

Be Honest! 661

Chapter 661 A Journey Into The Deep

There was a loud rumbling noise in the heavens that woke many from their slumber. Where is he? Where is he? Michael's eyes were bloodshot red when looking at the fake Loki in bondage. 'Dammit you, Trickster, don't let me catch you, or else...' Ahh! Michael ached a hand on his chest, feeling he might get a heavenly heart attack from all the shock and the worry. Loki, Lucifer—

"I knew it... I know it... those two are definitely planning something!" At this point, even Raphael agreed that something was wrong. But what? "I have to search for him, my twin, Lucifer!" Yes, only in that way, can he find the truth. ... And just like that, a spark of turmoil flooded the heavenly realm.

But while Michael was busy rummaging for his brother's location, Lucifer on the other hand, had finally reached the end of his journey to Tartacle – The abyss's lower plains. Beelzebub, Lucifer, Asmodeus, and Belphegor, all appeared with brimming smiles plastered on their lips. What a f***long journey. Even for them, the honey was just too deadly, taking 2 days to reach here. They swore that perhaps they were the only ones to ever make it this far. Of course, one should never think this was their first time here. For centuries, thousands and millions of years, they attempted going deep below, each time going deeper than before. They all knew the goal, and prepared themselves for this day. Can you imagine that during their time attempting to go down, they could only move 4 feet in? The place was Deadly every step of the way. It took an immeasurable amount of time to be able to go so far in, as such a short amount of time. Do you know how many times they almost died within these 2 days? They had hoped to arrive 2 weeks before the war so they have ample time to take on the abyss. But the lateness, they had no choice but to risk it all. Honestly, they feared they would die in this abyss.

However, it seemed luck was on their side, allowing them to venture in deeper and deeper. Of course, luck, and some items they were able to attain to prepare for the journey. My, my, my...

The Abyss, and its inner dominion, was a labyrinthine expanse of shadow and mystery. Know that every step in here could lead to peril or revelation.

To reach Tartacle, they first traversed through the cliffs of Murdoch. There, they had to face their own fears, in a grimly space that could leave anyone turning permanently mad if your will isn't trying enough. After a while, they also entered a bizarre world with blue trees and foliage. This was a dream space powerful to make anyone, no matter their strength, fall into a lumbering abyss. Just know that the more you slumber, the more your body sinks into the ground. And when one's body is

fully submerged into the ground, they will be dead –Completely dead. Know that no matter how powerful any demon, Ghoul or being grows, they will never be stronger than the abyss. Beelzebub will never forget waking up seconds before the top of his nose was fully submerged.

Know that his nose was the only body part that wasn't submerged yet. So what would have happened if it completely went in? Even he, the all powerful Beelzebub, felt shivers crawl up his spine after waking up from his 'slumber.' There, he was given an illusionary dream of his deepest desires. Wow! For a moment, he almost fell into the trap, believing everything in his dream. It was only when he was fighting the Almighty himself, that he realized it was a dream. Hold on, even though he looked forward to the battle ahead, who said anything about it being easy? The ease in which everything went, made him know he was dreaming. ...

Following the dream space, they went through over 42 different locations of varying danger levels. A notable time was when they traversed the River Pluntos, a churning torrent of imprisoned demonic souls. The river's waters promised oblivion to any who dared touch them. If even a single drop touched them, they would be goners. What a journey! The journey across the river was fraught with whispers of lost souls, their lamentations echoing in the misty air. The many paths they took grew darker and more treacherous as they progressed. Finally, they arrived... They arrived at the Tartacle. It was the lower plain, the deepest recesses of the Underworld. There, all 4 stood before the colossal gates, where red lightning crackled like living bars, illuminating the grim prison that held the Titans. Standing before the giant gates, they looked like ants standing before an actual human gate. That was how tall and wide the doors were. The air was thick with dread, a palpable reminder of the ancient power contained within these walls. Heh-heh-heh~ All 4 chuckled, sensing a strange force field in place that had no true effect on them. However, they were sure it was the sole reason the Titans could leave this lower plain and head to the upper one Beelzebub and the others currently dominated. them. What a view... The gates were still up ahead, but the space was filled with lava and disaster. As he reached the gates, the ground trembled slightly, a sign of the immense power that lay beyond. The Titans, once the Almighty's supreme fighters, had sided with them during the big battle and also vanished down to the underworld with them. As Beelzebub and the others advanced, their presence was felt even before they were seen. Then... massive shadows appeared against the gates that were near-see through. The gates in question had flickering red lightning.

Bam. Bam. Bam. Bam~

The grounds shook with a rumbling roar. In a blink of an eye, tens and thousands of gigantic shadows appeared in the distance.

Beelzebub, Lucifer, Asmodeus and Belphegor, smiled. "It's been a long time, friends..." "Speak of the devil..." A voice echoed from within, deep and resonant like thunder.

It was Barthartos, the Titan King.

Chapter 662 IT'S TIME!

Destiny, they say, often intertwined the hearts of those fated to meet. The gates groaned with electrical noises, whenever the towering figures dared to come close. GRAH!

They moved several inches back, irritated and visibly annoyed by the pesky bonds that kept them here. The Titans... Each, a mountain of muscle and fury, dirt, water, stone, lava, snow, and all sorts of grounds, flinched back in pain. The heart wrenching pain made their eyes glow with an ancient rage that had simmered for eons.

"Why have you come here, fallen Angels?" demanded Barthartos. His voice echoed through the cavernous space, and showed obvious distaste for their appearance. Can you blame him?

The last time he teamed up with these 4, he and they were cast down into the abyss for all eternity. Trapped in this hell hole of fire, brimstones, and ice. Seeing the 4 fallen angels appear once more, brought back all the memories he fought desperately to forget. Hold on, there used to be 7... what happened to the other 3?

Heh...

Barthartos chuckled wickedly. It seems time might not have been favorable to the other 3 since their falling into the underworld. Looking at the 4 familiar faces, Barthartos wanted nothing to do with them. "Leave now, Fallen Angels... My people, we Titans won't be entertaining your kind anymore."

Old Friends?

Hah. Since the day they fell into this dump after losing the heavenly war, they knew they ceased to be friends with these former allies of theirs. Barthartos turned around, no longer concerning himself with their presence. It was funny that he was moving normally, in his own right. But because he was a literal giant, it seemed he moved in slow motion. Of course, he could move way faster in battle. But when moving normally, it seemed to be incredibly slow in the eyes of small ants beneath its toe. Well, only Belphegor was as tall as his big toe.

Whatever—He, Barthartos, was done conversing with these Fallen Angels.

Seeing his attitude, all 4 Ancient Princes grinned widely. "Old Friend, don't tell me you regret our friendship in the past."

"Old Friend, Regret is but a puny human emotion."

"Even if we have fallen from the heavens, Regret is something never in our dictionary. Don't you think so?"

Barthartos paused, a nerve striking in his heart. Even though he hadn't seen them in a long time, he knew they must have something scheming up their sleeves.

Perhaps an offer he might truly be fascinated with. .

The light in Barthartos' jeweled eyes twinkled, when thinking of his deepest desire long buried in the innermost parts of his heart. Sure enough, he was right.

"We have a proposition," Lucifer spoke smoothly. "A deal that could benefit us all."

Oh?

"And what do we gain from all this?"

"Chaos," Belphegor answered simply. "A chance to reshape things as they should be."

"Go on," Barthartos commanded, slowly turning to face them. The many Titans around, also exchanged glances with their interest piqued, despite their distrust. All 4 ancient princes looked at each other tactfully, slowly moving towards the towering gates before them. "Old Friends, what would you say, for a true chance at revenge?"

"I'd say you're bluffing... You're practically insane to think we can ever leave this prison, talk less of heading into the heavenly realm for war." Barthartos replied. Many other Titans nodded in agreement too. Do you think all this time, they haven't tried their hardest to break free from here and head out to the heavenly plains for revenge?

Do you know how much testing and experimentation has been done throughout the ages towards their escape?

What they also found was that their lives were deeply tied with these Lower plains.

How to say it?

When an upper plain creature like the many monsters, gets exorcized, they go through heavenly judgment, rather than getting sent back into the Abyss for reincarnation. But if they, Titans, are to be killed and exorcized, they will still get sent back to the Abyss. The same goes for Lucifer, Beelzebub and the other fallen angels. No matter how anyone exorcized them, they will be reborn in the abyss. However, it should be noted that they will be reborn with no memories, just wiped clean. Other creatures will get sent for judgment and reincarnated as objects for millions and billions of inanimate objects. But for them, they were banished and damned to belong in the underworld, never having a chance to be reincarnated in the heavenly plains or even the mortal ones. The Titans, all of them, who were initially banished, were also the same. Only Titans born from the abyss itself can have the chance to reincarnate as different life forms or objects in the mortal plains, if exorcized. As of right now, there were over 200 Titans from the original banishment time. These 200, even if they fall and get exorcized, will still get reincarnated in the Lower plains. –Except, they'll have no memory of their glorious past. No one will even though it's them, reincarnated as another Titan. In truth, Satan and the other 2 fallen angels who died in the hands of their offsprings, were probably already reborn as other demons, ghouls, and creatures. It's a pity... because they'll never remember anything about their past. They might even one day serve the 4 ancient princes or even their own offspring who killed them.

Oh well.. Time to unleash the Titans!

Beelzebub reached for his inner pocket, producing a small object—a shimmering key forged from the abyss itself, imbued with magic potent enough to unlock even Tartacle's formidable barriers.

They worked hard for ages, to make this key. Getting all parts and even knowing how to put it together, all due to Loki who stole and read a forbidden document in the heavenly realm. But.. they only have one chance to use the key. After getting used once, the Abyss will grow furious, never permitting any key to unlock its seals again. For she, the Abyss, was a living being, with thoughts of her own, only loyal to the Almighty and a few others.

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Beelzebub chuckled, holding up the key, "This is your ticket to freedom."

"A simple favor," Asmodeus added. "When you rise again to challenge the heavens, remember who set you free...Soon, we will fight together, against the heavens."

Bahahahahahahaha~

Laughter erupted among the Titans—a sound both terrifying and oddly jovial. "You think we need your help to defeat those annoying beings above?" another Titan, Cyperion scoffed.

Lucifer shrugged. "Think of it as insurance.... Besides," he added with a grin, "I do love a good family reunion."

Listening to the ancient princes, the Titans considered his offer. They knew that Hades had little love for the heavens, and might be a valuable ally—or at least a useful pawn.

"Very well," Barthartos agreed. "Release us, and we shall remember your... generosity."

"Good..."

With a flourish, Beelzebub inserted the key into an invisible lock within the lightning bars. Then, a surge of power coursed through him as he twisted it, a power that resisted his attempts. Why do you think they chose now of all times to attack?

The planets aligned, also weakening the abyss's grasp of power. This was why they dared act so confidently. Crack!

A deafening crackle bellowed, as the bars dissolved into sparks. And then— BOOM!

The doors came undone, and the lightning shimmered into nothingness. Each cell's lightning bar began to dissolve into harmless sparks that danced briefly in midair, before vanishing altogether.

The titans stared at the scene, their expressions changing from disbelief, to shock, happiness, and then fury... fury against the heavens.

Stepping out of the gates for the first time, Barthartos lingered for a moment at the threshold of his former prison. Freedom—The corners of Barthartos' lips broadened wickedly.

"Titans, it's time to RUMBLE!"

Chapter 663 Skeptism

Why is it often colder before the darkness comes?

10:25 AM.

The streets were emptier than usual.

There were cars parked on the curbs, all empty, with no humans in sight. However, military and police vehicles patrolled the scenes all over the world. When looking through the many stores, malls, public and private buildings, not a single human being could be seen. Where did they go? Well, that wasn't entirely true. There were a few humans waltzing about, questioning where the humans went. Dammit, this fake human skin they were wearing was quite itchy.

They looked left, right, and in all directions, but couldn't find where the majority of humans were hiding. Except for the police and military patrolling, they couldn't find the rest of these humans.

Perhaps because of the impending horror they sensed, countless animals roared, moo'd, barked, growled, and meowed endlessly for hours.

Even the bears in the woods rushed to hide deep in their resting places, swearing to not come out until they sensed peace returning.

Of course, despite a majority of the true humans on the streets being police officers and military, a small fraction of them seemed to be... reporters?

What's going on?

No matter how slow they were, the many underworld creatures wearing human skin knew the humans must also know about the incoming war. But so what? What do they think they can do? Ow them up with cannons? Just look at the military tanks swarming across the busy streets. Tsh... It

was quite pointless to say the least. Many creatures stared out the windows, smirking wickedly while waiting for the appointed time. It was now 10:30 AM. In just another 30 minutes, the world will truly know just how powerful their existences were.

In the heart of the formerly bustling city, several news reporters sat in open spaces, inside strange chalky circles.

They were strategically positioned all around the city in this manner, some on rooftops and others in open spaces.

In a particular space within the vast spot they called Alicen's Cube Garden, a group of reporters spoke about the upcoming war. Some believed and some didn't. Those who believed were those who saw these monsters with their own 2 eyes just before they were taken to the Humanity's many Bunkers with their families. Those who didn't believe, were those who despite being taken to the bunkers, didn't get to see any monsters selected out from the group they were in. The group of reporters sat cautiously, surrounded by cameras and equipment. Their expressions were a mix of boredom, fear, and skepticism. .

"Monsters from portals," scoffed a reporter named Clisa, a seasoned journalist with a penchant for sarcasm. She leaned back in her chair, twirling a pen between her fingers. "Sounds like the plot of a B-grade horror movie."

Her colleague, Thu Njangu, chuckled as he adjusted his camera lens. "Yeah, but hey, at least we're getting paid to sit around and do nothing. And if there's no such thing as monsters, won't our reputation skyrocketed even more for publicizing the fairness of the matter?"

"Psychos, all of them! They should be put in psychiatric wards to believe such nonsense. What are we? 5? How monsters really exist?" "I-I, I believe it's true... You guys weren't there... you didn't see it." A third reporter, Jenna Lee, spoke about the ordeal with trembling hands. Even now, she was gagging when recalling the hideous appearances of those monsters. Someone else who didn't see it, thinned his lips thoughtfully. "I don't know, but perhaps there's some truth to this matter. After all, there's been a lot of weird stuff happening lately. Maybe there's something to it."

Bah! Clisa rolled her eyes heavenwards. "Please, Chu Chen. Next you'll be telling us you believe in Bigfoot."

"Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah."

...

This matter became a heated topic, between many reporters who didn't believe it, and many who swore they saw some of these creatures LIVE in the flesh. Their bantering went on and on for a long time. And before any of them could react, they suddenly heard strange loud crackling sounds, ones that made them freeze dead in place. But it was odd that even though the camera men and women froze with jaws wide open, their hands still mechanically moved the cameras to face the enormous skies that seemed to crack like TV screens. Crack, crack~

Gulp~

Someone among them began speaking. It was one of the 3 undercover Academy disciples who was here with the group.

"Ladies and gentlemen, please remain alert. We expect activity soon."

10:59 AM on the dot.

Countless portals have now appeared across the planet. The small hairs across the bodies of many, now stood erect as their faces turned chalky white. The series of shimmering, mirror-like surfaces that appeared like twinkling stars, was now worldwide. Deep within the many Bunker spaces, humanity watched in rigid horror, some holding their children tight, and others with moistened eyes, fearful of the future ahead. Milliseconds now ticked by with agonizing anxiousness for what was to come. This was the feeling of many watching everything broadcasted live. But what about the reporters? The air inside the circle of chalky scribbles grew thick with anticipation. Then it happened.

A low hum filled the air, growing louder until it became an electrifying buzz that set their teeth on edge. The reporters now stood huddled together, eyes wide with disbelief as streaks of lightning danced across the surfaces of the many portals' around them. Zpp-Zpp-Zpp~

The ground trembled slightly as if responding to some ancient call, and everything that happened seemed like a dream.

Terrible! Terrible! The portals began to ripple violently, their surfaces distorting like water disturbed by an unseen hand.

Everyone held their breaths, their faces already covered in bountiful sweat. But what happened next, left them kneeling and shaking vigorously like fish out of water.

Bram! There it was.

The last straw that echoed across the space. A deafening crackle lashed out, and blinding flashes of light followed. Then, the first creature emerged—a towering figure with skin like cracked stone and eyes that glowed with an otherworldly fire. Its hands first grabbed the edges of the portal, poking its menacing head through the scene. It stood at least ninety feet tall, its massive limbs ending in claws sharp enough to rend steel.

And underneath it, were countless creatures of varying heights, all pouring out from underneath it.

Chapter 664 Was This The End?

"My God of Science!"

Several reporters gasped, instinctively stepping back despite the chalky protective barrier.

It's true... it's true... it's all true...

Blugh~

The puke festival began, as several reporters puked and puked so much that they swore they puked blood too. No! No! No! How could they be sharing a planet with these monsters for so long without knowing it? Can you feel it? Can you feel the oddly primitive warning now sounded at the back of their minds? The ache at the bottom of their gut told them to get the fuck out of this sent and settle on another. Their throats grew drier, their pupils moved unsteadily, and their bodies now felt a hundred pounds heavier. Who can tell them why this was happening now? Why... Why were they born in this generation? Wasn't it better to be born in the past and just die without having to go through the whole Monster slavery thing? Don't think they haven't heard the rumors in the grapevines that these monsters wished to imprison and use them as food sources. No!!!

Several people's eyes grew red with worry, after seeing thousands and thousands of monsters storm in.

Didn't you hear that no mortal weapons can defeat these creatures? So how can puny humans deal with this matter? Even if some of them had witnessed the academy disciples at work, they still felt the monsters stood a far higher chance of winning. Don't blame them for thinking so. F***! Do you see what they are seeing? Just look at how massive these creatures were? A majority of these creatures were above 9 feet tall. And even the shorter ones were 4~7 feet tall. Mommy... Mommy.... Humanity was doomed to fail. .

Grahhhh~

The creatures of varying sizes and appearances, let out guttural roars that echoed across the square, shaking windows in nearby buildings. Too powerful!

As if summoned by the fierce calls, more beings began to emerge from the portals—each more terrifying than the last.

Ghouls with hollow eyes and skeletal frames skittered across the pavement on all fours. They Twisted and twitched menacingly.

Their movements were jerky and unnatural, like marionettes controlled by invisible strings.

Don't forget the demons wreathed in flames that followed close behind, their fiery auras casting flickering shadows on the ground. Their faces were twisted into grotesque masks of malice and hunger.

Creatures with hard, hunched exoskeletons appeared, covered in strange dark fluttering cloaks, their beings floating above the surface. Creatures that looked like bug hybrids, creatures whose existences defied the laws of physics, and many other sorts, all appeared before their very eyes. "Are we safe in here?" Clisa, one of the reporters, asked nervously. One of the cameramen nodded stiffly, while still continuing to film. His camera captured every horrifying detail—the creatures' snarls and growls reverberating through his headphones.

"We'd better be," Clisa replied tersely. "Or else we're going to have front-row seats to our own demise."

Bam~ The Titans emerged group by group. And while the reporters and many across the world were shaken to the core, some were waiting for the emergence of the true big rulers behind the scenes.

There! As if on cue, 4 stunning human figures stepped through from the portal. My, my, my, were they good-looking. Some humans who recognized them, felt their knees give way in horror. "That's Lucifer Morningstar, one of the largest Realtor Tycoons!" "That's Beelze Vin Bab... one of the heirs and owners of the richest beekeeping, and bug breeding companies in the world!" "That's Mister Asmodeus, owner of over 50 large Entertainment companies!" "And that's Mr. Belphegor, CEO of one of the world's largest fishing companies." Who am I? What am I? Where am I? No matter how slow everyone was, they understood that these 4 who appeared through the demonic portal, were definitely not human. This... this... this... Dread flooded the bodies of many, especially workers in these companies. F***! So they have been working for a monster all this time? No wonder... no wonder some people go missing index or twice in 2 years or so. Dead... they're probably dead and in the blues of the enemy. Now, all 4 ancient beings appeared, their figures fluttering high above the ground. They looked like untouchable Gods, looking down on their servants. It was odd to say that the many creatures around them seemed mundane by comparison, despite how human-like they looked. The presence of these 4 exuded an aura of power so intense it was almost palpable.

They looked human-like, except for the imposing horns sticking out of their foreheads, the enormous wings on their backs, and eyes that burned like molten lava.

'This can't be real... this can't be real...' Many murmured incredulously as the broadcast continued live. The 4 princes of hell weren't the only things that caught their attention. The Titan King stood between the 4 princes, a figure whose single step shook concrete beneath his feet. This was it... this was it—War! "Oh? Would you look at that... They have cannons pointing our way." "How cute and desperate. No doubt, they should be hiding underneath some safehouse areas or within the military barracks."

"Brothers, It seems they might have anticipated our arrival. But so what?"

"Indeed, what will be, will be... it's a waste of time to throw water on a duck's back."

How cute, the humans are fighting for their survival. The ancient princes and the titans chuckled. Now, it was time to begin. Many top tier demon generals and commanders now flew, scouting the place with vicious intent. "Humans," one of them began, its voice smooth yet commanding enough to send shivers down spines even through layers of protective glass. "Your world will soon come to an end."

GO! In a flash, the many sluggish creatures rushed forth to find the hidden humans. "Come out, come out, wherever you are~" Their voices dropped with malice, as they destroyed buildings and objects in a blink of an eye. And the reporters on ground and in sight, only felt hot fluid run down their thighs. It's OVER!

Chapter 665 MORTAL FEAR

HELP!!!!!!

The reporters huddled together, their mouths now full of vomit, when seeing the rotting images of these monsters up close. Help! Help! Help! Their pupils dilated at an alarming rate, screaming at the top of their lungs when seeing these monsters swarming to their direction from all angles. It's over! It's over! They were definitely toast! Was this the end? Everyone closed their eyes shut, screaming at the top of their lungs. Of course, some screamed with their eyes wide open, like victims in horror movies. The air turned frostier, the intoxicating foul stench grew heavier, and their puke also continued without end. Have you ever seen someone screaming, puking, and opening their eyes all at the same time? Grawlll~

The creatures moved like lightning, itching in closer and closer from all directions. This is the end... this is the end... Those watching the broadcasts placed hands over their mouths, hot tears now streaming down their cheeks. Children, even the most innocent of all, knew that this was the end for the reporters, and possibly, the end for humanity as well. This is the end, the reporters are definitely dead. Some placed their hands over their faces, but still fell into the temptation of watching the action from the spaces between their fingers. Many turned their teary eyes away, hurrying their faces in the loved ones' clothes. Too brutal... too cruel... they can't watch.

Ahhhhh! The cries of the reporters was all they could hear, as the creatures poured in. But what's this, why didn't they hear any more screaming? Why did it seem like... like... jubilation instead? Bam! Loud sounds bellowed, as the creatures crashed like squashed flies against an invisible dome. There was green, red, purple, and all sorts of blood that covered the invisible dome. However, in the flash, the dome seemed to emit a faint yellow light, burning the spewed rotting blood stains and maggots of. WHAT? Some creatures upon impact, bounced off, tumbling back and hurting several others in agony. Grwwwl~

It fucking hurt like HELL! What's going on? Ah— The chests of the reporters raised and fell vigorously, as tears ran down their trembling cheeks, mixing with the vomit stains on the corners of their mouths. They have never felt so since before. Fuck sky diving! Fuck running off a cliff! In fact, Fuck jumping off an active Volcano.

Nothing, they repeat—Nothing can ever compare to the insane feeling of death they got just now. Can you feel it? Can you feel the hairs on their bodies standing tall after knowing that death was staring them straight in the eye. .

"Aiyeeee~" Clis was breathing and exasperating loudly, when watching the twitching creatures curiously bring their faces close to the strange dome that was still emitting pulsating golden lights. And after the dome cleaned itself, it Vanished. Now, it gave the illusion there was absolutely no

divide between the creatures and the reporters. However, both sides knew... they knew all too well, of what their eyes had just witnessed. —There was something there, something protecting the reporters from getting torn to shreds. "We're-we're-we're saved!" One of the reporters exclaimed, shouting at the top of his lungs. "Bahahahahaha~ The chalky lines we despised saved us. Mommy, I will never insult a single stick of chalk again in this lifetime!" "Am I dreaming? Or can it be that I've died and resurrected at this same point in time? Magic... magic... how can... how can simple chalk do this?" "Fuck! Where is the science? Where are theories behind this? Who can explain how such a thing is even possible?" "Bah! Forget about science! Look at the monsters around us. Do you fucking see science explaining this shit to us now?" "Don't stop me! Don't stop me! I swear on my future father-in-law's grace that from today onwards, I will believe in the God of Chalk!" "Me too! move over God of Science, I now believe in the God of Chalk. Oh ye Chalk God, please accept your humble servant and keep him in this bubble safe from the monsters outside." On their knees, they began to drop and grovel before the chalk lines surrounding them. But even if the chalk lines stay erect and protect them forever, how long can they actually exist in this bubble? What about food? What about water? What about taking a dump? Well, to be fair, after seeing so many underworld creatures, they felt like the next time they might eat or drink will be 12 years later. As for pooping, please, they felt they just puked their shit out from their mouths with all the vomiting they did. Oh, Chalk God... They were so grateful for the chalk protecting them, shocking the disciples inside the bubble with them.

Don't you think you all are exaggerating a bit too much? [Everyone else]: Shut up! What do you know? All Hail the Chalk God! .

Grrrrwwllll~ The creatures surrounding the many protected corners growled hatefully, murderous intent evident in their eyes. At the same time, other attacks spawned, especially around the many War tanks that were constantly firing missiles all around. Boom! Boom! Boom! The cameras captured the scene, as countless Monsters exploded into bits. Hooray! Many people began celebrating, but soon felt choked when seeing the goo, limbs and body parts of these creatures come together once more. Yes! Yes! Yes! How could they have forgotten? It was said that no mortal weapons can defeat these beings? The Su clan who were watching, felt the blood in their bodies run cold and dry. "Father, the ability of regeneration for these beings is amazing." "Yes... I hate to say it, but our firearms and cannons can do nothing to them." "Incredible... I saw it just now. One one then reattached itself, and its single swipe slacked an entire military tank with one swipe." "Indeed, imagine if we went into battle against them? A single slash can cut hundreds of men into half." It would be the doom of humanity. Boundless fear trickled down the spines of these Su clan members, suddenly finding themselves lucky to be away from the battlefield. But where? Where were the so-called human magicians who were supposed to be protecting them right now?