

Dungeon S 781

Chapter 781 Mass Teleportation

"This is a good challenge!" Lai Fu praised despite sweating from the heat coming off the fiery tornado behind him and the pressure of needing to breakthrough. His Shimmering Shark Mount was able to bite off any incoming demons who came too close to the entourage of shopkeepers.

"You are kidding me!!" San Sun yelled as he did a flip with his Wok mount and used it to smack the daylight out of the demons from his side. With his cultivation, San Sun instantly heats up his own Wok (not his mount!) via his chi.

Using the Wok as a ranged weapon, he threw it to a bunch of incoming enemies. Demons who were hit by the burning Wok were inflicted with a raging fire on their heads. (Their heads were literally on fire!) Some of them screamed, running helter-skelter, trying to extinguish them while San Sun's kitchen instrument returned to him safely.

"Shut up, you two! We have it worse!" Shen Si Fang screamed as he and the other Hunting Hog cultivators spearheaded the shopkeeper squad to relative safety. Compared to them, the Pandawans were having a better time dissecting the frontlines into two with their prearranged groups.

The Venus Four stuck together with the two policemen while the working adults like Xiong Da and Bin Yong had also grouped up. The highschool students meanwhile chose to go on their own following behind Bu Dong who was as reckless as ever. Even as they split up into smaller groups, they were disruptive to the Demon Horde who was assembled right outside of the safe zone.

King Baal initially wanted to use those demon soldiers for continuous waves of offence on the islands via teleportation, but with the impending counterattack, he decided otherwise. He was curious to find out if the counterattacking team would be impressive enough to break through the ranks.

Seeing that they only had a relatively small team, it was highly likely that they were the enemies elites aiming for him. Yet, as he observed each one of them and their actions, Jin was the only one who had managed to leave a deep impression on King Baal.

He noticed the human had Moloch's aura around him, indicating that he was hiding the cotton Minotaur Lord on him... or that he had somehow absorbed Moloch and perhaps fused into one. All that mattered was that Moloch was still alive in some form and needed to be punished for his insolence... as that was what Kiva had been drilling into his brain for decades.

The Minotaur Lord held firmly onto Jin's hoodie as he placed some mana into the graveyard card that he was holding and when Moloch believed there was enough energy within it, he threw it up to the sky, causing the card to grow larger.

The graveyard card started to glow, and suddenly brownish projectiles were shooting out of the card. Those projectiles were predominantly aimed against larger targets like trolls and giants that were not in the service of the Mad Giant Barbatos. And while the Demon Troops thought the projectiles were merely rocks shot at a high velocity, it took a bit for them to realise that they were actually the same type of Clay Statues that their former comrades had fought earlier in the invasion.

Not only that, but their combat prowess was also equivalent to theirs. The clay statues were slightly more agile and had more perception than mere narrow-minded berserkers whose objective was to only kill. As if being hit by the clay statues were not enough for the larger size soldiers, these clay soldiers with greenish-blue eyes ledged onto them and continued to assault them with their phantom weapons.

That's right, the phantom soldiers which the graveyard core had accumulated, had been successfully awakened inside the Clay Statues as previously planned. This allowed them to gain a shell, giving the phantom soldiers some form of protection, enabling them to last longer in battle.

Unable to parry any of these projectiles, they could only 'kill' the ones they were able to reach with their hands. The demon trolls fell almost immediately, allowing the clay soldiers to continue their onslaught with the enemies around them. And for those who lost their clay shells, the phantom soldiers emerged from them in their ethereal form and continued with the slaughter.

"Useless demon soldiers. Since when our quality of troops had become so terrible?" King Baal started to get enraged as he saw the human on a black animal mount still charging towards his direction. "If they want to attack me so badly, then so be it." Once again, King Baal took out the crown, feeling as if the ominous headgear was biting into his head.

"What is the rush, my liege? There are-" For the first time in a long while, Kiva was pushed aside by his King who did not wait for his advisor to even finish his sentence as he held his hand up once more. The crown vibrated a little as if it was emitting powers to its user.

"Mass Teleportation!" King Baal shouted and right in front of him, all his troops including the Pandawans and Pandarens in the vicinity were all violently teleported into the various islands above them... All except for one.

Jin.

"What the hell?!" Jin asked as he stopped dead in his tracks and looked around the entire battlefield that had turned empty right in front of him.

Even the clay statue soldiers that were with him had disappeared. In turn, the ruckus now extended all around the islands including the floating fortress where Jin had kept his Dungeon Core. The Stalingrad was also not spared as groups of demon soldiers had been randomly teleported onto the ship as well as the waters around them.

Some unfortunately drowned while others were instantly devoured by the hungry Deep Ones but this phenomenon was happening everywhere on the island. The Demon Troops were teleported randomly, causing the primary defence line to be rendered useless.

All hell went loose, and the Royal Snake soldiers who had been stationed in those islands scrambled to counter the unexpected demon soldiers. On the other hand, the Demon Horde finally received the opening they yielded forever since the start of the current battle.

They basically went on a murder spree running at various directions hitting and destroying anything that moved. Although it was at the expense of their lives, they were still doing significant damage against the formerly organised defence.

Qiu Yue literally screamed for a moment when she saw how King Baal had inadvertently destroyed her defences by randomly teleporting a massive amount of troops all over the place. "Fuck this shit! ALL TROOPS DEPLOY! Activate all defences! Occupy and suppress the invaders!" Qiu Yue shouted towards the System as she picked up her own sword and wore her jacket that was now filled with many new inscriptions.

"Oh and do remember to deploy our newly captured Valgs. They were a massive nuisance in the Salamander Lord Keep, might as well let them be useful against these annoying critters too." Qiu Yue reminded the System.

If the System had the capability to do so, it would have grinned like Kraft.

Chapter 782 Ordered to Attack

The situation flipped so fast that suddenly things turned to the Demon Horde's favour. Despite his affected mentality under the Crown's influence, King Baal wasn't stupid. As soon as the news had reached him that Moloch had released the barrier one day before the deadline, he had recognised what his former tactician was up to.

As a Dungeon Core owner himself, he knew about the city-wide magical barrier that could be activated. He had used his magic outside what could be covered by the barrier to make the enemy less wary, and once all attention was on him, he had used mass teleportation as a loophole. What use would the giant shield be now, where his troops were already inside?

Counterattacking this late also meant that the enemy could not afford to hold out much longer. Their situation must be getting bleak if they had gambled on assembling their elites for a last-ditch counterattack assault.

With Moloch among the few leading the charge, it was pretty obvious they wanted to end all of this as quickly as possible. That was why King Baal did what he initially wanted to do despite knowing that using the Crown even just for a while would definitely weaken him for an ultimate fight against Moloch and his new subjects.

Coincidentally, this ended up in his favour for those 'new subjects'... the cultivators that were supposed to assist Jin had to adapt to the current situation after being teleported and kill as many enemies in order to just survive.

The Shopkeeper squad found itself in the middle of the Agriculture Sector 2 where all of Jin's giant livestock were living. Bu Dong and his classmates were teleported back to the defensive platform while the Venus Four could be seen on the military base.

As for Xiong Da and the other working adults, they noticed they were situated on the mysterious black floating fortress with scores of demons to settle as well. Only when each and every group started to stabilise themselves from the chaotic situation, did things begin to clear up.

There were actually elites hidden within the Demon Troops, and they were destroying the defences faster than the ordinary enemies could. Normally they would have been focused by the Royal Snipers, but right now with chaos ensuing everywhere it was hard to find an opportunity without missing the mark.

In the meantime, the Firestorm tornadoes were not stopping despite the sudden disappearance of their enemies. They now converged towards Jin and only him since he was the only one left on the current battlefield. And yet while he was out of helpers, the demons in the safe zone right in front of them were still intact, along with the VIPs.

"Kiva, you go." King Baal ordered out of the blue, and the Ravenous Lord nearly choked.

"Sire? Me? I am hardly a combatant..." Kiva tried to change his lord's mind while he was screaming and shouting vulgarities from within. "How about sending Prince Stolas up?"

"Does a King need to justify his orders? You have your bag of tricks, don't you? Show them to me, entertain me a little." King Baal's eyes had murderous intent, and his tone left no doubt that if he refused, he would either end him or throw his subject into the fray himself. The frightened Kiva nodded his head with reluctant compliance while his King returned back to his seat.

"Aren't you going to do something about these massive fire tornadoes? Otherwise, we both might get fried." Jin shouted towards his new opponent that came out of the safe zone. This made Kiva panic even more as his fear had made him narrow-minded that he had forgotten about the magic left by his King.

"What are you waiting for? Begin the fight." King Baal ordered as he took off his Crown and placed it back into his magical storage. His head started to bleed a little, and he was developing some headache after using it.

Kiva also understood that his involvement right now was a way to buy some time for King Baal to heal up... but why did he have to choose him as the sacrificial lamb when there were so many other pawns around?!

Also, to put him with an enemy along with the impending doom of those fire tornadoes? Did King Baal regain some sanity? Had he learned about Kiva's plans after the attack?!

"Hey, are you listening?" Jin asked the Archduke. He had already sheathed his swords as he held on to his Black Sludge Panda Mount. He could have attacked immediately, but he was similarly biding his time for Frost Echo and Flame Ripper to get rid of the magic surrounding them.

"Shut up! Shut up!" Throughout his life as a noble Kiva had never revealed any combat theatrics, instead preferring to let his creations do the work for him. This time, he was going to do the same. After all, King Baal directly stated that he could use his 'bag of tricks'. He wasn't some hotheaded adventurer seeking glory, so why should he stoop down to head-on with the unknown human adventurer?

He literally pulled out an onyx coloured bag and grabbed something from inside. He sprinkled what seemed to be dust on the ground, and a Sand Golem emerged from it while Kiva attempted to quickly return to the safe zone. To his surprise, there was a sort of windy barrier that blocked his entrance, and he realised that it was none other than Prince Stolas himself that created it.

"PRINCE! What are you doing! Let me in!" Kiva shouted as he tried to bang on the barrier, only resulting in his hand being repulsed by the air barrier.

"The fire tornadoes are coming, and I need to strengthen the safe zone barrier in case it reaches here! Don't you have your bag of tricks with you?" Prince Stolas explained in a haughty voice, and King Baal found it rather amusing.

"Stolas, it appears that you DO have a sense of humour, after all." King Baal praised his son for the first in decades as he stared at the panicking Kiva. "Now Kiva, do as you've been told. I recall your head being that of a bat, NOT a chicken!" King Baal added while he looked at Jin for comparison. Stoic and uncaring about the impending doom the two were going to experience.

"You must be jesting, my Liege!" The Sand Golem finished forming, and since Kiva felt that there was no way to escape the fiery disaster. Despite his desperate thinking, his only way out would be to literally weather the storm. "Sand Golem, protect me!" Kiva ordered as he lied down prone and got the Sand Golem to cover him while he changed his head to a raven and started chanting protective spells over him and the golem.

"Urgh, Kiva reeled his ugly head that quickly?" Moloch took a peek out of Jin's hoodie and witnessed how low Kiva could stoop just to save his own life.

"Don't tell me you would not do the same?" Jin questioned in a sarcastic manner, and Moloch scoffed at him.

"All nobles know that the first thing to do is to protect the King. If Kiva had demonstrated the least bit of chivalry proving he was willing to exchange his life to protect the safe zone just like Stolas did, Baal would probably save him from this World Class magical attack, seeing as he was the caster." Moloch explained as he started to feel the heat from the fire tornadoes.

"So maybe now's the time you can get one extra point for protecting your previous king?" Jin teasing Moloch helped him calm his own nerves a little.

"What help would that make? We should save ourselves instead." Moloch complained and started to regret coming out of the war room with Jin. "I could have easily created a copy to..." Then apparently, the idea had struck a chord with the Minotaur Lord.

"Hmmm. Yeah, you are right. This could possibly be a test for me too," Moloch muttered to himself in thought, but Jin overheard it crystal clear and also realised this could be the only attention grabbing opportunity to get King Baal out of the safe zone too.

"Then what are you waiting for?" Jin took the cotton Minotaur Lord out from his hoodie and placed it on his shoulder. "Impress your king and fellow demon mates with your 'wonder magic'."

"You bet!"

Chapter 783 Moloch's Theatrics

While the scared Kiva was busy hiding in his own shell, everyone within the safe zone looked at the entity that was responsible for causing so much trouble to the entire Demon Horde. The Minotaur Lord did not falter at their stares and instead stood proudly as if he was the only righteous person around.

Without a word, Moloch took out a blank card as he performed a simple magic trick, and suddenly his card turned blue with an ice symbol on it. As the Firestorm approached within 50 meter radius, both Jin and Moloch did not flinch. (Although it was a different story on the System Channel.)

"WHERE THE HELL IS THE ICE, FROST ECHO?!" Jin shouted in his mind as he knew it was getting too close for comfort while Moloch was doing the same.

"MY TAIL IS GONNA BURN OFF IF IT GETS ANY CLOSER! HURRY IT UP!!!" Moloch yelled as he pointed the card towards the demons in the safe zone, hoping that his 'wonder magic' would work as timed. Yet to his dismay, Frost Echo was having difficulties conjuring anything since he had been disturbed by the sudden appearance of the Demon Horde as well.

"SHUT IT! I HAVE DEMONS ON MY ASS, AND THE TWO OF YOU SCREAMING IS ONLY MAKING IT MORE DIFFICULT TO CONCENTRATE!" Frost Echo grumbled back as he decided to hasten the process by sacrificing some blood of the demons which Flame Ripper had annihilated.

Were it not for the Avatar of Ifrit acting as his bodyguard, the process of conjuring a magic equivalent to stop a world tier class spell would be even slower since Frost Echo had to contend for his life while prepping his magic for Jin. It did not help that Shiva was not particularly supportive in this current phase.

At the same time, King Baal was looking at Moloch with much curiosity ever since he had emerged from the human's clothing. However, the closer the Firestorm came, the more he became disappointed since it would seemingly finish the work for him.

Prince Stolas, on the other hand, was having an internal struggle on whether or not he should aid his seemingly troubled mentor. As his former student, he had learnt to pick up on some of his mentor's...distress. He clearly recognised the nervous twitch of his Moloch's left ear, indicating that he was outside his comfort zone.

A quick scan using his magical eyes further revealed this to be the case. Stolas couldn't see any aura or sense the smallest traces of magic being emitted out of the card despite all of Moloch's entertaining theatrics.

"ALRIGHT! IT'S READY!" Frost Echo celebrated as he tore the head of an incoming demon soldier and smashed it with his bare hands. Even he was frustrated by the lack of assistance from his ice patron and wanted to see if his current powers could match up with the Firestorm that was summoned by King Baal.

At that moment, Moloch, who had his ice card pointed at his audience, immediately enlarged it with magic and threw it behind him. The giant ice card flew towards the fiery tornadoes and was thoroughly burnt by it. Realising that it was all a joke to waste time, some of the mages who saw it laughed and criticised how Moloch had fallen ...Until they saw several wide block-shaped pillars of ice dropping behind Jin and Moloch, defending them from the impending Firestorm of doom.

At first, they were bewildered by it but some of them with more acute perceptions, especially Stolas, saw that the ice was being melted by the intensely heated tornadoes.

"Shit!" Frost Echo cursed to himself as he wondered if there was not enough sacrifice to power up the pillars. "I did get the size correct but not the strength!"

"With that kind of measly sacrifice? You are already lucky that the ice had not vanished right at the start!" Shiva suddenly spoke out in Frost Echo's mind, and before he could ask any questions, she had taken over his body.

"If people were to know that I reside in a body that cast such poorly done ice spells... Nevermind, I shall show you how this Queen does it!" Shiva confidently raised her fingers, and with a snap, those melting ice blocks turned solid once more.

Not only that, but they also started growing again until they became as large as the tornado itself and began to fall towards the direction. As if the Firestorm was a physical entity, the block pillars literally consumed the fiery tornadoes in one fell swoop.

However, the moment the pillars consumed the Firestorm spell, it disappeared as allowing it to fall to the ground would be equivalent of sending the pillar to crash onto the islands. Especially when the ice pillars were stretched to the skies to consume the tornadoes.

"Still, you got to admit, the spell wasn't that bad." Ifrit who had similarly possessed Flame Ripper, appearing simultaneously as Shiva, commented on the World Class Magic that King Baal had cast. Without Frost Echo knowing, Ifrit had also lent them a helping hand by absorbing a portion of the fire tornado and converting it into fire chaos energy.

Unlike Dread Reaver who did not know how to handle the corrupted energy, Ifrit was very well versed in converting that corrupted energy into his very own without any sign of affection. Flame Ripper who was merely a consciousness in his own body, queried how Ifrit was able to do that and his only answer was that they were Shaitans.

"We were born from corruption before turning into masters of elementals." Ifrit explained as he turned and looked at the massive amount of demon soldiers roaming around. Without caring to check for friendlies and defenders, he hurled the fire chaos energy haphazardly towards the largest concentration of demons before returning the body back to the Flame Ripper.

Shiva did the same as if they had completed an objective of sorts and left their Avatars to their own devices.

"I hope that was enough!" Frost Echo panted as he turned and helped Flame Ripper up after punching one of the demon soldiers away. "Come on, buddy, let's hunt some demons. If we cannot keep it up now, how will we defeat those rats?"

"Urgh, don't remind me about them. I had enough sorties at the outskirts of Wecha. Those rats were a pain in the ass." Flame Ripper sighed as he pulled his bow out from his storage ring.

"Hah! You think my Orcs will be satisfied with just one war? Maybe you Goblins should exercise more." Frost Echo playfully used the race card on Flame Ripper, rendering him to roll his eyes. (Though that did not stop him from successfully hitting one of the demon soldiers right between its eyes.)

Separately, the demons in the safe zone were slightly stunned. They did not expect Moloch to have the capability to stop a World Class Magic, especially one cast by their King. Only a few fell for his theatrics, yet even the doubters understood that someone on his side certainly had the capabilities to achieve such a feat.

The Demons subsequently heard a slow clap coming from the front... the one clapping was none other than the King himself. "Rather entertaining. Now proceed with the main show. Only one of you will leave alive. If it isn't you, it will be Kiva."

Kiva who eventually realised that the storm somehow had passed stuck his head out of the Sand Golem and started to stare at the cotton toy with intense hate.

"Molo...ch!"

"Ah, if that is the case, then I shall get my 'subjects' to fight instead. As an owner of a Dungeon Core yourself, I sincerely hope that you do not mind." Moloch suggested, but even before his request could be answered by King Baal, two shadows teleported right in front of Jin.

"So, it's a 'scientists vs scientist' fight?" Ayse confirmed as she stretched her hands a bit.

"It seems a little unfair, though." Weslie emerged while slapping the dust away from her casual long sleeve coat. Despite the hot weather, she had insisted on wearing it which baffled a number of them who were watching this.

"Since when have we ever fought fair? Isn't our whole job to ensure that we have the advantage over the other side?" Ayse replied with a raised eyebrow.

"She's right. There's no such thing as fair in war. Besides, your enemy never played fair too." Moloch agreed as Jin stepped backwards, allowing the scientists to battle against each other while beckoning King Baal to make his move too.

Chapter 784 Boss Figh

Although Moloch and Jin tried to provoke King Baal into action, they really did not expect their opponent to respond to it. King Baal felt that they knew this was their only chance to fight him when he was not in his tip-top form.

Alas, as a King in the midst of battle, he could not ask for the opponent to come back tomorrow after he had a good night's sleep. Hence, in order to at least bid some time, he purposely put on a grandiose manner by telling his imps to don his extra armour on while taking the spare time to recover.

On the flip side, Jin was actually a little flustered now that it worked too well. "You have something up your sleeve against him, right?" Jin asked Moloch who had already returned to Jin's hoodie.

"What?! I thought you provoked him because you had some sort of edge against him!" Moloch retorted in the System's channel.

"Huh?! I thought you had something in mind as well! Isn't that partially the reason why we came to confront him?!"

"NO! I came with you because you needed a bait! That's all! Otherwise, I would not have stuck myself out for this!"

"What the hell? Weren't you the one who kept telling me that we would have to eventually go against King Baal?! We've been building defences all those weeks, but you had YEARS to come up with stuff!"

"Well, I DID, but only against King Baal's army! If I had the power to take him out by myself, don't you think I would have done so before you capture me? Besides, I thought that Master, you would be capable of fighting him... isn't that why you wanted to go for this counterattack assault?!"

"My whole plan revolved around us beating him down like adventurers do against a Final Boss. Do you see any Pandawans around? How was I supposed to know he could just teleport them all away, leaving us alone!"

"Hey, this is the battlefield. You cannot blame me that things go south, but at least the System gave you that particular gift. Just use it!"

"That's called a trump card for a reason! I can't be using a trump card so quickly!"

"The Mass Teleportation cast earlier appears to have affected those send away. For the time being, it is not possible to bring the Pandawans back as reinforcement. System recommends User to use your so called 'Trump card' immediately. Statistically, there is no way User is able to defeat King Baal with his current Cultivation Grade."

"And whose fault is it, that I keep having other things to do instead of cultivating?! Besides, someone once said I am growing a little too fast?"

"System has no recollection of saying such things."

"What..." Jin suddenly felt an immense stare and he 'woke' up from their little game of shifting the blame.

"It seems like you are courting your death, human. Give me Moloch, and I will make it a painless one. Beg for your life, and I might even let you keep it." King Baal laid out his demands as he pointed at the cotton toy hiding within Jin's hoodie cap.

"That request does not sound very kingly. From your past actions, you have been rather dominant and assertive. What happened?" Jin questioned, and Moloch felt like killing him. He trusted Jin enough not hand him over, but did he have to provoke King Baal even more?!

"You mad?! What are you thinking about goading him further?"

"Would you prefer me to give you to him instead? We got to buy some time, and since he hasn't attacked yet, a conversation seems to be our best choice, right?"

"Who the hell taught you this was any way to hold a conversation?!"

Moloch felt the urge to hit his master with something for being so incompetent in speech. "No wonder, you still don't have any girlfriends at all despite being surrounded by girls around you!"

"Since when is this about me?!" Jin's expression darkened in an instant because of his conversation with Moloch instead of King Baal, making the latter instinctively reach for his frog tongue-whip sword at his waist.

The rest of the Royal Guards knew how powerful their King was, but when Baal did that one small action, they suddenly picked their arms as well, as if they really needed to protect their King from Moloch and his human companion. Only when Baal realised his actions, he turned his head to the side and told the rest of the guards to stand down.

"This will be purely my fight. No one is to interfere! I will personally defeat the two of them and end this invasion." He shouted, and the rest quietly acknowledged it.

"Oh boy. Now if we call others out to help, it will be considered as a dishonourable fight." Moloch sighed in the System Channel.

"Since when does that matter? We already have Ayse and Weslie fighting against Kiva in a two on one match. I was ready to group against him, so if he decides to take on a handicap, I won't mind." Jin said until he caught a glimpse of the battlefield at his left. He was right about the fight having developed into an unfair situation... only the advantage now lay with Kiva.

The Archduke had been busy summoning more of his chimaera soldiers to pit against Jin's scientists. The Sand Golem had merely been a defensive summon to protect him while his true powers came from his chimaeras.

"See! Even the enemy is fighting unfairly!"

"Normally, I'd agree. But this is different, Master. If we engage in a fight with the owner of the invading Dungeon Core, our own Dungeon Core will create a special engagement arena between the involved parties. If the System already had problems teleporting back the Pandawans, I doubt it will be able to circumvent that sacred arena. Nevertheless, even if we do manage to win against him, we can get him to back off." Moloch explained while Jin placed his hand on Bam's hilt.

"Involved parties, you said? Then so be it." Jin smiled as he now looked directly at King Baal's eyes. "We accept your challenge."

Only then Moloch realised what Jin was talking about and gave a heavy sigh. "I hope the Dungeon Core recognises what you mean by the 'involved parties'."

"Why not?" Jin asked as he squatted a little and went into a battle stance as taught by Zeru.

"Very well." King Baal relished hearing those few words from that human companion of Moloch. He believed it was all words and no strength to back up his talk, especially when there was no menacing aura coming from him.

With enough experience in the Dungeon World, he believed sometimes judging the book by its cover was more than sufficient. Even with his injury from the crown's power, he mentally calculated that he

would need less than 30 seconds fighting at his best to take him down and subsequently subdue Moloch.

"Alright, let's do it," Moloch said as he shouted a command aloud.

"Dungeon Core of Pandapolis. Both parties have accepted the duel!" Suddenly, a magical counter appeared right between King Baal and Jin, causing the ground to shake a little. Jin realised that the Dungeon Core was demarcating the fight area by lifting a piece of land up from the ground.

"Rules of engagement: To win, kill or force your opponent into submission. If your opponent is out of the ring for more than 10 seconds, you win. Ready? In 5, 4, 3..."

Chapter 785 Drill Rhino

"It's been a long time since I had the chance to battle myself." Ayse stretched her hands and legs while Weslie was busy taking notes of the chimaera soldiers that were Kiva literally pulled out of his bag. They were neither the Lion Mantis nor Bat Bottleflies but instead a series of new monster which Jin's scientists hadn't encountered before.

Bipedal in nature the purplish-blue monster had narrow eyes, fluffy ears with leather-ish tufts and a short neck filled with jagged teeth. Yes, there was a mouth on its neck. Two large venomous horns were on its forehead and a ridge of spiky spines down its back. Metallic plates covered the entirety of its chest, and stony spine edges were on each side of the elbow.

Each palm had three variable drill looking claws, and the feet had triple hoof-like nails. Not to mention its tail should be a terribly potent weapon in Weslie's opinion. Given her knowledge of animals and plants, with this kind of length and size, the tail would be capable of smashing, constricting and even breaking the bones of any creature smaller than it. There was no doubt that if either one of them got caught, there was a good chance they could die from it almost instantly.

So what could be worse than one such monstrosity... naturally, it would be two. Soon enough, the second entered the scene from Kiva's bag of 'tricks'. He laughed as he watched his two female opponents take a few steps after his Drill Rhinos simultaneously let out an ear-splitting howl. (Truth be told, he hadn't reacted any better when he gave 'birth' to them.)

"I am honestly quite curious how he was able to keep two such monsters in his bag. Void magic? Bag of bottomless storage? But if so, how could the monsters survive?" Ayse queried towards the direction of Weslie.

"Oh my, I didn't believe my opponent was someone so knowledgeable. This is something I would actually like to brag about. You see, I managed to find a way that allows me to sew a magic circle and incantations of a separate dimensional space onto this particular bag." Kiva boasted from behind the safety of his Sand Golem.

"So you managed to export air and ground space into this dimensional space allowing them to live inside? Then how do you maintain the mana consumption of the dimensional space?" Ayse nodded as she wrote down his answer while he shook his head.

"That is where you are wrong. This is merely a gateway to that dimensional space."

"OH! So, you have more than one entry and exit! Or perhaps this is just your exit, and thus you do not need to keep up the mana consumption and just use it as and when."

"You aren't entirely correct, but not too far off." Kiva for once felt happy that someone understood him in a short amount of time.

"That is rather unique. A similar concept to the dimensional dungeon instance but probably without any time delay. Anyway, don't spoil it all. I am looking forward to discovering the rest on my own. I call dibs on his bag!" Ayse declared as she conjured a lightning fused fireball and threw it towards Kiva.

As expected, the Drill Rhinos were smart enough to block to the projectile for their master and stopped the lightning fireball in the nick of time. Kiva, who was cowering in fear because of the close shave, quickly ordered the Drill Rhinos to attack the two ladies.

Ayse quickly clapped her fingers, and a wave of electricity move straight towards the two Drill Rhinos, paralysing them so that Weslie could follow up. The Scholar of the West used her storage ring to grab a steampunk pneumatic rifle.

"What are you guys staring into space for? Stop acting and protect me properly!" Kiva shouted as he kicked the closest one in his butt. The Drill Rhinos shook its paralysation off and started to stomp at the direction of the armed Weslie.

"Here's hoping I've properly calibrated it to account for the backlash." Weslie thought as she pulled onto a lever underneath the rifle while magically inserting air into the pneumatic cylinder. Without even aiming, she shot the rifle, and a crossbow bolt flew out of the barrel of the pneumatic rifle's barrel instead of a metal pellet.

Because of her initial configuration to high power, the bolt was shot out with a loud screeching blast of air and pierced through the first Drill Rhino that was charging towards her. Even with its heavy-duty natural metal plate, the crossbow bolt had managed to penetrate through the Drill Rhino's defences and even had enough force to fly towards the second Drill Rhino behind it.

But after going through that ton of meat mass, the arrow had lost all velocity, and it merely made a cling sound upon contact with the second Drill Rhino's metal plates. However, for the former Drill Rhino, the shot incidentally pierced a couple major arteries near its heart, causing massive internal bleeding from within.

Hence, it dropped its speed within seconds and died nearly on the spot after a few seconds. But within that few seconds, the latter Drill Rhino did not stop at his comrade's demise and continued to charge towards Weslie who had kneeled to fire the Pneumatic Rifle.

"Don't worry, girl. I got you covered." Ayse said as she too had whipped out a two-handed rifle which had construction rails at the side of the barrel. Electricity was seen being generated from her hands and

subsequently stored into a battery component of the gun before it discharged out and zapped the Drill Rhino.

Yet, this was her first time using the Arc Induction Lance Rifle, a prototype weapon which Ayse had been developing as a side project during her 'I build my own stuff for my own benefit' time. And the results turned out to... exceptionally stunning.

While it did not paralyse the Drill Rhino like her thunderclap magic, the Arc Induction Lance Rifle managed to successfully discharge an intense beam of photon-based lightning and practically burnt off the Drill Rhino's leg, causing it to disappear within an instant.

The Drill Rhino fell before it ever managed to come close enough to either scientist. Ayse was extremely thrilled with the results of her new prototype weapon against a living target.

"Huh, I kind of expected some resistance from them. But not this deadly... Very well, you force my hand too." Kiva transformed his head into the Raven form and started chanting inexplicable sentences which the two scientists were unable to comprehend.

Suddenly the bodies of the two Drill Rhinos that were in front of them started to vibrate and moved like two magnets attracting each other. "This should be a fair amount of challenge that renders you incapable of incapacitating me!."

"You sound confident. What's your estimated survival rate?" Ayse questioned in a haughty tone.

"I'd say 100% but judging by how easily you managed to defeat these two Drill Rhinos, I will give a pessimistic rate of 80-85%." Kiva conjured as the two Drill Rhinos began merging together.

"You should redo your math. The answer should be zero." Ayse retorted as she started to induce more charge into her Arc Induction Lance Rifle while Weslie powered her Pneumatic Rifle further, reloading it with another crossbow bolt.

"Hahah! I assure you, I made no such mistake. Anyways, it's been fun interacting with you all too!" Kiva laughed as he turned his head back into a Bat and instinctively tried to return to the safe zone... only to run straight into Stolas' barrier once more.

"Damn that Owl Head Prince!"

Chapter 786 Gluttony

Itori looked over the mountain of corpses that lay in front of her. From mindless demons to seemingly strong ones, they were all hungry to eat her up. But even before they could do anything, Itori had already killed anything that came close to her. Without any allowance to have a break, it somehow caused her to lose the sense of time in the circle of Gluttony.

Yet the moment she realised that she was done clearing the enemies, Itori continued to be restless and disappointed that the Circle of Gluttony was underwhelming. The White Fox was still hungry for stronger opponents, and this prison was a lie to her when the dungeon core key was left in the open in a

sparkling golden chest. Was there nothing that could provide her with a sufficient amount of challenge to sate her appetite?

Even her older sister and brother were proving to be less than effective sparring partners with the advent of her new weapon, and she could not help but yearn for stronger enemies.

"Then perhaps, you should defeat yourself." The chest snapped back hard as she tried to pick up the dungeon core key from inside it.

"A mimic..." Itori said to herself, and even though it only wounded her a little when the gold chest bit her hand tightly, it ultimately still hurt. No teeth were seen at first glance, but the moment the trunk closed, she could feel dozen jagged edges poking her arm. (It would not be a problem if Itori did not remove the power fist to pick the key up, but she was afraid she would break it accidentally.) Therefore, Itori smashed the chest with her left power fist and caused it to break open instantly.

But when she took a closer look at the dungeon core key, it turned to dust, and Itori panicked a little. Did she accidentally break the key when she brute forced opened the golden chest?! "Well...guess I'll have to move to the lowest floor and break open the door for them..." Itori thought to herself until she heard a maniacal laugh.

"You think you got the key?! Hahahahah!" Apparently, the chest had just disappeared only to reappear approximately 10 metres away from her. It then revealed its true form...

"Ew. You are disgusting..." Itori pointed at the chest mimic that had bitten her. In its true form, three heads in the shape of the very same golden treasure chests emerged from the main torso of the monster as it roared its almighty name out for Itori to hear. (Even though she didn't really give two toots about the monster's name.)

"I am Chestberus! The Mighty Guard Supervisor for the Gluttony Level. No matter how many monsters you've defeated, you will never win against me!" The Three Chest Head Monster yelled as he opened his mouth and coins started to pour out of it.

After which, the coins slowly stacked together, as if they were fusing as one entity. Only when the form became more concrete, did Itori notice that it was actually mimicking her own form.

"After a quick bite, I am able to replicate the form of my opponent! So, no matter what, you won't be able to defeat your very own doppelganger! Prepare to die miserably in my -WHAT?!" As Chestberus was in the midst of goading about this ability, Itori had sent the coin infused form of herself into oblivion with a single kick.

The coin creature shattered into its individual parts and flew as indirect scatter projectiles hurting the Chestberus. "Impossibru! There is no way!" Chestberus now opened all three of his chest mouths and recreated the very same doppelganger three times more. He also made sure that he had inserted more than the number of required coins to make these doppelgangers and strengthened them further.

Yet once again, Itori didn't wait for them to finish as she decimated the three doppelgangers in the blink of an eye. Furthermore, she did not hesitate to punch and destroy one of Chestberus heads. "Give me the dungeon core key, and I'll let you get away with your life still intact. Might not be the entirety of it but still something." Itori had enough playing around with weaklings for the day.

"No! I am the Gluttony Guard who has served this prison ever since its inception! I will not hand the key over witho-" And with that, Itori had had enough of the odd-looking three-headed chest dog and punched him out of existence.

With his disappearance, the real treasure chest lined with intricate golden linings and patterns emerged from all bloodied coins on the ground. "Should have done that a minute ago instead of yapping about." Itori berated her late opponent as she ripped open the treasure chest and picked the dungeon core key.

"CHANCE!" A voice echoed in the depths of the Gluttony Level, and a new treasure chest tried to bite her from the back. The very last resort of Chestberus but Itori was faster. She grabbed the chest's top as soon as he had let out a noise and met it with a furious punch.

The blow was so immense that the Dungeon Core for the Gluttony level was unable to sustain its infrastructure and the impact of Itori's fist led to a giant hole, revealing the Prison Core of the lower basement level. Her actions had been on a purely instinctive level and had been further strengthened by her innate hatred for ambushes. The White Fox's punch impact had inadvertently killed off the Guard Supervisor for the level of Greed as well.

"No way...how did you even realise that I had a copy in Greed's level?!" The leftover golden chest debris of Chestberus coughed as he did not expect for his opponent to be able to figure out that he was actually the Guard Supervisor of two levels.

If the two copies were not killed within a span of five minutes, Chestberus would be able to regenerate indefinitely as he had made a link with the heaps of food and coins stockpiles on both levels.

No one in decades had been able to defeat these two levels since they never knew they were intertwined. Chestberus was considered as the ultimate gatekeeper for Paradiso because of his hidden ability to regenerate and ambush their challengers so long that one of the two copies existed.

"Seriously, Itori. AGAIN?! Do you find it funny to killsteal my prey?!" Ixa complained loudly from below when she realised that the Prison Core had released the key on her end before she even met the guardian.

"..."

"...It's just a coincidence. Really!" Itori shouted back as she crossed her fingers at her back. She honestly hoped that her elder sister wasn't too mad. At least this time around it really realllly wasn't done on purpose.

"Argh~! Whatever, I will just clear the remaining monsters here." Ixa replied with a shake of her head before returning to clean up the remnants of the Prison Core.

Meanwhile, Itori looked at the leftover piece of Chestberus. "Don't ever try to ambush me! I hate it when people do that. Fight me face to face if you wish to challenge me again!" She berated it as she squeezed her hand. Slowly but surely, Chestberus turned into splinters and subsequently dust. (As if he wanted to challenge such a fearsome foe once more.)

With the Gluttony and Greed Keys now in their possession, there were still five more keys for the remaining foxes to get.

Chapter 787 The Ultimate Chimaera - Part 1

"No, No, No! Noooo!!!!" Kiva repeatedly shouted after a sudden explosion had nearly hit him. "How could this be?!"

The two other scientists who were ready to take him on were unsure what exactly was going on. One moment Kiva had been combining the two nearly dead Drill Rhinos into one so that it could 'pulverise' them into submission, yet the very next after surviving a blast Kiva was screaming as if it had hit him.

Yet Kiva was more worried about the consequences of this distraction than his near-death encounter.

The magical combination of the two Drill Rhinos required a set amount of mana to succeed. Any more or less would reduce the optimal abilities of the newly fused monsters. What had happened was that a shot from Stalingrad might have failed to get Kiva, but it had perfectly hit the not yet fully formed monster.

Kiva had imbued it with a shield strong enough to deflect any attacks the two scientists in front of him should have been able to use, but the shield had not been enough to counter the explosive force. In fact, the shell nearly killed not only Kiva but also the two scientists in its vicinity. Ayse did shout back at Wolte in the System Channel for not being careful enough.

In essence, that explosive form of energy had affected the quality and quantity of mana given during fusion, resulting in a definite deformity of the Drill Rhinos. Usually, Kiva would not care for failures as he treated most of his specimens as dirt anyway. But right now, it was crucial for his survival and pride when the entirety of the Royal Guards (Not to mention Stolas) was looking at him.

Since his perfectly fused Drill Rhinos was no longer achievable, he decided to mix up the whole combination to make up for any possible defects it might have.

The Ravenous Lord continued to chant magical words furiously in his Raven Head form as he opened his bag and threw various other specimens into the mix like the Bat Bottleflies and Lion Mantis.

"Now he is just mashing all the various monsters into one. There's no elegance in his current chimaera..." Weslie commented, and Kiva stared at her angrily.

"SHUT UP! YOU DO NOT HAVE TO TELL ME THAT! If not for your friend! You would have seen the masterpiece of my creation!!" Kiva shouted as he feared that even the new abomination might not be able to win against the two scientists, especially after he had seen what power their personal arsenal held.

"Unless... Unless..." Kiva was a little hesitant but knowing that if he lost this battle, King Baal could possibly remove him from his position permanently. Then all his future plans would remain dreams. There was no way for redemption when since his units had failed repeatedly. The very same units that had brought victory after victory since their inception.

Maybe the enemies got lucky in the first try since the Bat Bottleflies were not complete products. However, Moloch and his team of rag tags not only defeated his batches of Lion Mantis but annihilated

them with ease despite the enhancement given by the crown. He started to feel that the crown was not as omnipotent as he conceived it to be.

Thus, his only way out was to redeem the failures by winning against the enemy... or the very least die valiantly trying.

"Screw this!" Kiva thought to himself and loudly chanted a forbidden verse of magic which added himself into the fusion process. Weslie tried to intervene by shooting at him, but somehow, even the monster abomination that was being fused was sentient enough to block the attack for his master.

A shade of overwhelming darkness temporarily blinded the people at the scene, and suddenly the fused monster alongside Kiva had disappeared.

The System's alert popped up and stated that an unknown object was flying towards the direction of Stalingrad.

"What, so I am the target?" Wolte squinted his eyes as he automatically aimed his guns towards the flying object and shot everything he had towards it. To his surprise, the flying abomination was agile enough to dodge all projectiles.

"You... This ship...! This ship has been a source of annoyance ever since I saw you emerging out of the waters!" Kiva shouted. He had completely fused with the various chimaeras to become the possibly ultimate monster he had ever created. His fear of fighting was now overpowered by the multiple aggressive instincts inhabited within the abomination.

He had been unaware whether it could work and even if it did Kiva had been worried if he could maintain his sanity with the minds of the various monsters getting connected to him. Still, he was left with no other chance and decided to take that gamble.

However, he did not know that he merely got lucky. The residual crown energy within him was actually the critical key factor that had allowed him to fuse his entire body together with the rest. Without that, the foregone conclusion would have been him and the rest of his creations dying because of the rejection of too many foreign cells, leaving him to die miserably.

"Pfft! Not as if you were here when I emerged out of the waters." Wolte said in loudspeaker mode and that stunned Kiva for a moment, providing the old man boat with an attack of opportunity to hurt it. One of the shots splattered his left arm off, and Wolte imagined he scored a good hit.

But the annoying abomination still flew steadily towards the ship...with a new arm replacing the old one in a matter of seconds.

"You can't be serious. That kind of injury and he could regrow that quickly?" Wolte thought to himself as he maintained his firing while telling the Royal Snakes to prepare for a hijack.

"I've always wondered where you've hidden, you old fool! I cannot believe you stuck your old arse helping Moloch! By finishing you off, King Baal is bound to reward me heavily!" Kiva laughed as he increased his speed and zoomed towards the ship. "Now come out and face me, old man!"

In less than a few seconds, he hovered right above the ship and smirked. Most of Wolte's heavy cannons were unable to operate at that distance, and the anti air and anti infantry shots suddenly proved to be useless against the Kiva's new form.

With the fusion of the Bottlefly and Praying Mantis' wings, he was finally able to adjust to the speed of the shots and evaded them speedily. "Hahaha! Try as you will, but your new toy is no threat to me. You've always boasted about being accepting any duels. Now come out and let me show you MY powers!"

"You have to remember that humans might not be as straightforward as those shells and bullets." Gan Yang's voice appeared right behind the boasting Kiva, and he stabbed his dagger into Kiva's neck despite the metal plates all over his body.

Without a doubt, the Ravenous Lord panicked a little seeing how some human had managed to appear this high into the air and had been able to remain undetected thus far. Ignoring the surprise attack the human made, Kiva quickly turned and slashed him with his Mantis Blade.

Knowing it was a suicide attack, Gan Yang fell to the ground with his body split into two. Nevertheless, knowing that his knife had submerged into the enemy's body, he was certain he had completed his mission.

Chapter 788 The Ultimate Chimaera - Part 2

"Hahahah! Didn't you puny humans claimed that power was everything and such trickery was a sign of weakness?!" Kiva could already feel his body parts slowing down a little, and that was enough for Wolte's gun systems to place a shot at him, making Kiva fall to the ground.

Gan Yang's suicide attack was to ensure he petrified Kiva so that he could stop dodging their attack. Since the Ravenous Lord had yet to acclimate himself to his new body, it was relatively easy for Gan Yang to get onto him without Kiva noticing.

The rest of Gan Yang's crew decidedly tried to finish up their Captain's job after Wolte had pierced Kiva's wings. They were sure they could 'avenge' their captain as Gan Yang's petrification poison was working its way through Kiva's entire body.

However, the short laughter Kiva let out caused Wolte to have some unsuspecting concerns. True enough, like any type of evolved boss, Kiva was not done yet. The petrification poison had worked initially but as they soon found out Kiva merely shed off the affected part of the abomination body and grew an entirely new one. The petrified pieces of his previous body became the protection it needed to counter against the deadly poisonous strikes of the Royal Snake soldiers.

After which, he brandished his Mantis Blades and cut off the Royal Snake soldiers while shaking the rest of the petrified body parts away, revealing a brand new body. How were they supposed to know that as long as he had his 'bag of tricks' on him, he could indefinitely summon new chimaeras to replace his body, allowing him to become pseudo immortal.

Kiva took the chance to take flight and was once more fast enough to make Wolte's guns appear as nothing but decoration. The Ravenous Lord sheathed the Mantis Blades and revealed a massive spinning drill by putting both of his arms together, allowing it to merge as one.

With a bit of chanting, he imbued his large drill and did a flyover before aiming at the ship's stern. "Traitor Wolte! Accept your undeniable fate! I do not know where you are hiding in this ship but may this be the last time we meet!" Kiva yelled as he pushed all his strength into his insectoid wings and hoped to pierce the entire ship.

His once timid demeanour seemed to have disappeared with the ascension of his new powers as he attempted to destroy the most powerful weapon in Moloch's disposal.

"Nope, you don't!" Wolte replied and in an instant like a bubble that had burst, the ship disappeared into thin air, leaving only the dead and injured bodies of the Royal Snake Army floating in the sea. Wolte had reverted into his slug form and his buddy Mr Derpy provided him with a magical foam that allowed him to breathe underwater.

Seeing that the ship suddenly disappeared, Kiva was unsure what to do for a moment. Then he looked back to the scientists who were still at the front for the safe zone. To his surprise, no Royal Guards or demon soldiers were keeping them occupied.

It was as if they were all friends and foes watching what was happening to King Baal and Jin. Apparently, the human and Moloch were somehow still able to hold their weight against King Baal, keeping him a little entertained.

"Tsk! And here I thought I was making a brilliant show for them to watch! Damn it! Baal, even if you succeed... Just you wait till the Agents from the Church of the Afterlife come for you!" Kiva grumbled to himself as he flew back at top speed planning to ambush the researchers that had made him into a laughing stock previously.

"Oh, here he comes," Weslie said as the System had alerted them of his incoming assault and Ayse casually looked back.

"He's really grown to become a nuisance. Not only did he remove one of our (surprisingly) greatest assets on the battlefield, but now he wants to take revenge against us? He should deserve punishment and learn his place." Ayse commented.

"Ah, but you cannot deny his art in transmutation. I believe Derek would love to have a discussion about that with him. Who knows, perhaps it might lead to some improvement in our giant monster's ability to grow more crops."

"That is true. If Derek learns how to effectively fuse animals with non-living stuff like metal, it might be possible he could help Rei create the organic robot cockpit interface which we've talked about." Ayse agreed as she prepared a bolt of lightning to shoot at Kiva.

"You cannot be serious!" Weslie was shocked but kept her pneumatic rifle and brought out a steampunk tower shield.

"Why not? If that stupid bat could assist Derek and Rei to make the cockpit, it would be akin to moving our bodies in a clunky metal body easily. Without all those stupid controls. It will be pretty helpful

against an armada of space robots and ships to get that Titan Brain. -Huh, I wonder if we can also modify the Stalingrad into a spaceship..." Ayse immediately lost herself in thought, and Weslie quickly moved to her front and blocked the incoming dive assault from Kiva.

The tower shield immediately ledged itself to the ground and an energy battery activated the energy shield to protect the two researchers. It was using the very same shield generator concept they had used for the protection of the anti air companies just that it was a smaller build. In fact, this was the first prototype Ayse had created with Weslie only that this steampunk tower shield had lived through many iterations.

Abomination Kiva tried to break the defence of the tower shield, but hot air was sprayed out against the assaulter, scalding his face and arms.

A function which was slightly unconventional since the air exhaust pipes were meant solely to cool down the heat emitted from the shield generator.

Weslie had only thought of the pipes to face upwards, but one of Ayse's comments during the creation process had led to it facing the enemies. "If you can scald them or even distract them from your shield, it will allow you to attack. Then it will actually serve the purpose of defending oneself too."

It was effective.

Kiva stopped the attack and flew backwards because the hot air had gotten not only on his face but also in his mouth, throat and lungs as he tried to breathe.

"Now!" Weslie called as she unhinged the tower shield and kicked it at the bottom right corner, causing it to topple backwards. Weslie kneeled down to support the rest of the tower shield's weight. With a weight differentiation sensor, the tower shield immediately popped up two hinges from the middle edges of the shield and in turn, assisted Weslie from bearing the full weight of the shield.

At the same time, the falling of the tower shield revealed to Kiva that Ayse was preparing a fully charged arc lance with the thunderbolt she had cast on her hand previously. "With pleasure!" Ayse shouted as she already pushed the trigger on her arc induction lance rifle towards the distracted abomination.

"Oh Shit!"

Chapter 789 The Ultimate Chimaera - Final

Kiva was not the one to have cursed, but instead, it was actually Ayse and Weslie who were now in trouble. When Weslie had lowered the tower shield for Ayse to shoot her Arc Induction Lance Rifle, Kiva, in turn, had ready a long spinning drill at the tip of his tail.

The Lightning Arc from the Lance Rifle did not damage Kiva in any single way. Rather, the drill acted like a potent lightning rod, as well as storing all the electrical potential in its spinning tail. "I've already predicted that you were going to hit me with that electrical fluff gadget you have. Too bad for you, I knew a way to store it for my own use! Now have a taste of your own medicine!"

The previous two Drill Rhino could have also deflected the attack... if their drill was at the receiving point of the electrical energy. But too bad for the Chimaeras, the Arc Lance was a little too unwieldy for Ayse despite her fairly stout build. So, the lightning arc moved sideways and damaged other areas instead, causing them to fall.

Still, it was a mystery as to how Kiva's long drill tail had managed to store all that electrical energy, spinning while not being hurt by it. Unfortunately, there was no time for the researchers to analyse it as Kiva decided to go into the offensive by plucking its tail and turning it into a flail with the drill spinning furiously with electrical pulses emitted at different intervals.

Weslie quickly propped up the tower shield again to defend against the attack, and while Kiva knew that he could easily move to the side and destroy them, he decided to entertain them further.

The feeling of dominance over these two ladies of science somehow was a tad too intoxicating to just let go, and it was an excellent opportunity not to break their inventions. It was as if he had to prove a point that his craft was far too strong for them to handle.

However, to his surprise, the spinning flail of a drill tail did not manage to put a single scratch or dent on Weslie's tower shield. Ayse, now aware that her Arc Induction Lance Rifle was useless, decided to use the very same weapon that Kraft had employed against the Dragonlite sentries.

"Behold! The Edged Boomerangs!" Ayse grinned widely when she took it out from her storage ring and started to induce them with magic.

Even without line of sight, Ayse threw them with ease as they magically aimed for the target beyond the tower shield and they struck the enemy with precision. However, to her dismay, the attack did not seem to be as powerful as recorded in the System's database.

"Did Kraft lie to the System?" Ayse thought to herself as Kiva dismissed the feeble attempts of the Edged Boomerangs.

"Negative. Original Bellator Kraft merely used chi manipulation to make the attacks stronger. The weapon was still working as intended. Regrettably, your power output cannot compare to his." The System replied all of a sudden, and it made the situation for the two ladies even more desperate.

Frustrated that his weapon did not work as intended, Kiva decided to perform a sidestep to defeat the defender and proceed to cut Ayse's head off. However, he did not expect that the moment he moved, the tower shield was moving at the same speed as him.

"How could this be?!" Kiva thought to himself as he now tried to pass and hit Ayse with his flailing drill from a distance, but the tower shield kept intervening just as the drill left Kiva's proximity.

"Surprised? Don't be. Your drill eating electricity is equally a mystery to us. Thought we'd return the favour." Weslie smirked as she managed to counterattack when Kiva had a slight opening after his weapon was deflected by her shield.

"You impudent human!" Kiva shouted as he continued to underestimate Weslie by trying to move faster and attempted to get rid of Ayse by flying over. (Especially when he deemed Weslie too weak to even bring up the tower shield.)

"Hah! Try harder!" Weslie taunted behind the safety of the tower shield. She lifted it upwards with ease and protected Ayse from being hit. Yet, all of this was merely a distraction.

Kiva was actually aiming for their concentration to focus on him. He mumbled a few magical words and the flail turned into the very same drill that Kiva had attempted to use against the Stalingrad.

"Since, I lost the opportunity to use it about minutes ago... Then you will have to become my target board!" Kiva declared. He flew away from the two researchers and used that distance to gain speed. Again, he mumbled a few more taboo words and the drill spun even more rapidly, to the point that its sound became irritating enough to cause Jin and King Baal to stop for a moment to see what Kiva was about to do.

"Stop. How about a temporary truce. I'd like to see what my advisor is capable of doing." King Baal suggested that with a prideful and unyielding tone. It was as if he was rewarding Jin for even managing to entertain him until now.

Nevertheless, Jin gladly agreed, making use of the time to catch his breath and at the same time relieved that King Baal curiosity gave him the break he needed.

It was definitely clear that the King of Demon Metropolis was merely toying or buying time for his subjects. For what reason, Jin did not know as he trusted that his monsters and remaining cultivators were equally capable of stopping the Demon Horde in their tracks despite the chaos from the Mass Teleportation spell. And that wasn't even accounting for Kraft's group who apparently was making great progress.

"DIE!" Kiva shouted and went for a pinpoint charge as his wings fluttered at the speed of sound, heading towards Weslie with all he got. The Scholar of the West also realised that there was nothing that could be done but to wear the abomination down while Ayse or she came up with a plan to defeat it.

... However, things didn't go as predicted.

To everyone's surprise, Kiva's enchanted drill penetrated the energy shield with ease. The impact from the weapon was enough to create a hole in the tower shield, inadvertently piercing Weslie's abdomen with such force that her innards and even bits of her spine and lower ribcage flew in every direction possible.

And that was not the end as the electrical charges from the drill were being discharged, causing bolts of lightning to spear towards Ayse and injuring her severely. From mere burns to loss of limbs, Ayse fell to the ground alongside Weslie.

Jin saw the entire incident from the floating platform and his fists banged onto the invisible walls that the Dungeon Core had created to prevent any disturbances from the outside (and ironically the inside)

"What's with your reaction? Not used to seeing your comrades die such a horrible death?" King Baal scoffed at Jin's whimpering scream. In a certain sadistic way, he was jovial that he had graciously granted his opponent a small break.

But now it was time to finish the duel and call it a day!

Chapter 790 Dramatic Rescue

"Haa... Haaa...I know I'll get resurrected by the System... so there should be nothing much to worry about." Ayse tried to convince herself as she stared at the blurry enemy who felt triumphant over managing to finish the both of them.

"But that bastard... for some reason, I don't want to lose against him!" Ayse thought to herself as her consciousness began to fade away. Despite her attempts, the Head Researcher found it hard to stay awake and watched as the uglier side of Kiva emerged.

Abomination Kiva lifted the bludgeoning tower shield and kicked the piece of metal away before he picked Weslie's corpse up as if she was some dead animal.

The only thing was, she wasn't completely gone. Like Ayse, she continued struggling and refused to believe that she was on her final few breaths despite the large gaping hole in her stomach that was draining her life out. It was a desperate attempt to cling onto life while she fought to heal herself with her own magic.

"What can you do in this particular state?" Kiva asked her out loud, but at the same time, Ayse heard a familiar voice that echoed the very same words in her mind.

"Weslie..." Ayse tried to call out, but only a coughing murmur escaped her mouth since her lungs prioritised her life. The Orc Researcher attempted to raise her hand out to her colleague, but she barely had the power to move, let alone lift. Nevertheless, Weslie, who was barely conscious, could only grin with one side of the mouth.

"DON'T YOU DARE DIE ON ME!" A roar reverberated throughout the battlefield and simultaneously, the very same initial voice said the same thing in her mind again. Kiva turned to look, but before he could respond, the arm that was holding Weslie was cut down, and she disappeared from the corner of his eye.

Only when Kiva returned his gaze at the broken Ayse, did he find a new challenger.

"Gold..." Weslie smiled faintly as she tearfully extended a hand towards his face. It pained the Werejackal Leader to see her in this state, and his heart got even emptier when she used her strengths to put her hands up.

He hastily picked her palm up and tried to heal her wounds with all the powers he had in his disposal. Although he knew that the System could revive her easily, he couldn't just watch and do nothing. Were they all supposed to become emotionless as their comrades died over and over, ignoring the struggle for their lives? What bullshit!

"Shh. Hush my love. Sorry, I'm late." Gold apologised gently despite his rage-filled eyes staring intently at Kiva. Ayse, who witnessed the beautiful scene from the side, was relieved and at the same time, jealous that Gold had come to rescue Weslie while risking his own life for her's.

"What are you looking at with such jealousy? You have me with you. Always, my darling." The voice continued to interrupt Ayse at Death's door.

"Don't you think it's rude of you to interrupt me. I am in the midst of dying, yet here you are babbling away as usual." Ayse sent her thoughts to the voice within her mind, demanding it to go away.

"That is why I am here. I'm always here for you. You just have to stop ignoring me. [3 "

"You just want to get out."

"Ooo, you got me! Well, you can't blame me entirely. You are having so much fun right now! Honestly, I think the turn of events back then was an exciting one, indeed. We have more toys to play with than ever!"

"Heh, bitch." Ayse coughed out blood, and Kiva suddenly interrupted the lonely conversation in her mind by laughing mindlessly once more.

"Hahaha! What a loving couple. I've always been a supporter of true love. Let me bring both of you two to hell! Oops, I mean three. Oh wait, if I kill you, you're just going to get resurrected here all fine and dandy. Then perhaps, I should just keep you three in stasis and let you all suffer by showing the defeat your leader would suffer!" Kiva monologued like a classic villain as he rushed towards Gold.

Meanwhile, the Werejackal Leader placed Weslie down, and with the absolute determination of not moving a single step away from the two severely injured comrades, he decided to take the blow from Kiva's dual Mantis Blade with his sword.

"Good reflex! Now keep up!" Kiva yelled as he started to speed up.

"Are you really content just sitting there and letting him cover for you? So shameless! I can already foresee that he's going to lose." The voice started to fill Ayse's mind even more.

"Then, what else am I going to do?" Ayse rebutted.

"Why are you so adamant about not letting me out, no matter what? You should remember how I helped you previously..."

"How can I trust you after what you did? Leaving me behind and only coming when you felt like it?" Ayse used all her strength to pull Weslie away from the fight, hoping to give Gold a little more breathing space to move about.

"Alright, how about a trade? I will lend you my full powers this time, so you can kill that deadbeat pompous scientist into smithereens. And then you let me back into your life." The voice negotiated.

"Besides, it's not like you haven't been using my origins to dial up your magic. If you have me permanently, it will greatly benefit your current master too."

"On one condition. Come at my behest in the future. If I catch you running away like you did previously, I would not acknowledge you further." Ayse knew this sly voice way too well.

"And here I thought, I am the one in charge!! Fine...I am pleased with the change of events and its fun to watch them unfold. In exchange for your condition, you got to give me good battles like this every once in a while." The voice rebutted, refusing to apologise for her past mistakes though Ayse agreed to it.

Gold's sword broke from the swift constant attacks, but he managed to counter with a quick fireball which he had been chanting while parrying the blades. Yet from behind the smoke, the twin blades came down as if they were the scythes from the death reaper.

Gold was not able to recover fast enough to shoot another fireball to deflect the blades, nor was he able to change to werejackal form and block the attacks with his claws. So, he instinctively placed his body in front of the attack, ensuring that it will hit him instead. Suddenly two loud clink sounds were heard, and the flashes that came with the sound caused him to close his eyes instinctively.

As Gold opened his eyes, he saw Ayse who had somehow managed to stand back up and used her Arc Induction Lance Rifle as the object to block the attacks. However, the Mantis Blades easily cut down the Lance Rifle, and the components within it had exploded due to the contact impact.

The Werejackal Leader noticed it and quickly grabbed Ayse by her collar. He turned her around, using his back as the meat shield against the explosion.

"Hahaha! That's a decent surprise right there. Got to give you that." Kiva shook off the explosion and shed the burnt body as he moved into a new one.

With his hundreds of chimaeras in his bag of tricks fused along with the rest of the current abomination body, he believed their respite was short-lived, and the attempt to retaliate was meaningless and futile.