

Once Human 501

Chapter 501

"F-Fenrir!"

The snake woman shrieked with a high pitch as she stared at the white wolf, bespectacled by the legendary creature's sudden appearance . As she felt Fenrir's domineering aura, she was able to link it with Saly but the latter's was almost non-existent and she never thought that the small figure fighting her previously is actually a damned Fenrir!

No longer did she rage around trying to chase after Saly, she retracted her fiery aura and slowly backed away, unwilling to face the ginormous beast dominating the whole sky .

"This is actually..."

Gob-smacked, the oldest of the three monks stared at the white wolf with wide-open eyes and a frozen body, unable to believe what he was witnessing . After remaining at this shocked state for several seconds, he snapped out of it when an ear-splitting explosion was caused by the Fenrir, who used its body to bang on the brownish tentacle .

"Devotee, get yourself together! Amitabha!"

The monk's thundering voice rang inside his comrade's ears, making his body tremble and calming his wavering gaze and unsteady aura . As for the monk fighting Arthur, he was closer to Fenrir than the other two so he was more affected and in a much worse state . The beast's mere presence was enough to crush the old man's morale and cause him to fall on the ground, violently shaking from fear .

Though Fenrir's wrath wasn't directed at him, it was still hostile and it is dangerous even for Exalted Gods, moreso for Overgods .

Arthur and Lucy didn't just sit by and watch, they tried to assist the Fenrir but were unsuccessful as the Fourth Wave and a 3rd Grade bullet shot by the revolver were sucked into a strange wormhole which surrounded the white wolf and the tentacle .

As for the Angel of Death, it was freed thanks to Saly's interference . It tried to attack the large slithering 'python' but it was flung back by the wormhole, which blocked everyone from joining the monstrous battle between two ancient and powerful entities .

Although it was but one tentacle, it was still resilient and tough to beat . The Fenrir slashed at the tentacle, taking some of its skin and causing terrifying wounds, however, it was also wounded in several places, mainly its front legs, which were bleeding excessively .

Seeing that they were unable to help their daughter, the couple shifted their attention to the praying monks . The best solution is to stop the monks' prayers and let the red gate close on its own . Without the old men's chanting and the use of the golden rope, the gate won't have the support it needs and it'll return where it came from .

An enlarged Makaze released a deafening roar as it started vibrating intensely in Arthur's hands . The black flames covering it abruptly vanished and were replaced by a suffocating amount of Sword Essence, a multi-colored brilliance covered the edge of the dark blade and was ready to be unleashed .

This was the fifth wave of [Thousand Waves], an attack that cost too much Mental Power and energy and is exhausting to the boy, though, fortunately, Arthur became a Soul Parasite so the burden was halved, more or less .

'Fifth Wave, a rainbow after the rain, a song after the pain; Supernova!'

A seven-colored light covered Makaze then flowed toward Arthur, enveloping him whole then rotating around him like a whirlpool . Arthur slowly raised his dark blade toward the sky, splitting it in two and shattering the already turbulent space, causing the whole to turn into an absolute mess .

For a split second, the aura of light revolving around Arthur surpassed even of Fenrir, grabbing the monks' attention . Unfortunately, the monk that was fighting him before stood between Arthur and his comrades, clearly planning to block the fifth wave .

Sadly, he didn't take into account the true might of [Thousand Waves] and Lucy, who stood behind Arthur like a ghost and loaded the revolver with only one bullet, one stronger than most . The cost of firing this bullet is too much even for her absurdly tough physique, not only is the Mana requirement over the top, but also the amount of Mental Power needed is higher than her current pool which made the execution of this shot theoretically impossible .

It is at this time that her race comes shows its benefits... the white specter can transform, strengthening themselves, granting them immunity to spiritual damage, and slightly increasing their energy pool and, in Lucy's case, her Mental Power too .

After several seconds, Arthur unleashed an unstoppable blast, blinding the red sky and spreading to all corners of the battlefield, freezing everyone and momentarily depleting them of their energies . This seven-colored light spun in the air as it made its way toward the praying monks only for an old man holding a strange-looking wooden staff to appear in its way, clearly intending to stop it . However, before he could do anything, Arthur activated [Assault of Darkness] and trapped the man in a separate world where he could do nothing but wait for the cooldown to pass, or so thought the caster .

After merely two seconds, a golden radiance split the world of darkness and revealed a monk with closed eyes and a shaking wooden staff . Just as he was about to raise his weapon and resist the incoming fifth wave, a white shadow came down from above and heavily crashed into the old man, pushing him away .

Before he could retaliate, the old man saw a vermilion bird join in and spit a sea of flames which quickly enveloped him and pushed him further down, rendering him unable to block the fifth wave in time .

His body became even more unstable when the Gravity suffered a drastic change, causing his body to plummet and crash into the ground . His limbs felt heavy and he felt a bit dizzy, when he tried to stand up, an Azure Dragon filled his view, opened its mouth and spat illusory red flames which melted the earth and burned his Taoist robe . As he was quite unprepared, the monk was thrashed by the interfering Divine Beast, which surprisingly weren't stopped by the oddly quiet and unresponsive Katrina .

The Matriarch was looking the ferocious Fenrir, her eyes glued onto the wolf, seemingly thinking about something . She didn't even notice the Divine Beasts' actions or the battle between Arthur and the monk .

The spiraling fifth wave finally reached target and hit the two praying monks, enveloping the whole area in a blinding light and pushing away the clustering dark clouds and the making the floating gigantic red gate clearer than ever .

As for the two victims, they tightly held the golden rope and closed their eyes, repeatedly praying to their God and taking the blow head-on . If they were to get distracted or try to defend themselves, all the previous work they had done would go to waste .

The oldest of the monks was the strongest but even he was injured by the fifth wave as countless small bloody slashes appeared all over his body . As for the other monk, he was in a worse state as his abdomen was pierced by the seven-colored light and the agonizing pain caused by the spiraling light almost made him faint . Were it not for his strong will and unshakable belief, the monk would have fallen unconscious .

The fifth wave continued for a while before everything cleared up, showing two monks in bloody and tattered clothes, nonetheless, they were alive and still praying for Buddha . Just when Lucy was about to execute her attack, one of the chains wrapped around the red gate fell from above, clinging onto the corrupt earth, acting like some sort of a link between the two realms .

Chapter 502

The falling chain was like a huge meteor, destroying everything in its way and sparing no one, living or dead . Actually, the four hundred million undead were reduced to only fifty million, however, those 50 million were the cream of the crop, the best and strongest undead .

As for the white specters, they were supported by the Holy Knights and the Marshall's army so they weren't completely wiped, yet . The battle between the two struggling powers continued and the collateral damage done by falling chains obliterated more than a hundred thousand undead, if not more .

The chains were absurdly big, just like the tentacle that came out of the red gate . Speaking of the disgusting thing, it was still in a bitter struggle with the Fenrir, each going at the other and attacking relentlessly .

The tentacle was only a part of the monster's real body and it was under many limitations so it wasn't able to do much against a real Fenrir . After what seemed an eternity, the tentacle was torn into countless pieces by the Fenrir, which dealt the final blow and bit down the whole thing, ripping it from its main body .

Probably, the only person who had time to watch the battle between the Fenrir and the tentacle is the Matriarch, who was absent-minded from start to finish . She only reacted when a large part of the tentacle fell from above so she was forced to use her flames to get rid of it .

At the same time, she seemed to have snapped out of her long daze . Katrina looked around, inspecting the still unconscious Angelina before shifting her attention to Lucy, who stood next to Arthur, raised her arm, ready to pull the trigger .

A foreign-looking firearm was held by her daughter, it was made from a silver material and was definitely a top grade artifact . Though the distance separating them was big, Katrina could still feel the outrageous amount of Mana flowing through the revolver .

At last, Lucy used her free hand to press on her wrist while clenching the revolver then pulled the trigger with great difficulty . Her target? None other than the two monks, whose faces paled when they saw the incoming projectile . It had a minuscule size, non-threatening appearance and a severe lack of energy, however, were one to look closer, they would notice a monstrous amount of Mana .

The role of Mana was merely to support the bullet and allow it to reach its destination, the rest will be done when it detonates and obliterates its target . In fact, the gunshot was so loud that time seemed to have frozen for a second or two, every heart stopped beating, every eye stopped blinking, everything and everyone became immobile .

At this point of time, a pillar of silver light rose from the ground and stood erect in front of the flying bullet, blocking it from reaching its target . However, what the enemy didn't know is that the bullet will detonate the moment it meets an obstacle, so, when it was met with the silver pillar, a devastating wave spread to all directions, pushing away Arthur, Lucy, Katrina, and everyone else who was close to the impact .

The one who erected the silver pillar was the thrashed monk, who managed to get rid of the Divine Beast for some time and intervene in time so that his comrades can continue their prayers in peace . Unfortunately, by interfering, he caused the bullet to detonate several meters away from him, shattering his silver pillar and flattening his body in the ground while creating an incredibly large crater which had a radius of several dozens of miles .

Dust accumulated in the sky and the red gate was shrouded by the turbulent and whistling winds, the two praying monks were safe, more or less, however, there were no signs of the other monk . He seemed to have completely vanished .

As for Lucy, she was breathing heavily as Arthur supported her with his arms . Right behind them stood a three-headed creature that crouched its body and released a white light which enveloped the woman, healing her disabled arm .

The veins were blocked, blood disappeared from her whole right arm, her muscles were split and her bones turned into dust . Only a being like the Angel of Death can alleviate the pain and slowly heal such a permanent injury .

...

The tentacle was gone and all that was left was the still breathing old monks . Saly, who transformed into Fenrir, still had some time before the effect wears off so she decided to attack the old men only to suddenly retreated to the back as a chain thicker than the rest fell from the red gate and drilled into the ground .

The closed red gate started slowly opening, showing the world on the side; Oblivion . Its sky was bloody red, its earth scorched and corrupted and you could see countless grotesque monsters clustering together, most noticeable were the ugly abominations that had multiple arms, the Cthulhu .

When the red gate was fully opened, the golden rope held by the two monks seemed to have a reaction as it escaped their hands and flew down below .

A distance away, Arthur noticed a golden brilliance heading for him so he raised Makaze and slashed down, releasing several dark arcs which cut down the golden brilliance . After a moment of eerie silence, the golden radiance appeared again but this time, it was brighter and bigger . When it was close to him, Arthur could see that it was a shiny rope that had a length of around 20m .

He brandished his dark blade and cut the illuminating rope, dispersing its golden light and causing it to vanish into nothingness . Sadly, the same thing repeated itself as another rope, taller than its predecessor, appeared from the void and quickly wrapped itself around his leg .

Arthur let out a cold snort and used Dark Magic to consume the golden rope, which did work wonders . Ten seconds flew by and when he saw that nothing was out of place, Arthur was about to let out a sigh of relief only for another rope to appeared around his chest, this time binding his arms and immobilizing .

The man didn't give up, he made use of his superior strength to rip the tightening rope, turning it into a useless mess, however, he soon came to know that no matter what skill or action he did, the rope won't disappear .

Lucy joined in and used her Yin to freeze the rope but it simply vanished and reappeared again, longer and stronger . After one minute passed, Arthur was bound by a golden rope, unable to properly move his arms or legs, this annoying thing wrapped itself around him and made him look like a mummy except his head was exposed .

Seeing the parasite finally apprehended, the oldest monk nodded his head and let out a sigh, relieved that it's finally over . He grabbed his overly-exhausted partner and shifted away from the open red gate, unwilling to be influenced by the savage leaking out of Oblivion .

As their eyes were on the bound Arthur, the two monks were unable to react in time when a humongous white wolf appeared above them . The beast roared loudly and used its long tail to hit the two monks, sending them flying like broken kites .

The exhausted monks were barely able to hold on so Fenrir's blow was like a death sentence to him . As for the other monk, the oldest of them and the strongest, he was about to save the other monk only to see Fenrir devour his partner then turn his head toward him . The wolf's sky blue eyes contained uncontrollable rage and anger, it made an old existence like this old man shiver in fear .

He was about to turn tail and flee but his movements were slower than the legendary beast which appeared before him and slashed down . Sadly, just when the sharp claws were about to rip the old man into a bloody mess, the white wolf vanished and was replaced by a little girl whose face was pale and her complexion bad .

The old monk was momentarily stupefied, unable to comprehend what just happened . When he saw a weak-looking girl with white fur and sky blue, he kind of understood the situation . The fearful expression he had vanished and his eyes flashed with a cold light . He approached the half-conscious girl and said

"Little girl, you seem to be fatigued . By Buddha's way, I shall guide you to our temple so you can recover . "

He raised his hand and released a golden light which enveloped Saly, binding her movement and causing her to cry in pain .

Unfortunately, Lucy wasn't able to hear her as she was far away and preoccupied with Arthur, who was being dragged inside the gate by the golden rope . The Angel of Death also tried getting rid of the binding artifact but to no avail, it would always come back in a stronger state .

Chapter 503

As she saw a bound Arthur being bulled into that hellish world, Lucy was in a state of panic .

"What to do what to do..." She repeatedly mumbled those words while following the golden rope . She didn't dare to use her power to get rid of the rope, afraid that it'll come back tougher than before and worsen the situation of her husband .

As for Arthur, he tried his best to come up with a solution but time was pressing and the situation was definitely not in his favor . The rope was tightly binding his four limbs and limiting his movement, he even lost hold of Makaze, which was stabbed in the ground and vibrating intensely, clearly aware of its owner's state but also helpless to do anything .

At first, neither Arthur nor Lucy heard Saly's cries, however, when Arthur was around two hundred meters away from the red gate, the painful wails of the little girl could be heard . She was being dragged by the monk, who had difficulties managing the struggling girl .

Google search freewebnovel.com

"Hurry up and get her to safety . "

Saly's face had a drastic change as he heard Saly's cries . She hesitated for a split second before nodding her head and flying towards the retreating old monk .

The woman left a trail of falling snowflakes, her aura increased by several folds and an illusory white tail made its appearance . As she charged at the monk, she let out a wild and deafening screech akin to a banshee, this screech stopped the monk and momentarily locked him in place .

Several gunshots reverberated across the area as Lucy didn't hesitate to deplete her Mana and shoot at the dazed monk . Her arm, which hasn't fully recovered yet, turned into a bloody mess, covered in blood and ballooning veins and shredded muscles, it was a horrifying sight to behold .

After she fired multiple shots, her hands fell down, unable to be used anymore . Lucy didn't care, she grasped her saber with her other hand and jumped at the monk, who's been hit by some of the bullet, creating bloody holes in his abdomen, shoulder, and thighs .

The old man chanted his Buddhist mantra, protecting himself from the incoming Lucy while counter-attacking by using a dangerous palm technique . In a way, it was like Arthur's palm skill as the old man's hand shone with a blinding light and clashed with the thin white saber, shattering it instantaneously .

Lucy discarded the broken weapon, crossed her arms and braced herself for the impact . Meanwhile, seven ice lotuses stealthily made their way toward Saly, they bloomed in a split second and frozen the shackles binding the little girl then they enveloped Saly and brought her away from the old monk .

The little girl was helpless to do anything, she could only watch as her mother was sent flying and her father being dragged into Oblivion .

After he got rid of the silver-haired woman, the monk was about to depart only for a large, looming shadow to cover his view . Just the mere sight of the three-headed creature blocking his path gave him chilling shivers down his spine . Before he the old monk could grab the little girl, who was being dragged by the ice lotuses, the angel of death intervened and jumped at the monk .

Strange grey tornados spun around the old monk while the white-furred middle head spat a blinding light which landed on the monk, surprisingly healing his body in an instant then turning his skin black . In retaliation the monk retrieved a strange instrument and banged his palm on it, causing it to emit a continuous deafening ringing noise .

Golden mantras appeared around the old man, purifying the blackness covering his skin and enveloping him in some sort of semi-transparent sphere covered with an unknown language .

The monk spent a few seconds chanting with a low voice and when he was finally done, the sky up above split and a figure as large as the angel of death descended . This 'thing' was similar to Buddha, it was sitting cross-legged and had multiple-arms . Its closed eyes abruptly opened, showing to savage red pupils directed at the angel .

The statue's eyes were filled with a suffocating killing intent, slowly but surely, the pressure from this Buddhas-like statue started weighing down on the three-headed creature, pushing it toward the ground .

Meanwhile, Saly was dragged into a rather safe location and the seven lotuses, being separated from their owner for a long time, automatically returned to Lucy's side .

Her arm was bloodied and mangled and the previous attack of the monk severely wounded her . A palm imprint could be seen on her chest, a golden energy leaked out of the imprint, dispersing into the air .

Lucy used her Yin Physique to get rid of the imprint but it was all futile, she used most of her Mana and her condition was worsening . Seeing that Saly was out of the monk's reach and in a good physical condition, Lucy let out a sigh of relief and glanced at Arthur, who was but meters away from the red gate .

With great difficulty, she supported herself up and was about to head towards him only for a tall figure to block her path .

The woman lifted her head and glared at the person blocking her path, her eyes cold and her face expressionless .

"It ends here, Eva . "

Katrina gazed at her injured daughter with a mixture of sadness and guilt . Her stubbornness and actions caused this war but she didn't regret her decision . Although many were lost, it was for a good cause, or she thought, trying to convince herself and come up with a believable excuse .

"It will only end when you die . "

Lucy gritted her teeth and tried to fly up only for an overwhelming force to bind her down, rendering immobile .

Saly looked around, her face pale and her body trembling, not from fear but pain . She saw her father on the brink of being banished to a foreign, hellish world, and her mother being obstructed by the Matriarch .

The little girl clenched her fists and was about to transform again and try to save them only to be stopped by a person . He was a man who was hiding underneath a few corpses and when he noticed her presence, he pondered for sometime before he showed himself .

From his aura, Saly noticed that he was a mortal and was heavily injured, obviously, his presence in this chaotic battlefield confused her but she maintained her silence and waited for him to speak first .

This man was none other than Thordan, Lucy's biological father, who was thrown by Arthur earlier . Surprisingly, no one chased after him so he grasped that opportunity to hide and wait till everything is over .

"A-are you Saly?"

He had a worried expression as he walked toward her and inspected her body, seemingly concerned about her wellbeing . In response, the trembling girl took a step back while frowning, confused by his actions .

The man pointed at himself and said

"D-don't you know me? I'm Ev-*cough* Lucy's father . Your grandfather . "

Thordan wasn't actually worried about her, he wanted to use her to get out of here . Unfortunately, even after he introduced himself, Saly showed no signs of getting friendly with him . In fact, she seemed more keen on avoiding him .

While groaning in pain and holding his reddened neck, Thordan added:

"I, I'm just a victim here... I only wanted u-"

Before he could finish, a malevolent darkness sprung from the ground and devoured him and within seconds, only Thordan's bones were left . This sudden turn of events shocked little Saly, who backed away only for a gentle force to hold her back .

She turned around only to see an ugly creature staring back at her .

"The situation isn't good, we need to get out of here . "

This was none other than Gutcha, who was able to recover a bit from Katrina's earlier strike . He was still in critical condition but killing a mortal like Thordan was no big deal . What was most important right now was guaranteeing Saly's safety . His boss, Arthur, repeatedly told him to prioritize his daughter over anything else, furthermore, things were getting troublesome so retreating is the best and safest option .

Chapter 504

Marshall Albert and Wrath kept fighting, exchanging thousands of blows and despite wrecking the whole empty area around them, there were no signs of any victor anytime soon . Things got complicated when another variable appeared next to Marshall Albert . He wore an armor resembling Albert but his armor was jet black, his hair was very long and his face lacked any kind of emotions .

This was another Marshall, someone who usually acts alone and doesn't have a special army like Albert . The dark-haired man sized up Wrath before he glanced East, where the battlefield was .

"I'll hold him off, you go secure the Fenrir . "-Albert

In response, the man let out a cold snort and retorted

"I don't take orders from you . "

Then he darted toward the battlefield, his eyes locked on the far away Saly .

Wrath looked helplessly at the departing Marshall, unable to stop him . He wasn't strong enough to stop both of them, moreover, that dark-haired individual was a notorious figure in the Divine Planet and one of the old experts of the Cloud Sea Sect .

Although the place Albert and Wrath were fighting at was a bit far from the actual battlefield, the dark-haired man crossed that distance in a few seconds, appearing in the center of all the chaos . He glanced at Arthur with an uninterested gaze then turned his head toward the Matriarch, who noticed his presence but didn't greet him or say anything... she was more focused on Lucy, who was struggling to free herself .

The Marshall then gazed at the Lich King, who also stared back at him, his burning eye-sockets flickering for a moment before returning to their normal calmness . The two locked gazes for half a minute before the undead leader raised his cane and banged it on the ground, causing his followers to start retreating .

Except for the four Divine Beasts, all the undead started backing away while minimizing their losses . As for the white specter, then didn't chase after the enemy and simply held their ground .

The Matriarch, who was dealing with her daughter, was suddenly lifted off the ground and then hit by several flame arrows, which burned her already tattered clothes . A strong dizziness assaulted Katrina and before she could counter-attack, a white shadow passed by her, pushing her farther away .

Lucy glanced at the ferocious Divine Beast and noticed that the Azure Dragon didn't join its comrades and curled its body around her, slowly but surely dispersing the aura binding her body .

In less than ten seconds, the dragon was able to free Lucy but it looked visibly weaker, missing its usual majesty and grandeur . It roared to the skies and twirled in the air, following the figure of the flying Matriarch .

Unlike previously, the Divine Beasts became much more aggressive, even suicidal as they blocked the Matriarch, not allowing her to touch Lucy .

High up in the sky, Arthur gazed at the whole battlefield, his gaze seemingly calm yet containing various hidden emotions . He noticed the Marshall's appearance and saw Katrina's attempted efforts to bind Lucy, those images were deeply imprinted in his mind, fueling his hate and angering him .

While still bound by the unbreakable golden rope, Arthur stared at those enemies of his and spoke with a domineering and loud voice, akin to a dragon's . His words reverberated across the whole battlefield, even reaching the ears of the battling Albert and Wrath .

"Enemies of mine, don't you forget this moment . "

He saw that he grabbed the attention of everyone, including the dark-haired Marshall who was making his way toward Saly .

"I will not forget and I will not forgive... Let the world be my witness that when I come, I will hunt each and every one of you!"

Arthur's body was slowly dragged beyond the red gate, pulled into Oblivion . Till the last second, he showed no fear, only confidence, confidence that he'll be able to come back and stay true to his words . Just as he disappeared, the dark blade which was stabbed into the ground, released an ear-splitting roar and unleashed a vast amount of dark flames .

In just a few seconds, all the people who were deemed as enemies by Arthur were marked by the Dark Oath . Whether it's the unknown Marshall, Albert, or the old monk .

The Matriarch's countenance changed when Lucy flew straight at the gate, fully intending to join Arthur . She released a loud screech and transformed again, this time fully awakened .

Her skin turned snow-white and white flames burned in her eyes, two horns protruding from the back of her head, an illusory tail, and two large wings .

Katrina's figure vanished, bypassing the four Divine Beasts and leaving a trail of white flames in its way . The white flames enveloped the Divine Beasts and burned them, causing them to groan painfully .

Seeing that the end has been reached, Aborak scanned his surroundings and let out a long sigh . He gazed at the red gate, which was slowly closing and mumbled

"Arthur, I have tried my best . "

After one last glance at the battlefield, he chanted a few verses with a hollow and chilling voice then banged his cane on the ground nine times, successively . By the next second, a dark fog spread from the Lich King, covering the struggling Divine Beast and all the Undead .

The dark fog remained for less than ten seconds before it vanished, leaving an emptiness in its place . Every undead seemed to have vanished, the ground they were standing on became corrupt and decayed, however, with their abrupt disappearance, the tense white specters calm down and shifted their attention to the remaining enemies .

When he saw what just happened, Gutcha frowned and gritted his teeth, unhappy that Aborak bailed out without taking them with him . Nevertheless, there's still a chance to escape .

Though she kind of knows the Pigolo, Saly didn't want to leave without her father and mother so she tried struggling out of Gutcha's grasp, wanting to transform again and save everyone . However, it's not as easy as it seems, transforming into Fenrir for a second time may bring disastrous consequences and there's no guarantee that she can bring back Arthur from Oblivion .

The pigolo applied more force and put the little girl under he arm before turning around and leaving, using Dark Magic to camouflage himself .

Sadly, he got to cross a hundred meters or less before a burst of sword essence came flying down from above, hitting the pigolo's back, digging deep into his bones and causing him to roll on the ground .

A dark-haired man landed before Gutcha, his gaze was on the little girl in the pigolo's arms . He didn't consider Gutcha a threat and didn't even pay him any attention . The man lifted his hand and pointed his index at the pigolo then shot a sharp sword essence, which penetrated his chest and caused him to cough large amounts of blood .

As he was feeling agonizing pain and was rendered immobile, Saly fell from his arms and tried to get up but her body failed to obey her . The dark-haired man pointed his index at Saly and shot again, striking her with a sword essence which was directed at her legs, crippling her on the spot .

A painful shriek was let out by the injured girl, she held her legs and held back her tears, trying to show the enemy that she was badly hurt, just like her teacher taught her .

A distance away from the battlefield, the Nameless Knight's face was colder than usual . Currently, the pale youth was pressing his knee on the Joker's back while his hand was grabbing his brother's head, pushing it on the ground and restricting his movements .

The Joker was forced into this position but he didn't care, he spat some of the dirt he just tasted and lifted his head with great difficulty, gazing at the sorry and miserable figure of his student .

His voice filled with anger and killing intent, Wolfram said:

"O'brother of mine, you better hold me tightly or else I'll go kill that-"

Leiu sensed that the Joker tried to free himself to he applied more force, smashing the latter's head even deeper into the ground while using his Darkness to bind the legs . Though he knew what his brother was feeling, he still couldn't let him interfere .

While staring at groaning little figure, the youth let out a sigh and muttered

"Fool..."

The dark-haired man was just about to pick up Saly's body when a streak of lightning sprung from the ground, hitting the man's legs . Just as that streak hit the Marshall, countless thunderbolts descended from the sky and formed a prison around the target .

A lightning wolf appeared before the Marshall, its three tails were cracking with lightning, each had a color . Without wasting any second, Astrith opened its mouth and spat several balls of red lightning which rotated around the prison with fast speed .

Very soon, those strange lightning balls started emitting countless thin thunderbolts that revolved around the prison, creating a literal storm, which scorched the earth and pulverized the ground .

As for the nearby Saly, she was dragged by Gutcha, who was barely able to hold himself from falling unconscious . He pressed his free hand on his chest, where there's a gaping hole where blood unceasingly gushed from .

Dark Magic started surrounding the fatal injuries and lessening the pain, allowing him to stand up and get a better hold of the semi-conscious Saly, who was calling for her parents' names .

The pigolo gritted his teeth to bear through the pain then turned around, slowly distancing himself from the Marshall .

...

A couple of miles away, Radolf and Midolf stood next to each other, both were covered in injuries and panting heavily . They stared toward the direction the monk fled at, pondering what to do exactly . After some time passed, the red-haired youth stared at the desolate battlefield and was about to continue fighting only for Midolf to hold his shoulder and say

"It's all over now, neither you nor I can do a fucking thing in this situation... let's go . "

Though reluctant, Radolf bit his lips and turned around, leaving this place along Midolf . They looked fine on the outside but their condition was serious and they were barely holding on . In fact, in a way, Gutcha was in a better condition than they .

The dark-haired Marshall didn't chase after Gutcha but the white specters did . He entered a lush forest and used the thick trees as a cover, trying to escape from their eyes . Unfortunately, he was bleeding like crazy so it wasn't that hard to locate him, furthermore, he was incredibly slow, so the distance between them was shortening with every passing second .

As he heard their loud screeches and felt the incoming specters, Gutcha suddenly halted his steps . He put down the mumbling Saly and held her shoulders, shaking her violently to snap her out of her daze .

"Listen to me, LISTEN TO ME!"

After a few seconds, she raised her head and looked at him with hollow eyes . Once he got her attention, the pigolo raised his hand, which was covered by an ominous darkness, and said:

"From this point on, you're no longer Saly, do you hear me?"

Then, without hesitation, he stabbed her head and unleashed his Dark Magic . This malevolent magic invaded every corner of her body, changing the color of her fur to jet black and severely weakening her . Gutcha controlled the Dark Magic well so it won't actually hurt her, only slightly change her appearance . He turned her body around and put his hand over her mouth then used a dagger to cut her tail .

"Listen to me! You and I are travelers, nothing more, nothing less!"

He looked at her with a strict gaze then said one last thing

"You're a boy! A boy called Madris!"

She couldn't fully comprehend what he was saying but she still nodded her head while sobbing silently, her eyes wet from all the tears .

Gutcha applied some strange ointment all over his face, which drastically changed his appearance, making him resemble a middle-aged man . He retracted his Dark Magic, lifted the injured little girl and darted toward a relatively safe direction . Behind them, the shrieking of hundreds of specters followed, chasing their trail like a group of blood-hungry wolves .

A distance away from the closing red gate, a wolf with blue fur was trying to free itself from countless thin black threads made of sword essence . These threads were keeping him in check, binding his body and rendering him unable to do anything but howl .

The wolf's cries resounded across the whole battlefield, it desperately tried to untie itself but no avail, the Marshall's power was just too strong .

The dark-haired man glanced at the lush forest where Gutcha ran off to then focused his gaze on the lightning wolf .

"A good harvest, nonetheless . "

Chapter 505

Wherever he went, all he could see were countless trees, tall and thick bushes . The pain coming from every part of his body and the nauseating smell of the blood leaking out of his fresh wound confirmed to him that this situation was, in fact, real . His rapidly beating heart and the shrieking of the incoming enemies made the pigolo feel desperate, nevertheless, he never stopped even for a second .

He was mentally exhausted and physically fatigued yet his legs kept running, jumping, and leaping over large boulders, trying to lose the chasers off his trail . Unfortunately, he used a considerable amount of his energy and he had to protect the little girl under his shoulder so it was to be expected that he was slower than the still energetic white specters . As for flying to the sky? That would make him an open target and reveal his location to the enemies, who sealed off the whole forest, cornering him and trapping him like a rat .

Twenty minutes passed by and Gutcha's running turned into limping, barely able to shake off the specters, which were but a hundred meters away . Their flickering white flames illuminated the dark area, following the pigolo like some sort of ghosts .

Not even a minute later, a large group of specters finally caught up and circled around Gutcha, baring their teeth at him and raising their weapons . He tightened his grip around Saly's fragile body and held a weapon which seemed to be a mixture of a spear and an ax, covered in Dark Magic polluting the environment around it .

At this point in time, running became pointless and trying to hide behind a human's appearance won't work . It could be said that his fate was sealed the moment he entered the forest but what choice did he have? It was either that or facing off the dark-haired Marshall .

"Drop your weapon, Shapeshifter!"

A white specter adorned in a grim-looking armor covered in numerous slash marks advanced forward and pointed his weapon at Gutcha, telling him to surrender .

"..."

The pigolo maintained his stance, refusing to admit defeat or hand over Saly . He raised his head and gazed at the gloomy sky, the arm wrapped around Saly became covered in dark flames . Obviously, he was up to something and this alerted all the specters .

Actually, Gutcha was going to deplete all his remaining energy to throw Saly, hoping that she's flung far from here and by the time she lands on the ground, she's able to retreat on her own . He glanced at the unconscious girl and let out a sigh, unable to follow up with the crazy plan he just came up with .

Just as their supposed leader of the specters was about to talk again, a blinding radiance appeared out of nowhere and pushed away all the specters . The radiance concentrated on the pigolo, enveloping him in some kind of Holy Light, healing some of his energies and allowing him to regain some clarity .

Then, dozens of thick arrows made of pure light descended from the sky, hitting the white specters, pushing even further away from the cornered duo . Before they could comprehend what just happened, a graceful figure darted from within the lush bushes, a black robe covering the entirety of her body, however, her golden hair was noticeable even with the hood over her head .

The woman appeared next to Gutcha and, without asking for his permission, snatched Saly out of his arms before saying

"Hurry up and follow me . "

Without wasting any second, she raised her hand and sent out a spark of light which blinded all the specters and caused them to cover their eyes while yelling like banshees . Though momentarily stunned, the pigolo picked up his dazed senses and quickly followed the blond woman .

"You will stay here . "

Katrina facing her anxious-looking daughter and calmly said those words while blocking the path toward the closing gate . In response, Lucy crazily charged at her mother, unleashing an absurd amount of Yin power, which froze everything, from the sky to the scorched earth, turning the whole area into a snowfield .

Her uncontrollable emotions strengthened her powers and her actions more savage, she relentlessly attacked the motionless Matriarch, who stood there and easily blocked all the blows .

In less than a minute, the red gate will close and Lucy will lose her chance to join Arthur, who's been banished to an unknown and hellish world . She HAS to be with him, no matter the cost, so, she retrieved the silver revolver and held it in her still intact left arm, intending to unleash a flurry of high-grade bullets to immobilize Katrina .

The mother knew the consequences of using that foreign firearm so when she saw her daughter unhesitatingly raise it and aim at her, she frowned and waved her arm, intending to take Silent Moon out of Lucy's hand .

Unfortunately and unexpectedly, her powers didn't work, startling the Matriarch . Even Lucy found herself unable to move for a split second then, after two seconds, a figure appeared three meters away from her .

His expression cold, his skin oddly pale, his body clad in a jet black armor, covering everything but his head .

"This is enough . "

Though it wasn't loud, his voice reached the ears of every single living being present in this place, whether it's a white specter or a human . None of them dared to move, they just gazed at this mysterious figure, some wondering who he was, others to see this living calamity disguised as an expressionless youth .

The dark-haired Marshall glared at Leiu with dagger-like eyes, not withholding his killing intent or the hostility he bores toward the Nameless Knight .

The youth stared back at the Marshall before speaking again, with an almost robotic voice .

"I don't like your stare, boy . "

It was kind of ironic coming out of a youth's mouth but none dared to mock him or laugh, after all, they were in the presence of a literal killing machine, an unbeatable person unequaled in all of the multiverse .

Though the Marshall didn't show respect for Leiu, he also didn't regard him with contempt and disgust like the weakling around him .

"Bite me . "

Katrina's face remained calm but deep inside, she was curious and confused about why someone like the Nameless Knight will come here and intervene . Nevertheless, his arrival was timely as he froze everyone, including Lucy .

Unfortunately for the mother, Leiu turned toward her daughter and said

"Go on, no one will stop you . "

The woman nodded at him and, like a shooting star, flew straight at the closing red gate, barely squeezing her body inside before the doors slammed shut, dispersing the savage aura and causing the chains to start shaking, about to seal it once again .

"No!"

The Matriarch's face paled, she desperately struggled to free herself but Leiu's power was just too strong . She could only glare at him with a deadly stare as if she wanted to devour him alive .

In response, the youth remained pretty nonchalant as he scanned the bloody battlefield and added:

"This war has dragged on long enough . It ends now, go back where you came from . "

Not far away from the Nameless Knight, the old monk from before cupped his fists, bowed toward the figure clad in black armor and said

"A-Amitabha! Thank you for your gracefulness . This devotee will excuse himself now . "

"Hmpf!"

Leiu snorted but still let the monk scurry away like a pardoned criminal . As for the mysterious Marshall, he kept staring at the knight, not hiding his rising battle spirit .

Sadly, his 'rival' was in no mood to fight, he let out a sigh and talked to the Marshall .

"You better scram before I change my mind . "

An ominous darkness leaked out of Leiu's body, turning the space around him into an abyss, canceling every law or form of energy . A suffocating killing intent spread from the youth, hitting the Marshall like a truck, even pushing him back a few steps and making him sweat profusely .

Right after that, almost everyone dispersed with the exception of the still-frozen Matriarch, who was bloodthirsty and wanted to attack Leiu . The youth didn't want to deal with this woman so raised his hand, indicating for his brother to come .

With Leiu's signal, a tall man wearing a weird costume appeared before Katrina . Unlike his usual friendly expression, his face was inexplicable cold, filled with all sorts of emotions but mostly anger .

His hand blurred before it grasped the woman by her neck, he leaned his face closer and spoke with a chilling voice

"O' my dear Katrina, I've warned you before... there are people you shouldn't hurt and you know very well how I deal with people who go against my words . "

The woman struggled and tried to attack him out of rage and desperation but he wasn't the least affected by her white flames or deafening screeches .

He glared at her with a disgusted expression while continuing:

"What war? What family? You've hidden everyone and used puppets, how very brave and honorable!"

Without waiting for her to talk, he raised one card and crushed it, causing a light to envelop both of them, turning them illusory until they vanished, leaving Leiu alone .

The pale-faced youth landed on the ground and looked at the chaos, the destroyed building, split earth and scorched mountains . The passing cold breeze, the falling snowflakes, the stench of death and blood, mixed together to form a nauseating odor .

After a minute or so, Leiu let out a long, melancholic sigh and muttered

"My brother, if only... if only..."

He covered his eyes with his hand and let out a hoarse chuckle before speaking with an almost inaudible voice

"Those must be the two saddest words in the world . "

...

Just when Leiu was about to leave, the red gate, which almost vanished from the sky after all the chains wrapped around it, was hit by an enraged thing . Upon a closer look, the youth saw a dark blade covered in dark flames, banging continuously on the red gate, rendering it unable to disappear or do anything .

Google search freewebnovel.com

The roars of the angry Makaze echoes across this empty and ghastly place, causing anyone to hear them have the chills . As he gazed at Evil Wind, which repeatedly hit the red gate, trying to force it open, the Nameless Knight slowly raised his hand and faced his palm toward the sky, precisely at the gate .

He pushed his palm a few inches forward yet these simple actions caused the whole Divine Planet to shake violently . The stormy areas around the planet momentarily ceased to exist and the hearts of every one of its inhabitants tightened, making them feel uneasy .

The closed gate was ever-so-slightly opened despite the thick chains sealing it . Through this minuscule gap, the dark blade released an ear-splitting cry as if to thank the youth before it dived straight into the gap, entering Oblivion .

A few seconds later, Leiu retracted his palm, threw one last glance at the vanishing red gate before he departed, leaving behind him a desolate land filled with artificial corpses, those belonging to the white specters .

"And you're asking me why I'm not reaping? Obviously, because there's nothing to repeat, nothing important, at least . "

The old man, Death, gazed at his black-haired student and uttered those words . Though she clearly heard him, she didn't quite understand the situation or what happened exactly .

The teacher shifted his gaze toward the passing youth, who ignored the duo and disappeared into the horizon, and explained:

"You see, my dear student, the Matriarch never intended to fight Arthur fairly . The white specters who fought the undead were real, however, their bodies were 'created' . Basically, they're like second bodies, so to speak . "

Shocked by this revelation, Anastassia covered her mouth and seemed to be lost in thought, deeply pondering about something .

As if he read her thoughts, Death rubbed his beard grey beard and said in confirmation:

"Yes, from the very beginning, Katrina was the winner of this war but, Arthur was still able to 'save' his wife . Though, they're both in Oblivion and I really can't see them surviving there, much less getting out . It's an isolated world which has been sealed for countless years, if escaping was that easy, it wouldn't have been that difficult to open the red gate in the first place . "

He paused for a second and studied the woman's unreadable expression before resuming:

"Then there's the issue with the person waiting for them at the other side . Even with a miracle, they won't be able to live so I suggest you stop thinking about them and move on . "

Chapter 506

He stood on the unusually hot ground, feeling the eerie passing breeze and the ominous and familiar energy dominating this world . For the first couple of moments, the man stood there, dazed, deep in thought, his eyes glued onto the blue and illusory window floating inches away from his eye . Despite his lack of sensation, he vividly felt an uncomfortable tingling all over his body and inexplicable suffocation caused by the atmosphere of this foreign yet familiar world .

Even without the System's reminder, it would have taken him but a few moments to recognize this broken world . His memories of it were deeply imprinted into his mind, never to be forgotten... the strange and demonic flames eternally burning this whole place and turning it into ash, the corrupted earth and the withered vegetation, which couldn't handle the passing of time or the effects of the monsters lurking around .

Many, if not all, called this world Oblivion, a place that no one could live in, a place of pure evil, a place reigned by truly sadistic and malicious beings . Its history long forgotten and its name never remembered, only those who lived here would know of it, of its glorious past, how it was once a flourishing and peaceful place where all races coexisted .

This was the first world ever created, though it was small compared to the vast realms that exist in the present, its past splendor could not be denied... Riarravar, it was called .

*Welcome to Riarravar, please proceed with caution . *

*Due to the nature of Riarravar, your stats are decreased for as long as you're here: -10% All Stats . *

Arthur took a deep breath, he got rid of the countless thoughts rampaging in his mind and gazed at the incredibly large figures slowly marching toward him . Without a doubt, they were the higher variations of Cthulhu, the ones which killed him and his two brothers and ended their long journey in this world .

Never did he think that Oblivion was actually Riarravar, however, his situation was different from the past . He has access to all skills and the minor debuffs can be negated with [Eternium] and other skills, not like he needs to use them against those opponents .

Although they weren't a real threat to the current Arthur, their numbers were absurd, especially those hideous Cthulhu with multiple arms . They were madly running toward him, stretching their long arms and waving their weapons .

Arthur immediately got into actions, raising both of his hands and sending dozens of creepy-looking fireballs that detonated all around him, causing hundreds of Cthulhu to explode into a bloody mess . Just when he fly into the sky, to get a better view of his surroundings, he was petrified by the sight before him .

Far, far away from him, there was an excessively gargantuan being, its shadow cast a shadow over the whole area . Its face was ugly and its lower half had hundreds of tentacles, similar to the one which attacked the angel of death earlier . It supported itself using two thick and robust arms which were bigger than mountains, its eyes pulsed with orange light as they focused on Arthur .

For the first time ever, Arthur was actually afraid of an enemy, truly afraid, to the point of being unable to move or gaze directly at this massive entity . After a few seconds passed, which seemed like an eternity to the petrified Parasite, a deep voice rang in his ears .

"My honorable guest, let's play a game . "

This being, whose presence was enough to fill Arthur with dread, had the qualifications to scare anyone, living or dead . He wasn't known for his strength but for his intelligence, a being deserving of worship and for many years was he imprisoned here, bored and waiting for someone to come and entertain him .

By a few, he was called 'Timos' and by most, he was referred to as the 'Strategist', one of the six born from the Darkness...

In a world of absolute darkness, precisely inside a black manor which melted with this singular dimension, there were two males, conversing with each other . One was laying on a bed, had a sickly face, a fatally injured body and a limited time to live, while the other sat next to the former, his face expressionless yet his clenched fists were a clear indication of his turbulent emotions .

After having fought 'X', Arthur was aware that now, it was truly the time for him to die . No deity, no matter how great it was, could save him from his imminent death . He played with time more times than he could handle and, fortunately, managed to achieve his goals, though at the cost of his own life .

With nowhere to go, he decided to pass his last moments next to his brother .

The youth gazed at Arthur in silence, his eyes lacking their usual calmness and his breathing unusually out of rhythm . Seeing this, Arthur let out a chuckle, which led to a series of cough, and talked after he cleared his throat:

"You're not going to cry, are you?"

In response, Leiu replied:

"It is natural to cry from sadness, laugh from happiness . I'm not immune to such humane emotions . "

"Well, that's rare thing for you to say, hehehe"

A bit of blood leaked out of Arthur's lips, his face as white a sheet of paper, like a corpse . His limbs thinner than ever, his skin withered and his bones fragile, no tougher than broken wood .

A short of silence flowed between the two brothers before Leiu raised his hand and hid his watery eyes, however, his 'attempt' was unsuccessful as Arthur was able to see the tears falling from his eyes and trickling down his face .

"I-I truly am sorry, Arthur . I've failed . "

Before Arthur could reply, the youth continued

"I've failed you both... I, I wasn't there when you needed me . "

It was the first time Arthur saw his brother in such state, his shoulders slightly trembling and his desperate tries to hide his wet eyes, filled with tears .

"You failed no one, brother . I, no, we can't expect you to be there for us whenever trouble arises . "

Leiu shook his head and explain

"No, you do not understand . I could've helped you back there but I didn't... I was afraid, afraid that things would repeat themselves again, I'm tired of reliving the same tragedies, never to escape this loop... then there's..."

He stopped mid-sentence, dropping his head and still covering his eyes .

"I wasn't there... I wasn't there for my own brother! When he desperately needed me, I was away, unaware of the tragedy that befell on him!"

The youth took a deep breath, gazed at the ground and spoke with a shaky voice:

"He lost his friends, family, home, everything! He fought for days, expecting me to come yet the only ones that came were more enemies, trapping him, almost killing him, forcing him to flee . If I had answered his silent calls, the Omega Universe wouldn't have been destroyed, he wouldn't have been alone with no place to return to..."

The bedridden Arthur stretched his hand and, with a bit of difficulty, patted the youth's head while saying

"It's the first time I see you like this and I'm glad you emptied your heart and said what's on your mind . Now, after you're done feeling guilty about yourself, why don't you hear his opinion on the matter before you continue blaming yourself for eternity . "

Hearing this, Leiu's body jerked and his head turned around, landing on the tall figure who was leaning against the door . He was massaging his temples, his eyes closed and his brows creased .

"Seriously, I was waiting for an awesome speech but all I heard was a bunch of nonsense from a man I deeply respect . "

He walked up to the youth clad in black armor, wrapped his arm around the latter's neck and dragged him off the chair .

"I can't believe you're feeling guilty about that . That disaster had nothing to do with you, furthermore, you were busy that Gu fucker . "

Leiu didn't resist the Joker which led to both of them falling the ground, the latter trying to 'suffocate' his brother, wanting to snap out of his pitiful lamentation .

A meter away from the two brothers, Arthur, who was laying on the bed, motionless, broke into a soft smile, his gaze fixated on the two figures wrestling on the ground . Merely a few seconds later, the two battling brothers suddenly stopped, both their head turned toward Arthur .

His eyes were closed and all signs of life in his body expired, however, that soft and calming smile hanging on his face proved that he had a peaceful death .

Without arguing or making any noises, the two of them faced the deceased Arthur, silently knelt and remained in that position for a very long time .

After a while, Leiu snapped his fingers, to which a woman whose face was covered in a black veil appeared in the room . She imitated their actions and knelt toward Arthur, not even raising her head or emitting a sound .

His eye still glued onto Arthur, the youth spoke with a soft yet authoritative voice:

"Prepare the ship, we're going to Heaven . "

In response, the woman, still kneeling, replied:

"As you wish . "

A couple of seconds later, the woman stood up and left the room, leaving the two brothers alone again, still kneeling, showing no signs of standing up anytime soon .

Chapter 507

As things were turning violent and bloody in the Divine Planet, the situation on Earth also became complicated and confusing . At first, it started with a few random deaths to which the pathologists were unable to find the cause, nothing too alarming as the occurrence of such cases isn't that uncommon . However, when these mysterious and similar deaths were happening all over the globe, the humans started worrying .

The top organizations and scientists started searching for a cure or solution but to no avail... whatever was causing these deaths were untraceable and unstoppable .

At the top of the Moon, an old man who was peacefully taking a 'nap' abruptly jumped off his illusory bed and stared at the large planet not far away from him .

He frowned and scanned the space around Earth before he wiped the drool at the side of his lips and vanished from the Moon . He appeared on Earth, precisely in Paris, capital of France . He was meters away from a popular hero recognized by the whole country and currently, this individual was having difficulties breathing and the 'aura' around him was slowly dispersing as if it was being canceled .

As he witnessed this with his own eyes, Sloth's face turned extremely ugly . He teleported a few times and saw the same thing happened to multiple people, the symptoms were always the same and the victim will die within a week, if he's lucky, that is .

After confirming his suspicions, the old man retrieved a strange-looking microphone from his pocket and pressed on a large red button . When he started hearing buzzing sounds and a clear picture of a woman wearing a strange helmet appeared before his sight, Sloth snapped at her angrily .

"Human Life Resources', what's happening?"

The woman acted like a robot, never blinking or showing any reaction . When she heard him, she gave a perfunctory answer

"Due to the protocol, I cann-"

Visibly angrier, the old man's expression became worse, he glared at the woman and vulgarly said:

"Don't fucking give me that bullshit and report what's happening, I'm in no mood for your trashy protocols . "

After a short silence, in which the woman tapped on a shiny blue keyboard, she said

"The source is unknown but the B-32 virus has been unleashed . We're minimizing the damage and-"

She was interrupted again by the incensed sin:

"What 'minimizing', all I'm seeing here is people dying . In three months, the human race will go extinct on Earth! You better act quick!"

Please visit freewebnovel.com

Still expressionless, she added:

"The department is trying its best . Currently, two C-2 airships have been dispatched . "

The old man let out a sigh and turned off the 'microphone' . He can't do a thing on his own, after all, his responsibility is to protect Earth from foreign invaders . Dealing with a deadly virus like the B-32 is out of his expertise .

Sloth's sense stretched all corners of Earth, he inspected all the inflicted target and clicked his tongue

"Curse it! It's targeting the strong ones..."

In a big luxurious room filled with all kinds of ancient antics, there was a blond young man laying on a large bed while clutching his chest and turning upside down . He was none other than Usui, the Flame Emperor and one of the first targets struck by the B-32 .

Unlike others, he managed to resist it for some time due to his high stats, which took quite some time to decrease to 0 . Currently, he was on death's door, barely holding his diminishing life .

A few hours of agony passed and when it was finally time for him to die, a blue light suddenly covered him, trapping his body in a block of ice and sealing off his consciousness .

Usui wasn't the only one, every human afflicted by the Virus was frozen and vanished from their residence .

This was followed by a strange and truly shocking occurrence which startled all the inhabitant of Earth .

The starry night sky and the illuminating Moon were nowhere to be seen, instead, you could see a massive airship surrounding the entirety of Earth . The planet was probably a third of this mysterious airship, which was emitting all sorts of colorful lights .

The airship was present for less than an hour before it vanished, taking with it more than 10,000 humans, most, if not all, on the brink of death .

"Immediately start searching for her!"

With a stern look and authoritative voice, Isadore ordered a group of cloaked figures, all experts in scouting, gathering information and assassinations . Right now, their only mission and top priority are to locate Saly and safely bring her to the King's castle .

Without wasting any second, they bowed toward the king and vanished from his sight, melting with their surroundings .

The blond young King turned to face Wrath, whose hair was disheveled and his clothes were ragged and torn .

"You had one job . "

The deadly sin raised his hands in innocence and explained himself

"What was I supposed to do? I had my hands full with Marshall Albert . Moreover, it's not like she needed my help, she was the bloody Fenrir!"

Unfazed by his explanation, Isadore crossed his arms and glared at the dark-haired man before him:

"What she is has nothing to do with the task of protecting her! If something were to happen to her, we will lose all of our credibility!"

The king coldly snorted and proceeded to ignore the haggard Wrath, who let out a sigh and fell on the sofa, physically and mentally tired .

A chubby figure entered the office and walked up to the King, fidgeting, and hesitating . Isadore glanced at his friend Christopher, who was also was one of the ministers, and said

"If you've come bearing news, good or bad, then spit it out . "

The chubby man became momentarily tongue-tied as his face flushed, after a long internal bitter struggle, he finally opened his mouth

"T-the two youngsters with similar faces were spotted leaving the Cloud Sea Universe, their destination remains unknown . There's also a huge event happening..."

Isadore frowned and faced his friend, waiting for him to continue:

"The Ship of Honor is being used..."

This shocked both the King and the napping Wrath .

"Are you sure?"

Christopher repeatedly nodded his head and replied:

"Yes . It already started heading toward Heaven . "

"Who's the deceased? And who's the sailor . "

"T-that's..."

The minister hesitating, afraid to answer his King . Only when Isadore gave him a cold glare, ushering him to speak, did he answer:

"T-the deceased is Arthur MoonStar and the sailor is The, Th... The Nameless Knight . "

Hearing this, the blond young man sucked a deep cold breath and fell on his comfortable chair, lost in a daze .

Only after a while did Isadore snap out of it and, like always, he unconsciously tapped his finger on the desk while thoroughly pondering about his choices .

After an unknown amount of time passed, he seemed to have come to a decision as he raised his head and stared back at the cowering chubby man .

"Doesn't matter, we'll proceed with the plan . "

As he listened to his King, the minister was confused, unable to understand why Isadore was still supporting Arthur even after he was declared dead .

"B-but, Your Majesty, Arthur Moons-"

"Dead? Maybe... and maybe not . Either way, our 'alliance' still stands . "

Chapter 508

Unaware of the identity of the entity standing at the other edge of this forsaken world, Arthur gazed at the looming shadow far away and the moving tentacles, his brow raised and his expression indecipherable . The being was talking to him telepathically, its tone wasn't hostile, quite friendly, in fact .

As he heard the first words of Timos, Arthur took a few moments to collect his thoughts before opening his mouth .

"Who might you be, honorable Sir . "

At this point in time, Arthur could only feel fear, the shaking of his body, his alert bestial instincts and his unstable Soul, which was trying to distance itself from that massive entity . He couldn't afford to die here, not after all that happened . Lucy and Saly were still out there, in imminent danger and in desperate need of immediate help .

It's rare for him to speak so respectfully to a strange, and a monster, at that yet he did, his back straight and his gaze unwavering, trying to hide his emotions .

Again, using some sort of telepathy, Timos replied:

"Honorable? Hahaha, now that's a first!"

His absurdly thick and long tentacles danced in the air, indicating that he was in a good mood, or so it seemed from his voice .

"My Honorable guest, as you can see, this world is ruined, devoid of any kind of entertainment, so, your arrival is much-welcomed, even desired . Finally, someone has come to relieve my boredom and elevate my spirits . So, fancy a little game? Nothing harmful, just something to pass time . "

Arthur, ignoring the approaching armies of Cthulhu and giants taking big strides towards him, answered:

"I will have to decline, unfortunately . I am in a bit of a hurry and would like to leave, if that doesn't bother you . "

The parasite was growing more and more nervous, he felt suffocated and inexplicable thirst, however, not for water but for blood . The aura of Riaravar was affecting him negatively and seemed to be perfectly compatible with his current Race . It wasn't threatening, yet, nevertheless, a long stay may affect his mentality .

After a long silence, Timos let out a sigh and expressed his sadness over Arthur's 'unexpected' reply .

"Too bad, I was craving for a game . Nothing I can do about it, I guess... go on, then, I'll just sulk in my corner and wait for another visitor . "

Just as he finished talking, a white figure appeared from behind Arthur, stopped next to him, her dress dyed red and a nauseating smell of blood reeking out of her . Her right arm was in a horrible state, her face pale and her breathing uneven . She coughed a few times then glanced at Arthur, her eye pulsating with a sky-blue light as it scanned his body, searching for any fatal injuries .

Only when she made sure he was unscathed did she face the enormous monster far, far away . Her pupils constricted and her body twitching, noticeably .

She controlled her voice and stopped her trembling lips then asked Arthur:

"What is that?"

"Beats me . "

The red gate a distance vanished for good, leaving in its place a red fog which dispersed in the air, turning into nothingness .

Standing back to back, the couple faced the incoming enemies, black flames burst from the parasite's body and a bone-chilling coldness froze the ground and petrified the air, stopping dozens of madly running Cthulhu, transforming them into crystalline, unmoving statues .

Two giant monsters wielding red clubs came at Arthur, both shrieking and speaking with a foreign, incomprehensible language . A mixture of Dark Magic and Vermilion flames burst forth, enveloping the giants and pushing away, one of them consumed by Darkness, fell to its knees and wailed in pain, the other, scorched by the orange flames, waved its hands and swung its club, magically dispersing the sea of fire .

Lucy made great use of her elemental skills, she turned the unsteady ground into mud and oil then unleashed a torrent of golden flames which spread into the ground, causing various explosions and igniting the earth, resulting in vast amount of bright flames which rose into the bloody canopy, piercing it and illuminating this area, shrouded by the Timos' shadow .

Hundreds, if not thousands of Cthulhu were turned into ash yet not even this torrent of golden flames were able to stop the advancing army, which didn't care about the fire and headed straight into it . Their superior numbers allowed them to sacrifice much of their own to build a relatively safe path toward their two sole enemies .

"Ah! Another guest, welcome to my humble abode-, well, technically, it's not my abode but I've resided here for a long time so I consider it my home, but I digress . Cherished visitor, care for a little game? If you agree, I can spare you the effort of dealing with these senseless abominations . "

Lucy gave no reply to the chatty monster, who wiggled its over-grown tentacles and gazed at the graceful figure of the silver-haired woman, who was bombarding the Cthulhu, not letting them get close to her or Arthur .

If you look from the top, a bird's view, you would see an outrageous amount of Cthulhu, the normal ones or the giants, which were a stronger, tougher variation, superior in every way . Even with infinite Stamina, devastating skills and heavenly spells, no one is able to get rid of them . This world became infested with Cthulhu, to the brim, and that is an understatement, its cities burned to the ground, its forests scorched and turned into ash, its earth infertile and corrupted, its inhabitants are long gone, erased from history .

Minutes felt like hours, the nonstop use of skills, the suffocating aura and the uncomfortable feeling surging from his soul took a great toll on Arthur, whose movements were becoming a tad slower, noticeable by no one, except the silent Timos, who watched the unfolding events, his thoughts known to none but him .

At first, it was going well for the couple, however, as time went by, the situation reversed . The whole area was divided by a clear black line, one part was covered in a raging blizzard and the other was an eternal, ominous, and malevolent encroaching darkness . The Cthulhu which entered the darkness couldn't be seen anymore and they never came back either, however, their hoarse cries of agony couldn't be clearer .

Unfortunately, due to the battle against the specters, the couple wasn't in the best shape, especially Lucy, whose arm was crippled and her body was visibly weak . Basically, she was holding onto a thin

thread and barely able to use her Yin power . Were it not for her special Physique, which greatly supported her, she would have fallen unconscious already .

It reached a point where the two of them became practically cornered, meters away from their enemies, which crazily wielded their weapons, attempting them to defeat them, but not kill them . The Cthulhu were notorious for apprehending their targets, torturing them in all kinds of ways then letting them rot in some hell hole .

At last, one of the two received a frontal blow, albeit not devastating, it caused some damage . Arthur staggered a few steps and used his Life energy to heal the injury he just received . With a cold glare, he lifted both of his hands and released countless white thunderbolts which stunned all nearby enemies and scorched the giant which hit him a second ago .

Just a few paces behind the parasite, Lucy was grazed by a sharp two-handed axe wielded by a brown-skinned giant with multiple arms . Just as she was about to dodge another of its slow yet dangerous attacks, a lengthy arrow pulsating with a bloody light pierced her shoulder and sent her flying a couple of meters away, landing in the midst of several Cthulhu, who maliciously grinned and lunged at her .

Arthur reacted in time, using [Faster Than Death], teleporting next to her, then raising a Dark Barrier while his Quad Spirit used its Gravity Magic to slow down the enemies .

Though its attempt was splendidly successful, the arrows coming from far away were unaffected by anything, even the Dark Barrier, as they made their way toward the couple, hitting Arthur's back and temple .

Arthur spat some blood and wrapped his hand around Lucy's waist, pulling her in his embrace and tightening his grasp, in a futile attempt, the parasite tried to rip the Space to deflect more of the arrows but the result remained almost identical to before, arrows rained down on them, mainly hitting Arthur, who shielded his companion .

Semi-conscious, Arthur coughed a lot of blood and glanced at the Dark Barrier, which was bombarded by all the grotesque monsters around the duo . He felt his vision becoming blurrier and his body turned unusually cold .

Actually, he wasn't worried about himself but about Lucy, after all, he was a Soul Parasite so even if this body perishes, he can still live . However, Lucy was a totally different matter, which is why he's trying his best to protect her from any critical or fatal damage .

When all seemed lost and death grew nearer... amidst this total chaos, weapons clanking, shields raised and arrows fired, the loud noises of the mad monsters and their joyful yet unpleasant cheering, it happened .

To the surprise of these hideous creatures which were about to strike Arthur and Lucy, after finally getting rid of his barrier, there was a bright radiance that blinded everyone and anyone near it, including the parasite and his wife .

This light, although harmless at first glance, had an astonishing effect on these grotesque monsters, who dropped to their knees, their skins melting and their eyes burning . Before he could react or try to open his eyes, a swift figure bypassed the motionless Cthulhu and darted toward the couple .

This silhouette was as fast as lightning, grabbing hold of Arthur and magically melting in the air, pulling the two to the ground . A somewhat empty field miles away, the same silhouette sprung from the ground, carrying both Arthur, who was tightly holding Lucy .

Upon a closer look, this person had a face full of dirt and a few permanent slash marks, under all this filth, you could see young facial features and clear eyes . Without his beard and the totally changed countenance, Arthur would have recognized this person, who was cast out from Green-Leaf and through an unfortunate coincidence, ended up here . He was none other than Vyncent .

A few seconds later, the source of the blinding light hurting all the Cthulhu appeared next to Vyncent . She had a thin, frail body, as if a simple breeze would take it away, a long hair, as black as ink, and a frosty expression . Once a fall God, now a mere mortal, Lissandra .

Chapter 509

Though the White Specter clan didn't suffer any losses, half of their residential territory was demolished, turned into dust and ash . Even after one day, no one dared to visit the place to inspect the damage, everyone stayed clear of this area, choosing to wait for the Matriarch to publicly announce the results of the war .

This once prosperous and beautiful place turned into a mess, rubble everywhere, bottomless chasms, scorched earth and polluted air . It is definitely not a place for anyone to live in, which is why Katrina started relocating the disciples or her clan .

The clan's territory was unimaginably huge so Katrina chose a relatively quiet place that had abundant Nether Energy and was suitable to live in .

...

Going back to the battlefield, where it stunk of blood, there appeared a lonely silhouette, slowly walking amidst the dusty and foggy place, unaffected by the nauseating smell or the unsteady ground he was treading .

The man wore no armor or enchanted armor, his clothes were normal, plain, even . What caught attention, however, was an unusual hat adorned by three feathers, white, red, and purple . His attire resembled those of the troubadours roaming the Bard Realm, and the lute in his hand confirmed his obvious profession .

After walking for a long while, the man let out a sigh and pinched his nose, unable to bear the stench, nevertheless, he continued randomly wandering around, inspecting overly-damaged areas .

Only when half a day has passed did the bard stop roaming and retrieve his lute, ready to sing . He needed to see this with his own eyes so he can come up with a good poem that will rile the crowd, as usual .

"My dear Arthur, didn't I tell you that your efforts will be of no use? Why must you go against destiny..."

Indeed, this individual was a recent acquaintance of Arthur, someone the parasite meant when he went in search of the Azure Dragon's body . They coincidentally met and surprisingly hit it off, becoming friends after experiencing a few dangerous situations together .

Their encounter was brief, however, the memories of their short adventure won't be forgotten anytime soon .

Aneirin was his name, and, contrary to his appearance, he was old, very old, and mysterious, at that .

The bard adjusted his lute, put his delicate fingers in their rightful place and started singing . His sweet and pleasant voice echoed across the empty battlefield, bringing a tinge of life to this desolate and broken place .

'Once a human, he had been

Now a parasite, none had ever seen

Lacking faith, like a simple machine

Facing destiny, fate, and all in-between

He failed to see the path

Alone and consumed by his wrath

Seeking vengeance, causing a bloodbath

Once a human, he had been

Now a parasite, banished in a place unforeseen

Meeting a creature, mad, sly, and obscene

Soon to be forgotten, cursed, and never seen . '

Unaware, there were two figures watching the singing bard, their breaths steady and silent, and their bodies camouflaged by the dense fog and countless scattered boulders . The shorter of the two, a young man with a fair, delicate skin, a humble smile and clear eyes, glanced at the man beside him and said

"You didn't have to go that far . "

This young man, who wore a grey robe and looked harmless, was none other than the Green Seat of Justice from Black Rose, the famous Artid, the person who invited Arthur to their organization .

Facing the green seat was a middle-aged man with a relatively thick beard, two jet black pupils which sucked everything that looked at them, a robust body and two eye-catching eyebrows . This was the man hired by Thordan to kidnap Lucy, he was also the person who hit her and almost killed her were it not for the ARK's help .

This man, who didn't have any suffocating aura like other Overgods and such, lacked the pressure of an expert, and was missing the domineering attitude of a cold-blooded killer, was the Black Seat of Death and the strongest existence in Black Rose .

Hearing Artid, the man shook his head and retorted:

"You said she's perfect for the White Seat . Unlike Arthur, I needed to test her, however, a normal test was out of the question because her circumstances were special, so the best choice was to test her survivability . "

The youngster didn't seem very convinced, he frowned and looked at the middle-aged man with a doubtful expression .

"I may not be as great of a character as you are, but in our line of business, succeeding in our mission and getting out alive are our two main priorities . "

"There are other ways of testing her 'survivability' . You almost killed her with that blow . "

The black seat shrugged his shoulders and said back:

"But I didn't, that's the most important . "

"You would have if that strange cube didn't he-"

"No . " The black seat interrupted Artid and explained: "That artifact did nothing and was unsuccessful in its attempt to expel my energy . She relied on herself and saved her life, that is all . Getting into the details like 'How' or 'When' would be unnecessary and a waste of time . "

The grey-robed young man remained silent, pondering about the previously said word . As for the Black Seat of Death, he glanced at the walking bard, his expression unreadable and his abyssal pupils concentrating on Aneirin .

After some time passed, Artid asked

"Isn't he afraid that the Matriarch will come and kill him for coming uninvited?"

He was clearly referring to the singing troubadour . In response, the man, his gaze still locked onto the blurry silhouette of the far away poet, answered:

"No one would bother killing troubadours, they're harmless and... they make history with their poems and songs . "

The place was like a fairyland, the trees were colorful, overgrown, and breath-taking . The land of this 'world' was fertile and magically enhanced so it feeds off corrupt energy and let out pure Nether . The animals coexisted with each other, eating the lush grass or the delicious fruits hanging from the different kinds of trees .

This blessed world was the ancestral land of the White Specter Clan, it didn't exactly suit such a race, nonetheless, it belonged to them . Currently, all of the disciples, including the higher-ups such as the elders, were camping in an open field .

Temporarily, they inhabited a massive pagoda which pierced the white clouds high up in the sky . This pagoda was large enough to accommodate tens of thousands of people, so, housing the White Specter Clan was no big deal .

Currently, in a spacious room that was well-decorated and filled with all kinds of archaic antics, there laid a silver-haired woman, peacefully sleeping . Her delicate face regained some color and her breathing was steady, unlike before .

Unseen by anyone, including her mother, there was a strange cube inside the woman's consciousness, silently rotating, causing no harm whatsoever . This person was Angelina, who was brought here by Katrina and has been in this comatose state for several days already .

The Matriarch would visit her every night and check her pulse and body and see if there were any abnormalities, fortunately, there was nothing to worry about, however, despite being healthier than ever, Angelina didn't wake up .

Chapter 510

The specter had a long and vivid dream, it wasn't something horrifying but pleasant and warm . Though she's not used to such sweetness, what she experienced in this so-called 'dream' wasn't as displeasing as she expected it to be . Her rapidly beating heart, the warm touch of his caressing hand, his breathing, and above all, the sweetness of his kisses . Angelina never experienced the thing they call 'romance' for she deemed it unimportant and unequal to other matters such as cultivation .

The days she passed with him, the unforgettable cute face of the baby she held in her arms, the angelic newborn which smiled every time she picked him up . It was the kind of life any young lady, poor or rich, would wish to live, however, Angelina was different, which is exactly why, from her point of view, everything was but a passing, pleasant dream, soon to be forgotten .

But... ah! She was sorely mistaken, she had no idea that her reunion with the ARK is the beginning of the end . As it should be, the two were to be separated for eternity albeit the destiny that once bound them together .

"Ah!"

Angelina jumped off her bed, her body soaking with sweat, her face pale and her heart about to burst out of her chest . She looked at her fingers, clenched her fists then put a hand over her heart... each beat was like a thunderclap to the confused white specter . Though she woke up, she could remember every single moment of her long dream, making her feel momentarily lost .

"Damned Dragon! You successfully and most definitely, non-intentionally, screwed both of us!"

'X', bound by chains which negated all of his skills, spat on the ground and glared at the large beast next to him, also bound by ominous black chains . They were both heavily injured, haggard-looking and imprisoned in this cell, which reeked of piss and blood, further annoying 'X' .

In response, Yamak merely snorted and ignored the rambling 'X', he wriggled his body, trying to free himself using brute force but his attempt was futile .

'X' and Yamak weren't the only ones imprisoned here, there were at least five others, bound by chains and injured all over their bodies, rendering them unable to retaliate or talk properly .

'X' let out a sigh as he saw his ripped tuxedo and the blood staining his expensive shoes . He abhorred dirty places like this and the outcome of his fight couldn't much worse, literally . To think they ended up being captured and thrown here like helpless rats, the thought of him incensed him even more .

Back in Oblivion, just when Arthur and Lucy were saved by Vyncent, a shooting black star came from the red sky, crashing into the ground, pulverizing everything in its way, including the mad Cthulhu, which were consumed by the stretching black flames .

An ear-splitting wild cry emanated from a vibrating dark blade, then, as if it felt something, it flew East .

At the other edge of this world, the massive entity gazed at the flying Makaze, its pupils constricted for a split second before they regained their usual calmness .

Timos focused his attention on the Dark Blade and only when Evil Wind vanished from its sight did he show a reaction . His tentacles became wilder as they danced in the air then thrashed the land around it, killing every Cthulhu around .

"O'Malum, to think you'll end up in such a state... your dignity stomped, your name forgotten, what a tragedy . "

The strategist closed its eyes, seemingly reminiscing about the past .

"Again and again and again... countless times have I warned you . Why did you not listen? Why did you use such lame excuses to deny my advices?"

The enormous entity seemed to become agitated as it mumbled to itself .

"Feelings? Those are nothing but excuses to explain one's actions . What? You loved her? Such a thing doesn't exist! And even it does... WE should not be able to feel it . Pain, anger, happiness, sadness... those are things mortals claim to feel but we're different . We're physically and mentally superior, so why did you degrade yourself? You even went as far as killing Xyktia for her but... I wish you could tell me your thoughts at that time . Did you think it will bring her back? That she'll love you? Jump in your arms?"

Timos stopped for a few moments, his tentacles finally calming down and his eyes opening, gazing at the scorched world .

"With the birth of elements and the beginning of time, it is true that the Twelve of us drifted apart, however, was it really necessary to turn on each other? We're 'created' from the same thing... how is it that some of you became so foolish... so greedy and so blinded... I so wish to know . "

Divine Planet, Cloud City(Capital) .

At the deepest part of the public prison belonging to the Cloud Sea Sect, there laid a large wolf with three tails, its body wrapped by countless chains .

They rubbed against its body, their tightness caused blood to ooze out of all parts of his body . Its large mouth was stabbed by a silver lance, which impaled the beast and rendered it unable to even howl, it could only whimper painfully .

Astrith's state couldn't be more miserable, he was robbed of his power, imprisoned and tortured more than one time . At first, they wanted to know more about Arthur, his home planet and so on, however, after they received no answer from the lightning wolf, they drastically changed their tactic .

In fact, they offered Astrith a position in their ranks, promising enticing rewards, including freedom... sadly, the wolf repeatedly refused their propositions, causing them to become more brutal, not caring about his life anymore .

He knew they needed him for something or else he would have been discarded a while ago, so, with an ever-weakening body and sliver of life remaining, the wolf persevered, waiting for the perfect time to counterattack and get out of here .

END OF VOLUME 8