

Witch 1471

Chapter 1471: Blood-colored Dawn

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When the Divine Will's lights dispersed, the sky which was covered in layers of dark clouds regained its brightness.

Tens of thousands of demons stood a distance away, silently witnessing the battle of two senior lords.

The grasslands which originally stood there was gone, and replacing it was a scorched earth. Every time the Divine Will fell, it was represented by an indomitable force. Boulders would be shattered and trees would be set alight. Their trajectories leaving a wake of destruction wasn't even enough as a description.

But Blood Conqueror's massive body was barging about in the golden lightning as though unfazed by the damage the Divine Will brought to him. He similarly left countless marks on the ground—craters which were the length of several meters wide was the masterpiece of the tremendous strength he was proud of.

However, the first to fall was the latter.

Silent Disaster's attacks were not only formidable, but it also had a speed which wasn't inferior to Undeserved's, allowing her to leave a wound on Blood Conqueror with every attack. There was a limit to the expenditure of magic power, so even the recovery abilities of a senior Lord of Hell was eventually unable to keep up with the expenditure. When Silent Disaster brushed past him, her blades sliced off his thick calf, making victory a given.

"This is not a commensurate battle," Death Scar whispered.

Blood Conqueror's abilities were extremely identical to human Extraordinaries. His magic stone mainly acted on his body, leaving him invincible on the battlefield. Regardless of it being a metallic weapon or a magic strike, he possessed extremely strong resistive abilities. Once he burst into an assault, few things could stop him.

As for Silent Disaster, she had excellent stamina. Her talent at culling could enhance her abilities and her sharp senses and figure allowed her to avoid potent, critical strikes.

In the battle between the two, it was naturally incommensurate.

"Not necessarily," said Hackzord. "Watch."

"Cough! Cough... Cough..." Blood Conqueror was covered in wounds as blue blood spewed out like fountains. Clearly, his injuries far exceeded his recovery abilities. He propped himself up with his ax, but his face wore a baffling look of joy. "Not bad. As expected of a Charita genius! I've long wished to battle you to see who... Cough... is the strongest warrior in the race."

“...” Silent Disaster was not without injuries either. Her armor had several indentations and one of her arms was completely fractured, and it drooped down by her side. “If I had not experienced a near-death battle recently, I might not be too certain about the outcome of this fight.”

“This is... the joy of slaughtering, isn't it?” Blood Conqueror coughed out a mouthful of blood.

“Compared to surrendering, this suits me better.”

Silent Disaster calmed her breathing and held her sword with one hand as she walked towards her opponent.

“Cough... Final question. Are you also going to be like those trash, using the fate of the race as reason to kneel to the humans in submission?”

“No, I'm only doing this for Valkries.” After saying that, Silent Disaster swung her sword downwards, slashing straight into Blood Conqueror's chest.

The ripples of magic power swept through the Realm of Mind once again.

No one dared to come forward to stop them, nor was anyone willing to stop them. It was as though the outcome of the battle had already been decided from the beginning.

“... What do we do next?” Death Scar frowned silently for a period of time before asking. “The Mothers of Soul which need transplantation are all on the Deity of Gods. Currently, there are only three Birth Towers which can produce Red Mist. Furthermore, the stronghold closest to the north will land in the hands of the Sky-sea Realm sooner or later. Once Arrieta and your Sky City falls, we would have no place to retreat to.”

“Many things need to be done.” Hackzord sighed. “You have to settle down the massive number of troops that are retreating from the rear. Then, you need to establish a supply line between the two cities. The legacy shard has to be held firmly in the hands of the race, as far from the humans and the Sky-sea Realm as possible. In addition, the race needs a new King, so as to ensure the continuation of future generations...” He paused. “Of course, the first thing that needs to be done is to negotiate with the humans.”

“I hope that Valkries didn't make a wrong choice.” He turned to walk towards the camp as the race stirred to make way.

Sky Lord looked east towards the blood-red dawn without giving a reply.

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Roland had woken up early and entered the landing site when he learned that the fleet was about to land.

In fact, he wasn't the only one. The First Army, the engineering team, the support crew... Everyone ran to the surface and awaited the moment of the Aerial Knights' return.

When the first biplane unstably landed on the floating island's runaway, a resounding cheer erupted from the crowd.

After waiting for a long while, Roland finally saw the Seagull and Phoenix. The glider didn't look too different from when it first set off while the latter appeared mottled. However, it was in stable condition like it usually was. Soon, the two planes landed in front of him.

Before the staircase was raised, he had already taken wide strides towards the runway.

"Wait, wait—" Tilly rejected his extended arms when she landed. "Don't come over!"

"Why?"

"Didn't you say that there would be dangerous contamination after the explosion? Although the Phoenix was rather far from the target, there's no guarantee that it wasn't tainted. Now that I've touched it and with you coming over—"

Before Tilly finished her sentence, she was pulled into a hug by Roland.

"Who cares," he said with a laugh.

The crowd soon noticed this scene. Following that, more people surged towards the tarmac and opened their arms to hug the returning Aerial Knights. Some even threw them high into the air!

The landing area immediately erupted into a sea of cheers.

"Uh, didn't you say that they have to undergo cleansing and inspection once they return," Nightingale asked with her lips curled.

Anna shook her head in amusement. "It looks like you've set off a bad example."

"Apparently..." Roland could not help but hold his forehead.

"Woo!" At that moment, Lightning descended from the sky and pounced onto him. "We succeeded!"

"Coo! We won! Coo!" Maggie followed closely behind.

The other Witches also came forward.

"Aren't you stopping everyone?" Nightingale asked with a shrug.

Tilly thought about it before laughing. "Who cares!"

After quite a period of buzz, the landing area finally returned to normal. According to the reports of the Aerial Knights, the Logistics team split the returning planes into batches. They determined the degree of cleansing based on the planes' distance from the explosion. As for the Fury of Heaven planes which Good and company flew, they were immediately decommissioned due to their close proximity to the Deity of Gods.

The higher-ups of the First Army quickly obtained the final tabulation. A total of 146 planes returned safely, which meant that Neverwinter lost nearly a third of its aerial forces, with a large number of them being first-generation Fire of Heaven planes. Clearly, the number of senior demons protecting King's City was completely on a different level as the Western Front's army. If they had used normal measures, this battle would probably not have ended in such a short period of time.

Out of the other two bombers, only Kun Peng returned safely. When Sylvie mentioned Eagle Face's last words, the meeting room fell into a brief moment of silence.

"Graycastle will not forget them," said Roland heavily. "When we return to Neverwinter, I will make everyone remember their names—be it those who sacrificed or the warriors who survived. But before our celebrations, we need to ensure the physical condition of the Aerial Knights."

"Your Majesty, rest assured. The Logistics team has already made preparations," Iron Axe said.

These were part of the plan which included tracking and observation, so as to quarantine the exposed. For Hero who possessed the ability to transfer illnesses and Nana who could perfectly eliminate illnesses, radiation sickness was not something that left them helpless. Even if the process might take some time, and the cost was significant, Roland had no intention of giving up on anyone.

"Of course, before that, I permit everyone to have a mini celebration tonight." He slowed down his tone and smiled. "For the victory that didn't come easy."

Chapter 1472: Celebration and the Unforeseen

"Cheers!" Agatha said as she raised her cup.

"Cheers—!" the Witches boomed in reply. Dozens of cups were raised into the air as they clinked with each other. Among them were Taquila Witches, who had lost their sense of taste, as well as the higher-ups of the Union who had turned into carriers. It was especially so for the latter two. As humans who had experienced the previous Battle of Divine Will and through it, immense despair and helplessness, they finally felt the great weight on their chests lifted. They could engage in laughter with everyone else, laughing even more happily than the rest.

Not all sacrifices would have returns, nor was all persistence met with brightness. It was precisely because of this that centuries of sacrifice and persistence which were not for naught that moved people even more.

"Hey..." Nana curiously sized up Pasha and company. "Can you really taste anything by drinking it like this?"

The God's Punishment Witches had only lost their sense of taste, but Pasha, Alethea, and Celine's drinking far exceeded everyone's imaginations. They would curl up their tentacles, pour the alcohol over their heads like they were showering.

"Of course. Although we do not have mouths, but we can use the short tentacles on the surface of our bodies to distinguish flavors and absorb the moisture. Furthermore, our senses are stronger than the typical person." Pasha smiled in reply. *"In addition, a carrier's sense of taste is different from a human's, so we can taste flavors we have never experienced before."*

"Wow... What's the taste like? I'm so curious!" Lightning's eyes lit up as she said.

"According to the Quest Society's research, humans are unable to understand things they have never come into contact with. Even if she tells you, it would be hard for you to imagine it." The Ice Witch refilled her cup. "If you wish to exceed that limitation, the only way is to transform into a carrier."

"Agatha, are you thinking of..." Celine said peculiarly.

"Yes, once this is all over, I'm thinking of doing a Soul Transfer before rebuilding the Quest Society." Agatha nodded without any misgivings. "A Witch's lifespan doesn't exceed a hundred years. If I become a carrier, I can continue my research in perpetuity." With that said, she smiled at Lightning. "Towards people like you who are filled with curiosity, you are most suitable for the Quest Society. How about it? Are you interested in joining us?"

"But we won't be able to fly by becoming carriers, right?" Lightning thought for a moment. "I haven't even finished exploring the world. Perhaps, I'll consider it the day I can no longer fly."

"Phew... What are you saying? You sound as though the Battle of Divine Will has ended." Lorgar downed a large mug of alcohol before letting out a breath. "We just managed to defeat the demons. There are even stronger enemies on the other side of the continent! No one can guarantee that the war will end the moment we arrive in the Bottomless Land. That's why, we can only drink and celebrate as much as we can today!" As she spoke, she reached out to the alcohol barrel beside her. "Eh? It seems empty... Where's the refill?"

"Everyone, drink slower. The alcohol Evelyn had to make today is just too much." Molly commanded her magic servants to take away the empty alcohol barrels. "After all, everyone on the floating island is celebrating tonight. She won't be able to provide for all of this even if she uses all her strength in the conversion."

Be it Chaos Drink or alcohol, as objects of pleasure, it was naturally impossible that valuable manpower was wasted carrying them up the floating island before they set off. As such, the simplest solution was to bring along Evelyn. As long as there was water, she could produce alcohol ceaselessly. However, when everyone was celebrating over the victory, the stockpile they had was somewhat inadequate.

"Pfft" Sitting at the seat of honor, Anna suddenly burst out laughing.

"What's wrong?" Everyone turned their gaze towards her.

"No... Nothing. I just thought of an interesting matter." Anna shook her head. "Roland used to say that he doesn't know why the simulation of civilization evolution would treat alcohol as something that important. Even if one might be lacking in food and clothing, as long as there's some alcohol, the level of bliss and satisfaction would rise. Instead, people make trouble when there's adequate food and clothing. It's completely incomprehensible. From the looks of it, it's not without reason."

"Ahh... Here we go again. Brother's strange words." Tilly rolled her eyes.

Everyone immediately broke out into laughter.

"By the way, is His Majesty still not busy with his work? Shouldn't it be fine to abandon his work for a moment during such times?" Wendy asked.

Roland had only appeared at the beginning of the night celebrations, returning to his office after he gave a short opening speech. According to him, the demons would likely soon come to them; therefore, he had to handle the things on hand, so as to have confidence in the plans that followed. Only after finishing all of that could he celebrate with everyone.

"I'll go hurry him." Anna stood up.

"We'll leave it to you then," Wendy said with a smile.

The underground cave where the Witches were celebrating wasn't too far from Roland. After passing through a narrow passageway, she arrived in an office area beneath the command center. In fact, Roland wasn't the only person busy. The staircase between the General Staff and the command center was constantly filled with the patter of footsteps. Clearly, they knew that the subsequent journey to the Bottomless Land was critical to the rest of the project.

Of course, she came to Roland not solely to allow him to relax. Nightingale was by his side and the end of the war marked the beginning of their agreement.

With this in mind, Anna knocked on the door.

"Come on in. The door isn't locked." Nightingale was the one who answered her.

Seeing that it was Anna, she appeared somewhat surprised. Even her expression turned unnatural. "Uh, why are you here..."

"Obviously, it's for the agreement."

"N-now? Wait... I'm not prepared yet..."

In a rare instance, Anna revealed a sly smile. "Just kidding. I'm here under everyone's request to bring him over to have a drink."

"So that's how it is..." Nightingale heaved a sigh of relief, but she also had a despondent feeling.

"However, the agreement is part of it. We can also talk about it." Anna looked at Roland, who was slumped onto the desk, asleep. "Is he in the Dream World?"

Nightingale took quite a while to realize that Anna was being deliberate. Helpless, she said, "Yes. He said that he needs to check on the research progress of the Design Bureau of Graycastle's new project. He also needs to discuss the follow-up matters with that senior lord demon. He wouldn't take long. If you wish to wake him up, just nudge him. According to him, these sort of matters can be interrupted at anytime. After all, time doesn't change."

Anna nodded as she extended her hand to nudge Roland.

The latter did not respond at all.

"Strange. That's how we woke him up in the past. Is he too tired from the preparations over the past few days?" Nightingale pressed down on Roland's shoulders and shook him, but failed to wake him up.

When she attempted to wake him up with more strength by raising his body up, he fell backwards without any response, leaning against the back of the chair. His hands slid down without any strength, reaching down to his waist, as though he had lost all consciousness.

The two instantly had a drastic change in expression!

Chapter 1473: Quarantine

“Is that so? King’s City has already toppled...”

In the Rose Café, Valkries slowly put down the cup in her hand and turned to look out the window. It was drizzling in the Dream World and the water droplets on the glass pane was coagulating bit by bit before slipping down. Gradually, they melded with the reflection of her side profile.

Her eyes were filled with mixed feelings.

In fact, when Roland informed Valkries over the phone, he could sense her churning emotions. Later, she arrived extremely quickly, to the point of her trousers being stained with mud. However, when they really met, she did not take the initiative to ask and instead, mostly listened to his recount. Such a contradictory attitude was rare for Nightmare Lord.

“Due to the limitations based on the conditions, we have not been able to investigate the outcome. However, from the subsequent reports, it’s likely that Mask was on the Deity of Gods. This implies that all the obstacles that stand in our way of heading to the Bottomless Land is eliminated. We are one step closer to the truth.”

Roland did not say any words of consolation.

This was the price of attempting to end the Divine Will, and since the demons had paid a much greater price, any form of consolation would be a cheap form of pity.

In consideration of Nightmare Lord’s pride and dignity, she absolutely didn’t wish to hear anything like that.

“Of course, I do not know what will happen when we reach there, but as long as we can escape the repeating war, I will definitely abide by my promise. What’s left are the clues to Mist Island and our considerations that the Sky-sea Realm has once appeared on the island...”

“The demons will not help you in the battle with the Sky-sea Realm.” Valkries interrupted for the first time. “Even without a King, the leaders will not accept the new situation so readily. Hackzord might use my name to maintain order in the army, but only barely. You will have to rely on your own strength to eliminate the hybrids that crawl out of the sea.”

Thinking back to the distance between Neverwinter and the Land of Dawn’s north shore, Roland could not help but frown. The floating island’s main force was the Aerial Knights, but solely relying on the air force was impossible for them to occupy the ground.

“However, gaining the support of one or two people isn’t impossible,” Nightmare Lord added. “For example, Sky Lord and Silent Disaster.”

“You mean...”

“The Western Front army is still under Hackzord’s command. This means that you can pass through the continent ridge that connects the south and north. With the help of a Distortion Door, it wouldn’t be too far a distance.” Upon saying that, Nightmare Lord’s mood had returned to normal. “Therefore, as long as you quickly move your troops to the Everwinter’s Northern Region, you should be able to chase up to the floating island.”

“Teleportation... That’s a workable plan.” Without a doubt, since Valkries had mentioned it, it clearly meant that she planned to discuss it with Hackzord personally. As such, the plan was highly likely to be confirmed. Although it wasn’t a joint operation against the Sky-sea Realm, it was already extremely ideal for them to go this far. “Thanks a lot,” Roland said with a nod.

“I’ve said it before. All of this is for the race. You don’t have to thank me.”

“I know, but the ultimate beneficiaries includes us humans. Therefore, regardless of whether you need my thanks, I’ll still say it out.”

“It’s up to you.”

The two looked at each other for a while as the café turned silent.

“... Is that all you wish to say?” Valkries asked moments later.

“I actually had many things to say, but I don’t think you would like to hear them,” Roland said frankly.

“Humph.” She revealed an “at least you know better” look. “In that case, go ahead and busy yourself. I believe there will be many things for you to deal with after the battle?”

“Indeed.” It was especially easy for him to talk to someone smart. Roland looked at the clock on the wall. He had been in the dream for three hours and twenty minutes. According to the time difference between the two worlds, the celebration likely hadn’t ended. “Then, I’ll first make a... Oh?”

He suddenly noticed that there was a commotion in the alley in the district.

Despite it drizzling, people were still walking out of the stores and gathering on the streets. The people holding umbrellas had placed their umbrellas to the side and taken out their cellphones. Their gazes simultaneously looked up into the sky as though they had seen something incredulous.

“What are they doing?” Valkries also noticed this.

“No idea. I’ll go out to take a look.” As Roland spoke, he got up and left the café. Soon, he stood rooted at the door. Far into the distance, he saw a thin red line rise up into the sky. Following that, it connected with countless hexagons in the sky, forming a gigantic “umbrella” that blanketed the sky!

“What’s that? A new laser show?”

“But isn’t its range a little big!?”

“I don’t know where that light comes from. The city center isn’t in that direction.”

“Should we go to a major street to take a look?”

There were discussions everywhere. The suggestion of going closer quickly won the agreement of everyone. A small crowd began moving out of the district as more curious onlookers joined. It left the alley packed.

“That’s no laser show,” said Valkries who had followed Roland out.

"I think so too." Roland frowned. Even though there were rain clouds blanketing the sky, it was still day time. There was no laser that could be this bright. Furthermore, the red beam was coruscating, as though something was flowing within it like a blood vessel.

And what made him feel most ominous was the honeycomb structure of hexagon "scales." Back when the Oracles attacked Zero, he had seen a similar scene. However, the barrier back then was like a mirror, and not something that was transparent as the one in the sky.

Roland called Garcia and received an answer that the sanatorium had not suffered an attack and that Zero was fine. This relieved him.

After hanging up, the cellphone vibrated again.

The caller was Fei Yuhan.

"Hey, where are you? The Association has sent an emergency notice. It requests all formal martial artists to immediately return to the base."

"What happened?"

"Sky City has suddenly had all communications with the outside world terminated. The actual situation is still under investigation. However... Do you see the red beam in the sky? That was shot out from above Sky City."

Roland was stunned. Sky City was a world apart from where he was. How was it possible to see it with the naked eye? This completely exceeded the curvature of the world!

He could not help but remember the Bloody Moon which could be seen from any angle.

"... I understand."

"By the way, is Valkries by your side? Tell her to come."

Wait... How does she know I'm with Nightmare Lord? However, before Roland could say a word, Fei Yuhan had hung up.

"Was it from the Association?" Valkries asked.

"Yes. This phenomenon is likely related to Oracles." Roland held his breath in preparation to leave the Dream World. This matter did not appear to be something resolvable in a short period of time. It wasn't too late for him to handle it after the banquet. Besides, there was a huge Witch army which could provide assistance at any moment. It wasn't like now, with only Ling and Dawnen standing guard by the café.

However, the familiar dizziness did not happen.

He blinked in surprise and attempted it again, but the surrounding scenery remained the same. It was as though the other world didn't exist.

Chapter 1474: Representative

“What did Nana say?”

Nightingale walked into Roland’s bedroom and asked Anna who was by the bedside.

“Nothing seems to be wrong... Everything is stable—breathing, heartbeat, and body temperature; it’s like he’s asleep, but...”

But there’s just no way of waking him up.

Nightingale fell silent. Last night, no one expected the victory celebration banquet to end this way. Back then, Anna was the first to react. She made the guards and the God’s Punishment Witches seal off the area. Following that, she called for Tilly, Wendy, Iron Axe, and company. She was probably the only person who could do all of that in such a composed manner when faced with such appalling news.

Unfortunately, these measures did not improve Roland’s unconscious state.

“The Seagull has just taken off. Its destination, City of Glow of the Kingdom of Dawn.” Nightingale changed topics. “If Lightning sends the letter in time, we will be able to bring Nightfall to the floating island in about three days.”

“Yes, there should be enough time,” said Anna with a nod.

Roland didn’t have a God’s Punishment Witch’s body, and with him unable to have his meals, he needed Nightfall’s Seed of Symbiosis to remain alive. The pickup point was chosen to be at the City of Glow so as to save time. Lightning and Maggie were much faster than a glider; thus, giving Neverwinter sufficient time to first summon Nightfall and then send her to the Kingdom of Dawn’s capital where she would meet up with them.

And this was Anna’s idea as well.

If there was a silver lining in all of this, it was that this wasn’t the first time she was encountering something like this. Back then, after the battle with the Church’s Zero, Roland also entered a long period of unconsciousness. His symptoms were identical to his present state.

That sleep connected him to the Realm of Mind, allowing him to create the massive Dream World. And this instance was likely related to the legendary Origin of Magic.

“What do we do next?” Nightingale could not help but ask.

At present, the ones privy to the information were the various higher-ups on the floating island. If they were to make a return to Neverwinter, there was no way to keep it under wraps indefinitely. Once the news spread, just stabilizing the situation would take quite a lot of effort. This not only greatly delayed the development of the subsequent plans, it would also introduce new variables to the demons and the Sky-sea Realm.

But heading to the Bottomless Land according to plan was extremely risky. After all, Roland was the only person who was connected to the Realm of Mind. And if he ultimately didn’t regain consciousness, they would be thrown into a dilemma, which would make things worse.

Apart from Anna, she didn’t know who else could make the choice.

Anna quietly looked at Roland who was lying on the bed, as though she had forgotten all that was happening around her. After a long while, she said slowly, "Continue with the plan."

Although her voice was soft, it had zero hesitation.

"If it's him... that's what he will say. Many people were sacrificed for this rare opportunity. Even if the road ahead is unknown, we have to give it a try. If we were to return because of this, we can't guarantee that Roland will definitely wake up. Yet, the Sky-sea Realm, which has already invaded the Blackstone region, will definitely not stay there waiting for us. In the situation of him remaining unconscious in perpetuity, I'm afraid that we will not be able to launch another new expedition."

As expected of Anna... Neverwinter couldn't help thinking. To be honest, she was more inclined to heading for the Bottomless Land. Even if Roland's unconsciousness was very likely to be related to the Realm of Mind, then compared to the Origin of Magic and Neverwinter, clearly the former had a higher chance of resolving the problem. However, reasoning was one thing; a choice needed someone to shoulder the responsibility. Even if the others knew this, it wasn't necessary that they were able to shirk off being conservative and choose to double down by continuing the advance.

What's more, she didn't hesitate or show any signs of being lost.

Just as she was prepared to say something else, Tilly came in.

The latter's expression was somewhat heavy. "Hackzord is here."

...

At the bottom of the floating island, the region of the God's Stone's core.

"I never expected the day of me loading up on Red Mist in human territory will come." After Sky Lord reinstalled the filled-up gas tank into his body, he took a deep breath. "It tastes pretty good."

"I also never imagined myself to be capable of tolerating having two demons stand before me." Eleanor looked at the duo coldly. *"Just the thought of having a chance to exact revenge for the Union after centuries makes me have trouble curbing that urge."*

"First, most of our time was spent in the Blackstone region. We didn't participate in the war against the Fertile Plains. Second, doing so isn't beneficial to you, the Union, or humanity. Therefore, you shouldn't be venting your anger on us," Hackzord said as he spread open his hands.

Silent Disaster swept her gaze at him. "If you would just shut up, she wouldn't have such an impulse."

"Leave if you are done. The person you are looking for is already here."

After leaving the sealed Red Mist Pond and walking into the empty cave, Hackzord could not help but frown.

He saw many people. There were Witches, carriers, and human soldiers in uniform. The only person missing was the King of Graycastle, Roland.

"What's the meaning of this," he asked gravely.

With the Deity of Gods having just fallen and the human clinching a tremendous victory, this sentence filled with an interrogative tone instantly tensed up the atmosphere.

“I’m Anna, Roland’s wife, Queen of Graycastle.” Anna walked through the crowd and stood in front of Hackzord. Hackzord’s height was nearly double hers, and it was made more apparent when they stared at each other. “An accident happened to His Majesty Roland, so he’s temporarily unable to meet you.”

Following that, she recounted Roland’s continued state of unconsciousness and the connection to the Realm of Mind in a concise manner.

Hackzord first revealed a surprised expression before it turned nasty.

“So are you saying that the person my race came to an agreement with no longer exists?”

“First, I need to correct what you’ve just said,” Anna said without skipping a beat. “Roland is only unconscious, and has not encountered any life-threatening danger. Secondly, all of us know what the agreement is. Even if he doesn’t wake up, I will execute it in his place!”

“Little girl, do you know what you are saying?” Sky Lord laughed in his rage. “That’s something which can be done only by someone chosen by the Oracle. You aren’t even able to enter the Realm of Mind, but you wish to represent him? Darn it... Valkries was wrong. If this is the counterattack of God, then everything is over—”

“No, you’re wrong,” Anna interrupted. “There’s no need for me to enter the Realm of Mind because Roland is currently in the Dream World. Regardless, he will proceed onward towards the goal. And I will represent him in executing the rest.” She paused before continuing, “I will continue the floating island’s journey to the Bottomless Land. Meanwhile, Graycastle will provide reinforcements to ensure that the plan will be successfully carried out. Of course, this will need your assistance.”

“What a joke—”

“This is not a joke, but the only response in a crisis!” she said without yielding. “The agreement will not end, nor will it be nullified. Viewing it from another angle, Roland has already reached the Bottomless Land ahead of us. What we need to do is rush over; otherwise, there’s no way of stopping the Divine Will and ensuring our races’ continuity!”

“Heh, sure sounds nice.” Hackzord sneered. “A kingdom’s operation isn’t simple. I understand the weight and importance the King of Graycastle has on you humans. I’m also aware of the allure power has on humans. Now that he isn’t around, do you think you can control everything with you alone, and not let the entire system descend into chaos?” He looked at the people behind Anna. “By letting a young lady in her twenties become the representative of Graycastle... don’t you have a better candidate? Or are you naive enough to think that just by her status alone, she will be able to...”

Speaking midway, Sky Lord’s voice gradually softened.

He saw that everyone’s gazes were on him. Even though no one replied his question, silence was also a form of answer at times—the girl before him represented humanity.

Chapter 1475: Change in Sky City

Hackzord eventually chose to cooperate.

Even though all that was needed was rational thought to make the most reasonable choice, to see a senior demon lord convinced by a young witch and have him rescind his views bolstered everyone's chest and left it burning. They could not help but raise their heads higher.

The only request Sky Lord had was to confirm the situation as Anna said, and it was permitted by her.

Under the tight security of the God's Punishment Witches, Hackzord and Serakkas saw Roland in bed. The beam of light over him remained magnificent, nearly capable of enveloping half the floating island.

"If this were half a year earlier, I would definitely be overjoyed seeing this scene." Hackzord put away the five-colored magic stone and sighed slightly. "Have you attempted to connect to the Dream World?"

"Of course, but we didn't succeed." Replying him was Phyllis. "Our souls are no longer accepted by that world, and our companions who were in there are also unconscious. This makes it impossible for us to pass His Majesty Roland any news. The connection between the two worlds are presently severed."

"On the brighter side of things, at the very least, he has two witches accompanying him." Hackzord shrugged and said to Anna, "The Western Front plan is a plan that has lasted nearly a century. It's to transport the Red Mist from the Bottomless Land into human territory. Not only does it include a Birth Tower, it also has a passageway hidden among the mountains. And the entrance of this passageway is only the distance of a mountain away from Everwinter's Northern Region. Therefore, sending your reinforcements to the Bottomless Land doesn't require me to go through repeated hassles. If you are willing to take the risk, I can open the Distortion Door for you."

"That's for the best," Anna said with a nod. "I believe that with Silent Disaster escorting them, your subordinates will not mind that we are borrowing this shortcut."

By letting a senior demon lord to keep the stirring demons in place was no doubt a bold suggestion. The others could not help but break out into a cold sweat; yet, it was Hackzord who chuckled.

"What an interesting young lady. It's fine with me, but it will depend on her."

Serakkas took off her fearsome black helmet and revealed her gorgeous long hair which didn't match her outer appearance. Her extremely feminine face surprised all those who had never seen her true face. She sized up Anna for a moment before saying, "I have a condition. When you bring Roland deep into the Bottomless Land, I wish to enter as well."

"Is it for Nightmare Lord?" Anna asked directly.

Serakkas did not answer.

"I agree to your request," she said seriously in the end.

After receiving an affirmative reply, Silent Disaster wore her helmet again and walked out of the bedroom first.

Clearly, she did not wish to interfere with any of the subsequent plans.

Hackzord seemed to be accustomed to her way of doing things. “Let us switch venues to discuss on how we should head for the Mist Island which is occupied by the Sky-sea Realm.”

...

Shortly after arriving at the base, Roland and Valkries were invited to a hall by an attendant.

There were already many peers in the hall. Most of them were gathered in the region towards the back, while he was led to the front. The person sitting beside him was also a relatively familiar face, the celebrity martial artist genius, Fei Yuhan.

After learning that he couldn't leave the Dream World, Roland appeared calmer than he imagined himself to be. Or it could be said that, he was already mentally prepared that the Oracle would not give up that easily.

If he were still in Neverwinter, he guessed that it would cause some worry, but now that humanity's greatest threat—the demons' King's City—had fallen, and the floating island controlled by Eleanor made information flow isolated, the situation of him being unconscious wouldn't result in too negative an effect. As long as he rushed for time and finished the Oracle who was secretly behind the matter, all would be fine.

The three exchanged simple greetings, and although only a few words were exchanged, Roland could still sense that Valkries's attitude towards Fei Yuhan was a lot better than what he received.

When did the senior demon lord get so close to this celebrity martial artist?

I'm the one was always the one providing Peninsula coffee!

Minutes later, Defender Rock walked into the hall.

“Everyone, we have trouble on our hands.” His opening line immediately left everyone silent.

Following that, Rock pressed the control pen in his hand, projecting a few pictures on the screen behind him.

After seeing the pictures, everyone drew a gasp in unison.

Red holes had appeared in the city streets and they were of varying sizes. The large ones were enough to cut through skyscrapers, and the small ones were just enough to envelop a car. Martial artists were no stranger to such things. It was a phenomena known as “Erosion” that had destroyed Prism City.

Clearly, the residents situated within the holes were already doomed, but this was far from being the worst situation.

The pictures showed many Fallen Evils. They were gathered around the holes, seemingly trying to cast their bodies into the red void.

“Sacrifice,” Fei Yuhan said softly.

“That's what I'm guessing at as well.” Roland nodded. This wasn't the first time he was seeing such a scene. While executing the mission to annihilate the Fallen Evils, the enemies had once used large

amounts of cores to trigger Erosion, summoning pure magic monsters. What was happening now simply skipped one of the steps.

At present, the city they were in remained calm and peaceful, but the problem then became apparent.

“These are all pictures sent from Sky City’s periphery. The invasion has left them in extreme chaos,” Rock said gravely. “No one knows where they are coming from, nor does anyone know what the situation is like at Headquarters. There are cars fleeing and refugees everywhere. Even the martial artists who sent back these pictures might no longer be alive.” He paused before continuing, “This is a war instigated by the Fallen Evils. We have to immediately take action to reinforce Sky City!”

Upon saying this, the Defender deliberately glanced at Roland.

“Considering how time is of the essence, the actual plans and arrangements will be provided to you after you arrive at your destination. Thirty minutes later, the transporters will arrive at the Association’s encampment. At the appointed time, everyone will set off and there must not be any delays—this operation has nothing to do with faction. It’s also the best opportunity to prove your strengths.”

After the meeting came to a hasty end, Rock made Roland stay behind. “Mr. Roland... we were ultimately one step too slow.”

Ever since he demonstrated his ability to absorb cores, Prism City’s higher-ups had considered handing over the remaining stored cores from each branch for his handling. In fact, many branches had done so, but with Sky City being central to the Association, they ultimately failed to give an affirmative response. They never expected the news they suddenly received to be their worst nightmare.

Roland thought for a moment and shook his head slowly. “Perhaps, we were too slow from the very beginning.”

Rock was stunned for a moment before he realized what he was implying. He could not help but have a drastic change in expression as he said, “How is it possible? Sky City not only has many Defenders presiding over it, and I was even on the phone with the President not long ago—”

“Apart from that, I can’t think of any reason for the sudden appearance of so many Fallen Evils. Only Sky City is able to provide so many Force of Nature cores,” Roland replied. “The red beam’s sudden appearance from the top of Sky City, the enemy’s swarming of the streets, and the sudden Erosion that happened—all of this couldn’t have been implemented in short notice. On hindsight, it’s not hard to realize something. The fact that they haven’t done anything after attacking Prism City all this time makes it illogical.”

“...” Rock was momentarily at a loss for words.

“Therefore, the President you spoke to on the phone is either a dead man...” Roland enunciated each and every word. “Or the Oracle himself.”

Chapter 1476: Reaching Straight to the Core

Of course, “he” could very well be an illusion, a puppet, or something else. However, it was essentially all the same—perhaps Sky City had already suffered the infiltration of the Oracles a very long time ago.

“That is a fortress that contains tens of thousands of people...” Rock murmured. With the means of an Oracle, destroying anything wasn’t difficult; after all, they were able to tear open rifts and create Erosion. But to complete an infiltration under the noses of tens of thousands of people and ultimately not be detected made them unfathomable.

“I’m also wishing that I’ve made a mistake, but this is the most reasonable conclusion.” Roland sighed.

The Dream World had its relatively unique laws; thus, preventing Oracles from fully expressing their strength. Whatever they wanted to do required the support of magic power.

And the only places with a relatively large store of Fallen Evil cores were Prism City and Sky City.

Now, the fact that the Oracles had chosen to appear beneath Prism City from the very beginning didn’t seem like an absolute coincidence. Despite being alien intruders, they were not unknowledgeable about this world.

Perhaps right after Prism City was destroyed, they had already targeted the Association’s Headquarters. As for the Oracles left behind, apart from seeking a chance to assassinate Zero, the remaining ones were just a front to mislead.

“It’s meaningless worrying. We will know once we head there.” Roland pressed down on the Defender’s shoulders. “Do you still remember what I said previously? Now, two worlds are fighting against God, and the Association has already contributed significantly to the Battle of Divine Will. Now, it’s time I repay you.”

“Mr. Roland...”

“Leave the rest to me.”

Under Rock’s heavy gaze, Roland walked out the main hall.

Fei Yuhan and Valkries were waiting outside for him.

The former being there wasn’t surprising. As an Association member of the new generation with outstanding strength, she would definitely appear wherever there was danger. However, the latter being there was rather odd. He didn’t believe that Valkries would generate any feelings for the Dream World, much less fight to defend it. The typical person would find an inconspicuous spot to take things easy.

The Oracles’ repeated defeats did not mean that they were without threat. Even in the framework of the Dream World, they were able to easily kill a martial artist. With Valkries no longer the Nightmare Lord of the past, she was not much different from ordinary martial artists having lost her magic stone powers. By heading to Sky City, she would no doubt face all sorts of dangers.

“There’s no need to have such an odd expression,” Valkries snapped at him. “I simply wish to confirm what the God and Oracles you keep mentioning look like. If you were in my shoes, you wouldn’t be indifferent towards such an opportunity, isn’t that so?”

Roland shrugged. “... seems like it.”

As they were chatting, the roar of a helicopter's engine sounded from the base a distance away—the moment for them to set off was here.

What followed would be a hectic series of activities lasting as long as a day and a half.

They were sent to the airport via helicopter before taking a private special plane to head for their destination. Finally, they were simply split into teams and briefed on the mission, then sent to the war zone via military helicopters.

It was apparent that the government's disaster response measures were out in full force. The jam-packed cars were only seen about a hundred kilometers from Sky City. As for the orderliness of the refugees, they were placed under control of the disaster-management military, therefore, the situation had not descended into utter chaos.

Valkries was staring outside the window from the moment they took off. After getting on the plane, she requested to switch to a window seat. Clearly, she was filled with curiosity over such a novel experience.

"Apart from it being a little noisy, the speed isn't too bad. At least, it flies faster than me." Moments later, she let out a sigh. "Humans indeed have unique abilities when studying the laws of a world.

"You can fly as well?" Fei Yuhan asked with great interest.

"Unless restricted by magic power or physical size, most upgraded demons will choose to fuse with a magic stone which brings about faster movement speed. One of them naturally includes flight."

"How's it? Do you now know the potential of humanity?" Roland didn't miss the chance to brag.

"Unfortunately... There's no trace of magic power on this." Valkries shrugged.

"Why do you say so?" Fei Yuhan asked, perplexed. "If a plane requires magic power to fly, then it can only be driven by martial artists like us."

"No, that's not what I mean. Humans were able to create a machine so intricate without the use of magic power. Then, what would happen if magic power was added into the mix?" Valkries said slowly. "I've always been wondering what the difference between God and us is. Could it be this? After all, magic power is also a part of the world's laws."

Roland pricked his brows up in surprise. He had the urge to marvel at how she deserved being the Nightmare Lord. In less than half a year in the Dream World, she had already learned to use a scientific approach to understand matters.

As a result, the saying that longevity was an obstacle to a civilization was not necessarily accurate.

More critically, it depended on what kind of people had long lifespans.

The next day around noon, Roland could already see Sky City sitting atop the mountaintop.

The city at the foot of the mountain was billowing with thick smoke, with explosions sounding from time to time. Clearly, martial artists that rushed over from all across the world were fighting the Fallen Evils. Compared to the evacuation team's orderliness, this was the true battlefield.

Perhaps even they had never imagined the day when the enemy would form a horde to charge through the streets.

As for the mission handed to Roland, it was very obvious. It was to head straight for the incident's heart, the Association Headquarters.

The helicopter transported them to the gathering point at the mountainside. And here, there were already more than twenty martial artists from other branches waiting for his arrival.

Perhaps they had been warned prior to their deployment, but no one engaged in idle talk, nor did they question Roland's identity. After a brief exchange of words, they confirmed the basic route and delegation of tasks. Compared to the first joint mission, the team this time was clearly made up of experienced elites. Not only did they cooperate well, they were also extremely disciplined.

The layout of Sky City happened to be completely opposite to that of Prism City. As the Erosion had appeared in midair, the Association had built a tower to contain it. However, in consideration of the problems arising from the evacuation and rescue operations, there was a concealed passageway connected to the tower's peak at the bottom. As long as one was familiar with the route, they could avoid the swarming Fallen Evils on the mountaintop.

Under the lead of the Headquarters' guide, the assault force did not meet with much opposition. Occasionally, they would bump into a few Fallen Evils who were rapidly finished in a silent process. Roland didn't even need to do anything.

Soon, the assault force arrived at the isolation room at the top level where the cores were stored.

It was a huge room in the shape of a drum. The metal walls confined all the fallen cores the Headquarters had gathered to date. And in the middle of the room was a mobile platform, as well as two robotic arms which could be used to retrieve cores. In terms of it being a magnificent sight, Sky City was in no way inferior to Prism City.

They found a figure standing in the middle of the platform—the Martialist Association's President.

However, when "he" turned around, he gradually transformed into another person. The transformation didn't happen in a blink of an eye, but it was a reorganization of his facial features at a speed detectable by the naked eye. His height also decreased and finally, he took on a form of an unfamiliar woman.

"I'm Oracle Epsilon," she said calmly. "Roland, I've been waiting a long time for you."

To have the enemy waiting for them was definitely unpropitious. This meant that everyone might very well have fallen into a trap. But surprisingly, Roland didn't hear anyone stir.

If it were Fei Yuhan, she should have drawn her sword to prepare for an assault.

He turned his body slightly to take a glance, and his heart could not help but sink.

There was nothing around him—not a single person.

Chapter 1477: The Final Deadline

“Do not worry about your companions. They have only gone somewhere else.”

The Oracle seemed to see his puzzlement and volunteered an answer.

“Somewhere... else?”

“That’s right. This is also one of my abilities—creating illusions, misdirection, and make self-cognitive beings realize that they are heading towards destruction without realizing it,” Epsilon explained. “Of course, I didn’t really do so. I merely made them take the wrong path during a fork. At this moment, what they see is them, together with you, being locked in battle with large numbers of Fallen Evils rushing over to stop them.”

“Are you trying to tell me that they are in fact very safe?”

Surprisingly, she nodded. “Not only so, I have already arranged a perfect ending for your companions. The Fallen Evils and the Oracle will finally be defeated. The phenomenon and Erosion will disappear as a result. They would be exhausted from the battle, but smile happily while leaning against the walls, enjoying the pleasure of victory.”

When Roland imagined a group of people flailing their arms in an empty room, to the point of exhaustion and lying down in smiles, he felt the hair on his back stand.

He wasn’t sure about the rest, but he knew Fei Yuhan and Valkries very well. Not only did they have outstanding willpower, but they were also very sharp. Yet, under Epsilon’s abilities, they had failed to put up any bit of resistance.

Wrong... It isn’t only the two of them. I didn’t even notice it. There was just something wrong about the whole matter. According to past experiences, the abilities of an Oracle were ineffective against him.

With this in mind, Roland’s wariness instantly reached an extreme.

“And then?”

“There will not be anything after that. The entire world will come to an end, be it the Realm of Mind or beyond it. Everything will start from the beginning. But compared to reality, they would vanish in happiness and not suffer any pain. That is my benevol—”

Without waiting for her to finish her sentence, Roland took action.

He leaped up, crossing over the nearly twenty-meter gap separating the passageway from the platform, flying straight for the Oracle and punching out! Attacking suddenly while the enemy was droning on was something he had used several times to great effect!

The surging powers in his body responded to his will. With a huge boom, a surging wave swept across the platform, cracking the railings, operating apparatuses, and robotic arms. They tumbled down to the storage level and produced a series of dull thuds.

Even Roland was shocked by the might of that one strike.

He knew that absorbing the magic power cores would strengthen him, but he never expected that unknowingly, his body had already reached such a formidable level.

However, his fist did not experience the tactile feeling he expected.

Epsilon seemed to disperse like a bubble before materializing behind him.

“How does it feel becoming stronger? The gift I sent you is still pretty good, isn’t it?”

Roland was first startled before he came to a realization what she truly meant.

“Wait, that astrolabe was mailed by you?”

He had once requested the Association to investigate the source of the delivery, but it was ultimately fruitless. Be it the identity system or monitors, they all indicated that the deliverer only existed for a moment. Any checks prior and after to the delivery resulted in a conclusion that the person had vanished. Now, thinking back to Epsilon’s ability, everything made sense.

“It’s called Gamma, also an Oracle,” Epsilon calmly said, as though she wasn’t talking about her companion, but “something” completely unrelated to her.

Roland was shocked for the first time. After confirming that he had not heard wrong, he asked in disbelief, “... why?”

“Because I wish to know the answer, an answer only God knows.” Her voice seemed to drift off. “Do you now understand? I have no feelings of animosity towards you. To head to the Divine Domain, one needs the help of the Dream World to realize it. On this goal, we are on the same page at the very least.”

With the abrupt twists and turns, Roland was momentarily at a loss for words.

“Do you not believe me? The world wouldn’t lie to you.” Epsilon spread out her arms and said, “I didn’t summon the rift to isolate you from the world like Delta, but you still failed to see through my illusion. That is proof. It’s because I do not have any feelings of animosity that the Dream World isn’t ostracizing my abilities.”

“... You are actually someone on Lan’s side?”

This was the only possibility which Roland could come up with. After all, Lan had mentioned before that there were more than one betraying Oracle.

“I do not know how she explained it to you, so I’m unable to precisely answer this question.” Epsilon extended two of her fingers. “If you are asking if I’m on the same side as her, the conclusion is ‘no.’ Before coming here, I did not have any memories regarding Lan. Even in Prism City, I was the one who killed her with my own hands.”

Roland could not help but raise his brows.

“Or perhaps you are asking if she shares the same goal as me.” She lowered one finger and said, “The conclusion is similarly ‘no.’ The reason for me doing this is of my own beliefs, and it has nothing to do with her. You can imagine it to be that I’m helping you.”

“And the way to help me is to destroy this world?” Roland sneered.

“You’re wrong. The one destroying the world isn’t me, but God.” Epsilon shook her head. “In order to avoid misunderstandings, I’ll say it directly. You should have noticed the changes outside. That barrier

that blankets the sky can temporarily stop the burgeoning of the Dream World, so as to prevent it from touching the Divine Domain. Otherwise, even with Oracles present, God will not hesitate to destroy everything that has been built up here to date. In fact, you have absorbed an excessive numbers of magic power cores recently, and you are just a sliver short. If I didn't guess wrong, Lan was supposed to monitor the expansion of your Dream World, but she died at my hands. Hence, no one told you what it means to 'simultaneously' reach the Origin of Magic."

She even knows this!

"But this barrier cuts off my connection with the outer world. Are you also capable of controlling the real world?"

"No, but at the very least, I know that you have already opened up the path to the Bottomless Land. What follows is just a matter of time," Epsilon said slowly. "You probably can guess the means of how I received this information. That's right. The content discussed by your Martialist Association and Design Bureau of Graycastle would all be reported to Headquarters, and therefore, reach me."

And that includes the Glory of the Sun project as well as the feedback of the various weapons... Roland came to a realization. Epsilon had used these snippets to reconstruct the entire scene of the outside world.

"Have you never considered that my unconsciousness would result in an accident?"

"That is also an unknown factor. But I do not have a better choice—only when you enter the Realm of Mind will the world be activated. Therefore, it will have to trap you within," Epsilon explained patiently. "Thankfully, we do not need to keep waiting. The domain after a severed contact will automatically change the flow of time. As long as you wish for it, it wouldn't be difficult to make the time it takes to blink an eye equal to a day."

Roland instantly widened his eyes, not daring to close it for even a second, afraid that centuries would have passed in the outside world when he awoke again.

"Don't worry. The thing you are worrying about won't happen." She curled her lips and showed a smile for the first time. "The barrier needs magic power to maintain. Even if all the cores in this store is expended, only half a month would pass when converting it to the outside world's time... And that would also be the final deadline."

Chapter 1478: The Lights Soon Extinguish

Half a month... It means that once the plan is paused or canceled, we would forever miss the deadline.

Will the people on the floating island really persist on even without me?

Also, what should be done on the demons' side? With Valkries's connection gone, would the fragile agreement with Sky Lord shatter as a result?

Not to mention the Sky-sea Realm above Mist Island and the problem of actually entering the Bottomless Land.

Darn it. If only I can pass these information out! Roland's mind raced, attempting to find a way to overcome the predicament, but he failed to come up with any workable plans despite a prolonged period of thinking. Unlike any of the previous dangers he faced, he was unable to reverse the situation even if he were to destroy the Oracle before him.

Roland already could sense that this was not a matter that could be solved by a single person alone.

"I... don't understand."

He said after a long period of silence, "In the beginning, all of you treated me as a destroyer that needed to be eliminated because the Dream World threatens the rules set by God, to the exaggerated point of destroying millions of years of accumulated development. Yet, for just one instance of abnormality, you are helping me enter the Divine Domain. Were all the developments from before suddenly worth nothing?"

"That's not the only laughable point. Since God can turn the Dream World to nothingness at any time, why didn't He do so in the beginning? Don't tell me that He holds compassion!" The more Roland spoke, the angrier he became as his voice kept rising. "Countless races have killed each other in the name of the Divine Will, to the point of extinction. Apart from weathered bones and ruins, nothing is left. What kind of accumulated development is this!?"

"As for you—Epsilon. Since you plan on betraying God, why not go all the way? Lan did it to escape her shackles, but what about you? If you only wish to receive an answer, I don't mind bringing one more person to the Divine Domain. When the time comes, you can ask God as many questions as you want!"

"Saying baffling words and doing incredulous acts, is this the unique characteristic of those who crack themselves up to be Oracles and God? You can't even compare to mortals! At the very least, mortals know what they want clearly!"

However, Epsilon did not show any signs of anger.

She was not like the past Oracles, turning extremely sensitive and resistant when it involved problems with God. She even revealed a look of understanding after hearing what Roland said.

The Oracle walked in front of Roland, the gap closing to the point of being just a body's length away.

"For you to ask these questions proves that you are just one step away from the answer."

The distance couldn't be considered safe for both Epsilon and Roland, but the latter apparently didn't take it to heart.

"However, if you do not take that last step, that distance would be no different from an infinite one." She looked up at Roland. "The greatness of God depends on what He has done, and not how many people know of it. Besides, the differences in civilizations will result in views and knowledge being completely different. Therefore, it's understandable that you are unable to comprehend. In addition, I'm different from Lan. I've never betrayed God Almighty. Please remember that.

"Finally, if you are already prepared, you can take that step now—" With that said, Epsilon slowly reached out her hand to grab Roland's arm, placing it on her chest.

"What are you doing?" Roland reflexively retracted his hand.

“Isn’t it obvious? Retrieve the astrolabe, and finally allow the Dream World and the Divine Domain to intersect. You should be very familiar with this process,” Epsilon said calmly, as though it had nothing to do with her. “The Fallen Evils and Erosion bodies were my creation, and the cores are tightly connected together. Once you absorb the astrolabe, their magic powers will be pulled into that world. Such massive powers will be enough to make the Dream World expand again to complete the final step. When the time comes, the intersecting Realm of Mind will become the new Erosion, but this time, it’s the Dream World invading the Divine Domain, and you—will face God.”

“Wait.” Roland stared at her in astonishment. “Don’t Oracles live because of this blob of magic power? Without the astrolabe—”

“I’ll die.” Epsilon smiled. “But that’s only limited to the concept of death you have. As a part of God, as long as He isn’t destroyed, we will exist forever. What disappears is the body named Epsilon.”

“Even so, will you be able to hear the answer?”

“No... asking it is sufficient.”

With that said, she closed up her fingers and stabbed her palm into her chest before pulling out a dazzling blue blob of star jade!

Fresh blood splattered, some even landing on Roland’s face.

“Cough... Take it and enter the Divine Domain. Everything you want to know... Cough... can be found there.”

“You...” Roland was stunned. He never expected such a sudden turn of events, but with it already done, any hesitation was meaningless. If Epsilon was right, at the moment the barrier was erected, the Dream World’s flow of time had far exceeded that of reality. Even if he waited for the Oracle to die and remove the barrier, it would be half a month later.

The only thing he could do was trust in everyone on the floating island.

With this in mind, Roland took a deep breath and grabbed the astrolabe.

The blue light grew brighter as though it was burning its last ounce of energy. As though stimulated, the heat wave inside surged out ferociously, and in that blinding radiance, he looked towards the Oracle who had blood seeping down the corners of her lips.

“I wish to ask you one last question—do you think the destruction of the world is inevitable?”

“Yes... Unless you can... defeat God Almighty.” Epsilon’s voice was already drifting away. “But it’s impossible to defeat God. That is... a predestined ending from the very beginning.”

“But you still changed your original decision!”

“All of you... have worked hard for so long, so you shouldn’t vanish without knowing why... Being able to take that final step... is praiseworthy itself.” Epsilon coughed out another mouthful of blood and barely forced a smile. “Since destruction is the end... and is destined, why should I... take any more pointless actions?”

“That’s not what you really think.” Roland glared at her, enunciating each and every word. “Lan wished to escape her restraints, and you wish to seek the answer. I do not know what was restraining her, nor do I know what questions you would like to ask God, but there is one thing I’m sure of, your hopes changed, isn’t it!? It’s because both of you have the same look in your eyes—”

“Sorry... That is the second question...” Epsilon closed her eyes with a smile, and when the blue brilliance reached an extremum, she slightly opened her mouth, as though she was about to say something. But before Roland could take it in carefully, the blinding light had devoured everything.

Chapter 1479: A Marvel

Sixth day of Roland’s coma.

Anna walked into the room and saw Wendy tending to him.

“Let me.”

She picked up a cup of clear water and walked to the bed. After dampening a cotton swab, she gently moistened Roland’s lips. Even though the Seed of Symbiosis had been implanted in him, his body was still influenced by multiple factors; for example, the lack of water led to dehydration and cracked lips.

For the past few days, Anna and Roland’s interaction time was far less than what Wendy, Nightingale, and the rest had with him. It wasn’t that she didn’t wish to spend more time with him, but that she had fixed a hard rule for herself, to only have interaction with him for half an hour a day—she was afraid that she would be unwilling to leave the room.

Wendy set down her work and gave Anna space to accompany Roland.

The thirty minutes were relaxed and tranquil, as though time had slowed to a crawl.

The silence was broken only until a report from the guards came from the outside.

“Your Majesty Anna, the investigation team has returned; the others are waiting for you at the conference room!”

Anna stopped for a second, then slowly placed the porcelain cup down.

“Anna...” Wendy spoke worriedly.

“Don’t worry.” She raised her head. “I’m fine.”

In that moment, Wendy felt the instant switch in Anna’s state of mind, her clear eyes that gazed upon Roland was swapped out for a resolved look, as though she was a completely different person.

Wendy realized that this girl had grown at an astonishing rate, but upon recalling that Anna was always the first in Border Town to learn and understand what Roland thought, her progress was reasonable. Due to the relation between Anna and Border Town, the town had turned into a sacred mountain for witches, and at this moment, Anna was bringing everyone to new heights.

“Go and do what you have to,” Wendy replied gently. (Boxno vel. co m)

“I’ll have to trouble you with him.” Anna bowed slightly towards Wendy and left the chambers.

After traveling through long passageways and stairs, she finally arrived behind the conference room doors. She stopped in her tracks, took a few deep breaths, and pushed open the doors—

“Her Majesty!” Everyone in the room stood up and bowed at her with a hand placed on their chests.

Anna did not dismiss their greetings, but instead returned the same greeting back to them—Anna knew the limitations to what she was good at, and to have everything put in order and have everything appearing clear and orderly was through everybody’s hard work.

“Let us begin the meeting.”

“Yes!” Morning Light replied respectfully.

The investigation team for Mist Island included Lightning, Maggie and Sylvie—according to the information Hackzord had provided, Sylvie had confirmed the island’s definite position. Although her magic power was incapable of penetrating through the illusion barrier, it was as eye-grabbing as the stars in the sky in the vast ocean.

Aside from that, Sylvie discovered a large amount of magic power feedback that seemed to have enveloped the sea surrounding the island, which was the reason for the Exploration Group’s abandonment for further exploration.

There was no doubt that the Sky-sea Realm was related to the magic power—aside from the frequent sea ghosts, Nest Mothers and Blade Beasts, there were a few surprisingly ‘behemoths.’ Demons hailed them as Mountain Devourers and were most commonly evolved from Nest Mothers. They did not possess the ability to produce limbed beasts and blade beasts, but instead had dense armor that covered their entire body and utilized a large mouth the size of a capstan to feed on the land, They were the main force of the Sky-sea Realm to produce a battlefield suited for them.

Obviously the Sky-sea Realm did not plan to give up the Bottomless Land so easily.

Right as the General Staff were formulating countermeasures, Silent Disaster and Isabella walked in—it was a rather odd duo to marvel at, a human and a senior lord, to which the human was a Pure Witch of the former Church. Anyone who witnessed it was surprised.

But Anna knew that the duo’s work was extremely crucial.

And they had indeed come with good news.

Isabella smiled at her. “Your Majesty, the test was successful.”

Anna’s heart immediately relaxed. At present, what was most challenging about dealing with the Sky-sea Realm was the inability to trace the blade beasts, transferring the witches defending the Western Region would result in a defenseless Neverwinter, and thus, the most dependable method was to provide means for ordinary people to spot blade beasts. The only senior demon capable of doing so was Primal Chaos, a senior lord upgraded from an Eye Demon. He had the ability to see through all invisibility, but the effective radius was rather small and inferior to a passive view capable of seeing all things.

If they were able to amplify Senior Lord Primal Chaos's ability, it might be the conclusive breakthrough.

The first to suggest this was surprisingly Hackzord, to which reminded Anna of Zero's Infinite Sigil—this changed the plan to three parts: Silent Disaster to convince Primal Chaos, Arrieta to supply high-grade magic stones, and Isabella to conduct the relevant research. This was the reason for the strange duo.

As for Isabella's part, it was definitely the most troublesome, but it had obtained a breakthrough.

This boosted the morale of the General Staff by a whole new level.

At the very least, they would have some sense of direction while attacking the Bottomless Land.

After going through the conditional theories, they were left with dispatching.

"I hope Graycastle will be in time." Agatha spoke up while staring at the map of the Four Kingdoms.

"I believe in Iron Axe and the rest," Anna replied.

...

Kingdom of Dawn, Coral Bay.

White leaned on his crutches and climbed onto the deck and moved slowly towards Speedster's bow—it was a high-speed sailboat with two masts, and although it was considered a sea-going vessel, it did not have good resistance for stormy seas, for the greater part of its travels relying on coastlines to travel. But its biggest advantage lay in its costs, compared to the few hundred gold royals required in the past. It now only needed 99 gold royals to fund an entire Speedster. If swapped for Graycastle's paper money, one could even get a further ten percent discount.

"Hey Boss!" the seamen on the deck were moving the goods saluted him.

White nodded in satisfaction.

In the past, hiring men would have been a large part of the expenses, but following the merchants' increasing fondness of steam-powered boats, the price of ordinary sailboats dropped even further. This dropped the cost of hiring men to climb and hang the mast—after all, the steam-powered boats did not require any mast and thus less manpower.

As he gazed towards ocean that reflected the sky and clouds and listened to the melodious calls of the sea gulls, White's mood lightened up. From a coachman to the master of a sailboat, his personal assets could be said to have increased severalfold. Although the work still involved transporting people and that the employers were still from Neverwinter, compared to a year or two ago, it was considered an overhaul.

Of course, he did not forget to purchase the steam truck of his dreams. It was just that his present wants had several new additions; for example, buying even more boats or vehicles... Certainly, it would be best to establish himself as a specialist in the transport business.

"Boss, are you comparing the tough times to the sweet again?" someone quipped.

The seamen knew that upon becoming happy, their boss loved to brag about his past and could go on for hours if no one interrupted him. As listeners, they would get a break from their busy work; thus, everyone would always use such an opener on him.

“What are you talking about, this is the experience of life, all of you, sigh... are still inexperienced.” White glared at them. “I started driving for the Countess before working for the Church, and moved on to being employed by Graycastle before accumulating enough for this family business. All of those are not tough times, but the foundations to success, get it!?”

“Yes, yes, yes, whatever you say goes!” Everyone nodded their head.

“You little brats, I know that all of you want to skive.” White found a clean spot to sit down, and patted the spot beside him. “All of you, come here. Take it that I’m in a good mood today; there’s no harm in listening to me talk.”

Whistles immediately sounded on deck.

White did not mind too much about it; he was not a noble. If he had not made the right choice and followed the majority to Neverwinter, he might not have been any better than these seamen today.

“Today, I shall talk about the achievements when the King of Graycastle recaptured the Kingdom of Wolfheart.” He mulled for a short moment, then gabbled non-stop after. He talked about the soldiers that stood in the rain and never fell, about the nobles’ diplomatic mission that ended up in failure upon the first meeting, but most of the content were focused on the shocking fleet.

“You guys have no clue on how large the fleet was, a continuous and unbroken extension of white masts, longer than the sea line. Even from a distance, people would be able to see it and become stunned in place, it is hard to blame the Baron of Sedimentation Bay for surrendering to King Roland immediately.”

“Is it really that exaggerated?”

“Yes, it’s even larger than what I just said, Kid. I can bet you that it was the most majestic sight I have ever seen in my life, a scene that you can never comprehend even if you break your head. Unless you get to see it personally, don’t ever think of becoming like me your entire lives. Of course, this opportunity will never come in the next decade,” White said smugly.

“Erm... boss, have you ever seen boats that appear out from beneath the waters?” someone asked.

“What nonsense are you saying. I’m talking about actual events, not some folk lore!”

“But it’s right there... across the dock, and... it looks like there’s more than one...” The person who posed the question stuttered.

“Did you drink too much last night?” White stood up and pushed the seamen around him aside. As he laid his eyes upon the sea, he was immediately stunned.

He saw a colossal “door” appear over the water surface.

The ships that hung the banner of Graycastle appeared like ghosts, one after another, they cruised out of the door and swept past the Speedster from several hundred meters away.

Chapter 1480: Bugle Horn for the End of War

It wasn't only limited to the seamen on the Speedster; the others on the dock had also noticed this inconceivable fleet.

The dock instantly fell into a terrifying silence.

If the fleet wasn't flying the Graycastle flag, as well as the people on the vessels waving at them, everyone might have immediately dropped everything on their hands to flee!

Even ghost ships of legend would only appear in the foggy distant sea, so how was it possible to appear in front of so many people in the day in such an ostentatious manner?

More than half an hour passed when the inconceivable door disappeared, leaving only the departing figures of the fleet across the sea surface.

If they had not seen it for themselves, no one would have believed that they had appeared on the sea out of nowhere.

"Alright, alright. Get back to work!"

"Boss, what was that..."

"His Majesty's secret fleet. It's best you know less of it!"

After hoodwinking his seamen, White could not help but wipe the tiny beads of sweat on his forehead.

He decided to restrain himself a little more in the future, so as to prevent similar incidents from happening. Even though he had similar experiences in the past, he had confirmed his beliefs. The King of Graycastle had already effected so much change in the world that the world he was familiar with was already highly divergent from what it presently was.

...

With the help of Sky Lord, Graycastle completed their gathering of troops in the northern ridge of the continent at an alarming speed. In a week, they managed to transport more than a hundred thousand people from one end of the continent to the other end. Of this, twenty thousand were made up of the regular corps, and the armaments and food were enough to last them a month.

This was not a simple task. To raise the Distortion Door to its maximum efficiency, Iron Axe personally rushed to Neverwinter to organize the preparatory work. Kun Peng was changed into a transporter and, together with Agatha, the Red Mist was transported ahead of time to the Blackstone storage towers which had been built and not destroyed in Everwinter and the Kingdom of Wolfheart.

Simultaneously, in order to replenish Hackzord with magic power, Spear, Leaf, and company basically accompanied him the entire way, causing the former to have no chance of taking a breather. He kept producing Distortion Doors, and together with the Administrative Office's strong execution abilities, it made this movement over the continent happen extremely quickly.

Despite the many soldiers of the First Army being extremely astonished at having the companion of Sky Lord and the demons in the continental passageway, Iron Axe's lead prevented these doubts to turn into problems. And the troops slowly began spreading talk that the "demons had surrendered to the King of Graycastle and had expressed their loyalty." Of course... Hackzord, who had received news of this ahead of time, ignored it, pretending he had never heard of such talk. He hid all the rejoinders in him.

On the nineteenth day of Roland's unconsciousness.

The front lines had already made preparations to invade Mist Island.

Amid the General Staff, all the higher-ups were engaging in the last round of war games.

"First, Lightning will send a flare above the target to direct Lady Eleanor. Following that, the floating island will open up a path and enter the target from the west."

Edith pushed the model representing the floating island towards the western front of the map and said, "This step requires about three days. With the floating island's mass, it will definitely be discovered by the Sky-sea Realm."

"But even so, they do not have any effective means to stop us," Hackzord said confidently. "The Deity of Gods were originally designed to deal with the Sky-sea Realm's lair. Although this island is a little smaller, it's still a Deity of Gods at its core. As long as it doesn't take a sea route, the enemy can only watch from the waters. The acids the Nest Mothers spray out will at most leave a few black stains on the rock."

"During this period of time, the enemy isn't of much of a threat to us. The Aerial Knights' main mission is to suppress the enemy and, with the Bottomless Land as the center, sweep out an isolation band." Ferlin Eltek placed a ruler in the middle of the islands. "Your Highness Tilly, this will be left to you."

Tilly nodded.

"When the enemy's attention is drawn to the floating island, the First Army will appear from the north and slowly push south. The goal of the army is to eradicate the remaining enemy and occupy the periphery of the Bottomless Land, so as to seek a window of opportunity for Her Majesty Anna to find the entrance to the Divine Domain." The Pearl of the Northern Region paused. "According to Joan's description, the island has a receiver that's called a Guardian. Perhaps, she will be able to open a pathway in the real world to the Realm of Mind."

"I remember telling you that the Guardian has already been killed by me," Hackzord reminded.

"Indeed, but after comparing various sources of information, we believe that she wouldn't die that easily," Edith said without much care. "What you saw was an upgraded demon, while Joan saw a female human. Either the Guardian is just an illusion or there are many of them. Considering how the island appears uninhabited, it implies that she's quite extraordinary to remain there for several thousand years."

"But... Will this person really lead us into God's domain?" Wendy asked worriedly.

The venue plunged into silence.

In fact, the entire plan's second half was not supported by any reliable information. It was unknown if such an entrance actually existed. Nightingale had once rerolled the scene of what Roland saw in the Dream World to everyone, and that was their only clue. However, the content was just too abstruse and incomprehensible that even Anna wasn't able to make much out of it.

At present, the only thing that could be confirmed was that the Guardian would open a "path to heaven" to the victorious race that carried a complete legacy. As for what would happen with Roland not being in her receiving radius was still an unknown.

"We will never have an answer to this question if we don't try," Anna said decisively.

Her firm reply relaxed everyone's shoulders, as though it bolstered confidence from the bottom of their hearts.

"I have to warn you, humans," Silent Disaster suddenly said. "This battle will be different from all the wars you are familiar with. It would not develop in steps. Once you make contact with the Sky-sea Realm, everything after that will happen simultaneously. Regardless of what you do, time is of the essence."

"Does that mean that it's impossible for us to set up camp to slowly search for the island?" Edith asked with pricked brows.

"Believe her." Hackzord shrugged his shoulders. "Serakkas has spent most of her time the past hundred years fighting the Sky-sea Realm. She should likely be the person who understands the enemy the most among everyone here."

"Are there really... so many of those monsters?" Ferlin could not help but ask.

"More than you can imagine." Sky Lord had a rare tone of seriousness. "When they swarm over, the sea will turn into a rich blackness. If the Blackstone region were to land in the hands of the Sky-sea Realm, there will not be any obstacles between them and the Bottomless Land. Hoping to secure the island based on your idea is impossible. Without subsequent reinforcements, all that's possible is to last longer."

"We have no plans on staying there for long either." Finally, Anna stepped forward to cut the dispute. "The floating island will draw enemy fire and provide support, while the First Army will quickly occupy the Bottomless Land through the Distortion Door. At the same time, we will seek out the Guardian. As for what we do after that, it will depend on the enemy's reaction. Am I right?"

"Yes, Your Majesty," Pearl of the Northern Region said while placing her hand on her chest.

"Then, we shall take action two days later!" Anna said with a decided tone. "Regardless, we have to send Roland into the Bottomless Land. This is the only way to end the Battle of Divine Will!"

"As you wish, Your Majesty!" everyone shouted together.