

## **The Tower 242**

### Chapter 242

An endless horde of monsters had darkened the azure sky, casting a somber shadow upon the earth. In the face of this daunting spectacle, Cha Yu-Min stood resolute and drew forth his shadow sword.

"No, don't do it!" Yu Jia, standing beside him, grabbed his arm to stop him from attacking the monsters.

"It's better to strike first to minimize the damage," Cha Yu-Min explained.

"But still... Just wait a little longer. The Angels have not even made their move yet," Yu Jia said, trying to convince him to hold off.

He furrowed his eyebrows at Yu Jia's words but retracted his wavering shadow.

"When will they make their move?" Cha Yu-Min asked Yu Jia, referring to the Angels.

"Look over there," Yu Jia said.

She pulled Cha Yu-Min toward her to help him see a large billboard on a building. The Angels had gathered there.

Woong—!

A white portal suddenly rent the air, and a beautiful blonde Angel ambled out of it.

"The God of Destruction..." the blonde Angel, Metatron, muttered, but her voice reached the sky.

Someone emerged from among the ominous-looking monsters. With their large, black, feathered wings fluttering, the figure landed on the ground. The newcomer was the God of Destruction.

"It's been a while, Heavenly Secretary," the God of Destruction said.

"You're crossing the line right now," Metatron said, glaring at the God of Destruction.

"What do you mean? You've always known this: I hate Earth. I am just doing my job here. I don't think I am 'crossing the line' here," the God of Destruction replied with a smirk.

"Earth is under the Heavenly God's protection. Do you not understand the significance of a god like you coming here?" Metatron retorted.

"Ahh... I understand that. I get it," the God of Destruction replied.

Suddenly, the God of Destruction let out a sinister laugh and unleashed his divine power.

Babababam—!

Metatron hastily formed a barrier in response to the sudden attack. The divine power struck her barrier, sending a massive shockwave in all directions. The ground disintegrated in an instant; simultaneously, the surrounding buildings vanished. Despite Metatron's best efforts to contain the shockwaves, she couldn't completely block their spread.

"Annihilation is forthcoming, for I am here," the God of Destruction said with the same ugly smirk.

"I won't let that happen," Metatron replied with determination.

"Really? One attack and you already look like a hobo, Heavenly Secretary. No one will believe that the calm and collected secretary of the heavens and you are one and the same," the God of Destruction said mockingly.

"I'm not alone," Metatron replied with confidence.

At her call, space was rent again, revealing two Great Angels, each adorned with three pairs of wings.

"Is that Michael and Gabriel?" the God of Destruction asked, looking at the two approaching Great Angels.

"It won't be easy for you to face them alone," Metatron replied.

Even for the God of Destruction, confronting the combined forces of two Great Angels and the Heavenly Secretary was no simple task.

"Hmm... And who do you have for my minions up there? There are quite a few of them, you know," the God of Destruction said with an evil laugh.

He pointed skyward and brought that finger down; almost simultaneously, the monsters floating in the sky began to land on the ground.

"They might do some harm, but they don't seem unstoppable," Metatron replied.

"Haha. Are you sure about that?" the God of Destruction laughed again, provoking Metatron.

Babababam—!

A deafening roar suddenly echoed from a distant hillside. Black and blue energies clashed with each other there.

"The Apostle..." Metatron muttered.

Cha Yu-Min had completely transformed into a shadow and was locked in combat with an Apostle. After studying Dexter's shadow technique that Lee Shin had recorded, he had become considerably stronger, so he could handle the Apostles.

He was seemingly even winning the battle against the Apostle. However, the God of Destruction remained nonchalant, wearing a smile. Suddenly, he spread his wings and took flight.

"This is but the beginning. Revel in what's to come," said the God of Destruction.

A radiant blue light emanated from the Gate, making Michael frown as he blocked the surging blue currents. He gazed at the darkened sky from which a tall figure emerged. The figure had a prominent snout, large wings, a long tail, and scales covering it.

"Damn it, he is seriously going all out," Gabriel cursed upon seeing the massive dragon-like creature approaching them.

"It's the Dream-Eating Dragon," Metatron muttered.

However, that was not it. There were hundreds of other dragons behind the Dream-Eating Dragon, flapping their wings.

"Is that guy here?" asked the Dream-Eating Dragon, a bit annoyed.

The Dream-Eating Dragon, a black dragon with a prominent scar on his chest, was also known as the God of the Dragons.

"Yes. He'll be here soon," the God of Destruction replied, referring to Lee Shin.

Although no names were mentioned, it was clear who they were talking about. All of this was happening because of one person. It was astonishing to think that they had come to confront these Earthlings solely because of a single human.

"Their arrival likely means that Lee Shin has acquired chaos," Metatron muttered, trying to make sense of the situation.

Metatron quickly pieced together the puzzle. She knew that Lee Shin should be on his way here if he had obtained the power of chaos.

"We will have to deal with those things first."

The enemies arrived like a waterfall, and among the enemies stood gods.

"They're just avatars. We can handle them no problem," Metatron said, trying to stay optimistic.

"Just avatars, you say..."

The God of Destruction, the Dream-Eating Dragon, and all the others present could not unleash their full power. They were so powerful that they had to come here as avatars, not their true selves.

"Even so, they won't be any less formidable," Michael replied.

Michael wrapped his pure white sword in flickering flames. Among the Great Angels, he was considered the strongest in terms of combat power. Michael believed that if his opponent was just an avatar, he could handle even the God of Destruction.

Whoosh—!

"Burn, space!" Michael shouted.

His eyes glowed red, and simultaneously, his sword sliced through the sky. Flames erupted along its path, engulfing the space in fire.

"Kwaaaaah!" a monster groaned in pain.

"Aaaah!" another monster groaned in pain.

The monsters descending from the Gate were suddenly consumed by the fiery space, reduced to ashes. The God of Destruction, observing this scene, chuckled nonchalantly as he surveyed the remains of the fallen monsters.

"I wanted to face you at least once," Michael said confidently, charging forward.

"Well, unfortunately, I didn't come all the way here to fight you," the God of Destruction replied.

Swiftly soaring through the air, the God of Destruction vanished into a portal. Michael gritted his teeth and prepared to pursue him, but waves of blue fiery currents cascaded from the sky, engulfing him.

"Keugh!" Michael groaned.

Michael quickly defended himself using his flame spells. He realized the Dream-Eating Dragon had launched the ambush. The black dragon was known to be a rival of the God of Destruction.

"Seems like you'll be a suitable target to play with until that guy arrives," said the Dream-Eating Dragon with a smirk.

Michael let out a chilling laugh.

"Wanna know a piece of trivia? One of my titles is 'Dragon Slayer,'" Michael replied confidently.

Flames engulfed his three pairs of wings.

"Looks like I am about to rid the world of another dragon," Michael said, looking at the Dream-Eating Dragon.

"Heh, Angels' blood is quite gross, so I'll just quickly wipe you out," the Dream-Eating Dragon replied.

Michael and the Dream-Eating Dragon clashed head-on.

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The God of Destruction, having traversed through space, materialized in the expansive parking lot in front of Daejeon Station. The parked cars were ablaze, emitting smoke. In the distance, the overpass had collapsed, and the outer walls of buildings had melted due to the flames.

Engaged in an intense battle were Vuela, the wizards from the Empire, and Alice. The God of Destruction, his eyes glowing cerulean, gathered the power of destruction in both hands.

Babababam—!

Like cannon fire, masses of blue energy shot from his hands, instantly plunging the battlefield with the Angels into chaos. Crumbling cement and thick dust filled the air. Alice and Vuela narrowly evaded the merciless attack, which disregarded the safety of allies, and frowned.

"Who is that guy?" Vuela asked Alice.

"Ugh... He's a god. A high-ranking god, at that," Alice replied.

Alice's eyes briefly gleamed white before returning to normal. The God of Destruction was such a high-ranking deity that even attempting to comprehend his true nature gave her severe headaches.

"A high-ranking one?" Vuela was surprised to hear that.

The God of Destruction looked human with blue hair and a pair of blue wings. Just locking eyes with him brought about a palpable sense of oppression.

"Darn it. Shouldn't Lee Shin be dealing with this guy?" Vuela muttered with frustration, thinking of Lee Shin. "Can you at least find his weakness?"

Knowing that Alice could uncover the truth, Vuela placed his last hope in her.

"All right, I'll give it a try," Alice replied, uncertain but willing to use her unique ability.

She clenched her teeth and used her power to its limit.

"Ugh!" Alice groaned in pain.

Unfortunately, the backlash from her ability only intensified her headache.

"There's nothing," Alice said, disappointed.

"What do you mean?" Vuela asked Alice with a frown.

"He doesn't have a weakness," Alice explained.

"What did you just say...?" Vuela was shocked to hear her words.

Alice could not find any weaknesses in the God of Destruction.

"But how can there be no weaknesses at all?" Vuela shouted, failing even to accept the fact.

Babababam—!

The ground suddenly exploded. Particles scattered on the floor rapidly expanded, transforming into massive spheres obliterating everything in their path.

"Aaah!" Alice shouted.



Vuela had thrown Alice into the air because the latter had been on her knees, clutching her head from the backlash of her ability.

"Ugh!" Vuela groaned in pain.

Alice, suddenly airborne, sensed the sudden explosion and used her psychokinesis to land safely on the ground. She looked at Vuela, who stood there, suppressing his groans.

"Vuela!" Alice shouted, noticing that Vuela no longer had his left leg.

"It's okay. You're more important than me," Vuela replied to Alice.

Vuela tightly gripped his sword and charged forward, using his remaining leg. The stream of blue mana enveloping his sword spiraled and grew in size.

"Pha—"

"What a fool," the God of Destruction smirked at Vuela.

A dark glow appeared at the tip of the God of Destruction's finger.

Swoosh—!

A navy-blue beam darted toward Vuela's sword, shattering it and even piercing his heart.

"Ku... uh..." Vuela gasped.

Vuela collapsed to the ground, his eyes still wide open in shock. Trembling, Alice, gazing at the sky, activated her psychokinesis to its maximum level. Clumps of shattered rock dust merged, forming a massive fist that moved toward the God of Destruction.

Babababam—!

However, the God of Destruction flicked his finger and turned the fist into dust, rendering it harmless.

"Hey, it seems you possess quite an impressive ability," remarked the God of Destruction, looking at Alice. "I'll make good use of that ability. It is wasted on someone like you."

The God of Destruction's avatar could strip others of their unique powers.

"We are in this situation because a lowly insect like you possesses the 'Eyes of the Wise Man,'" the God of Destruction told Alice.

He landed on the ground and then grabbed Alice's trembling chin.

"I-I would rather die than grant you my power," Alice said boldly, looking at the God of Destruction.

Crack!

"Ugh!" Alice groaned. The God of Destruction shattered her jaw, preventing her from speaking.

"Haha, do you think I'll let you do that?" the God of Destruction chuckled.

While the God of Destruction took a moment to relax, a metallic sound echoed from a distance.

Click—

Bang—!

Suddenly, a bullet pierced through the barrier of the God of Destruction's divine power and penetrated his head.

Baaam—!

With a bullet hole in his head, he dropped Alice and jerked his head like a malfunctioning robot. The sky was now filled up with smoke that was dark and gray. Within that smoky haze, a brilliant halo shone like a star. As the head began to twitch and regenerate, a sparkling radiance descended on him like a shooting star.

Baaaam—!

With a thunderous roar, Emperor Pyon Dunaide of the Lostria Empire, wearing a stiff expression, revealed himself through the swirling dust. He ordered the wizards from the Empire to support Alice and looked inside the deep crater.

"This is dreadful," Pyon Dunaide muttered.

He had cast a spell that utilized his greatly enhanced magical abilities. He planned to use Laurent's ability to break through the divine power, aiming for a fatal blow against the enemy, and finish with this one shot.

'Well, even if I can't kill him, I was planning to leave him half-dead...'

Thud... Thud...

As slow footsteps reverberated, a black silhouette emerged through the dusty air. The left side of the god's face had been blown off, and his arms and legs were like spaghetti. On the outside, the fight seemed almost over, but the Emperor still felt nervous about what was to come.

The mangled mass of flesh that was the God of Destruction's mouth now opened up, and vein-like tendrils sprouted from his arms and legs, rapidly regenerating his body. Pyon Dunaide wondered whether he could defeat this god, even with the use of magic.

"Fascinating," muttered the God of Destruction.

However, the boredom in his eyes betrayed his words.

"But that's it," said the God of Destruction.

Pizz—!

A vast surge of divine power emanated from him, spreading out and beginning to incinerate everything nearby.