

## Witch 1421

### Chapter 1421: Return

“Living things... What do you mean?” Nightingale frowned. “Are you saying that the God’s Stone in the mines can talk?”

“I haven’t made any discoveries on this for the time being, but while conducting tests in the Hermes God’s Stone mine, I accidentally found a few rats that had been corroded by God’s stones.” Isabella closed her eyes, as though recalling the memories of the past. “Maybe the rats somehow lost their way and scurried down after the collapse of Holy City. No one knows how rats were caught by the God’s Stones, but after having a part of their bodies sink into them, it became as if... as if the two had fused together.”

“Insect larvae wrapped in resin can also be viewed as one entity, but the amber isn’t a living thing,” Roland replied bluntly.

“I know.” Fear flashed past Isabella’s face. “If it was just that, I will never have made such an assertion. The problem is... the rat was still alive. When I got close, it squeaked at me, as though asking me to free it...”

Roland shuddered at her words.

He suddenly understood why she would feel fear.

It was the fear for the unknown.

And she was standing in front of an unprecedented domain.

“... Could it be that the rat was stuck not long before you entered?” Nightingale asked casually, a feint to mask her emotions.

“I observed them for three months and nine days. Their squeaks never stopped.” Isabella sighed. “One day after that, I used a dagger to free one, but I discovered that its stomach and the rest of it was completely empty, so much that the body had withered severely due to the extended period of time. Yet, part of its veins and arteries had merged into the God’s stone.”

*This means that for three months, the one supplying the rat with energy to survive was... the God’s Stone.*

*Seems like I’m still viewing this too simply.* Roland chuckled bitterly. His previous assumption of ‘only living things can gather magic power’ was an erroneous thought from his lack of understanding towards magic power, but Isabella’s discovery had undoubtedly pushed their understanding a large step forward.

“I have seen a record of all living things in the Church once where a few rare plants were able to attach to animals and form an unusual symbiotic relationship. Although we cannot ascertain that the God’s Stone are plants, they are at the very least living things. With this train of thought, the unique appearances of the demons are more explainable. For example the constantly growing obelisk, as well

as the giant monsters beneath the steles. Maybe they are using this to structure their current civilization.”

“The way I see it, demons really enjoy using those stones...” Nightingale spoke thoughtfully.

“It is a pity that my research barely scrapes the surface of this field. Most of it are superficial conjectures and I’m unable to provide you with any substantial assistance.” Isabella lowered her head apologetically. “Not only is the reason for the fusion unsolved, even my transformation of the magic stones can merely turn them into low level magic stones like light stones or shrieking stones—”

“You are gravely underestimating your own discovery.” Roland interrupted. “Ignoring whether the hypothesis on the effects of the ‘wave’ or ‘frequency’ is accurate, just the fact that a Witch is capable of creating a magic stone via her powers is enough to have your name go down in history.”

To say that there were no regrets would be a lie. If Isabella was truly capable of producing powerful magic stones, that signified an unlimited supply and usage of powerful sigils, and Combat Witches would turn into an influential force on the battlefield. But Roland also knew that their exploration into magic power was definitely a long process, and Isabella’s research and actions were merely opening a crack into the door of the field, giving them a glance of the new and broad study. Roland believed that so long as she continued on her research, there was bound to be results with the Witches’ long life expectancy.

After Isabella’s departure, Roland immediately picked up a pen and paper and drafted a telegram to City Hall.

The telegram was a simple sentence: Neverwinter cannot fall, activate all emergency protocols with immediate effect. We shall enter a phase of total war mobilization.

The contingency plans could only activate when the kingdom had sufficient food supplies for the soldiers at the frontlines. And aside from the need to supply the army’s expansion outwards, the industry manufacturing arms also suffered from a food restriction.

Since the beginning of the Battle of Divine Will, he had ordered Barov to draw up a corresponding contingency plan, but to implement it was not easy. From an administrative perspective, only Neverwinter had the appropriate policies and manpower capable of sustaining and executing the plan. The other cities, on the other hand, would face a paralysis after that hard won restoration of order.

Secondly, even if the First Army expanded without restraint, the logistics department would not be able to support them. It was simply impossible to rely on sailboats and domesticated animals to transport goods for hundreds and thousands of people, especially in a cross-border campaign.

If the main battlefield was in the Western Region, the administrative and logistical limitations would not exist—Neverwinter was both humanity’s last stand and the forefront of the battle.

Regardless of the price they had to pay, humanity could no longer take a step back. Even if the enemy were from Sky-sea Realm.

Because they had nowhere to go!

...

“Who’s there?”

Immersed in the Red Mist Pond, Silent Disaster suddenly opened his eyes and looked towards the darkness.

A moment ago, he heard the faintest of movements.

If they were in an ordinary situation, he would definitely not ask any questions. He would attack with his weapon and figure out from there. If it was any Junior Demon or Primal Demon that dared intrude his resting place under such circumstances, being cleaved into two was a deserving outcome.

The reason for Silent Disaster's inaction was that his weapon was no longer by his side.. Only while in recuperation would he remove his armor and weapons.

A figure slowly walked out from the darkness.

"Don't do anything... It's me."

Silent Disaster was startled. The owner of the voice was someone that they had lost communication for a long time—Sky Lord, Hackzord!

Silent Disaster suddenly stood up from the pool and grabbed a piece of white cloth. "Where have you been! Was Mask right, that you had shed your responsibilities and ran?"

"Humph, I'm not surprised by whatever that abnormal freak says. That's the reason why I came to find you alone." Hackzord slowly walked into the pool. That was when Silent Disaster noticed that Hackzord had a large hole in the middle of his chestplate, revealing the flesh wound on his body. Although the bleeding had ceased, the wound had not healed.

"You're... injured?"

With Sky Lord's ability, it was not impossible for him to end up in this state if he had deserted the battlefield.

"I never thought that there will be a day where I will receive your concern." Sky Lord laughed and arduously climbed into the Red Mist Pond. "Rest easy, you will soon know where I have been. But before that, I need you to see something."

"What's that?"

"Focus your attention and relax, close your eyes..."

Silent Disaster wanted to instinctively reject the strange request upon hearing it, but upon staring into the other party's expression that did not leave room for doubt, he suddenly realized something.

It was a state in preparation to enter the Realm of Mind!

He hesitated for a moment, but ultimately closed his eyes.

In that instant, a series of indescribable scenes surged into Silent Disaster's mind! The strange scene on the island, countless confidential letters, the white-robed fellow demon, the large beam of light, and the bottomless pit all flashed past. The final scene that appeared was a blade and a swarm of Nests...

**Chapter 1422: Plan B**

This was—memory extraction!

The only difference was instead of exposing their memories to the King in the Presiding Holy Sea, it was Hackzord voluntarily sharing his memory to him!

Silent Disaster accepted the connection after a long while.

Memories were difficult to be faked and far more precise than a recount. But at the same time, it had its shortcomings, that was the ease of accessing other memories aside from the 'main scenes.' Silent Disaster did not expect Sky Lord to bare open his memories without any defenses to relay the information.

"You—"

"There is no need to speak further." Hackzord's voice was downcast, his actions obviously having exhausted himself. "If I didn't do this, will you even believe everything that I've been through?"

The answer was undoubtedly a no.

A source of magic power that came in the form of an island actually existed near the Blackstone region. Even after going through Hackzord's memories, Silent Disaster still found it somewhat surreal.

"You're able to form your own Realm of Mind domain?" Silent Disaster changed the topic.

Hackzord looked at him with distrust. "I thought you would be more concerned over Valkries's location. But you're right... if I hadn't, I wouldn't be able to transfer my memory to you. When I saw the tree of light, my understanding towards the Realm of Mind suddenly deepened—if not for the interruption by the Sky-sea Realm, I might have taken a step deeper. Of course... Compared to the King's Presiding Holy Sea, my domain is far smaller."

"I see." Silent Disaster sat back in the pool with his back facing Sky Lord. "Indeed, I yearn to know of Nightmare Lord's whereabouts. Even after 'seeing' that piece of paper, I so badly want to look for her in the human kingdom, but my rationality is telling me to refuse you."

"Refuse... What?" Hackzord turned and glanced at the other party's clean back and long blue hair.

"I rarely speak, but that does not mean I don't think," Silent Disaster replied. "Your goal was self-evident the moment you came to look for me first instead of reporting to the King. You wish to stop the Battle of Divine Will, or hope to find out the truth before making a decision. They undoubtedly violate the King's decree, and no different from a betrayal. The King will not let you off once he knows of this. You can't do it alone and require support. So you chose me to help you."

"No, I am definitely loyal to the King!" Hackzord refuted with a whisper, "Since we know that the Battle of Divine Will is all a trap, why are we still throwing ourselves into it helplessly waiting for the destined doom to come? You think that the King will cling to his way obstinately? As long as I can think of a way to contact Valkries, the King will definitely understand what is the right choice, so..."

"No, I am definitely loyal to the King!" Hackzord refuted with a suppressed voice. "Since we know that the Battle of Divine Will is all a trap, why are we still throwing ourselves into it helplessly waiting for the

destined doom to come? You think that the King will cling to his way obstinately? As long as I can think of a way to contact Valkries, the King will definitely understand what is the right choice, so..."

"Damn it, you saw everything?"

"Yes," Silent Disaster admitted. "It was not intentional, but you can't sieve and overlook memories like words. Ever since you left for the Bottomless Land, you already knew that the King will not agree with your actions."

The entire Battle of Divine Will was a lie and the Realm of Mind contained an even deeper and darker secret, which did not conflict with the destruction of the humans and Sky-sea Realm. Assuming that the information on the paper was real, so long as the demons did not combine the legacy shards, the 'upgrade' would never occur, giving them the time to unravel the mystery. Regardless, dealing with anything related to the Divine Will by themselves was safer than leaving it in the hands of the enemy.

Of course, destroying the humans might lead to Nightmare Lord's ultimate demise. But compared to the entire race, a senior lord was insignificant, even if it was Valkries. The King never allowed emotions to cloud his judgment, and everything he did was based on cold logic and rationality.

If they stopped the war, humanity might overcome the race's advantage with their rate of development. This was something Ursrook had stressed and the King would never take the risk—Hackzord was definitely well aware of this.

"If it had been any ordinary time, I would have cut you down and prevent you from running to deliver you to the King for judgment." Silent Disaster sighed. "But seeing that you did everything in hopes of saving Valkries, I will act as though I am unaware of anything."

"Since you understand, shouldn't you do something about it! Also—" Hackzord glanced towards Nightmare Lord's body at the other side of the Red Mist Pond. "Your respect for Valkries is all a lie. Compared to her, your greater wish is to see an empty..."

*BANG!*

Silent Disaster punched the Red Mist Pond, causing a few cracks to appear in the rock foundation and also stopping Sky Lord from finishing his sentence.

"Firstly, your entire plan is built on a piece of paper of unknown origins; although it is definitely Valkries's handwriting, that's all."

"But she foreshadowed the existence of the Bottomless Land."

"And she said that the Deity of Gods isn't safe, but the humans are incapable of stopping us," Silent Disaster replied. "You want me to publicly go against the King based on this piece of paper? In fact, it was already a risk listening to you and acting as though it never happened. If you were in my place, you could never have done this."

"That's not what I meant, we can slow down the pace of the offensive and investigate covertly. As long as Mask doesn't know..."

"That is the second point I was trying to tell you. You returned too late." Silent Disaster interrupted him. "The King gave us a new order, the Western Front will be handled by Mask, and Plan B is being

implemented. You are no longer the commander, in other words, there isn't any Western Front Commander."

"How is that..." Hackzord stood up in the Red Mist Pond abruptly, followed with a pained expression as he held onto his chest.

"You should have felt it right? The ripple from the Realm of Mind," Silent Disaster said indifferently. "In fact, the situation is worse than you think. Not only is Resentful Heart dead, Blackstone Region's defensive line was proclaimed to be breached. In that emergency, the King merged with the core and transformed the city into a new Deity of Gods. Currently, the entire race is migrating here, so everything that you're thinking of cannot be realized. If you want to gain more time, you'll be going against the order, which isn't any different from going against the King openly. So, I am unable to agree to you."

Hackzord realized that the situation had truly developed out of his control. Although the loss of a senior lord was rare, it was not strange for it to occur in war. But he had never expected for the situation to have deteriorated to such a level so suddenly.

*Could it be that the appearance of the Blades... wasn't a special phenomenon?*

He was naturally aware of Plan B—

While researching on the Deity of Gods, Mask had mentioned a crazy war tactic. In the situation where cost was disregarded, they could compress the core and God's Stone mine to the limits and allow the Deity of Gods to reach an alarming altitude. At such a time, the immense weight was sufficient for the entire floating island to turn into a devastating weapon.

When the Deity of Gods plummeted from a high altitude, the effect would be comparable to God's Punishment. Although Hackzord was unaware of how devastating it truly was, according to Mask's words, the land would crumble and produce a cloud of dust capable of blocking out the entire sun and cover a distance of over a thousand kilometers. Lava would seep out of the fissures and spew wantonly, transforming the entire land into a flaming abyss.

One attack would consume a single but precious unit of Deity of Gods. Hackzord thought that the plan would never be implemented, but who knew that the King had agreed to it.

If that was truly the case, his ideas were truly just empty talk.

To disobey the King alone? Although the race's future was unpredictable, his fate would undoubtedly be doomed. There wasn't a second possibility other than being chased by the other senior lords.

"Maybe you're right..." Hackzord lowered himself back down into the pool. "My reasoning wasn't up to date and I almost made a grave mistake. Since we have transitioned into Plan B, I should return to Sky City and follow up with the deployment..."

**BANG!**

More cracks appeared by the walls of the pool.

Sky Lord was startled.

“Are you planning to give up on Valkries?” Silent Disaster stood up and turned to walk towards Hackzord, and looked down at him with chilly eyes, as though if the word “yes” was said, Silent Disaster would unleash a bloodbath.

“I...” Hackzord was at a loss for words.

*I can't save her, but I can't not save her either, how can you be so unreasonable?*

Suddenly, Hackzord felt as though he understood Mask.

“I might be refusing your request, but that doesn't mean I'm giving up on her.”

“What you're saying is...”

“I don't know. But it is because I have no clue as to what to do that requires you to think about it.” Silent Disaster spoke in an unquestionable tone. “Regardless, do not hope that you can get away by running away.”

He retracted the coldness in his words and closed his eyes, whispering, “... Especially after you've given me hope.”

### **Chapter 1423: Probe**

“Be careful! They're charging up again!”

Hearing Fishball's warning, the defensive line composed of less than a hundred men produced the sound of concentrated firing.

Under the intense firepower, the agile monstrous beasts were forced to slow down and slowly crawl under the smoke and flying gravel.

The two 75mm cannons had been waiting for this very moment.

Within a range of a thousand meters, the cannons were astonishingly accurate; their might far stronger than the anti-demon rocket-propelled grenade and could be hailed as the nemesis of the 'stubborn rock monsters.'

The miniature monstrous beasts climbing at the front were the first to be bombarded as their upper bodies were instantly shred into pieces leaving limbs landing a hundred meters away.

After the deaths of a few monstrous beasts, the remaining demons retreated and concealed themselves within the Red Mist again.

But everyone knew that it was the calm before the storm; the monsters could regroup and come back even stronger at any time—from every direction.

This occurred not only in the northern region of the Kingdom of Dawn. From the mountains of the Kingdom of Wolfheart to the Coldwind Ridge at Graycastle, multiple battles occurred simultaneously at every moment. The only difference was the scale of the battle.

The First Army adopted a corresponding countermeasure—larger troops took on the larger enemies, and small numbers of intruders were handled by a smaller group of soldiers. The troops led by Fishball was precisely an assault force meant to make up for the gaps and take care of any that were missed. By relying on the city, they intercepted the demons that attempted to cross over and ensured a foothold for the humans.

Even though Fishball was a low-ranking officer, he was aware that his mission was intimately related to the overall situation. According to the calculations formulated by the higher-ups, the Red Mist produced at Hermes would be enough to envelop the entire City of Glow in a few months. Therefore, fighting in the Red Mist would soon become the norm. The soldiers were required to adapt to the battlefield without the support of the Witches and ensure the day to day operations within the Kingdom of Dawn.

It had to be said that engaging in such battles made them rather passive since no one could predict where the next attack would come from or the manner in which they would enter their warning radius. It was also impossible to establish a fixed defense line along the entire north border of the Four Kingdoms as they lacked the manpower or logistics for such an endeavor. Thus, the higher-ups were caught in a rather helpless situation.

Fortunately, the soldiers became more adept with their weapons. Even with just dozens of men, they were capable of unleashing a considerable amount of firepower in a short time frame. For example, Fishball's small team with four general-purpose machine guns, ten horses and two cannons, were capable of defeating any enemies so long as there were no Senior Demons.

After all, this nearly deadlock situation was due to the fact that the First Army was helpless against the floating island. Even if they forced their way into Hermes Plateau, it was impossible to destroy the moving stronghold. The humans had no choice but to maintain a defensive stance.

The only one capable of threatening the demons was the Aerial Knights formation led by Princess Tilly.

"If I had known this would have happened, I would have joined the Aerial Knight Academy," someone mentioned casually.

"That's enough. The requirements for joining that are too high; do you think it'll be as easy as where we are now, to go through simple training and pass?"

"In fact, joining the First Army is already a praiseworthy thing. My cousin couldn't even join."

"But Princess Tilly is there..."

This sentence incited a moment of silence.

The image of Iron Axe and Princess Tilly appeared involuntarily within Fishball's mind.

The outcome of such a comparison was self-evident...

"Shut your traps!" He expelled the distracting thoughts out of their heads and berated them. "The Aerial Knights might be able to deal with the demons head on, but we are the ones protecting the citizens! The enemies might even come again later, so pay attention to the sentry signals!"

"Yes..." Everyone probably realized how incomparable the two were as they changed topics.



“Captain.” Hanson walked over with his rifle. “A subordinate of mine reported of an inclined position to the west with a good view. It allows monitoring of the enemy and they will have difficulty climbing up. As long as we set up a machine gun there, we will be able to suppress the wall-climbing monsters.”

*At least there are still some reliable people on the team.*

Fishball turned towards the direction pointed to him and quickly came to a decision. “I’ll lead five men over there, I’ll leave this place to you. I’m sure you know when to fight or retreat.”

“You’re going personally?”

“It’s our first time here; I’ll be more at ease taking a look at it myself.”

Fishball knew that the flank was far more important, and was well aware of his vice-captain’s character. Hanson was not only a good marksman, but was extremely reliable and prudent. He was qualified enough to hold the line.

“I understand.” Hanson saluted in acknowledgment of the order.

Fishball nodded and proceeded to pick out five reconnaissance soldiers. Together, they climbed towards the slope.

The bulging region had its similarities with the Northbound Slope. It had a gentle slope before coming to an abrupt cliff that went up almost twenty to thirty meters. The top of the hill was a suitable spot for cover and concealment with the trees and dense vegetation.

The only flaw was the dense mist in the area; the settled Red Mist was static, reducing their field of vision. Although it did not affect any observational activities outwards, being immersed in the Red Mist was not a good experience.

“Light up some fire to disperse the mist, then sweep the surrounding area.” Fishball found a suitable firing position and laid the machine gun down.

It was indeed a prime location with the steep cliff acting as a natural barrier, especially against the monstrous beasts that had no defenses on their backs. Fishball decided to mark the location for future use before any new attack rose.

But after a long time, Fishball did not hear the crackling and burning flames that he had anticipated.

*What’s going on? How long do they need to gather firewood?*

He frowned and yelled out twice, but the forest remained silent without any response.

Fishball suddenly felt something.

*Something’s wrong...*

*Even if there are enemies, they should have at least fired out once.*

Be it Hanson’s subordinate or the six of them, neither party came across any traces of enemies. The sudden silence was too bizarre.

At that very moment, he heard a light ‘rustle’ to his right, as though something had stepped onto grass.

Fishball turned and raised his gun—

A dark figure flashed in front of him and a cold gleam of light pricked his cheek.

*CRUNCH.*

His hand suddenly felt lighter as his weapon was split in two.

A tall 'female' appeared before him. She walked barefooted with light garments as clothes that covered her blue skin. Aside from the sword in her hand, there were no other metallic objects on her body. It was most probably how she was able to sneak forward without a sound.

*It's over.*

That was Fishball's thought.

The humanoid form was the distinctive feature of a Senior Demon, according to the pamphlets handed out by the higher-ups. The more humanoid the demon was, the stronger they were. Aside from her blue skin and tall figure, her facial features bore a striking resemblance to a human. One could only imagine how powerful she was.

Surprisingly, Fishball felt no fear in the face of death. The only thought he had was how to inform his comrades that a Senior Demon had infiltrated their location.

But the sword did not slash his body into two.

The other party took out a piece of paper and threw it in front of him.

"Take this and bring it back. Hand it to the Three Chiefs Witches."

Her intonation was queer and her flow of speech was terrible. But it was clearly human language.

"I don't know who the Three Chief Witches are..." Fishball secretly reached for the pistol at his waist. "And I will definitely not help my enemy—"

"Send it and your companions stay alive." The demon's words caused him to stop. "Since the Three Chiefs are leaders. Bring it back, and people will know."

Then, a purplish portal of magic appeared behind her.

She gradually retreated and disappeared without a trace.

#### **Chapter 1424: Valkries's Speculation**

*Is this... a dream?*

Fishball blinked multiple times. Not only did the Senior Demon spare him, she wanted to communicate with the leader of the Witches?

But the piece of paper and his broken gun were proof that it was not a hallucination.

He lowered himself and picked up the piece of paper—The Senior Demon had not bound it or sealed it with candlewax, revealing the content written on it. Despite knowing that he should not be reading it, he stole a few glances.

*Bottomless Land?*

*Deity of Gods?*

*I have no idea what any of this is about—*

This allowed Fishball to heave a sigh of relief.

Just based on the words written, no one would have ever guessed that it came from a demon.

“That’s right, the others!” He suddenly recalled his missing comrades! It wasn’t time to ponder over the letter!

“Fauch! Cartier! Blanket—!”

Fishball yelled for his companions while staggering towards the forest. Strangely enough, the adrenaline had not set in when encountering the Senior Demon. But after her disappearance, he suddenly discovered that his legs had gone soft and he had to rely on trees to support himself.

After a moment, a weak reply sounded out from deep in the forest. “Captain—Captain, is that you?”

After a short search, he discovered a group of four men. Two others could not be found, as though they had disappeared without a trace.

The slip of paper soon found its way to a high-ranking officer.

Three days later, Fishball was summoned to the City of Glow, by King Roland.

And his mode of transport was actually the Seagull.

He had a faint inkling that the matter was not as simple as a mere letter.

...

“How’s it?” After the questioning, Roland asked Nightingale.

“He was speaking the truth. Your soldier didn’t lie at all.” Nightingale shrugged.

“Is that so...” In all honesty, Roland felt that it was impossible for a front line soldier to fabricate such a story, but due to the peculiarity of the situation, there was no mistake in being cautious. After all, the matter was simply bizarre and inconceivable to him as well. “I will head into the Dream World then, I’ll have to trouble you to take care of me.”

“I’ll still do it even if you didn’t ask.” Nightingale turned and loosened the curtains, dimming the entire study. “You want to meet the demon again?”

It was impossible to hide secrets from Nightingale. After all, she was the one protecting him by his side. She was the only other person who knew where the letter came from. Despite not initiating any queries, she naturally gained sufficient exposure after listening to the conversation between Roland and the

ancient witch. Of course, Roland did not have the intention of painstakingly hiding it from her. His reason for not revealing it to others was mainly to avoid unnecessary worries, especially for Anna.

“The letter previously had failed, Hackzord has returned,” he muttered. “And another powerful Senior Demon has appeared on the battlefield. You saw it for yourself, as long as the two combines their abilities, they are capable of causing great trouble for the First Army. Before that happens, I have to learn of their intent. For this, both the Taquila Witches and Edith have provided tremendous help.”

It could be said that they were in ‘troubled times.’ Neverwinter was under siege, danger was imminent everywhere, and there was the top priority matter of dealing with the two Senior Demons.

“Although that’s the case, the other party is still a demon. You can’t just trust them that easily,” Nightingale warned. “Bring a few God’s Punishment Witch with you, especially Ling.”

“You might not believe me, but I can fight exceptionally well in the Dream World.” Roland looked at the girl almost blended into the darkness and laid down on the sofa. “But you don’t have to worry, I’ll bring a few people with me.”

“Be back soon.”

“Alright, see you in a bit.”

He closed his eyes and allowed sleep to engulf him—

Half an hour later, Roland caught sight of Valkries walking towards Rose Café. He then recounted everything that had happened to Fishball to her.

“... I see.” the other party sipped on her coffee and pondered for a long time. “They... are looking for me.”

Roland was unsure, but sensed that Valkries was acting more and more like a human.

“They? You mean you know who that person is?”

Valkries raised her head and looked at him. “Serakkas—also known as Silent Disaster. But she rarely removes her heavy and thick armor, so it isn’t strange for you to see her as just another higher ascendant.”

Roland was dumbstruck. He knew of the name Silent Disaster from Sylvie, who had noticed this large and powerful Senior Lord back when the Deity of Gods was moving into the Impassable Mountain Range. Through many other reports gathered, he had verified the other party’s identity—one of the few ‘Charita’ of the demon race, she was an extremely gifted warrior and the previous guardian of the legacy shard. Through the shard, he had once crossed paths with her. That’s right, the armored enemy seated on the blackstone throne was Silent Disaster.

But he never expected for the other party to be hiding such an appearance under the armor.

“Are you sure they’re looking for you?” Roland suppressed the shock in his heart. “The letter was indicated to be handed to the Three Chiefs Witches...”

The content within the letter was simple, almost identical to the one Nightmare Lord had handed over; the only difference was instead of demon characters, it was written in human language. What Roland found it hard to understand was what significance it held for them for the leader of the Witches to have the letter?

“It’s normal for you not to understand, because you are not us.” Valkries placed her fork down and sipped on her cup of coffee. “Actually, you just have to view it from a different angle and you can guess their intent. Firstly, the reason for my disappearance is for the investigation of the reason for humanity’s upgrading. If I am still alive, it means that I have to rely on a human’s Realm of Mind domain to continue existing; otherwise, it is impossible for me to maintain my consciousness for this long under the attack of the Realm of Mind, much less being able to send the letter out.”

“And the most probable person to interact with the Realm of Mind is a Witch?” Roland asked.

“Of course, there’s you,” Valkries frankly said. “But considering that I am able to send the letter, it is even more probable that I am relying on a Witch—Hackzord must have guessed that I was able to convince a few Witches and reached a consensus for the first letter to appear. Provided that you are the one I convinced, it would be easier for you to surrender on behalf of the humans. There won’t be a need for this trouble.”

“What you’re actually saying is... control, right?”

“Don’t mind the fine details.” Valkries did not refute his words. “In a way, a relationship formed by persuasion is firmer than one of control, because the latter is a unilateral action, while the former is a concept encompassing both parties.”

Roland suddenly recalled Agatha’s words where a few humans actually became followers of the demons in the first Battle of Divine Will... He shook his head and turned his thoughts back to the main topic. “But even so, they are unable to verify which Witch you’re relying on.”

“That’s right. But it definitely wasn’t easy to deliver a piece of paper from Graycastle to the Kingdom of Wolfheart, especially in war time. The person who succeeded in doing so cannot be a nobody. She must have figured that the person wields a considerable influence in the human kingdom, or is extremely astute on information. So her choice in handing the letter over to the witches is the most reasonable choice. This will allow importance to be attached to the letter, and the sender of the letter will come to know about it.”

At this point, Valkries paused for a moment. “Aside from that, don’t you think that this letter is too simple? There wasn’t even an envelope and anyone could have gone through the content. Doing so will prevent the Three Chiefs from concealing the matter, and the Witch that I have convinced will be able to learn of the letter sooner or later—and once she finds out, I will know about it too.”

Roland suddenly realized that the words of the letter was not the main point, but the actions on how the letter was delivered by Sky Lord and Silent Disaster was. Compared to the content, the matter of a Senior Demon giving a letter to a human was unprecedented and could never be concealed. He believed that in a few days, Fishball’s encounter would have spread among all the troops.

"I admit that doing this requires a bit of luck. But it has to be said, they chose the best course of action. Also, they are really fortunate..." Valkries pointed to Roland, then to herself. "You see, don't I know about it already?"

"Based on your explanation, I do understand where they are coming from." Roland leaned forward and took a deep breath—He knew the next question was the one of importance. "Tell me, why do you think they are looking for you?"

#### **Chapter 1425: "Close your eyes"**

"To be honest, I don't know." Valkries eyes never strayed away. "This has gone beyond my expectations. That's what you're more concerned about, right?"

Roland tacitly agreed. He discovered that Nightmare Lord possessed an indescribable insight towards the minds of humans. Even in the Martialist Association, she was well received by everyone and blended in well. It was useless trying to act muddle-headed in front of her, and the most effective form of negotiation was to be direct.

According to her previous conjecture, the appearance of the Deity of Gods meant that the Sky Lord had made a decision. Since he had persuaded the King for the Deity of Gods, it had severed all possibilities of working together. Unless the gigantic floating island was destroyed, there was no room for regret.

"Reasonably, Hackzord's prudent nature will always focus on the frontlines. As long as you display sufficient strength, he will not take action." It looked as though Valkries was thinking aloud, yet at the same time figuring out the doubts in his heart. "Now that he's being out of character, and with Serakkas forming some sort of understanding with him, it is natural that you're wary. But..."

"But what?"

"What if the situation has changed?" She shrugged. "The world has changed, no matter how appropriate the choice, all our conditions have turned meaningless. I can only guess that there might be other factors at play that changed Hackzord's original intent."

"But you don't know what that is."

"That's right, if even you have no clue as to what that is, it is impossible for me to know." Valkries drank another mouthful of coffee. "If we do not ask him, nothing will come out from our guesses here."

"So you want to write another letter?"

"That is indeed a way, but the time between the doubts and our interaction will be too long. And the conditions might change at any given moment. All of these uncertainties have brought uncertain risks."

After a moment of silence, Roland looked at Valkries in an amused manner. "Are you trying to guide my thoughts?"

"The decision has always been in your hands." The latter's expression was surprisingly calm.

“...” Roland did not answer immediately and merely shrugged his shoulders and changed the topic. “Right, why do you only talk about Hackzord and rarely about Silent Disaster? Can she not be one of the ‘uncertain elements?’”

“Because I know her.” Emotions stirred within Valkries eyes. She turned and looked out of the window. “To convince Hackzord requires a great deal of reasoning, but it is impossible for her. As long as she knows that I’m alive, she will not stay idle.”

...

Deity of Gods, at the bottom of the Red Mist Pond.

“Will doing this really work?” Silent Disaster stared at Sky Lord who was recuperating with his eyes closed in the pool.

“Maybe, maybe not.” After days of recuperation, Hackzord had almost fully recovered. “But since you can’t think of a better idea, we can only try our luck.”

He knew very well that if he wanted Silent Disaster to stand by his side, he needed to resolve the two reasons for her refusal. He was unable to stop the order of Plan B and did not dare openly rebel against the King; therefore, the only breakthrough was the ‘letter.’

A piece of paper and a few words were far too sloppy, but what if there were more words and information? If it succeeded and they were able to communicate with the Nightmare Lord, Silent Disaster would become his greatest trump card.

For this plan, not only did Hackzord allow his capable subordinate, Siacis, to personally monitor rumors floating around the north of the Kingdom of Dawn, he also sent out two nobles, one to the foot of Mount Hermes and the other to Everwinter’s borders, in hopes of receiving a reply.

The plan was akin to casting a wide net into the sea, and it being heavily reliant heavily on luck increased the uncertainties involved. However, Hackzord had no other choice. He could not expose the existence of that witch’s existence and cause Valkries to lose her connection and become completely lost in the Realm of Mind. If that happened, they would no longer be able to obtain replies for a chance to ambush the humans.

But Hackzord did not harbor any hope for any end results.

Since the message sent required time and the King’s second Deity of Gods was moving towards the Fertile Plains. Once Plan B was activated, there was no turning back.

“Aside from that... Instead of being focused on this, why not pay attention to Mask?”

“What’s wrong with Mask?” Silent Disaster frowned.

“I don’t know... I feel that his reaction is somewhat strange.” Hackzord shook his head. It was impossible for his return to be hidden from Mask, but after earning the role as the Commander of the Western Front, Mask did not bother about his long disappearance or suggest for him to report to the King. If it were in the past, Mask would had used this opportunity to suppress Hackzord instead of letting the chance slip by.

“Master Sky Lord!” Right at this time, Siacis suddenly ran into the rock cave. “There has been activity with the humans!”

“That fast?” Hackzord was shocked. “What did you observe?”

He did not reveal his thoughts to anyone else aside from Silent Disaster and Siacis was no exception. His order to his subordinate was to report anything unusual about the humans.

“A human male has erected a flag on the hillside which you requested for us to observe, and he’s alone.”

Erecting a flag but not occupying the territory, that was extremely unusual!

Hackzord couldn’t help but exchange looks with Silent Disaster.

It had only been five days since they sent out the message, and was far from the half month that he had anticipated. This only proved one thing; not only did the Witch hold a powerful position, her authority was close to the top. Otherwise, it would have been impossible for the message to be delivered so quickly.

“Any movements on the Eye Demons?”

Although Witches were unable to enter Red Mist regions, he had prepared a Symbiotic Eye Demon for Siacis for safety reasons. After suffering the long distance attack by the blonde witch the last time, it had left a trauma in him.

“What was sensed was a human male without any magic power and should be a scout for the humans. Presently, there has been no sightings of any magic power observers.” Siacis hesitated for a moment. “My lord, what are you cautious about?”

“I will tell you everything when it’s over.” After Siacis’s departure, Hackzord turned to Silent Disaster. “Do you want to go?”

“Is there a need to ask?” The latter had already donned on her helmet.

...

After stepping through the Distortion Door, Silent Disaster slowly walked towards the soldier under the flag.

This time, she did not conceal herself intentionally, allowing the soldier to notice her.

Silent Disaster recognized him.

He was the one who had delivered the previous letter.

The scene was a rare sight. The human did not scream, run, or put up a desperate resistance; instead, he waited quietly for her to approach. Although his breathing was clearly somewhat chaotic, he did not retreat a step.

When the two came face to face, he spoke.

“I’ve delivered the letter, where are my companions?”



“They are alive. Return, I will release them.”

The man nodded, then took out a new piece of paper and handed it over.

Silent Disaster’s eyes immediately constricted.

It was the same as the first letter, written in their language with Nightmare Lord’s obvious style.

But the content was brief; it was only a single sentence.

*“Focus yourself, and close your eyes.”*

## **Chapter 1426: Converging**

*Enter... the Realm of Mind here?*

Silent Disaster was shocked.

She was not Hackzord and had difficulty establishing a connection with the Realm of Mind without the Birth Tower. Even if it was an ephemeral connection to the Origin of Magic, it was extremely unlikely for her to be able to find Valkries in the vast darkness.

*Why did Nightmare Lord send out this message?*

She looked around. The entire hilltop was quiet and the Eye Demon had not produced any warnings. Even the lone soldier standing in front of her came empty handed and did not carry the firearms they were so proud of.

*Well... I’ll have to try it then.*

She figured it was fine if it failed; she could seek Hackzord out for help.

Having made her decision, Silent Disaster slowly closed her eyes and attempted to find the slightest bit of fluctuation. Right at this moment, an extremely powerful force enveloped her! The overwhelming sensation shocked her as she tried to struggle free, but to no avail. As though stuck in a quagmire, the barrier between both worlds became like bubbles, as though she could immediately connect to the Realm of Mind effortlessly! Even though her eyes were closed, she could sense the surging magic power around her—

It was an experience Silent Disaster had never felt.

She had never experienced such an effect even when meditating close to the Birth Tower!

Even the misconception that she was being upgraded surfaced from the bottom of her heart.

But the sensation was fleeting.

Before being able to process her thoughts, everything became quiet once more.

But it was not the same as before—Silent Disaster felt a faint buzzing sound ahead of her, and at the same time it came with a faint breeze. The wind was extremely dry, yet calm and steady, as though

there were very slight fluctuations. She was unable to recall a similar scene in her memories that had spanned centuries.

Silent Disaster opened her eyes.

She discovered that she was in a small building which had poor natural lighting, but it wasn't pitch black. A gigantic magic stone overhead emitted a bright light, illuminating the corners of the room adequately.

The thing that buzzed and produced the warm wind was a strange instrument hung on the wall. It was not made out of wood or metal but something in between. The artificial production of wind was astonishing.

*Is this... the Realm of Mind?*

*Why haven't I ever seen such a thing?*

"Is she the one you're looking for?"

An unfamiliar voice suddenly sounded out from behind her.

Silent Disaster immediately reached out for her sword and turned—

"Hi, it's been a while, Serakkas."

Silent Disaster stood agape.

It was not a reunion after being separated for a long time. Everyday, she would see the other party in the Red Mist Pond, but at that moment, she finally understood the difference between the two. The faint smile, the bright and lively eyes, as well as the familiar voice... All the fine details brought about ineffable emotions and caused ripples in her heart.

"Lord Valkries..."

"To hear that from you truly brings me back." Nightmare Lord smiled faintly. "But you're already a senior lord and on the same rank as me. There is no need to use the old titles."

"What is going on here—" Serakkas was suddenly stumped, because she noticed the male human beside Nightmare Lord! He bore the exact same resemblance as the human in the Divine Land who had attacked her coldly! "So this man has taken you hostage?"

"Do you feel that way?" Valkries answered with a question.

"..." Silent Disaster held onto her sheath, but found it difficult to draw out her sword.

*Indeed, the two had appeared at the same time and did not harbor any malicious intent. Could it be... that he is the human whom Nightmare Lord convinced?*

"Welcome to the Dream World. Let me introduce myself. I am the King of Graycastle, and the leader of the Witch Union, Roland Wimbledon." The other party extended a hand forward.

"You speak my language?" Silent Disaster was in disbelief.

"You want to hear more of it?" Roland slowly repeated himself.

At this point, Silent Disaster realized that the language spoken by the human king was not of their race, but an extremely strange language. Yet, she was able to understand him!

In other words, regardless of what language the three spoke, they were able to understand each other clearly.

“You can treat it as a form of psychic communication. In all... they are just minor details.” Roland extended his hand in an inviting manner. “To be honest, to facilitate this meeting wasn’t easy, so we have to cherish the time we have and focus on resolving the problem. Come, let us eat while we talk.”

*Eat... while we talk?*

*Imbecile, does he not know that higher ascendant has no need to eat and drink?*

Valkries must have endured him for long enough.

But to her surprise, Nightmare Lord gladly sat at the table and picked up an exquisite cup in front of her.

*Eh...*

In a daze, she followed and sat down.

“Time is of the essence, but if we don’t even have the most fundamental trust, everything that follows will be pointless.” Roland went straight to the point. “In this short span of time, it will be difficult for me to make you believe, so Valkries will be responsible for answering your queries.”

“That is for the best.” Valkries gave Roland a profound look. “I have many questions for her myself.”

Following that, Nightmare Lord gave an account of how she entered the Dream World and everything that she encountered, without mentioning anything about the Western Front. Silent Disaster more or less understood her experience after getting lost in the Realm of Mind, but it was merely an understanding. As everything was still too inconceivable, she found it hard to understand how a powerless human male was able to gain the favor of the Realm of Mind.

“So... this is where the human’s new legacy comes from?” Silent Disaster found difficulty in opening her mouth.

“You can say that,” Roland answered. “But I would like to treat this place as a complete world of its own, and like ours, it faces the incoming threat from God, a world on the brink of crisis.”

She was unwilling to put her trust in humans, but there were things that were the truth, for example the Realm of Mind domain being called the Dream World. As she looked out of the window pane, she discovered the surprisingly large world outside that seemed endless. Ignoring the assumption on whether God would destroy the Dream World, just from the scope of the world, it was far larger than the King’s Presiding Holy Sea.

And the unidentified tools and decorative items—everything had their something unique about them and were unfathomably exquisite. The ability to employ so much effort on the objects showed how much strength the bottom rung of the society held. By borrowing this strength, it was no longer strange for the huge changes humans had revealed in the third Battle of Divine Will.

Of course, Valkries was the most important aspect.

Her scope and reasoning far surpasses mine, her not showing any signs of disagreement is itself a persuasion.

But... to have Serakkas absorb all the information in one seating was truly difficult.

“By the way, I wish to know what made Hackzord decide to get in touch with Valkries and not continue waiting?” Noticing Serakkas’s prolonged silence, Roland took the initiative to ask. “It isn’t his style.”

Silent Disaster looked at Valkries and only explained after seeing a nod.

Roland was not surprised of the fact that Sky Lord had verified the existence of the Bottomless Land located at the north of the Land of Dawn, he had learned of the same information from Joan previously. Upon reflecting, it was rather logical for Hackzord to have validated the information.

But the second piece of news was completely different.

“You’re saying... the Blackstone region has been overrun by Sky-sea Realm?” Valkries revealed a look of shock. “Isn’t that where our race’s main defense force is deployed?”

“That’s what the King said. I’m not sure of the concrete details, but I heard from Mask that the enemy has undergone a huge evolution.”

#### **Chapter 1427: Going Or Staying**

“Can you give me more details?” Roland inquired.

“There’s nothing else.” Silent Disaster was obviously guarded against the human king. “You have little knowledge towards the Sky-sea Realm, even if I explained, you wouldn’t understand.”

“That might be so in the past, but it is different now. Graycastle’s Western Region has undergone attacks from demonic beasts, and there were traces of Sky-sea Realm within them.” Roland did not care about Silent Disaster’s tone and narrated the encounter with the Skeleton Monster in detail. “This is our first time encountering it away from the sea.”

“Tell him what he wants to know,” Valkries said slowly. “Regardless, it is better than having the human’s legacy shard falling into the hands of Sky-sea Realm.”

“If you put it that way...” Serakkas nodded her head helplessly. “Listen well, human. The thing that you saw is called a Nest Mother, they are the nucleus to the Sky-sea Realm’s ability to expand. They do not wield fighting capabilities, but are able to control many subordinates to fight for them—”

“Like a brain?”

“You can say that, but do not interrupt me again,” Silent Disaster replied impatiently. “These creatures are much more ancient than you think, and might have already existed since the beginning of time—But time, no matter how long, has few effects on it. Their form and abilities barely change, until recently in the past few months...”

After her explanation, Roland roughly understood the reason for the Sky-sea Realm's sudden change.

According to the demons, they were able to evolve as well, but not unlike the regular evolution of ability, the Sky-sea Realm's every new transformation involved its entire race. For example, the nest was the nest and the blade was the blade. There were no outstanding individuals like the humans or demons, where everybody was an independent entity. It might be because of this trait that their evolution was extremely slow and required a few centuries to see the change in them.

But the most recent change proved that they were completely wrong. No one was sure on how many evolutions the Sky-sea Realm had undergone in the past few months. The only confirmation was the exponential growth in strength. For example, the blade beasts were previously mere hunters for the Nest Mother. As long as they were locked in place, even Mad Demons were capable of destroying them. But not only had they grown several times in size, their strength, endurance, and reaction speed had greatly increased. Their claws which were abundant with magic power even posed a threat to Senior Demons.

Although a higher ascendant was capable of killing a blade beast with ease in a direct confrontation, the issue laid in the fact that the evolution was universal.

It could be compared to having a single Witch being awakened as a Transcendent, evoking all the other Witches to turn into Transcendents as well. As long as there were a sufficient number of them, the change in quantity would result in a qualitative change.

The demons which were barely maintaining the defense line was no longer capable of resisting the invasion of Sky-sea Realm as countless enemies crawled out from the ocean and inundated the battlefield like a roaring tidal wave. It forced the King to do the unthinkable—give up on the Blackstone region.

It was bad news for Roland.

If the demons were truly unable to hold their ground, it gave the humans a new pressure—the attack on the Western Region was merely the beginning.

“Human, I suggest for you to move your legacy shard.” Silent Disaster advised. “With your current strength, it is difficult to fight against the Sky-sea Realm's large army. Valkries is right, we cannot allow the Sky-sea Realm to seize the legacy shard.”

“I have no plans to hand it over to them.” Roland shrugged his shoulders. “Aside from that... Don't you find their moment of evolution quite a coincidence?”

“Oh?” Valkries raised a leg and crossed it over the other. “Tell me more about it.”

“The Blackstone region has always been fighting against Sky-sea Realm, so your estimation of their evolution should not deviate too far from that. And three to four months ago was when the Oracle ambushed Zero.”

“You suspect that the Sky-sea Realm's substantial evolution is linked to God?”

“Just a guess.” Roland answered solemnly. “But there is one thing I'm worried about... Has your race ever communicated with Sky-sea Realm before?”

Valkries expression gradually turned serious.

“I guess not, right? But all other participants in the Battle of Divine Will have interacted with each other before.” Roland spoke unhurriedly. The humans and demons have interacted before in Cloud School. And the destroyed underground civilization had once ‘communicated’ with the Witch Organization, which resulted in the God’s Punishment Army plan. He believed that the other party likely had similar experiences as well, and this could be seen from the Nightmare Lord’s expression.

The only exception was the Sky-sea Realm.

History had not left any documents or materials pertaining to them. If the reason for it was humanity’s inability to step into the deep ocean, it was extremely strange for the demons to have the same experience with Sky-sea Realm.

After all, interaction and communication was a trait to civilization, even if it was a hostile relationship.

And from the looks of it, Sky-sea Realm was a silent warrior apart from the three races.

With this train of thought, the reason behind the Sky-sea Realm’s evolution would cause people to tremble with fear.

“What do you plan to do?” Valkries asked.

“To head to the Bottomless Land before everything becomes irrecoverable.” Roland looked at the two. “I hope that you can stop your attack on humans and focus on defeating the Sky-sea Realm.”

“That’s impossible,” Silent Disaster immediately refuted. “Firstly, ignoring the fact that the Divine Will and God are mere claims of yours, the current Commander of the Western Front is Mask, and all the Symbiotic Demons are under his control. Also...”

“Also what?”

Serakkas did not reply immediately but maintained her silence for a moment. “I want to talk to Valkries alone.”

“Phew...” Roland sighed. “Fine, but don’t forget the time.”

...

Silent Disaster followed Valkries out of the door and walked to the side of the apartment corridor.

Standing there, an indescribable and majestic city appeared. All the rectangular and gray skyscrapers were in abundance and no less inferior to the Birth Towers, but their numbers were several orders of magnitude more. The buildings followed along the intersecting roads that seemed to extend forever without an end, where even the Deity of Gods would never be able to accommodate such lofty buildings.

This impact stifled Silent Disaster.

Previously, a single glance into the city had shaken Serakkas to her core, but the scene she saw upon walking out of the building far surpassed her imagination.

What was even more inconceivable was the number of figures walking in the middle of the city. They were neither magic power wielders who were sucked in, nor were they rigid creatures formed by the domain. That was the largest difference between the Dream World and the Presiding Holy Sea.

*No wonder that human calls this a 'world.'*

"Here would be fine." Valkries stopped.

Her words broke Silent Disaster's train of thought. She gathered her focus and calmed herself before speaking, "There are other magic power wielders in the room!"

"Yes, I know. They are Witches," Valkries replied indifferently.

"..." Her reaction came unexpected to Serakkas. "You... knew?"

"I even talked to them while waiting for you; although they don't really like me." Nightmare Lord nodded. "Their main goal is to protect Roland, but he don't really need protecting. It is just to put everyone at ease."

Even a Transcendent would never relax in front of a Senior Lord, much less a normal human? Silent Disaster discovered that this truth was far more shocking than the farce of the Battle of Divine Will.

"What else could it be? If he was that easily dealt with, I would had done so already." Valkries stopped at this point, as though feeling somewhat regretful. "Of course... That's my thought at the beginning."

"The Witches didn't follow us." Serakkas grabbed her hands. "Tell me, how can I bring you out of this Realm of Mind?"

Valkries looked at her for a moment before shaking her head. "Didn't you realize it? I can no longer leave this place."

"No, if I can come in, you can definitely get out. Right! If I bring your body along..."

Nightmare Lord extended her hand upwards and brushed her hair away. This action caused Silent Disaster to widen her eyes.

"Lord Valkries... your magic stone..."

"I'm different from you now, and different from the Witches." Valkries did not refute the formal address. "If our race loses the magic stone, the only outcome is death. But not me—it might be related to the way I entered the Dream World. Now, I am already a part of this world, and no longer able to return with you."

#### **Chapter 1428: Criteria For Balance**

"..." Serakkas stared at her quietly for a long time before speaking. "If that man named Roland Wimbledon dies..."

“I think I will no longer exist.” Valkries answer came without any baggage. “But compared to the entire race, my life isn’t worth mentioning. If killing him would ensure the survivability of our race, you must not hesitate to do so.”

Silent Disaster did not continue on this topic.

She turned her head and looked down the noisy streets below. There were not only humans but a few figures that were akin to Junior Demons. They shuttled through the crowd back and forth and merged into one body. Regardless of how one looked at it, the scene was fascinating.

After a while, she asked another question. “Do you trust that male human?”

“To be honest, the term belief is too weak a thing when it concerns the existence of the race.” Valkries leaned over the railing slightly. “Even though you’re the one negotiating, I am unable to act just purely on belief. But he was right on one thing, trust is the foundation of change. Without this foundation, we might take decades or even more than a century to change the inherent nature of this Battle of Divine Will, and the cost of it will be too big a price for the race to bear. So regardless of whether we do it or not, the answer will never be appropriate.”

“...”

“By the current looks of it, he is definitely working towards stopping the entire Battle of Divine Will, and everything he tells me regarding the battlefield has been true. By comprehensively considering all these aspects, this bit of trust is not an excessive request.” Nightmare Lord spoke gently. “Doubt and reason are two sides of a coin, the key is to find a balance.”

*‘Balance’ huh...* Silent Disaster repeated the word to herself. “Then what should I do next?”

“That depends on you... As I said, you’re already a qualified senior lord, I do not wish to influence your judgment.”

“Will I... be able to see you here in the future?” Serakkas asked hesitantly.

“I can’t say for sure.” Valkries shrugged. “Roland once told me that he tried to save a Witch called Ashes. If the information the Oracle revealed was true, even if the body disappears, any one of us will have an opportunity to live so long as we leave a mark on the Realm of Mind. At least I am a lot more complete compared to the Witch floating in the Realm of Mind. By the way...”

At this point, she extended both her hands and took down Serakkas’ helmet. “Considering the risks involved, we won’t have many opportunities to meet like this, so don’t wrap yourself up too tightly. I’d prefer seeing your original self than the black armor.”

...

When the two returned, Roland could not help but raise an eyebrow.

Despite knowing from Fishball’s report of the stark difference between Silent Disaster’s original appearance and her battle mode, seeing it for himself still took him by surprise.

If not for him having mentally prepared himself, he would have found it difficult to link the ‘female’ demon to the hideous and bulky armor.



“You’re done? What’s the conclusion?”

“I have a question for you, human.” Serakkas spoke coldly. “If the Battle of Divine Will is truly a lie, how certain are you in defeating God?”

“I don’t know.” This was a question Roland asked himself frequently. “What is God, what is his goal, how should I fight God, whether or not I even have the opportunity to fight God, they are all unknown. Aside from that all, considering the abilities God has displayed to this point, none of us stand a chance, theoretically. But I believe that whatever the outcome, it is better than to sit and await death.”

“I do not care whether you live or die. Do not forget that Lord Valkries is still in your Realm of Mind domain. For her—”

“I’ll have to live well, right?”

“It’s good that you understand.” Serakkas glared at him. “As for your request, I will need to consider it first before deciding.”

“I didn’t count on having results just from our first negotiation.” Roland nodded his head. “At the very least, this is a breakthrough. We will continue using letters to communicate, since meeting like this exposes us to very huge risks. So long as the Western Front army continues to enter the realm of the Four Kingdoms, the war will not stop. Also...”

He picked up a cup. “Since it’ll be a long time before we meet again, are you sure you won’t take this drink?”

“Humph.” Serakkas picked up the drink from the table disdainfully and poured it into her mouth. She had seen many of such tricks—no matter how disgusting the drink was, she would never cower back in fear in front of the enemy.

When the mellow, rich, sweet, and pleasant experience flowed through her throat, the entire room disappeared and she returned to the forest.

Silent Disaster subconsciously looked towards where Valkries was, only to see an empty patch of grass.

The experience felt like a dream, with only a wisp of sweetness lingering in her mouth.

...

“What took you so long?”

Seeing Silent Disaster, Hackzord immediately opened multiple Distortion Doors without hesitation and pulled her over ten kilometers away before questioning her.

Hackzord assumed that she would have left upon obtaining the letter.

“They didn’t give me a letter.” Silent Disaster looked distracted.

“What?” Sky Lord frowned. “Was it a trap?”

“No, I saw Valkries.”

Hackzord almost missed his footing and nearly fell from the sky.

“What did you say?”

“Valkries is indeed residing in the Realm of Mind; you were right,” Silent Disaster answered. “But she is relying on the King of Graycastle, the wielder of the legacy shard.”

After listening to Serakkas’ account and returning to the Deity of Gods, Hackzord sank into extreme confusion.

The huge volume of information had practically caused a block in his brain.

Although he had anticipated the location of Valkries, he had never thought that the humans would be in so deep, and in some sense, the Nightmare Lord had already formed a collaboration with them. If this information was leaked out, it was enough to change nearly a thousand years of history for the race, and cause them to stand against the King.

*Attempt to convince the King?* Hackzord immediately dispelled that thought. He was no longer willing to enter the Presiding Holy Sea. If the King had an inkling of what he was doing, he would never have the opportunity to even refuse.

*Stand by Valkries side?*

In fact, the Nightmare Lord was once a candidate to be King—essentially, the disparity between the King and the Senior Lords laid not in their abilities. One had to pay a price to be King, and the price depended on the individual’s choice. Thus, the intent was not obstructed by any honor or dignity, the only thing that made him hesitate was humanity.

Ignoring the suspicion that the Battle of Divine Will was a lie, the legacy shards were proven to be able to upgrade an entire race. The humans were able to improve rapidly with some unknown legacy, and if they were to improve further, what would happen to the race?

This doubt made it difficult for him to make a decision.

But what Hackzord failed to notice was that while he was immersed in the pool and racking his brains, Silent Disaster had silently left the Red Mist pool with her helmet and sword.

## **Chapter 1429: Surpassing the Limit**

Deity of Gods, beneath the Birth Tower.

This was the core region of the city with countless Red Mist deposits which were in the form of crystallized scarlet lakes that completely submerged the God’s Stone mine. In a sense, they were the “Origin of Magic” created by the race. Not only did this strengthen the Birth Tower’s conversion abilities, it was an indispensable location to nurture powerful magic stones.

This promoted continuous growth and upgrades amongst the demons and was where upgrade ceremonies were mostly held. Although it was possible that every city had slight differences between the lakes, the structure at the bottom of every single lake was roughly the same.

While passing through the ceremony square, Silent Disaster stopped for a moment.

Gazing at the familiar scene, it was as though she could hear countless people chanting the name 'Charita' as she slowly walked forward dressed in a white gown.

... But from the way the Red Mist dispersed across the stone slabs, it was apparent that this place had not been used for quite a period of time.

Ever since the race began extensively using the underground civilization's Symbiosis technology, the upgrade ceremony for Primal Demons were replaced. All Primal Demons chosen through an initial filter had a higher probability of being upgraded, increasing the number of Junior Demons and forming the present backbone of the race's fighting force.

The one that spearheaded the technique was Senior Lord Mask, Nassaupelle. He asserted that so long as they continued the research, the upgrade and large scale nurturing would not only be limited to Junior Demons but to higher ascendants as well.

Although countless expressed their doubts—believing that not only did this go against ancient tradition but it also endangered the stability of the race—the King actually gave his fullest support.

Even though there was an increased probability of an upgrade to strengthen the race, the flaws were apparent as well. In the past few centuries, the number of Junior Demons had multiplied tens of times, but the numbers upgraded to a higher realm and produced through a ceremony was countable with one hand. Furthermore, not a single senior lord had appeared.

If higher ascendant and senior lords could be birthed by magic stones in the future, it proved that the divine square which had witnessed endless glory would turn unnecessary...

Serakkas sighed and repressed the endless thoughts that streamed into her head.

Memories implied hesitation, and hesitation would bring about flaws.

She had to dispel such a thing.

Passing the square, she walked into the tower situated at the center of the wall.

Upon being seen, the Junior Demon guards lowered their heads in respect.

In what was a nearly unimpeded path, Silent Disaster found her targeted source of magic power in the control room.

"You have something to see me about?" Nassaupelle appeared to be focused on adjusting the structure of the magic power core, as he asked without turning his head.

She unsheathed her sword.

Serakkas stepped forward at full force and thrust her sword straight at Mask—

This was her first attack ever since her recovery, an attack that encompassed all her strength!

All the senior lords knew that Mask was not adept at battle, but Serakkas knew that it was only true on a fair battlefield. Outside, she wouldn't feel any fear even if she faced against ten Masks. Be it magic power or his physical strength, she greatly surpassed his.

There was no need to even mention the experience and instinct she gained from tens of thousands of life and death battles.

But this was not outside.

Even the slowest of beasts would be able to turn its lair into a cave filled with secrets to induce fear into others, and the target was Nassaupelle. Since the uprising of the Deity of Gods to arriving at the Dawn Region, there was sufficient time for him to turn the entire lower region into his territory. In other words, Serakkas was never in a fair battlefield right from the beginning.

Her instincts told her that Nassaupelle could not be underestimated!

The distance of ten steps passed in a flash as she used her maximum speed to transform the blade into a cold gleam of light. Following the shockwave induced by her speed, her sword stabbed into Nassaupelle's body.

The latter produced a startled and pained roar that instantly seem to awaken the entire room. Countless stone needles shot out from all directions and sealed Silent Disaster's path of retreat.

She was forced to withdraw her sword and retreat rapidly while activating an impenetrable barrier of blades around her. As stone needles flew straight at her, the resounding collisions lingered on for a short while!

"You... What is the meaning of this!" Nassaupelle held his wound and roared.

Silent Disaster raised her weapon again and initiated her second attack. The first strike did not feel as though she had stabbed into a living thing, but instead into a pile of greasy metal. She vaguely realized that the other party was in the midst of transforming himself into another species, but regardless of his ultimate form, he would no longer be able to integrate well with the race.

Realizing that he wasn't getting a reply, Mask waved his hand and caused the surrounding walls to rumble, revealing Symbiotic Demons hidden within the pile of flesh. At the same time, a peculiar shaped Symbiote scuttled out. The latter opened a carapace and expanded twice its size. The two connected together and turned into a deformed monster.

*Could this be the latest Symbiotic Demon?*

Serakkas threw her sword without hesitation, her perfect aim allowing the sword to pass through the cracks within the connecting Symbiotic Demons and accurately into Mask's rapidly closing carapace.

This caused half of his body to be exposed.

Serakkas unleashed her power, producing gold lightning to appear and engulfed the entire control room! Under the flashing lights, the stone needle symbiotic demons were instantly paralyzed, along with the new symbiotic demon—The sword became the target of her power as a large amount of magic power shot into the sword, causing Mask to unleash an ear-piercing shriek!

With sparks flying in every direction, Serakkas leaped towards the falling Symbiotic Demon and grabbed onto the scorching hot sword. She used the momentum of the drop to plunge the weapon deeper in. The scream stopped abruptly as the blade sliced upwards, from Mask's chest to his head, splitting his entire body into half.

“Plop.”

A mask that had been split into two from Nassauvelle’s head slid down and fell to the ground.

“22... seconds.”

He turned his head slowly and spoke with what remained of his face.

“... Are those your last words?” Serakkas pulled out her bloodied weapon.

“The humans’ ... unit of time is not bad, I will... make use of it.” Mask spoke in a staccato manner. “And this... is the time the Symbiotic Demons managed to fend you off for. Heh... I thought it would have been longer.”

“Battles that brings me closer to death allows me to break through,” Silent Disaster replied emotionlessly. “Compared to the the past me prior to being heavily injured, the current me is even stronger. It is a pity that you and your creations will never be able to gain enlightenment on this.”

“That is why... I hate uncertainty.” Mask’s voice gradually became deeper. “But, uncertainty signifies the inability to replicate... so long as I have more time, I will definitely be able to surpass... the limitations of our race...”

“There will be no future.”

“How... are you so certain?” The only complete face on Mask revealed a strange smile. “Do you still remember... my words? In the face of knowledge, even the strongest physical body... is nothing...”

Serakkas suddenly felt an overwhelming sense of danger!

“Right, let me... gift you something,” Mask whispered. “It was something I found amongst the humans... you should recognize it.”

As soon as he finished speaking, the Symbiotic Demon that had linked with him opened its carapace once more, revealing the layers of cysts enveloped within.

The cysts were filled with human explosives!

*He actually dares to bring such a thing into the Birth Tower?*

*What... what is he planning to do with that?*

Serakkas’s expression changed. Even before she had the time to retreat, a dazzling red light filled her entire vision!

A huge fireball spewed out from the center tower following a sonorous boom. The flaming ball quickly swelled into a semi-circular light. Under the glaring light, a bright and resplendent reflection appeared on the lake. When the ball of fire exploded, the city beneath trembled, the intense shockwave caused walls to fall and debris plunged into the Red Mist lake, producing even more thunderous explosions!

After the exhaustion of the explosion, emptiness took the place of the Red Mist lake as high temperatures caused the remaining Red Mist to escape. The emptiness could not be filled, leaving all

the Primal and Junior Demons in the region to struggle helplessly as they choked to death staring at the Birth Tower.

But Serakkas did not feel any heat or pain.

At this distance, the explosion would have been strengthened with the support of the Red Mist, and the domineering shockwave should had been able to rip her to shreds—

She gradually lowered her arm which she had held up to protect her body and opened her eyes.

Hackzord had his hand extended forward with a large Distortion Door in front of him.

Everywhere around them that was not protected by the Distortion Door had been vaporized, and the entire area had been razed to the ground.

### **Chapter 1430: The Irrecoverable Situation**

“What have you done!?” Sky Lord roared.

If not for his realization that Silent Disaster had suddenly left and that he had not been late, not only would she have died, even he would have been caught in the catastrophe! Upon realizing that if the other side of the Distortion Door was to another Red Mist Pond, or if he had failed in opening a second Distortion Door, Hackzord felt cold sweat stream down his back.

But the situation was nowhere optimistic. It didn't matter if Mask survived; the King was bound to find out. Even if he had nothing to do with the incident, it did not mean he was completely blameless. So long as the King requested to view his memories, he would no doubt be placed in an extremely passive situation!

This made him incensed.

Back when Silent Disaster refused to help him, he figured that she was being calm and rational. He never expected that Serakkas's attitude would undergo such a drastic change after meeting Valkries.

*No, she is still calm and rational, that was why she left silently, and did not explain anything to me prior—She knew I would have stopped her!*

“Once Plan B is activated, the situation would be irredeemable, and the only way to stop it is by doing this.” Silent Disaster's tone did not change, as though she did not care about her narrow escape from death.

“Who said that this is the only way? If you calm yourself down and think about it...”

Hackzord's voice grew softer as he spoke.

*Is there really a better way?*

A solution to prevent Mask from finding out or prevent the King from being aware of the situation and to maintain the Deity of Gods the way it was might exist... but what about time? In fact, without mentioning tactics that required a great deal of effort, he had not even steeled his resolve on his choice.

*Did she... see through me?*

Hackzord's lips quivered for a moment, but chose to change the subject at the final moment.

"Why?"

Serakkas looked at him and waited for him to question her further.

"By doing so, we are completely standing against the King and the other senior lords will see us as enemies. Additionally..." Sky Lord paused for a second. "The humans might not spare us."

"Because of balance." Serakkas replied simply.

"Balance?"

"It wasn't difficult for me to make a decision." She turned and walked out of the room—or what was left of the room, which was half a wall and a door on the verge of collapse. "We can ponder about the other things slowly, but I am unable to allow Valkries to die like that."

*What kind of answer is that...* "Are you trying to say that Valkries is more important than the fate of our race?" Hackzord's tone became solemn. "I do not believe this is her idea. Are you sure you saw the real Nightmare Lord, and not a scam designed by the humans?"

"No, she told me that sacrificing her didn't matter for the race's cause," Serakkas answered calmly. "This was my decision."

"..." Sky Lord was at a loss for words.

The situation had just turned thorny.

Suddenly, an oppressive humming sound rumbled over their heads; yet, it sounded like it came from beneath their feet, or from somewhere even deeper!

Under the incessant rumbling, the Deity of Gods actually trembled!

"This— What's going on?" Hackzord looked down at the Red Mist lake at the bottom of the pit, only to see the crystallized lake boiling up, as though something was on the verge of coming out. At the same time, the Birth Tower in the middle of the lake suddenly emitted a faint glow!

He had never witnessed such a bizarre scene over the past few centuries.

An even more inconceivable scene appeared before him—the magic power cores that he thought had exploded actually bloomed with a dazzling blue light and slowly rose out of the lake towards the Birth Tower.

It was something he was extremely familiar with; although it had an extremely ingenious structure, it was the underground civilization's only object capable of altering magic power. Despite its prowess, the structure itself was weak and could be broken with one hand, and was never known to that resilient. The explosion before had destroyed even the main tower, so how did the magic power core survive and drop into the lake?

Serakkas's expression changed as well. She drew her sword and suddenly ran out and mustered all her strength to throw her sword out!

The sword transformed into a stream of light that accurately struck one of the cores.

But the latter did not break, or even move. As though striking something firm, the sword tumbled in ricochet and plunged into the lake.

"How is that..." Serakkas muttered to herself.

Once the core got close to the Birth Tower, a belt of light appeared between the two, as though forming an ensemble. It was the same for the other cores to the point of having four distinct light belts forming. The four cores began revolving around the Birth Tower, boosting the tower's emitted light to its peak!

"Bang—"

The trembling amplified multiple folds, causing dust and debris to fall. Countless structures at the periphery of the pit crumbled into the lake, with the tower in the center clearly in the worst possible shape, its walls continuously groaning and cracking as cracks started spreading along the tower wall.

Amidst the intense swaying, Hackzord felt clear weighted down, as though something was pressing him to the ground.

The Deity of Gods was rising!

"Damn it, wasn't it decided that the plan will only activate when the King arrives at the Fertile Plains?" Hackzord gritted his teeth. "How is it possible that it is making preparations so ahead of schedule?"

Serakkas sensed something amiss, as though everything had been planned beforehand.

"Could it be..." Hackzord stared at Silent Disaster for a moment before pulling her into the Distortion Door and back into the lowest level of the Red Mist Pond. "Remove your armor!"

"..." Serakkas stared at him in suspicion, but did as he instructed.

Sky Lord retrieved the multi-colored magic stone and placed it before his eyes. He noticed an almost invisible 'thread' that had mixed into the beam of light produced by Serakkas, so fine that it would have been missed if not for his meticulous observation.

"Don't move!" Hackzord extended two fingers and stabbed Silent Disaster's shoulder. The latter frowned, but did not stop him. Very quickly, he grabbed onto a blob of flesh. Upon its separation from its host, the blob of flesh stopped squirming.

"Nassaupelle—" Silent Disaster clenched her fists tightly! Without a doubt, Mask had actually implanted such a thing into her while she was unconscious, and yet she had never felt a thing!

"That was how he knew of our conversation, and even... your meeting with Valkries." Hackzord threw the flesh onto the ground and squashed it to pieces. "With that, it explains how he was able to prepare for everything."

Serakkas ignored the wound on her shoulder and walked out of the door.



“Wait, where are you going?”

“To destroy the magic power cores!”

“It’s too late!” Hackzord roared. “You’ve seen it for yourself, the cores are already resonating with the Birth Tower, what can you do alone?”

After being improved and becoming an ensemble with the Birth Tower, the cores probably could not be damaged in any way even if they combined all their strengths together, much less have an effect from throwing a sword.

Even if a miracle occurred, the eventual outcome would be the loss of control of the Deity of Gods and causing it to plunge from the sky!

He had already seen the worst-case scenario.

“Inform the human that Valkries is relying on. Tell him to leave the continent immediately and avoid the disaster from the impact. That is the only thing we can do now.”