

New Eden 361

Chapter 361 Endgame Goal

Jack had trouble believing the word of a twenty-nine-year-old man when he said he could make him even more prosperous. Like he had some magic trick to make money appear.

"And how would you do that? I'm already very wealthy. How could you make me richer, enough that I notice?"

"Knowledge. That's how."

Jack raised an eyebrow.

"Knowledge? What kind of knowledge?"

"The one that makes people rich in a matter of days."

Jack looked at Alexander, trying to see if he reacted negatively to David's words. But Alex did not react at all.

"Keep going."

"You see, I had a hobby, of sorts, before I played New Eden the last time. I would follow the ups and downs of the financial world, take notes, promising myself to one day invest and become a rich man."

"You mean the stock market? Not any Dick and Harry can invest in stocks and pull back when it's time. Did you ever do it in the end?"

"Sadly, the stock market crashed before I ever amassed enough money for it. But one good thing came out of it. With my photographic memory, all the notes I took are now what most would consider insider information."

Jack started understanding where David was going with his little tale.

"So you are saying you can tell me where to put my money to become richer fast? Insider trade is illegal."

"It isn't insider trade if you don't work at the stock market, or the companies that are suddenly growing. Call it informed luck."

"And that is how Mr. Leduc could suddenly uplift his lifestyle?"

Turning his head to Alex, Jack awaited his confirmation. A simple nod from the latter was all the response he needed.

"Alright, I will believe that part. But how do you think I will get to steer Evo-Gaming the way you want?"

It was David's turn to flash a shark's grin.

"By buying the other shareholders out."

Jack frowned.

"Young man. What you are asking would cost hundreds of millions of dollars. The other shareholders are never gonna sell out at a loss. Not with how New Eden is generating money right now."

"Then I guess I will need to make you billions richer."

The confidence in David's tone left the old man perplexed. But a glance at his assistant, who nodded at him, assuaged him.

Jack's assistant had been tracking all the money coming into Alexander's account and unearthed the one coming into David's, too. And almost all of it seemed to come from investment portfolios.

Jack was thinking of accepting. More money was always welcome.

Especially since his minor project behind him would now probably be useful, and not just a way to take care of his boredom. He was sure he could make use of such a nice natural cave.

"Fine. We can do it your way. But your insider information better work the way you said it does. Otherwise, I'll cut out the companies under my name from working for you."

"No need to threaten me. It will work. I'll leave all the information to your assistant once we are done here. I bet you had other questions for me."

"As a matter of fact, I do. You keep saying the last time you played, like this isn't your first run through New Eden. Alexander seems to take you at face value. But I hardly see how that makes sense."

"Ahh. That. Yes. Well, there is a simple explanation, but I doubt you would believe me."

"Try me, Mr. Magnus. My grandson has been cutting through steel for the last few weeks with compressed wind blades coming out of his hands. I think I can handle... esoteric truths."

"Wait. Wind blades?"

Turning his head to Alexander, David raised an eyebrow.

"Is his grandson Gale? The Gale in our guild?"

"The one and only," Alex replied.

"So that is how you know each other. Did you meet Gale first, and he led you to this dude, or was ___"

"How we met is irrelevant, but if you must know, I was the one to approach Mr. Leduc first. Our meeting was purely by chance, but I felt his abilities would be useful, so I tied him up with a favour."

David looked at the old man and smiled.

"That sounds very much like a businessman's way of doing things. If this continues, Alex here will owe his ass to the world, hehe."

"Shut up," Alexander grumbled.

He knew he was garnering favours with everyone lately, and that annoyed him. But what else could he do?

When you lacked the power to fix something yourself, wasn't it the best way to find someone to help you? Everyone formed good partnerships through mutual benefits, after all.

Jack brought David's attention back to himself.

"You haven't answered my question yet, Mr. Magnus."

"Ahh, yes. Apologies. The truth is simple, even if somewhat hard to believe. My soul has already been through these events. Well. Not exactly these events. But what is to come is no secret for me, mostly."

"Your soul? Please explain your meaning."

"I don't know the specifics, since I wasn't the one to send me back here. But I know that I've lived through this already. The game, the monsters, and the demon invasion that comes after."

"How are you so sure you aren't delusional? That this invasion isn't just a figment of your imagination?"

"Because the memory of a soul cannot be altered. These memories I have don't come from my brain, but from deep within me. Ask Alex if the soul lies, he's an expert in the matter."

Jack turned his head to Alexander.

"I don't think the soul can lie. Although I believe it can be altered to think the truth isn't as it seems, I doubt this happened to David. His memories came before anyone showed any trace of changing with mana."

Jack nodded and turned his head back to David.

"Then what is your endgame? What is your plan?"

"I'm reliving it with prior knowledge, and I am trying to change the outcome."

"And what outcome is that?" Jack asked.

With a heavy sigh, David answered.

"Humanity's extinction."

His words echoed in the silence that befell the room.

Chapter 362 Telling More People

This was an outcome no one wanted to see. If David's words were correct, then the future wasn't just dire.

"How sure are you of your words, Mr. Magnus?"

"I didn't live until the end, so I am not a hundred percent sure. Humanity might have prevailed by some miracle in the end. But I doubt it. When I died, so many of us had already died, including some of the strongest people on Earth, that the results were certain."

Jack nodded his head gravely. He now understood why David had yet to come clean to the public.

What he didn't understand was why Constantine was keeping such a secret to herself. Did she not want humanity to survive?

In the end, her reasons didn't matter, only that they were wrong.

"Please. Tell me all you know. I can help as best I can, but only if I have the full picture."

Looking at Alex, David pondered if he should tell the whole thing. Even Alexander didn't know the full story, since he didn't know how he would react.

But now that he knew him a bit better, he felt more comfortable about telling him. But he barely knew the old man or his assistant.

Seeing his hesitation, Alexander spoke up.

"I think you can trust them. Mr. Boudreau has yet to give me any reason to distrust him. And I believe whatever is to come, he can help."

David looked deep into Alex's eyes. He didn't see any hesitation, so he chose to believe him.

"Better cancel any appointment you have today, then. This isn't something that will take five minutes to tell you."

From the corner, the assistant spoke up.

"Already did. I had a feeling this meeting might take up more time than originally deduced, so before shutting off the network, I cancelled Mr. Boudreau's day. I have also notified your wife of your absence at dinner, sir."

Jack nodded. He knew his wife would be disappointed, but she would understand. They had been married for a long time, and it wasn't the first time he couldn't make it home for dinner.

Seeing everything was settled, David started his tale. It took hours for him to recount everything he knew, up to the smallest important details.

Questions were asked along the way, from both Alex and the old man, which David answered to the best of his capacity. It was hard to tell what time it was in the office, since there were no clocks on the walls, and the artificial lighting was always at the same intensity.

When David finished his story, and the questions no longer came from anyone, Jack had his assistant reconnect the network. The day had advanced well into the night, and it was already close to morning.

David clicked his tongue.

"I settled for the first plane in the morning, but now we won't make it to the airport in time. I have nothing prepared," David said, his voice slightly hoarse from all his talking.

"I'm not ready to leave either. Guess we'll have to leave another day," Alex replied.

They were also tired from not sleeping for so long. But Jack had a solution for them.

"How long do you need to get ready and rest a little?"

"Hmm? Does it matter? I won't be able to book plane tickets for another day, at least."

"Forget your plane tickets. How long would it take you to rest, pack, and be back here?"

"Six hours, maybe? Might be less, depending on how long I rest. Why?"

Nodding, Jack turned his head to his assistant.

"Guo, have the plane ready in six hours, and the course charted for Valentine, Nebraska."

"Yes, sir."

Opening his tablet, the assistant got to work immediately. His boss had a few private jets, some of which could land on smaller airstrips.

So when he looked up the airports near their destination, he was happy to see a small airport in the town itself. He rapidly called up the pilot to their smallest private plane and had him call in the VFR flight plan.

Within minutes, he was already done with his part and ready to escort the two young men out of the office. Seeing him stand up, Jack did the same.

"Rest assured, your secrets will not leave this room from my lips or my assistant's. With what you told me, I will help in any manner I can. I will also have some plans of my own made."

"Good," David said. "There can never be too many plans."

Jack nodded in agreement.

Alexander, feeling left out, wasn't sure what he could do to help.

'Am I just hired muscle for when shit hits the fan?'

But David didn't leave him hanging for long.

"Don't worry, you'll have a part to play too. Yours will be less here, and more in New Eden. But it will still be a major part."

It reassured Alex that he wasn't just a useless pair of arms. But he wondered what his part would be.

But David didn't seem to be about to tell him here.

"I'm tired now. Can we leave? I need to go prepare and rest," David said, his tone an affirmation more than a question.

"Of course. Guo, lead them back to the facility. Alexander will probably want to see Ms. Deveille, and Mr. Magnus can be led outside. No need to cover his vision."

Nodding, the assistant walked to the elevator, where he waited for the two young men to embark. Once the doors closed, Jack sat back down in his chair.

He sat in silence, his mind still wrapping around what he had heard in the last hours.

'This isn't just a catastrophe. If this happens, as the young man said, humanity as we know it could end.'

Although he wanted to head home to his wife, and rest too, Jack's mind raced with ideas and plans, to ensure the continuity of the people he loved. He turned to look at the massive cave behind him, which had never stopped buzzing with activity.

'Should I make a shelter too? This cave would be ideal to make an underground city. We could survive here for a long time until the invasion is dealt with.'

Deciding it was better safe than sorry, Jack started calling up meetings with his contractor managers. He was going to have them change the plans he had for the cave.

As for David and Alexander, they were both led up to the facility over the office. Alexander rested here instead of going home right away.

Kary was still here too, anyway. So he preferred spending time with her than alone.

"See you in six hours, Wolfy. Rest well. You will need it. What we will fight is not like you see in the games. They will be much more ferocious and devious."

"I'll be ready, bag of bones. Just make sure you don't hold me back."

The grin on both men's lips was a tacit agreement to come back alive. They separated ways in the facility, as Guo led David higher into the hospital.

David wanted nothing more than to go back to his solitude, though. So Jack's assistant had a driver bring him back home.

Reaching his little hidey-hole, David sighed in relief.

"Finally alone. I don't remember being so antisocial in the past. I guess spending all my time with death has made me repulsed to life," David muttered to himself, as he set an alarm and fell asleep on his cot.

Chapter 363 Determined Brother

Meanwhile, in Valentine Nebraska, inside a local bar, four men were having a heated discussion.

"What do you mean we can't do anything?! Are you guys scared of going into the woods? My older sister was taken. We need to do something!"

The young man who had spoken, was the younger brother of the latest abduction case victim. His name was Godrick Lorimayer.

He was a twenty-two-year-old, strapping young lad, who loved hunting and tractor racing. But contrary to his appearance, and his red-neck hobbies, Godrick was quite a loving brother and considerate friend.

So when his sister's best friend, who he had known for years, came back spouting that his sister Laura had been taken by small green men in the woods, he believed her without a second thought.

"Godrick! You can't seriously believe the words and Katty! She was clearly delusional! Little green men? Come on Godrick!" the smaller man of the bunch said.

"Yeah, come on, man. There is no way there are aliens in the woods. Katty probably panicked and hallucinated when they were attacked by a bear or somethin'!" a short fatty guy said.

"Calm down, guys. Whatever it was, we should still at least go look for her. Godrick is our friend, and his sister is like our sister. We owe him that."

The last one that spoke was a little older than the others, ranging closer to thirty years old. He was a handsome man, with squarish features, and large shoulders.

"You only say that cuz you hope she's alive and you can save her, Robby! We all know you have a thing for Laura!" the slim man said.

"Shut up Finn. My feeling for his sister has nothing to do with wanting to help him find her. I would help any of you if a family member was missing. Why are you all suddenly being pussies?"

Finn reared from the insult. The words badly hurt his fragile ego, and he wanted to jump in his friend's face, to fight.

"Put your dicks away, guys! We aren't here to compare sizes. I asked you here to ask for help to find my sister. And, up to now, only one of you said yes to helping me, and it's Robby. I thought we were brothers!"

Two of his friends lowered their heads. Not that they feared the woods.

They had trekked those woods countless times since they were kids. But they knew Laura.

Laura was a fierce woman, and she wouldn't have gone down without a fight, against anything. And yet, the fact that Katty reported no gunshots, or screams of distress, meant that whatever got here, did so by surprise.

Wild animals, they could deal with. But an intelligent enemy?

They shivered at the thought.

"What if it really is aliens, like Katty said?" The fatty said.

"Seriously? Aliens, Leeroy? You think aliens did this? How stupid can you be? It was clearly a black bear or somethin'."

Finn looked convinced of his version, like it was the absolute truth.

"Finn. The sheriff said there were only old traces of a bear, where Laura went missing. How could you be so sure?" Robby asked.

"Oh sure! You would rather believe crazy Katty, that little green men took your love, wouldn't you? That way, she might still be alive!"

"Hey! Don't call my cousin crazy, you little shitbag!"

"Call me little again, asshat! I dare you!"

Bang!

The entire bar quieted down, as the owner pumped his shotgun, an empty shell falling out.

"If you boys don't simmer down, I will shoot each one of you."

His threat got the message across, and all four of them lowered their voices.

"I'm sorry, Roland. We'll behave," Godrick apologized.

"Listen, son. I know what it feels like to lose a family member. We are all with you in this. But keep your friends in check. You are bothering everyone else."

"I'm sorry, Roland," the three other guys said, at the same time.

"You better be, you troublesome lot."

Putting the shotgun under the counter again, Roland turned to his friend sitting at the bar. The gruff old man was laughing in his mustache.

The four friends returned to their conversation, but in a more civilized and quiet manner.

"Listen, Godrick. I know you want to find your sister. But we should at least wait until we have some daylight. It's the middle of the night, and we could end up injuring ourselves," Finn said.

His fears were justified, and everyone around their table knew. But Godrick and Robby weren't bothered by the darkness. Godrick opened his mouth.

"Finn. I have seen you run these woods, on a moonless night, piss drunk. You aren't afraid of hurting yourself. And Leeroy, your paranoia is the reason you barely talk to women and are still alone. You guys need to man up here. I would shake the earth and seas for you guys. At least show me the same respect."

The two friends lowered their heads in shame. Godrick was right.

He had proven more than once that he was always there for them or their family. Whether it be to give a helping hand, or to defend their honour.

After keeping their head low for a minute, Leeroy lifted his.

"Fine, I'll help. But if we get abducted by aliens, I'm blaming you until I die!"

"Thank you, Leeroy. What about you, Finn?"

Finn looked at the table for a few more seconds, before grabbing his mug, and emptying its contents in one go. After slamming the mug back on the table, he looked Godrick in the eye.

"Fine! I'll help you. But if anyone gets hurt, It'll be your fault!"

"I will take the blame. Thank you guys."

Now that everyone was on the same page, they quickly finished their drinks, before walking out to Godrick's truck. In the back of the truck, guns were resting in the truck bed.

There was an arsenal there, and all three of his friends smiled.

"You came prepared, I see," Robby said.

"Of course I did. I didn't want to waste any more time. Get in, boys. We are going hunting."

Chapter 364 Enemy Inside The Facility

At the underground facility, under Mr. Boudreau's private hospital, Alexander had walked over to Kary's room again. Although he was tired, he wanted to check in on her first.

Seeing her asleep on the hospital bed sent him down memory lane. Her facial expression was so neutral, it couldn't be called peaceful.

His brain flashed to images of two cold metal tables. Bodies with long white sheets, covering them aside from their faces.

His parents.

He had been called in to make sure it was them, and also to confirm their deaths. Back then, he had been so out of it that his body had moved on its own, barely nodding, not a tear coming out of his body.

His mind snapped back to reality as Kary breathed out a loud sigh, readjusting her position. Seeing her breathe and move, washed away the gloomy images lingering in his mind.

'My parents wouldn't want me to remember them like that.'

He instead brought his mind to a memory of their breakfasts together, smiling and laughing, as they enjoyed their idle banter around some bacon and eggs. A smile stretched his lips, as melancholy wrapped around his heart.

But it was short-lived.

A sudden rush of adrenaline took hold of him as the hair on his neck stood up.

'Something is coming!'

Turning around, Alex heard the alarms go off inside the facility. The loud blaring woke Kary up from her sleep, and she jumped to her feet.

"What the hell is going on?" she asked him.

"I don't know yet, but we'll find out soon. I can feel something getting closer. And its mana signature is no good!"

The mana he was sensing through his mana senses was something familiar to him. It was almost the same signature as when he fought that possessed maid inside New Eden.

'This can't be... David said there wouldn't be any possessions for another year. Was he wrong?'

Bursting through the floor in front of him, a familiar teen suddenly stood a few meters away. When his head turned toward Alex, an enormous grin spread across his lips.

"Youuuu. This soul hungered for youuuu."

Alexander's mind raced. This wasn't the Demonoid from last time.

It was much stronger. The mana it gave off was enough to make its clothes flutter to an invisible wind.

In Alex's vision, the dark red and black mana oozing off of it was the only sign he needed.

He immediately called on his mana, melding with White's soul fragment. As his hair turned white, and his eyes silver, he turned his head slightly toward Kary, never taking his eyes off the possessed teen.

"He isn't human anymore. Get everyone out. If he goes at you, you fight to kill. Don't hesitate."

Kary's eyes went wide. Her stomach dropped at the thought of taking a life.

But the fear climbing in her throat was rapidly pushed back by her will to help. She nodded to Alex, even though her hands were trembling.

Kary walked slowly around the teen, keeping her eyes on him. The demon looked at her walk away, not reacting.

'Good. That means he wants only me. For now,' Alex thought.

"Hey, eyes on me! If you want me, then let's tango!"

Alexander dashed at the demon, trying to set his pace in this fight. He had beaten the demon last time in New Eden.

Even if he couldn't kill it, he could hold it back as long as needed. But he was rapidly disillusioned.

He was much less powerful here than in New Eden, and on the first strike they exchanged, he understood the demon was not restrained by the same issue.

He punched the demon in the face with all his might, expecting it to go flying. But the demon only turned his head slightly, his grin widening unnaturally.

The skin of its face was ripping apart, as the smile widened literally to its ears.

"Is that all you can do, mortal? This soul was calling out to me, wanting revenge on the one that had him imprisoned and powerless. Seems you are nothing more than a bug."

Turning his head back toward Alex, the demon punched at lightning speed. It aimed the punch at Alexander's stomach, and the latter felt his body wrap around the fist, before blasting away backward.

His internal organs felt like they had just been slammed into by a cannonball, and he spat blood. Alexander blasted through the cement wall that separated the rooms from each other and collided with the next one before coming to a halt.

His head jerked back, impacting the wall behind him. His vision immediately became blurry, and his body started feeling woozy.

Collapsing to the ground, blood started trickling from the back of his head to the floor. His vision was shaking from left to right.

His mana senses screamed at him, as he felt the demon getting closer, but there wasn't much he could do.

'How am I so powerless? I should be one of the strongest humans right now. Why am I losing to him?'

The demon stopped in front of him, grabbing his collar and lifting him to his face.

"You are resistant. Good. I will enjoy breaking you over and over until desperation makes you wish you were dead."

Alexander could feel his stomach pitting. He was feeling fear.

Seeing his eyes widen, the demon cackled maniacally.

"Rakakakaka! Yes! Fear! Despair! Let the emotions feed me!"

Rearing his other arm back, the demon was about to punch him again when something crossed in front of him from the left, blazingly fast. His arm that was holding Alexander was suddenly gone, as was the man.

Looking to his right, the demon watched as a small child put Alexander on his feet close to him. On his right arm, a blade of wind a meter long was whistling wildly.

Tilting his head to one side, the demon opened his mouth to speak.

"Another bug? I will enjoy this even more! Entertain me, mortals!"

Alexander's head had stopped spinning, and his face was now a mask of anger.

"Don't call us bugs, vermin from hell!" he shouted, before howling loudly.

Awwooooo!

The demon felt his body jerk to a stop momentarily, but that was enough for the child that had been standing there to disappear from his sight.

'Fast, for a mortal,' the demon thought. 'But not fast enough.'

Jonathan had spun around the demon, intending to catch it from behind, but with a loud crack, the demon's head turned a hundred and eighty degrees in his direction, its grin still as wide as ever.

"Peekaboo!" the demon said.

Chapter 365 Bringing The Fight Outside

Seeing the head spin toward him eerily, Jonathan tried braking and changing directions. But the Demon was quicker than him.

Snapping his body around, he threw a fist toward the kid's head.

"Wind guard!"

The air in the room was hastily sapped away from all directions, condensing into a thick layer in front of Jonathan. But it wasn't enough to stop the punch.

It sapped away most of its power, leaving only residual momentum. But that was enough to send Jonathan to the ground, his head spinning from the punch.

The kid had never been punched in the face in this world, and the impact almost knocked him out. But Jonathan wasn't in danger just yet.

Since the demon faced away from Alexander, he used this time to go on the offensive. He felt the claws pushing out of his fingers as he ran at the demon again.

As he slashed the teenager's back, he noticed something coming at him. It was a reverse elbow.

But where it took him by surprise was the side it came from. The arm coming at his face was the one that Jonathan had severed!

Alexander lifted his arms to block, noticing from the corner of his eye the teenager's back was already spotless. The large gashes he had just slashed were gone.

'Hyper regeneration! This is bad.'

Receiving the elbow with a crossed-arm guard, he felt the bones in his arms creak, as they threatened to break under the pressure of the blow. Alexander skidded backward a few feet, stopping as his back reached the wall.

The demon was toying with them, even though they were two of them, and only one of him.

Kary was still evacuating the people on this floor, sending them to the lower ones. It only made sense, since the demon seemed to want to escape to the surface.

In the meantime, Jack's assistant was already rushing back down from having escorted David upstairs. When he got to the floor with the people fleeing, he knew he had reached the right one.

Guo rapidly searched the floor for the intruder. He had received a message alert and already knew who he was looking for.

Reaching the nurse's station, he saw from the corner of his eye something flying at him. Realizing it wasn't an object, but a person, he tried catching it.

But the strength at which it impacted him, combined with the weight and speed, slammed into him and sent him flying with the human projectile.

"Oww! Fuck! Mr. Guo! Are you alright?" Alexander said, getting back up from his stint of flight.

"Flying in the corridors is against the rules, Mr. Leduc," Guo said, getting up and brushing his suit.

Alex looked at him with a frown.

'Is he joking? In this situation?'

Guo looked toward where Alex had come from, and could see the teenager walking toward them. His mouth now stretched into an evil grin, the corners slit to his ears, still bleeding.

"Èmó!" Guo exclaimed, looking at the teen.

The demon locked his gaze on Guo, his eyes squinting.

"It's been a long time since I was called that. I thought your kind had died centuries ago, follower of Zhong Kui. I wonder if I can still taste his blood in yours!"

Guo took up a combat posture, pulling out a short blade from god knows where, and getting ready to fight. Alex looked at the blade and became curious.

The blade looked like a traditional Chinese shortsword, with a red crossguard and a black blade. There was an inscription on the blade, but he couldn't read any of it.

"This is no longer a human being. It must be killed, or its evil will spread across the world." Guo said to Alexander, keeping his eye on the demon walking toward them.

"I know. But it's much stronger than me. And it can regenerate extremely fast."

Guo nodded.

"Human means can not harm it. Only another Èmó can hurt it, or weapons specially forged to kill them, like this blade. You make me an opening, and I'll kill it."

Nodding once, Alexander looked back at the demon, now only a few meters away. He dashed forward, trying to find angles to strike the demon.

"Still trying to fight, bug? Your species never learns!"

Forming a claw with its hand, the demon slashed at Alex. Feeling an intense threat from the attack, Alexander stopped his momentum, and jumped back.

Not a second too early, as five large gouges appeared on the ground where he had been a moment ago.

'That would have killed me instantly. I have to be careful.'

But as he was thinking, the demon vanished from in front of him, reappearing behind him, his claw still extended, now slashing toward his back.

'So fast! I can't dodge this!'

But Guo, who took this opening to cut the demon's back with his blade, saved Alexander. The sword in his hand penetrated the skin a few millimetres deep, cutting cleanly through the flesh as it went from shoulder to lower back.

The demon jumped away, screaming in pain.

Alexander watched as the demon passed over him, using Thousand Thoughts, and could see that the cut wasn't healing.

"This is it! This is how we kill him.'

But their troubles weren't over yet.

The demon, seeing that he wasn't healing, decided he had played enough. He looked to the ceiling before lowering his posture.

"He's going to escape!" Guo exclaimed.

But there wasn't much they could do. Jumping straight up, the demon exploded forth, breaking through every concrete floor, smashing the fragile human flesh of the skull, and cracking the latter as he went.

When he burst through the soil on the surface, nothing remained of his face. He was now just red and black smoke coming out of a cracked skull.

The few patients that were outside the hospital saw this apparition, and panic ensued. The demon healed from the injuries in seconds, and his face became normal again, aside from the split mouth extending to his ears.

But he wasn't left alone for long. Gue and Alexander rapidly jumped out of the hole he had created, soon followed by Jonathan, and lastly, Kary, who had stopped evacuating the people when the demon burst through the ceiling.

"If he escapes, the death toll will be horrendous!" Guo barked, bursting forth.

"Then he dies here!" Alex exclaimed, following behind.

The two others jumped into action, too.

Chapter 366 A Real Demon Unleashed

The private hospital was in a forested part of the northern shore of the Saint Laurent's River. The exact location was still unknown to most people, but it wasn't far enough from the city to be entirely off the grid.

So, when panic ensued at its entrance, and people started driving away like maniacs, it was only a matter of time before some news outlet got the news. And now, with four people fighting a high-stakes battle in the woods, it was easy to find them.

As the demon kept getting his hands on anyone getting close to him, he kept getting punished by the other three. Each time the teen got hold of anyone other than Guo, he would suffer a slash from the sword in his hands.

Those wounds weren't closing up like the others, visibly weakening him. As time passed, his regeneration started slowing down, and Alexander, Jonathan, and Kary could finally inflict wounds that lasted longer.

This had turned into a battle of attrition, with the demon standing on the losing side. But the demon wouldn't go down without a fight.

Figuring he couldn't win in this current battle, the demon shed off the vessel he was in. Roaring to the skies like a wounded beast, the demon caught fire.

The blaze was intense, and even Kary couldn't get too close to it.

The flames were black as a night sky, and all four humans present could no longer see the body of the teen inside them.

Burning for only a dozen seconds, the blaze subsided. In the middle of it, where had previously stood a teenager's body, an abomination was now standing.

A short and fat black demon, with eyes as dark as its skin, containing purple iris, was standing there, with a grin stretching from ear to ear. It cackled as it looked at its four enemies.

"Rrakakaka! Now it's time for round two! Let's see if you can still win when I'm released from those mortal shackles."

It lifted its foot to step forward, but disappeared from its spot. Guo went onto high alert, as his senses alerted him to danger from behind.

He brought his sword to his back as fast as he could, and the hissing of metal on metal resounded as sparks went flying, followed by Guo.

He was blasted forward, hitting trees on the way, breaking a clavicle and severely bruising his ribs. When he finally stopped flying forward, his body was hurting all over, and he was bleeding from the nose and mouth.

Getting back to his feet, Guo saw the demon was still looking at him.

'He knows I'm the only threat to him now.'

Guo positioned himself, getting ready to receive another attack like that last one. But his three allies started attacking the demon restlessly.

The demon didn't even block the attacks, as they failed to leave even scratches on his skin. He only grinned at his attackers as they buzzed around him in vain.

Suddenly lifting one of his pudgy arms, he grabbed Jonathan, who was whizzing by, by the throat. The immediate block on his airways sent the boy into a panic.

Jonathan tried cutting off the arm of the demon, to no avail.

"Yes, rrakaka. Buzz around, you little fly. I will show you what a real blade feels like."

Extending his other arm to the side, a sword made of pure black flames appeared in his hand. Jonathan's eyes bulged in fear.

Alexander clawed at the demon with all his might, trying to make him turn his attention to him. But the demon was unfazed.

Kary was trying to burn a hole through the demon's head, with a constant stream of flames, but she was already weakening by the second. She wasn't as used as Alex to controlling mana on this side, and it was quite taxing to her.

Guo dashed in, slashing at the arm holding the boy, trying to save his boss' grandson. Jack would have his head if the boy died here.

Clang!

When Guo's sword impacted the arm, instead of slicing through like it had done many times previously, the sword stopped abruptly, sending all of its momentum to Guo's arms, as vibration.

The reverberations were almost enough to make him drop the sword, as the skin in his hand tore open, as he maintained his firm grip on the hilt. Guo gritted his teeth, bearing the pain.

But the sword had failed its job. And now, as the demon cackled, he swung the blade in an arc, aiming for the boy's arm that was wielding the wind blade.

A dull thump followed, as Jonathan's arm hit the ground, a spurt of blood spraying from his now cleanly cut shoulder. The flames from the black blade were already eating at his flesh there.

Jonathan wanted to steam, the pain unbearable to him, but the lack of airflow in his throat kept him from doing that. But the demon was a sadist.

Seeing the boy wanting to scream, he let him go.

Jonathan dropped to the ground, taking in a large breath, before exploding out in cries and screams of pain.

"Aaarrggghh!!!! My arm! He cut my arm! Aargh!"

The demon's grin widened, which anyone would have thought impossible, given how wide it already was. Its eyes also bulged outward as it burst into laughter.

"Rrakakaka! Yes! Scream! Cry! Rrakakaka! Ahh yes! All the pain!"

Guo ran to the boy's side, quickly applying pressure to the wound, trying to stop the bleeding. But it was already clotting up, because of the black fire eating at his wound.

The problem was that the fire seemed to corrode his flesh, too.

Guo tore away his shirt, using it to cover the wound, hoping to extinguish the flames. Although it worked, the wound started bleeding ferociously again.

At this rate, Jonathan would bleed out in seconds. But Kary would not let that happen.

She ran up to Jonathan, risking herself by being so close to the demon, and ignited her hands. Although her control wasn't good enough to ignite her body here, and the flames were already hurting her, she didn't care.

With her burning hands, she rapidly cauterized Jonathan's wound, stopping the bleeding.

The demon watched as they struggled to keep the boy alive, relishing in their misery. He didn't budge, letting them struggle in vain as it fueled his excitement.

But someone else was about to make his day go bad.

"A minor demon like you dares cause a scene? In front of me? Your life will not be enough to compensate for the shame you are putting me through," came Alexander's voice, from the side, with a weird doubled voiceover.

Turning his head over to the young man, the demon's laughter stopped, and his smile disappeared.

"A k...k...king of hell!"

Chapter 367 A King Of Hell

Looking at Alexander, the demon trembled in fear. Alexander looked like a demon straight out of a video game at this moment.

When he saw the situation was devolving rapidly, and people might lose their lives, Alex stopped to focus. He plunged his mind deep inside his soul, trying to reach another part of his power, Luna.

But instead of reaching Luna's soul fragment, he reached something else. Something much darker, but also much closer.

Since his last meld had been with Asmodeus, the power of the demon and the ring holding it back was closest to his soul the moment he logged out. And when he tried transcending the separation between the worlds, to reach Luna, he encountered the ring and its inhabitants instead.

Asmodeus was the first to answer the call, since they already shared a connection stronger than with the other demons, and melded with his master in an instant.

Alex could feel the power tugging at his mind, clearly too much for his current self, but the situation's direness overruled his own safety.

Letting Asmodeus inside his soul and mind, the surge in power was incomparable to melding with White. He felt the horns tear through his forehead, bleeding into his eyes.

He felt the canines in his mouth become slightly longer and sharper. When he opened his eyes, his sight was unlike his usual one, with everything monochromatic.

Only a few things currently had mana. He, the demon, Kary, Jonathan, Guo, and the sword in the latter's hand.

What he was seeing was something similar to his mana senses, where he could see every mana particle around him, and the colour associated with their element. Only, right now, he could see no other colour.

It was like the world was completely devoid of mana around him, and all he could see was the mana in the people near him. Then he realized, in New Eden, the colour was normal around him when he melded with Asmodeus.

'Is it because New Eden is composed of mana, and our world isn't?'

He flushed out the useless thoughts in his head and brought his full attention to the black demon.

But his mouth spoke before he could choose what to say.

"A minor demon like you dares cause a scene? In front of me? Your life will not be enough to compensate for the shame you are putting me through."

The voice doubling over his, much more profound and suave, he instantly recognized as Asmodeus.

'Asmodeus, don't you dare control me or my words without my consent,' Alex said in his mind.

'I'm sorry, Master. You are weaker here, and my thoughts transpired into words. I will be more careful.'

Silently acknowledging that Asmodeus still respected their status, Alex locked his gaze on the demon.

"You have walked our world long enough. Now you die."

Alexander stepped forth, and the gap between him and the demon closed instantaneously. He grabbed the pudgy demon's throat and lifted him off the ground.

The demon swung his sword at Alex, but the blade stopped before it could contact his skin.

Alex's voice came out in double again.

"Don't you dare sully me with your disgusting hatred, your inferior slug!"

Alex cursed in his mind, as Asmodeus had spoken through his mouth again.

'I really need to strengthen my soul here, so that doesn't happen again.'

Looking the black demon in the eye, Alex crushed his throat in a swift squeeze, like squishing a bug. A spurt of purple blood exploded out of the beheaded demon, bathing Alex with it, making him look like a war god.

The blood was corrosive, and he could already feel it burning through his skin. But Asmodeus' power allowed him to teleport and leave behind the ichor.

Reappearing next to Kary and the others, Alex grabbed the arm on the ground, which was already drained of all its blood. He focused on the ring that now adorned his finger.

Feeling inside, he reached out for another demon.

"Zepar, answer my call."

Feeling the power welling from the ring, Alexander knew he had heard his call. The short demon, with a thin frame, appeared next to him, his head already bowed low.

Zepar had grey skin, and a single horn on the left side of his head, making him look like a lesser demon. But his power was a giveaway to his actual standing in hell.

Physically weak, but incredibly shrewd, Zepar had an ability that made fighting him incredibly annoying.

"Master," Zepar said, his voice sounding like it was oscillating.

Undoing the meld with Asmodeus, a wave of fatigue hit Alexander. But his work wasn't done.

He had called Zepar, because their fight had taught him what powers Zepar held. The demon's ability to affect objects around him, and make the time go back for them, had been a tricky one during a fight.

He remembered trying to block the weak attacks of the demon, only to have his sword wove out of the way, going back to the position before he moved it. And the movement wasn't stoppable.

Alex had only beaten him when he figured that if the object being affected changed form before the movement was finished, he could break free from the effect.

But right now, he was more worried about if the effect could work on a severed limb.

"Zepar, could your ability reattach this arm to the boy?"

The demon opened his eyes, which were a deep blue with no iris, and looked at the arm.

"In theory, the arm would fall in the object category, since it is severed. But I don't know if I have enough power in this realm to perform such a spell."

Alex nodded.

"Don't worry about the power. I'll make sure you have enough juice. But for that, you'll have to surrender completely to me."

The demon lowered his head again, completely submissive.

"As you wish, Master."

Alex nodded, pressing his hand on the demon's chest, reaching in with his mind, and he yanked the soul out of the vessel. Zepar winced, but did not complain.

Alexander brought the vivid blue-ish white soul fragment to his chest, pushing it inside him. As the soul fragment merged with his soul, he felt the horn sprout from his head, this one smaller than Asmodeus', and a small tail sprouted on his lower back.

When Alex opened his eyes, the same monochromatic vision appeared. In his hands, the severed arm still gave off a faint trace of mana.

Locking onto that, he summoned Zepar's powers, feeling the original state of the arm, and activating the power.

Jonathan's arm floated up, as the flesh around the cut grew back from its corroded state. It then flew to Jonathan's side, before the flesh there also went back to normal, as the arm reattached itself in place.

But the action did not soothe Jonathan. Feeling his already painful, burnt shoulder, reconnecting with its missing part, going through the pain process in reverse, the poor boy finally gave up and fainted.

But once the process was done, his arm was back to where it belonged, as good as new.

Alex nodded in satisfaction, releasing his meld as another wave of fatigue hit him like a truck. It was his turn to faint.

As he crashed to the ground, he wondered if he could go with David on their errand.

'Whatever. It'll be his problem, not mine.'

Chapter 368 News Travel Fast

Unbeknownst to the group of four heroes, who had most likely just saved the city from a massacre beyond anything it had ever seen, a young adult with a camera caught everything on tape.

The man had been hiking and had inadvertently wandered close to the hospital's private grounds. So when the fight moved outside and into the forest, they almost swept the man into the conflict.

Luckily for him, the combat stopped moving close to him, and he got his phone out to record the whole thing. The man almost thought for a moment that a superhero movie was being filmed with a new generation of VFX.

Once he had caught everything on camera, he hurriedly walked away from there, not wanting to get caught filming a movie as it was being filmed. The fines for that were enormous, and he was way too broke to pay those.

As he fled the scene, the man opened the news, to see if anyone had heard about a movie being filmed in Montreal, to see what set he had stepped on.

He found nothing about a movie being filmed so close to the city, but as he scrolled across the various news sites and podcasts, he found something that piqued his interest.

An article named 'Ghost Rider in Bois-Des-Filion' caught his eye. Since that was where he currently was, it made him curious.

Opening up the article, he looked at the images and the small article. His stomach dropped and cold sweats dripped down his back.

The first image was one of a person with a burning skull as a head, but the image after was that same person, with a complete face. Looking at the photos, he could see a big resemblance to the person he had just seen fighting.

The same person who had burst into flames, revealing a short and pudgy purple demon-looking thing. The same demon-looking thing that had just been beheaded in a second.

As he looked at the images of four other people chasing the first one, his sweating got worse.

"This is madness! There is no way this fight wasn't VFX'd. How could anyone throw fire, or even change appearance? This makes no sense."

He started typing furiously on his phone, cursing the poster, saying he was taking something fake, and calling it real for attention. But when he sent it, so many answers came his way, saying they had seen it too, and this article was legit.

The man put his phone away, darting away from the area. He didn't want to find out if it was the truth, and would rather live in his ignorance.

David, inside his hidden home, had just finished packing his stuff for the expedition later that day. So he browsed the news one last time before going to bed and resting.

As he flipped through the many news networks, podcasts, and other media, he found the article about the demon. His eyes widened.

"This isn't possible. There shouldn't be demons in our world yet. They aren't connected enough yet."

He read through the article, found the location of the sighting, and then looked at the images. Recognizing four of the faces in the photos, David growled to himself.

"I hope they didn't let it escape. Demons are way out of our league for now. I hope it didn't fully release itself."

Closing the media, he turned and went to sleep. His brain zoned out the news rapidly, with him being severely sleep deprived.

He only hoped he wouldn't have an additional issue on his hands. A loose demon meant a lot of bloodshed, and a difficult hunt to catch it, and the prospect of killing a fully released demon wasn't on the table yet at all.

When the time arrived to leave for the airport, Jack left his office. He was planning on joining the pair on their trip, wanting to see with his own eyes what the world was becoming.

He had heard the alarms in the facility, but when he took news from his assistant, Guo, the man told him they had handled it and everything was back to normal.

He had told him, however, about the damages that would need to be addressed in the underground facility, as well as above ground. Since money wasn't an issue for Jack, he shrugged it off.

Going back up to the facility, where Guo had said Alexander was resting, Jack walked to the room, expecting to see him already up. But when he got there, what he saw made him frown.

On a bed, Alexander was laying down, livid, almost as pale as a ghost. Kary was by his side, holding his hand, a soft smile on her lips.

"Why is he still sleeping? He knows we have to leave shortly. Wake him up."

Kary jumped in surprise, hearing the voice behind her. Turning her head to see who it was, she was surprised to see Mr. Boudreau.

"Alex will not wake up for a while. He's drained what little mana he had, and his body shut down. I don't expect him to be up for another four to five hours. Wait. You said you were going with them?"

"That is quite unfortunate. Then I guess I'll have him loaded into the plane unconscious. And, yes. I am going with them. Did you think I was going to lend them my jet and not go?"

Kary frowned.

"No. But I somewhat expected a man your age to stay away from danger."

"You misjudged me, Ms. Deveille. I often caused danger in my younger times. I am not afraid of much."

She looked at him with a critical eye. Kary's father had once been in the military, but only as a reservist.

So she wasn't very good at spotting military people, if they weren't in uniform.

"Is there enough room for me? I don't want to let Alex go in this state, without me."

Jack looked at her. He could have said no, but the emotions she was displaying seemed genuine, and he was a softie for love.

"Of course, Ms Deveille. I'll report an additional passenger to the pilot right away. Do you have your things ready?"

Kary stepped aside, revealing two bags.

"I took the liberty of using your assistant to get our things from the Penthouse. I hope you don't mind."

Shaking his head, Jack responded.

"Not a problem. Although I am surprised he accepted to do anything for anyone other than me."

"I called in a favour he owed Alex."

Raising an eyebrow, Jack wondered when Alexander had curried favour with Guo. But it wasn't his place to pry.

"Well then, let us get en route. I will have nurses cart him up to the limousine."

Kary got on her feet, nodding in acknowledgement.

Chapter 369 Finding The Lost Sister

While all this was happening, one young man was running for his life in the woods of Nebraska.

Pant Pant Pant

'I need to hide! I can't stay where they can find me!'

This man was Godrick Lorimayer. Having gone into the woods a few hours back, with three of his friends, Godrick was now alone, bloodied, and terrorized.

Thinking back on their escapade in the woods, he realized just how wrong and stupid they had been.

After getting in the truck, Finn and Leeroy were in the truck bed, loading up the guns, all four of them had trailed off like madmen on a mission. Reaching the hiking roads near the bar, they stopped the truck.

Getting out of the vehicle, Godrick and Robby took the guns Finn, and Leeroy handed them. Godrick took his trusted Remington Model 700, leaving Robby with the Winchester Model 70.

Both of them were excellent shots, so the rifles went to them. As for the other two, they took shotguns.

Finn took Godrick's Purdey side-by-side game gun, a double-barrel shotgun with double triggers. Although it was an English shotgun, Godrick had gotten it for cheap on an online auction.

Leeroy, on the other hand, had a Ruger Gold Label in hand. The Ruger was an American-made double-barrel twelve-gauge that Godrick had gotten from his father.

All four guns were on the older side, but worked like new, with how Godrick took care of his firearms. Doing a last verification of their weapons, all four men nodded at each other, before walking down the hiking trail.

They followed the trail for about a mile down, before hooking into the woods. If they believed what Katty had claimed, then this was around where they had been attacked.

Laura had yelled at her to run, while she fought back the first few green men. But as Katty ran away, she saw more of them come out of the woods.

Seeing as they couldn't catch her, because of her long gait compared to their small legs, they gave up the chase. But when she noticed Laura wasn't following her, Katty panicked.

By the time she trekked back, she was nowhere to be seen, and the green men were gone too. She had sprinted out of the woods, so she could get a signal, before calling the police to help.

But no one would believe her when the police arrived, and when they went to check the trails, there were no more tracks aside from hers and Laura's. And Laura's tracks interrupted right then and there.

Katty had repeated her story again and again, to where the police arrested her, claiming she had lost her mind.

But Robby was resolved to prove that his cousin wasn't lying. As they walked into the woods, the silence of the night was quite eerie.

At this time of year, the woods would usually be filled with the noise of night birds, or bugs. But they could hear only silence all around them.

This was enough to put all four of them on high alert. Godrick started doing hand gestures to the three others, signalling them to fan out a bit, but maintain visual on each other.

They also closed their flashlights, not wanting to alert whatever they were going to find.

Fanning out a few meters, all four of them started advancing, watching their surroundings with trained eyes. These men had hunted together more times than they could count, and they knew they could trust each other's backs.

Coming up over a small hill, Robby whistled briefly, catching his friends' attention. He pointed over the hill, signalling them to get low.

All four of them crouched, making their way slowly over the top of the hill, as they got closer to each other. When they crested the top, they saw something that would forever mark them.

The hill went down a few hundred feet, into a small artificial clearing and in front of a mountain with a cliffside facing them. In front of the cliffside, a small village, with huts and a bonfire in the center.

But Godrick and friends had been around these woods many times and had never seen a village here. To make it worse, many small-stature people were walking about the village.

Well, calling them people was a stretch. From afar, their faces were the ugliest things they had ever seen, and their long pointy ears were unnatural, for human beings.

The darkness and red hues from the fire made it difficult to gauge their skin tones, but it was easy to see they weren't white.

The four friends got closer to each other again, getting into whispering distance to each other.

"What the heck are those?" Finn asked.

"I don't know. I'm seeing em' for the first time too, Finn," Robby replied.

"Their aliens. They've come to kidnap our women to experiment on them and repopulate their world!" Leeroy said, his whisper panicky.

"Calm down, Lee. You'll give our position out," Godrick said.

He hadn't stopped looking for his sister while they were talking. This was his priority.

But he was seeing things that were robbing him of hope.

Across the village, in many places in the open, the little green men were having intercourse. But their counterparts didn't seem all too willing.

Godrick put his rifle to his cheek, peering through the scope. What he saw froze his blood.

The little green men were raping human women! All of them were covered in cuts and bruises, and most of them seemed about to die from exhaustion and malnutrition.

For them to be in this state, they had to have been here for days, maybe even weeks. That gave him a bit of hope for his sister to be alive.

But he saw something next that scarred his mind forever.

In a darker corner of the small village, a larger greenish creature was holding in his hands a woman. He was fucking her with violent movements, shoving his cactus-looking dick inside the woman, as she bled all over the ground.

When he adjusted his scope to see the woman better, a small part of him died on the inside. That woman was his sister.

Godrick lost his sense of reason, and opened fire, aiming for the creature's head, making it explode like a watermelon with a firecracker. But by doing this, he alerted every small green man to their presence, and now they were screaming in rage in their direction.

"Open fire! Kill every one of them!" Godric shouted.

But when he turned his head, after not hearing a reply, his heart dropped. Standing above all three of his friends, who were bleeding from their throats, were three other green men, grinning like maniacs.

'Shit!'

Chapter 370 Reporting In

Back in Montreal, Jack was standing inside the large elevator that was usually used for transporting goods up and down between the hospital and the facility.

In the elevator with him were Guo, Kary, and Alexander, who was sleeping in a wheelchair, a nurse keeping him upright and carting him around, as well as a few suitcases and bags.

David had already texted Alexander, which Kary responded to in his stead, that he was waiting outside. Jack looked satisfied that they were still on time, regardless of Alexander's indisposed situation.

As they reached ground level, the group left the elevator and entered the service area of the hospital up above. From there, they walked to the back of the establishment, where a long black limousine was waiting for them.

David was standing next to the vehicle, staring down at his phone. When he heard the approaching footsteps, he raised his head.

Seeing Alex, unconscious, in a wheelchair, he frowned.

"The heck happened to him? Did fighting a possessed knock him out that much, or is he just still sleeping?"

Jack looked at him, before looking at Guo. Guo responded to David.

"Let's talk about this in the limo, if you don't mind. Too many ears can hear us here."

David nodded his head.

"Then don't mind if I get in first. I've been waiting here for ten minutes."

Saying his piece, he opened the door and climbed in first, eliciting a frown from Jack.

'What a rude young man. A little stint in the army would fix his attitude.'

Then again, Jack doubted any military officer could ever break this man's will. He would either get fired from the army, or get court-martialed for insubordination.

The latter would most likely be the result, judging by David's proneness to anger.

Pushing the stray thoughts aside, Jack climbed into the limousine too. When he got in, he was glad to see that David had at least respected limousine etiquette, and left the spot near the driver empty.

Sitting in his place, followed by Guo next to him, he waited for the baggage to be loaded, and for their two last passengers. Once everything and everyone was one, he knocked twice on the window separating them from the driver.

A moment later, the vehicle went into motion.

Jack locked his gaze on Guo, who understood it was his time to explain.

"Mr. Magnus, I want to clarify something with you first."

"And that is?"

"In your recounting last night, you said that there wouldn't be any demons in our world for a while, still. I assume you didn't know that we already have demons on Earth, if in a somewhat contained fashion."

"What? Nonsense. The first demons come from the merge. The rest is only a myth."

Guo snickered at his reply.

"That is what the world is led to believe, yes. Do you remember when I said you were not the first to touch upon an energy that doesn't come from this world?"

"I remember. But that was just for intimidation, I assumed."

"Not entirely. You see, my family comes from a long line of demon slayers in China. We were once followers of Zhong Kui, also known as the King of Ghosts, or the Demon Slayer."

Pulling out a piece of paper from his jacket pocket, Guo carefully positioned his hand before whispering a short incantation. Finishing his short incantation, the piece of paper burnt instantly, before a sword appeared in the man's hand in its place.

David's eyes widened a bit before his face turned into a frown.

"Neat magic trick. But that still doesn't convince me. If that were true, then we would have heard more about it before."

Guo shook his head.

"The world leaders are all in agreement that they should always keep such incidents as secret as possible. That is why it isn't a known fact. But the legends and myths aren't all untrue."

David looked at him in disbelief, but he wasn't a stranger to the unnatural. So, for now, he was willing to give the benefit of the doubt.

"I fail to see how this has anything to do with why Alex is still out cold."

"I was getting to that," Guo responded, making the sword disappear.

"Demons, or as you called it earlier, the possessed, are usually very susceptible to weapons like the sword I have. And the one yesterday was no exception."

"So you are the one who dealt with it, I take it."

"At first, we worked together, and although I was the one to hurt the possessed the most, I wouldn't have triumphed without the help of your friends."

Kary chuckled.

"Calling us friends is a stretch," she said.

"Whatever the case may be, your help was needed and appreciated," Guo said, not wanting to let the topic slide to something else.

Kary nodded.

"Without them, the combat would have taken much longer, and the possibility of the possessed boy escaping would have been incredibly high. That demon was one of the strongest I have ever met."

"So you killed it in the end. Then why is Alex still asleep? Did the demon knock him out cold, or something?"

"You have this all wrong, Mr. Magnus. I wasn't the one to kill the demon. He was."

Guo pointed at Alex, who was still out, his head bobbing slightly to the movement of the vehicle.

"The possessed resorted to something I had never seen before, and his power increased tenfold. My attacks became useless on him, and we almost lost someone."

Jack frowned at Guo's words. Looking at all the occupants of the limousine, they all seemed roughed up, but not in any life-threatening danger.

Then the realization hit him. Only one other person could have helped them in that fight.

"How is Jonathan? Is he hurt? I hope for your sake he isn't at risk of dying. If my grandson dies, I will have your head, Guo."

The low voice at which Jack said this contained enough dread to make all the passengers of the limousine shiver. It impressed David how a man with no mana in his system could apply such pressure on others.

'If he plays New Eden, he would be an incredible asset,' he even thought.

"Worry not, sir. Your grandson is fine. A bit in shock and recuperating, but unscathed. Thanks to Mr. Leduc."

Jack glanced at the unconscious man before locking his eyes back on Guo.

"Tell me what happened. The whole thing."

Guo nodded. It was better to be entirely honest with his boss, lest the man find out the truth by other means, and decide punishment was due.

"Then I shall report to you now."