

## **Zompiewolf 601**

### Chapter 601 The Cult's Move

Just then, the courtroom doors swung open, revealing a dignified figure adorned in ornate robes—the head of the council. As he entered, the atmosphere grew heavy with anticipation. All eyes turned toward him, waiting for his pronouncement.

As the council leader made his way towards the centre of the room, the courtiers instinctively lowered their heads in a deep bow, acknowledging his presence and the power he wielded.

The sound of rustling robes and hushed whispers filled the air, creating an atmosphere of reverence and submission.

Among the courtiers, one figure stood with unwavering composure

—the Emperor himself. It was a matter of protocol that the Emperor did not bow before anyone, not even the council leader. Gabe maintained his regal poise, his gaze fixed on the council leader as he advanced.

The council leader paused momentarily, acknowledging the courtiers' respect before continuing towards the Emperor.

His followers stood in a formation behind him, their unwavering loyalty evident in their unwavering gazes. They formed a formidable presence, a testament to their dedication to the council's cause.

As the council leader reached the Emperor's position, he stopped and inclined his head in a slight nod. It was a gesture of recognition, acknowledging the Emperor's status while also conveying the council's authority.

Gabe returned the nod with a cool, calculated gaze. He understood the dynamics at play—the delicate balance between his position as the Emperor and the council's authority.

While he did not bow, he maintained a respectful demeanour, mindful of the protocol and traditions that governed their interactions.

The council head approached the centre of the room, his presence commanding respect. His voice boomed, resonating through the chamber.

"Emperor, I bring forth the authority and decisions of the Orion Council. We have convened to address the matters concerning Reaper, former Lord Callan, and the recent events that have unfolded within the empire during the recent festivities."

The murmurs of the courtiers subsided as the council head continued while handing the Emperor a scroll.

"In light of the gravity of the situation, the Orion Council has deemed it necessary to exercise its authority as outlined in the Charter of Equal Rights, granting the council powers equal to that of the emperor himself in matters of internal conflict within the empire."

An audible gasp rippled through the room. The concept of the council wielding such authority was unprecedented and had only ever been used once during ancient times, and it sent shockwaves through the court.

The Emperor reached out to accept the notice presented by the council head, his hand trembling slightly. As he began to read, his eyes grew wide, his face contorted with anger and disbelief.

The courtiers leaned forward, straining to catch a glimpse of the notice. Whispers filled the air, speculation and curiosity swirling around the room. The gravity of the situation had escalated beyond what anyone had anticipated.

Emperor's voice trembled with restrained fury as he spoke, his words laced with an undercurrent of rage.

"According to this notice, the council is granted the power to investigate any and all aspects of this case, including the decisions made by the Emperor and the actions of Reaper and Adrian.

The council will have the authority to render judgments and make decisions binding upon the empire."

A hushed silence fell over the courtroom, the weight of the council's power sinking in. The courtiers exchanged nervous glances, their minds racing with the implications of this development.

The Emperor's red-hot anger radiated throughout the room, casting a shadow over the proceedings.

The council head stepped forward, his voice was calm yet commanding. "We understand the gravity of the situation, Emperor. The council aims to ensure fairness, justice, and the empire's well-being."

The council head continued, "We will conduct a thorough investigation, listen to all parties involved, and make an informed decision that upholds the principles of the Orion Empire."

The Emperor's jaw clenched, his grip tightening on the notice. "This is an affront to my authority as Emperor. How dare the council presume to challenge my decisions and meddle in the empire's affairs!"

The council head maintained his composure, meeting Gabe's furious gaze. "Emperor Gabe, the council's powers are not meant to undermine your authority but to ensure a transparent and impartial process. We seek to uncover the truth and ensure that justice prevails."

Gabe took a deep breath, his anger slowly subsiding as he realised the council's intentions. He looked around the room, his eyes meeting those of the courtiers. "Very well. Let the council proceed with its investigation. But make no mistake, I will not stand idly by while my authority is challenged."

The council head nodded respectfully. "Your concerns have been duly noted, Emperor Gabe. We assure you that our intentions are solely focused on the welfare of the empire. The council will carry out its duties with diligence and fairness."

As the tension in the room eased slightly, the council head turned to address the courtiers.

"I urge all present to cooperate fully with the council's investigation. The truth must be revealed, and justice must prevail. Any attempts to obstruct or manipulate the process will be met with severe consequences."

The courtiers exchanged glances, their expressions a mix of curiosity and suspicion. The power dynamics within the empire had shifted dramatically, and they were now faced with a choice—

cooperate with the council or face the repercussions.

Ashton and Anna stood silently, observing the scene unfolding before them. They understood the significance of the council's intervention and recognised that it presented both an opportunity and a challenge.

Ashton had no doubts that the entire drama surrounding the council was orchestrated by the Cult to get rid of him or, better yet, capture him and Anna.

As the courtroom emptied, the council head, Emperor, Ashton, and Anna remained behind. The council head addressed them with a measured tone.

"Reaper and Bella, your presence will be required at the council chambers starting next week. Come prepared to present your case and answer any questions."

Ashton nodded, a sense of determination burning in his eyes. "We will be there, ready to defend our actions and seek justice... from the cult."

Ashton ensured he got his words in, so the council head was the only one who heard him.

Emperor's gaze shifted from Ashton to the council head and back again. "Be mindful, Reaper. The council's decision will have far-reaching consequences. Choose your words wisely."

With a final nod, the council head and Emperor departed, leaving Ashton and Anna to contemplate the challenges ahead. Once filled with grandeur and power, the courtroom now seemed like a battlefield of conflicting ambitions and hidden agendas.

"Looks like they got us good there," Ashton shrugged, much to Anna's confusion.

"Please tell me you got a plan?" She quizzed, worried about Ashton's antics.

"Of course I am," Ashton smiled. "Just wait and watch what happens next."

Chapter 602 The Orion Trial (1)

The first day of the trial dawned upon the courtroom, shrouded in an air of anticipation. Now seated in a cage-like structure, Ashton observed the room with a focused gaze.

The council had gone to great lengths to ensure his confinement, fearing his formidable powers and the potential for escape. The structure was a testament to their caution, its bars standing as a physical reminder of their doubts.

As the courtiers settled into their positions, murmurs of curiosity and speculation permeated the air. Whispers of Ashton's past exploits and his association with the ghosts reached the ears of those present.

The council, determined to prove their case, had even considered placing cuffs on him, suppressing his abilities during the trial.

However, the Emperor's objection resonated through the room, commanding attention. The Emperor rose from his throne, and his gaze was piercing and unwavering.

"I will not allow unjust measures to be taken against Reaper. He shall remain unrestrained until a crime has been proven beyond a reasonable doubt. This is a court of law, and we shall uphold its principles."

"Of course, your highness," one of the council members tried to save their image. "What you mentioned is true, and we shall proceed in that manner."

The council members exchanged begrudging glances, their dissatisfaction evident. Reluctantly, they conceded to the Emperor's demand, recognising the importance of maintaining the integrity of the trial.

Ashton, though confined, felt a surge of gratitude towards the Emperor for his unwavering support. But things were just getting started.

The next moment, the Council head asked Ashton whether he had someone to represent him, and if he didn't have one, the council would provide a lawyer to represent him.

The room fell silent, eyes darting from one council member to another, waiting for a response.

Then, unexpectedly, Minister Theron, a figure revered for his legal expertise and resolute character, rose from his seat. A ripple of surprise swept through the chamber, punctuated by the gasps and murmurs of the spectators.

"It shall be I who represents Reaper," Theron declared, his voice calm yet commanding.

Clad in his official robes, Minister Theron stepped forward to represent Ashton. His presence exuded confidence and determination, a stark contrast to the scepticism in the room.

The council members exchanged puzzled glances, their brows furrowed in disbelief.

Theron had retired from his esteemed position as a legal representative many years ago, his name engraved in the annals of legal history for his unrivalled record of success. The notion of his return to the courtroom was met with astonishment.

One council member, unable to contain his curiosity, voiced the collective sentiment. "Minister Theron, it has been years since your Theron met their gaze, his steely eyes reflecting a resolve that had weathered the test of time.

retirement. Why would you step forward to take on this responsibility?"

Theron met their gaze, his steely eyes reflecting a resolve that had weathered the test of time.



"Reaper's case requires a steadfast hand, a voice that can unravel the complexities surrounding him. I have not lost a single case in my century-spanning career, and I intend to maintain that legacy. This trial demands justice, and I shall see it served."

Ashton, confined within the cage-like structure, couldn't help but smile. He knew firsthand the brilliance and tenacity that Theron brought to every case he undertook.

The Minister's unwavering dedication to the pursuit of justice had earned him the respect of his peers and the admiration of those who sought his counsel.

The spectators, too, were captivated by the unexpected turn of events. The courtroom buzzed with whispered conversations, the air thick with anticipation.

The prospect of witnessing Theron's legal prowess ignited a sense of intrigue, causing the onlookers to lean in, eager to observe the unfolding drama. The council members, grappling with their surprise, slowly regained their composure.

They recognised that, despite his retirement, Theron's keen legal mind and unyielding determination made him an ideal choice to represent Ashton. Reluctantly, they conceded to his request, acknowledging the complexity of the trial at hand.

With a newfound sense of purpose, Theron strode towards the centre of the courtroom, his presence commanding attention. The council members and spectators watched in awe as he prepared to embark on what could become a defining moment in his already illustrious career.

The stage was set, and the players were in position. Minister Theron's return to the courtroom had reignited hope and aroused anticipation in the proceedings.

The trial would test not only Ashton's fate but also the limits of justice itself. The eyes of the courtroom turned towards Theron, awaiting the brilliance of his legal acumen to unfold.

The opposition lawyer, a shrewd and cunning advocate, sat beside Adri, rose from his seat and called forth a witness to the stand. The courtroom held its breath as a server from the ball, clad in a neat uniform, stepped forward.

The opposition lawyer approached her, his voice measured yet piercing. "Please state your name and occupation for the record."

"My name is Amelia Grason, and I work as a server at the grand ball hosted by the Emperor," the witness replied, her voice wavering slightly.

The opposition lawyer leaned closer, a subtle smile playing on his lips. "Ms Grason, could you please recount the events of the evening in question, specifically regarding the altercation between Reaper and Lord Callan?"

Amelia took a deep breath, collecting her thoughts before recounting the incident. "I was serving drinks near the eastern wing of the ballroom when I noticed a commotion.

There I saw Lord Callan engaged in a heated argument with Madam Bella. Their voices grew louder, and eventually, a physical altercation ensued where Lord Callan forcefully grabbed her hand and tried to get her away-

Ashton listened intently, his eyes locked on the witness as she shared her account. He knew the events she described were true, but the opposition lawyer's artful manipulation of the situation began to unfold.

"And thus she kicked lord Callan," The lawyer's voice grew more assertive as he probed deeper. "Ms Grason, would you say that Bella's actions were justified? Did she do the right thing by kicking a noble while being a commoner?"

'Here we go,' Ashton thought. 'That fucker is trying to frame Anna and get her jailed for the Cult to do its thing.'

Ashton then looked around the audience, his eyes scanning the crowd for a familiar face, but he couldn't find him.

'Since he isn't here yet, I got nothing to do but watch this stupidity.'

Chapter 603 The Orion Trial (2)

The lawyer's voice grew more assertive as he probed deeper. "Ms Grason, would you say that Reaper's actions were justified? Did he initiate the altercation when Sir Keron stepped up to rightfully defend his master's honour?"

Amelia hesitated for a moment, the weight of her response palpable. "From what I witnessed, it seemed that Sir Keron and Lord Callan were the ones who initiated the argument. However, I cannot say for certain what led to their confrontation."

The opposition lawyer seized upon her uncertainty, his voice dripping with calculated intent. "So, Ms Grason, it is possible that Reaper's actions were not in self-defence but rather a premeditated attack on Lord Callan?"

Ashton's frustration simmered beneath the surface. The lawyer's manipulative tactics were twisting the truth, painting an inaccurate picture of the events that unfolded that fateful night.

He knew he needed to trust in Minister Theron's legal expertise to counter these misleading claims.

Minister Theron rose from his seat, commanding the courtroom's attention. He began his cross-examination of the witness with a calm yet resolute tone.

"Ms Grason, can you recall any specific details about the argument between Reaper and Sir Keron? Any words exchanged that might shed light on their motivations?"

Amelia furrowed her brow, deep in thought. "I remember hearing snippets of their conversation. Sir Keron accused Reaper of disrespecting his family, making insinuations about their honour.

Reaper, in response, defended himself and his actions, emphasizing the importance of maintaining his partner's dignity."

Minister Theron nodded, his expression thoughtful. "Thank you, Ms. Grayson. Your testimony helps to clarify the circumstances surrounding the altercation."

Theron continued as he turned to face the court, "As you can see, Reaper's actions were indeed driven by a sense of protecting his partner's honour rather than an unprovoked attack, as suggested by the opposition. I would suggest that the council and the Emperor pay attention to this point."

Ashton felt a surge of relief washes over him. Minister Theron's adept questioning started unravelling the opposition lawyer's carefully constructed narrative.

The truth had begun to emerge, piece by piece, as the defence fought to reveal the true motivations behind the incident.

The courtroom remained captivated, their eyes shifting between the opposing sides. The battle of wits and the quest for justice continued to unfold, with each question and answer drawing them closer to the heart of the matter.

The witness's testimony had shed light on the events of that night, but there were still many layers to uncover and truths to be revealed as Theron retook the centre stage.

With a calm and calculated demeanour, he called forth a couple of witnesses who could shed light on Lord Callan's reputation and behaviour.

The first witness, a lady-in-waiting named Emily, stepped forward, her gaze fixed on the courtroom. Minister Theron approached her, his voice steady and persuasive.

"Ms Emily, you have been in service at the palace for many years. Could you please share your observations regarding Lord Callan's conduct and reputation?"

Emily took a deep breath, her voice clear and confident. "Lord Callan has long been known for his crude behaviour. He frequently indulges in lavish parties, where he entertains multiple companions, often disregarding social norms and etiquette."

The courtroom buzzed with murmurs as the revelation sparked interest among the spectators. Minister Theron nodded, urging the witness to continue. "Can you provide any specific instances where Lord Callan's behaviour crossed the boundaries of propriety?"

Emily hesitated briefly before responding. "There was an incident during a masquerade ball a few years ago. Lord Callan was intoxicated and made inappropriate advances towards a number of female guests, including some of the palace staff. It caused quite a scandal."

The tension in the courtroom rose as Emily's testimony painted a damning picture of Lord Callan's character. Minister Theron pressed further,

"And can you recall any instances where Lord Callan's behaviour directly impacted Bella, the partner of Reaper?"

Emily's eyes met Bella's for a brief moment before she answered. "Yes, I remember an occasion when Bella attended a royal gathering. Lord Callan approached her, attempting to engage her in a flirtatious manner.

She took a deep breath and continued, "He became aggressive when she rejected his advances, making unwelcome comments and gestures, even trying to force her to come with him."

Gasps filled the courtroom as the true nature of Lord Callan's actions began to unravel. The witnesses' testimonies clearly showed his inappropriate behaviour towards women, including his attempt to harass Bella.

Minister Theron had skillfully woven a narrative that revealed Lord Callan's motives for attacking Bella and the subsequent need for Reaper's intervention.

The opposition lawyer rose, attempting to discredit the witnesses and cast doubt on their testimonies. However, Minister Theron meticulously countered each argument, presenting additional witnesses who had experienced similar encounters with Lord Callan.

As the courtroom listened intently to the compelling evidence, the atmosphere shifted. The initial scepticism and doubt surrounding Ashton's actions began to dissipate, replaced by a growing understanding of the circumstances that led to the altercation.

Minister Theron turned to the council, his voice firm, "Your Honors, the evidence presented clearly shows that Lord Callan had a history of predatory behaviour towards women, including Bella."

He continued, "Reaper acted in her defence, protecting her from an assailant who had malicious intentions. It is evident that Lord Callan was the aggressor, and Reaper acted solely to protect an innocent woman from harm."

The council members exchanged troubled glances, realizing the gravity of the situation. The revelation of Lord Callan's true nature cast doubt on the initial accusations against Ashton.

The courtroom atmosphere shifted, and the tension was palpable as everyone awaited the council's decision.

Finally, the council leader rose from his seat, his voice resonating with authority.

"We shall adjourn briefly to deliberate on the evidence presented. This court shall reconvene shortly to continue the hearing."

Saying so, the Council head left, but not before shooting a strange look directed at Ashton.

At that moment, Ashton knew that the council leader was part of the cult, if not the entire council. But for now, he could only observe them and wait for the right moment to strike.

Chapter 604 A Master Always has His Apprentice's Back (1)

As the trial continued, the tension in the courtroom escalated as Lord Callan's lawyer presented his witness - a woman who claimed to have seen Bella making suggestive glances at Lord Callan during the ball.



The courtroom hushed as the witness stepped forward, her eyes darting nervously between the council members and the spectators.

"Your Honors," the lawyer began, "this witness was present at the ball when the alleged incident occurred. She swears she saw the defendant, Bella, using her succubus powers to cast a seductive spell upon Lord Callan, luring him into a trap."

Murmurs of disbelief rippled through the courtroom as the witness made her bold claims. The council members leaned in, intrigued by the possibility of succubus powers being at play.

Minister Theron, standing beside Ashton and Anna, maintained his composure. He knew this was a critical moment and needed to handle the situation carefully. He rose from his seat and addressed the witness with a measured tone.

"Madam, could you please clarify how you came to such a conclusion about Bella's intentions? Are you certain of what you saw?" Theron inquired, knowing that discrediting this witness was crucial to Ashton's defence.

The witness nodded, her confidence unwavering. "Yes, I am certain. Theron arched an eyebrow, seemingly contemplative. "And yet, Madam, I must remind the court that appearances can be I saw Bella looking at Lord Callan with a suggestive expression. As a succubus, she must have been using her powers to manipulate him."

Theron arched an eyebrow, seemingly contemplative. "And yet, Madam, I must remind the court that appearances can be deceiving."

Theron continued, "As my previous witnesses have attested, Lord Callan has a history of predatory behaviour towards women. Could it not be possible that he misinterpreted Bella's actions to fit his own desires?"

The witness faltered for a moment, unsure of how to respond. Theron seized the opportunity and turned to the council members.

"Your Honors, if I may request to call upon another witness, a high-ranking lady who conversed with Bella during the ball. She can confirm that Bella was not engaging in any suggestive behaviour."

The council leader nodded, granting Theron's request. "Very well, Minister Theron. You may call the witness."

Theron motioned for the lady, Lady Genevieve, to approach the stand. Unlike the lawyer's unknown witness, Lady Genevieve was a respected court member known for her integrity and honesty. She took the stand and faced the council, her gaze unwavering.

"Lady Genevieve," Theron began, "were you present at the ball when the incident in question allegedly took place?"

"Yes, I was," Lady Genevieve replied firmly.

"And did you witness any behaviour from Bella that would suggest she was trying to entrap Lord Callan?" Theron asked.

"No," Lady Genevieve answered without hesitation. "I conversed with Bella that evening, and she conducted herself with poise and grace."

She further stated, "I was even surprised to know she was a mercenary, as the way she carried herself was befitting of royalty. There was nothing suggestive or manipulative about her actions."

The courtroom buzzed with renewed intrigue. Theron had effectively refuted the claims of the fake witness, bolstering Ashton's defence.

Lord Callan's lawyer attempted to interject, "Your Honors, with all due respect, Lady Genevieve may not have perceived any ill intent from Bella, but as a succubus, her species is known for-"

Before the lawyer could finish, a council member interrupted, "Indeed, we must consider the implications of her being a succubus. We have limited knowledge of their powers and motives. Perhaps it would be prudent to detain Bella for further study and understanding her kind."

A murmur of agreement spread among some council members while others remained undecided. Ashton's jaw clenched, his eyes narrowing in anger at the suggestion of imprisoning Bella to study her.

Minister Theron stepped forward, his voice firm and resolute. "Your Honors, it is true that succubi are a rare species, but it is not within our rights to imprison someone based solely on their race or species. Bella has committed no crime, and her actions have been solely in defence of herself and her loved ones."

"Your Honors, this is a grave violation of justice," the Emperor interjected, his voice laced with frustration. "Bella has done nothing to warrant imprisonment or scrutiny. She is an innocent individual who deserves fair treatment and respect."

The council members, swayed by their biased beliefs, remained unmoved. They ordered the soldiers to seize Anna, their intentions clear.

Before the soldiers could even lay a hand on Anna, a sudden surge of dark energy enveloped the courtroom. The air crackled with palpable tension as Ashton took centre stage.

His voice reverberated with an eerie calmness as he addressed the council directly, his smile chillingly serene. "Thank you for revealing your true nature, you cultists."

A moment later, the guards were knocked cold as Ashton called forth his summons to protect Anna. All eight summons, even Ember, emerged from Valhalla, causing havoc inside the courtroom.

The Emperor, taken aback by Ashton's statement, leaned forward in curiosity. "What do you mean, Reaper?"

Ashton's eyes gleamed with determination and revelation. "For years, the council has been infiltrated by the members of the Cult of Cosmos. They have been manipulating events like orchestrating this trial and seeking to take Anna and me with them."

"I shouldn't say this, but," Ashton continued as he ripped the 'cage' secluding him in half. "they are why I arrived at your empire, your majesty."

Whispers filled the courtroom as the gravity of Ashton's words sank in. The council members exchanged uneasy glances, their facades cracking under the weight of the accusation.

"You truly are an extraordinary liar," the Council leader commented while laughing. "Accusing us of such heinous crimes without putting up any evidence? Who do you think would believe your crimes?"

"I would," A resounding voice appeared in the courtroom as a well-known individual entered the fray.

"You sure took your sweet-ass time getting here," Ashton scoffed as Flintmace and Vulcan walked up to him along with all the mercenaries under the Tower.

"Is that the way to address your master?" Vulcan retorted. "Looks like we might have to revisit our training methods once we finish dealing with this mess."

Everyone went wide-eyed when Flintmace, arguably the strongest individual in the Orion belt of the galaxy, appeared before them. Even the Cultists were no exception as they drowned in awe of Flintmace's extraordinary aura.

Chapter 605 A Master Always has His Apprentice's Back (2)

As the dust settled around the true intention of the council, a sinister smile crept across the face of the Council leader. His eyes gleamed with triumph and malevolence, his voice laced with a newfound arrogance.

"Reaper, I must admit, you have played your cards well," the Council leader praised, his voice dripping with a twisted admiration. "Bringing Flintmace and the mercenaries from the Kernel Tower to your side was a cunning move."

Flintmace stood tall, his imposing figure radiating pride and determination. He had always been a force to be reckoned with, and now his loyalty was fully aligned with Ashton and the cause they fought for.

The Council leader continued, his voice resonating with authority. "But you see, Reaper, I am a member of the Cult of Cosmos. However, I am no ordinary member.

I am a priest, and these esteemed council members before you are my trusted Deacons, sworn to serve the will of the Cult."

Gasps filled the courtroom as the truth sank in. Once seen as pillars of the empire, the Council members now revealed themselves as part of the very Cult that sought to undermine it.

The Emperor's face contorted with disbelief and anger. "You... you are a traitor! How could you betray the empire and the people you were sworn to protect?"

The Council leader sneered, his eyes glinting with malice. "Oh, Emperor Gabe, you have always been blind to the true power that lurks within this empire.

The Cult of Cosmos seeks to create a new era, a world shaped according to our desires. And now, with the Cult's influence within the empire, our victory is within reach."

Thousands of corrupted royal guards filled the courtroom as the Council leader spoke. Their eyes glowed with an unnatural crimson hue, their loyalty now belonging to the Cult. The mercenaries tensed at the sight of this overwhelming force.

Adri, the Emperor's cousin, stepped forward with a conflicted expression. "I have made my choice, Gabe. The Cult promised me power, and I have chosen to stand with them."

The Emperor's eyes burned with fury, his voice laced with disappointment. "You have forsaken everything, Adri. Your family, your loyalty... all for empty promises and darkness."

The Council leader chuckled darkly, revelling in the chaos unfolding before him.

"Emperor Gabe, your time is over. The empire will fall, and the Cult of Cosmos will rise to reshape the world in our image. As for you, Reaper and Bella, our leader has a different plan for you."

With a nod, the deacons transformed into fearsome creatures, threatening to end everyone and everything present inside the courtroom.

Ashton, his eyes ablaze with determination, stepped forward to face the Council leader. "Your twisted vision will never succeed. We will stand against you, united in our resolve to protect this empire and its people."

Flintmace, Vulcan, and the mercenaries stood by Ashton's side, their weapons at the ready. The room crackled with tension as the two opposing forces faced off, the fate of the empire hanging in the balance.

The Council leader raised his hand, and the corrupted guards surged forward, their weapons drawn. The battle was about to begin, and the room became a battleground as chaos erupted.

With a resounding battle cry, the mercenaries launched themselves into the fray, charging against the corrupted royal guards with unwavering determination. Their weapons clashed against the darkened blades, their skills tested in the face of overwhelming numbers.

"Hm... should I use 1% or 10% of my strength?" Flintmace pondered aloud, his voice resonating with power as he effortlessly lifted a soldier off the ground.

With a flick of his wrist, he intended to deliver a light reprimand. Still, the sheer force behind his gesture resulted in the soldier's head being obliterated, along with a few unfortunate souls standing nearby.

"Ah, perhaps 0.1% will do the trick," Flintmace concluded with a wry smile, realizing the extent of his immense strength.

He clapped his hands together, producing a controlled shockwave that surged through the courtroom, shattering pillars and sending debris flying.

Just as Flintmace revelled in his display of power, he felt a firm grip on his shoulder. Startled, he turned to face Vulcan, who stood atop a mound of unconscious soldiers, a mischievous smirk playing on his lips.



"You've grown taller-" Flintmace began, his voice trailing off as he took in the impressive sight of Vulcan standing triumphantly.

"One shouldn't make fun of their elders." Vulcan reprimanded Flintmace before gesturing towards the empty seat in a corner. "How about we let the younguns handle this mess. These opponents are too weak for us either way."

"Ah, I see how it is," he chuckled, acknowledging Vulcan's formidable skills in the heat of battle. "Very well, let us step aside and observe the prowess of our comrades."

The two seasoned warriors gracefully moved towards the designated corner, finding a vantage point from which they could oversee the impending clash. With crossed arms and watchful eyes, they stood tall, their presence commanding respect even in their moments of respite.

"Would you look at them?" Ashton chuckled, shaking his head as he spotted Vulcan and Flintmace lounging on conveniently placed chairs.

"Guess we brought a sledgehammer to a thumb war," he quipped with a smirk. "No wonder they got tired of squishing ants and decided to take a coffee break."

"They're probably discussing the best way to make tea or sharing grilling tips while we're here amid all this chaos," Anna mused, raising an eyebrow.

"But hey, I can't blame them," he continued with a grin. "If I had the strength of a million oxen, I'd probably be napping on a cloud somewhere."

In the middle of an epic showdown with the Cult of Cosmos, his companions enjoyed a casual hangout session. It was like an action movie where the extras enjoyed a picnic while the heroes fought for their lives.

"Alright, enough goofing around," Ashton said, regaining his composure. "Time to get back to business and show these cultists what happens when they mess with the wrong crew."

Chapter 606 A Weakling (1)

As the tension in the room reached its peak, an eerie transformation began to take place. The Priest and his deacons, consumed by their allegiance to the Cult of Cosmos, underwent a grotesque metamorphosis.

Their forms contorted, their bodies elongating and contorting in unnatural ways. Horns sprouted from their foreheads, their skin turning a sickly shade of grey.

Their eyes glowed with an otherworldly light as they completed their transformation into humanoid demonic creatures.

The onlookers gasped in horror and disbelief as they beheld the twisted visages before them. The air grew heavy with an oppressive aura, the very essence of darkness seeping into every corner of the room.

The transformed Priest's voice dripping with malevolence, taunted Ashton and his allies.

"Do you see now the true power of the Cult? We are the harbingers of chaos, the agents of darkness. Prepare to be consumed by the infernal flames of our wrath."

As Ashton stepped forward to confront the transformed Priest and his deacons, the air crackled with anticipation. The once-human figures now towered above him.

"Go handle the sidepieces; I'll take care of the Priest," Ashton instructed his summons, who wasted no time obeying him.

As the summons left to do their job, Ashton observed the twisted forms of his adversaries, with a smirk playing on his lips.

"Well, well, looks like you've embraced your inner demons," he quipped, his tone laced with amusement. "At least now you'll have an easy passage to hell."

"Your witty replies won't save you now!" The Priest roared in rage.

With a bone-chilling roar, the transformed Priest unleashed a scorching torrent of fire from his gaping maw.

The searing flames surged forward with destructive intent, aimed directly at Ashton, intent on reducing him to ashes. But in a twist of fate, the flames halted mid-air, as if frozen in time, before abruptly reversing course.

The fiery onslaught, now redirected, engulfed the Priest's face in a searing blaze. His demonic features contorted in agony as the flames licked at his charred flesh.

As he stumbled backwards, writhing in pain, Ashton's laughter echoed through the chamber, filled with amusement and triumph.

The glow of the crystal embedded in Ashton's arm intensified, its radiant red hue pulsating with power.

"You really should have done your research," he taunted, his voice laced with smug confidence. "Fire is nothing to me. In fact, it's quite the opposite."

Ashton's mastery over fire, bestowed upon him by Seraph's crystal, granted him immunity to its destructive force. The crystal, a conduit of otherworldly energy, acted as a shield against the very element the Priest had foolishly employed.

The charred visage of the Priest contorted with fury and determination. Despite the setback, he refused to yield, his voice dripping with defiance. "You may resist the flames, but you cannot escape your fate!"

In a swift, fluid motion, the Priest raised his hands, summoning a swirling vortex of dark energy. Tendrils of darkness crackled and writhed, poised to ensnare Ashton within their grasp.

But Ashton's smile remained unyielding, a beacon of unwavering confidence amidst the encroaching darkness. With a grace that belied his true strength, he sidestepped the surging tendrils, evading their malevolent clutches.

His scythe materialised in his grasp in an instant, gleaming with an ethereal light. With a decisive strike, he cleaved through the swirling darkness, his blade tearing through the veil of animosity. The tendrils recoiled, dissipating into nothingness.

"I've faced darkness far greater than your feeble attempts," Ashton declared, his voice a steady, unwavering cadence. "Your reign of terror ends here."

[Cringe Alert!]

'Not now.'

As his connection with darkness was severed, the Priest staggered back. His plan had been to strike fear into the heart of his opponents, to overpower them with his mastery of manipulation. But he had underestimated the tenacity and strength of his adversary.

Ashton, his smile unwavering, advanced with calculated steps, his scythe hoisted on his shoulders.

The Priest's heart raced with desperation as he frantically scanned the battlefield for a way to turn the tide. His mind raced, searching for a solution, but his fighting abilities were sorely lacking.

However, he wasn't someone known for his fighting prowess. Instead, the Priest was more of a mastermind, letting others do his dirty work for him. That was also why he had the most Deacons under him, as he lacked the strength to defend himself.

A sense of panic washed over the Priest as he realised that his usual strategy of delegating tasks to his Deacons had left him vulnerable in this face-to-face confrontation. His Deacons, preoccupied with the relentless assault of Ashton's summons, were unable to come to his aid.

At that moment, the Priest felt the weight of his own inadequacy. He had put all his faith in his underlings, relying on their strength to shield him from direct combat. Now, faced with Ashton's relentless assault, he was exposed and defenceless.

As Ashton pressed forward, his attacks precise and unrelenting, the Priest's movements grew increasingly desperate. His lack of combat skill became painfully apparent, his attempts to counter or evade Ashton's strikes feeble and ineffective.

The Priest's mind raced, desperately seeking a way to escape the dire situation. But his options were limited, his usual tactics of manipulation and deceit useless in this face-to-face confrontation.

A surge of frustration and anger welled up within the Priest. How had he found himself in this position? How had he underestimated Ashton's strength and resolve so severely? The answers eluded him as Ashton's onslaught continued.

Every strike from Ashton brought the Priest closer to realising his defeat. His defences crumbled, his strength waning.

He fought to keep his focus, to find a glimmer of hope amidst the chaos, but it seemed to slip further from his grasp with each passing moment.

In a final, desperate attempt, the Priest mustered all the strength he could summon. He conjured a burst of dark energy, hoping to create a distraction or weaken Ashton's resolve. But his power fell short, dissipating before reaching its intended target.

With a resounding strike, Ashton's scythe connected with the Priest's weakened defences. Pain surged through the Priest's body as he was sent sprawling to the ground, his defeat inevitable.

"I thought you would be stronger than this..." Ashton scratched his head. "I guess I went overboard by calling the entire mercenary tower to deal with you... well, I'll apologise to them later. But first, time to end this farce."

Chapter 607 A Weakling (2)

607 A Weakling (2)

Deep within the heart of the battle, amidst the chaos and clashes, two formidable figures clashed violently.

Sven, the shadowy summon of Ashton, materialised with an air of mystery and darkness. His form was shrouded in ethereal shadow, his eyes glowing with an otherworldly intensity.

Opposite him stood one of the Priest's deacons, a formidable adversary with a demonic visage.

The Deacon's once-human form had twisted and contorted, taking on a monstrous appearance. His skin was charred and smouldering, flames licking at his fingertips as his fists crackled with fiery energy.

The Deacon sneered, his fiery eyes fixated on Sven. "Hah, you're quite good with that sword. But you can't fare well against my fists!"

Sven remained silent, his expression hidden beneath the depths of his dark helmet.

The thing the Deacon referred to as a sword was merely Sven's aura that he had used to cover his hand, as Sven didn't deem it necessary to unsheathe his sword to deal with a minor nuisance.

However, after seeing his opponent gloat about his strength against his sword, Sven decided to give the Deacon a real taste of metal.

He unsheathed his gleaming sword, a blade crafted from pure shadow, and assumed a defensive stance. Shadows writhed around him, coiling like living tendrils of darkness, ready to defend and strike as needed.

"Huh, you think a different sword would be of any help against my fists? Pathetic!"

The Deacon lunged forward, his fists wreathed in flames, as he launched a relentless assault. Fire erupted with each strike, searing the air and leaving trails of scorch marks in its wake. Sven swiftly dodged, his shadowy form gliding effortlessly through the onslaught.



Watching Sven effortlessly dodge his strikes frustrated the Deacon as he slammed his fists on the ground in a rage. However, it turned out to be the wrong move.

As the Deacon's fists collided with the ground, causing flames to erupt in a shower of sparks, Sven seized the opportunity. He lunged forward, his sword cutting through the air with precision. Shadows trailed behind the blade, following its every movement.

But just as Sven's sword was about to connect, the Deacon kicked him backwards, saving his neck in the process.

"That was a close one," The Deacon whispered.

He finally understood that his opponent wasn't one to be underestimated, and if he didn't fight properly, he would lose without much effort from Sven.

Deacon, his fiery fists blazing, leapt into the fray yet again. His movements were a blur of speed and precision.

He launched a barrage of flaming punches at Sven, each strike carrying the weight of his demonic strength. Sven parried, dodged, and weaved, his sword a blur of darkness, deflecting the fiery onslaught.

The clash of fire and shadow reverberated through the battlefield. The Deacon's fiery fists met the darkness of Sven's sword, creating a stunning display of opposing elements. Sparks flew as they collided, filling the air with euphoric energy.

With a sudden burst of speed, Sven closed the distance between them, his blade aimed at Deacon's heart. The demonic martial artist swiftly shifted his stance, his movements mirroring the dance of a serpent.

He evaded the sword gracefully, retaliating with a swift kick aimed at Sven's head. The swordsman ducked, narrowly avoiding the fiery strike.

"Tsk, almost!" Deacon spat in fury before engaging Sven again.

Sven observed the Deacon's patterns, seeking a moment of vulnerability as they continued attacking each other. As the Deacon's fist shot forward, wreathed in a torrent of flames, Sven smoothly sidestepped the attack.

With a swift and calculated strike, Sven retaliated. His shadow sword sliced through the air, cutting through the flames like a knife through butter. Shadows trailed behind the blade, intertwining with the fiery energy, sapping its strength.

"What the- what did you do to my flames!?" the Deacon yelled in rage.

"You should be worrying about yourself more than your flames..." Sven hissed.

A gasp escaped the Deacon's lips as his fiery assault faltered, his punches losing intensity. The flames danced erratically, weakened by the encroaching darkness. Sensing an opportunity, Sven pressed forward, his strikes growing more relentless.

Blow after blow, Sven's shadow sword found its mark. Each strike sent tremors through the Deacon's body, his demonic form flickering in and out of focus. The fiery energy that once fueled his attacks waned, his strength ebbing away.

The demonic foe howled in agony as Sven pierced the Deacon's torso, extinguishing the flames that once fueled his power.

Sven delivered a decisive blow with a final strike, severing the Deacon's connection to the fiery energy. The defeated Deacon crumpled to the ground, his demonic form flickering and fading away.

Sven stood over his fallen opponent, his shadowy form casting an ominous presence. He watched silently as the Deacon reverted to his human form, the flames extinguished and the charred skin now pale and lifeless.

"That's the price you must pay for your arrogance..." Sven said before bowing for the Deacon. "May your soul be torched in hell for all eternity."

The battlefield fell silent for Sven, the echoes of the battle fading into the air. Sven, his duty fulfilled, decided to retreat back into the shadows, his enigmatic form blending seamlessly with the darkness.

His mission was far from over, but at that moment, he had proven his worth as a formidable ally in Ashton's fight against the cult and whosoever dared to harm his master.

As much as Sven wanted to help his fellow servants, he knew none of them liked it when the other interrupted their battles. That said, Sven had nothing more to accomplish and decided to retreat to his domain while waiting for his master's next command.

As the shadows embraced him, Sven vanished from sight, leaving behind a defeated Deacon and the remnants of the fiery chaos.

The battle between others raged on, but the encounter between the shadowy summon, and the demonic Deacon would forever be etched in the memories of those who witnessed it. Especially those who thought they could deal with Ashton on their own.

Chapter 608 The Princess Of Fire (1)

608 The Princess Of Fire (1)

The massive room trembled with the clash of weapons and the crackling of fire. Bodies littered the floor as mercenaries from Kernel Tower clashed with the corrupt soldiers of the Orion Empire.

Amidst the chaos, a figure shrouded in shadows stepped forward, her name whispered with dread among those who knew her—Celeste, the Shadowmancer.

On the other side of the room, a female figure emerged, her features both alluring and dangerous.

This Deacon, the pyromancer, radiated an aura of demonic power. Flames danced in her eyes as she surveyed the battlefield, her lips curling into a wicked smile at the sight of Celeste.

The two women locked eyes, commanding the surrounding combatants' attention. Gliding across the battlefield with an air of otherworldly grace, Celeste approached the Deacon.

Her body was composed of pure darkness, swirling with an unsettling intensity. Her eyes, glowing with a cold, piercing light, were fixed on the Deacon before her.

The Deacon, a woman of striking beauty, exuded an aura of both power and malevolence. Her demonic form starkly contrasted her former appearance, her skin now adorned with crimson markings that glowed with an inner fire.

Her eyes burned with the intensity of hellfire, a flickering blaze that hinted at the destructive power she wielded. One would say that her demonic form was much better looking than her usual form.

Unsurprisingly, the men around them stopped fighting amongst themselves and focused on the lovely sight before them. They were men first... enemies later.

"Men will be men..." the Deacon shrugged, playing with her hair. "What do you say, shall we give them a show worth remembering?"

"The only man I'll ever show off my body to is my master," Celeste replied with a poker face. "But I'm not one to shame adult entertainers. Please carry on with your job. Meanwhile, I'll find other means to keep myself busy."

"You insignificant bitch..." the Deacon sneered, her voice laced with arrogance and anger. "I'll make sure a pitiful creature like you knows her place."

Celeste remained silent, her focus unwavering as tendrils of inky darkness coiled around her form. She unleashed a wave of shadow energy with a subtle gesture, reaching out towards the Deacon with lethal intent.

The Deacon responded in kind, summoning flames that danced across her fingertips. With a flick of her wrist, she sent a torrent of blazing fire hurtling towards Celeste, determined to incinerate her shadowy opponent.

The clash of shadow and fire filled the air as Celeste deftly manoeuvred through the scorching assault. Shadows twisted and writhed around her, forming a protective barrier that absorbed the brunt of the hellfire.

Celeste moved with fluid grace, her movements seamless and precise. However, the men busy ogling her ass couldn't move quickly and were reduced to ashes.

"You are nothing but an ephemeral shadow," the Deacon taunted, her flames fiercer as her confidence surged. "I will reduce you to ashes, just like all who stand against us."

"How often is your pitiful cult willing to fail before understanding that you are nothing compared to our lord and lady?" Celeste laughed as she walked past yet another stream of hellfire.

Celeste's lips curled into a sinister smile as she retaliated, her shadow tendrils lashing out with blinding speed. They darted through the air, weaving a web of darkness that ensnared the Deacon, restricting her movements and extinguishing her flames.

The Deacon struggled against the grip of the shadows, her fiery aura flickering in desperation. With a surge of power, she unleashed a burst of hellfire, attempting to break free from her confines. But Celeste's shadows held firm, absorbing the flames and snuffing out the inferno.

"You underestimate the power of darkness," Celeste hissed, her voice tinged with a chilling certainty. "It consumes, engulfs, and leaves nothing but emptiness in its wake."

With a flick of her wrist, Celeste commanded the shadows to surge forward, enveloping the Deacon in an inky shroud. The Deacon's cries of defiance were muffled as darkness smothered her, rendering her helpless.

Celeste approached her captive opponent, her eyes burning with an intensity that mirrored the hellfire she had faced. She reached out a hand, her touch cold and unforgiving.

"Your reign of terror ends here," Celeste stated, her voice resolute. "May the shadows consume you and bring forth the redemption you desperately need."

As Celeste's hand made contact with the Deacon's form, the shadows constricted tightly, squeezing the life force from her. The Deacon's struggles grew weaker, her fiery aura dimming with each passing moment.

In a final burst of energy, the Deacon summoned a surge of hellfire, attempting one last desperate attack. But it was too late. Celeste's shadows tightened their grip, extinguishing the flames and silencing the Deacon's defiant cry.

With a final gasp, the Deacon's form disintegrated into ash, her malevolent presence vanishing from the battlefield. Celeste stood alone amidst the fading darkness, her form returning to its ethereal state.

As the dust settled, Celeste turned her attention back to the battle unfolding around her. Her mission was clear—to protect Ashton and ensure the defeat of the cult that threatened their master.

However, the Deacon wasn't defeated yet as she reappeared before Celeste. A hushed silence fell over the battlefield as the Deacon's unconscious form was carried by a mysterious figure.

The air crackled with unsettling energy, signalling the arrival of an actual demon, unlike the demonic transformations the Priest and his Deacons had undergone.

Celeste's eyes narrowed as she observed the unexpected turn of events. The presence of a contracted demon meant that the Deacon had formed a pact, borrowing its power to bolster her own. It was a desperate move, a last-ditch effort to cling to life even as defeat loomed.

The contracted demon loomed before Celeste, its form a grotesque amalgamation of nightmare and malice. Its twisted visage reflected the horrors of the abyss, with razor-sharp fangs and gleaming red eyes that burned with an insatiable hunger.

"Your interference ends here, shadow creature," the demon growled, its voice a low, menacing rumble. "This child is under my protection, and I will not allow you to harm her any further."



"Celeste, you did a great job," Anna's voice rang out as she threw away a corrupt soldier's severed head. "I'll deal with this ugly bastard. You take care of these guys."

"As you wish, my lady," following a quick bow, Celeste disappeared from there, leaving Anna to deal with the demon.

"Now then," Anna smiled, revealing her proper succubus form to the demon. "It's time to go back to hell."

Chapter 609 The Princess Of Fire (2)

As the Demon gently placed the Deacon on the floor, he straightened himself, confidently towering over Anna. His eyes burned with a fiery intensity as he prepared to introduce himself. But before he could utter a word, Anna raised a hand to silence him.

"Save your introductions," Anna said, her voice laced with determination. "I have no interest in knowing the name of someone I'm about to kill."

"You are a feisty one, aren't you? But make no mistake, succubus, I am not one to be taken lightly," The Demon's expression shifted, a mixture of surprise and amusement playing across his features. "It'll be fun taming you and enjoying your luscious-"

"Keep talking, and you'll get your pants wet from your dreams," Anna smirked, her gaze unwavering. "You think you can defeat me? Then prove it. Show me what you've got."

"As you wish."

Despite her proud words, Anna was aware of the Demon's appearance. Her dark eyes narrowed as she assessed her opponent. She knew that defeating the Demon wasn't going to be a breeze.

However, she wasn't the same as before. Staring into the Demon's soul, she took out twin plasma swords, their light reflecting through her obsidian armour as she prepared to engage the demonic adversary.

The Demon sneered, its fiery eyes burning with malice. Horns jutted from its skull, and jagged talons flexed at the end of its muscular limbs.

Without further words, the courtroom erupted into chaos as the combatants clashed. The Demon lunged forward, its massive fists aiming to pulverise its foe.

Anna gracefully evaded the first blow, her wings unfurling to propel her upwards, and she retaliated with a swift, calculated strike. Her plasma blades sliced through the air, leaving trails of vibrant luminescence.

Meanwhile, the citizens stuck inside the courtroom watched on in horror, their lives suddenly entwined in this supernatural clash. They cowered behind overturned furniture, shields of their own, hoping to avoid the crossfire.

Anna's agility proved to be her greatest asset. She danced around the Demon's brute force, landing blows with precision and finesse.

The energy blades left searing trails on the Demon's flesh, eliciting enraged roars of pain. But the Demon, fueled by dark energy, exhibited a resilience that belied its gruesome appearance.

The battle took on a frenetic pace, their movements creating gusts of wind that whipped papers into disarray. Anna utilised her succubus heritage, channelling her innate seductive aura to momentarily distract her opponent, gaining crucial seconds to strike at its vulnerable spots.

However, the Demon's power was formidable. It summoned infernal flames, hurling balls of fire towards Anna. Unbeknownst to him, Anna was a pyromancer first, a succubus later as she manipulated the Demon's fireballs to spiral out of the way and hit a bunch of corrupt soldiers.

"What!?" The Demon was taken aback as he had never seen someone from the mortal realm manipulate hellfire with such ease. "Who are you?"

"I told you I'm not interested in introductions, didn't I?" Anna scoffed, conjuring a fireball of her own, much more intense than the one created by the Demon.

The air crackled with intensified energy as Anna held the blazing fireball in her hand, its searing heat casting an intense glow across the courtroom. Her eyes locked with the Demon's, a fierce determination burning in them, waiting to unleash the horror held in her hands.

"Eat this!"

Without hesitation, Anna hurled the fireball towards the Demon, its trajectory a blazing streak of crimson. The Demon reacted swiftly, conjuring a dark shield to intercept the incoming attack.

The collision unleashed an explosion of fire and darkness, sending shockwaves through the room, shattering windows, and rattling the remnants of the once dignified courtroom.

The fireball exploded, and the courtroom became ablaze with swirling flames, the air thick with the scorching heat of their combined powers.

The Demon's eyes widened in a rare moment of uncertainty. A flicker of apprehension crossed his face as he realised he had underestimated the warrior succubus before him.

His previous arrogance melted away, replaced by a primal instinct for self-preservation through bullshitting. However, there was little he could do.

As the smoke cleared, Anna pressed her advantage. She lunged forward, her energy blades flashing with renewed vigour. The Demon, still reeling from the blast, attempted to parry her strikes, but Anna's speed and precision made it nearly impossible to fend off her relentless assault.

Their clash intensified, each blow resonating with the weight of their respective powers. Anna's agility and skill allowed her to evade the Demon's vicious attacks while her fiery elemental abilities unleashed a barrage of flames that singed the Demon's flesh.

The Demon, now growing desperate, tapped into its deepest reserves of dark energy. He summoned tendrils of shadow, coiling around Anna's limbs to immobilise her.

Anna effortlessly fought against the suffocating darkness, her fire making it impossible for the Demon to trap her.

Seizing the opportunity, Anna unleashed a devastating barrage of fiery projectiles, each finding its mark on the Demon's weakened form. The Demon staggered, its once imposing presence diminished.

"GO TO HELL!" The Demon roared with fury.

Realising the tides had turned against it, the Demon unleashed a final, desperate assault, a tempest of darkness and infernal fury.

"That's it? It would appear I had overestimated your capabilities," Anna scoffed before rolling her eyes. "This is the end of you."

Anna met the onslaught head-on, her energy blades dancing with fiery fervour. She deflected the Demon's attacks, driving it back with a series of powerful strikes. With each blow, she could sense the Demon's strength waning, its grip on its dark powers slipping.

consumed the courtroom, casting an ethereal light upon the battlefield.

In a climactic moment, Anna channelled the entirety of her pyromantic abilities into a single, monumental display of power.

Flames erupted from her very being, engulfing her in a brilliant, all-consuming inferno. The searing intensity of her flames consumed the courtroom, casting an ethereal light upon the battlefield.

With a final, thunderous roar, Anna unleashed a cataclysmic blast of fire directly at the Demon. The flames engulfed its form, tearing through its weakened defences until nothing remained but a fading echo of malevolence. The Demon's presence dissipated into the ethereal remnants of smoke and ash.

Silence settled over the ravaged courtroom, broken only by the crackling of embers and the laboured breaths of the weary combatants. Anna stood amidst the scorched remains, her body radiating triumph and strength like never before.

"Tsk, I wasted too much power," Anna smiled, thinking of ways to regain her energy. "It's going to be a long night tonight... sorry in advance, babe!"

Chapter 610 A Battle To Remember For Centuries! (1)

Meanwhile, on the other side of the courtroom...

The courtroom fell into a tense silence as the Priest slowly rose to his feet, his laughter echoing through the air. His charred form, battered and broken, seemed to exude an aura of malice.

"This isn't the end for me," the Priest sneered, his voice dripping with venom. "It's the end for all of you."

"Did the thought of looming defeat screw your brain?" Ashton scoffed. But he noticed something weird.

The Priest's twisted grin widened as he brandished an odd-looking whistle, its design imbued with ancient symbols and etchings. He raised it to his lips and blew with eerie precision, releasing a haunting melody that echoed through the courtroom.

"This is the end of you... bastard." the Priest mumbled and resumed laughing like a maniac.

Ashton and the mercenaries watched in confusion, their brows furrowed as they tried to comprehend the meaning behind the Priest's words. The Emperor, however, gasped in horror, his eyes widening in realisation.

"No, it can't be..." the Emperor whispered, his voice filled with fear and disbelief. "He's summoned it... the hidden weapon of our empire."

As the truth sank in, the ministers and courtiers exchanged horrified glances. Only the court members knew what the whistle was used for and were paralysed with fear.

Suddenly, the ground trembled, and the very foundation of the room shook under the weight of an approaching menace.

From the depths of the empire's hidden chambers, a colossal creature emerged, its presence filling the room with an overwhelming aura of power. Its name was Krathos, the Behemoth, a true embodiment of terror.

Krathos stood at a towering height of 100 feet, its muscular frame covered in thick, dark scales that shimmered with an otherworldly iridescence. Its eyes burned with an intense crimson glow, filled with an insatiable hunger and a thirst for destruction.

The Behemoth's limbs were like pillars of strength, each ending in massive, razor-sharp claws that could easily rend stone and steel. Its body was adorned with sharp, bony protrusions, adding to its intimidating visage.

Its back was lined with spikes that jutted like a row of jagged blades, ready to impale anything unfortunate to cross its path.

Krathos possessed a mouth filled with rows of dagger-like teeth, capable of tearing through the toughest armours. Its roar reverberated through the courtroom, a chilling sound that sent shivers down the spines of all who heard it.

As the Behemoth loomed over the battlefield, its presence consumed the air. The room felt suffocating as if the very walls themselves cowered in fear of the monstrous creature.

The Emperor's face paled as he recognised the immense danger that stood before them. The mercenaries and courtiers gasped in disbelief, their eyes widening at the sight of the colossal monstrosity.

The Emperor's voice quivered as he addressed the room, his words laced with urgency. "Everyone, we must flee! This creature is beyond our control. It will bring ruin upon us all."

"How could you..." Theron mumbled.



The control of Krathos was given to the council as a power to unleash if the Emperor ever turned rogue. However, never in his entire life had Theron wished for a day when he would come across the horrifying creature.

Everyone around them rushed outside in panic. It didn't matter if one was a soldier working under the Priest or a mercenary; everyone ran for their lives.

However, there was something else going on inside Ashton's head. A legendary creature had presented itself before him. There was no way he was letting the chance go.

Moreover, he knew if he didn't capture the Priest, he wouldn't be able to uncover the identities of the remaining cultists. All things considered, backing out now wasn't an option.

"Your Highness, take your people and leave," Ashton whispered coldly. "Someone needs to hold back that monstrosity for everyone to survive."

"No, as the Emperor, it should be my-"

Before the Emperor could finish speaking, Ashton grabbed the man by his collar and pulled him closer. "Your people need you more than you need your honour! Don't be a fool, and get going! We'll deal with this mess!"

People were shocked as it was the first time anyone had behaved so crudely in front of the Emperor. But they agreed with what Ashton collapse, and no one would stand against the Xyrans from dominating the whole galaxy.

said. The Emperor needed to survive, or the entire empire would collapse, and no one would stand against the Xyrans from dominating the whole galaxy.

The Emperor hesitated, torn between his duty as a leader and his own survival. But as Ashton's words sank in, he realised their truth. The safety of his people outweighed his personal honour. With a nod, he rallied his loyal courtiers and soldiers, urging them to retreat to safety.

"Don't you dare die here, Sir Ashton!" the Emperor roared as he headed for the exit. "I still need to repay you for your servitude towards the empire!"

"Just go..." Ashton scoffed.

As the Emperor and his entourage made their way towards the exit, the crowd parted, allowing them a clear path. Whispers filled the air, a mix of admiration for Ashton's selflessness and concern for what lay ahead.

However, once the Emperor left, Ashton turned his attention towards Anna. Anna knew what he was about to say and beat him to it.

"No, Ashton," Anna said firmly, her voice unwavering. "I won't abandon you. We've faced countless battles side by side, and this is no different. I'm staying right here."

"You know... I can't allow that." Ashton mumbled and nodded.

Suddenly, Raven appeared out of nowhere and struck Anna in the back of the head, knocking her out. Shinon knelt down, caressing her cheek.

"You can throw a tantrum when I'm back... but for now, sleep in peace," Ashton mumbled, planting a kiss on her lips before gesturing at Sven to take her.

The loyal summon wasted no time and gently lifted Anna's unconscious body and got on Ember's back along with the rest of the summons.

"Keep her safe. That's an order." Ashton instructed his summons, all of whom bowed, accepting their master's command before flying away.

Flintmace, standing by Ashton's side, cracked his knuckles and grinned, undeterred by the overwhelming odds.

"Well, now this is a challenge worthy of our skills, Master Vulcan. Let's show this monstrosity what we're made of!"

"Very well then," Vulcan's eyes gleamed with fiery determination as he gripped his axe tightly. "Ashton, consider it a joint exercise and learn all you can."

"Of course," Ashton smiled, revealing his Xyran form for the first time in years. "It'll be an honour to fight alongside my masters."