have more weapons and ammunition, as well as other new equipment.

Now he had both manpower and technologies and could officially start the project for the Cube-powered steam engines.

...

“Where am I?”



Valkries woke up again and found herself in a snow white room. The ceiling and the wall blinded her. There was a queer instrument ticking beside her. A transparent bag was hung above her, and the liquid in it dripped down the tube and slowly into her vein.

There was so much information unfamiliar to her swarming into her head that for a moment, she could not give a proper response. She had never seen anything like this before. Everything was so different from what she were used to.

For example, the white shirt she was currently wearing had pretty tight stitches, which was complete different from the clothes she usually wore.

Valkries closed her eyes and concentrated. No matter how strange the surrounding was, the only thing she could rely on was her power.

Valkries' heart suddenly sank to the bottom.

She noticed that she was not in her own body.

Although this body looked exactly the same, the magic stone was gone. She would have died had the magic stone really disappeared.

However, surprisingly, she felt fine.

She could still sense the magic power slowly move within her body in an unfamiliar way.

The murmur of the Realm of Mind was also gone.

No matter how hard Valkries tried to concentrate, there was no response. She even condescended to call upon the Sky Lord, but she heard nothing back from the latter.

This meant that she was trapped.

### **Chapter 1234: A Strange World**

Yes, she was trapped.

Valkries now remembered that she had been delving into the depth of the Realm of Mind and tracking down a faint fluctuation. When she had crossed the borderline that separated the upper and lower level, her step had become heavier and heavier. The resistance from the Realm of Mind increased, and she felt something was dragging her down.

It was her first time to come thus far, so she must be careful. If she got lost, she might be trapped here forever. Valkries would have terminated this expedition and taken a break had she not sensed that the fluctuation she was looking for was getting closer.

The entrance should be just around here.

So she decided to dive deeper.

Hackzord seemed not to be very impressed with her bathing in the Red Mist Pond all day, especially when human beings had not realized that they had successfully transplanted the Birth Tower.

On the other hand, Valkries also wanted to know whether the human race had upgraded through the legacy shard.

She had never anticipated, however, that the Realm of Mind suddenly quaked while she was trying to find the source of the fluctuation.

She felt as if the muddy ground underneath suddenly cracked, sank, and formed a waterfall. She was immediately flushed down before she could realize it. When she woke up again, she found herself in this strange place.

Beyond a doubt, this place should be a part of the Realm of Mind, but Valkries was not sure whether it had anything to do with the male human she was searching for.

Through the window, Valkries could see a big city outside. Sierried highrises stretched away and disappeared at the end of the horizon, each as tall as the Birth Tower. Some were even taller than the king's Presiding Holy See.

If this was that male human's territory, Valkries did not understand why he had not noticed the presence of an intruder. The creator should have been omnipotent. Since Valkries was the mortal enemy of the human race, the creator should have taken action by now. If a witch, by accident, trespassed the Presiding Holy See, death would probably be the kindest punishment inflicted upon her.

The problem was that if this place had nothing to do with that male, then where was it?

When Valkries had sensed the quaver, she had felt the shockwave come from above. She was certain that she was on the right track, unless she had been searching in the wrong direction all along.

Valkries pondered for a while but could not find a satisfying explanation, so she put aside these questions. The most important task for her now was to adapt to this new body and find an opportunity to get out of this strange world.

Valkries was positive about one thing that this new body was much weaker than her own. The wound on her legs had still not healed up yet, which indicated that she currently had little self-repairing ability. Her Magic Barrier stopped working. Valkries had never been so weak for a long time. She felt as if she had traveled back to the time prior to her upgrade when everybody could cause substantial harm to her.

Fortunately, she could still summon magic power, which was an ability quite similar to Extraordinaries'.

While Valkries was checking her body, there was a pattering of footsteps outside.

The door was then pushed open, and two men entered smilingly.

Valkries almosted wanted to throw herself onto them and rip them apart, but she suppressed the urge.

This was not the real world!

She reminded herself. It appeared that these people had saved her when she had lost consciousness.

Perhaps, these people never knew such things as "demons". If she acted recklessly, she would expose herself.

“You look pretty well, Miss Valkries,” the female said as she lifted one corner of the blanket and examined her plastored legs. “Amazing. No wonder the pillar didn’t wound your bones. You’re a martialist! If I were you, my legs would have been smashed to pieces.”

“Is this what a doctor should say to her patient?” the male said as he glared at the female and then looked toward Valkries. “I’m the doctor in charge here. You can call me Dr. Gao. According to the X-ray, you’ll soon recover. Take a good rest, and I’m sure the injury won’t affect your future contests. If you don’t feel well, please don’t hesitate to tell me.”

Valkries shook her head.

She hardly understood anything Dr. Gao had said, so she resolved to remain silent.

Valkries also noticed that these human beings appeared to be pretty friendly to her. She was puzzled as to why these people did not view her as a person of another race. Even if they did not harbor hostility against her, how could they speak to her in such an amicable manner when there was such a drastic difference between the two races?

Valkries even noticed that the female was particularly interested in her. Her eyes were glued on her.

“I’m glad you’re well,” the male named Dr. Gao said as he leafed through the brochure in his hand. “The Association will come to visit the hospital this afternoon, and they’ll also hold a meeting in the evening. I’ve already declined the request to attend the meeting for you. Those people are so insensible! They wanted you to sit the meeting through in your wheelchair! That’s ridiculous! But I can’t stop them from visiting you. This hospital is funded by the Martialist Association, so it’s impossible for me to stop them. You just need to lie in bed.”

“... Thank you,” Valkries said in a way an ordinary man would normally speak in this situation.

“You’re welcome,” the male said with a smile. “By the way, you must be bored. The Association didn’t send your cell phone here. Do you want to watch TV?”

Cell phone? TV? What were they?

Nonplussed, Valkries did not answer.

The doctor took her silence as a yes, so he picked up a square box on the nightstand, pointed it at a blackboard on the wall, and fiddled it.

Soon, light escaped from the blackboard!

“Now, you take a good rest,” Dr. Gao said as he waved his hand and withdrew from the room with the female.

Valkries goggled at the screen and almost lost herself.

*How did they... do this?*

The image on the blackboard changed. Everything was so lifelike. Valkries would not have been so surprised had the blackboard been a magic artifact, but this object was non-magical. She could not sense any fluctuation of magic power from the blackboard.

It took Valkries a while to get used to it.

She also discovered that the content of the television had something to do with the little square box. The image would change if she pressed the button on it.

If her assumption was correct, these contents might be closely related to this world.

This was an effective way to get to know about this world.

While Valkries was flipping through channels, she captured one strange word, “the Martialist Association.”

Based on what the male had told her, she was also a member of the Association, or more precisely, they assumed that she was a member of the Association.

She saw a crowded square on the television. The picture was shot from above. Perhaps, someone videotaped the scene with some magic artifact like a Stone of Flight.

“This is the third day since the attack at the Prism City. Firefighters are still rescuing members and cleaning up the debris.”

“The Association has confirmed the death toll. The victims’ identities still remain unknown at this point.”

“During the whole rescue process, many martialists displayed courage and sense of responsibilities. They went down to the evacuation exits to look for those being trapped.

“The Chief Disciple of the Defender Rock, Ms. Lan, was killed in action.”

“When she entered Exit 4, she was attacked by the Fallen Evils. To protect her peers...”

Valkries did not hear a single word said by the reporter.

Her attention was caught by the image on the “blackboard”.

Valkries was shocked. *“Why, why do I see those strange and familiar faces in the Realm of Mind?”*

Wasn’t the Cloud School... already disbanded?

### **Chapter 1235: The Cloud School**

Valkries shook her head and forced herself to calm down. She was certain that the Cloud School was gone. After their kind occupied the northwest of the Land of Dawn, Valkries visited the mountain where the school used to be situated every 100 years and would stay at the ruins of the school building for a couple of days every time she went there.

Because she used to be one of the students in the school.

She had learned how to connect to the Realm of Mind and also about human beings on that mountain. Her teacher was the “Transformer”, Heathtalese, who was also an Upgraded.

Heathtalese was not exceptionally powerful. In fact, she was even weaker than a relatively strong Inferior Demon. Because of this, the clansmen treated her with utter contempt. However, Valkries knew

that the upgrade ceremony had nothing to do with fighting capacity. Heathtalese had successfully merged with magic stones three times, and she was a genius Upgraded in every aspect.

As her title suggested, the Transformer had obtained the ability to transform after merging with her second magic stone. Hence, she rarely revealed what she truly looked like. Most of time she disguised herself as a human. Since she could speak the human language fluently, many people would think that she was human at first.

Lan on the television was the identity she had used most often.

Valkries stared at that familiar face, and her thoughts strayed back to 1,000 years ago. Although the woman's countenance and clothes were slightly different, Valkries was sure it was the same face.

If the founders of the Cloud School were aliens among humans, then the "Transformer" was an alien among her clan. Heathtalese did not really care about the fighting capacity that her magic stones would afford her, but she had a devouring curiosity about everything unknown. The "Transformer" was also the first person that made the initial contact with the Cloud School.

At that time, rumors about the Battle of Divine Will had been spread throughout the whole clan, and they had viewed the mankind on the Land of Dawn as their potential enemies.

Valkries was very grateful to her first teacher who had taught her so many things. She did not disdain Heathtalese because the latter was not good at fighting. Valkries knew very well that the "Transformer" had had a more profound understanding of the Realm of Mind as well as the Origin of Magic than anyone else in the clan. She had written dozens of books, half of which provided guidance to the later generations and helped them go through the upgrade ceremony. She was what human beings called a "mentor" for most of the clansmen.

In fact, the "Transformer" was probably the first person who had made an attempt to merge with four magic stones.

Had she succeeded, she would have become the first "Senior Lord" of the clan. At that time, there had been very few Inferior Demons, let alone a Senior Lord.

Unfortunately, the "Transformer" had failed. She had been devoured by her own magic power, without leaving the slightest trace behind her.

Valkries remembered that day because she had been right beside the Transformer at that time. She had witnessed how the "Transformer" gradually had fallen apart and collapsed. That was also why Valkries felt that the "Lan" on the television was a little unfamiliar. She had never seen two people that looked so alike over the past 1,000 years.

Valkries had asked the Transformer why she wanted to present herself in this way, for she believed that the face she had created did not belong to any prominent historical figures.

Heathtalese's answer, however, was incomprehensible.

She said this was the face of an apostle.

As for who the apostle was, the Transformer did not know either. When she dived into the Realm of Mind, she sometimes could feel an entirely different strand of mind. It was whispering, but she had never officially met it. Nevertheless, the Transformer later remembered what it looked like.

The Transformer also said that if she could stabilize herself in the chaotic Realm of Mind, she would be able to connect to that whispering sound. Unfortunately, she was not powerful enough to do so.

Valkries did not understand what that meant at that time, for she had just upgraded and known nothing about the Realm of Mind. In other words, the Transformer was a pioneer in the exploration of the Realm of Mind. The king, as a matter of fact, had not marked out its own territory in the Realm of Mind until the night before the second Battle of Divine Will.

Valkries had also asked the king whether he had seen that apostle, but the king denied.

Therefore, there could be two possibilities.

One was that this world belonged to the apostle "Lan". However, according to the news on the television, Lan was dead. That did not make sense, for the creator of a territory would never die or leave the Realm of Mind.

The other was that the Transformer had returned to the Realm of Mind before being devoured by her own magic power and had thereby created her own territory. This theory might explain why the presence of Lan did not raise any suspicions, but it failed to explain the strange surroundings.

Valkries had wanted to leave this weird place as soon as possible in the beginning, but now she changed her mind.

She was concerned about what the Transformer had said when the latter had failed her fourth upgrade. The Transformer had said that even if they won the Battle of Divine Will, they would not gain the Divine Domain. Valkries wanted to know what had made her mentor say this.

Perhaps, this was an opportunity for her to find out the reason.

...

Roland yawned as he drove his mini van on the 2nd ring highway.

Although he pressed hard on the gas and the engine also roared, he still fell behind from other vehicles.

"What's wrong? You didn't sleep well?" Garcia, who was now sitting in the passenger seat, asked. For some reason, Roland felt that Garcia had become much more polite to him since she had stayed over at his place that night.

"It's my day off. I planned to sleep in. Thanks to the Association, I have to get up early again," Roland complained, unable to help himself. He was very tired after the meeting regarding the immigration policy. As time in the Dream World traveled three times faster than that in the real world, he had decided to take a good rest in his dream. It would not only save him a lot of time but would also give the Taquila witches an opportunity to enjoy themselves.

Now, the witches could have fun on their own.

Also, apart from entertainment, the ancient witches also shouldered the responsibility of searching for the magic creatures that had appeared during the Erosion. Roland remembered that Lan had told him that the God was watching this world. To eliminate the threat and reach God's territory, the most effective way was to kill the Fallen Evils and use their power to expand the Dream World.

However, the reality was always cruel. Garcia had called him at noon and informed him that he had to visit the survived Association members in the hospital. All the celebrated martialists and the executives would be there.

Roland had intended to decline, as he had thought it was simply Garcia's own idea. He had not anticipated, however, that it was a request from the Association and that the Association had appointed him, a licensed hunter, instead of Garcia.

"The Association wants to re-establish confidence in the Prism City after this massive attack," Garcia commented while raising her brows. "I believe what they really plan to do is to hold a conference in the evening."

Roland fell silent. It was not enough to calm down the public by just visiting patients. What they needed to do now was to display their power and fight back. In consideration of that, the meeting in the evening must have something do with the magic creatures.

This provided Roland with a perfect opportunity to conduct his own search.

### **Chapter 1236: Striking Similarities**

About 20 minutes later, Roland reached his destination.

He looked around but did not find any building that resembled a hospital. Instead, what he saw were several splendid, magnificent modern edifices.

"Right here," Garcia said with a nod.

"Are you sure?" Roland asked a little suspiciously as he drove toward the entrance, and then he noticed a name plate that read, "Green Meadow Sanatorium".

"Of course. Everybody was as surprised as you when they first came here."

A few burly guards wearing sunglasses and suits soon approached them and surrounded the car. One of them knocked on the window and said, "Sorry, this is a private premise. You can't park here."

Roland twitched his lips. Oi, oi, why was he always treated as crap? He was not here to park the vehicle but to visit patients. What was the problem with driving a mini van?

When Roland was about to display his hunting license, Garcia rolled the window down and handed them a card. "It's a new vehicle, so we haven't registered it yet. Please register it."

The guards was stunned for a moment before they took the card and cast a few suspicious glances at the car. They then returned to the monitoring room. When they came out again, they spoke to them in a completely different manner. "My apology, Miss Garcia. You registered another car before, so we..."

“Isn’t it normal to switch a car?” Garcia interrupted him politely.

“Yes... of course,” the guard agreed immediately and then looked at Roland. “May I know who this gentleman...”

“My chauffeur.”

There was an awkward silence. It was a few minutes later that the chief finally realized his mistake and said, “I see. I’ll add the new license plate for you.”

A moment later, the gate was open, and Roland released the clutch and shuffled his vehicle into the sanatorium.

He could see the incredulous look on those guards’ faces.

A martialist who asked her chauffeur to drive a battered mini van... Garcia was probably the most shabby martialist they had ever known.

“I thought you never lied.”

“That’s because you don’t know me,” Garcia returned while shrugging. “I’m not that inflexible. It doesn’t hurt to lie a little bit here and there. Plus, you’re a member of the Association. You just haven’t got your identity card yet.”

“The hunting license doesn’t work?”

“Licensed hunters should keep their identity confidential, although there are a few exceptions. It’s the total opposite of celebrated martialists.” Garcia said solemnly, “The hunting license does show that the Association trusts you, but it also means a high risk. Many licensed martialists who exposed themselves have been besieged by Fallen Evils.”

This meant that if he revealed his identity as a licensed martialist, many Fallen Evils would come after him.

However, for the safety of Zero and other residents in the apartment building, Roland thought he’d be better not do so.

After his meeting with Lan, he could not view people in the Dream World as mere fictitious characters anymore.

Roland found the sanatorium was well facilitated. It was not very large, but it basically had everything, including a handsome garden, waterfalls and bridges. There were also signs that pointed out the direction to the hot spring, the swimming pool, and the golf court. It was more like a luxurious resort than a sanatorium.

Roland was deeply impressed.

Even though he was now the King of Graycastle, he had never thought of building a hospital like this.

The hospital building was at the center of the sanatorium. Its shiny, sparkly glass wall reminded Roland of a high-end hotel.



Roland and Garcia went into the hall, and soon a brawny man strode up to them. He was around 40, with dark skin, his martialist cloak whipping behind him. Roland immediately sensed his Force of Nature when the martialist was still around 10 meters from him.

"This is my master's master," Garcia said in a low voice and then bowed her head. "Mr. Defender..."

"I'm sorry about Lan," Rock said heavily as he slightly crouched down and patted Garcia on the shoulder. "It was my fault."

A little downhearted when hearing Lan's name, Garcia shook her head and said, "This wasn't your fault, sir. She always said to me that a martialist should devote himself to fighting the Erosion. If he's scared, he doesn't deserve to be an Association member."

"You're a good student," Rock sighed. "Don't worry. The invaders will pay for that."

"I'm also willing to help fight the Erosion."

Rock nodded in approval before he rose and looked toward Roland. "You should be that famous Fallen Evil hunter, Mr. Roland. Nice to meet you. I'm one of the four Defenders of the Prism City, Rock."

"Nice to meet you," Roland returned courteously and shook Rock's hand.

"I have to thank you for easing the tension between the traditional and modern martialists," Rock said frankly. "I hope you could still continue to protect this world."

"The honor is mine," Roland said resolutely.

He could not tolerate anybody that dared to destroy his Dream World.

Roland's promise greatly cheered Garcia up. She was very proud that Roland had finally decided to take some social responsibilities.

The visit started at 3:00. There were around 20 people, all led by Rock. Apparently, not all the executives of the Prism City attended this event except a few representatives, including the celebrated martialist Fei Yuhan.

If truth be told, Roland was a little afraid of that genius girl. He remembered that during the joint mission last time, he had asked Ling to knock out all the survivors. However, Fei Yuhan overheard their conversation and started to suspect his true identity. Roland had resolved to deny the fact, but to his surprise, Fei Yuhan did not ask him about anything. Yet Roland was certain that she still remembered that incident.

Therefore, he managed to keep a distance from Fei Yuhan and remain silent. Fortunately, Fei Yuhan was very popular and was always surrounded by a lot of people, so she did not get a chance to speak to Roland.

They shook hands with patients and said a few encouraging words. Since Garcia was not with Roland, and he was just a newbie in the Association, few executives knew him. As such, Roland simply followed the others and waited to be introduced. This was probably also the Association's intention of bringing him here.

“The next patient is Valkries,” the doctor said as he peered down the list. “She was severely injured. We should have let her rest, but since you’re already here, let’s say hello to her. Please keep quiet after you get in.”

“We will. We believe that the health of the Association member is the most important,” Rock said as he gave a nod of approval and then pushed open the door.

There was only one patient in the room. The room was a lot larger than Roland’s apartment and could easily accommodate 20 people. Roland was the last to enter, and he waited to shake hands with her as usual.

However, Roland was shocked when he saw her.

It was a familiar face. The patient has thin, slender brows, a pair of cold eyes, a tall nose and beautiful lips. It was a beautiful and delicate face, even though her skin was blue. In fact, she looked even more attractive with pale blue skin.

For quite a while, Roland stood rooted to the ground. Then, he started to search his memories.

He remembered the memory fragment in the apartment building.

It recorded an upgrade ceremony held in a demon’s city, and the host was exactly this Valkries!

Roland had almost thought that the Senior Demon had infiltrated the Dream World and invaded this world through the memory fragment!

Shocked and dismayed, Roland studied the patient attentively and then found that she was a little different from the person he remembered.

The biggest difference was that the patient in front of him did not have a third eye on her forehead.

### **Chapter 1237: Observation**

Roland was positive that the Senior Demon he remembered was, at that time, standing on a platform and teaching two upgraded demons fighting techniques. Her white muslin clothes swirling behind her formed a glaring contrast with the churning Red Mist pond down below, and her third eye on the forehead was glistening. He would never forget such an incredible scene.

Although the patient did not have that distinctive third eye, she, for some reason, resembled that Senior Demon. Roland was thus aroused by this demon martialist named “Valkries”.

When it was his turn to shake hands, Roland did not leave immediately but stopped at her bedside.

“Are you living in the modular apartment?”

Everyone, who was about to withdraw from the room, was all taken back as Roland spoke.

Valkries remained expressionless. After a moment of reflection, she shook her head.

Roland remembered that the female demon was actually a lot older than Zero, so she should not be one of Zero’s captures.

“Do you have a twin sister by any chance, or someone who looks like you?” Roland pursued as he pointed at his own forehead. “For example, someone with an eye on her forehead?”

The crowd was stirred. The Defender coughed in embarrassment and reminded promptly, “Mr. Roland.”

“Just a minute,” Roland said as he waved his hand. “You just reminded me of someone I know.”

Valkries spoke in the same indifferent manner, “No.”

“How could that be possible? I’ve never seen anyone on the Cargarde Peninsula who has a third eye,” someone mumbled. “There are people who have three fingers though.”

“Alright...” Roland conceded but suddenly burst out boldly, “Charita!”

Valkries, however, did not respond at all as though still in a daze.

If Valkries was a demon from the other world, she should have understood the demon language and had some reaction.

It appeared that she really had nothing to do with that Senior Demon Roland knew.

Roland shrugged, extended out his right hand and said, “I hope you feel better soon, return to the Association, and fight the Erosion together.”

She hesitated for a second and slowly stretched out her hand.

The moment the two hands touched each other, Roland could not help uttering a surprised exclamation.

The Defender asked a little irritably, “What’s the matter?”

“Her hand is so cold... and a little wet as well.”

The onlookers gaffawed. Roland could hear them comment derisively under their breath.

“Frivolous.”

“Why did they pick such a brainless young man as the representative of the traditional martialists?”

“There, there. The patient needs some rest. Let’s visit the next one,” the doctor said while shaking his head. “What a mess...”

Roland shrugged. As the creator of the Dream World, he did not really care about what other people thought of him. Since he could not get anything out of Valkries, there was no point in continuing to stay here. He thus cast Valkries one last glance and left the room.

...

Valkries was still in a shock after everyone left.

She had just experienced the most difficult 15 minutes in her life. She had never thought that one day, she would exercise all her effort just to keep her face straight. It had almost cost all her energy.

When that man came up to her, Valkries felt all her blood within freeze. She would never forget that person. In the memory of the Silent Disaster, she had seen the exact same person stand on the other side of the legacy shard, watching the Silent Disaster being besieged by tentacles.

She had not only been watching but also experiencing it herself. Therefore, she had also been somewhat affected by the Silent Disaster's emotions. As Valkries had also been quite shocked and flustered at that time, she immediately associated Roland with the man in the Silent Disaster's memory when she saw him.

Her previous assumptions were all wrong, and she had to admit that there was a third possibility. The quaver of the Realm of Mind told her something. She had been on the right track, and this world was created by that man. In other words, Roland was the creator of this territory.

Had she met Roland in the real world, she would have immediately killed him. Like most of the upgraded demons, Valkries also possessed extraordinary fighting capacity. No matter how powerful Roland was, she would make every effort to finish him.

Nevertheless, things were a little different in the Realm of Mind. According to the king, nobody could kill him in his own territory. The king was an omnipotent and omniscient sort of existence that was almost like God to her. The king could be exaggerating, but Valkries did not dare take a chance.

She knew very well that she could encounter something worse than death. If Roland also had the ability to probe into her memories, the information she knew may jeopardize her entire clan.

Therefore, she must be extra cautious when dealing with such a tough enemy.

Fortunately, everything was still uncertain. Valkries could tell that Roland was also in the process of figuring out her true identity. He did not have terrifying perspicacity like the king. Valkries was dimly aware that Roland had seen her somewhere. Although she did not know how, his act of demeanor told her that he remembered her.

Most likely he had met her in the other world.

Otherwise, he would not have asked her whether she had seen anybody with a third eye. The third eye on her forehead was actually the magic stone she had obtained during her third upgrade.

Also, the word "charita" meant "hero" in the ancient language.

Valkries stretched out her hand and studied it up and down. She thought of the moment Roland had touched her hand.

Her breath had almost stopped when Roland had uttered the exclamation. Luckily, she had successfully fooled him. Valkries still remembered the purpose of this trip. It was not only a challenge but also an opportunity. She had easily found the key person in the human race. As a male, he had inherited the legacy shard and also repelled the Silent Disaster with his mind. Beyond a doubt, this man possessed a lot of information that the clan did not know. She must get to the bare truth of it.

Valkries was sure that this man created this world to achieve something, just as the king created the Presiding Holy See to better manage his subordinates. She sniffed conspiracies here from the words

“Fallen Evils”, “fight” and “Erosion”. Therefore, she must figure out what kind of schemes this man was planning in the Realm of Mind.

The conference that the doctor had mentioned might provide her a glimpse of what was going on.

Valkries clenched her fist at this thought.

Roland... right?

*Now, I remember you!*

### **Chapter 1238: An Army of One Person**

The conference was held in the hall of the sanatorium.

Almost all of the professional martial artists were invited.

However, Roland noticed that there were only about 300 people attending the meeting, which was significantly lower than the number registered in the Prism City. Apart from those who were injured or killed during the battle, some people had cold feet after the massive outbreak of the “Erosion”.

They were probably amateur martial artists who had recently joined the Association.

Garcia denounced such cowardice and believed that it was an insult to their awakened Forces of Nature. Those people would pay for their cravenness when the Fallen Evils completely overpowered human beings.

Roland consoled Garcia, but he knew the Martial Artist Association was a relatively loose organization. In a modern society like the Dream World, the Martial Artist Association had no authority to bind the martial artists and ask them to tag along.

Roland had anticipated what direction this meeting would go into.

The Defender, Rock, briefly explained the current dilemma the Association was facing. After the attack at the Prism City, more Fallen Evils attacked the Awakened. Although there was no solid evidence at this point, it appeared that the new enemy that appeared in the Erosion had the ability to control Fallen Evils. This meant that the war would enter a new stage. The Martial Artist Association would organize people and repel the Fallen Evils more systematically. In the meantime, the Fallen Evils had also come up with plans to kill martial artists. The situation for human beings was now very critical.

Rock thus suggested that all the martial artists, both official members and newbies, should stay here in this sanatorium until order was re-established in the Prism City, as the sanatorium would afford some protection from their enemies. He also expressed his wish that all the invited martial artists should realize the precarious condition they were currently in and united to fight this battle together.

This was a perfect way to raise the morale among the martial artists. Roland believed that once this information spread, some hesitant amateur martial artists would probably return to the Association.

Whether or not all the people came back depended on the outcome of the battle. If the Fallen Evils outstripped the Association, more people would probably choose to flee.

It was extremely difficult to re-establish confidence.

As Roland had expected, Rock started to discuss the countermeasure.

One strategy was to send for the martial artists from other cities to solve Prism City's lack of manpower.

Secondly, the Martial Artist Contest should continue, in order to attract more Fallen Evils. The government and the executives of the Association had already approved this plan. Once the enemy appeared, they would face the wrath of the Defender and the martial artists.

Thirdly, the Association would set up a patrol team to prevent the Fallen Evils from attacking innocent citizens. Therefore, the martial artists would be divided into several groups, each of which being responsible for defending one area. In this way, they could immediately support each other in the event of an emergency and could also besiege the enemy once they received information from the intelligence agency.

The preliminary counterattack plan was quite conservative, considering that they lacked sufficient information.

The leader of each group could select their own team members, and a heated discussion immediately swept over the hall.

Roland did not want to be assigned to any team. In a sense, he himself was an army, and he did not want anyone to interfere with his magic core collection plan. Fortunately, few people in the Association knew him, so nobody asked him to join their team.

Until Fei Yuhan walked up to him and offered an invitation.

In fact, as the most popular martial artists, Fei Yuhan only invited two people.

But Roland turned her down without the slightest hesitation.

Everyone dropped their jaws, including Garcia. She asked Roland to think it over. It appeared that even self-disciplined Garcia spoke highly of this girl.

It took Roland a while to convince Garcia that he'd be better off fighting alone. The best proof was his previous feats and his hunting license.

The only thing that Roland was concerned about was that the other person Fei Yuhan invited was the demon martial artist, Valkries.

It was 10:00 PM when Roland returned to his apartment.

After Zero went to bed, Roland entered the second floor of the Rose Café through the side door of the warehouse.

More than 50 Taquila ancient witches bowed to him and paid him the highest respect. This was the first time that so many witches had come to the Dream World. The room was packed.

Back in the Union age, a team of 50 combat witches would have been sufficient to conduct a small battle.

“Any luck?”

Roland looked toward Faldi.

“Yes, the flies released by the Bug Nest sensed a few disappearing magic reactions,” Faldi replied as she scrolled down the cell phone screen and showed Roland the map. She was not used to using the digital map, but somehow she managed it. “Normally, this indicates that there are God’s Stones of Retaliation around there, or that our target can hide its magic power. If neither of the two applies, then it would mean that the target is dead.”

“But there’s no God’s Stone of Retaliation in the Dream World, and the Force of Nature isn’t as diverse as witches’ abilities,” Roland said.

“That’s right. So we assume that the Fallen Evils fought with the awakened martial artists. Somebody died and their cores were taken away,” Faldi replied while nodding. “Based on the direction of the magic reaction, they probably went here — ”

She pointed at a pier on the inner river.

It appeared that the river bank was always the first choice of locations to commit a crime.

“Since my flies can’t go that far, I contacted Ling for further investigation. She told me an hour ago that she found many Fallen Evils.”

“Well done,” Roland said with a faint smile. This was the reason he did not need the support of the Association. The Taquila witches could locate the enemies and kill them on their own. “I believe that you’re all ready.”

“Your Majesty, please issue your command,” the witches chorused.

Their morale was high after they had had a good time during the day.

For them, fighting was another way to savor their past.

In addition to enjoying food, using magic was extremely joyous for them.

“Everyone, ready, go!” Roland ordered briskly.

“Yes, Your Majesty!”

### **Chapter 1239: Two Options**

The port was only around 15 kilometers from the apartment. To avoid unwelcome attention, all the witches dispersed and headed in different directions.

Roland was the last to set off. He drove his shabby mini van out of the residential area, with Phyllis and Faldi sitting at the rear.

He had upgraded their equipment after the joint mission organized by the Martial Artist Association. Although the equipment was not as advanced as that distributed by the Association, the appliances he had bought from the market were also quite a good alternative.

The walkie-talkies he had bought from the website were equipped with bluetooth microphones, which enabled the witches to communicate with each other within five kilometers. In reality, however, due to the interference of surrounding buildings and the complicated electromagnetic field, the communication was only effective when the witches were no more than two kilometers from each other. Since the speakers were less than 200 Yuan, and he could receive a discount if he placed a bulk order, Roland decided to equip each of the ancient witches with a walkie-talkie.

At least, the walkie-talkie was more convenient than a cell phone, and it attracted less attention of passers-by.

Roland often saw in a movie where an unexpected call jeopardized the whole mission. He felt it not only stupid but also unrealistic. He definitely did not want to make the same mistake.

Faldi, who had the ability to track people down, naturally became the key liaison person.

“Your Majesty, Betty’s team has reached the port and met up with Ling.”

“Ask them to hide themselves first until the rest of the team arrive,” Roland said without looking backward.

“OK. Dawnen’s team is still on the way and they’ll be there in five minutes, but she doesn’t have much money.”

“Um... ask them who has extra to give to Dawnen.”

“Hold on. Dawnen says that the driver has overheard their conversation and agreed to give them a ride for free.”

“Alright then...” Roland said as he rolled his eyes. Why did nobody give him a free ride?

Five seconds after Faldi hung up, Roland’s phone rang again. “Your Majesty, Twinkle says she has to take a detour. It looks like that she’s not going to the port.”

Roland frowned and asked, “Where is she?”

Before he finished, the phone was hung up abruptly, and Roland heard a loud bang on the other end of the line.

Then there was a series of noises.

Everything fell silent afterwards.

Roland massaged his temple and said, “Well... ask her to take another taxi. Remember to avoid the surveillance camera.”

“Got it, Your Majesty,” Faldi promised.

Around an hour later, all the witches reached the port.

The team that arrived first had already started to eat sunflower seeds.



Fortunately, the Fallen Evils had used the port as their temporary headquarters and did not notice the presence of the witches. They would have probably fled had this been a running fight. Roland suddenly had an urge to purchase more mini vans to avoid such embarrassment.

He cleared his throat and asked Ling, "What are the Fallen Evils doing?"

"Your Majesty, the Fallen Evils are all in the loading area. There are more than 30 of them. Some of their scouts are on the iron boxes outside. We could easily pass them unnoticed under Dawnen's Veil of Invisibility. The lighting condition is pretty good in the area close to the inner river. I didn't want to get too close to it, so I just took a look at the distance. Most of the Fallen Evils are there, but they could go anywhere. If we fight, I can't guarantee that we could capture every one of them."

Ling's ability was to be fused with shadows, and she could hide herself perfectly at night just like Nightingale. In other words, she was the best scout.

Roland said thoughtfully, "Well, in that case, let's lure them out and kill them. Entice them away from the river bank so that they can't flee by water, and then we can surround them."

"It seems feasible in theory, but how to lure them away?" Phyllis asked.

Roland smiled and pointed at himself. "I've heard that the Fallen Evils are attacking martial artists. They have no reason to let me go."

After all the witches disappeared in the darkness, Roland revealed himself and strolled to the dump site, as though he was simply a resident who happened to be having a walk here.

The dump site was dead quiet. The pattering of his footsteps and the humming of insects with which the silence teemed, became extremely audible. Piles of boxes loomed against the soft glow of yellow lights. It appeared that nobody would come to this deep, desolate labyrinth of boxes at this hour.

Dawnen reminded the rest of the team over the cheap walk-talkie that there were a few Fallen Evils lurking at the port.

Apparently, the scouts of the Fallen Evils noticed Roland's Force of Nature and notified their peers. To Roland's surprise, the Fallen Evils did not attack him immediately but watched him amble around the port for a few minutes.

Then, suddenly, the whole port area was as bright as day when the lights at the dump site were turned on!

In the blinding light, Roland saw a dozen people slowly reveal themselves from the shadow. After his eyes were adapted to the dazzling light, he found himself surrounded by the Fallen Evils.

The man, who appeared to be the leader, was wearing a mask with strange patterns on it. He stood out from all the other Fallen Evils. Roland noticed that his mask looked like a gate that was about to burst open.

There were also two men standing next to the leader, who did not look like ordinary Fallen Evils, for their eyes had yet slid out of focus, and they were wearing the clothes distributed by the Martial Artist Association.

“Good evening, poor man,” the leader said in a surprisingly polite tone. “I don’t know what brought you here, but you should know that you have no chance to escape. Rather than waste your time and energy, I would recommend you to first listen to me.”

Roland looked around and saw that there were Fallen Evils in all directions.

“Don’t be afraid. I don’t want to kill you. On the contrary, this may be a very rare opportunity. I just came to this world and I need your help,” the man said as he extended out his hands. “Don’t refuse it right away. Please let me introduce myself. I’m the ambassador of God, Alpha, from what you call the ‘Erosion’.”

Roland should have pretended to be frightened so that they would put their guard down. However, for some reason, Roland had an urge to punch the man in his face and shatter his triumphant, courteous smile.

“So, you’re the monster that invaded the Prism City?”

“Invasion isn’t the exact word, because this place belongs to God,” Alpha said placidly. “Now it’s time to return it. Look, lost man, the so-called martial artists will eventually be defeated and return to nothingness. It’s more advisable to pledge fealty to God.”

“I know it’s hard for you to understand now. We have plenty of time to discuss the true nature of this world. I can show you the benefit you could possibly gain from this deal, apart from those empty promises. I can show you power,” the man said while sticking out one finger. Soon, a flicker of red light ignited his fingertip, and Roland sensed a great fluctuation of magic power. “I can give this power to you, and you’ll become much more powerful.”

“Mr. Apostle isn’t lying,” two men beside the leader rejoined. “We were just awakened, and now we feel that we have tons of energy!”

“And you won’t lose your mind either like those Fallen Evils.”

“What if I decline?”

“Then I’ll have to turn you into one of those monsters. Although they’re relatively weak, they obey me,” Alpha threatened while shrugging. “You can choose between the truth and power and being reduced to an unconscious monster that has an insatiable desire for the Force of Nature. You know which one is a better choice.”

“Your Majesty, everyone is ready,” Faldi whispered over the walkie-talkie.

Roland twitched his lips and said, “Then let me tell you what the true nature of this world is. I create this world, and I won’t give it to anyone. So, you have two options. One is that you give me your cores and die here. The other is that I kill you, and it’ll take me some extra time to collect your cores. Which one do you choose?”

“Stupid man!” the martial artists who had betrayed the Association hollered. “You can kill us just by yourself?”

“No, haven’t you noticed that you’ve been surrounded?” Roland said and snapped his fingers. “Kill them.”

## Chapter 1240: The Witches' War

“Huh? Surrounded? Stop acting. Sir Alpha can sense every single fluctuation of the Force of Nature — ”  
Before the martial artists could finish, a flying box hit him right in the nose. He was thrown into the air and flew backwards, and he stopped dead.

Another traitor gaped at the witches who came out all of a sudden from all directions. Some came down from the sky and some from underneath, but most of them just came out of nowhere, as though they had been waiting for them for quite a long time.

This did not make any sense. Those women were no more than 10 meters from him. Even if they did not possess the Force of Nature, he should have heard their breath and footsteps!

Why did the scout not alarm him beforehand?

But he had no time to think it over.

Instantly, the two parties started to fight.

The quiet port was stirred.

Ling was hiding in the shadow. Light and shadow always came hand in hand. Although the dump site was lit by the street lights, the shadow cast by the boxes created a perfect hiding spot for her.

She had nailed her target already. Those Fallen Evils at the highpoint, which cast a long shadow on the ground and were fused with the darkness, gave her a perfect opportunity to launch an attack. If someone took a peek at Ling from behind, he would be totally shocked. Ling's body had merged into the shadow in the entirety, with only half of her head poking out. Several bubbles escaped from her nostrils silently.

Ling liked submerging into shadows. It was a warmer and more comfortable sensation than bathing in a hot spring. She had thought that she would never be able to have this pleasure again after turning into a God's Punishment Witch, until Phyllis had informed her of this incredible world a year ago.

It was a world of wonder that could bring her back to the past.

Ling had fallen in love with this world the first time she had visited it.

King Roland had transformed from a mortal with a strong personality into the Chosen One, whose authority could not be challenged, despite that he could not activate the instrument. Ling, Pasha and Celine always nagged Roland to take them to the Dream World. Ling had also persuaded Roland to pick her as the guardian of the three witches who were sent to school.

Ling knew that she had demons to kill, but it did not hurt to relax herself every now and then.

Anyone who attempted to cause His Majesty harm or destroy the Dream World was deemed as the mortal enemy of the Taquila witches.

As soon as the command was issued, Ling rose out of the shadow like a ghost and dived a dagger into one Fallen Evil's chest.

Ordinary weapons could not fatally wound a Fallen Evil. Therefore, she had to also inject magic power into it. Ling could feel the Fallen Evil's energy become unstable. It seemed that the two powers were interfering with each other. This proved His Majesty's theory in a way: the Force of Nature and magic power were essentially the same thing. They were both from the "Erosion".

Ling would only need to take out the corrupted core before the Fallen Evil collapsed into a pulp.

The moment that Fallen Evil fell, Ling flew several meters, passed a few boxes, and landed behind another Fallen Evil.

The fight was fierce below.

Soon, she eradicated all the scouts.

Ling stood on the highest point of the dump site and watched the battle from above. All the witches were as powerful as 400 years ago. In fact, they became even faster after receiving intense training after becoming God's Punishment Warriors. Nevertheless, Ling was more pleased with the high morale than their progress in fighting skills.

Betty's immense strength made her temporarily a Transcendent. She held an iron box single-handed and pushed her way through a group of Fallen Evils.

Twinkle and Phyllis were still the best partners. Every time Twinkle blinded their enemies with her ability, Phyllis' Blade Claws would reach the vital parts of the enemy's body.

Dawnen and Rother also did a wonderful job. Ling thought of the fierce battle back in Taquila age. She cast a glance at Roland. Perhaps, Roland did not even realize that the Dream World did not only provide the witches with mundane pleasures but also alleviated their stress.

They had gone through the darkest time of their life in the several hundred years after the fall of the three Holy Cities and the collapse of the Union. Everybody invested all their strength in adapting to their new bodies. The loss of sensations made them gradually forget about life enjoyment. Since they had no clues as to who the Chosen one was, everyone was stressed out. Even though they could switch bodies, their morale decreased every day. Ling had even doubted, at that time, that they would die of pressure rather than be killed by demons.

But the teeming Third Border City injected new hopes into them. They started to discuss which restaurant had the best take-out food, and the lost past gradually came back to them. Even if there were no Dream World, they would still be able to enjoy their life. This was so different from hundreds of years ago.

Ling knew all the other witches felt the same way, and that was why they had such a high morale.

They could not tolerate any Erosions in the Dream World.

She thus leaped into the air, jumped right onto one Fallen Evils, and joined the battle.

The moment Betty threw out the box, Roland dashed forward and struck the leader.

Based on his past experience, Roland knew that it was very difficult to deal with the red and black area and the black tentacles generated by the magic creature. Even witches would find a hard time getting rid of them.

However, the magic creature could not do any harm to Roland. As long as Roland held the leader back, the witches would finish the rest of the enemies off.

As Roland had expected, Alpha could not escape from his clutch, and his contemptuous tone changed.

“You—”

“I told you that I’m the creator,” Roland cut cross him, leaving him no chance to argue. He had already known what the leader was going to say. “I don’t care whether you’re an Apostle or not. I don’t give it a damn!” Roland pushed the man down to the ground and punched him in the face over and over again while mumbling furiously under his breath, until the man’s mask cracked and revealed the astrolabe underneath.

The man’s face was the core.

Roland pulled out the astrolabe immediately.

In a split second, the energy within him erupted from his palm and turned into a dazzling light beam that surrounded the astrolobe. As though attracted by the light beam, the cores of the Fallen Evils all fell off and splintered into thousands of glitters that gradually converged and lit the dark sky.

Roland, once again, felt that this world was changing.

However, this was not the end. The light beam became increasingly brighter and finally enveloped him! Roland felt that something was swarming into his head. An excruciating pain seared through him, and he almost lost his consciousness.

His vision blurred, and everything in front of him was reduced to a snow screen that he usually saw on the television in 70s.

He then heard hissing noises.

On the static noise screen, Roland saw a large pit.