

## Witch 1431

### Chapter 1431: Born For War

“Come on. One, two, three...”

“To your recovery, cheers!”

Inside the living quarters of the Sleeping Spell, a small celebration was underway. Looking at Dusk’s happy smile, Balshan helplessly raised her glass.

As partners, Dusk would visit her often, completely paying no heed to her own situation. Back on the Sleeping Island, she knew for certain that she would never have cared so much for a Combat Witch. The mixture of guilt and being moved made her feel as though she paled in comparison to Dusk.

Even though Balshan knew that Dusk would never think of such a thing.

But when her gaze landed on the other person, her expression turned nasty.

“Why are you here?”

Charms confidently downed an entire glass of wine. “I was the one who brought this red wine; why can’t I be here?”

“Why does it sound like we can’t get to drink without you?” Balshan rolled her eyes. “Neverwinter has many pubs, we can get it from anywhere.”

“A pity, His Majesty announced that the Western Region is in a state of war and all alcohol are controlled commodities, you can’t get it just because you want it.” Charms shrugged. “So you should be thanking me, I stole them out of my old man’s storage.”

*State of war, huh...*

Balshan suddenly lost her interest to bicker.

Even while recuperating in bed, she was able to sense the tense atmosphere in Neverwinter.

The first inklings came from the frequent news regarding the developing grounds from the weekly reports that increased to two to three prints a week. It included reports on the frontline along with emergency recruitment articles and missing people notices. According to the newspaper, although the defense line was regaining their foothold and pushing the flames of war out of the developing grounds, the price paid to do so had been huge. Once the grasslands, farms, and settlements that were built up through difficult times were destroyed, the chances of the missing workers surviving would undoubtedly be slim.

The most obvious and direct impact were the drop in eggs and meat for lunch, with bread becoming the main staple. Of course, they were on much better terms compared to the other cities. At the very least, they were able to fill their stomachs.

The second was the streets.

Everyday, she would see many new soldiers in uniform moving through the streets, with residents and family standing by the sides to send them off. Excitement and nervousness could be seen from their faces, along with reluctance and worry. From a cursory look of the numbers, the number of soldiers recruited to the Fertile Plains was definitely not trivial and on a completely different level compared to the recruitment for the knightage and the Judgment Army.

This was war.

For the continuity of the race, thousands upon thousands of men fought with everything they had under the support of a civilization population tens or hundred times their numbers.

Compared to them, the battles she had experienced as a Combat Witch was simply too insignificant...

Her choice to move to the Fertile Plains with Dusk previously was based on her unwillingness to bump into people she knew. But after the destruction of the developing grounds, she was once again banished back to the state of a 'useless person.'

"Hey, why are you silent all of a sudden?" Sensing no ridicule from Balshan, Charms couldn't help but be taken aback. He scratched the back of his head and stole a glance at Dusk. "Did I say something wrong?"

"Dusk don't know." Dusk stuck her tongue out. "But Dusk knows that the person who says something wrong must drink three more glasses!"

"Hey... are you drunk..."

"No, Dusk is not, this is only the second glass, Dusk is fine!"

"Knock. Knock. Knock..." Right then, a series of loud knocks on the door broke Balshan's train of thoughts.

"Coming!" Dusk immediately jumped up and headed over to open the door. "Eh... Lord Camilla?"

By the door was the Chief Butler of Sleeping Island, Camilla Dary. She swept the room with her eyes and walked over to the other two.

"Seems like you've overstayed your visiting time." Balshan forced a smile. "Lady Dary detests people who don't abide by the time; it'll be difficult for you to come here the next time."

"How is that... I'm keeping track of the time, it hasn't even been half hour..." Charms replied meekly.

Right when Balshan was about to retort, Camilla walked past Charms and stood in front of her.

"The Witch Union has announced a new recruitment geared towards the Witches in Graycastle." The Chief Butler got right to the point. "At the moment, we have a headcount of about fifty slots, with priority given to those who have combat experience. I feel that you might be more suitable, so I came to specially ask you."

Balshan was stunned and took her a long time to grasp the meaning behind Camilla's word. Mass recruitment, priority given to those with combat experience—could it be that this was related to the war? But if that were true, why not have any requirements on the recruits' powers?

“You’ve guessed right.” Seemingly having seen through her doubts, Camilla spoke up. “The Witch Union is building a unique task force meant to support the frontline, specifically to assist the main force as a response to an even more difficult battle. I am unable to reveal the specifics, but you should know the risks involved on the battlefield, so the choice depends on you. Of course... although it isn’t much in relation to powers, it doesn’t mean that you’ll be chosen upon responding to the recruitment. In the end, the result will depend on—”

“I’ll go,” Balshan replied immediately.

There was nothing to hesitate about!

Or rather, she had waited too long for this day to come.

“Then... follow me.” Camilla turned to the side to make way.

“Hey, are you really thinking of going to the frontlines?” While passing Charms, he asked her with a hint of worry in his voice.

“What’s this? I thought you would be cheering out loud.” Balshan smirked. “This way, you can date Dusk without a worry.”

“I...” His mouth opened wide as though he wanted to say something, but seeing Balshan’s back, Charms ultimately didn’t complete his sentence.

...

A day later, Balshan arrived at the Misty Forest on train.

The person in charge changed from Camilla to an unknown lady named Isabella, who was responsible for the selection and coaching. For an unknown reason, Balshan had a baffling feeling as though she knew her despite it being their first encounter.

And the other surprising thing was the number of recruits was far more than she had anticipated. Not only were there witches from the Sleeping Spell, but many from the Witch Union had come. In the short half hour journey, she got to know Vanilla, Amy, Hero, etc. Aside from that, she recognized a few familiar figures among the crowd, for example, Iffy and Nightfall from the Bloodfang Association.

It appeared as though they were also eager to prove their value on the battlefield.

With Isabella’s guiding them, the witches walked into a factory building after disembarking from the train.

Upon entering, everyone were instantly captivated by a metallic object in the middle of the empty space.

It resembled a ‘car,’ with the wheels being the most obvious parts. But the difference between it and the cars in Neverwinter was that there were five wheels on each side of the all-metal vehicle, with some sort of bound iron panels beneath them, wrapping the wheels together. The appearance of the vehicle was extremely unique.

Balshan immediately recognized the vehicle. It was somewhat similar to the machine used to excavate and plough the land for agriculture purposes... That's right, it was called the tractor or something.

But compared to the tractor, there were many more iron lumps especially for the upper layer. As though sealed tightly with metal plates, the top resembled a fort's control tower with an obvious metal cannon sticking out at the center.

One glance was enough to tell everyone that it was a weapon born for war.

### **Chapter 1432: Hunter-Killer Fire Control**

"All of you should be aware that our city is being under siege!" Isabella clapped her hands to gather everyone's attention. "But the enemy isn't comprised of mere demonic beasts for behind these mutated animals lies an enemy not inferior to the demons. According to reliable sources, their assault on us will only grow fiercer and fiercer, at an ever-increasing scale, until they completely annihilate us!"

"Of course, Neverwinter and the First Army will never allow them to recklessly intrude on the last bastion of human territory. But I have to stress that taking down visible enemies is easy, but the invisible ones are truly dangerous ones. This isn't some exaggeration, but the truth—" At this point, she indicated to a few soldiers that lifted apart a large sackcloth.

"Awh—"

Everyone instantly inhaled in surprise.

Balshan was not an exception.

She was captivated by the metal monstrosity the instant she entered the factory, and completely missed the large, gray sackcloth in front of her.

Underneath the cloth was a strange monster!

Its body was partially erect, its height already close to two meters tall. It had a pair of scythe-like blades that remained suspended in air, as though they were about to pounce at them at any moment.

But after a careful examination, they discovered many wounds on its body, with a cut the width of a thumb that extended from its chest to its abdomen, a marvel that it had not fallen apart.

Balshan realized that the monster was already dead.

"The monster before you is what I call the 'invisible enemy,'" Isabella introduced. "While in motion, its entire body would blend into its surrounding, and will look as though it has disappeared. To kill it, the First Army had to sacrifice over 30 lives, and this happened in broad daylight. If the enemy sends out more of these and if the battle occurs in the night, the consequences will be unthinkable!"

"At present, we are calling them blade beasts and have made confirmed sightings of five blade beasts on the developing grounds, with a large number of casualties recorded after every sighting. This one right here was a blade beast that was killed by splitting it into many pieces, and is a specimen reassembled by Summer. It is without a doubt the most important target we have to be wary about."

“Then what can we do?” Amy raised her hand and asked.

“Good question.” Isabella nodded. “Although the blade beast isn’t a demon or a hybrid, it still possesses similarities—magic power. These monsters might be difficult to trace with the ordinary human eye, but to a witch that has gone through some training, they won’t be able to hide. So the only thing you need to take away from here is how to use this—” She retrieved two dazzling metal plates. “Magic Stone sigils.”

After listening to the detailed explanation, Balshan understood the goal of building this unique team.

Between the two sigils, one was termed as ‘Sigil of Screaming’ and the other as ‘Sigil of Resonance.’ The former was used as a defensive measure against the demons, while the latter was mostly used for finding remains. But after being improved, they were the crux to defeating the blade beasts.

The Sigil of Screaming had an effect that extended out two to three kilometers, mainly to let out an alarm upon detection of beings with magic power. Upon hearing the alarm, the Witches had to distinguish if it a result of blade beasts. Upon confirmation, they would use the Sigil of Resonance to lock onto the target. At this time, a ‘line’ would form between the target and the sigil which outlined the enemy. The humans would then direct their firepower according to the line and effectively suppress the enemy’s movements.

Although the principle sounded simple, the practical usage of the sigils was much more complicated.

Firstly, the adjusted Sigil of Listening reacted to hybrids as well, leaving the Witches no choice but to rely on experience to distinguish between the sounds. Upon encountering a large demonic beast horde, the alarm would produce plenty of noise; therefore, the difficulty of detecting a single sound out of the mess was a feat itself.

Next, the Sigil of Listening’s senses would be impaired by various factors, including and not limited to hills, rocks, trees etc. Metals limited the Sigil greatly, with a single iron panel reducing its extent by a hundred meters. Therefore, the Sigil of Listening had to be placed in a spacious and empty position in the frontlines.

Although the line produced by the Sigil of Resonance would not be obstructed by any objects, its biggest problem laid in the fact that only Witches could see the thread formed by magic power. Apart from that, if the target was not within their vision, they had no other methods of verifying the locked target. In other words, if they made the mistake and treated the hybrids as the main target, the Sigil of Resonance would not appear abnormal at all.

“I can provide guidance in the manipulation of the sigils, but am unable to teach you on how to protect yourselves,” Isabella stated. “So His Majesty has arranged for an appropriate position for all of you, and that is to be tank captain!

“This metal war machine hailed as a tank is the latest invention of the Ministry of Industry. It boasts offensive and defensive capabilities, with the ability to retreat with relative ease if faced against the combined siege of hybrids, and the cannon on top is capable of destroying a group of enemies. As the Captain of the tank, you do not need to personally control this complicated machine and only need to direct the driver and the gunner.

“Of course, if necessary, you can assume control of the cannon and manage the firing. His Majesty has named this system the term of Hunter-killer Fire Control, with all of you being core to the system!”

*We are to direct and commandeer this behemoth...*

Upon imagining the scene of how the machine would roll over the demonic beasts, an eagerness built up within Balshan’s heart.

“In the following days, all of you will engage in training with the tankers of the First Army and understand the basic functions of the tank. But the most important task is to grasp the usage of Sigils and the method to differentiating enemies,” Isabella concluded. “Time is of the essence and I hope that everyone of you will put in your greatest effort, eventually pass the selections, and become a member of Graycastle’s First Armor unit!”

...

In the northern region of the Kingdom of Dawn.

When Roland stepped out of Fran’s body, everyone heaved a sigh of relief, especially the General Staff members. The expressions they had looked as though they were relieved of a heavy burden. Although the plan was proposed by the King himself, the specific details and implementation were drawn up by the General Staff. If anything happened to the King, it was impossible to escape the blame.

The only exception was the Pearl of the Northern Region.

Despite being part of the General Staff, she was the only one capable of interacting with Roland while maintaining her calm expression.

“How did the discussions go?”

“Smoother than anticipated,” Roland replied calmly. He had made the decision after discussing with Valkries that very day. However, there was the consideration of the high risks involved in entering the Dream World using conventional means, and the high uncertainty involved for both parties. Thus, he chose the most direct method to establish the meeting—to pull the other party into the Dream World without informing them.

The matter revealed that the thick stratum did not influence the pillar of light, and when both parties ‘closed their eyes,’ the Eye Demons were not engaged in the slightest. At that time, there were even a few God’s Punishment Witches alongside him, so even in the off chance that Hackzord discovered his whereabouts, there would be no threat posed to him.

But this method could not be used frequently, since once the demons returned, they would quickly realize that they were near the same hillside. If they made any preparations beforehand, the probability of getting caught would increase no matter how deep underground they were.

“If there are any new developments, the demons will contact us through letters.” Roland turned and informed Iron Axe. “Leave a permanent team here and immediately report to me if there are any movements from them. Aside from that, they are still our enemies, especially the Monstrous Beast. Once they overstep the line, do not show mercy.”

“Yes, Your Majesty.” The commander-in-chief nodded.

*It will take a long time before my next communication with the senior demon lord*, Roland thought to himself. In the Dream World, he vaguely sensed that the relation between Valkries and the one named Serakkas was not ordinary. In the beginning, he felt rather regretful that the demon that retrieved the letter was not Hackzord. But now, from the looks of it, things had turned out better than expected.

After all, the most crucial factor in this entire operation was trust.

However, before Roland even managed to move from the northern region back to the City of Glow, he received two startling news in a mere two hours.

Abnormalities were spotted on the Deity of Gods. According to the report, it was gradually ascending in altitude, and had already exceeded 300 meters of height. This appeared to go against the theory proposed by the General Staff with regards to the relation between the Deity of Gods's height and magic power consumption.

The second being the spotting of senior demon lords again along the slope by Fishball's team. But this time, there were two.

### **Chapter 1433: The Three Big Wigs of the Western Front**

"You want to enter the Realm of Mind here?" Hackzord surveyed his surroundings, then cast his gaze to the ground beneath him.

Silent Disaster nodded.

"I think that the male human will not come again." He quietly conjured another Distortion Door the size of a finger behind him and reached into it—only to touch soil. "And once the Deity of Gods starts its descent, it is irreversible. You're merely wasting time."

"If you don't wish to come, you can leave first." Serakkas remained unmoved.

"If I leave, how are you going to leave?" Hackzord subtly rolled his eyes. *You've already made a move against Mask publicly, aren't you just deliberately being spiteful by saying this?* The King is sure to have realized the Sky Lord's absence for the past few days, betraying his orders and not reporting the information they had, and causing incitement by reading the memories of this period... The charges were clear as day. But Hackzord knew that staying by Silent Disaster's side increased his chances of survival in the event that the King dispatched other senior lords to deal with him.

He opened another Distortion Door a hundred meters deeper, but was still met with soil.

"It doesn't matter if I can leave. Furthermore... you being out of ideas doesn't mean the same for Valkries."

Tsk, why don't you recall who was the one who thought of a way to find Valkries. "What if she fails as well?"

"..." Silent Disaster did not reply.

After 500 meters in, the other side of the Distortion Door opened up into a hole. Hackzord fine-tuned the direction and his fingers quickly touched a blob of viscous liquid.

He immediately knew better.

“Have you ever considered grabbing the male human and leave by force?”

Silent Disaster’s gaze flickered but she quickly regained her calm. “I might be able to bring him away, but it will be difficult to keep him alive. You and I know how weak humans are. Before verifying Valkries’s location, I cannot take that risk.”

“Is that so...” Hackzord replied indifferently. Regardless, he could not leave her behind and be smashed by the Deity of Gods into smithereens. It was both for the race, and for himself.

“Someone’s coming.” Silent Disaster turned. “There’s more than one of them.”

Hackzord immediately opened a Distortion Door.

Very quickly, three humans appeared on the hill, one of which being the soldier responsible for handling the letter in the previous encounter. Although there were a few more of them, they were unable to pose a threat to Silent Disaster.

“His Majesty agreed to your request for an audience.” The leader walked to them and got to the point. “In a minute, the two of you will enter the Realm of Mind, but His Majesty has a condition.”

From the looks of it, this human king isn’t a complete coward for him to actually agree to Serakkas’ request. “What’s the condition?” Hackzord asked.

“The two of you have to be separated before entering the Realm of Mind. And the non-Magic Slayer has to wear this—” The human opened a box and took out a metal bracelet.

On the bracelet was a God’s Stone of Retaliation.

Rage immediately rose within Hackzord. He squinted his eyes and his tone of speech changed. “What is the meaning of this, do you think that I will bind myself for you humans to slaughter me?”

Although the leading soldier had fear on his face, he did not retreat. “Magic power is considered a weapon; it is only conventional for one to disarm themselves at an important meeting. This isn’t some sort of restraint. His Majesty believes that you have brought important information here, and have taken considerable risks to return. It is because of that that he does not want any accidents to happen.”

“And if I disagree?”

“You are free to leave, but you have to stay far away from this mountain before the next meeting,” the soldier insisted.

“Just do it; we don’t have the time.” Silent Disaster turned to Hackzord. “You can stay within your ability’s radius just like the first time. I do not understand why you insist on following me here.”

*This person... must I say it out for you to understand!* Sky Lord was momentarily at a loss for words. He realized that Serakkas’ rationality had cleared deteriorated after meeting with the Nightmare Lord and did not feel at ease leaving her alone. After finding out about everything, gaining the chance to meet



Valkries and even eliminating the probability that it was all a trap laid out by the humans was definitely an extremely important matter. *Whose side was she on now?*

Without waiting for Hackzord to negotiate further, Serakkas walked over to the side and closed her eyes, ready to enter a calm state of mind.

Looking at the Deity of Gods that was constantly increasing in height, he felt dissatisfaction from the helplessness, and put on the bracelet.

*This object doesn't look difficult to break apart; the humans probably aren't hoping to hold me captive with this, but to stall for time in the event that I bring Silent Disaster underground.*

Hackzord turned to the other two male humans behind the soldier... Despite being unarmed, Hackzord felt uneasy, feeling that they weren't easy to deal with.

After a moment, Serakkas breathing calmed down.

*Is it coming...*

Hackzord acted nonchalant as he raised his hand and placed the multi-colored magic stone that was disguised as a ring to his eye—

In that instant, a pillar of light as wide as a city wall appeared before him!

The pillar of light was so large that he had to look in both directions to see the end. In that instant, he felt as though he had returned to the island in the Bottomless Land.

*This is... the Realm of Mind domain that Silent Disaster mentioned to be as big as a city?*

He started to believe the words spoken by the humans.

To wield such overwhelming ability, perhaps they truly had a method to unraveling the secrets behind the Battle of Divine Will.

Hackzord took a deep breath, then slowly closed his eyes.

...

"The matter has fallen to this state and Mask has activated Plan B ahead of time. With him prepared, I am unable to ascertain if he is alive or not."

When Sky Lord opened his eyes again, he realized that he was in a cramped house—the room was definitely not qualified to serve as a King's chamber. Silent Disaster seemed to be explaining the situation with Valkries seated before her.

To once again see the mobile Nightmare Lord, Hackzord felt as though he was pulled back into the past.

"You're finally here." Valkries nodded. "Come, have a seat. The coffee is about to get cold."

After experiencing so many unimaginable things and yet be able to speak so casually, it definitely is her style...

It became the first meeting between the three senior lords since the start of the battle at the Western Front.

It was undoubtedly a major event for the race.

The only unqualified participant was the human seated next to Nightmare Lord.

He had long heard of the human's name from Silent Disaster—the King of Graycastle, Roland. He was also the main reason for their repeated setbacks at the Western Front.

But it was also because of him that the three were able to meet. This made Hackzord feel mixed emotions. He had met with countless deficiencies during the war, and yet didn't fail when it came to the meeting which implied betraying the King. It was truly ironic.

He took a good look at Roland before taking a seat by Serakkas's side. The seat was extremely soft, almost allowing him to sink in, giving him a taste of the luxury a ruler had. Sky Lord also noticed the few empty paper cups on the table. Although he had entered the Realm of Mind less than a minute after Serakkas, it looked as though the three already had a long conversation.

*Coffee... is that what Serakkas was yearning to drink?*

*Strange, she shouldn't have any requests for any type of 'food' aside from the Red Mist.*

"If I'm right, the two of you should be extremely clear of the situation right now." Hackzord suppressed his distracted thoughts and focused on the matter at hand. "Personally, I do not agree with Silent Disaster's view because it will only waste the little time we have, but she insists on doing so." At this time, he looked towards Nightmare Lord. "Once the Deity of Gods descends, large areas of the human kingdom will be destroyed. The only possible way of surviving is to escape."

"How much time do we have?" Roland asked.

"Not more than seven days," Hackzord replied gravely.

#### **Chapter 1434: Gambling on Fate**

"Seven days..." Roland calculated the rate of ascension reported by Lightning in his mind, and realized that the end result far surpassed the category of it being a 'weapon.' "Wait a minute, you plan to flatten the entire Fertile Plains?"

This period of time was sufficient for the Deity of Gods to turn it into a disaster of apocalyptic proportions, much less destroying the entire plains. The effect of its descent would even severely impact the Land of Dawn and the Blackstone region. The drop of the floating island that had a diameter of tens of kilometers at an altitude of over ten thousand meters high was enough to form a shockwave that circled the planet several times over. It was so severe that it would lead to a change in the terrain and trigger earthquakes and tsunamis. Even the demons would find it difficult to escape such a level of disaster.

If the Fertile Plains was smashed into a basin, causing a sea water to fill it, all life in the Land of Dawn would be exterminated. Where could they run to? With the Sky-sea Realm right on their heels, the

demons' original plan was to seize the human territory to stall for time. Provided that this happened, it was basically a contradiction to their original goal.

Hackzord looked at him in surprise. "You're actually rather clear about the outcome of Plan B... This saves me a lot of time explaining. Of course, the Deity of Gods will not continue to rise upwards all the time and should stop after two days. It will then move towards Graycastle. If Mask did not lie during his explanation of his plans, it will ultimately land near the sea—This way, it will destroy your kingdom but preserve the two other God's Stone mines."

It truly was a meticulous plan.

Roland maintained a calm expression on the surface, but his heart had sunken to the bottom.

When the two senior lords appeared the second time, he knew that something important had occurred, to the extent that he could not waste the time waiting for the letter. It was the reason why he took the risk to return to the hill.

But who would have thought that the new information would be that terrible!

Provided that Hackzord and Serakkas were willing to cooperate, destroying the core of the Deity of Gods was achievable. But the problem laid on the detonator installation for the nuclear weapon not being mass produced by the Ministry of Industry. Even with an abundance of raw materials, the assembly team required several weeks to assemble the parts. The last offshore nuclear test was a product the Ministry of Industry spent all its efforts to produce, while the new actual warhead had to be manufactured in Neverwinter's laboratory. Even if they rushed to manufacture the product, it couldn't be delivered to the Kingdom of Dawn right away.

Taking a step back, even if he had not conducted the test at the Kingdom of Dawn and chose to build the nuclear weapon before transporting it right above the Deity of Gods, it still required a day—which was enough for the floating island to gather enough height for a destructive force capable of destroying the majority of the Kingdom of Dawn.

"Why didn't you implement this right from the start? If you made use of one God's Stone mine, you would have been able to defeat the humans instead of waiting for this day."

"What do you think the Deity of Gods is, some cabbage from your farms?" Hackzord replied sourly. "Ignoring the difficulty of linking the magic power core and Birth Towers, just to have a sufficiently large God's Stone mine is rare enough. The reason for its ability to only rise for two days is because of the complete exhaustion of the God's Stone. Judging from the mine's stockpile in Hermes, it isn't even qualified to be part of Plan B."

*So they are still limited by the consumption of magic power...*

"Since Mask is able to control it, others might be able to as well." Roland's train of thoughts turned abruptly. "Have you not made any attempts in this aspect?"

"Human, you are just wasting time!" Hackzord's tone obviously turned impatient. "Even the underground civilization who were creators of the core apparatus isn't able to make this complicated thing mainstream. Although my race obtained its legacy, it doesn't mean that anybody wields such

talent, much less you humans that have never even obtained a single legacy! Make use of the time now and run for your lives.”

“I am not going anywhere.”

“You—!”

Roland picked up his drink and repelled Sky Lord’s furious glare. He revealed a smirk before speaking in a serious tone. “Graycastle and the Kingdom of Dawn has a populace of a few million people. It is basically impossible to migrate them to the Fjords in such a short time. And without Neverwinter, humanity will not be able to resist the enemy from the Sky-sea Realm. Even if I survived alone, it’s only a matter of time before the inevitable happens.” He paused for a moment. “And do not forget—as long as the Battle of Divine Will doesn’t stop, no one can escape extinction. Is that the outcome you want?”

“What’s the use of talking about this?” Hackzord replied disdainfully. “If not for Valkries, I will never have spoken to you.”

“I cannot deny that this information is extremely crucial. For this, I should be thanking you,” Roland admitted. “But you are not entirely right, having a legacy isn’t limited to only obtaining a legacy shard.”

“... What do you mean?”

“For example, Valkries is currently accepting the human’s legacy.” He turned to Nightmare Lord. “Am I right?”

Valkries, who had maintained her silence the entire time, finally spoke up. “I cannot deny that.”

“What kind of riddles are you getting at?” Sky Lord was obviously unhappy.

“Simply put, the real intention of the legacies is to accept everything of the other party, including its teaching, practices, collections, wisdom... this itself is considered as inheriting a legacy,” Valkries said unhurriedly. “In fact, you can understand it by viewing it from a different point of view. Legacies need not be obtained with the price of the extinction of the legacy holder; that is just the rule of God. I am not a human, but this doesn’t obstruct me from learning and gaining their knowledge—In fact, while being in this Dream World, I have learned many things.”

At this point, she turned back to Roland. “You already knew of this long ago?”

“Not too long ago.” Roland nodded. “But watching you use the cellphone proficiently to purchase products from the Cargarde Peninsula further proved my guess. Even if something terrible happened to me, the Witches who had once entered the Dream World, are able to bring this knowledge out to the other world.”

“Enough! What does this have to do with the Deity of Gods?” Hackzord bellowed.

“We humans did not obtain the underground civilization’s legacy shard, but after studying the historical remains left behind, it is not impossible for us to revise the Deity of Gods’ core instrument.” Roland spoke resolutely. “In fact, The Union did research on this and as of today, there are a few witches that have grasped the relevant knowledge. I am unclear if they are able to successfully stop the magic power core, but compared to a mass evacuation or destruction of the obelisk high up in the air, this is undoubtedly worth a shot.”

At long last, Sky Lord understood what Roland was getting at. "... Can the humans truly do this?"

"Although they look rather... strange, they are undoubtedly members of the human race."

"You are making a gamble on this."

"No, this is us having no other choice." Roland never had the thought of fleeing alone from the very beginning.

"I agree to this." Valkries stated solemnly. "The Bottomless Land has already been overrun by the Sky-sea Realm. King's City is continuously approaching, and there aren't enough troops. Heading to the Origin of Magic is only theoretic. Since the outcome cannot be any worse, it won't hurt taking a gamble."

Seeing that Nightmare Lord had spoken, Hackzord could only maintain his silence.

"If that is so, we should start discussing the plan needed to seize the Deity of Gods," Roland said.

### **Chapter 1435: Capturing the Deity of Gods**

Two days later, the Deity of Gods finally reached its maximum height, almost 5000 meters above ground

From a distance, it resembled a cone permanently fixed amongst the clouds, its downcast shadow blocking out a third of the Kingdom of Dawn, resulting in an earlier nightfall by several hours.

If not for the prior preparations done by the higher-ups and the order passed down for the civilians to stay indoors, with martial law imposed on the various cities, just the sight of the Deity of the Gods would have caused social order to collapse.

Following that, the Deity of Gods began moving towards Graycastle, the moving shadow outline formed a new distinct 'day and night line' for the people on the ground. Although Silent Disaster and Sky Lord were unable to operate the core apparatus, they were able to close the Red Mist valve, which could be considered the only good news. At the very least, they prevented the spillage of Red Mist everywhere.

Besides monitoring the Deity of Gods, the Witch Union and Graycastle's Administrative Office did not stay idle. The alliance of both parties were able to transfer a magic power core and an operator up onto the floating island after traversing the majority of Graycastle in a short span of two days.

Opening the sealed wooden crate, Roland saw Celine inside the temporary warehouse.

*"Phew... Although I don't have to breathe, the feeling of being transported in a narrow space felt terrible."* She extended her tentacles, as though performing a large stretch.

"It was tough on you," Roland replied earnestly. He knew how it felt to be sealed and be immobilized inside a wooden crate—such an experience was enough for someone with claustrophobia to go crazy. If not for the urgency, they would have waited for the large aircrafts to be completed as a mode of transport and not agree to transporting this ancient witch using such a method.

*"Compared to the things we suffered in the past, this little discomfort is nothing."* Celine looked to her left and right. *"Come to think of it, it is even more surprising that we are actually collaborating with the*

*demons, Your Majesty.*" She lowered her main tentacles and consciously suppressed her voice to the lowest. *"Are you sure of this? They are heartless and merciless enemies; cheating and lying is considered ordinary to them. To be honest, if this idea didn't come from you, Alethea would have never agreed to this."*

*"Relax, I know what I'm doing,"* Roland used his consciousness and replied seriously. *"The Deity of Gods absolutely cannot fall onto the Four Kingdoms, we cannot bear such a loss."*

*"To choose the lesser of two evils, this is something the Three Chiefs had to frequently do."* Celine's voice suddenly turned more gentle. *"I believe in your judgment."*

*"Fortunately, the one to operate this apparatus isn't Alethea."* Roland laughed bitterly. *"Otherwise I would be in for a huge headache."*

*"That is where you are wrong."* Celine smiled. *"After learning of the matter, she was definitely furious, but the person who stuffed me into the crate was none other than her."*

Roland was surprised, and warm emotions surged in his heart.

*"Alright, where is the Senior Demon you spoke of? I can't wait to go up the floating city."*

"Erm..." Her reaction was out of his expectations. "You really want to go up there?"

*"Of course! It is a new opportunity to study a brand new core! To utilize the God's Stone of Retaliation to control magic power and transform it into a powerful buoyant force, the thought of it thrills me!"* Celine's emotions took a huge turn. *"And that is a Demon city, a city! One has to understand that in the entire history of the Battle of Divine Will, no one has ever attacked a Demon City, much less occupy one!"*

"Fine, what you said is indeed very reasonable..." Roland turned and walked towards the corner of the warehouse. "Follow me."

After passing through a unique door, Hackzord and Serakkas appeared in the middle of the room waiting for the mission to begin. They were surrounded by 10 God's Punishment Witches and both parties were constantly eyeing each other—although it was a collaboration, both parties could never be at ease with the other.

"This..." The moment he saw Celine, Hackzord raised an eyebrow in surprise. "The carrier body of the underground civilization? A Witch merged with it?"

"You've never tried it before?" Roland asked out of curiosity.

"Only Nassaupelle has the interest and joy in turning himself into a monster." Sky Lord did not seem to put much thought into the question. "Since you're ready, let's begin."

"We have gone through the details for this mission. For everyone's sake, I will once again repeat the major procedures." Roland glanced around. "The core to controlling the Deity of Gods is situated at the lowest level of the obelisk which is filled with Red Mist, so the main force to enter will be God's Punishment Witches and the First Army. There lies the possibility of enemies there, mainly the Symbiotic Demons, or the Monstrous Beasts, so do not advance prematurely. The First Army will establish defense positions at crucial points and wait for the area to be declared safe before we go near the core. The

main task of the God's Punishment Witches is to protect Celine. I will leave it to the both of you." His eyes stopped at Phyllis and Zooley.

The two bowed in unison. "Yes."

According to Hackzord, the early implementation of Plan B meant that over ten thousands of Inferior Demons and thousands of Mad Demons were left stranded on the floating island. They took orders from senior lords and did not form any obstruction. As for the senior demons that took orders from Mask, they were 'convinced' by Silent Disaster. The only ones that were uncontrollable were the Monstrous Beasts that were created. Despite Hackzord's early closure of the main nesting grounds doors, no one knew how many were left to guard the city.

"In that case... move out!"

Roland gave the order.

Hackzord snapped his fingers, instantly conjuring a dark screen of magic power that opened behind him while leaking red mist.

The two senior lords disappeared through the Distortion Door first.

They were then followed by the God's Punishment Witches and Celine.

Soon after, the doors of the warehouses opened as a thousand soldiers fully equipped with all sorts of equipment entered the Distortion Door.

Operation City Capture had officially begun!

...

*"So this is... the interior of the demon city..."* Celine gasped. It was her first time stepping into the enemy's core region, and also the closest she had been to the obelisk. Despite knowing its immense size, the close proximity caused shocks to reverberate through her.

Especially when they were situated at the bottom of the large pit, where the large obelisk had protruded out of the Red Mist Lake like a pillar that touched the heavens.

"What do you plan to do?" Phyllis looked around cautiously and voiced out.

*"We have to first sense where the control core is."* She looked at the magic power cores revolving around the obelisk above her. *"The core apparatus can transmute all sorts of abilities, so we have to try using 'balance' or 'observation' to find out if it works."*

"Measurement? Isn't that the name of the magic stone?"

*"In some sense, the magic power core and magic stones are the same thing; the largest difference lies in the complexity and scale. In fact, after seeing Isabella's research notes, I think that they aren't much different from Witches. In essence, we all use the same method to activate magic power."*

Phyllis remained silent for a moment, then changed the topic. "What happens after a connection is established?"

*“Once connected, I can take the next step to analyze the demon core’s composition, just like how we use magic stones to analyze a Witch’s abilities. His Majesty requests for this entire floating island to land smoothly then we can achieve that by slowing this thing down. This will be much easier than creating a new ability.”*

“Miss Phyllis and Miss Celine.” Brian walked over. “The First Army has laid out its defenses, the next step is up to you.”

Celine nodded with her main tentacle and raised up the magic power core she brought along.

Very quickly, the core blossomed with a resplendent blue light and gradually floated in midair.

A thin line appeared silently and pointed straight to the obelisk—the peculiar sight attracted everyone’s attention. It was like a suspended thread above the Red Mist Lake that looked as though it had been there the entire time, only to have revealed itself then.

### **Chapter 1436: Super Ego**

...

The connection process went smoother than anticipated.

After adjusting the core, Celine ‘saw’ the interior of the obelisk—or rather, the entire control system. With the four magic power cores and the bottom of the obelisk as the parent body, it formed an intricate system. Magic power oscillated back and forth and emitted harmonized ripples.

After a moment of mulling things over, she gained a new understanding of the system: the four cores utilized different abilities to maintain their revolutions around the Deity of Gods, and the one controlling them was the parent body located at the bottom of the obelisk. But that was not entirely accurate as well. One could tell when observing the flow of magic power—the parent body only had one function of transforming magic power, similar to the operating levers on the Fire of Heaven.

The levers activated a few gears, valves or wire ropes, all of which were well designed components with the crucial point being the simplification of the complicated process. Typically, it took Celine a great deal of time, much less to control four at once. However, after experiencing the inconceivable simplistic transformation, it seemed possible.

She hated to admit it, but the demon Nassaupelle who had thought of the system was truly a genius.

Ignoring the replication of an exact same system, if not for the knowledge bestowed by Roland from the Dream World, she might not even be able to understand the system.

This gave rise to her suspicions.

The Union had once examined the records of a parent body and discovered that they were either a variant demon or a Chaos Beast birthed from a magic stone. Since it was a living creature, the Union believed that it had it was sentient and would undoubtedly hinder the control. How was it that the senior lord was able to transform it into a complete ‘tool’ capable of only taking orders?



Aside from that, Celine discovered from the intricate system that the obelisk itself was not important, and functioned more as a receiver and amplifier. As a crucial object that the demons depended on to survive, yet not part of the Deity of Gods, it was completely different from what she assumed the obelisk to be.

With her strong sense of curiosity, Celine extended her perceptive tentacle onto the parent body.

In that instant, an inconceivable image appeared before her—

*“Oh my god...”*

She could not help but exclaim in surprise.

It was actually a large ‘network.’

Within the large network composed of brightly lit lines, there were many twinkling nodes. Celine realized that they were the demon cities and more concentrated towards the large continent facing the Land of Dawn—Blackstone Region! Celine also discovered many more dim nodes that were scattered outside of the network, akin to lusterless pearls.

What shocked Celine even more was the familiar sense she had within the parent body.

There were no obstruction upon entry, as though this place was not a frequently visited place.

A carrier!

Celine quickly reacted!

That’s right, although it was a type of demon, the changes within it had made it somewhat similar to a carrier. It no longer had its own consciousness and only kept its basic instincts, the most crucial aspects to be a ‘controllable hub!’

There was no doubt that the technique was related to the underground civilization.

So that’s how this is operating... Mixed emotions rose within Celine—a mix of the excitement of discovering new technology and realizing the merciless intent behind it.

By relying on a destroyed race’s technology, the Union was able to implement a transformation plan for the ‘God’s Punishment Witches.’ And as inheritors of the legacy shard, how could the demons not make use of it?

Reality proved that their technology was far ahead compared to the Union.

The only thing she was incapable of understanding was that the altercation was done to allow the control of more core apparatuses which would result in an astonishing result. Aside from the Deity of Gods, the other cities did not require going this far. After all, the undertaking was filled with risk, much less mentioning the ‘transformed’ having its consciousness stripped. The parent body was responsible for the growth of the obelisk, holding a high importance amongst the demons, and thus wielding a substantial position.

But she noticed that the parent body that represented other city nodes had more or less been remodeled and were turning into receptacles, which went against conventional reasoning.

*Does the King not care about the lives of the demons?*

*"Done admiring?"*

An unfamiliar voice suddenly sounded out from behind her.

Celine jumped in fright and quickly 'turned back,' only to see a grotesque demon in front of her. It did not have an appearance that resembled a humanoid senior demon—its lower body was like a worm while its upper body had more than five pairs of arms that with hands of various shapes. The most conspicuous part was its head that resembled a deformed pillar with multiple masks hanging around it.

That was when Celine discovered she was actually able to turn through her consciousness! Unknowingly, she was no longer a floating spirit, but a form that had mass.

*"I never thought that a second entity had the ability to enter this place aside from me."* The other entity's voice was brimming with admiration. *"It seems like you and I are the same; we have abandoned our original shells and are no longer bound by any rules, all for the sake of seeking knowledge and the truth! How is it, are you satisfied with my work?"*

There was no longer a need to ask, the demon in front of her was obviously the Senior Lord Mask, Nassaupelle.

*"Why am I able to see my own form... what did you do?"*

*"You should be able to guess."* Mask extended his arms complacently. *"Doesn't this resemble the Realm of Mind?"*

Celine's expression changed. *"Could it be that you—"*

*"That's right, this is the 'Realm of Mind' that I've created!"* He released a laughter composed of multiple voices. *"Why so we need to seek talent in the Origin of Magic? Why are people able to casually enter and exit on a whim, but so difficult for others to interact with it? What I hate the most is those born with extraordinary gifts."*

*"This isn't right."* Celine calmed herself down and thought back to her companions' recounts of the Dream World. *"If you want to see yourself, all you need is a mirror. The Realm of Mind can accurately realize thousands of living beings. But there's nothing here aside from a large network of light. And most importantly... What I'm seeing is the concept of a carrier, and not the real me!"*

*"Heh, what's so bad about being a carrier? If not for this body, you would not be able to control the magic power core."* Mask snorted. *"The Realm of Mind is just a name; no one is able to dictate what it should be—although this is ultimately still a prototype. As for what I have accomplished, isn't it obvious from a glance?"*

He walked towards Celine and 'passed through' her. *"It is absolving the shackles of a shell and became an existence that transcends everything!"*

Celine gaped in shock.

*"There are limits to every body. There's isn't a perfect body in this world! Since that is so, why should I continue walking down this hopeless path? Do you see this network?"* Mask's voice became higher and

higher. *“Through it, I am everywhere, a body that is stronger than anything. Once it expands to a certain degree, I will be able to exist at multiple places at once, or in other words, the ability to create an unlimited ‘me!’”*

*“With all of my clones, I can head to the most dangerous of places, engage in the most dangerous of experiments, and nothing will prohibit me from discovering all the mysteries of this world! You should know what this entails!”* Nassaupelle raised all of his hands in excitement. *“All emotions, experiences, and knowledge shall belong to me. The efficiency of absorbing all of this knowledge will definitely induce a new evolution in me. There isn’t a need for talent or magic stones. Isn’t this the ideal goal that all beings that thirst for knowledge yearn for!?”*

*This guy... is crazy.*

She finally understood the reason for the alterations on the other parent bodies that had not become not Deity of Gods.

It wasn’t the intent of the demon king.

But things done secretly by Mask.

*“Seems like you realized it too.”* Nassaupelle took off a mask from his face and revealed a female face. That corners of the rigid face curled up. *“Upon leaving the Realm of Mind, all senior lords are nothing. And the King... he was unable to discover this despite being in his Presiding Holy Sea, that is the difference between me and him. They are too reliant on their abilities... but you will not have the chance of bringing this information out. Stay here, and become part of me.”*

When he finished his words, the four cores suddenly stopped revolving.

### **Chapter 1437: Silver Lining**

*“No, stop—!”*

Celine screamed in shock!

Once the magic power’s circulation was stopped, the Deity of Gods would become a dead mountain incapable of flight!

*“This is my ability,”* Nassaupelle replied indifferently. *“Although my body isn’t here, I am able to control the magic power core through the network from a distance. It did not exist in the beginning, but a construct that I worked on piece by piece after gaining the legacy. It does not require the support of talent, and will not vary from person to person. Although this network isn’t comparable to the Realm of Mind now, but what about a century or a millennium later? You have to understand that I, having broken free of the shackles of a body, no longer lack time.”*

*“Rumble...”*

When the cores came to a stop, the interior of the Deity of Gods started trembling.

The soldiers garrisoned at the plaza stumbled along with the trembles and many were caught off guard and fell directly to the ground.

"The Deity of Gods is dropping from a high altitude!" Silent Disaster said solemnly.

"Damn it, what's going on?" Hackzord turned and roared at Celine. "Hey, Witch! Answer me!"

*"Mask is interfering with the core instrument, we need to break his connection!"*

Celine shouted multiple times but realized that the other party was unable to 'hear' her consciousness. She was able to sense the changes in the outside world, but had lost the ability to communicate with them, as though a transparent glass wall had isolated her from them.

*"Your spirit is within the parent body and the carrier body outside is just an empty shell now, how can they possibly hear your warnings?"* Mask said with glee. *"And why do you think that it will be easy to break my connection... In my race, the position this parent body holds is similar to that of the King and the senior lords. Not only is its magic power on par with them, its body is equally as strong. Not to mention the thick Red Mist above it. It will not be easy to try and kill it. And without the spirit of the parent body, how will you control the core instrument? That is why the outcome cannot be changed."*

*"There are millions of lives still in the city, are you planning to bury them as well?"*

*"I don't understand how a Witch from the Union is actually feeling sympathy for demons."* Nassaupelle ridiculed. *"Regardless, they have chosen to side with that traitor, Hackzord, so they deserve death. As for the Symbiotic Demons, although it is a waste for them to be killed alongside the Deity of Gods, I just need to spend a bit of time to produce more of them. If you are thinking of ways to make me change my mind, you best have a reason that is far more convincing than that. There isn't much time left for those lowlifes outside."*

*This monster... how did he know that I'm from the Union?* Celine was completely shocked, but she did not have the luxury of time to ponder about the minor details. *"This is a God's Stone mine! If the floating island falls to the ground and crashes, Hermes and Graycastle's Western borders will be affected, are you sure that the King will not punish you for your actions?"*

*"Sky Lord actually went into so much detail..."* Nassaupelle appeared not in the least bit concerned. *"But the priority for destroying humans is higher; the King will definitely understand my plight. Since there are traitors amongst the senior lords, it is impossible not to pay a small price."*

*"A small price? The God's Stone mine is fundamental for the Red Mist towers! Without sufficient Red Mist, you are incapable of establishing a foothold on the Fertile Plains, how are you going to fight against the incoming Sky-sea Realm?"*

*"This reason is far more substantial than your previous one."* Mask did not confirm or deny anything. *"But you have overlooked two things. Firstly, the Symbiotic Demons' demand for Red Mist is far less than Primal and Junior Demons. And even if we are short in supply, they will not harbor any complains. Secondly, I have confidence in you humans..."*

*"Confidence... what do you mean?"* Celine gritted her teeth and asked.

*"I underestimated Ursrook's capability previously. Humans might be slow in the development of magic power, but they have astonishing achievements in other aspects. I have complete confidence that if I obtain your legacy and merge it with my techniques, dealing with Sky-sea Realm will not be a difficult task. In other words, even without the two God's Stone mine, I can still win the Battle of Divine Will."*

"..." Celine realized that the demon would not change his mind regardless of what she said. He had been toying with her right from the beginning.

Just like how a hunter toyed with his prey.

Sensing that she could no longer send any messages out, Celine decided to rely on herself to stop the disaster!

*"See, you no longer have time."* Nassaupelle gazed into the distance. Once the magic power supporting the Deity of Gods completely disappeared, the slow descent would gradually turn into a true fall. In that situation, even the soldiers would no longer be able to stand and could only attempt to stay fixed on the ground by laying prone. *"It is said that when a large mass falls, the living things standing on it will fly along with it. I wonder if I will be able to witness such a scene?"*

*How can I reactivate the core?*

Celine forced herself to focus, knowing that Mask was not on the Deity of Gods and was only connected through the 'network'. *If I can expel him from it, I can restore the magic power core back to normal!*

She attempted to probe the four cores with her perception, but instantly encountered a backlash!

It was an extremely complicated mix of cyclones.

Every single Instrument of Divine Retribution were equally matched in terms of their patterns, and with their mutual influence on each other, they formed extremely dense magic power cyclones.

Just analyzing a single cyclone would require too much time, much less analyzing all four of them!

*"This is true art... is it not?"* Nassaupelle increased the image of the cyclones, forming a grand 'starry cyclone' structure to appear above their heads, wherein magic power interweaved with each other and dazzled brightly. *"I have spent close to a century to calculate this, with two thirds of my brains constantly working on the relevant problems. The other senior lords think of me as a monster... It is truly laughable; if I had not transformed my own body and absorbed more brains, how could I realize all of this?"*

Seeing the intricate cyclone of stars, Celine felt a trace of despair.

At the same time, she sensed that Mask was making use of her focus on the cores to corrode her body. But Celine didn't have the time and effort to resist; if she was unable to change anything, the Union... as well as humanity's hope would be destroyed. At that point, what difference would being taken over by someone else matter?

*Quick, think of a way!*

The image of Roland appeared in her head. It was this man that brought hope back to the Taquila survivors from the impossible... But very quickly, she overruled this thought. Mask's network was completely different from the Realm of Mind; it was impossible for her to receive the King's help.

*How can I analyze the stars?*

Thinking back when she was transforming the core instrument into the Instrument of Divine Retribution, what had she done?

An idea flashed through her mind!

She turned her head towards the 'network' abruptly. It was a technology created using the underground civilization's legacy, and those gray dots were magic cores that had not been assimilated by the magic power core.

Neverwinter has those cores as well!

Since Celine was able to connect to the Deity of Gods's central hub using the core instrument, it meant that other cores were also capable of achieving the same thing. Of course, distance was an issue, but by reverse engineering, she could make use of the central hub to initiate contact with the other cores.

What if Pasha and Alethea appeared to help her?

*No, they will not be of any use...* There was only one person she could count on!

The person was one of the Three Chiefs who had helped her through the calculations of the core.

Lady Eleanor.

Celine did not have the time to consider the probability of Eleanor's central carrier having lost her consciousness and the fact that she might not respond at all.

This thought was like a silver lining. Regardless of the result, she decided to grasp the opportunity!

She focused her attention onto the obelisk—

This time, she did not engage in analysis and only increased the amount of magic power!

*"What are you trying to do?"* Nassaupelle continued to corrode her consciousness as he asked leisurely. *"Are you trying to expand the scope of the network? You don't understand... all the carriers or parent bodies that do not have spirits will not undergo any changes. Even the King has to merge with the magic power core first to control the astonishing amount of power..."*

*"Is that so? Coincidentally, I do know of a such a person!"* Celine gave it her all and released her consciousness out through the network. *"Adjust the core and turn it into balance!"*

In that instant, the obelisk unleashed an undetectable hum, the violent magic power undulations caused the entire network to flicker as though it was on the verge of being extinguished. Except for a single bright light that moved towards the west.

## **Chapter 1438: Not Alone**

Graycastle, Neverwinter.

Astrologer of Dispersion Star worked as usual, computing the design manuscripts sent by the Ministry of Industry alongside his companions.

It was a seemingly never-ending job; yet, it was surprisingly fulfilling—unlike observing the stars, they were able to calculate every outcome, determine the direction of the design, and ultimately yield foreseeable results. Although he frequently used the new astronomical telescope while idle, he had placed more attention on the Arithmetic Academy over the past two years.

The more he calculated, the greater his appreciation of Roland's words—'employing numbers to describe everything.' Astrologers did not have much knowledge on the manufacturing process, but all the curves and lines portrayed by those numbers looked extremely coordinated with the majority of outcomes predetermined. It was a fantastic yet bizarre connection between the two and at times, even he wasn't so sure himself. Was it the creations which determined the numbers, or vice versa?

*If we have a certain degree of grasp over this knowledge, is it possible that we would not even require material objects and be able to determine the properties of an unknown object with just a string of numbers and formulas?*

This was the wonderful association that made him look forward to new discoveries every day.

"Research Project 26's computation has yielded 3475, far exceeding the margin." His assistant carefully pressed on the calculation machine before reporting.

The machine was extremely rare and personally crafted by Anna. With less than 10 sets in Neverwinter, they were all allocated to the Administrative Office and Arithmetic Academy.

Astrologer of Dispersion Star nodded his head. As he lifted his pen and was about to record it down, the light above his head suddenly flickered. The light bulb buzzed, as though a malfunction had occurred.

Everyone stopped everything they were doing and waited for the illumination to return to normal.

"Crash!"

A crisp sound came from the room next door immediately following that, sounding like something had fallen to the ground.

The astrologer frowned; he knew that important instruments used by the ancient witches were kept in that room. After the repeated warnings for the apprentices to pay extra attention when cleaning that room, why were they still so careless?

Unexpectedly, the culprit quickly ran out of the room and rushed to him in fear and panic. "My, my lord! The skeleton is floating!"

"What?" Astrologer of Dispersion Star frowned and rushed towards the door, only to widen his eyes in shock.

The skeleton that was originally enclosed securely had completely dispersed, as though changing its own form with a radiance blossoming from its center. It looked like it had awoken from a deep slumber!

*How could this be possible!?*

Only a few were aware of the existence of carriers—aside from the blob-shaped ancient witches, no one was able to use the magical objects. They were the ones responsible for the dark tunnel under the Arithmetic Academy to the central carrier, and it was for this reason that the Arithmetic Academy had such objects.

The brilliance did not sustain for long. After about thirty seconds, the skeleton returned back to its sealed state and fell to the ground slowly.

“My lord, I was just using a wet cloth to wipe the dust from its surface; I swear that I did nothing else!” the apprentice tried to explain himself in panic.

“This has nothing to do with you; you may leave,” Astrologer of Dispersion Star feigned a calm expression and instructed the apprentice.

When the door closed, he took out a unique key from his robes.

It was the only method to head down into the tunnel.

There were more than one blob-shaped ancient witch, but the one beneath was different. Rumor had it was that she had no consciousness and only had the ability to answer questions; therefore, it was required for her to be chained and shackled to prevent unexpected accidents. The astrologer was not unfamiliar with her, for she had contributed greatly in verifying computations previously. But he never forgot Lady Pasha’s warnings. Upon being awakened, the carrier’s body held strength capable of tearing any humans to shreds.

He had to ensure that what had just happened was not because of her.

What shocked him was that the central carrier had not left its original position, but had gone completely limp, with its tentacles twisted together, devoid of any signs of life.

*No... how did this happen...*

Astrologer of Dispersion Star knew that the problem and solution was completely beyond him.

He quickly turned and ran to the surface, while shouting at the top of his lungs. “Someone, hurry to the castle and inform Lady Scroll!”

...

The brilliance that appeared quickly dissipated and the illuminated gray dot sustained for a few seconds and immediately died out, like a temporary flame.

*Did I... fail?*

Celine stared at the network, speechless. In that instant, she had clearly formed a connection with the magic power core, but why did the light die out?

Her original plan was to form an equilibrium and connect the two ends to allow Lady Eleanor to analyze the four instruments, but her hope had turned evanescent like bubbles.

When she made another attempt, she found it difficult to gather her focus—Mask’s intrusion into her consciousness had started to show its effects.



*“Without the support of the God’s Stone mine, the network cannot last too long... It ultimately requires magic power to operate; otherwise, why do you think I would allow those magic cores to drift away?”* Nassaupelle shrugged. *“Although incomprehensible, your determination is laudable. I will be accepting your spirit and consciousness.”*

*“I cannot allow that.”*

Suddenly, a third voice appeared in that space of consciousness.

Celine was startled. The voice sounded familiar; it had an indescribable sense of familiarity mixed with a tinge of unfamiliarity.

She turned her head only to see a lady standing silently behind Nassaupelle. Her long hair reached her ankles, her brows were exquisite like a painting, and her pair of gray eyes had a hint of languidness. She looked extremely similar to the other two of the Three Chiefs.

*“Lady... Eleanor!”*

Celine blurted out.

She could hardly believe her own eyes! After 400 odd years, she was once again looking at the creator of the Union.

*“You must be Celine? I remember your voice. And this is undoubtedly a senior demon...”* Eleanor looked around. *“Where is this? A new spirit vessel?”*

*“I will tell you everything later, but we don’t have the time for that now!”* Celine urged anxiously. *“Please, help me to activate the magic power cores and drive this demon out! Otherwise it will all be too late!”*

*“Hahaha... Hahahaha...”* Mask laughed out loud. *“I was wondering what you had done. Who would have known that you would be sending me a gift! Is this female specimen strong? A pity that I do not own a physical body, so fighting capabilities are useless here. As to figuring out the four cores, that is even more hilarious, in terms of computational—”*

Halfway through, Nassaupelle’s smile froze.

He clearly noticed the stellar bodies above his head was changing, from a few light blobs that appeared suddenly, followed by the quick expansion of an area like a river receiving a large influx of water from a reversed waterfall. This resulted in the suppression of the revolution of the stars, and forced them to spin in a counterclockwise direction instead. Under the two intertwining powers, the four magic power cores blossomed with dazzling lights again!

The reinstated Deity of Gods instantly entered a steep decrease in speed, the dissipating Red Mist was quickly pulled back in, and the crystal which had liquefied into a boiling liquid and surged to the surface of the Red Mist Lake had solidified into a crystallized body once more. The sudden change of gravity made it impossible for the First Army to move as they were pressed to the ground.

*“Who exactly are you!?”* Nassaupelle roared in astonishment. *“How is this possible with a single person?! How are you able to understand the composition of the magic power revolutions alone so quickly?!”*

*"It's true that it's impossible to achieve this with one person."* Eleanor looked upwards and extended her hands, as though interacting with the majestic magic power that surrounded them. *"But I am not alone..."*

With a loud bang, the surrounding lights died out, along with the other nodes on the network, leaving only the blob of light representing the Deity of Gods that started to flicker.

Celine realized that the connection between the control hub and the 'network' had been broken.

### **Chapter 1439: The Last of the Three Chiefs**

The endless humming within the space suddenly quietened down.

It felt as though the two ladies had separated themselves from everything else.

Celine almost shed tears just by looking at the lady standing before her despite their corporeal bodies having long lost the ability to cry. She yearned to step forward to hug her, but halfway through extending her tentacles forward, she saw her crude and unsightly tentacles and stopped.

But the other party took the initiative to step closer and took her tentacles into her hand without hesitation.

*"It isn't my first time seeing a carrier, so what are you ashamed of?"*

Just as it had been in the past, her intonation remained amiable.

The familiar voice and appearance made it no longer possible for Celine to control her emotions. She spread out all her tentacles and pulled Eleanor into an embrace.

*"Are you able to explain the entire story to me now?"* the other party asked with a laugh.

*"My Lady, can you tell me of the situation outside first?"* Celine only remembered her mission after calming down. The space of consciousness still existed, which meant that the Deity of Gods had not crashed to the ground as planned by the enemy. However, she still needed to hear it first hand that nothing bad had happened beyond the space of consciousness.

*"Although it's still descending, its speed should have reached a safe range before crashing to the ground,"* Eleanor explained and paused. *"Come to think of it, is this an object built by the demons? I see many God's Punishment Witches. Are we already able to launch an assault on siege an enemy's city? So in the end, Alice still... succeeded..."*

Celine was finally relieved. *"About that... I'm afraid that the situation isn't as you imagine it to be, and explaining all of it would take some time."*

*"A consciousness exchange is most suitable for lengthy reports."* Eleanor sighed. *"Come, I am prepared."*

*"Yes."* Celine nodded her main tentacle. *"I will start from the time after you successfully merged with the central carrier..."*

...

The recount took a long time before it was completed.

*"... I see."* Eleanor spoke once again, emotions apparent in her voice. *"In the end, it was not Alice or Natalia who won, but the humans having actually formed a new system. However, I'm very curious. Was such an extraordinary person truly produced from among the ordinary humans?"*

*"It took us a long time before we accepted that. It was Agatha who used to recruit ordinary humans that adapted quickly to the circumstances. If not for her creating the ties, I'm afraid the entire process would have been more complicated."*

*"I remember that name."* Eleanor blinked. *"She is the young Awakened genius."*

*"You actually remember her."* Celine was surprised. *"She is the only Witch to have maintained her original appearance from our time."* At this point, Celine hesitated for a moment. *"Lady Eleanor, are you able to recall all your memories while being in the central carrier?"*

Eleanor shook her head. *"To be honest, I don't really know who I am. The name of Eleanor is not entirely correct, because I am also Cheryl, Jasmine, and Salice... All the Witches that had merged with the central carrier makes the current me. I can remember everything that occurred before merging, but nothing when I became one. It is difficult for me to describe the feeling. It is chaotic and messy, and it isn't as simple as seeing or talking. It's more like my consciousness has been peeled off into many smaller sections, and only a portion of it remains normal."* Sighing for a moment, she continued, *"Oh... If I really try and recall, the only thing I can remember is the analysis of the magic power cores and computations."*

*"Then how did you come here?"* Celine asked in surprise.

*"I am not too sure myself. I guess, when you see a beam of light tearing through the chaos, one would run to it at all costs, right?"*

*I see, and to me, you were the light in the darkness as well...*

Celine fell silent for quite a while as she suppressed the emotions churning within her.

Upon thinking about the smooth process that she had gone through, Celine realized that it might be connected to Nassaupelle's alterations on the Mother of Soul. Compared to the central carrier of the underground civilization, this 'carrier' was most probably even more compatible with their consciousnesses. After all, Mask had many brains and would have the same chaotic and myriad thoughts. If he had not adjusted those consciousnesses, he would be the first to be devoured instead.

It was also because of this reason that the network was more suited for Lady Eleanor. The instant their magic power interacted, she was instantly 'drawn' towards it.

Her continued existence with the network gone meant that the carrier inside Neverwinter was an empty shell once more. And presently, Eleanor was residing in the demons' Mother of Soul.

After Celine shared her analysis simply, Eleanor nodded in agreement. *"I believe so too. Who would have known that after being separated for so long, I would turn into a demon the moment I open my eyes. This ending is truly unexpected. But the senior lord called Mask did quite an overhaul. This shell no longer yields the ability to even move, as though it was intentional."*

The inability to move equaled to them being unable to send the information out of the lake, so no one would ever notice the change inside the obelisk. As long as the obelisk continued to produce Red Mist, the Mother of Soul would remain safe. Mask's actions were undoubtedly hitting the blind spot of his own race.

*"So long as we know who you are, it isn't important what vessel it is."* Celine waved her main tentacle, her voice filled with excitement. *"The other Witches that have merged must acknowledge it as well, to allow you to appear. When we return to Neverwinter, Pasha and the rest will be over the moon!"*

*"I really wish to see them as well."* Eleanor looked into the distance. *"But I can't go that far."*

Celine was startled. *"Why?"*

*"The God's Stone mine beneath the obelisk is almost drained and will quickly lose its effectiveness. The Mother of Soul will die out as well. Ultimately, it is still a demon, and it can't move as freely as a carrier,"* she answered gently. *"The last thing that I can do for all of you is to ensure that this city lands slowly."*

Celine froze in shock.

She realized that she had forgotten an extremely important thing, the Deity of Gods's ability to surpass its limit to ascend and fall quickly was from the overdraft of the God's Stone mine. Adding her previous amplification of the obelisk to connect the 'network' to the Western Region, the exhaustion of the God's Stone mine was almost to its last drop. This was an irreversible fact whether or not Mask's Plan B succeeded or failed.

*"It isn't anything to be sad about."* Eleanor closed her eyes. *"Your great effort allowed me to see this world once again, and unlike four centuries ago, there is immense hope for humanity this time... This is enough for me."*

*"But—"*

Eleanor extended her hand and interrupted her. *"In fact, this isn't a bad thing. If I do not appear, everything remains the same. But if I return, who knows what troubles it might bring, and it might only bring harm and zero advantage to the situation."*

*"How is that possible?"* Celine retorted as she waved her main tentacle. *"Everyone will be even more inspired!"*

*"You mentioned that the current leader of the Witches is an ordinary human king, isn't that so? What will be on his mind when he learns about the sudden appearance of the Three Chiefs of the Union at a unified battlefield? As to who Taquila should listen to, would his opinions be solely his... Even if you deny this, you are unable to eliminate these misgivings. In time, it will become a rift. As a member of the Quest Society, you remain focused on the study of magic power, so it is normal for you to be unaware of other things. That is why the safest way is to maintain the status quo."*

Celine did not know what to say.

*"I have understood one thing after Alice's and Natalia's fall."* Eleanor sighed. *"I am a Transcendent, but not a qualified leader. It might be an advantage as compared to an ordinary human, but it definitely isn't*

*suitable to guide others. When the Union was on the verge of collapsing, I remained passive and never made a decision. That itself was fundamentally me shirking responsibility.”*

*“My Lady...”*

*“You do not have to console me. At that point of time, regardless of whether I supported the Queen of Starfall City or the Queen of Sunchaser, it would have turned the situation into a two against one. In that sense, the Union might not have crumbled. But faced with the decision that would affect the future of the entire race, I finally abandoned making a position, which led to the entire ending becoming irreversible.”* Her gaze became mixed, as though her emotions had returned to that most arduous point in time. *“Merging with the central carrier was the only way of making up for it. It was only after gathering everybody’s will that I came to be sure of my own judgment. I am not suitable to be one of the Three Chiefs. Even if we returned to the past, I would have never been able to lead all of you to a better future. So such an outcome isn’t bad... Accompany me a little while longer, before the obelisk collapses.”*

*“We can chat for as long as you want.”* Celine took a deep breath. *“But If I do not do anything now, I will regret it in the future. Regardless, I hope that you can explain everything to Roland.”*

*“Celine—”*

*“Maybe you’re right, but that is from the perspective of a King.”* She hung her main tentacle down firmly. *“At the very least, he is somewhat similar to you. If you claim to be unsuited to be one of the Three Chiefs, then he is the most unsuitable King that I have ever met.”*

#### **Chapter 1440: Respective Responsibilities**

Chaos occurred on the ground the moment the Deity of Gods fell.

Hackzord opened a Distortion Door abruptly and sent both Silent Disaster and himself to Roland, as though having the intent of abducting him.

However, the God’s Punishment Witches formed a tight circle around Roland and activated an anti-magic area. Both sides were unrelenting, and just like that, daggers were drawn. If not for Lightning’s prompt relay of new information regarding the decrease in speed of the descending floating island, Serakkas might have unleashed her sword and resorted to blows.

This made Roland realize that although both parties were temporarily collaborating, they were not on the same page with regards to their interests—or in other words, aside from Valkries, they had not realized the true threat of God. Everything that they did were only for Nightmare Lord who was trapped within the Dream World.

Regardless of that, the stabilized Deity of Gods meant that Celine had successfully gained control of the core and the disaster was averted.

Further reports brought in good news; no one in the First Army was lost, and only three sustained injuries during the fall. The anticipated Spider Demons did not appear, and the Mad Demons that were under control did not break loose from the incident. Though a harrowing experience, they went through the entire operation without any mishaps.

Up till when Celine arrived before Roland did he realize that the situation was not as simple as it looked.

If it were any other time, she would be gesticulating with joy, recounting everything she had seen and heard while controlling the Deity of Gods.

And reality was just as he had anticipated, or more accurately, rather incredulous.

Mask had gone so far as to use the race's parent body and magic power cores as a node and built up a 'demon network' that spanned across the two large continents, and remotely activated the descent of the Deity of Gods. And the crux to turning all of this around was actually the Ancient Witch that remained a thousand miles away—more accurately speaking, the Ancient Witches.

They were led by one of the Three Chiefs of the Union, Eleanor.

"She wants to meet me?" Roland asked.

*"To be more precise, I hope that you'll meet her."* Celine voiced her worries. *"Although she said she isn't qualified to be one of the Three Chiefs, she did make great sacrifices and contributions for the Union. Everyone is aware of what she has done... It wasn't easy for her to be able to see the light of day today, so I do not wish for her to disappear just like that."*

"The Deity of Gods can't last much longer..." Roland mumbled to himself in thought. The Quest Society had confirmed that the obelisk would crumble without a God's Stone. And with the Mother of Soul being the foundation of the entire building, it was bound to die as well. The only way to avoid this eventual outcome was to find a new source of magic power before it died.

He had never attempted such a thing before, and with his knowledge of the Mother of Soul being close to zero, it might had been possible if there was a timespan of a year or two. Roland then recalled that he had Valkries's and Hackzord's help, which was a factor that could alter the destined outcome.

*"Your Majesty..."*

"Relax," Roland consoled her. "She is the heroine that saved both Graycastle and the Kingdom of Dawn. Even if you didn't mention it, I would have done all I can to keep her around."

Since there was no lack of feasible options technologically, the most important thing was to change Eleanor's mindset, which, in a sense, shared the same principles as providing treatment. A person that harbored faith had a higher probability of surviving than one that had given up.

And Roland was confident that he would never lose when it came to sophistry.

...

On top the Deity of Gods, Roland stood before the magic power core and nodded at Celine.

It was different from the Realm of Mind; Roland was unable to intrude like how a carrier did and required Celine as an intermediary to form a connection with Eleanor.

The latter extended her main tentacle into the core and, very quickly, a voice sounded inside his head.

*"Let me guess, you must be the human king."*

*“Roland Wimbledon,” he closed his eyes and replied in a relaxed manner. “It is our first time meeting each other, I am glad that you were able to free yourself from the central carrier, Eleanor of the Three Chiefs.”*

*“A pity you can’t see the real me, I am but a hideous demon now.”*

*“That is only temporary. Since your consciousness is able to be here, there will come a day when you can enter the Realm of Mind. There, not only will you be able to regain your former self, you will also be able to see your past comrades.”*

*“The Dream World, huh... I have heard about it from Celine; it is indeed a fascinating place.” Eleanor paused for a moment. “But she should have informed you that the God’s Stone mine in this city is close to exhaustion, I can’t wait till then.”*

*“All that needs to be done is to change locations so that you can wait,” Roland replied bluntly.*

*“What?”*

*“Neverwinter has a God’s Stone mine, I can shift you there. The skills involved will indeed be troublesome; for example, how will you get out of the Red Mist Lake, and can we shift you to Neverwinter with no Red Mist supply. But I believe that with careful preparations, it can be realized.”*

*“But the price of doing so will be huge.” It sounded as though Eleanor had chuckled. “Doing this doesn’t benefit you at all. Did Celine make you promise something?”*

*“Lady Eleanor, I did no such thing—” Celine tried to explain herself.*

*“What do you mean by it bringing no benefits!?” Roland interrupted her. “Your existence is extremely vital to humanity; it’s just that you have not realized that.”*

Eleanor was startled. *“Extremely... vital?”*

*“Mask was able to use this ‘network’ to gain control over the core instrument, and there is no doubt to that. The cores are obviously important tools to study magic power, and at present, you are the only one capable of expelling him. That itself is something extremely important.” Roland spoke frankly. “Of course, that’s not the most important—”*

He suddenly slowed down his speech and enunciated each and every word. *“If humanity gains a similar floating island, the entire war situation will tilt in our favor!”*

This time, even Celine was astounded.

*“You want to build a Deity of Gods?”*

*“Why can’t I? And we are not even beginning from zero; there is this perfectly tuned core instrument made by Mask here, with a suitable controller. All we are lacking is an obelisk.” Roland shrugged. “But neither do I have the need such a large territory that can rise. A floating island of spanning about one to two kilometers is enough for large caliber bombers to take off and land, and even bring an army straight to the Bottomless Land. The prerequisite being you capable of grasping the structures of the magic power cores, and even use them with a new God’s Stone mine. I know it will not be easy, so even if it*

*doesn't succeed, I will not think of you as inferior to Mask either. At the very least, you would have tried it, don't you think so?"*

*You don't think that you're qualified to be one of the Three Chiefs? That's fine, I'll give you a new goal. With this undisguised form of goading you on, and with such motivation, how are you going to reject me?*

The voice in his head suddenly fell silent.

A long while later, Eleanor said with a sigh, *"I understand now, what being 'the most unsuitable King' means."*

*"Huh? What's that?"*

*"No, I said nothing." The other party sounded as though she was free from a burden. "Just one thing, Mister Roland. You seemed to have made a mistake with the premise. Everything that you planned is based on the fact that you are able to shift the Mother of Soul successfully. I know that it will not be easy; if it doesn't succeed, I will not blame you either."*

*"Lady Eleanor—!"* Celine squealed with joy.

*"Of course." Roland smirked. 'All of us have our respective responsibilities.'"*

*"Then quickly decide on the landing spot; this thing can't last much longer."*

*"I've already thought about it." He looked southeast. Regardless of where the Deity of Gods fell on, it would become a large obstruction, and only the large ocean could hold such a large inverted mountain. And if the landing spot was appropriate, it might even increase the land of Graycastle—a subsidiary island. "Drop it near Seawindshire."*