Chapter 1: Searching For The Light

A huge vertically and fast-falling amalgamation of water and noise sphered the world as a physical form of a cascade; greenery was its joyous neighbor, green and in many forms, busy and dense, living, breathing, and harmonious.

A powerful and tender sun shone upon the world, and a painting of clouds and a blue sky was in this club as a VIP like a first-row spectator, all unique and under a balance, a balance that can withstand the challenges of time and fate.

All of the things that can be retrieved and collected to create a beautiful world, full of hope and future, with an unyielding fate that could fight against all catastrophes

were ever-present here, and at the center of this world at its heart stood a young adult woman. Her hair was white and long, she was mesmerizing, and her form fitted perfectly with the painting of this world, she was the creator of this world, its highest authority; her hopes, dreams, and ideas were easily planted, painted, and manifested upon the master's wishes.

Vibrant and powerful, one could feel given the presence.

Nearing the cascade, the woman meditated as she let the water fall on her; calm and serene was the atmosphere, so natural and correct one could not see any difference between the individual and the material as if the material and the individual belonged to the same painting.

After an unknown amount of time, the woman opened her eyes and sighed.

"It's not good; I still can't find the correct nodes of fate corresponding to my world; no matter what I do, I can't escape his influence," said the woman with a sad smile.

"Perhaps I might need to consider that I cannot escape from this world, and start to accept myself as a painted figure of it, forever chained by its eternal chains, don't I," she said as she expressed her despair.

Despair over this world, despair over her suffering, despair over the tribulations, after all, even this entire world was her last strand to sanity, a fake smile that was supposed to fake what certain things remained of her that couldn't be kept

together.

Yes, she was still not giving up; she still chose not to give up before fate and fight with all her might. As she closed her eyes, she meditated and continued to look.

White, yellowish strings of fate formed as her will and thoughts, manifested, ready to bring her desires to reality. They traveled the grand world of the Myriad Dreamwheel Plane and its entirety, they materialized, went out of her inner world, out of the Myriad Dreamwheel Plane, out of Fate itself, only Heaven was their witness, they materialized and researched, researched for everything, even the smallest thing that might bring their master one step closer to her goal, even if that step was of a single millimeter.

While searching, the woman contemplated her life and how has she gotten here; she was a normal girl, until a certain event, if one wanted to say.

She has researched some type of occult stuff, don't ask her, she herself had no idea why she did it, maybe she was too bored with the normal things going on in someone's life and wanted some flexibility, finding a good book about a lucid dream ritual.

She was interested and performed the ritual, but the problem was that the ritual was good; in fact, it was a little too good because soon after she went to sleep, she awoke here inside the body of an infant.

Hard was her adaptation, but she managed to pull things through.

Oh but how cruel and vicious fate is because not too long after she managed to find information about the world she was inhabiting, it was a world well-known to her, a world that shocked her in terms of cruelty, a world so vile and evil, that when she first read about it and found its true nature, she couldn't sleep at night, to think that this is the world where she transmigrated, because of her carelessness, because of that goddamned cursed ritual, she was brought here to hell, to suffer.

The World was a popular cultivation novel that she read, called 'In The Heaven We Trust'; a very cruel world that talks in depth about the realistic and political aspects of cultivation, a world where manipulation, deception, and betrayal could be breathed

as much as the air around.

Although she knew the plotline and the story, she didn't dare to apply any of the things that were given to her as knowledge, it was too much, every single one of the relevant non-NPC here was as cruel as they get, committing massacres and genocide as if they were showing a collection of rare collectibles.

And even if she was cruel to the world, cruel to herself, her mentality and ability to resist pain of any kind wouldn't carry her to the entirety of her journey, she wasn't even sure if she could manipulate everyone, also what cultivation technique would she have, didn't all the cultivation techniques that belong here were a tampered virus that would brainwash her and make her one of the country's puppets, there were

billions upon billions of examples.

Maybe she could get an inheritance, but those rare enough to escape from the tracing methods of the higher-ups were too rare, and she wasn't a main character who was promised The Heaven's finger.

When she first thought of these things, she even considered suicide to escape from there, and that's assuming that such a method would be capable of setting her free. Finally, after thinking of more things she decided to take the risk and call upon The Administrator, after all The Administrator was only cruel inside the story because the plot required it, not because that was his character, he did all that to achieve his goal, as for her what purpose would her existence serve to any goals of his, none most likely, she was just

a lost soul who wanted to go back home, even an amazing aspect of cultivation and immortality itself wasn't enough to keep her here, she was a sane human who was born in a normal and peaceful modern world, not a blood lusted maniac that couldn't find any joy in anything but killing.

"Mr Administrator, please help me, please send me home, I don't want to live here."

"I'm sorry to say this but even I can't send you home safely, someone very high up has found its interest in you, I'm afraid you might need to find a way yourself"

Deep was her abyss upon hearing this, deep and endless her hopeless

"Wha..., no, that can't be, please tell me it's not true, that can't be my reality, this can't

be how things end!"

Her voice pitched and filled with despair.

"Young woman, you don't need to despair.
There is still hope in this world.
I can be your guardian"

"Then how are you going to help me, Mr. Administrator"

"I will give you great affinity like none has ever seen, and A powerful cultivation technique, with its help, you will become divine and be capable of fighting for your fate, if you are willing to give up everything you can even become a Rank 9 Mythical Creature, but never forget that will cost you everything, you will be una le to return from there, and may never live în peace again."

"Well, are you willing to fight, young woman, will you fight for your fate or let me give you eternal rest and guard your fate for eternity"

After thinking for a while the woman decided.

"I'm willing to fight, Mr. Administrator; I still don't want to give up on my life, on my chance to return home; please let me fight; give me the opportunity to do it."

"Alright then, that shall be it."

A huge and powerful light embraced her as she became the blessed of The Administrator.

And time passed, alongside it fate as well, until time couldn't pass anymore and only

fate itself could pass, its measurement also in fate.

Eventually, the women reached the Divine Phase and reached the pinnacle in the hierarchy of the Myriad Dreamwheel Plane. More events could be talked about but that remains to be seen.

Suddenly, a miracle happened as a string of fate returned to her with something special.

"I found it, unbelievable after such a long time I have finally found it"

A special string of fate returned to her with the special news, a fate that could be materialized, throw off her pursues permanently, and give her the chance to go back home to her homeworld.

"It was about time; I can finally go back home," she said with a small smile; after all of the vicissitudes of life, she finally obtained her opportunity.

"No, let's not hurry and act without caution I need more information, I need to prepare myself before I inform the others," naturally the woman was very kind in nature, even after so much time in this world, this part of her never died, and along her journey, she found many more transmigrators like her, caught in the same dilemma.

"I need a protection code for the moment; I can't reveal my true name or things related to me; that would create too much trouble in the long term."

She waved her hands as the strings

formed a code name for her to use.

"Hmm, Morgan_7557, from now on this will be my codename, while on this adventure my name shall be Morgan"

Preparing herself for what will come next.

Morgan's hand changed their form as claws extended from her fingers, and a black aura filled with curses appeared close to it; it could destroy any fate and concepts, no matter their level or authority.

Then she pushed her arm into her chest and crushed her heart, dying instantly, an action that showed her ruthlessness gained from her vast experience, as her body fell down and disintegrated, never to be found by anyone.

With this action, she achieved partial death, a feat only possible thanks to her powerful and augmented curse, and thanks to her knowledge of her own code of existence, being aware of her own defense, methods and bypassing them all, thanks to that foundation she could even kill herself in a single move, something improbable and impossible if it was from an enemy who lacked that foundation.

With that string of fate, they formed into a mass, journeying themselves into the vast mortal world where that fate was supposed to appear.

They slowly formed, attracted concepts and authority formed themselves into a mesmerizing women with long white hear, that women was Morgan, and she was here to prey on her escape from this

hellhole.