

## Cheat. A 321

### Chapter 321. The Holy Sword-Twerling

A feeble golden light bathed Myne's body, and in the next second his dizzy eyes fluttered open weakly. The world around him tinged a bloody red as if someone had drained it of all other colours. There was no need for Myne to strain his brain to understand why; Alban's previous attack had smashed his forehead into the ground, causing blood to gush down his face.

Even his eyes contributed to the crimson tide, blurring his vision.

Moving his blurry eyeballs, Myne spotted Alban a few meters away, examining the slightly cracked array on the ground with furrowed brows, perhaps calculating the dent in his wallet for repairing it. Then, his eyes darted to the other side, where Velvet lay lifelessly. The ominous black spear that once pierced her back had vanished, leaving a gaping black hole in her heart area.

Blood seeped from her body, but what gave Myne a breath of relief was the faint white steam rising from her wounds.

The regeneration skill was still working, but the steam seemed very weak. I doubted it could save her for too long. After all, a heart wasn't just a random organ; even minor damage could be fatal, let alone such complete destruction. Mana is also a crucial factor in keeping her alive, but Velvet's mana capacity clearly wasn't sufficient enough to fully repair a vital part like the heart.

I have to move fast, Myne thought, gritting his teeth. Although he was also heavily injured, compared to Velvet, his injuries were nothing. With the blessing of the Ultra Regeneration skill, it would only be a matter of seconds before he fully recovered.

He was also glad that Alban didn't focus on them again after the first attack, otherwise, someone of his calibre wouldn't need a second glance to understand that something was wrong with Myne and Velvet's recovery speed.

Myne closed his eyes and began forming a mental image of the legendary weapon The Holy Sword, TWIRLING—the most powerful weapon in humekind's history, wielded by the Hero Alexandrite. Although called a sword, unlike traditional swords, the length wasn't much different from a dagger; it was more of a short sword.

People started calling it the holy sword either because they thought it was too embarrassing or because it sounded cool. As for its origin, no one knew. People only knew that a mysterious person gave it to Hero Alexandrite, and after his death, it disappeared as mysteriously as it appeared.

Myne's plan was simple: he wanted to recreate the most powerful weapon of mankind, The Holy Sword Twerling, with the help of his cheat skill, Realize. Although he still didn't know the principle behind the Realize skill, most of the time, he just had to think and imagine the picture of the object he wanted in his mind, and the Realize skill would make it for him.

As for how the Realize skill knew the rest of the data, such as material, weight, mass, density, and other minor details, he had no idea.

Through research, Myne concluded that the Realize skill is like a wish-granting skill; it didn't create things out of thin air but summoned them from other parts of the world. The reason he took this theory seriously was the mana consumption.

If Myne didn't rely on the shameless mana storage power of the Inventory skill, then just by using his own body mana capacity, it would definitely be impossible to create or

summon even a simple dagger with the Realize skill, illustrating how horrifically mana the Realize skill consumed.

Because Myne had just read the story of [The Story of the Hero Alexandrite] and the image of The Holy Sword, Twerling, remained vivid in his mind. He quickly sketched a rough blueprint of Twerling in his mind and left the remaining work of filling in details and creating it in the responsible hands of the Realize skill.

However, Myne didn't immediately create/summon Twerling. As a holy weapon, it was natural for it to come with special eye-catching lighting effects, as described or shown in books. This would be more than enough to alert Alban, who would kill him a dozen times before he could even react. After all, he was currently lying right beside the black disk, and its defence was on the verge of destruction.

How could Alban take the chance to let him do whatever he wanted unless he was blinded by overconfidence and didn't mind Myne playing a small trick, and later regretting it like third-rate villains.

After confirming that the Realize skill was reacting with Twerling and he also had enough mana to create/summon it immediately, Myne breathed a sigh of relief. Slowly and silently, he stood up. Under the godly blessing of the Ulter Regeneration skill, his injuries had already completely healed.

"Huh? You woke up? Interesting... Just how many secrets are you hiding from me? I hit you with my most powerful coma spell. Even a Tier-2 demon might not be able to wake up within a week after being hit by it.

But you instantly countered it like nothing... and..." Alban's voice trailed off as he frowned while staring at Myne. He noticed that Myne's previous injuries had completely healed, and he was just feigning injury in front of him.

"What great recovery ability you have!" Alban mused, a cruel glint in his eyes. "Your mana automatically heals you, instead of you casting a spell and guiding it to do so. I've never seen anything like it before. Hahaha, this is really wonderful. You will be my most precious experimental material, brat. I will slowly dig out every little secret of yours, hahaha."

Myne ignored Alban's crazy laughter. He had mentally prepared for this moment when he stood up. After taking a deep breath, he finally used the Realize skill to create/summon Twerling into his hand.

A bright light shone in the entire observatory directly transforming it into a lighthouse. The light was so pure and holy that even a super-powerful demon like Alban couldn't help but take a few steps back. Awe and shock painted his face as he stared at Myne as if seeing a ghost.

Although he couldn't see what kind of thing Myne was holding, just the pure holy aura of that thing was enough to send shivers down his spine.

Soon, blinding light subsided, revealing Myne cloaked in a shimmering golden holy aura, cradling a breathtaking short sword, approximately 70 centimetres in length. its hilt gleamed with intricate artistry, a crimson orb crowning its pommel. Azure, Gold, and, and Purple gems embraced in the middle of the blade.

Intricate patterns and golden runes etched the main body, the edges sharpened to such a deadly degree, giving people the feeling that their heads might fall from their necks at any moment.

Twerling pulsed with an otherworldly hum, a tangible whisper of forgotten legends and unimaginable power. Myne gripped the hilt, his own resolve hardening in the face of Alban with an ugly expression before him.

"Hell Dimension's foul language! How can this little bastard possess such a pure, holy weapon? Even lesser angels don't have the opportunity to own one in their entire lives. How can a random hume nobody have it?!"

Alban, for the first time in his long life, felt doubt about his existence. The brat, whom he had considered a puny character, playing with mice and cat games, suddenly turned out to be the main character and snatched the role of the cat from him. This shameless change in the script left the ancient demon speechless for the first time in eons.

However, his surprise didn't last long as Alban noticed the black disk right beside Myne. Suddenly, a horrifying realization slammed into him like a lightning bolt.

"Get the f\*ck out of my tower, you bastard!"

It only took Alban a second to realize Myne's plan. If the barrier on the black disk was at its peak state, he might not have reacted so crazily. He had confidence in his own knowledge; even a holy weapon couldn't break it in one attack. But now it was on the verge of vanishing. The holy blade in Myne's hand could easily pierce through it like paper.

If it really happened, not only would the entire magic tower lose its power supplies, but even the main barrier of the island would have a big impact. Which is no different than asking for death, as there were four crazy weirdos outside eagerly waiting to come in.

"Hahahan, it is too late now." Myne, who had long ago made up his mind to destroy the annoying black disk in front of him, ignored the unknown spell cast by Alban, and spoke with a crazy grin plastered on his face before slashing down the holy sword Twirling at the black disk without any hesitation.

"NOOO!!!"

Before Alban's horrified eyes, Twerling sliced through the black disk's super-defence, which had given Myne and Velvet a lot of trouble, like a hot knife through butter, shattering it into a million twinkling fragments before hitting the black disk and hovering a few inches above the ground itself.

Myne had initially thought that this black disk, which could absorb any kind of magic skills, would be very tough and might be difficult to destroy. To his surprise, as soon as the Twirling touched the black disk, it didn't show any resistance at all carving the disk in two like a ripe melon, directly pouring cold water on Myne's expectations.

Right at the moment the black disk encountered its unfortunate fate, Alban's unknown attack also hit Myne. It was a super repulsive force spell that tossed him away from the now-destroyed black disk and threw him out of the observatory, but this time for real.

"Crack!"

A mirror-cracking sound resonated throughout the observatory from the place where the black disk was hovering. Then in front of Alban's dumbfounded expression, a big beam of white light, like a gigantic pillar, shot into the sky with unbelievable speed until it collided with something invisible around 500 meters above the tower, shattering in a blinding explosion.

Everyone held their breath. From the furious and helpless Alban to falling Myne, who was laughing like crazy after achieving his mission, to the bewildered poor demon in the town below still not recovered from the shock of the thunder attack before, all eyes were fixated on the light pillar and crack in the sky, which was getting bigger and bigger.

"Crack!"

"BOOOM!!"

One mirroring creaking sound resounded throughout the floating island, followed by an earth-shattering booming sound, and a giant hole filled with brilliance, like the sun in the afternoon, shone. Four different coloured lights of various sizes entered from the hole one by one.

Chapter 322. Ultra Powered Rescue Force

Howl!

A guttural wolf howl, resonating with the earth's fury, tore through the sky above the island. It painted the entire island with an eerie purple light, emanating from a miniature sun-like core at its centre. Yet, this spectacle paled in comparison to the bizarre phenomena unfolding across the island.

Except for the tower, everything, living demons and inanimate objects alike, began to float effortlessly in the air, as if someone had suddenly switched off the gravity of the entire island.

But the true horror unfolded moments later which literally gave a heart attack to the poor demon who had been cursing the devil for 7 generations with foul words, blaming him for their bad luck for the consecutive unfortunate events. The purple sky erupted with a deafening boom of thunder, morphing into an ominous black cloud, seemingly conjured from thin air.

No one cared where these clouds came from because, in the next moment, from its depths, purple lightning, more ferocious and potent than Myne's, rained down upon the island, mercilessly transforming helpless demons into charred husks.

BOOM!

The artificial thunderstorm's main goal was clearly not these random demons on the ground but the gigantic magical tower in the middle of the island. Thunderbolt after thunderbolt assaulted the tower, but thanks to its defensive barrier, hastily activated by Alban in the nick of time, it stubbornly held its ground against the brutal dance of electricity.

While everyone was watching the live thunder show and mesmerized by the special effects of the sky's rage, suddenly, an invisible yet palpable ripple, akin to a stone cast into the water, swept across the island. Then, right next moment, like a meteorite, a blue light, blazing with unimaginable speed, plummeted from the storm cloud towards the tower's base.

The light was so fast that normal demons couldn't follow with their eyes. However, they were preoccupied with trying to adapt to moving in zero gravity and saving their lives from the crazy thunder strikes, having no mood or time to watch it in the first place.

The blue light continued its unyielding descent, culminating in a monumental crash against the tower, mere meters above the ground. The impact sent tremors through the entire structure of the tower, shaking it like a tree buffeted by a ferocious storm. Even the barrier faltered under the strain, causing Alban, on top of the tower, who was maintaining the barrier single-handedly, cough blood.

After all, the main power source of the tower, the black disk, was destroyed by Myne. So, he could only grit his teeth and let the barrier activate with his own mana which is the same as casting the barrier by himself.



"Damn you bastards!" Alban roared, his voice laced with fury and defiance, stop destroying my home!"

BOOM!

While Alban's foul words spread across the island under the blessing of magic, the blue light crashed into the towering barrier like a meteorite and landed on the ground with an unconscious, injured Myne in her hand. He looked like a piece of burned wooden log because he was also one of the unlucky guys, who was struck by lightning alongside countless others.

After all, who had told him to hold a sword in his hand in the middle of such a chaotic thunderstorm? Doesn't he know that metal and thunder are old lovers and couldn't live without coming into physical contact?

"F\*CK! Damn fools!! I knew it. Those beasts are unreliable. Look what that b\*tch has done to you," Maya, who now looked like a real goddess slashed through the air with a frustrated sigh.

She was wearing a long flowing light-sky-blue single-piece gown with a split in the lower parts for easy movement, while voluminous sleeves billowed in the air, a big upper part around her giant breast left naked, showing a big chasm only covering her nipple and breast area. She had a delicate butterfly collar nestled around her neck, her blue long hair danced like ribbons on the wind.

She wore a beautiful crown like a kokoshnik adorned her head, made of gold and set with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. The crown also featured a fringe of pearls and a veil of white lace. blue aura, reminiscent of flowing water, shimmered around her, amplifying her ethereal beauty, and making her look like a water goddess.

"Don't worry, Myne. Your big sis is here. Now, no one can hurt you." Maya with a flick of her wrist, materialized a finger-sized vial out of thin air and quickly opened its cap revealing a single drop of shimmering liquid before pouring it into Myne's mouth.

Just as the mysterious droplet touched his lips, Myne, the charred log, erupted in a sudden blaze of emerald light, and a great amount of vitality, potent and raw, pulsed from his body. Even the demons who were hundreds of meters away from them couldn't help but look towards their direction with shock.

"Although his life was out of danger because this idiot recklessly had drained his mana reserves at once, he plunged into a deep coma and probably wouldn't wake up for a while. Phew, so tried," Maya breathed a sigh of relief, seeing Myne out of danger and finally in her safe hands. Now, no one can harm him.

"It's time to take some revenge. That bastard dared to capture my little brother..." Maya's eyes filled with hatred as she spoke, gritting her teeth. The past few months had been a whirlwind of worry for her, only she knew just how much trouble she had gone through.

She had been searching for Myne's whereabouts everywhere, not only wandering every corner of the continent but also using god knows how many black and forbidden magic to find him. These things cost Jin his entire savings, and he had been complaining nonstop.

Velvet... I have to save her...

Just as Maya was about to put unconscious Myne's body away, suddenly he started mumbling with a painful expression.

A frown touched Maya's brow. "Just how much of a big family does this idiot want to make? Are the four of us not enough for him that he still wants to add more?" She shook her head helplessly and waved her hand over Myne's body, storing him into her space ring. This is a special ring that can store living beings, but the space inside is very limited, so she rarely uses it.

After dealing with Myne, the primary target of the mission, Maya stood up from the ground and summoned her weapon – a magnificent trident. Crafted from a swirling, iridescent metal, it vibrated with a subtle energy. Three prongs, tipped with luminescent gemstones, crowned the shaft, while gleaming silver bands adorned its base, each set with smaller gems.

Its beauty held a touch of menace, mirroring the storm brewing within Maya's heart.

Maya gracefully swung her trident, soaring high into the sky, and soon arrived at the top floor of the tower. Her beautiful blue eyes scanned the tower's observatory. Ignoring the scowling figure of Alban Alban, whose face resembled someone who had been force-fed shit. Instead, her attention landed on Velvet's motionless body, whose fate remained uncertain.

"She must be the girl Myne mused about," Maya thought with a frown, observing Velvet's condition. "Judging by her state, it doesn't seem like she can survive." Although it appeared as if she had easily healed Myne, Maya knew that wasn't the case. The substance Myne had consumed was a tear from a mythical being encountered during Maya's journey.

It possessed an immense amount of vitality, capable of reviving even a Tier-5 being from near death, let alone a mortal like Myne. Using it on Myne was akin to dousing a campfire with a cascading river, total waste of resources, but Maya didn't want to take any chances with Myne's life and death. But for a stranger, she wouldn't be so extravagant.

"First, let's break this barrier before thinking about other things," Maya decided. Raising her trident, Maya prepared to unleash a powerful AoE spell to shatter the barrier when a blinding golden light engulfed the sky.

A colossal humanoid figure, easily 200 meters tall, clad in luminous golden armour that concealed everything except its single, blazing golden eye. It wielded a gargantuan hammer mirroring its own size. The hammer's heavy metallic head pulsed with an ethereal glow, etched with intricate swirling patterns.

The unknown metal handle gleamed with otherworldly luminescence, adorned with ancient symbols near the base where a leather cord was wrapped. Two gleaming silver bands encircling the handle near the top each held a single, brilliant gemstone.

Upon seeing the colossal figure taking action, Maya's lips pursed in a pout, expressing her displeasure on her beautiful face as she lowered her trident, clearly displeased with someone else stealing her limelight, but there was nothing she could do about it. If she had to destroy the barrier, it might take her some time.

In order to return quickly, she could only let the biggest person in their group handle such a heavy task.

Although Maya didn't care about the mountain-like figure taking action, Alban, who was maintaining the barrier with great difficulty under the unrelenting assault of purple lightning, had a face as pale as paper, with wide-open eyes in shock. If that thing really hit his barrier, he knew his tower was definitely done for. There was no way he could maintain the barrier under such a monumental force.

### Chapter 323. Chaos in the Aftermath

The colossal humanoid figure in the sky clearly didn't care about the ugly expression Alban wore. Dealing with the tower, the source of their troubles, was his top priority. Without wasting a moment, he grasped his hammer's haft tighter. As he did, the weapon erupted in a blazing corona of golden fire.

The heat radiated with such intensity that compared to normal fire the demons on the ground, walking on the edge of life and death, hundreds of meters away, felt as if they were swimming in a lake of molten lava. Even their max-out demonic fire resistance. Even demons with maxed-out fire resistance found this beautiful golden flame dangerously potent.

After charging his hammer sufficiently with the golden flame, the gigantic figure lifted it and casually threw it towards Alban, as if tossing a toy.

However, as Alban witnessed the colossal, 200-meter projectile wreathed in fiercely crackling flames, hurtling towards him, a look of hesitation appeared on his face, and right next moment two small imaginary cartoon versions of himself suddenly materialized on his shoulders.

"Perhaps it's time to abandon everything and flee," Intoned a miniature but cute Alban with crimson skin, adorned with horns and wings, his voice laced with urgency whispering into the real Alban's ear. "They don't seem very powerful, and if you want to run away, no one can stop you."

"Life is more precious than any magic tower, and we have more than enough resources to build another one," He brandished a staff-like spear, mirroring Alban's own stance.

"Damn you, bastard! How can you even think about it?" Spat another, ethereal miniature copy of Alban clad in white robes and a shimmering golden halo on his head and white wing on his back. "Do you have any idea just how many mysterious and expensive items are placed inside the tower? Some of them are so valuable that even if we sold the entire tower, we might not be able to find them again."

Not to mention those hundreds of unfinished projects and their vital documents."

"Oh, don't you think you're forgetting something, Whitey? What about your loyal subordinates? Aren't they valuable enough for you? You didn't mention them?" The devil Alban said with an evil grin. However, to his surprise, the angel Alban ignored him and started looking at the wall, as if he had suddenly become very interested in it.

"Tsk, greedy bastard," This was the last thought that crossed real Alban's mind as he saw the colossal hammer smash into the barrier, making him cough up blood again. Clearly, in the last moment, Alban chose his wealth and resources accumulated over the years. But he soon regretted his decision as this time his barrier could only last for a mere second before crumbling under its overwhelming power.

Boom!

A thunderous crash reverberated across the island as the colossal hammer pulverized the tower's barrier. It smashed through the upper few floors like a meteor through brittle ice without any resistance.

BOOM!

Explosion resonated throughout the entire island as debris rained down upon the unfortunate demons below. They couldn't do anything other than scream and cry for help, as the zero gravity spell still prevented them from landing on the ground. However, for some reason, this spell had no effect on the tower's debris, which was clearly bad news for them.

Like raindrops, various sizes of giant stones fell on the town around the tower, transforming the surroundings into a tomb of concrete, burying many demons beneath its weight.

A thick cloud of dust choked the air, blocking the horrific and disgusting scene from the ground to the big shots in the sky, who didn't even blink and remained completely aloof and indifferent to this kind of spectacle.

"Ymir, I think you used a little too much power. What if that little fiery girl becomes mad and starts complaining again? I don't want to be scolded by her again; her temper is also like big sis Fenrir, a little too terrible," Jormungandr, the Divine Beast of Dragon and the last member of the four-person group, said nervously with telepathy while flying beside Ymir, the titanic figure's face.

"But I didn't even use 10% of my power, can't you see? I just casually tossed my hammer. Who would have thought that the barrier was so weak that it didn't last a few seconds before collapsing?" Ymir, the towering giant, shrugged nonchalantly and replied helplessly while raising his hand.

Soon, with another deafening boom and the breaking of two more floors, the gigantic hammer flew back into his hand.

..."

Jormungandr didn't speak after that and silently flew away from Ymir. Although he always knew that Ymir was a bit impulsive and always did things without using his brain, today he realized how unreliable this big guy is. For his own better future, he decided to stay away from him.

Bang!

Suddenly, a geyser of water erupted from the dust cloud, and a beautiful figure covered in blue light, holding a trident, emerged in the middle of the geyser. She directly came beside Jormungandr and Fenrir, whose size now increased to 100 meters, and standing in the air with ease as if she were on the ground.

"After we clear this mess, meet me somewhere remote place. Let's have some hand-to-hand in-depth conversation," Maya said, gritting her teeth, making Ymir tighten the grip on his hammer nervously. He really didn't do that intentionally; if that useless barrier is so weak, what can he do in this matter?

"Cough, Little Maya, who is this girl in your hands?" Fenrir, the captain of the temporary team, after receiving Ymir's request for help through telepathy, quickly intervened, hoping to divert the brewing confrontation.

"She is Myne's friend, but now in a very critical situation, thanks to someone's unwanted help. When the barrier fell, I tried to save her, but I was a fraction too slow. When the hammer hit the tower, she fell down. Although I tried my best to quickly grab her, even so, she was hit by many rocks, and her already dire condition became even worse.

It is truly a miracle that she is still alive," Maya said with a helpless sigh while looking at the bloody hole in Velvet's heart area with a frown. Then, she took out a blood-red potion bottle of palm size and emptied it into Velvet's mouth before storing her in her space ring as well. Although that healing potion couldn't save her, at least it could hold her life for some time.

If she really wants to save Velvet's life, she has to do some serious operation on her; just a potion alone is definitely not enough.

"Then should we go back..."



ROARRRRR!!!

Just when all four of them thought that their mission was complete and they should go back, suddenly, a roar like a mad beast erupted from the dust cloud. Alban, who everyone thought fled with his tail between his legs, with bloodshot eyes and tattered clothes, resembling a desperate, vengeful beggar, flew out and stopped a few hundred meters away from them.

"You f\*cker!" Alban screamed, voice twisted with maniacal rage. "Do you have any idea just what you have done?! You bastards ruined my entire life's hard work. No one can go out alive from here. I will kill you all. Let me show you whom you mess with."

Alban movements were jerky and erratic, he threw off his tattered robes revealing his well-formed body and clapped his hands. As soon as he did that, all the low-level demons on the island suddenly, as if caught in an invisible vortex, were drawn towards him one by one like small shooting stars.

Some poor guys who were in a close area or had a ceiling over their heads directly smashed to death, but thankfully, most of them didn't have such bad luck and enjoyed a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to fly like a bird.

"Is that maniac attempting some forbidden evil sacrifice ritual right under our noses? Why does he think we would wait for him to do whatever he wants and just watch the show like bystanders as if it had nothing to do with us?" Jormungandr, who was trying to maintain a humorous atmosphere, commented, a wry smile playing on his lips.

"Maybe his head got hit by rocks, turning him into an even bigger idiot than he already was. Anyway, stop talking nonsense and deal with all those ants. Don't let their blood spill. In most evil rituals, blood is the main medium and power source.

It is better to burn them to ash before that madman creates bigger trouble for us," Fenrir mused, her gaze hardened watching the thousands of low-level demons flying in a specific pattern, making a weird symbol in the sky.

Jormungandr, understanding the urgency, unfurled his colossal wings and soared towards Alban, who stood amidst the grotesque ritual symbol formed by shrieking demons.

Alban, who was chanting incantations for the ritual and making the symbols, also noticed a gigantic red-coloured flying lizard coming toward him, which didn't surprise him. This was clearly within his expectations; after all, unless his enemies were blind, why would they let him do what he wanted? So he waved his hand, and a black scroll suddenly appeared in his grasp.

"This will surely keep you busy for a while," Alban muttered confidently while unfolding the black, eerie-looking scroll. On it, neatly printed in an unknown language, were red characters. He then bit his finger and put a few drops of his blood on the scroll, before tossing it toward Jormungandr with all his might.

Despite his gargantuan size, Jormungandr, who had ultra-powerful eyesight, clearly noticed Alban's small movement with his tiny eyes. While he didn't know what kind of scroll it was, he labelled it as a source of imminent danger. So, without hesitation he took a deep breath, opened his mouth wide, and unleashed a torrent of searing red-orange flames, engulfing the black scroll.

The inferno devoured the scroll completely, a few hundred demons caught in its unforgiving path also burned to death under the dragon's breath, without making any sound. At least their deaths were fast, without any pain; it was hundreds of times better than dying in an evil ritual and sacrificing their souls.

Alban's facade of confidence faltered, he really didn't expect that this ancient scroll would take so much time to activate. Although he had full confidence that this kind of

attack couldn't destroy the scroll, but losing so many demons at once was a very big deal for him, especially in his current dire situation.

But his expression instantly transformed from ugly to joyous as a black beam of light shot from the dragon's breath into the sky, forming a colossal, fifty-meter hexagram sigil.

"Damn, I missed it. I should have used a more powerful attack. Big Sis will be going to scold me again," Jormungandr roared in his heart while watching the ominous black sigil glow brighter with each passing second, a helpless frustration.

Chapter 324. Unexpected Turn of The Event

Buzzzz...

A menacing buzz emanated from the black hexagram sigil, its sound akin to a tormented electrical current. Everyone, except Alban, bore a deep frown - the oppressive aura radiating from it sent shivers down everyone's spines, except for Alban, who wore a smug grin. After all, he knew who was coming to help him.

With a burst of dizzying rotation, the sigil unleashed a swirling green vortex. From its depths emerged a wizened figure - a two-meter-tall man, gaunt and aged, with long black hair and a chest-length beard framing his ghostly pale face.

His pitch-black eyes, devoid of pupils or iris, resembled bottomless pits, capable of striking fear into the hearts of even the bravest child and making him wet his pants if he appeared in front of him in the middle of the night.

Clad in a simple, plain black robe, he clutched a weathered wooden staff, his very presence exuding an air of malevolent energy, anyone who is not blind can see that he is not a good person.

A voice, harsh and jarring like nails on a chalkboard, barely contained fury simmering beneath, crackled as the teleportation vortex closed. "Lowly demon, I trust you have a compelling reason for this untimely summons.

Otherwise, you might not be able to save that precious bone of the cosmic titan this time." Clearly, he had been summoned at the wrong time, as there were still traces of an explosion on his robe.

"Mr. Stygian, I promise to sell that ancient titan bone to you, but now please help me deal with those intruders. Those bastards not only forcibly entered my dimension but literally destroyed it completely. Now it's on the verge of collapsing," Alban, like a child who found his backbone (mother) after getting bullied, started complaining with a pitiful expression.

"Huh?" Stygian, who was clearly confused because of the sudden change in the event, surveyed the scene with his unnerving black eyes. Witnessing the devastation wrought upon Alban's tower, a flicker of disappointment and sadness crossed his skeletal face, after all, this tower was created by himself after who knows how many sleepless nights of effort.

But his expression was swiftly replaced by a predatory glint as his gaze landed on Jormungandr, Fenrir, and Ymir. Ymir, in particular, drew his greedy eyes like a moth to a flame. Naturally, the most beautiful member of the team, Maya, was completely ignored by him.

In the eyes of an old pervert like Stygian, external beauty is no different than dust on the ground, totally useless, the only thing matters is strength.

"What a wonderful collection! A dragon, a Titan, and an unknown wolf-like species, and all four of their strengths are higher than Tier-4. What a delightful surprise! After turning all of you into my servants, ascension to the Darkthorn Hexmancer Association is within my grasp. None of those f\*cker will dare to look down on me after that! Hahaha!"

Stygian, the old guy who looked like he had lost a screw in his head, his hysterical laughter sent shivers down everyone's spines and his gaze lingering hungrily on Jormungandr, and others before him. Even Alban, initially pleased by the turn of events, felt a chilling unease creep into his bones.

Though he anticipated controlling the situation, a gnawing doubt began to worm its way into his confidence.

"Oh, Albangarous, my dear old friend," Chuckled Stygian, his amusement bordering on unsettling. "Are you trying to summon someone else with that sacrificial ritual of yours? Don't you have confidence in my power?" His eyes, devoid of pupils, glittered with a predator's cunning.

Despite his psychopathic behaviour, he held back from immediate action, circling Alban as the demon chanted the incomprehensible words of the ritual.

"Of course not, I have full confidence in you, Mr. Stygian. It's just that, because of the previous battle, I lost too much strength. So, I am trying to recover my power with this ritual. It has nothing to do with summoning, I assure you," Even under immense pressure, Alban maintained a façade of confidence and lied without batting his eyes.

His expression was so normal, as if it were someone else in place of a scoundrel like Stygian, who himself was a big liar and could smell lies from miles away, he might have really been fooled by the Oscar-winning acting of Alban.

"That's great," For a moment, the old mage seemed convinced by Alban's honest words, an ugly force smile flitting across his pale face as he nodded his head with satisfaction.

Suddenly, a tremor of alarm passed through Stygian. "F\*ck! Be careful! Watch your back!" he shrieked, his eyes widening in genuine fear as he pointed frantically behind Alban.

Caught off guard, Alban who was under deep pressure from all sides, heard Stygian's sudden yell, adrenaline pumping through his veins and he subconsciously looked back in a hurry. But there was nothing, only the empty air mocking his paranoia. In that split second of distraction, a cold realization dawned on him – he'd been tricked.

However before he could react, a searing pain erupted from his chest.

He looked down in disbelief as a gnarled wooden staff, now pulsating with malevolent energy, had pierced through him, the touch corrupting his life force with chilling efficiency.

Coughing blood, Alban stared in disbelief at the ebony staff protruding from his body, which now turned pitch black with small worm-like runes crawling all over it. He hurriedly wanted to get away from the traitor Stygian who had just backstabbed him, but another blow struck.

A skeletal hand, long nails sharp as razors, ripped through his right chest where his second heart was located, silencing his scream even before it could form.

Stygian, his face an emotionless mask, while his runic staff immobilized Alban temporarily, he continued his gruesome work, each strike another chilling testament to

his cruelty. One by one, he destroyed Alban's five hearts, leaving the demon a lifeless husk.

As darkness crept into Alban's vision, he managed to croak a single, broken word before taking a final breath: "Why?"

Stygian gazed at his handiwork, his black eyes devoid of remorse. "Of course, to add a powerful demon like you to my collection." He murmured, his voice laced with a grim satisfaction. "I coveted your body since our first meeting, but before today, I've never had such a wonderful opportunity. Thanks for your gift by the way.

If you hadn't summoned me, I might never have been able to collect such a bountiful harvest—an entire pocket dimension, five Tier-4 beings of different species, coordinates of an unknown world. So many surprises at once, all thanks to you, my dear old friend. You deserve an eternity at my side, as a loyal servant, hehehe."

Having finished speaking nonsense with a chilling chuckle, Stygian took out a crystal ball from his robe pocket and began to chant. Soon, with a horrific scream, a spectral essence writhed and wailed, ripped from Alban's lifeless body and trapped within the shimmering sphere.

"Such a powerful soul," Stygian rasped a hint of pleasure in his voice. "A worthy addition to my power." He nodded his head with satisfaction and tucked the orb and Alban's corpse into his storage ring.

"As for you guys, although you are not of any use to me in battle, mosquito meat is still meat," Stygian addressed the remaining demons with a hint of condescension while stroking his beard thoughtfully, "Your essence isn't without value. You'll serve well in the construction of my eternal kingdom, once I bestow upon you immortality and tireless strength."

Saying such Stygian took out a small, cheap-looking, dirty worn leather pouch that appeared as though it hadn't been washed for centuries.

Stygian opened the dirty leather pouch, and a powerful gust of wind spread across the few hundred meters around him, floating all the poor demons who had just gotten rid of Alban's control and were free-falling toward the ground in Stygian's direction. With unnatural speed, each demon was sucked into the pouch, their forms shrinking and distorting before vanishing entirely.

"Minor trouble is settled," Stygian declared, with a gentle smile, which made his ghostly face even uglier than it already was. "Apologies for the delay, friends. I didn't want any kind of disturbance during our battle, so I dealt with those bugs first.

I hope you can understand...?" However, when he turned around and found that there was no one else as far as his eyes could see, his expression froze.

Stygian quickly flew higher and looked left and right while using various spells to locate Fenrir and others, but no matter what he did, he couldn't find any trace of them on the entire island.

"Damn! Those ungrateful bastards. While I was trying to create the perfect arena, those cowards dared to run away? What did they take me for, a pushover?" Stygian spoke through gritted teeth, a cross-shaped vein appearing on his forehead. He angrily swung his wooden stick in the air, and a colossal hexagram sigil appeared beneath his feet.

A blinding purple outburst erupted from the heart of the sigil and a bone dragon, a monstrous skeletal behemoth towering over 150 meters appeared under Stygian's feet. Its tattered wings hummed with purple energy, its bony frame pulsating with raw power.



Stygian landed on the skull of the bone dragon, which was trying to establish itself in the air and flapping its unreliable wings madly. Although his wings appeared incapable of lifting such a giant bone structure logically, but in front of magic, it was a simple thing, and it soon started flying smoothly.

Stygian lightly tapped his staff on the bone dragon's skull, sending it a signal to fly toward the hole in the sky from which Fenrir and the others entered Alban's dimension.

"Let's see how long you can run" Stygian hissed, his voice a bone-chilling whisper. "I will hunt you down, one by one. And when I capture you, you'll serve me...eternally."

## Chapter 325. Big Boss's Order

A few minutes ago...

Just when Stygian diverted his gaze from Fenrir and the others and turned towards Alban, Jormungandr, who'd been captivated by the unfolding event with great interest, felt an irresistible force grip him. Before he could react, he was whisked towards Fenrir and the others with startling speed.

Ymir, the biggest among the four, effortlessly pulled Jormungandr towards himself with his spell, with a flick of his mighty hand caught his neck, and lifted him like a chicken with an emotionless expression.

"F\*ck! What the hell are you doing?" Jormungandr, kicking his legs in the air while trying to break free from Ymir's grasp, exclaimed angrily.

"Of course, we are retreating, you idiot!" Fenrir exclaimed, her annoyance evident.  
"Couldn't you see that old bastard is more powerful than us?"

Even after seeing that all four of us are Tier-4 individuals, he still dares to laugh, this only shows that he has enough confidence in himself to beat us all to death with ease," She comes in front of Jormungandr, and gives a powerful love paw on his head while speaking.

"Ouch, sorry, I was just distracted. You see, it is very rare for us to find a powerful opponent to fight. It's been centuries since I last fought with my heart's content," Jormungandr apologises embarrassingly while swinging his wing after being released by Ymir.

"Fighting for enjoyment and looking for death are two different things," Fenrir chided, her voice laced with disdain. "You should choose wisely your sparring partner to enjoy a harmless fight... And if you are so hungry for a beating, then I don't mind playing with you," While speaking she led everyone toward the hole in the sky they had made previously.

"Well, let's forget about it. I still have a lot of unfinished work to complete. Maybe some other time," Jormungandr refused Fenrir's kind offer without any hesitation. After all, he knew his Big Sis's strength very well. Unless he had a brain problem, he would never choose to accept one side beating.

"Pity. I was curious to see the extent of your progress after all these years after all, you take care of an entire prison filled with evil dragons," Fenrir chuckled, a hint of disappointment colouring her voice, but she didn't continue on this topic.

"Ymir, lend a hand in sealing this space rift. We need to erase our tracks as well. Mother would be livid if that evil mage traced our world's coordinates and sold them to someone more troublesome guy."

"Okay, but Captain, should we inform the Big Boss? I mean, there is a high possibility that the evil mage would trace us back with his mysterious magic. The way he was looking at us, I don't think he would give up on us so easily," Ymir, who received the most importance from Stygian, couldn't help but shiver as he remembered those empty black eyes filled with lust and greed starring at him.

Even his hands, writing runes in the air to reseal the space rift, paused for a moment.

"Fine, Jor, lend Ymir a hand with the rift while I contact Mother. Sigh, she will probably beat us this time, considering the mess we've made," Fenrir said helplessly and flowed towards a shimmering barrier, its surface rippling like an underwater lake revealing a vibrant forest nestled within. With practised ease, she phased through the membrane, vanishing from everyone's sight.

Currently, they were in the empty void outside the planet on which they lived. After Alban's dimension was accidentally or intentionally connected to their planet's certain magic node, it formed a space tunnel between the two sides, serving as a temporary bridge. Myne had previously entered Alban's dimension easily because the dimension was open at that time.

However, after that unknown demon entered his dimension, Alban sealed it completely to extract the unknown demon's memories without any interruption. This is also the reason why Fenrir and others took so long to find Myne. Even after finding the space tunnel connecting both places, they had to spend a lot of effort just to break the protection barrier of the dimension.

Thanks to Myne breaking the tower power source, they managed to do so; otherwise, there was a high chance that they could have never seen Myne again before Alban teleported his entire dimension somewhere else in the infinite cosmos.

"Do you guys need my help?" Maya piped up, a tinge of resentment lacing her voice, she felt she was forgotten by everyone and believed they were looking down on her due to her young age, couldn't help but ask with a frown.

Although she was always a lazy woman and never liked to take the initiative to do anything, but since they had helped her so much to rescue Myne, she felt like she owed them a favour and hastily wanted to return it. She didn't like owing favours to anyone; this feeling was not a pleasant one.

Ymir, however, cast her a gentle reprieve. "Thank you, but no need, little one. There is nothing you can do here. You are still too young for those things. Maybe after a few centuries of hard work, you can help us. But for now, your knowledge of runes is not profound enough.

Just wait there or return back. Although your space ring is of high quality, I still don't recommend putting Myne and that little girl in there for too long."

Maya, like most children who consider themselves genius, didn't listen to someone else's words until reality slapped them and brought them back to the right path. She stubbornly stayed in her place and started looking at Ymir and Jormungandr's work. She believed that she would surely understand what they were doing and show them they couldn't look down on her.

Bang!

Two minutes later, suddenly a jarring crack echoed through the void. Maya, whose head started to spin in confusion as she didn't understand anything, jolted awake from her dazed state. She looked at the space rift, now 80% closed, and saw a cardinal creak appear on it. She couldn't help but exclaim, "What was that?"

"Seems like our uninvited guest desperately wanted to enter our home," Jormungandr said jokingly, but his expression changed the next moment when another creak appeared on the space rift.

"Damn! What kind of spell is that old geezer casting? He's single-handedly causing so much damage to the rift. If it continues like this, we might not be able to stop him for too long," Jormungandr muttered furiously, accelerating the repair process.

Although Ymir didn't speak, his thoughts were clearly the same as Jormungandr's, his chanting intensifying in response to the escalating threat

Seeing that things were getting out of hand, Maya blurted out, "I'm going to fetch Fenrir!" and darted towards the entrance of the space tunnel connected to their planet.

But Maya hadn't gone halfway when she encountered Fenrir striding towards her with an ugly expression. Evidently, her conversation with Mother hadn't gone well.

"What's the matter?" Although Fenrir wasn't in a good mood, she managed to calm herself down and asked with a frown, seeing Maya panicky rushing toward her.

"Big trouble. That old geezer is desperately trying to break the space rift. Jormungandr and Ymir might not be able to stop him for too long. They need your help," Maya blurted out, breathless with worry.

"Sigh, it is going to hurt a lot..."

"What?"

"Nothing. Let's go," Fenrir brushed off, turning and leading Maya back towards Jormungandr and Ymir.

When they came back, they saw the space rift which had been repaired quite a lot, was now on the verge of collapsing. If nothing changed, it was a matter of seconds before Stygian greeted them with open arms and a wide grin.

"Okay, stop wasting time, you two. Hurry up, we have to get out of the space tunnel before that guy comes here." Fenrir didn't waste time and directly gave orders that shocked all three of them. They looked at her as if her next words didn't satisfy them, she would be in big trouble.

Although It was clearly a joke since even if all three of them teamed up, they couldn't overpower Fenrir, the power of gravity is no joke.

"Mother's orders," Fenrir stated, her voice firm. "This mess is of our making, so we face the consequences. She wants us to fight with him, and she will only participate in the battle when we are on the verge of losing. But first, we lead him to our planet so Mother can intervene if needed."

Hearing that this was an order from their Big Boss, Jormungandr and Ymir didn't hesitate for a single second, quickly rushing toward the entrance of the space tunnel. This is a simple tacit understanding developed between all divine beasts, no matter what never question Big Boss's order.

Maya was still dumbfounded by the sudden shift in the situation, but Fenrir was too lazy to explain everything. She just grabbed her with her telekinetic power and hurriedly rushed away from the space rift.

Click!

With a sound like a mirror shattering, just as Fenrir threw Maya out from the space tunnel, the space rift finally reopened, and a colossal bone dragon filled with purple energy entered the space tunnel.

Stygian, who was standing on the bone dragon's skull in an aloof manner, scanned the surroundings and soon saw Fenrir, who gave him a disgusted look before vaulted the shimmering water barrier and entering her home planet.

"Very good. Let's see how long you can look down on me." Stygian, who clearly hadn't been so insulted in who knows how many years by someone weaker than him, muttered while gritting his teeth angrily. If not for the fact that his body had undergone multiple mutations, with his fierce temper he might have long ago had shattered his teeth by himself.

Even though even a blind person could see that there was definitely a trap or ambush waiting for him ahead, Stygian believed that in front of his absolute power, everything else was puny tricks. He lightly tapped on the bone dragon's skull with his staff, making it rush toward the space tunnel entrance.

Chapter 326. Sneak Attack

BOOM...

A thunderous boom echoed across the land as a certain bone dragon who just stuck its head out of the space tunnel and hadn't even had a chance to grasp its new surroundings

when a colossal hammer, wreathed in golden flames, descended on its head like a meteorite, smashing it into the ground.

The impact echoed through the earth, creating a spiderweb of fissures which soon turned into a crater of hundreds of meters deep at that place. All the trees near them were uprooted directly from the ground, along with a lot of soil, and flew away like flies in a storm.

Many towns and small villages, even the capital city of the Augusta kingdom far from the batterfilled, trembled with the shock as if hit hard by a 9-magnitude earthquake. It's fortunate that most houses and buildings are not too tall and have quite a good foundation; otherwise, only God knows how many people would be buried to death.

A certain aloof old man who was arrogantly standing on the skull of the bone dragon also wasn't so fortunate as a citizen of the Augusta kingdom.

Although he managed to save his old life thanks to his magic item, which automatically cast a barrier around him sensing the danger, but clearly it was a big loss, after all, such a high-end magic prop is not easy to get, and most of them are consumable types. Once used, it requires significant resources to recharge.

Ymir, after smashing the bone dragon's head on the ground along with Stygian, nodded his head with a smug look on his stone-like face, sadly hidden under his helmet no one could see it. After finishing his task, he quickly distanced himself from the enemy since others were also waiting in line for their turn.

Soon, the dust settled down, and Stygian appeared in front of everyone. He was still surrounded by the green transparent barrier and stood on the bone dragon's poor skull, which not only disconnected from its bony neck but was now covered in dense cracks as if it would fall apart and turn into dust at any moment. Even its soul fire was extinguished; clearly, it is out of service temporarily.



Though physically unharmed, Stygian's ragged breaths, as if having an asthma attack betrayed his exertion. He locked eyes with Ymir, his gaze tinged with venomous hatred. If looks could kill, Ymir would have perished a thousand times over.

"You b..."

BOOM!!!

Stygian rasped, his voice laced with anger, but before he could bombard Ymir's entire family with foul words, a wave of dense magic materialized above him. He barely had time to cast a defensive spell on himself since the magic prop had already lost most of its energy when a torrent of blistering blue fire, akin to a gigantic waterfall of molten lava-like blue dragon breath, engulfed him.

Jormungandr, who was crazily shooting blue fire from his mouth, didn't stop until the hundreds of meters wide crater in which Stygian was having fun was filled completely with lava-like fire. This is a special spell he learned from an evil dragon who lives in a volcano and made his breath so dense that he literally started shooting lava at everyone.

Later, he perfected it and created this spell, which gave Jormungandr a lot of trouble in catching him and throwing him in prison.

Jormungandr barely finished admiring his handiwork, found himself startled by Maya's sudden appearance beside him and cast a spell similar to Myne's colossal water magic.

This time, a real 'Normal' waterfall fell on the volcanic crater transforming it into a steaming caldera, filling the surroundings with harmful acidic steam and a sizzling sound. As everyone could expect, the interaction of molten lava and cascading water resulted in a peculiar transformation.

As the heat subsided, a solidified, obsidian-like mass filled the crater, its origins obscured by the billowing steam.

Crack!

A tense silence hung heavy in the air, broken only by a series of ominous creaking sounds emanating from the depths of obsidian-like mass. Everyone's gaze remained fixed on the crater, anticipation mixed with apprehension.

Click!

BOOM!

The silence shattered with a deafening explosion. Stygian, a stubborn old geezer, seemingly unscathed blasted through the the molten remains. Let's not talk about him—even the bone dragon skull partially submerged in the obsidian formation, appeared remarkably intact without any additional damage.

"This old geezer is more difficult to kill than a cockroach," Maya remarked, a hint of disappointment in her voice, to which everyone nodded their heads, clearly agreeing with her statement.

Just then, the remaining body of the bone dragon, which had lost its navigator part midway, finally managed to get out of the space tunnel entrance. But now it was no different than a toy meant to scare children; after all, it couldn't bite anyone, nor could it release energy blasts. What was the point of its existence?

It couldn't even be used as a transport vehicle since it couldn't see the direction. If it were against humes or other normal species, it could at least kill them by trampling them underfoot with its huge size. However, the problem was that not only could all of its opponents fly, but three of them were as big as it, and one was even bigger. What was the point of summoning it?

Stygian also realized this problem and understood why Fenrir and others sneak attacked him. Their main target from start to finish clearly was the bone dragon, not him.

"Do you truly believe you killed my servant with those shameless puny tactics?" Stygian boomed, his voice laced with disdain. "I have witnessed far more cunning adversaries. Compared to them, your little tricks are just child's play. Let me show you what despair is," With a flourish of his staff, he began an intricate chant, dark energy swirling around him.

As Stygian's spell started taking effect, the cracks on the bone dragon skull started visibly recovering, and the soul fire, extinguished moments ago, reignited with an eerie glow, making everyone gasp in horror, which was clearly another way to fool Stygian.

Just when Stygian started laughing wildly, seeing everyone's ugly faces and the bone dragon's skull started floating toward its body, suddenly Fenrir materialized beside the skull with lightning speed. In a fluid motion, she grasped the dragon's horn with her powerful jaws and vanished in a flash of teleportation.

...?

An unnerving silence gripped the battlefield as Stygian stared at the empty space where his dragon skull vanished with a speechless expression. He couldn't believe that he had been tricked again, by a bunch of centuries-old brats.

But in the very next moment, his shocked expression quickly morphed into fury as if he'd swallowed the sourest lemon in the world. He brandished his staff, attempting to summon the skull back, but his efforts elicited only amused chuckles from his opponents

"Where the F\*ck did you put my servant's head?!" Stygian, roared, his voice laced with impotent rage as he saw Fenrir returned with empty hands.

"A safe place, worry not. You will never see it again. No need to thank me; it is my duty to help the elderly clean garbage," Fenrir said casually, her playful demeanour pushed Stygian, who was on the verge of exploding with anger, directly into a berserk state.

"You bastards!" His enraged scream pierced the air. In a fit of blind fury, and do-or-die mood, Stygian stabbed his wooden staff into his own thigh, drawing gasps from the onlookers. All of them had a single thought in their minds: Has that guy finally gone crazy?

But obviously, that wasn't the case. After soaking half of his staff with his own blood, Stygian starts chanting his dark incantations. Suddenly, a gigantic 500-meter-tall black hexagram sigil appeared on the ground, emanating a suffocating aura of death that everyone couldn't help but be shocked.

Living creatures within a kilometre radius instantly returned to the afterworld without making a single sound.

The surroundings became deathly silent due to the death aura released by the hexagram sigil, which was no different than a super deadly poison for low-level life forms. Then, amidst the eerie stillness, a leg encased in unknown black metal armour emerged from the sigil, followed by another.

Slowly, a towering cool-looking skeleton knight in full-body armor, except for the helmet, holding a long metal chain materialized, its eyes burning with an eerie blue soul fire.

Its keen gaze swept across the surroundings with a thoughtful expression, its intelligence evident despite its lack of flesh, before flying toward Stygian with ease and bowing deeply in front of him with full respect and awe.

"Master..."

The skeleton knight rasped, his voice was very unpleasant, grating and mechanical. But this is normal since it didn't have any vocal cords, and no one really cared about his voice, at least Stygian didn't. He nodded at his general, whose strength was on par with Maya and the others, and who was his second-in-command right after the poor bone dragon, while still focused on the summoning gate.

Stygian was waiting for his most powerful general, his left hand. The only problem was, that guy was a bit too smart for his own good and occasionally ran away to have some fun, and when called for help, he took too much time to come to the summoning gate...

Chapter 327. One Hit Kill

"Should we engage or wait for the old geezer to assemble his full force? Wiping them out all at once would save a lot of time? It's been 5 minutes since we are waiting for his next move; I still have to attend a few meetings today," Jormungandr asked boldly, staring at the summoning sigil made by Stygian.

From which an endless stream of undead - skeletons, zombies, vampires, ghouls, and vengeful spirits - poured forth. However, the overall strength of those cannon fodder undeads wasn't very high just around Tier-1, so he wasn't worried that the puny ants could cause any trouble to them. Until now, only Stygian and the Skeleton Knight from before could pose real threats.

"Well, let's go. There's no need to waste any more time," Fenrir declared, her eyes flaring with an ominous purple glow. "The density of death energy in the surroundings is increasing with each passing second as more and more of those undead come out of the portal.

We better clean this mess quickly while they are still together; otherwise, there's a high possibility that later we might have to spend a lot of time clearing all of them one by one," As she spoke, thousands of nearby undead who had hardly walk some distance away inexplicably lost their footing, levitating helplessly in the air.

Stygian's face wasn't good looking seeing Fenrir ready to take action. He had predicted that it might take Diana some time to come, but he still seemed to underestimate her habit of being late. Even that bastard Zamta didn't reply to his call.

Thud!

Thud!

"Finally, they're here. If they had let me wait a few more seconds, I surely would have crushed their soul crystals. Those two Insolent fools are recently becoming more and more arrogant and indisciplined. After settling this matter, remind me to throw them in the dungeon for a few years so they understand who the master is here," Stygian snarled angrily as heavy footsteps echoed in the distance.

The skeletal knight beside him bowed hastily, fearing being swept up in his master's wrath.

"I told you we shouldn't have waited till now and destroyed that summoning portal as soon as it formed. Now, suffer," Maya lamented, preparing for battle as heavy footsteps resonated, giving her a bad feeling.

Fenrir sighed, shaking her head. "We neither have the power to destroy that portal nor confronting that old fiend directly was ever an option. His power far surpasses ours. If not for the fact that he probably wants our bodies and souls to make us join his undead army, we might have already been beaten by him. Mother asked us to harass him and delay time, not throw our lives away recklessly.

You lack patience, Maya."

Sigh, compared to you, I like Myne more. Although he is timid, at least he thinks before speaking," With a gesture, she directed the approaching horde of undead toward the portal, intending to crush them onto the newcomers.

"There is a reason for my impatience. I just wanted to hurry and treat my little brother instead of fooling around with you old weirdos who have nothing better to do than eat and sleep all day long..."

Maya had hardly finished complaining when suddenly a grotesque arm, devoid of skin and adorned with jagged spikes, emerged from the portal. The arm appeared as if it had undergone some kind of crazy surgery, layers of teeth divided its length, resembling multiple mouths stitched together.

This monstrous appendage alone stretched a hundred meters, sending chills down everyone's spines except Stygian's of course.

Soon, the other part of this unknown guest appeared in front of everyone, leaving them in shock and disgust.

This unknown guest was a towering nightmarish titan resembling Ymir, but as an undead being with a height of more than 300 meters. Like its arm, there was no skin on its body, only muscles and tissues, along with pointy spear-like spikes covering its body. It also had hundreds of mouths of different sizes, many of them open all the time, resembling caves.

The undead titan's original mouth was even more unique, with three additional mouths within the original one, featuring four layers of upper and lower teeth. Its two pairs of eye sockets on its flat head were empty and dark like a black hole, leaving one to wonder how it perceived the world.

Overall, except for its peculiar name, everything else suggested it was a worthy Tier-5 dark mage left-hand servant.

However, it seemed like this undead titan had some issue with its brain if he had any. Instead of going to Stygian to greet its master after emerging from the portal, it just stood in place without any intention of moving at all.

As Maya and others thought that the battle was finally about to begin, suddenly laughter erupted from the portal, and one more figure emerged, completely covered in black smoke.



"Sorry, Master. I was a bit late. I was at a critical stage of my research and couldn't reply to you instantly," Apologized Zapta, the new member of Stygian's unique tasteless ugly circus band, and hurrying to dispatch the black smoke from his body to reveal a grotesque form.

This time, what appeared in front of everyone was a demon-like being possessed of a serpentine lower body with countless writhing tentacles, a humanoid upper body with four muscular arms, and a dragon-like head adorned with crescent horns. Its sightless eyes were replaced by a gaping maw lined with razor-sharp teeth.

Its height was frighteningly tall, covering the entire portal at nearly 500 meters, making it the largest entity on the battlefield.

"No need to apologize. You are already doomed, anyway. Just wait. After this battle, I will throw both of you into the dungeon and let you clean it every day for a few years, so you two can be disciplined a bit," Stygian declared, ignoring Zapta's ugly expression.

He then closed the portal since it consumed too much of his mana, which he didn't want to waste in an unknown world about which he had no idea.

"Now, what are you three looking at? Go and deal with those three unknown bastards, but don't kill them directly. I have some use for them," Stygian commanded, waving his staff. A throne crafted from countless bones and skulls materialized behind him, a grim testament to his dark affinity.

"That throne didn't look like a comfortable from any angle. No wonder people say most dark mages are all madmen. If I had such a bad taste for chairs and were surrounded by so many ugly undead, people might also start calling me crazy..."

Bang!

Maya, who was insulting Stygian to her heart's content, was abruptly cut short as a colossal, single-handed sword, fifty meters long stopped right in front of her forehead. If Fenrir hadn't been vigilant all the time and stopped the sword at the right moment, Maya might have been directly hit in the head amid her nonsense.

"Don't let your guard down. This isn't a game," Fenrir said seriously and teleported the nice-looking sword to the location where she threw the bone dragon's head. After all, how could she let go of such a golden opportunity to make her enemy barehanded?

Robbing your enemy of their weapon is the same as reducing their strength directly by around 30%, and if the other party is a swordsman, even more than that.

The skeleton knight, who wanted to impress his master by attacking the weakest-looking opponent who was talking too much nonsense with a sneak attack, had never imagined that not only would he be interrupted by someone else, but also lose his most precious sword, which had been with him for millennia.

The blue flame in the empty eye sockets of the skeleton knight started burning fiercely like torches, as if someone had poured petrol on them, indicating his anger level, which clearly wasn't low. He rushed toward Fenrir like a rocket to reclaim his precious partner.

Fenrir, a warrior of action rather than words, met the charge head-on as well. Seeing the skeleton knight rushing toward her, she opened her mouth wide and a torrent of purple lightning erupted from her maw, aimed directly at the oncoming skeleton knight just when he was very close, so he couldn't dodge easily.

The skeleton knight seemed too confident in his own strength. Instead of dodging Fenrir's attack, he directly smashed into it, ready to show everyone his power and beat the hell out of Fenrir along the way with simple brutal force.

However, when the beam of purple thunder hit his metal armor, he finally understood the love triangle between magic, thunder, and metal. Although the skeleton knight was undead and made of bone, when he truly experienced the power of purple thunder, not only did he, for the first time in life and after death, experience what is called being electrocuted.

The searing energy coursed through his skeletal frame, shattering his metallic armour and pulverizing many of his internal structures. He was sent flying backwards, a lifeless puppet propelled by the thunderous blow, before crashing hundreds of meters away.

Stygian covered his face in embarrassment. He couldn't believe that the general he was most proud of actually couldn't even last a single attack. Although he was very happy seeing Fenrir's strength, as in the end, she is going to become his servant, but thinking that he had been raising such a useless piece of shit for centuries made him very disappointed.

"Maybe choosing necromancy as a future path at my early stage wasn't that great of a decision," Stygian thought full of self-doubt while looking at Diana, the undead full of mouths titan, who was heading toward Ymir.

#### Chapter 328. Easy Victories

A palpable tension hung in the air, the initial chaos of the battle replaced by an intense one-on-one confrontation. Stygian, initially eager to showcase the might of his generals, contained his excitement after witnessing the embarrassing defeat of the skeletal knight.

Maya, who initially didn't take this one-on-one fight seriously, thinking that her opponent might be too powerful for her to handle and that it would be very embarrassing to get beaten in front of everyone, starts complaining and insulting Stygian's entire family.

After all, he'd summoned all three divine beasts as suitable opponents, leaving her to be the sole spectator, although she wasn't a big fan of combat, but she wouldn't tolerate being underestimated, especially not in front of a crowd.

Following Fenrir's decisive victory with a one-hit kill in the first round, all eyes turned to Ymir and Diana, the undead full-of-mouth titan, as they faced off, ready to show everyone who is the Boss.

Jormungandr, who was working as a part-time commentator, occasionally makes some bad jokes about Ymir, calling him a straightforward, dull, boring old man and also give him the title of Eternal Bachelor, as well as mocking Stygian's circus band.

Surprisingly, Zamta the four-armed demon with tentacles broke the usual silence from Stygian's side.

After seeing Jormungandr and Maya making fun, he also starts spitting poison with his mouth like a street gangster, not forgetting to use all kinds of foul words, leaving everyone bewildered, since most of them don't understand the meaning of his foul words, it was no different than dogs barking in their ears.

While others are having fun, Ymir and Diana finally initiate their clash. The titan raised his hands, drawing attention before clapping them together. Every maw on his body, large and small, erupted in a deafening unison, unleashing a sonic wave that resonated through the entire kingdom.

The sonic attack not only knocks out almost half of the people in the kingdom nearest to the battlefield, as it carries some kind of magic affecting the soul level, but it also causes a lot of damage to other living beings.

Back on the battlefield, although the undead titan's scream, I mean the sonic attack is dangerously deadly for low-level beings, it barely affected those on the battlefield except for short-term deafness and a weird buzzing sound in their head.

Ymir, the main target of the attack, doesn't even blink and withstands the attack with ease, like an immovable wall against the barrage.

Stygian, who had a lot of expectations with Diana, his ace card, could only sigh disappointingly seeing Ymir perfectly fine. Frustrated, he takes out a black-red glass bottle, presumably filled with strong liquor and takes a deep gulp to calm down his sad heart.

As Diana exhausted her vocal assault and closed her mouths, Ymir took a step forward, since now it was his turn to take action, he tightened the grip on his colossal hammer, which instantly engulfed in golden flames. Covered in golden metal armour shining brightly under the sun, anyone with the right mind can predict what's going to happen next.

Because almost all divine beasts have the power to adjust their size, Ymir, who used to look down on others because of his colossal height, feels very dissatisfied seeing Diana, who is 100 meters taller than him. With each step he took towards her, his own stature grew proportionally, reflecting his determination.

Until the moment Ymir approached Diana, he was already half a head taller than her. However, although Diana looked like an idiot, she wasn't. As soon as Ymir came near her, Instead of passively waiting for Ymir's attack, she unleashed another attack.

Only the gods knew when out of nowhere, suddenly, a colossal bone mace materialized in her grasp, its spiked head aimed at Ymir's arm with devastating force.

BOOM!

A resounding boom echoed as the mace connected with Ymir's golden armor. Stygian watched, anticipation warring with apprehension. But the attack, despite its ferocity, proved ineffective. Not a single dent marred the armour, instead the bone mace shattered into pieces like a mirror upon impact.

"This is why I always wanted armour like Ymir," Jormungandr lamented to Fenrir, envy tingeing his voice. "But sadly, Boss never gave me one. Sis, why don't you ask her on my behalf?"

"Talk to her yourself. Don't drag me into your affairs. Ymir earned that armor and weapon with his deeds. What noteworthy thing have you done that Mother will give you such a powerful magic armor for free?" Fenrir disdainfully scoffed, refusing Jormungandr's request without any hesitation.

Diana, who couldn't believe that even after her sneak attack from such a close distance, she couldn't do anything to Ymir, hadn't even come out of shock, when a big shadow appeared in front of her face, and before she could react, Ymir's colossal hammer hit on her face with the force of a battering ram like a baseball bat hitting a ball.

The blow struck Diana's face which exploded like a watermelon without any resistance, and a lot of unknown liquid and rotten brain matter splashed everywhere.

After killing his opponent as if he had killed an ant on the ground, Ymir turned around and returned to Fenrir and the others without any kind of nonsense. Clearly, he didn't take such a puny character seriously in the first place.

"Master," Zamta's voice trembled, "Who are these individuals? Why the hell are they so overwhelmingly powerful? Especially that hammer guy. Is he really Tier-4? I feel like even if we send 100 Dianas to fight with him, he might kill all of them in a matter of minutes," He has doubts about his life, how can there be such a powerful person?

If possible, Zamta really didn't want to die such a meaningless death, but his Master clearly was not a reasonable person, which could be seen by his bad taste. Since he could easily kill the other party, what is the meaning of all this nonsense? He even lost his two most powerful servants for no reason.

"Before I count to 3, go to the battlefield and deal with that lizard; otherwise, you are going to spend the rest of your life in an eternal eye of darkness... Failure is not an option. Remember this," Stygian, whose face now became expressionless like stone but whose mood was getting more and more dangerous, voice, laced with ice, cut through the air.

Zamta didn't dare to speak nonsense after being threatened by his Master. He swung his tentacles and came in front of Jormungandr, with an expression as if he was about to sacrifice his life.

Fenrir and the others hurriedly moved away, clearing the stage of fighters. Jormungandr, who was left alone, looked at everyone speechlessly, as if he was abandoned, which clearly was the case.

Jormungandr grumbled, clearly unhappy. "Those ungrateful wretches... Just wait; next time, I won't give them any useful gifts on their birthdays. He moved his front left foot and suddenly, a golden orb materialised in his massive claw out of thin air.

Zamta, although he didn't know what kind of evil trick Jormungandr wanted to use, clearly had no intention of letting him succeed. He took a deep breath, opened his gigantic mouth—big enough to devour Jormungandr in one bite—and shot a black laser beam from his mouth.

The mouth gun laser beam was not only deadly powerful but also fast enough to reach its target in just half a second. Jormungandr, aware of his own limitations and unwilling to risk serious injury, was not stupid enough, like Ymir, to take such a powerful attack head-on, and reacted swiftly.

As the energy gathered in Zamta's mouth, he became vigilant. The moment the laser beam was shot, evaded the initial blast by rolling aside and narrowly escaped the attack. However, to his surprise, Zamta, who looked like a fool, actually turned out to be tough among all three generals of Stygian. Seeing Jormungandr dodging, he actually adjusted the laser mid-trajectory, striking his chest.

The laser beam, as thick as a giant pillar, made Jormungandr, who hadn't even steadied himself, cry out in pain. But the laser beam showed no intention of slowing down; instead, it became more and more powerful because Zamta had put all of his hope into this attack. Since the attack had hit the target, it was better to go all out at the beginning and kill him once and for all.

"Should we help him? Jormungandr doesn't seem to be in good condition," Maya asked with a frown. Although she had no relationship with Jormungandr, he was a friend of Myne, and she didn't want to see him die in front of her.

Fenrir, however, remained calm, "Don't be deceived by him. He's just fooling around. The scales on his body are far more solid than you think. This level of attack is not enough to make him completely helpless..."

"Help, help! Someone help me! I'm dying! Ahhhh..."

..."



"Hahaha, yes, scream, scream as much as you can. No one can save you now. I have spent years perfecting my laser attack. Not only can it kill anyone under Tier-5, but it also carries deadly redirection. So even if you escape, you will die sooner or later.

Hahaha." Zamta, thinking that he had the upper hand in the battle and that Jormungandr was finished, stopped the laser attack and started mocking him.

Ding!

While Zamta laughed merrily as if he had already won the battle, suddenly a tiny golden orb barely ten meters in diameter flew out from nowhere and hit his chest, producing a loud "ding" sound that everyone could hear.

Then, nothing. The golden orb exploded, spreading a web-like net that engulfed Zamta's enormous form. Before anyone could react, his body vanished from everyone's sight. instant, he vanished.

Chapter 329. The Final Battle ( Part 1 )

"Tsk, that fellow indeed overestimated himself, I've never seen someone as idiot as him," Jormungandr remarked, rising from the ground. "While my expectations weren't high to begin with, such an easy victory surprised even me."

"But what was that powerful object? That big guy died so easily," Maya, still unable to believe her eyes, asked with shock. In her impression, Jormungandr seemed to be the weakest divine beast among the three, but it turned out that what she knew was just the tip of the iceberg.

"I didn't kill him," Jormungandr explained while shaking his head. "That small orb was called 'Imprisonment Ball'. Upon hitting the target, it shot a powerful net. Once the target was caught in it, he automatically teleported to The Labyrinth Prison. From there as everyone knows getting out without my permission is near impossible for him."

"But this thing also has many shortcomings; If the target attacks the net with magic or avoids it before completely getting envelopment, he can easily break free from it. But with that big guy's IQ, I knew this trick would work as long as I let him have the illusion that he has an absolute advantage against me," He chuckled as he introduced the Imprisonment Ball.

If not for the fact that Maya was too little in height compared to him, who is more than 100 meters tall, he wouldn't mind giving her one. Anyway, the labyrinth prison is vast, and if there are some other races' guests coming, then those lonely dragons there will be very happy and make less trouble for him.

Maya's eyes lit up. "That's a fantastic tool! If you have a smaller version suitable for someone my size, I'd definitely be interested in acquiring a few. I also want to deal with a few annoying troublemakers. They are recently getting on my nerves," She spoke angrily, recalling some unpleasant memories.

"Sure, you can take as many as you want. The price is 5 soul stones. Very cheap, right? I know it, but you are the Big Sister of Myne, so a little discount is no problem," Jormungandr replied, giving Maya a wink and smiling like a greedy businessman who is about to make a small fortune.

"5 soul stones? Are you kidding me? Why don't you just rob me? Don't try to fool me; I know the true value of such a device very well. I can only give you 2 soul stones for it. If not, then forget it.

I might as well waste some time and throw those bastards into your labyrinth prison. I do know its location quite well," Maya scoffed disdainfully at Jormungandr as if watching a mentally retracted dragon.

Jormungandr sighed dramatically. "Don't be hasty, our negotiation has just begun. What kind of salesman would I be if I didn't start with an unreasonable price? Only then can we reduce the price bit by bit... sigh, forget it. You're no fun.

Two soul stones it is. How many do you want?" He asked disappointingly after seeing that his fat sheep was about to slip out of his claws.

"Can you two..."

"For now, twenty should suffice," Maya Maya pondered for a moment and replied thoughtfully, ignoring a certain individual who wanted to interfere in their matter.

"Although twenty is not many, but anyway, better than nothing. By the way, do you want to see my other prod..."

Bang!

While Maya and Jormungandr negotiated, Fenrir, frustrated by their bickering, almost swiped at them with her paw. Suddenly, an explosion startled everyone. They saw Stygian levitating in the air, surrounded by a heavy dark aura with eyes glowing like red torches, looking quite dangerous.

His long hair floated freely upside, defying gravity, But sadly his beard remained stubbornly unaffected, otherwise it would be quite a sight to see. The bone throne on which he was sitting had turned into powder, the apparent source of the sound.

"It seems he couldn't hold back anymore. We managed to completely piss him off," Ymir calmly said, standing in front of everyone, ready to become the first unlucky guy to sacrifice himself for the greater good and withstand Stygian's anger.

Ymir's words proved accurate; he clearly knew how to read people's moods. Stygian clearly couldn't hold back his anger anymore. Initially, he only wanted to defeat the three unknown powerful entities with overwhelming force, hoping they would submit and become his servants. However, he had become the greatest joke instead.

Not only had he failed to break their will, but also lost his three most powerful generals. If it were an equal battle, then he might not be so angry, but it wasn't, his generals showed no resistance and were beaten to death as if the other party was bullying children. What pained him the most was that, in over 200 years, none of the three had come to his aid despite raising them so hard.

Logically speaking it was not different from wasting resources.

On the brink of exploding out of rage, and urgently needing someone to vent pressure on, Stygian still managed to hold back and issued one final ultimatum. "This is my last offer to you all: either join me honestly, and you'll all be rich and happy, or get ready to accept your death and become my eternal slaves,"

"What's the monthly salary? And any other benefits?" Maya, whose brain circuits were 90% similar to Myne's, asked with a curious look, eliciting weird glances from the other three members of her team.

"One thousand low-grade soul stones, with bonuses based on performance.

I am a generous master, as long as you are willing to work hard, all reasonable requests are acceptable," Stygian, although surprised by Maya's weird question, seized the opportunity and hurriedly threw a tempting offer, making it clear that he was super rich master and willing to throw money around, unless they were fools who couldn't see through his act, anyone can say he is thinking very highly of them.

"Damn! That's so rich!" Jormungandr, who frequently conducted interdimensional business, almost blurted out an expletive in surprise.

If he didn't firmly believe that Stygian was spouting nonsense, after witnessing how he sacrificed his other servants for fun and had no intention of leaving his current boss, who was not only generous but also caring and very gentle, he might have immediately embraced Stygian's offer with open wide arms.

"Indeed, appearances can be deceiving, one could never judge a book by its cover.

If we hadn't witnessed his power and the way he squandered his money on useless fools blindly, no one would think that such a seemingly destitute guy, who appears as a beggar at first glance, is exceptionally wealthy," Maya nodded in agreement, equally shocked and surprised by the wealth Stygian revealed as Jormungandr.

For both of them, money clearly mattered a lot. In comparison, Fenrir and Ymir, who lived a secluded life like barbarians—one in a dense forest and the other in a certain magical giant tree—showed literally no reaction. For them, money was nothing but a source of trouble, especially when you have a little brother who always comes asking for money, making various excuses and never returning.

"So... will you join me?" Stygian inquired, despite sensing mockery from Maya and Jormungandr, extended a final offer.

"Hahaha, of course not. Your offer is indeed very generous compared to others, but we are different. We are all elites. Didn't you see how easily we beat up your nobodies? If you want us to join your camp, then this amount is definitely not enough.

Of course, if you change low-grade soul stones to high-grade, then I don't know about the others, but I am more than willing to join you," Jormungandr, amusement laced in his voice, replied.

Maya, feigning seriousness despite barely containing laughter, added "Me too. Although I know most old geezers like you always have ulterior motives toward young and beautiful ladies like me and do everything to get inside our skirts, even then, rejecting such a generous offer would be very regretful. So, I don't mind enduring a few months working under you."

BOOM!

This time, Stygian didn't speak nonsense. As soon as Maya finished joking, he directly went into berserk mode. A torrent of crazy dark aura erupted from his body like a tsunami, blowing away Maya, who was the weakest and smallest in the team and was momentarily thrown back by the force.

"Let me show you why people fear dark mages so much..."

(Plandoom)"

As soon as Stygian finished saying his weirdly uttered arcane phrase, the earth beneath Fenrir exploded like fireworks and tentacle-like monstrous vines emerged from the ground, tightly wrapping around her body.

Fenrir, initially valiant, quickly created a gravity force field around her, but she still underestimated the power of these living vines. Not only did they easily shatter her defences, but they also tightened around her body like a rope, leaving no room for struggle. But this was only the beginning.

Sharp, solid steel-like points thorns grew on those vines, piercing through Fenrir's body, making her cry out in pain.

Jormungandr and Ymir, who had managed to escape from those crazy plants since they weren't the main target, wanted to save Fenrir. However, before they could take action, the weird plants sensing their intent, slithered towards them like serpents seeking prey.

Chapter 330. The Final Battle ( Part 2 )

Boom!

"Jor, stop messing around and go help Captain. It seems like those bloody vines have some kind of enhancement which makes it hard for her to break free from them by herself," Ymir, who was playing the role of a meat shield surrounded by monstrous vines from all sides, smashed his hammer on the ground to free himself.

He grabbed a handful of vines and dragged them out from the ground with ease, making a path for Jormungandr.

"I am trying, but those damn vines didn't let me go," Jormungandr said impatiently, he is also as worried about Fenrir as Ymir. "Every time I try to fly, they catch my legs and

drag me down, even their fire resistance is very high. God know which bastard invented such a pervert spell."

Finally getting free thanks to Ymir's help, Jormungandr quickly flew into the air and went toward Fenrir, whose condition currently wasn't very optimistic. Although she was still struggling and trying to break free from imprisonment, after losing a lot of blood and getting nearly half of her mana absorbed by the monstrous vines, she was far from her peak condition.

"Where do you think you're going?" Stygian, who appeared like a ghost on top of Jormungandr's head, spoke with an expressionless face, sending chills throughout his entire body. "You like making jokes on me, right? Let me show you the consequences of messing with someone you shouldn't."

Saying that, Stygian lightly tapped the butt of his wooden staff on Jormungandr's head, which felt as if it were made of thousands of tons. Jormungandr's eyes instantly rolled back, and with a booming sound, he crashed directly onto the ground, making a hundreds-of-meters-deep crater. This showed how much power was in that simple "butt tap" attack.

Maybe either Jormungandr and Maya really made too much fun of Stygian and got on his nerves, or he thought this level of punishment was too simple, Stygian suddenly raised his staff high and cast another overpowered spell.

(METΩΡ ΣHOWER)"

As Stygian's gloomy voice fell, black clouds engulfed the originally blue sky hundreds of meters above. Ten ominous-looking purple-black vortexes of 50 to 100 meters in diameter materialized out of nowhere.



Then, with a strange, loud sound like something burning fell from a great height, gigantic meteorites, large enough to induce heart attacks in any hume with just sight alone, covered in unnatural purple fire and trailing tails of purple energy, began falling from the vortexes. Their target was obviously the unfortunate Jormungandr, who had barely regained his senses.

JOR!!!

BOOM!

BOOOOM!

Ymir and Fenrir's helpless screams, barely escaping their mouths, were instantly drowned out by the earth-shattering booming sounds of the meteorites. One after another, ranging from a minimum of 10 meters in diameter to ones even larger than Ymir, they rained down on the crater created by the poor Jormungandr.

The beautiful fireworks lasted for three whole minutes. During this time, the ten vortexes continued to hurl meteorites at Jormungandr like rain. This overpowered spell not only destroyed several kilometres of the surrounding area around Jormungandr but also affected Fenrir and Ymir.

Although they manage to get rid of those vines thanks to the meteorite shower spell but they also get caught by this spell and sustain quite a bit of injuries.

"That old bastard is a monster! How can the gap between us be so wide?" Fenrir exclaimed in frustration. Although she was covered in blood from head to toe and had small holes everywhere on her body, however her concern for Jormungandr was clearly deeper than the serious physical pain.

"It seems like staying at home for such a long time made us lazy and weak. If it were before, there is no way we would be in such a bad situation with just two spells. Maybe this is the real reason why the Boss let us fight with him. She might have noticed this problem long ago," Ymir said seriously, with a hint of hesitation in his voice.

Clearly, he wanted to go ahead and save Jormungandr but dared not, as he himself didn't have the power to defend against Stygian's attack. So, how was he going to save someone else?

Soon after the meteorite shower ended and the dust settled, what appeared in front of everyone was a giant, deep pit. It was so deep that if a normal person tried to look inside, they might not be able to see the bottom. Thankfully, everyone present on the battlefield wasn't normal, and their vision was powerful enough to let them clearly see the bottom of the dark pit.

"JOR!!!"

"You bastard!"

Jormungandr, at the bottom of the pit, was in such a bad condition that he might die at any moment. His wings were torn to the point that only a few bones were left behind. Half of his body was burned to the point where the skeleton was visible. His long tail had been turned into ash, making him the world's first tailless dragon.

Blood gushed out of him like a fountain, and all kinds of burn holes and sharp rocks could be seen piercing his body. One of his eyes seemed to have left the world, as did both of his beautiful horns. From a scientific perspective, Jormungandr surviving this level of injuries could only be considered a miracle.

However, from a magical perspective as a dragon known for their strong defence both magically and physically, and especially for their near 100% resistance toward anything related to fire, it was still acceptable that Jormungandr survived such a disastrous attack.

Fenrir managed to hold back her emotions and quickly ran toward Jormungandr to give him emergency treatment. Otherwise with his current condition, if he managed to survive a few more minutes, then it would be another miracle.

In contrast to Fenrir, Ymir, tough on the outside but warm and caring on the inside, was directly carried away by emotions. With an angry roar, he rushed toward Stygian like a behemoth without thinking about the outcome.

"BOOM!"

A colossal hammer slammed into Stygian's head, generating a powerful shockwave and a cacophony of noise, but that's all. Ymir's all-mighty hammer, which had been invincible until now, finally hit the iron plate. Stygian, unfazed, didn't even lift his head, but Ymir's assault was effortlessly blocked by the shimmering barrier.

"That lizard is tougher than I anticipated," Stygian muttered, annoyed. "Surviving my strongest attack? What a surprise. Sadly, he refuses my kind invitation. He can withstand one blow, but what about a second? But first, let's deal with this noisy mosquito," He lazily shifted his gaze to Ymir, who was madly attacking his defensive barrier.

It was quite amusing to see a 200-meter-tall hammer trying hard but couldn't move a 2-meter-tall old man.

After seeing that, Stygian finally moved his eyes from Jormungandr, Ymir breathed a sigh of relief. He had successfully drawn the final boss's aggro. Just as he prepared to land another blow on Stygian's Stygian's defensive barrier, which didn't even get a scratch from all his attacks, something bizarre occurred.

Stygian, who was right in front of him, vanished and reappeared dozens of meters distant.

Then, out of nowhere, a colossal hammer around 300 meters in size, made of pure dark energy, materialized out of thin air directly in front of Ymir. Before he could react, the colossal hammer struck his stomach with unimaginable force, propelling him backwards like a rocket.

But before Ymir could go too far, as if teleporting, the dark hammer reappeared above him, smashing him into the ground, and giving him the same treatment as Jormungandr.

Then another dark energy hammer, an exact replica of the first, materialized above Ymir, who was coughing blood and struggling to stand. He could only glimpse a descending shadow before both dark hammers started beating him one by one relentlessly as if trying to transform him into Ymir-flavored mochi (Japanese rice cake made by moon rabbits).

However, while Ymir was enduring this brutal pounding, suddenly a sharp jet of water capable of slicing through the strongest steel erupted from a certain direction, shattering one of the dark hammers. Another jet followed, destroying the remaining hammer and granting Ymir a precious moment to catch his breath.

Stygian, who was having the time of his life torturing a few ignorant brats, frowned deeply seeing someone dare to mess with his fun. His gaze followed the trajectory of the water jet, but all he saw were two dissipating magic scrolls after the magic inside them emptied out, their owner nowhere in sight.

"Hmph? Is that annoying girl trying to play hide and seek with me? Interesting. Let's see how long she can hide from me," Stygian muttered, a look of disdain twisting his features. From his cloak, he took out a head-sized crystal ball-like object swirling with silver mist. Gazing into its depths, he saw Maya, who was in invisible mode, beside Ymir, feeding him some kind of strange potion.

"What a powerful invisible spell. Even I can't find her without divination. Today seems to be my lucky day, so many surprises at once, making me overwhelmed," Stygian chuckled derisively, tucking the crystal ball away. Then, he chanted a long, complex spell and stared at the place where he saw Maya sitting and feeding Ymir the potion.

2 minutes after Stygian peeked into the future with his crystal ball, he flicked his staff gently, causing the space around him to ripple like water disturbed by a stone.

Maya, who originally had full confidence in her invisible spell, never in her dreams expected that Stygian would use such a shameless method like peeking into the future to determine her location. After confirming that Stygian couldn't see her, Maya hurriedly ran toward Ymir, as he was clearly in a very bad situation.

She hastily came beside his mouth, took out a powerful healing potion, and poured the entire one-litre bottle inside his giant mouth with a heavy heart. Just then, An icy sensation gripped her, sending shivers down her spine as a primal sense of danger flared. Maya, who believed in her sixth sense, reacted instinctively and tried to dodge, but she was still a bit late.

An invisible spear flowed toward her with a speed faster than light and pierced her stomach, leaving a fist-sized hole.

"AHHHH!!!"

