

## Dungeon S 751

### Chapter 751 Fog That Steals

With all the ruckus at the floating island platforms, there was another fierce battle in the seas of Pandapolis which no one could see. Even with the aid of high level magic, the Royal Mages could not accurately detect anything to make a proper assessment of the situation.

The Fog that Steals was something similar to an Anti-Magic Field, which was created to overload the mages' senses. The more sensitive one was to magic, the harder it was for them to do anything within it. So, with no magic acuity special visual senses to guide them, the Demon Fleet Leviathan relied solely on their seafaring instincts and years of experiences to bring them to victory.

For this reason, Captain Edward and Kenway were very adamant that this particular skirmish would end up to be an easy battle despite the destructive firepower the metal ship possessed. Unfortunately, they had no idea about the technological advances in Jin's world and with a speckle of System's guidance, it had basically triumphed over the difficulties of navigating in a fog.

It was like putting a blindfold on a person with X-ray vision when the humans on the Stalingrad turned the sonar radar system on. The Stalingrad could have tracked every single ship's position without the Deep Ones' as trackers though Gan Yang, the temporary captain of Stalingrad, agreed with the AI that having the trackers was a good alternative.

Wolte had done this partly as a precaution in case the technology might have had problems against his ability, but more importantly for the Deep Ones to act when needed.

The Captain initially thought that he needed to use the magic descramblers to get the positions of the ships but never knew it was just a 'basic' level of fog magic. Yet, even though he knew where the ships were at and how fast they were coming in, the seas of Pandapolis were not exactly large enough for a battlecruiser of this size to move around freely.

Gan Yang had termed the Stalingrad as a sea fortress that could barely move. Then again was there a need to move a fortress, especially when the enemies were closing in? All they needed was to readjust their guns and get ready to fire at any threats to deter or kill their enemies. Besides, the AI had told them that they actually had monster allies under the sea waiting to strike when the Stalingrad put a hole in their enemy's ships.

"So this is what the AI Wolte meant with moving trackers in the sea, huh." Gan Yang thought to himself as he checked the arsenal of weapons Stalingrad had. Upon learning that there was an army of undersea troops ready to ambush the ships, Gan Yang sent a series of orders for his deck to position guns to aim at the nearest incoming threats as well as forming solutions on what to hit.

"Sir, Torpedoes One to Ten are ready. Energy Shields are up, and all the turrets are hot with Type-3 Timer Control munitions." His second in command reported. Those shells were the very same type that had rained down on the safe zone, and Gan Yang was not going to hold any punches.

"Do not let them get any closer if possible for now. A fleet this size might not be much for this new girl and its paternal AI but their crew members might be aquatic in nature and may attempt to hijack the ship. We have to do as much damage as possible to ensure the loss of lives so we can defend this ship

without too much hassle. Reduce their numbers, and we can do a proper counterattack." Gan Yang ordered only to realise.... he talked too much.

"Fire!" The subsequent simple order suddenly lit the ship up like a huge firework within the fog. And similar to fireworks, Stalingrad's 'sparks' flew in various directions targeting all the vessels that thought they had the upper advantage.

Some of the sailors in the Demon Fleet Leviathan laughed when they saw the Stalingrad light up. It was obviously the very same mistake every ship had made when they first encountered Focalor's Fog that Steals ability. They believed that by shooting whatever they got, they would have the probability of hitting something.

However, the ships of the Demon Fleet Leviathan had noticed that the ship had not moved a single inch ever since the inception of the fog, so its direction was still the same. And despite Kenway, Edward and Focalor having a brief visualisation of how the cannons worked, they all assumed that the ship's position equated to where the large barrels were placed, much less their minions and lower ranked soldiers.

Thus, they had falsely assumed moving out of their range of fire was sufficient enough not to get hit as per their medieval way of fighting in the seas.

They. Were. So. Wrong.

As with every modern battlecruiser, all of their main cannon turrets could be moved with ease, and the Stalingrad's guns were aimed based on the ship's size as tracked by Wolte's allies. (Bigger, meaner guns reserved for bigger targets.) The Deep Ones gave a visual report of how large the ships were from beneath the seas, and it was later easy for the AI to 'recommend' the targets to Gan Yang and the rest of his crew.

Hence when the Stalingrad fired, the demons had no idea that each and every shot would be accurate to the centimetre. A couple of the ships had been so sure that they were safe that they even had their magic shields down in order to conserve magic.

Needless to say, even with protection, Wolte's explosive shells could have penetrated their defences easily, and many of them were a direct hit to the centre of their ship.

But to their surprise, the damage done was not as significant as they had feared. Compared to what the demon sailors had been told, they were afraid when they saw it pierced into their cargo hold. But nothing happened for a moment.

And because of that, many laughed it off that it was just a lucky shot and even guessed that their enemy might be out of powerful ammo.

What they didn't expect was that in the next minute, the Type-3 shells exploded suddenly. And with their supplies of gunpowder in the cargo hold, the ship turned from a capable fighting beast into a prison on fire.

(The demons should clearly revamp where they store their munitions.)

The same happened for command ships for all three demon captains, but because of their sheer size, the shells missed their cargo hold and only exploded a part of the ship. With capable mages on deck,

they were able to extinguish the fire better compared to the rest of their counterparts, and that was enough for Wolte to distinguish what threats were worth facing.

As for the ships that caught on fire? Their misery merely began as the Deep Ones happily emerged their heads out of the water. The Fog was the perfect cover for them to perform some exercise without revealing the trump card of Qiu Yue's last contingency plan.

## **Chapter 752 Terror of The Deep**

"Put the damn fire out!" The Demon sailors shouted as they tried to salvage the situation as best they could. No one was dumb enough to jump overboard the ship after going through many hardships together as a group, a team or to some, as a family.

"Get close to Ship Iceman, the damage done to their ship should hopefully not be as severe. We might be able to get some help from the mages on their ship!"

"Sir, the cargo hold is burning way too much! Many have died, and several are injured from the explosive attack. They are unable to move by themselves!"

"The Ship is tipping!"

"C'mon man, you got to survive! We can make those bastards pay twice the pain!"

Every single ship had their very own commotion, and things were not looking too good for the entire fleet. Things only worsened for the unlucky souls as the Deep Ones started climbing on the ships looking for more tributes to gather for their lord.

Most of the Demon Sailors were too preoccupied with the damages to their ships and did not notice the new visitors onboard taking the opportunity to sneak up on them when they were least prepared.

Only one or two ships out of the many had been able to ring the alarm to alert the whole crew, but most noticed them when it was already too late. As bloodthirsty as the Deep Ones were, they were also predators by nature. They wouldn't confront their prey head on, not if there was a need to.

Firstly, they would quietly climb up the edges of the ship and grab anyone that happened to be too close to the railings. Else, they would try to fit into the cannon portholes or stab their spears into the portholes to ensure the death of their victims.

The Deep One Mages who accompanied the melee fighters were also instrumental in the ambushes. They cast silence spells as soon as they had eye contact with any of the sailors. Oh, the fear in their eyes as they saw their fellow comrades grinning with jagged teeth to drag them into the sea.

'The sea consumes all' had never been more appropriate until now.

"What are those?! INTRUDERS! INTRU-" The sailor who had noticed something amiss managed to alert the rest, but a harpoon went through his throat, and the inhuman tug that pulled him to the Deep Ones made sure he died before he hit the ground. The Deep Ones, now equipped with ranged weapons like

harpoon guns, became even deadlier on their path towards the upper deck to encroach on the rest of the crew.

After being discovered, the Deep Ones did not hesitate to change their tactics to a full-on assault. They hastily pounced towards any sailors in sight and slaughtered them before they could pull out their weapons. The side effects of the Fog that Steals ability may have made the demon sailors less vulnerable to pain, yet it did not mean that it could cheat death.

Some managed to retaliate with their primitive matchlocks powered with specks of magic dust, but in the grand scheme of things, the loss of a couple of Deep Ones did not help them as they had severely underestimated the fight they picked with Stalingrad.

These fish-men had been constantly trained by the finest cultivators that Jin had in his store. The Pandarens' relentless determination to clear the Escape City Dungeon only improved the intellect of the Deep Ones as well as their combat awareness. For them, it was a mark of pride that their dungeon instance remained unconquered even now.

Behind the scenes, Shadow Dagen had also been giving out blessings of the Fish Lord for all the tributes they delivered. All things considered, some of the Fish Men were as capable as Grade 4 to Grade 5 cultivators. So what if the sailors had improved tolerance to pain? Could they truly handle the Terrors of the Deep?

With the Fog that Steals ability, it was as if everyone inside was in a separate dimension. While it seemed like a double edged sword, the demon troops had years of training and plundering under their belt, unlike their enemies. They even regarded it as a sort of competition.

The fog would aid in isolating the noises which the entrapped enemies made, and the Demon Fleet coordinated to burn and plunder their enemies ships. Focalor's hearing was further boosted as the one to control this ability. Incidentally, Captain Edward and Kenway had earned the trust from Focalor as they had lasted against him for a very long time, proving themselves as overly competent pirates.

However, right now, from the shouts and cries from afar, Lord Focalor understood that it was actually his fleet that was in trouble, not the enemy. Regrettably, he was unable to give any aid to them since this was how their team worked. They might be working under the same team, but the plundered riches would only go to the strongest. Whoever needed to be resurrected would lose most of their share to cover the costs. It was not really an issue since the sailors knew the risks of the tricky sea when they signed up.

Focalor did not shed a single tear for the suffering crew member and instead adjusted his ship's starboard to face the Stalingrad's port and stern. The previous attack on his Leviathan Mothership might not have been devastating, but it was concerning. He had already seen how those cannons worked and how deadly their firepower was before going into battle. The last attack merely proved their ferocity and prowess that made Focalor yearn for the ship further.

Casualties were to be expected and his ship had gotten off lightly because of a quick decision to steer the hull when Focalor's astute hearing and senses believed there was an incoming attack. He was initially surprised by how fast Stalingrad's cannon could shoot after seeing it in action. But Focalor

completely did not expect such a quick reload time as another shot of the cannons came forth towards it.

The shields that the Leviathan mothership had put up was insufficient to stop the second wave of attacks as it broke instantly upon impact, allowing two other shots to go through. However, the almighty Focalor of the Seas was not going to let another devastating blow like this hurt them. Thus, he used his sword imbued with magical inscriptions, to summon a spiritual serpent to serve as his ship's guardian.

The pirates always regarded this particular magical summon as the Leviathan herself in spirit to protect the ship when the magical serpent graced her majestic form, wrapping her serpentine body around the sea vessel.

The spiritual sea serpent attempted to block the remaining two shots, and yet it suffered the same fate as the energy shield. Not even a minute out in the open and the spiritual serpent faded away upon impact. At least its sacrifice was not in vain as it absorbed a shot while the remaining one hit the stern of the Mothership. The sailors who saw it were in a state of disbelief that Focalor's ship guardian could be down that easily just from a cannon shot, causing them to be fearful of Stalingrad's might.

"Quickly isolate the damage, and the rest of you get moving! Aim your cannons into the fog! You all saw where the shot came from, so shoot indiscriminately!" Focalor shouted to wake his men up and the sailors complied to the order without any hesitation.

Every single available cannon porthole that was open was aimed towards the direction of the Stalingrad and shot simultaneously as soon as the sailors recovered. The cannons moved to position as if the mothership was conducting a mass execution by cannon fire with hundreds of cannonballs flying towards the location of Stalingrad.

Yet Lord Wolte only grinned internally at this!

## **Chapter 753 Hijack**

Ever since the Demon Fleet Leviathan teleported into the seas of Pandapolis, Stalingrad had been tracking the movements of the ships and getting information via the Deep Ones. It all served to provide Lord Wolte and the cultivators with the bigger picture of what was actually happening in the fog, helping them make decisions.

It was easy enough to predict that Focalor's ship was going to retaliate, so Wolte had already started its engine and moved away straight after attacking.

Using the loud blast of his main cannons, Wolte had been able to mask the nuclear engine's ignition as he moved away from the spot. So by the time Focalor actually fired his cannons, it was already too late.

Instead, those cannons ended up shredding one of their own ships that had been unlucky enough to be chasing after it. Gan Yang and the sailors were all chuckling upon seeing it on the radar. Though they were initially worried about the fog attack, they did not expect it to be this simple to overcome.

However, this was all thanks to Wolte already knowing about the ability's uses and its flaws from the time he had previously travelled with Focalor on a raiding mission. The former Duke had shown his admiration for their tactics throughout the mission, so Focalor and his aides boasted about its effectiveness and explained how they proceed with their usual tactics.

Thus, it would be just a matter of time until the fog dissipated, and Stalingrad continued its bombardment. There was nothing much to worry about, especially with the Stalingrad's firepower being directly linked to Derpy's magical supply.

And speaking about the Shadow Dagen, Mr Derpy had fun controlling one of Wolte's smaller cannons, and he took the opportunity to fire whenever he was given the permission by Wolte to do so. Most of his shots landed in the water, but Wolte just encouraged him to do better and tried giving him pointers.

Still, Focalor was not one to crumble under this adversity. To him, it was a challenge, one he had craved for a very long time. He couldn't see the cannons hitting another ship, but he heard the attack connect, only that it sounded more like they were hitting wood rather than metal. Therefore, he immediately understood that the Stalingrad had already moved from its previous location.

"So, not only can the metal ship hit correctly, her crew can steer her away from danger in time. It seems like our fog is more of a boon rather than a burden to the metal ship." Focalor believed that there was no need to put his crew in any more danger, so he instantly removed the fog with a snap of his finger.

When the fog was lifted, Focalor could not believe his eyes as the Stalingrad was sailing straight for a head on collision into the Leviathan's hull from the portside. There was no time thinking how such a big ship could navigate so silently behind multiple vessels within the fog with such precision.

"Ready the portside guns and fire now! The rest brace for impact!" Focalor shouted, and everyone tried to hold onto something as the sailors sought to act as ordered to deliver a volley of attacks in order to damage and slow the Stalingrad from hitting straight on.

"Fire the Main Cannons!" Gan Yang shouted. He had already instructed the turrets to be aiming at the stern of the Leviathan where the quarters of the ship would be according to the designs of most medieval colossal ships. (And based on Wolte's extremely vague recollection.)

At the same time, he did not divert his course and planned for a straight on collision. Unlike the pirates, the Royal Snakes were already prepared for a crash impact operation with hijacking the ship as their main objective. In Wolte's opinion, it was simply too audacious of a plan, yet, he loved how confident the Royal Snake Sailors sounded and with how much enthusiasm they acted upon it.

"Brace for impact Al Wolte, you have your allies with you, and I have no doubt that you will call them for such a big party." Gan Yang commented, and he could barely hear a slight chuckle in the AI's voice.

"Now Dagen will think I am patronising his minions too much. Oh well, more favours from him would be a good thing too."

The Stalingrad had no sympathy when her bow crashed into the Leviathan's hull, causing a huge crack in its hull. Some of the cannons which shot late backfired or recoiled from the impact, creating several mini-explosions within their stations. With the gunpowder placed haphazardly for efficiency, it had become a hotbed of accidents for the Leviathan.

As for the Stalingrad? Heh, Wolte felt that they were like putting his head in a bubble wrap. It was fun and painless!

In the meantime, most of the smaller turrets and automated gun placements were given for the Shadow Dagen to control as he saw fit. The human crew had decided to carry on with their plan of hijacking the largest ship in the Demon Fleet.

"Let's go and do some raiding. I always wondered how it would feel to be a pirate." Gan Yang said, and the entire crew joined in with wide grins on their mouth.

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As for the Sky Bridge, the molten fire had finally cooled down through the combined work of the new mages arriving on cavalry from the safe zone by throwing whatever ice and water magic they could harness. Once there was confirmation that the temporary checkpoint was clear, King Baal sent orders to resume bringing in the reinforcements.

In no time, more mages attended to the Sky Bridge's clearance, and King Baal began sending the first batch of soldiers to the defensive island platform.

Sadly, the Demon Horde was unable to make any progress in capturing any of the floating island platforms due to the limited number of troops the mages could teleport at a time. By the time they sent in a second group, the Royal Snake Soldiers had already eliminated the first.

However, King Baal, who was now the overall in charge of this particular side of the battlefield, continued to send soldiers because he knew that he had a sheer limitless quantity at his end. He was confident that there was a limit to Moloch's annoying box of tricks.

There had been no news of him acquiring a massive organisation or being recruited by one. His top spies had been monitoring him, and the only information they ever found was that Moloch's minotaurs had done some scouting to several old dungeons sites that were not worthy of mentioning.

Aside from such an 'insignificant' report, there were actually no other movements from Moloch or his minions. This led King Baal to deduce that Moloch couldn't have acquired cooperation from large organisations after he betrayed them.

"Sir, we can push the reinforcement through the Sky Bridge at your command. Duke Crocell had assembled rather quickly for this regiment." Archduke Kiva reported, and King Baal nodded his head.

"Get the Dragon Devils to ignore those annoying flies and assist the reinforcement. They should be doing proper work rather than play with insects." King Baal demanded, and Archduke instantly understood what he meant.

"Yes, my Liege, I will get the Bat Bottleflies to deal with those insects." Kiva acknowledged as he was finally able to have his own troops deployed.

## **Chapter 754 Bat Head, Raven Head**

"I assure you they take no prisoners alive and they will make them pay for what they did to Marquis Forneus." Archduke Kiva sent the command for his Bat Bottleflies to be teleported into the safe zone.

"Don't be so sure, Archduke. If they were that easy to kill, the Dragon Devils would have already taken care of them two or maybe threefolds." Stolas argued as he walked behind the Archduke, not willing to take his eyes away from him.

"Say all you want little prince, but don't forget that I am the one which the King favours." The Bat Head Archduke suddenly did something similar to a magical act with the use of his silky red cloak and his head turned into a raven.

Similar to Stolas who had the legs of a raven and an owl head, Kiva was also one of the crossbreeds like King Baal. With the powers of the raven, he was able to see clearly how the Wyvern Goblin Knights were fighting against the Dragon Devils.

After witnessing the Judgement Storm by Keyrin and the annihilation of almost every Dragonlite, the Ravenous Archduke of Hunger hungered to win more praise from his King when he saw how fast those pesky Goblin knights were winning against the Dragon Devils.

"Those mage broadcast images were not too helpful in showing off the enemy, but now... Ho ho ho. Those items on the little wyverns. They look like artefacts that should be retrieved for further research!" Archduke Kiva thought to himself when he had a clearer look at the Wyvern Knights.

"But if we match speed to speed, the Bat Bottleflies will probably lose. I should further buff them to increase their chances too." Kiva said to himself as he saw the squadron of Bat Bottleflies coming out from the magical portal.

This was no crossbreed as Kiva had personally created a chimaera monster. He had infused the traits of a bat into a bottlefly, giving it a hideous look deserving to be called as a demon. With the body of a bat enlarged to human size, the bottleflies' grotesque eyes were merged with the bat and their wings were semi-translucent, giving it an eerily buzzing sound whenever the bat moved. Not to mention, the insect's carapace was merged with the back of the bat's body alongside with some hideous thorns growing out of them.

"You guys, kill the wyverns and bring back those pieces of equipment they are wearing. I expect nothing less but success from you all." Kiva commanded as he chanted in a foreign language which Stolas had never heard before. It emitted a foul smelling aura which the mages and soldiers could not stand as Kiva cast the magic on his soldiers.

"Go forth and bring me victory," Kiva said. Then he turned his raven head back into a bat and smiled innocently at Stolas.

"It's nothing unusual. You do not have to give me that look." The bat replied as he returned back to his liege's side.

At that point, Stolas could not help but unconsciously root for the defenders to crush those Bat Bottleflies and show that Kiva's soldiers were fallible.

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As the Stalingrad clashed into the Leviathan, the demons thought that they were seeing illusions of multiple coloured snakes gushing out of the metal ship and onto theirs. The Royal Snake Soldiers used their cultivation to jump onto the different parts of the ship instead of rushing from the bow of the ship.

Instead of fear and worry, Focalor was deviously excited when he saw the humans coming out of their ships to raid him. "It has been so long since someone dared to fight against us! COME! Show me your steel!" Focalor shouted as he deflected a cannon shot that came towards him with his scimitar.

"Heh. If a demon can do that, then I guess it's worthy of some exercise." Gan Yang thought to himself as he charged forth towards the large Tiefling who was over 2 metres tall, dwarfing the other members of his race.

Focalor immediately clashed blades with Gan Yang and could already feel his heart beating way faster than usual. Both of them grinned so widely that it was evident for any onlooker that they relished the opportunity to cross swords.

Gan Yang twisted his arm and hoped to give an uppercut with his sword, but Focalor could already see it coming by preemptively raising his right hand to hit the hilt of Gan Yang's sword. Yet, the reveal of Gan Yang's handgun from his left hand made the Horned Tiefling adjust his core so he could dodge sideways and kick Gan Yang's gun away.

A continuous exchange of blows ensued against the close combat fight between the two leaders while everything was going to hell around Focalor's ship. In order to fight against the human cultivators, Focalor had released his Fog that Steals again but condensed it to a smaller radius that covered only his ship.

His demon Tieflings believed they had the upper hand to beat the humans since they were able to wield unholy strength from the undead attribute by the Focalor's fog. By condensing the size of the fog down further, their prowess increased in proportion.

The Royal Snake Soldiers were of course surprised by it when they realised their guns were not working as intended. However, it only meant that they had to utilise their cultivation against these demons and started to appreciate just how useful this particular dungeon instance was.

With the Stalingrad's bow stuck onto the hull of Leviathan, Edward and Kenway wasted no time to ram their ships onto the sides of the Stalingrad. But with the turrets targeting them, it was a delicate manoeuvre to reach intact and crash against it. Still, they did not retreat in their endeavour and continued to press their charge. They knew this was the best time with the Stalingrad being relatively empty due to their sailors raiding against the Leviathan.

"Heh! Come at us if you dare! I will show you the strength of this almighty ship!" Mr Derpy taunted as he controlled the guns with Wolte's permission and started to empty the turrets haphazardly towards the incoming threats. (Except no one in the deep sea was there to hear his shouts.)

"Looks like 'everyone' is assembled." Kraft snickered as he sat down comfortably at the end of the table of Jin's dining room. The Original Bellator was too used to having discussions at Jin's dining table, and he did not see anything wrong reusing it for his own gathering. He had called for the meeting the moment he had been notified about King Baal's appearance on the battlefield.

For the first time in an eternity, nearly all the Foxes had finally come together. Tsu and Kai in their human form sat at Kraft's right as they took off their battle leather jackets and revealed only wearing a singlet. They both had matching wolf emblem tattoos that indicated their previous affiliation with their clan.

As for the Clan members from the Grizzly Bear, they sat at the left of the table in their smaller fox forms. Even when Kraft gave them a nod of approval to transform, they were hesitant to return to their human forms.

"I know what you are afraid about, but you do not have to worry about exuding your aura here. There is no one around but us. If they can't handle it, he or she is most likely an imposter fox, hahaha! " Kraft smiled, and the three of them looked at each other for a moment before releasing their fox forms.

Ixel, the oldest of the three siblings, was the first to transform back to his human form. His slightly long but spiky orange hair was probably reminiscent of why he was the fox whose colour matches the natural colour of the fox. Compared to the Wolves, Ixel's entire body hosted a riot of muscles bulging out, and they were accompanied with a series of scars and bear tattoos. Even as Ixel took a seat, veins were already popping as if the muscles within were dying to be released from the prison called skin.

Seeing that her brother took the initiative to transform back, the red fox Ixa did the same and sat next to her brother. Following her fur colour, Ixa's boyish haircut did not undermine her charm as she possessed the muscles and build following her brother, albeit a little smaller. One might think she had a resemblance to a legendary Russian bodybuilder who dropped her weights to join the military force for the country.

Itori, on the other hand, the youngest among them was the total opposite of her two siblings. In their youth, even their clan members used to ask them if she was really their blood-related sister. She was smaller, thinner in build no matter how much food her parents forced her to eat. More meek and quieter than the entire village but her punches and kicks were as explosive or maybe even more potent than her eldest brother.

Her white bob hairstyle and round rimmed glasses did not portray the ferocity she had shown all this time. Kraft knew her well enough not to cross nor exploit her passive attitude. Still, this did not stop Kraft from using her and could possibly be the reason why Kraft was more comfortable commanding her over the other two 'Bear' foxes.

Pei, previously from the Crane Clan, naturally sat at the far left end of the table. For once she too was in 'uniform'. But in less than a minute, she kind of regretted it and placed the leather jacket on the chair and tilted sideways so she wouldn't be facing Kraft anytime soon. Alas, it was too late. Kraft and Pei both knew she had already lost when she first stepped into the room for the meeting, but they would hold that thought on a day with less pressing issues.

Evon, was sitting right opposite of Pei while checking his notes and his tablet with regards to the current battlefield once more. The champagne pink fox was considered as the most studious guy in the group, but one wondered if he pretended to be scholarly or if he was actually the real deal.

Mainly because of his champagne pink hair, people did not take him seriously and instead, assumed he was a delinquent rather than a genius. Regardless, his drugs and high support effectiveness undoubtedly made him the go-to guy to turn the battlefield with his chemicals.

Kiyu, the last to arrive, sat beside Kai and Evon. When she walked in, her serious turned happy look was not a surprise to all since she always kept her 'pretty' demeanour around everyone no matter who it was. It had been initially irritating upon learning her true nature, but the foxes had gotten accustomed to it and never bothered trying to change her because that was just how she was.

She did become even more honest in her words between them while leaving her expression this way. In a way, their ignorance increased her acting and further improved her dramatics in battle too. Kraft believed the video advertising of Jin's dungeon instance was taking a toll on her and hoped the upcoming heist would cheer her up. It was part of the reason (a very teeny weeny small part) why he gathered everyone.

"You cleared everything already?" Kraft asked Kiyu, and she nodded her head with glee.

"Yeap. I even prepared some extra scenes for the System to play around to hype the crowd for the time being if necessary. I believe 'they' know what to do without my assistance." Kiyu replied as she stretched her hands a little and gave a slap on Evon's back.

"Oven, stop reading already. Any more and your brain might heat bust with all that information." Kiyu berated him while Evon rolled his eyes.

"It's EVON! My name's NOT some kitchen appliance. And if I do not read this, how will the rest of you know where to attack the Dungeon Metropolis?" Evon countered angrily.

"Obviously, the King's Palace. Where else will the demons put it?" Ixel said it first, and Evon sighed and shook his head. (Even the rest could not save the thick-headed brawler.)

"That's where you are wrong. Very wrong. So wrong that the moon turned into a sun after laughing too much. It's plain obvious that you do not have any clue about the location of the core." Evon responded.

"Brother, I know you do not like briefings but do not make yourself a fool." Ixa consoled Ixel's confusion by showing him the briefings notes prepared by Kraft. "It's at a maximum-security prison."

"Which idiot would place their precious Dungeon Core in a maximum-security prison?! You sure Moloch gave you the right details about it?" Ixel laughed at the absurdity of the location where they kept the Dungeon Core.

"Believe it or not, Lord Moloch was the designer for this facility." Kraft pointed out as he pulled out a file filled with a stack of blueprints and notes on the table. "I was just appalled by it as you, but the more I thought about it, the more I felt that the idea made sense."

"Because you literally can have the most vicious, murderous sort of people dying to kill your enemies for their freedom. And not to mention those self proclaimed defenders of Justice that were on par with these men to keep them in check." Pei added, and everyone started grinning.

Certainty of death.

Small chance of success.

What were they waiting for?

## **Chapter 756 Fox Reunion - Part 2**

"We have limited System support which should be rather obvious due to its reduced processing capacity and it being occupied with Jin's dungeon raid." Kraft briefed them as he popped the half fox masks from his personal storage ring and threw it on the table.

"The System had already uploaded the schematics of the prison blueprint into...erm, the system. Anyway, it will help us track each other's movement so that we won't be stuck in there for too long. Although I don't have any doubt that we all can handle ourselves-

"Are you kidding me?!" Pei shouted as she reviewed the schematics with a quick glance.

"I understand the meaning of maximum security but having over 100 basement levels isn't cutting it to be a 'just a quick heist'." Pei pointed out, and Kraft chuckled.

"To be exact, 109 levels of basement." Evon tried to be factually accurate.

"Shut it, Oven." Pei continued the insult from Kiyu's remarks, and Evon was already showing his teeth out.

"Huh." Itori, who was usually quiet, suddenly spoke out. "I can see where this is going even without Kraft opening his mouth."

"Same here." Ixa nodded her head as she believed she had the same conclusion as her younger sister.

"Bash through to the lowest levels!" Ixel concluded with a grin and his sisters snickered.

"For once, your tendency towards simplicity is not too off the mark," Kraft confirmed and clapped his hands once. Suddenly, they heard someone walking down the stairs with the sound of heavy chains. Everyone with the exception of Kraft bowed their heads towards the newcomer's direction. Even Pei who never liked protocols was sincerely bowing her head.

"Lift up your heads. I am not the same Rex as before. Neither should you all be bowing your heads to me." The 'oldest' member of this special skulk stated in a solemn manner. Everyone was shocked at how calm Rex was compared to the last time they had seen him and how they personally witnessed the System chaining him up after going haywire. The heavy metal chains were still evident on his legs, but it never hinders Rex's movement at all. As the rest sat down, Kraft subsequently stood up and offered the chair for him to sit.

"Big Brother," Kraft said in a genuinely courteous voice.

"Thank you, Kraft," Rex replied as he unzipped the very same battle leather jacket the rest were wearing. That patch emblem of a Panda with a Fox made everyone recall all the bitter memories they went through to get where they were right now.

"I dare not say that it was worth all those sacrifices our comrades had made...but I am still glad he is a part of us again." Pei thought to herself as she adjusted her seat properly at the table.

Meanwhile, Kraft assisted Rex and released the leg chains as he placed the jacket at the back of his chair. It still had the new leather smell. After all, it was a recent gift from Kraft for him to wear it after his long imprisonment. The others did not care for this technicality and were simply delighted and honoured that Rex still treated this skulk as his family by donning it.

Kraft walked to the other side of the table and sat on the other end as he phoned for someone. "Chef! Yes, it's Kraft. Everyone is here. Do you mind serving some food for us right now? Thanks. Sure, sure no problem. We have a bit of catching up to do so you do not have to worry. Besides, Jin's raid is not going to end in a day's time or two. What difference will fifteen minutes or so make?"

When he ended the phone call, everyone except for Rex was looking at Kraft with wide puppy (well, fox in this context) eyes as they knew who he was talking to. For all that he was, Kraft blushed a little and mumbled that it was for Rex's temporary return to this world.

"Why are you all looking at Kraft that way?" Rex asked, and everyone decided not to say a single word to allow the surprise to speak for itself.

"Nevermind that... say your scent is quite familiar. Did you use my shampoo!?" Kiyu asked, and Kraft burst into chuckles.

"My bad, my bad, I wanted him to enjoy a good shower before our reunion. Your bathroom was my first choice, given it is the best equipped one among the rest of us within my room." Kraft revealed, and Kiyu pouted.

Unlike the other bellators who only had a spacious room to themselves, Kraft's room was more than special. He had requested the System to stretch his place until he had a total of ten rooms to house the foxes. Most did not notice as those who entered into Kraft's room would immediately find themselves in a room filled with black void before reaching the door to the corridor that led to anyone of the foxes' place.

"If it was not for Rex, I would have personally killed you over and over again until the System gave me enough points to buy that scented shampoo again!" Kiyu threatened the Original Bellator uncharacteristically. It was a strange sight, given their usually harmonious relationship, which only served to prove how seriously she took this breach of privacy.

"To be honest, I was shocked that a shower room... looked so different from our time. I only chose the soap that was closest to me. I had no idea it was soap until Kraft told me they now made soap in liquid form."

"Ah! I see. In that case, I don't mind. When we come back from the heist, I can introduce you to a combination of shampoo and conditioner so you can retain your sparkling golden hair for all eternity." Kiyu said happily.

Kraft rolled his eyes upon hearing her change of tone. Kiyu had been ready to grind his corpse, yet Rex was so easily forgiven.

"Are you implying that Big Brother Rex is going to get bald?" Pei gave a sarcastic reply, and it cracked the slightly tense atmosphere when Rex was the first to laugh, leading the others to join in.

"Oh Pei, you are as sarcastic as I recall. I am glad some things don't seem to have changed." Rex said.

Evon was the only one that still felt a bit tense and felt he had to point out the obvious.

"Are you going to be okay, Big Brother Rex? Or will you be-ouch! Why did you both hit my feet at the same time?" Evon shouted, and the rest were already giving death stares of varying levels, especially Pei who had just managed to break the tense situation.

"Hahahah! Don't worry, Evon. I assure you I have managed to contain my anger... to a certain extent." Rex admitted as he casually picked up the notes on the table.

"When Kraft had come to me for my help to infiltrate that Abyss Web, it had taken out a considerable amount of energy from me. And... I don't know... perhaps it was seeing Little Kraft again after all that time kind of simmered me down further. Maybe it was hearing him call me Big Brother again. I can't quite point to what exactly the reason was. I just know that the System has finally started viewing me as a cautionary hostile and one which can be used in more productive ways than a mere rabid fox." The former member of the original Panda Clan explained.

"Fortunately, I already know a place where I can vent my frustrations without hurting anyone that I cherish," Rex said as he pointed at the blueprint and the foxes smiled with much relief... And delight.

### **Chapter 757 Fox Reunion - Part 3**

After discussing for over twenty minutes on all the other strategies that Kraft had drafted during his stay in the War Room, they had come to the conclusion that the brute force way was indeed the most efficient way to clear this. There were some complicated plans suggested by Evon, but the Grizzly Bear Clan members disapproved, stating that there were too many variables to consider.

"Even with the blueprints, we still do not know the kind of guards and felony convicts that will be on each level. We just know from Moloch that the deeper we go, the harder it will be. We might be the legendary foxes that rebelled, but our powers and stamina have a limit." Tsu backed up the Grizzly Bears.

"There is also no guarantee that we can somehow manage to sneak down 109 levels and make our way back up without getting caught. It is a maximum-security prison for goodness sake! You expect us to enter under the assumption that your drugs will be effective against everyone, which isn't the case. Remind me, was it a Whale Cultivator or a Turtle Cultivator who had reached a level that he only needed

to breathe once every few days, making all your tricks pointless against them?" Pei questioned, and Evon was stuck without any answers.

"So yeah, especially given their different physiology, someone out there will definitely be immune to your psychedelic drugs and what can we do after that?" Kiyu reinforced the point.

"You should at least give Evon some credit for thinking up such a ludicrous plan. I liked some of his ideas." Rex consoled Evon, and the Frog Clan member thanked him with a silent nod.

Suddenly, there was a shift in the winds within the room and Rex instinctively went for his waist only to realise that there was no sword there as the portal opened. However, his chi aura was immensely dense, and Kraft stood up and instantly teleported to place his hand on his shoulder asking his big brother to lower his guard.

"Please calm down, Big Brother. It's just the surprise that I ordered so I hope you can lower your killing intent." Kraft saw the disappointment in Rex's face that his beloved sword, the only relic from his past linked to his 'father', was not with him and rightly so.

Although the System had cleared him as a potential threat, at least for the time being, he wasn't too different from someone on probation. Kraft might vouch for him, but giving him a weapon was still too much of a flight risk.

"Ah! I see. My bad." Rex smiled to clear his embarrassment, and then he smelt a familiar scent. "Wait...is this smell?! My lips are already wet!" He thought to himself.

What came in was a series of dishes that was served personally by the Head Chef in Jin's dungeon store, Lynn. "We thought that a good decent meal would serve its part by boosting our strength a little before going into battle," Kraft said, and the rest were already eager to dig in.

"Lynn, I hope you won't hold this against him. Just being freed, he will take time to get used to his newfound freedom."

"No harm done. Now dig in. A soldier with a filled stomach is a soldier that can fight to his fullest." Lynn said and placed the dishes on the table. She looked over the foxes, surprised at their alternate forms.

"Feel free to take a picture." Kiyu winked at her with a charismatic smile.

"Not even Jin has seen most of us in our human forms. It used to be hard to take on this form, but thanks to the System, it is now easy to do so. Nevertheless, most of us prefer our fox forms."

"Mainly because our cultivated auras are still too strong to handle for a normal person after we recovered from the black sludge experiment that broke us out from Kraft's idiotic 'bullet'-erm cage. And at this point, we have already suppressed most of our cultivation." Pei explained but realised Lynn might not have known that the foxes were once held as permanent bullets in Kraft's gun. Only after the System's successful experiment to use Jin's black sludge to release Pei, Kraft proceeded to release the rest in the same way too.

Knowing that it was not the right time and place to talk about this, Pei quickly changed the subject by assisting Lynn with the placement of the dishes. (Of course, pushing the meat dishes towards Rex and the vegetables to Kraft's side of the table.)

"Royal Peking Duck Meat, Nine Rainbow Vegetable, Steamed Egg Custard, Hangzhou Steamed Fish and Sichuan Mapo Tofu with seafood to go with it. I have also prepared and placed some sauces, cabbage, and even toasted buns to go with your food. As for the carbs, my penguins will bring it in but any preference over rice? Noodles?" Lynn introduced the current cuisine in front of them, and everyone immediately asked for noodles instead.

They knew Lynn's noodles were top tier and capable of winning awards even without any cultivation. "You do know they taste better with rice." Lynn giggled as she looked at the group as if they were wagging their tails in front of her.

"May I be so shameless to ask for both?" Rex asked, and Lynn returned the answer with a gentle smile.

"No problems with that. Ask the peggies to give you a refill if you need." Lynn agreed, and the moment she gave permission to eat, everyone thanked her loudly. However, to her surprise, no one started yet. At first, Lynn thought it was odd, but she realised that everyone was waiting for the main lead to begin picking his food first.

It had been so long, way too long for Rex to enjoy a proper meal time with the entire group. The last time he remembered eating with them was already too vague for recollection. All this time in solitary confinement, Rex only reminisced about the war and the rebellion against his 'father'.

He had way too many things to think about other than eating peacefully.

As he picked up his chopsticks, he eyed the steamed fish first since it had always been a favourite whenever he returned from the Western Kingdoms after the tiresome diplomatic trips. Rex pinched a little and dipped it into the soup beneath it.

With a slight whiff, his nose was filled with a rich scent of aroma, and the bite was equally appetising. Yet, the moment Rex placed it in his mouth, chaos ensued. Everyone rushed to take a piece of the food with the goal to give it to Rex.

As a form of Chinese tradition, the younger ones would always give a small portion of their food to the eldest as a sign of respect and concern. But in this particular situation, everyone was dying to put that little piece of meat on Rex's rice bowl. Even the meek Itori did not hesitate in attempting to put her portion of meat onto Rex's bowl.

"... You guys! Be respectful of my food!" Lynn warned in a stern voice as she saw the chaos in its purest form but the foxes immediately obliged.

"Good, now take turns to give the food to your senior and then proceed to eat the rest."

"Mdm, yes Mdm!" The foxes responded in unison and followed Lynn's instruction.

"Good. I will be leaving and bringing you desserts in ten. And Rex?"

"Yes, Mdm Chef?" Rex accidentally blurted out his formalities.

"Welcome back to their family. Please enjoy this meal." Lynn said with a smile that made Rex heart skip a beat as it evoked long lost memories.



## Chapter 758 Fox Reunion - Final

Just like Lynn had promised ten minutes later, they were being served some delicious ice cream. All of the foxes soon requested seconds since they felt that one portion was not enough. Rex was baffled the most that such a soft creamy texture could be so delicious.

"Big Brother, you missed out on so much of what life has to offer. After this heist, I will take some time off and show you around. Let you experience for yourself how the world you had protected turned out to be after all those years." Kraft promised, and Rex grinned with a quiet nod.

"System, give us a breakdown concerning this 'dungeon raid instance'." Kraft asked so Rex could be brought up to speed with the current situation his new master was in.

"It has been 7 hours and 43 mins since the inception of the dungeon raid defence. The Pandapolis Air Force has taken a major hit with the new arrival of chimaera type demons which have been identified as part bat and part insect. Further analysis of the captured beasts has revealed that both were genetically modified into a demon instead of a mere fusion." The System started its reporting.

"We don't have the time for such a detailed breakdown. Just give us a general overview of any significant changes, a summary of sorts." Kraft rolled his eyes a little.

"System strongly believes that Original Bellator Kraft will not grasp the magnitude of the situation without hearing all the details. System is also merely following the prerogative set up for the intelligence officer to stay informed about all ongoing matters." The System retorted.

"Fine, but at least add some pictures or better yet a video coverage for the scenes as we continue enjoying our ice cream. Otherwise, Rex will have no context for your rambling. Or did YOU already forget that you peeps locked him in solitary confinement for centuries with no entertainment at all?" Kraft tried to bargain while not missing the chance to annoy the System at the same time.

Yet there was no need for that.

The System conformed to his request surprisingly easy this time around.

With some imagery fresh from the scene itself, Rex and the others who hadn't been paying too close attention to the whole affair were mildly taken aback by the scale of it. "This feels entirely like a mini warzone by itself," Rex concluded, and Kraft scoffed.

"Of course, it's a war zone. And both sides haven't even revealed their whole hand yet. You see that guy sitting all so nonchalantly there? King Baal is responsible for this whole siege situation. Just because he has some beef with our little cotton butt Moloch, he came with his whole entourage to take away what we have built. Remind you of someone conceited who we know?" Kraft asked, and Rex nodded his head quietly as he placed the ice cream into his mouth, savouring its sweetness.

"Continuing from the previous analysis: The Wyvern Goblin Knights have barely won against the new type of enemy and have requested for Pandawans help, mainly the Illusive Rabbit Cultivator Luo Bo, and the Gunning Giraffe Cultivator Jing Ru. They are on their third and fourth attempt respectively in this

dungeon raid and had their squads piggyback on the Wyverns along with the Goblins." The System stated.

"Ah, so Qiu Yue finally took my advice to combine the ranged Pandawans with the Goblins. I told them the wyverns could easily handle the weight."

"This combination has indeed proven useful. There has been an increase in combat effectiveness by more than 50%, pushing the Bat Bottleflies capture rate to 75.40%. Wyrstriker has already been ordered to lead the retreat once they finish capturing the rest of the Bat Bottleflies."

"As for Pandapolis' only available naval ship, the Stalingrad is still standing strong. It has survived being bombarded with multiple cannon shots, suffering 346 hits in total. Lord Wolte's resilience has surpassed the estimated analysis. A possible reason for this error in judgement is most likely that the magical connection between Lord Wolte and Shadow Dagen has made it possible for the Stalingrad to stay afloat for so long. More tests will be required to determine how much the prior meal of the Shadow Dagen played a role in this."

"That's rather amazing." Kai blurted out as the System changed the camera angle and showed the intense fighting on the decks. Dark Templars who had been killed earlier were redeployed again within the ship's perimeters, and Kraft smirked.

The System's ability was completely a cheat in this kind of fight. While the Dungeon World also had the concept of resurrection, the Dungeon Core naturally would not allow any attackers or defenders to resurrect as normal until the matter was resolved, else the fights would never end.

The stunted resurrection time could be hastened with the use of magic, but it required multiple high-level mages that were proficient in this matter to outright revive an ordinary soldier on the battlefield and required much more for those Demon Lords.

Mana is also a precious resource on the battlefield, and even those mages could perform resurrection, there are hundreds of thousands of soldiers on the battlefield to take care of. It was just impossible to take care of these many soldiers. And why waste mana when offence is the best defence? Hence, most of the attackers would hardly consider the option of reviving their soldiers during the siege.

But for the System? Reviving monsters had basically become its second nature, and since the System acted outside the realm of the Dungeon World, it was not bound by its strict rules. Nevertheless, it wasn't free, and it had to pay for it as well. (Too large a cost for the stingy System, despite being a lot cheaper than the complicated resurrection procedure in Jin's world.)

"The Dark Templars have proven themselves able to hold the fort on the Stalingrad with the aid of Shadow Dagen controlling some of Stalingrad's turrets." The System stated, and Rex began to wonder.

"So...all these monsters belong to our new master?" Rex queried, and everyone nodded their heads simultaneously. "Yup, once we kill them, they get revived. Jin is basically a next level Necromancer." Kraft joked. "If not for the dungeon supplier profession, he is probably slated to be an upcoming major villain in our world."

"Don't listen to that dumb fox. Jin is not that bad of a person. If you talk with him, it becomes apparent that he still needs more experience under his belt and has quite a bit of growing up to do. Though so far,

I've seen him adapt to the situation and change for the better despite the constant influence from the System." Pei immediately spoke out in Jin's defence since she was the closest person who had constant surveillance on Jin.

"If our objective-driven Pei gives such a fair analysis for our new master, I will trust her on that," Rex said as he placed his spoon down, secretly thanking the chef for the delicious meal and grabbed his jacket from behind.

"Panda Remnant Rex, the briefing is not done yet." The System cautioned, and that comment stopped Rex in his steps for a moment.

"Heh, not Panda Ex Master, Ex Panda Clan Member and also not Bellator... but Panda Remnant. How strange but also familiar and fitting..." Rex whispered to himself absentmindedly though everyone on the table had been able to hear what he said with their acute hearing senses. Yet, for appearance sake, they all pretended they hadn't heard anything except for one.

"Don't worry about all those things, Big Brother. That just means you are free from your obligations and trust me, our new master is rather flexible about our movements. He doesn't tie us down unless there is a valid reason for it." Kraft also stood up to wear his coat, and the rest followed suit by gulping down their remaining portion of the ice cream and took their jackets.

"Well, you could say that I am a little angry that I cannot catch up with all the changes, but let's just go to that King Baal's prison. Little Kraft, I trust you enough to guide us all to steal that treasure you scoundrels were talking about. Let's go, guys, let's whack some heads like in the good old times!" Rex slammed his fists together and the rest resonated with a loud acknowledgement.

## **Chapter 759 Royal Snake Sailors**

During the conversation between the foxes, the constant skirmishes between Jin's forces against the demon army hadn't stopped. They had continued until they entered into a solid stalemate. Gan Yang was baffled that the seafaring crew somehow retained such a devastating defence against their raid as their numbers seemed constant despite the Royal Snake Sailors' best attempt at dwindling them down.

They eventually realised that there must be reinforcements coming from the port of the ship, as the Fog that Steals blocked their sight. It was currently only covering the surroundings of the damaged Leviathan. Focalor was able to maintain it even longer than usual with the aid of the high-density magic crystal Kiva had gifted him beforehand.

Previously, he had only been using his abilities to elude them, knowing that the Stalingrad might pose a challenge even with the aid of the fog. He had been totally right about the ship as it surpassed Focalor's wildest imagination making him yearn to become its captain all the more.

However, he first would have to get rid of the current crew altogether.

Since they were the first party who raided the Leviathan in years, his crew had to get used to fighting on the defending side. If only Focalor knew that the Royal Snake Sailors were keeping their cultivation to the minimum as ordered by their commanding officers.

However, the more the situation unfolded, the more the Royal Snake Sailors were pressured into defying the order using the power of at least an advanced grade cultivation to overturn the tide. "Requesting permission to use our normal cultivation!" Gan Yang asked through the visor as he panted from the flurry of blows exchanged with Focalor.

Yet, the huge Tiefling felt that he was only getting started and he would be vastly disappointed if the enemies' so-called raid leader would be killed within an instant. But at the same time, Focalor already felt bored from the attacks and did not wish to hold back his strength any further. The allure of the Stalingrad was making him a little impatient as he wanted to get hold of the ship as soon as possible.

"Granted. Clear it as soon as possible. We need to provide support fire at a few coordinates with the Stalingrad." Hou Fei sent back through the half mask's visor of every sailor on deck, and Gan Yang appreciated the permission. Just as Focalor thought that his enemy had expended all his energy and decided to cut him down with his scimitar, he suddenly found his own hand flying off.

"Ha! Now you show your true colours?" Focalor questioned as he quickly adjusted to the scenario and managed to parry the next attack with his off-hand. But to his surprise, the only thing he stopped was just an after image, and before he could do anything else, he saw a blade come out of his chest.

"I would have loved to play around a bit more, but those were the General's personal orders to clear the deck." Gan Yang apologised. Focalor could not even turn his neck despite his undead attributes because of the stab by the Stalingrad's current Captain.

It made Focalor's body slowly turn to stone with the initial attack and that one stab solidified the petrification process, rendering the leader of the Demon Fleet Leviathan unmovable.

Without turning his head, Focalor could already feel the sensation of a nest of snakes crawling from behind him. The aura he exuded felt like death had walked into Focalor's life without knocking on the door. "This is totally a different level of power! How could this human hide his strength that much?!"

With the ability controller becoming petrified, the Fog that Steals vanished and Focalor who was still able to see, saw the exact same scene right in front of him and noticed that all the other humans were as competent as his opponent.

His entire crew was either petrified or lying on the ground vomiting their guts out. As the stone started to reach his face, his last thought was about Kenway and Edward, hoping the two of them could succeed in getting on the Stalingrad and take revenge.

Sadly, that was not the case.

The Dark Templars had slain them as with the aid of the Deep Ones and their master, Shadow Dagen, controlling the turrets. The mini gun emplacements alone had managed to annihilate most of the incoming pirates while the rest fought against overwhelming numbers armed with modern weapons. It was definitely a slaughter.

Despite the initial attempts at an ambush led by their Captains Edward and Kenway, they did not expect the Dark Templars they encountered to be at least twice as strong as them. They were slammed down to the ground and methodically axed by them.

"Hahahah! You think they are just knights with some metal plates on them? Please. They have been through many trials and failures to reach this point. All the Demon Rats that they fought against were nothing compared to this, especially when they are free from the cultivators' eyes." Wolte praised his Dark Templars openly in the System channel.

His minions were delighted that their patron was happy with their work, but they did not know it was Wolte that was unconsciously helping them too. Jin, who was monitoring the battle from afar, noticed that the stats of the Dark Templars were abnormal and decided to check them via his monster app.

Only then, did he realise that there was a buff on them that made them this strong. He dug further for more information and found out that Stalingrad itself was actually providing an aura on deck, boosting his allies like the Zither Mistress Ke Mi who supported their partners in a fight.

Compared to the aerial scene which ended in a disaster, the naval war theatre had become a tremendous success, and Wolte believed that they could be providing fire support in no time.

Speaking of the Zither Mistress, she finally made her debut in the defensive floating platform that connected with the Sky Bridge. As odd as it sounded, she and the entire group from the Musical Theatre Dungeon Instance were preparing live on a concert stage at the centre of the defensive floating platform.

With such an absurd concert setting on the defensive floating platform, the demon soldiers were initially stunned by the bright, colourful lights and loudspeakers coming from the centre of the platform. As Sandy took the stage, a group of Orcs were standing in front of it, every single one of them wrapped their heads with a bandana of a cartoon face of Sandy printed on it.

It was Sandy's hardcore fan club.

## **Chapter 760 The Demon Horde's Push**

The leaders of each individual demon platoon were baffled at the sight of many Orc crying for some Princess of the Dunes, to the point they decided that it was too overwhelming to confront them head-on. Instead, they decided on a pincer formation with the number of troops they had.

The Demon Troops knew that there might be some enemies hiding within forested areas, but the bright lights and the sounds were extremely annoying and distracting. However, the cultivators that were hiding behind the bushes had become used to it.

Unlike the demon soldiers who saw this kind of scene for the first time in their life, these kinds of concerts were too common of a thing for the Pandarens and many even had a side panel screen open to watch or at least listen to the show while performing their kills.

It was essentially killing two birds with one stone for enjoying the show and racking up points to get rewards (It also made them feel like they were the protagonist of a show with their very own musical background).

As the demon soldiers tried to charge forth to disrupt the concert, they were intercepted by Sandy's Fan Club with the Orcs manhandling them by grabbing their weapons and breaking their skulls for disturbing the concert. After which, they broke into an intense fan club cheer which was in sync during the song's instrumentals.

The Orcs could not have done that without Ke Mi's strengthened magical buff accompanied by Sandy's enchanting vocals. Thanks to it, they reached a heightened state of both euphoria and strength.

To the onlooking cultivators, they estimated that upon hearing the music, the Orcs became as strong as the Demon Trolls but Jin who had the exact numbers knew that their strength and constitution was actually equivalent to a single Giant.

Seeing how the frontal assault was really a dead end, the demon troops proceeded with the pincer assault. However, they did not know that all sides were riddled with traps and ambushes awaiting the Demon Horde, making their only option would be to thin their numbers until the defenders were forced to retreat further.

Also, they would soon learn that all the trees within this defensive platform were offshoots of Shu, the magical Treant, which he commanded them like a private army. Unlike the situation at the Sky Bridge where the System had to spend processing power to provide real-time monitoring, Shu's offshoots were already transmitting the information to the System and the War Room Tacticians, giving them the full situation amidst the concert.

This information was also transmitted to the Pandarens on the ground, and that was how they were able to continuously ambush the Demon Troops at every turn, lure them into a trap where the System would activate it and remove them from the battle. (The teams leading them were naturally awarded points for acting as bait)

Aside from the ambushes, Shu was also using his offshoots to capture isolated groups of demon soldiers by grabbing on their legs and tripping them. After which, the offshoots would drag their bodies to their trunks and wrap them up further for consumption. Some of the Demon Soldiers tried to cut the roots, but their attempts were futile as Shu had passed on his own physical resistance against normal weapons.

The leaders or higher-tiered soldiers were the only ones in possession of magical weapons who would be able to break free. Yet even if they did, his offshoots were everywhere, and there was no way to escape, especially when the trees marked any such particular individual as being a threat to the entire forest. Hence, more effort (and roots) were used to make sure mages, or talented soldiers were enrobed into the trunks.

Similar to Mr Derpy, all these consumed Demons were subsequently transformed into magical energy to be absorbed into Shu as he prepared the very same spell where walls of trees would emerge to protect the Pandarens. Afterwards, he was strengthening the mini-castle fortresses that were built as defensive

emplacements against the Demon Horde. However, as the first wave were nothing but pitiful bugs and insects in Shu's eyes, he continued to eat as many as he could before the need arose.

On the other hand, The Wyvern Goblin Knights finally retreated with heavy casualties on their side. Many were heavily injured, with some even killed, despite the Pandawans' saving grace. The dogfight with the Dragon Devils and subsequent Bat Bottleflies had incurred a sense of weariness among the Goblin Knights, and even their Wyverns had been pushed to near exhaustion. If not for Ayse's Lost Tech, they believed they would have lost a long time ago.

The only thing that was stopping the Demon Aerial Forces to go after them was the still surviving Clay Dragon and the Mousefolks. The Clay Dragon had a regenerative rune which ran parallel to his other runes. As long as the damage was not that extensive, the Clay Dragon would be able to continue moving.

The Magpies of Que Er had also assisted in the recovery of the Clay Dragon as they carried some ready-made clay and placed it on the Dragon's body, allowing the rune to recover the Clay Dragon's body even faster. In addition, the Mousefolks played a pivotal role in its survival as many of the Bat Bottleflies attempted to break it down by spewing poison balls at it. Some of the Bat Bottleflies even ledged on the Clay Dragon and broke its clay to the extent of nearly breaking the Dragon into two.

Yet, those Mousefolks came out of their machine gun emplacements and with just a rope as their lifeline, they battled with the Bat Bottleflies at the top of the moving Clay Dragon. Kiva's air units regarded those Mousefolks as a bad joke, an opinion which quickly changed, upon contact with these small warriors.

To them, the Bat Bottleflies became merely extra practice training for their swordplay. As disciples of Zeru, the Mousefolks swiftly dispatched the Bat Bottleflies from lodging on the Clay Dragon and allowed it to remain as the reigning King of the Skies.

Separately, the injured Dragon Devils were diverted from the dog fight and proceeded to terrorise the other platforms where they encountered similarly serious resistance from the defenders. The Anti-Air Companies were relentless in their attacks, and it got even worse when the Dragon Devils attempted to swoop down to destroy them.

Heavy anchor bolts bound their wings and pulled the Dragon Devil down as the Anti Air continued their volley of attacks. Yet, that did not pull the spirit of the Dragon Devils as they spew fire to burn whatever they could despite their dying breath. Most of the Anti Air Companies in the various platforms had been reduced by at least half their strength. And if the Demon King continued to push for more aerial forces, it would be possible that they would have reign air superiority.

However, the remaining Dragon Devils who struggled were at their last straw as the Fortress Golems within the vicinity sprayed anti-air missiles from their guard posts, ensuring that the Dragon Devils became nothing but a poor paper kite caught in a hurricane of pain.

It was safe to assume that the mightiest air force the Demons could muster had been brought down by well-placed defences and a bit of luck on the defender's side. Still, the tacticians were scrambling to reorganise the air defences to shore up what was lost or else the Demon Horde might have the upper hand later on.

But for the Naval War Theatre, the Stalingrad had without a doubt assumed superiority of the sea once more.