

Dungeon S 741

Chapter 741 Desperation In Barbatos

Prince Stolas had no idea what was happening. One moment it was a giant creature being summoned disabling their air forces, then quickly disappearing. Then a series of barrages had incidentally damaged the safe zone shields, costing the lives of several mages due to the strain of shielding the wide area.

Subsequently, another barrage ensured the destruction of nearly half the siege weapons deployed. Stolas was very sure that the mages had calibrated sufficiently to reduce the artillery attacks into a mere nudge on the shields.

Yet, reality showed that they had been mistaken.

Before him, he saw the broken shield with a large hole in the middle and the surviving mages were scrambling to fix it. Unfortunately, they did not realise that amongst this barrage, one of the shells had not detonated yet.

Lord Wolte had sneakily thrown a special kind of armour piercing shell when he fired his three triple barrel 305mm guns towards the siege weapons as part of his calibration.

Disguised as an armour piercing round, it actually had an internal timer which would explode after a time delay set by either Wolte or alternatively the Captain of the battlecruiser.

So when the attack went through, all of the mages were hastily repairing the shield in case of another attack and overlooking the shell ticking off like an egg timer. (Considering with all the noise from injured people in the area, or people shouting for help, there was too little of a chance to notice it.)

As such, when the timer hit zero, a congregation of medics was unfortunately in the midst of aiding the ailing mages. The explosion wiped out every single help that had come in and caused further damage within the shield, resulting in the complete shattering of it.

It appeared that Prince Stolas' guardian angel was working overtime. Like last time, he now had another close shave with death. Stolas ended up surviving as he was instructing the medics outside the safe zone and coordinating the remaining siege weapons.

Even as the shell exploded within the energy shield, the Raven Prince could feel the shockwave emanating out to him. In an instant, their entire temporary communication cum headquarters had once again been eradicated with a single blast and their pillar of protection had been dismantled.

"Fuck! How the hell does Moloch have access to all this technology, or magic or whatever shit!" Prince Stolas threw his cape down in anger as he gathered his magic to produce an updraft of the flames, hoping it would burn out as soon as possible.

There was no guarantee that a second bombardment wouldn't arrive to finish the job but rescuing the remaining demons was his priority. If too many mages were killed, there would be no shield to protect the safe zone from getting more reinforcements.

But thankfully, it was a single strike, and its devastation continued towards the direction of the frontlines. Stolas felt as if he had enough. He wanted nothing more than to personally rip his mentor in tiny pieces. Why were his elder brothers and sisters still not here?

Were they perhaps afraid after what had happened to Princess Gaap? Where was the King when they needed him the most. Sure, Stolas might have proved to be a capable tactician, but the odds were completely against him right now. Moloch and his allies proved too capable and were too much to handle for him.

Was it because Baal knew that he could be outwitted and outplayed by Moloch, so he had instead banished him with as little resources as possible? If that's the case, Stolas could understand the goal of revenge and yet it had been Baal who initiated the attack. Not Moloch.

Still, that did not stop the Prince from wondering how long the Demon Metropolis could hold if the situation would be flipped with Moloch the one to proceed with an attack.

"Most of the siege weapons were hit. Target now set onto the Mad Giant. The package is ready to deliver." The sailor reported as he received word that the munition teams were locked and loaded.

"Don't waste any time. Strike when it's hot." Gan Yang ordered and his second in command did not hesitate to give the signal to deliver the next barrage of attack towards the sky bridge. A series of far-reaching booms travelled to the sky bridge, and the cultivators instinctively took cover. Despite the battlecruiser being so far, it still threatened to shatter their hearing.

A blanket of smoke emerged around the Mad Giant had been standing on, and the blasts did catch his attention, especially since he lost an arm trying to protect himself from the cannon shot. "What the hell is that?!" Earl Barbatos was surprised by the long-distance strike, and when he recovered from the shock, everything around him was burning.

Hundreds of foot soldiers, regardless of their status and strength, had been obliterated instantly. "If the Giants further front were to be targeted, the invasion will become a complete loss." He cautioned himself as he tore a piece of his undershirt to create a quick tourniquet in order to stop the bleeding.

"Any surviving Wights?!" Earl Barbatos shouted, and a dozen of them managed to respond. "Buff me! Buff me until you lose all your willpower, your mana, whatever lifeforce you have left. If we are going to win, I need your strength!" He demanded, and the Wights complied.

Individually, they knew they did not stand a chance to win this overpowering amount of strength. They clearly needed superior numbers which they lacked if they continued to fight on this bridge. Twice, they had believed they had the ability to outshine and break their defences down.

Still, the constant events clearly demonstrated that the Demons needed to create the secondary checkpoint so a more substantial number could overwhelm the defender's technological advances or else this would be a failed invasion.

Judging from the situation, the Mad Giant believed Moloch wanted to lure him into hitting the ship since he knew he had the ability to do so. But this seemed to be a trap designed for Barbatos. Without him, the Giants would not have a leader. They might not be the dumbest, but their effectiveness severely decreased without the Earl, resulting in confusion in their ranks.

With such destructive powers on their hands, Barbatos deduced they would not use it near the defenders, and thus hitting the mid-portion of the army for maximum effect.

So, technically, the Mad Giant should be able to avoid getting bombarded if he was to run into the frontlines. Although there was a chance the metal ship would annihilate the defenders alongside the Giants, Barbatos was willing to take this bet based on his knowledge on Moloch's attitude given their previous friendship.

"He might be a great tactician, but he is a softy at heart. He won't sacrifice that many of his forces to deal with me! Come on Wights, don't hold anything back!!!" All the remaining Wights continued to pour their powers into Barbatos as he prepared himself for the push for the end of the sky bridge. Indeed they did not hold back, and soon they began fainting one after the other.

Noticing that his stance was slightly different from afar and the lack of swift retaliation, Wolte deduced that Barbatos wouldn't come. He was probably planning to actually go berserk by charging into the frontlines. (After all, he too was a crazed warring demon and knew that logic didn't apply to them.)

"Not good. If little Barbatos were to charge forward, this ruse becomes useless." Wolte thought to himself and sent the news to Qiu Yue.

"He might be trying his luck to get a checkpoint open at the end of the sky bridge." Moloch agreed with Wolte, and so far, Qiu Yue and Kraft also concurred.

"His sacrifice would not be in vain if he manages to reach that far. Although we are planning to allow their troops to do that, I believe we have not reached critical mass in terms of the cultivators coming in."

Moloch added in consideration of the profit for Jin's shop. (Evidently, he was crystal clear about the shocking amount of money they had spent which they needed to recuperate from.)

"But if we don't stop him now, he will find that something is afoot. And once he is up at the platform, Wolte will no longer be able to target him easily and the Giants are too much a hassle for the cultivators to handle." Qiu Yue replied, and Kraft provided them with a possible solution.

"Oh, for God's sake, it's the moment you've been waiting for. Just release the Krak- I meant. Release the Pandjila! " Kraft pointed at the slumbering large clay monster in the sea on the war table.

Chapter 742 Magic Gian

Barbatos had finished absorbing the charges from the remaining Wights on the battlefield. Almost every single one of them had burnt their life power to transmit their energies and concentrate it on to Earl Babartos. It looked as if it was some sacrificial ritual that was happening right at the centre of the battlefield but surprisingly, the Stalingrad was not aiming at them.

The Mad Giant had predicted that with the Stalingrad's power to shoot nine shells the size of a mini car, their next goal was to stop the frontlines as much as possible without hitting their own forces. However, they did not know that it was not the defending tacticians' intention. Lord Wolte had not expected to be this powerful when he had turned into this ultimate form.

Maybe because of a well eaten Mr Derpy, Lord Wolte's powers have accidentally been enhanced multiple folds, and thus he had severely underestimated his own capabilities. (While taken aback, Wolte

was elated to fulfil the dream of his former slug self to finally evolve into a force to be reckoned with. Though he was never satisfied and believed he could grow more.)

Thus, he was instructed by Qiu Yue to attack the group of giants furthest from the current frontline to entice Barbatos into action a little more.

After roughly grasping the Mad Giant's intention, the war room tacticians was sure that Barbatos wouldn't take the bait of advancing towards Stalingrad. But in the off chance he would change his target, the tacticians just had to try to get the Mad Giant's attention. To Jin's side, this war was a delicate balance of profit, fun and adequately defending the dungeon core.

To the tacticians personally, this was merely them getting ready to enter Phase 2 of their defence plan. They still had so many things in store for the demons (and cultivators to play with). It would be a pity if they would call this off and accept their defeat though Moloch had no doubts King Baal would take this as a matter of principle.

The demons could hardly stop at this point, and he definitely would figure something out if they need to prolong this war arises. He would ensure that everything would go as per their plan. For now, the evil tacticians ensured that the Demons would play at their pace.

Having complete control over the battlefield was the ultimate wet dream of every tactician.

The volley of turret cannon attacks had undoubtedly crippled the Giants forces, leaving scores of dead bodies on the ground without any medical help in sight. Many were left there moaning and crying for help since it was always a do or die situation for them all.

Not wanting them to suffer, the defenders were 'kind' enough to offer them a quick death with a swift counterattack and killing them before returning back to their barricades for safety.

Led by the Wobbling Wombat Cultivator Hong Deng Long and the Wacky Wolf Cultivator Da Se Lang, a number of Pandarens joined the Pandawan's raiding party by jumping over the fallen foot soldiers and sliding through the several Giants to reach the injured Giants.

However, this was not an easy task since the ones who suffered the brunt of the attack were at the back of the frontlines. The Giants at the front weren't too keen to allow the cultivators to do as they pleased and they tried to stomp those pesky humans.

Nevertheless, they underestimated how fast these cultivators were able to move. Using their chi to boost their speed, many were like cockroaches scrambling for cover, and it was virtually impossible to stop them.

This was further aggravated once Deng Long slammed his batons with ice elemental chi against the Giant's feet, slowing them further and allowing the more inexperienced Pandarens to escape the Giant's attacks.

Se Lang was relentless in his attacks. Up until now, he had been forced to hide behind the barricades because he had arrived later than his companions to join the battle late. Deng Long, was just glad his partner was able to actually make up some time after his double shift to play with him.

While he was not complaining that his partner was working hard, he did miss the casual hangouts with his buddy. As of late, he only saw him briefly at work, and whenever he wasn't doing overtime, he was spending it with either one or both of his girlfriends.

Even as the ambush party took the opportunity to strike the fallen Giants to ensure their death, both Deng Long and Se Lang were running on a timer for the Pandarens. The idea had been brought up by Mad Monkey cultivator Meng Ruo. They had to return back to the barricades within 40 seconds after a bout of open fighting.

This was to ensure the Pandarens could safely retreat without suffering too many casualties and it allowed the next round of Pandarens to harass the troops and Giants. It was tough in terms of coordination, but the communication using the half mask visors had been vital in making groups. They also had their mini digital pets to relay them orders from the higher-ups, so there was a decent communication network between the groups.

Unlike the demons who required a more primitive method of using the mages telecommunication, a major reason for why Pandarens could hold so well despite their lack of war experience was mainly due to their access to fast information exchange.

The one who controlled the most information in a war most often would be the one to control the battlefield too. This war was no exception, and it was apparent that the demons' disadvantage in this area caused their casualty numbers to grow exponentially.

Yet the show was far from over.

The Mad Giant finally had adjusted to his newfound strength and had decided to rush through. While his left hand had been regenerated, it was far too weak to carry a shield again. But the powers temporarily granted upon him by the Wights would make every Giant in the Dungeon World somewhat jealous.

He had gained the ability to cast magic.

No Giants could ever cast magic and maybe it was the Dungeon World's way to ensure balance. Else, wouldn't magic-wielding Giants be able to easily subjugate the world and appoint themselves as the Gods of the Dungeon World?

Barbatos did not hesitate to show off the magic he had been blessed with. The first one was Jade magic. It granted him the ability to jump high with the powers of the Wind, the Mad Giant soared up to the sky bridge and leapt over the frontlines, into the barricades of the Pandarens. His landing flattened dozens of Pandarens who were entrenched in the sandbags and other physical obstacles.

To Barbatos, it felt like he was stepping on some pins and needles. It was satisfying to crush those humans, and he followed this up by releasing the powers of Ruby. The fire blew straight in front of him. However, the elation of hurting his enemies had taken him off guard since his new temporary powers gave him the feeling of being invincible.

For the Mad Giant absolutely had no idea someone from his past had come to haunt him.

Chapter 743 Murdering Presence

"Did you just say that there is a formidable opponent in the seas of the Dungeon they are raiding now?" Lord Focalor asked as he switched on the broadcast from the seaport he was stationed at. With the help of his mages, he watched the 'show' as he continued to listen to the reports they had received intently.

He and his navy were mighty seafarers, yet the exhausted Earl Furfur under the King orders, still came by to enlist them for their help not too long ago. Focalor had not agreed to anything on the spot since his expertise was after all the sea. There was no way he would willingly send his troops to a meaningless death. There were more than enough Demon Nobles with their own armies better suited to fight on land.

"Indeed they have confirmed that the enemy has a naval presence. That is a real treat we can't miss out on." Captain Kenway, one of Lord Focalor's trusted aides, pointed out.

"True, though you surely saw their firepower. One hit was all that was needed to make those useless toys of Stolas disappear. Do you want to fight against that?" Focalor questioned his aide.

"For the most renowned demon pirate of the oceans to show such caution... did you wake up with the wrong foot today, my lord?" Captain Edward teased. Unlike other nobles, Focalor was the only Demon Noble who had refused to take any position in the Demon Metropolis. However, his ferocity and tenacity, as well as the ability to take on any Ocean-based dungeons with ease, had made King Baal recognise his exploits.

His title might have been granted merely for show, though Lord Focalor's reputation preceded even some of the Dukes. He was similar to Marquis Forneus who preferred to rule the sky with military might than to dabble in some outlandish city politics. The King had showered these two individuals with gifts, lands and power more than any higher-ranking nobles since their service was undeniably beneficial to their King.

"Hah, doesn't it just means I can finally go all out?! You two always seem to deny me such opportunities. Besides, if some boats become casualties in the fight, we might as well use the opportunity to get some new ones from the King." Lord Focalor replied, and his two aides laughed.

"HAHAHA! Just one simple request from you and the King will literally throw twenty more ships at us! Why wait till they get destroyed?!" Kenway mentioned as he slammed his drink on the table.

"Idiot, it's that stupid old sailor myth where we cannot just abandon our ships till then end after serving us for long." Edward interrupted Kenway's laughing with his rationale.

"Who cares anyway? Even if we meet with bad luck and drown, we get resurrected. There is nothing wrong with that. I have the money to pay for my crew and the other ships a hundred times over. There's no way some stupid sailor myth will get me." Captain Kenway challenged back.

"Enough! Kenway, Edward. Prepare the men for battle. We'll bring everything, the whole armada! The sea there seems wide enough for the whole lot. Let's heed the King's call and perhaps give that Prince some sorely needed help. Since I myself am looking forward to testing that metal ship's durability. We shall see if it can withstand the might of the Leviathan." Focalor ordered and the two of them nodded their heads.

(While the two were called captain in status, the both of them are equivalent to Rear Admirals with Lord Focalor holding the rank of Admiral in the Demon Fleet Leviathan.)

As Barbatos was charging to the frontlines, his Giants instinctively picked up on their leader's decision. They immediately formed a barrier facing the Stalingrad in case the ship decided to intercept their leader. As for the rest, they maintained a spearhead formation and attacked not caring for their lives. If their Lord was ready for death, they would follow him through hell and back.

The Mad Giant acknowledged his troops' sacrifice and swore to himself that he would make sure it would be worth it as he charged further forward. However, he suddenly was met with a small yet sharp bloodlust intent emanating from the barricades beyond.

While his giants were still making a mess at the frontlines, Barbatos could feel that the murderous intent was directed exclusively towards him.

"Well, well, well. I thought this aura seemed familiar!" Barbartos grinned widely. The presence disappeared from the distance and emerged from a small portal directly in front of Barbatos.

A scythe was aimed straight at his face, yet the magically enhanced Barbato shielded himself with the power of Granite. His face changed to stone, and the scythe failed to leave behind a single scratch.

"It's been a long time, Baphomet. And here I wondered why there was such a murderous intent within the group of adventurers. You should have stayed out of the Dungeon World!"

Kraft was surprised and stared at Moloch and Qiu Yue when he saw the goat demon was sent to face Barbatos. "Isn't that suicide? And how come I, the person who should have all the intelligence on every goddamn monster, did not know that he hated Barbatos?"

"Who knows, maybe you missed it?" Moloch gave a lazy smile. For the first time, Kraft saw that this sneaky cotton butt had some tricks of his own. The fox decided to play it cool and shrugged shoulders, pretending not to care and returning to face his laptop.

"Still, what can that goat demon do? Buy a few seconds of time?" Kraft scoffed that they didn't use Pandjilla. Even if he missed out on some personal history of one of Jin's monsters, the intelligence officer was sure he knew exactly the capabilities of all of Jin's monsters on their own.

"That's why I said. Maybe you missed out." Moloch teased once more as he took a card out and sent it flying out of the room. The King of Clubs continued to fly swiftly out of the room and towards the battlefield.

"Watch it... Otherwise, I might get tempted to investigate what else I might have 'missed out' on, starting with you." Came the not so subtle threat from the Bellator.

The blow on his face sent Baphomet flying backwards, yet Barbatos wasn't done yet. He followed up grabbing the former with his one remaining hand by the throat and suplex him on the floor. (The Giants thought that their boss was hitting some nuisance fly.)

The Goat Demon spat out blood from the attack as his opponent left him injured on the ground since he had more important things to care about. As Kraft predicted, this exchange had only lasted a couple of seconds.

To Barbatos, that trifling issue of him accidentally eating some of Baphomet's offspring should have long since been resolved. They were, after all, 'hiding' inside his food when he had swallowed them whole, and the Mad Giant had already apologised by paying adequate monetary compensation for Baphomet's loss.

"Why would he care so much to waste his life on a useless head-on attack when he can make more of those things with his dick?" Barbatos thought to himself as he shook his head and moved forth. Were the circumstances any different, he would have finished him off, but his giants and the success of his attack were his primary concern. The petty person trying to take revenge against him would live to see another day, another try.

Meanwhile, Moloch's card came out of another barely visible portal and landed on Baphomet's chest where it embedded itself into the Goat Demon's body.

Chapter 744 Sins Of The Father

Baphomet trembled as he rose up, holding on to the King of Clubs and watched the cannibal who ate his kids walk away. Earl Barbatos was certain the other demon was no longer a threat and had brushed him aside.

After all, it was the same outcome as before.

The Mad Giant couldn't remember. Had the last time been decades ago? Perhaps it was centuries? While he forgot, the Goat Demon clearly remembered each and every time he had challenged the Earl over those many years. The rage inside him boiled whenever he thought back to that incident.

His kids might have been resurrected, but the experience had emotionally scarred them, and it would most likely stick with them for the rest of their lives. There was no such thing as psychological aid or therapy in the Dungeon World, and the only solution their father could think of was to teach them how to get revenge via the path of violence. He did not know how else to help his kids nor his spouses.

Everyone had advised him to abandon them and remove them from this world. Why be tied down to a burden when he could mate again? It was the very same mentality Barbatos had, but to Baphomet, it was different. Those had been the very first batch of kids he ever had, and no matter how he saw it, he was sure it was an intentional foul act.

At that time he had been working as a chef to serve goat meat in a family restaurant. The younger self of the Mad Giant had always behaved like a tyrant at any food place he went to. Whenever Barbatos, be it

alone or in the company of his Giants, had been unable to fit inside a restaurant, they would have simply sat down, right outside in the open and demanded the restaurant's owner to serve them everything. If this would leave the other patrons with nothing to eat, who cared?

The Giants certainly didn't.

Not all things were bad, though. The money was undoubtedly good considering that the Giants could clear the entire stock of food and the Mad Giant was a heavy tipper. Still, the pressure was intense. Lacking enough food for all of them or being unable to cook fast enough meant the Giants would get pissed and destroy the entire place, leaving the owner with nothing but debris.

It was a do-or-die kind of situation and Baphomet with his family had determined to ride this out since the Giants just so happened to come to the rural side of the Demon Metropolis with them being the most popular restaurant around.

Baphomet had worked his magic in the kitchen to get as much cooking done as possible while his spouses went to different stores to procure more livestock for food. It had been a gruesome battle by itself, and his kids unquestionably chipped in to help their father. They had never seen any Giants in their lives up until now, nor had they had this much business.

Perhaps it was due to the negligence of their parents or them just underestimating the natural curiosity of the children that had led to the incident.

If he hadn't been there to witness it with his own eyes, Baphomet would have only suspected Barbatos and the other giants taking his kids. Yet, when the Goat Demon went out to personally serve one of his signature dishes, he heard a loud cry as he caught a glimpse of a leg sticking out from Barbatos' mouth.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!" Baphomet shouted. Alas, it was too late as he heard a CRUNCH. Powerless before the Giants, the crunches multiplied and Baphomet realised it wasn't just one, the other Giants were all feasting on his kids. Subsequently, Barbatos swallowed a few kegs of beer at the same time, even eating the wooden barrel as part of the meal and looked at the helpless father.

"Have you brought more food? ... Why are you looking at me like this?" The Mad Giant asked with a slightly drunken grin, and the others chuckled alongside.

"You...How could... YOU ATE MY KIDS?!" Barbatos shouted with tears running down his face. Barbatos took a bit to process what was just said. He merely scratched the back of his head.

"Really?! Oh, my bad! No wonder the meat in the bread felt a little too special. Here's the money for the food and a little more for their resurrection. Don't worry, I am sure they will come back to you safe and sound from the Church of the Afterlife. Now please bring us another round of the meat we had earlier. Oh and leave that food in your hands right over there. Cheers!" Barbatos grinned as he first picked up his club and the rest of his band stood up with menace.

There was no way Baphomet could beat the entire group thus he quietly accepted the money. Horrified, he was forced to continue feeding the murderers of his kids for what felt like an eternity. To him, it was hell on Earth. (Well, Dungeon World to be exact.)

Once they were gone, he immediately left for the Church to resurrect his kids. He would never forget the terror in their eyes. He had tried talking to them, wanting to find out what exactly happened, but

they have ever since remained in a waking state of fear. It was so bad to the point where they treated their father as if he was one of those Giants too.

"Unlike the past, I...hahhhhhh. I now have the backing of others! I had trained hard, especially with the help from the benevolent Duke Wolte and Lord Moloch. They showed me that not all lords were as despicable as you and I am glad to be under Duke Wolte's service once again." Baphomet pushed the card even deeper into his body until there was nothing left.

The Sher Slimes who had been fighting against the Giants suddenly turned and looked at Baphomet. The King of Clubs somehow attracted their attention. They became like moths who flew towards the light. They prioritised this above all else, even releasing their grasp on the injured Giants and headed for Baphomet instead.

The injured giants, while glad to be out of their control, turned to look at where the Sher Slimes were moving to. Soon, those slimes were encircling Baphomet and the remaining Dark Templar Squad Leaders had been informed about what was happening.

Instead of trying to take back control of the slimes, those squad leaders quickly released their leash on those slimes and retreated backwards to relative safety.

Barbatos had felt that the irritating bloodlust presence had not entirely disappeared but instead grew more potent. His instincts warned him that something was about to happen so he looked back, intent on wasting some energy to finish off Baphomet. But when he turned around, he was shocked at what he saw.

"User, an unexpected voluntary monster merger is happening with Goat Demon Baphomet. Permission to allow the monster merger to occur?" The System requested as it knew Jin was watching how the Sky Bridge situation was unfolding.

"So this is the monster merger function you kept talking about? Does that mean we will lose the slimes for good?" Jin queried even though he knew the answer.

"Affirmative. In return, Baphomet should gain the powers of the multiple Sher Slimes. Unexpected side effects might occur as the monster merger ritual they are using is primitive. User can enhance the ritual by spending additional souls on it." The System replied.

"We have a shit ton of souls from the deaths of our Phantom Soldiers anyway. Utilise them as much as possible since we are already monster merging." Jin ordered, and he could feel that the System was a little more than happy for things to unfold in this way.

"Wise choice."

With the permission of Jin, the slimes that encircled him immediately took the opportunity to force themselves into every orifice Baphomet had. But unlike how they were controlling the giants' bodies, Baphomet still retained his sanity and furthermore, he was growing significantly bigger until he stopped at a size matching that of the watchtowers.

But what about those tank debris? Yeah, they merged with the towering Baphomet, assimilating the tank armour onto his body as Baphomet endured the pain of his skin tearing apart. At the same time, the demons noticed that a broad ray of energy suddenly blasted down onto Baphomet itself.

"What is this power that is surging in me?!" Baphomet asked as he felt enriched from the huge ray of energy.

"Goat Demon Baphomet has successfully been strengthened into Sin Baphomet." The System stated.

Chapter 745 Revenge Was Sweet

"Now this is getting interesting!" Kraft stopped whatever he was doing on his laptop. Instead, he looked up at the screen, watching the transformation of Baphomet happening in real-time. Even the cultivators could not believe their eyes as they saw the monster evolution in front of them. Many wondered whether he was a new bad guy until they noticed the blue monster ally tag in their mask's visor.

"Man, and here I thought all monsters are bad!" A member of the audience in the shop instance commented.

"Definitely not! Our dungeons are meant to provide a comprehensive experience, and we aim to dispel the notion that storylines in dungeons are always boring." Mr Patsu explained, and many of the repeat customers concurred.

They had been through many of Jin's dungeons, and there certainly was a theme of cooperation with monsters they had fought against in previous dungeon instances. It provided the Pandarens with a somewhat strange relationship.

The random dungeon arena was solid proof as to how far this could evolve. Some of the dungeon monsters they fought often learned to adapt to the Pandarens' style of fighting. Most started treating them as temporary rivals. Whenever they clashed, the monsters took the time to give them pointers, offering them a chance to improve themselves.

This had always been the goal of dungeon instances. Fight. Improve oneself, cooperate and most importantly have fun doing all of that. It did not matter if some other cultivator was better than you. In Jin's dungeons, if you obeyed certain rules and were able to afford them, it was a thoroughly enjoyable experience.

Sin Baphomet's awakening came at the perfect time, and many assumed it had been planned for it to become the enticing highlight for the cultivators willing to join after dinner. The number of people buying tickets to enter the dungeon was at a record high, confirming that delaying Barbatos was the right move from a financial perspective at least. (If the System could show emotions, it would probably be giving the quiet tsundere kind of grin.)

While the cultivators enjoyed gaining a super powerful-looking ally, Qiu Yue could only hope Sin Baphomet's awakening would not be hindered by his bloodlust. After all, they still wanted Barbatos to

actually end up putting the temporary raid checkpoint down so that more demon reinforcements could come in.

Fortunately, it seemed like the Mad Giant had the very same idea running through his head when he tried to overcome the oddity of seeing a power-up happening right in front of his eyes.

With the major loss of ground troops from Stalingrad's bombardment, the Giants were the sole deterrent against the defenders and with Sin Baphomet at their backs, they only had one choice.

"FOR GLORY!!!!" Barbatos shouted.

The giants complied, turning around to hold down Sin Baphomet to buy Barbatos the time he needed. The Earl heavily utilised the Wights' buff to speed forward as fast as possible.

In his new form, Sin Baphomet had grown wings, not of organic nature but consisting of tank debris. The tank gun barrels acted as the bone structure for his wings while the wheels became the joints and thin sheets of armour were the membrane of the wings.

Hence, after a little adjustment to their angle, Sin Baphomet could literally use his wings as cannons. Shells blasted out of the wings, aimed towards the incoming Giants, but they had already been prepared.

Armoured Giants unhesitatingly came forward to block the attacks. Some were experienced enough to use skills like adventurers and utilised them to make their skin even tougher so they could withstand the brunt of the attack without being pushed back.

Meanwhile, Baphomet rushed forward and the Dark Templar Tanks pretended to stop him. They 'accidentally' left out a not-so-obvious path for him to move forward.

Some of the cultivators were foolishly brave and tried to cut-off his legs but because of the Wights' buff, many were run over before they could do anything. Thus, Barbatos managed to reach near the end of the Sky Bridge without too much trouble, regretting that he hadn't done this way earlier... If only he knew he was dancing in the palm of Jin's tacticians.

Upon reaching the end of the Sky Bridge, he finally caught a glimpse of the floating platform in front of him. "How could Moloch even manage to gather this many..." Before he could even finish his thought, he felt a hefty yet clean slice through his newly generated arm, and the perpetrator was none other than Sin Baphomet himself.

"Surprise! I can fly now." Sin Baphomet mocked him with the very same glee that Barbatos had shown him decades ago as he slammed the Mad Giant onto the ground.

Knowing his duty to complete the task given to him, Barbatos immediately headbutted Sin Baphomet for pinning him down as he gathered all the powers in him to materialise a magic hand which he placed on the ground.

"By my authority as a Demon Earl, Dungeon Core, I hereby declare this place as Sanctuary to my people!!" Barbatos announced. A wide round magic rainbow circle appeared and Barbatos finally laughed.

"You should have gone for the head! I kept telling you that your emotions always get the better of you. You will be responsible for the life of all who help that traitor due to your irrational wish for revenge! Now it's too late! The checkpoint is set and with the overwhelming might of the Demon Army, I swear King Baal will bring you and that trickster Moloch down to your knees!" Barbatos shouted.

Despite the headbutt, Sin Baphomet was still holding on to him and subsequently brought his wings to various parts of the Mad Giant's body and shot it. Yet the Mad Giant continued to laugh in madness.

"It's useless! It's all useless! You can have your pitiful revenge. I have already activated the checkpoint! In less than five minutes, you will all be gone! It's too bad I cannot see to it personally. But I promise to watch the replays from the mages as you are being torn to pieces. For my meritorious deed, I shall request gaining you as my personal slave! I am looking forward to you being forced to serve me your kids each and every single day!"

It was at that moment Sin Baphomet could not hold it anymore and sliced off both of Barbatos' legs and his remaining arm. Then he started giggling as he released the dying Giant. "Mission Complete. The checkpoint has been firmly established. Proceed with the next phase of the plan, Miss Sandy." Sin Baphomet spoke out loud so Barbatos wouldn't have the last laugh.

"What are you talking about? What mission?!" Barbatos had a sudden pang of worry and it exacerbated as he felt a little shake on the Sky Bridge.

"Didn't you think things were too easy? Didn't you realise that our attempts at intercepting you were a bit too shallow? Letting you through was just part of the plan to get you to initiate your checkpoint. At the 'end' of the Sky Bridge." Sin Baphomet revealed enjoying his fill of fun and revenge.

"What do you mean?!" Barbatos tried to move, but after all the injuries inflicted on him, he was currently a Giant quadriplegic. All he had left was the magically created hand which was also slowly fading after he had used it for the temporary checkpoint.

"You will see." Sin Baphomet smirked as he flew above him and lifted Barbatos' head. Then he started to shoot his cannons from a distance. It was all part of one of many plans Moloch and Qiu Yue had made to deal with the demons.

According to their predictions, one of the more likely scenarios had been the Giants being used for the assault on the Sky Bridge. However, it wasn't one big overall plan. No, it consisted of countless hours of hard work.

With his intricate knowledge of the Demons, Moloch had set up hundreds of 'what if' scenarios. All of them had been stored within Qiu Yue's Sub System and they were pulled out by the recommendation of the Sub System whenever it was needed.

That was why despite some disagreements on the table at one moment, they could perfectly act in unison on the next. The clearer the situation became, the more precise the demons acted along the 'what if' scenarios, the easier it was for them to choose the corresponding course of action.

Still, it wasn't all that simple. After all, this was not some video game where the enemies behaved just as they wanted them to. The same could be said about their own allies who also didn't listen to them with complete obedience. Qiu Yue had to adapt to those scenarios as well.

Since a Demon Lord had managed to place down the checkpoint on the end of the Sky Bridge, it was time for Sandy's grand debut. The Sand Witch materialised at the edge of the floating platform and started to cast her magic. The Sky Bridge was mainly her creation so she still had authority and knowledge over it.

Both the demon soldiers and Pandarens could not believe their eyes as they saw two parts of the Sky Bridge suddenly break apart from each other.

"What are you all doing? What kind of insane sorcery is this?!" Barbatos vomited blood from sheer shock.

"You know, even the odds a little. We can't have a hundred thousand troops marching all at once, right? We got to inflict some damage so that you guys really have to die trying." Sin Baphomet answered as Barbatos came to realise that he had indeed been played. After all he had done, he could forget any kind of praise. He should be thankful if King Baal wouldn't blame him for failing.

"It's a trap within a trap... You baited me to go for the Sky Bridge because you knew that I would realise that going for the ship would be a trap too? Damn it!" Barbatos complained with a weak sounding voice. His remaining lifeforce was like a candle which would go out at the slightest gust of wind.

Sandy was moving the Sky Bridge as if it was some lego piece. The Sky Bridge had originally been five parts joined together so she could easily reshuffle the bridge in whatever way she liked. In this instance, she placed the end of the Sky Bridge to the middle and the middle occupied the end. Instead of a glorious charge, the demons would have to look out for a flanking attack.

"You have seen enough. Time for you to disappear from this act." Sin Baphomet said as he brought out his scythe and chopped off Barbatos' head. He took it with him and asked the System for leave.

There were some people out there waiting for him, who would appreciate this spoil of war.

Chapter 746 Arrival of the Demon Horde

The demon's temporary checkpoint had shifted to the middle of the road and the defenders, except for the Sherman Tanks EX, were following Qiu Yue's instructions to retreat to the outer portion of the area. As for the Demon Army, they had temporarily halted, mostly confused by the drastic moving of the bridge. With no higher-ups coordinating them, they were unsure whether to charge towards the fleeing cultivators or to wait in one of the safe zones.

Sin Baphomet had literally taken care of the remaining Giants, and there were no additional reinforcements coming out from the safe zone since Prince Stolas had stopped it as soon as the checkpoint had been deployed.

"They had total control of the whole battlefield from the start of the invasion." Prince Stolas whispered as he dropped to his knees, powerless.

While the amount of distance they needed to cover had been lessened significantly, they were still very much exposed to artillery from the cultivators in front of them, the suicidal crows and wyverns above them as well as the sea.

The last one, the Stalingrad, was more than a menace. It acted as the true gatekeeper of the whole show.

With Mr Derpy providing the magical energy, Lord Wolte had no problems maintaining his heavy battlecruiser to wreak more havoc. His live battery would also not run out of juice any time soon. There were still remnants of the turtle that Derpy could feast upon, and one shouldn't forget that the cylinders underneath Flashy's shell. It had been filled with another source of energy, namely the caged up mages who had chosen to be batteries of magic energy for Countess Dantalion. (Mr Derpy greatly appreciated the crunchiness of it.)

"Prince, do you think it is wise to retreat?" One of his guards' asked as he assisted his Prince in standing back up.

"Don't even think about it, unless you want to be branded as traitors." A loud screeching voice was heard from behind them. Prince Stolas immediately recognised that wicked voice before he even stepped out of the magical circle and showed himself.

"The rest of the Demon Horde is coming, and I'm pretty certain they are all dying to return the grudges Moloch had incurred. The loss of Marquis Forneus and Earl Barbatos has proven that this battle is far more dangerous than we initially believed it to be."

"Kiva." Prince Stolas uttered the name with a deep-seated hatred.

"Ah Ah~! That is ARCHDUKE Kiva. But as a prince, I shall overlook this breach of etiquette. Try not to repeat that." The wretched voice turned humble in front of the Prince's face for a moment. Kiva bowed down with his short raven legs while adjusting his vibrant bright red cape and grinned at the Prince with his two canine fangs out in the open.

Seeing him, Prince Stolas came to a realisation as to why the reinforcements had been coming uncharacteristically slow for the Demon Horde. Sure they had been caught off guard by Moloch's unexpected choice of dropping his shields one day early, but after so many hours of battle to get so little help?

In fact, only specific requests had come through. Thus, the Prince's suspicion that someone must have manipulated those events behind the scenes were confirmed with the Archduke's appearance.

Accompanying Archduke Kiva were not hundreds but thousands of soldiers and mages all armed to the teeth, dying to sink them into Moloch and his troops. The temporary checkpoint was spilling over with hundreds of soldiers, to the extent some had to fall back to accommodate it the bridge.

Many wondered how come the Mad Giant had placed the checkpoint at the centre of the bridge where it was the most vulnerable and only through the words of the surviving few soldiers did the news got out.

Simultaneously, the Demon Fleet Leviathan also emerged from the temporary checkpoint with a separate magical portal and dozens of ships followed suit beneath the Sky Bridge. All of them came splashing into the waters, and a large magical shield had been immediately erected at both sides of the Sky Bridge.

Prince Stolas had never seen such a large deployment before, and even the safe zone was populated with a horde of mages in the blink of the eye. Why had they suffered through all those losses when such forces could have appeared previously? It definitely was not because the demons were limited. To see so many suddenly appear, felt like a slap in his face.

"What? You look like you've never seen a large scale deployment before, pitiful Prince. Now, we shall show you the might of your other siblings' armies. It's too bad your sister Gaap perished so early. She should have listened to me rather than rushing to aid her favourite brother into battle."

"If these are all their troops, where are my siblings?!" Prince Stolas questioned with a heavy tone.

"They have been stationed at home." King Baal suddenly emerged from the magical portal with his Royal Guards right beside him. This alone sent out multiple alerts throughout the entire war room and eventually to all defenders.

"F...ather." Prince Stolas immediately bent his knee right in front of his Majesty. The surrounding demons, unless they had essential duties to keep the shields up, followed the gesture. The only exception to this was Archduke Kiva himself. He was merely bowing his head slightly with an evil grin.

"Arise." King Baal demanded, and the rest returned to their duties. A quiet stare was more than enough of punishment, but the words King Baal said hurts Stolas deeply.

"I am quite disappointed in you, Stolas. You might have been outmatched, but given the resources you had on hand, the result is simply terrible." The Raven Prince merely kept quiet and tolerated the insult.

He knew nothing good would happen if he retorted back. Besides, it wasn't that much of a secret that he wasn't the most favoured Prince in his father's books. "I should send you back to ponder over your mistakes, but I agree with Kiva. If you stay, you might actually learn something."

"My Liege. The Demon Fleet Leviathan have engaged that metal ship. Some of our aerial units have begun reinforcing the remainders of the Dragon Devils. Their commands will be passed over so that they can be led by our air force. In the meantime, we have wasted no time in employing a full-scale invasion after Duke Crocell had managed to get the rough coordinates of where the Dragonlite scouts have died. I suggest a brute force against the-"

"The King has his own way of doing things, Kiva." Prince Stolas interrupted, but King Baal slammed Prince Stolas down to the ground with yet another stare.

"Do not interrupt when someone is talking!" King Baal ordered as he turned to Kiva and gave a gentle smile. "Kiva, I apologise for the bad upbringing my son had. Do continue. And as for you, Stolas, I repeat one final time, your presence here is merely tolerated."

"You honour me, my liege. But I do not deserve to talk after hearing the Prince's valid argument!" Kiva replied as he prostrated right in front of the Prince rather than the King. Stolas was already holding his anger back, and it got even worse when he saw Kiva's shrewd face.

"That guy will be the end of our rule!" Stolas thought to himself as he recalled that on the day of Moloch's demotion, the ruthless bat demon had been there and seemed happier than most at hearing the news.

"Do not worry, continue on. I appreciate your insights." King Baal replied as he helped Kiva up instead of his son.

In the meantime, King Baal's servants had already prepared a throne for him to sit on, and his tent was truly worthy of a king to view the battles from afar. They even started to manage the mages' broadcast and showed the status of their troops.

"Coming back to your first question which had been overtly obvious. This is a battle that not even your eldest brother could manage, so I told him and the rest of your siblings to stand down at home. Who knows which idiot would dare go into our kingdom when we are at war." King Baal explained with a side stare towards his son, demanding him to stand at a corner and watch how his father dealt with the traitor.

A certain someone suddenly sneezed, as he closed his laptop and vanished from Jin's war room...

Chapter 747 Demon Fleet Leviathan

"Oof. It's so much smaller than the last time we saw it." Captain Kenway complained through the communications channel courtesy of their mages. Captain Edwards, on the other side, merely laughed at this.

"Duh, it's from a crystal ball. What did you expect?" Edwards asked sarcastically as he commanded his fleet forward.

"It's beautiful." Was the only thing Lord Focalor said.

There was no way the demons or humans could build such a magnificent ship. Did Moloch get it from the dwarves? Or was it the gnomes? Whatever the case, Focalor did not care who it came from. The only thing that mattered was that soon it would be his.

The moment he had first seen the ship up close after coming out the portal, he was dumbstruck and fascinated by it. It was a case of love at first sight.

"Try not to destroy that beauty. It will be a great asset if we can capture it." Lord Focalor ordered yet his two other captains were a bit hesitant.

"But Captain, if we hold back and the enemies shoot at us, it will be a disaster. You've seen how devastating those cannons can be." Captain Kenway replied cautiously, and he could already hear Edwards laughing even more loudly.

"Haha! Kenway, Kenway. Are you just pretending or are you actually this naïve?" Edwards questioned. The communication they used was limited to only their voices to limit the strain on the mages, otherwise Edward would see how Kenway rolled his eyes at his taunt.

"If the Captain has decided to use that ability so early in the game, it will be our responsibility to use that time he grants us to capture it," Kenway argued since they knew the limitations of Lord Focalor's greatest ability, the Fog that Steals.

For the duration of the ability, they would turn from ordinary Tiedfling demons into undead Tiedfling pirates, making them invulnerable to pain and doubling their strength and dexterity. Not to mention the fog was so dense that all navigation tools were rendered useless, making it impossible to pinpoint their exact location. With this ability, the Demon Fleet Leviathan had repeatedly proven themselves as one of the most renowned pirates that should not be trifled with.

Oh, and did the two captains mention how strong their Lord's command ship was? The Leviathan boasted approximately two hundred cannons at each side of the vessel, allowing for never ending volleys of attack or even worse, an all-out attack. Having two hundred cannonballs hurling at you was no joke.

There were only a handful of encounters where so many cannons were insufficient to finish the job. However, in such cases, the Leviathan could always add up to another fifty cannons on each side, barring the need to carry any food storages. And that was precisely what they had done today since it would be a skirmish and not a trip around the oceans to steal and plunder.

Even the two captains had ships with over a hundred cannons on board, and they each had over twenty other smaller pirate ships combined. Focalor was not going to take any chances by pulling his punches. He had seen the magnitude of Wolte's cannons. He had to bring the entire fleet out to make sure that they had enough filler targets before they could board the metal ship.

"That is exactly what I am going to do. We are too close to each other and yet it's a welcome surprise that the ship hasn't fired ever since it targeted the giants in the frontlines." Focalor observed. "With a high-density magic crystal granted by Archduke Kiva, I should be able to hold the ability for another ten minutes, twenty tops."

"Ah, then it should be enough considering the distance," Edwards concluded, and Kenway had to agree.

"Then we jump onto their ship and slaughter them. Judging by the size, there should be at least a hundred on the ship, manning it." Kenway suggested, but Focalor disagreed.

"From the moment we arrived, I kept a close look at the ship. I've failed to see anyone on either deck or starboard. No movement except for their barrels aiming at the bridge. There might be traps or illusions on it. I want your mages to attack first to dispel any illusion and to fire another salvo before you guys get ready to board." Focalor warned.

"Haha! You worry too much. It's known that when you activate your ability, there is nothing to worry about. Victory will already be at hand." Edward scorned at Focalor's sudden timidity.

"If you believe in those superstitions then trust in my bones. Whenever we find ourselves in a tricky situation, I get that strange feeling. And ever since we got here, I feel itchy all over. Sometimes, even pirates need some caution, or else the sea will consume you for disrespecting it." Focalor rebutted, and Edward became speechless.

"You've already lost when you engaged in a talking battle with Focalor." Kenyway didn't miss the opportunity to laugh heartily as his smartass companion before he relayed the information to his sailors.

In the meantime, Lord Wolte clearly knew who they were dealing with and was already pumping with excitement. "I've always adored Demon Pirate King Focalor. He's quite a legend back in the city." Lord Wolte shared with Mr Derpy since he knew the humans would have no idea what he was talking about.

"Oh, those ships, can we eat them?" Mr Derpy asked, and Lord Wolte sighed.

"Dagen, you still have some unfinished leftovers. Why would you want more?"

"That contingency plan has made me nervous. I am forced to sit still, wait for the eventuality of my turn to come and then everything will be up to me. I'll be largely responsible whether we win or lose. What do you expect me to do?" Mr Derpy revealed his fears and Wolte understood that this was the first time Jin and Qiu Yue had entrusted him to do such an important job.

"Binge eating won't help you, though. Oh whatever, I know how you must feel. The first time I was at war and was bestowed a huge responsibility, I nearly freaked out too. However, that is perfectly normal. When the time comes to act, you will know what to do. Don't forget, you are not alone. You have me, your Deep Ones, and the System will also guide you." Lord Wolte tried to console Mr Derpy.

"Speaking of your Deep Ones, they aren't that needed for the contingency plan. Only you are. Why not let them be useful and start tagging those ships."

"That means they get to play and I can't! How is that fair?" Mr Derpy argued with a pouting face.

"If you benevolently allow them to go out and play, won't they return that gratitude by bringing you more food?" Lord Wolte offered his large friend a new perspective.

"Ah, yes. Why didn't I think of that? Wolte, my greatest friend, your constant help will not go unanswered in the future. I shall get my Deep Ones to track under the ships." Mr Derpy immediately agreed to it at the potential promise of more stress eating.

"Aww, that's kind of you, Dagen. Look, I will aim to sink, or at least make a hole, in those ships, so you can get the Deep Ones to rush in, hunt and bring the food to you too. They wouldn't have to wait all day until those pirates jump overboard."

"You certainly are a genius Wolte. I will tell them to get ready!"

"Good. Now I have a perfect counter against Focalor's Fog That Steals when he decides to use it." Wolte thought to himself as he informed the human sailors about the 'trackers' that had been employed.

Chapter 748 Operation Fire Glass

"Holy shit, how is this possible?!" Meng Ruo wondered as he saw the immense crowd of new demon soldiers popping left, right and centre. "No wonder the cultivators are running away."

"Look sharp. If there are this many, I believe the Demon Horde will be attacking all the island platforms simultaneously." Sarge Rocher warned them to not lose focus. The others on the Land Hover squad agreed that such a possibility sounded quite likely given the intelligence level of their enemies.

"Sarge, there are magic signals incoming. It looks like they are indeed preparing for an enormous mass attack." CPL Zhang Min, who was manning the radios reported to Rocher.

"Then let's buckle up, it will be one hell of a ride in the Industry Sector." Sarge Rocher said as he checked his rifle chamber once more before moving out.

Meanwhile, the same scenario was happening to the other platforms which the Dragonlites had previously scouted. Duke Crocell had been able to use the Mages Telecommunication Centre to report his findings to Kiva who in turn had managed to isolate and pinpoint approximate coordinates of the island platforms.

"It is truly remarkable how that traitor has managed to find such a powerful sponsor. If their defences were any tighter, we might not be able to achieve any of this at all." Kiva whispered to his King and Baal merely acknowledged that a multiple prong attack was necessary to overwhelm the enemy.

"Get the Royal Mages to teleport those troops in. I want to see our flags waving at each of their highest towers. Burn everything else down. Record the scenes so we can show everyone what awaits those who stand against us." King Baal said, and Kiva hurried to relay the orders.

What King Baal wanted was total annihilation. The search for the Dungeon Core? That already seemed secondary compared to what he was going to do to Moloch. For what that Cotton Minotaur had done to his nobles and precious daughter, he was already fantasising the most painful of tortures he would do to Moloch. "As soon as you find him, tell me. I will personally go out and collect his head."

"Yes, my sire." Kiva bowed back and continued to give orders as per his liege's will.

The Royal Snake soldiers equipped with magic detectors had already begun shoring up their defences by returning to the posts they were given. Fortress Golems on every floating island platform had also been reactivated from standby mode and were ready for action, and the island's defences had been switched on too.

As for the Orc Artillery Company, they had stopped firing after the Royal Mages had placed a high-density shield on their new temporary teleportation checkpoint. While it did some damage, it was not very effective in the long run, and most importantly, it just wasted their precious ammo.

Prince Stolas must have sent back the data from the hours of barrage against the safe zone allowing the Royal Mages to learn how much shielding was needed to protect them.

Thus, even as they suffered from this disadvantage of being set in the middle of the bridge, the only real threat for the time being seemed to be the Stalingrad. Fortunately, the Demon Fleet Leviathan was going to take care of it. (Or so they thought) So perhaps the mages believed all they had to do was to tolerate the first shot, and the infamous Demon Fleet Leviathan will handle the rest.

Well, Wolte planned to act in a way they expected him to... with a little exception.

"Mdm, the defenders have successfully retreated to the defensive floating island. The Sherman Tanks have also placed down their mines as they moved back. Our only casualties were two Sherman Tanks that were rendered incapable of timely evading the mages' attacks." The goblin telecom operator reported. He added that the tanks were still doing a fair bit of damage from afar.

"Mdm, the Fortress Golems in the left behind watchtowers have ceased to function as expected. Thus they were set to detonate the moment any demon soldiers tried to take control of the watchtowers. The pilots inside already retreated with the aid of the System."

"Other than that, the Stalingrad reported that the ship is ready for a full-on assault on the bridge and is awaiting further instructions."

"Lord Wolte intends to not move just yet. He is waiting for the magic portals to be cast on every island before the soldiers on the bridge will move."

The goblin telecoms operators were rambling on and on even though they were talking in a sequential manner and not interrupting each other at all. Qiu Yue managed to catch all of those, and the Sub System further helped her by listing them as bullet points in order of importance.

"Send the V2 Rockets out and tell Que Er that we are initiating phase two of the operation. After that, get Wolte to fire in unison with the impact of the V2 rockets." Qiu Yue said, and the telecom operators relayed the information.

"Sandy, are you ready as well?" Qiu Yue asked, and Sandy, who was hiding near the end of the Sky Bridge chuckled.

"The Penguins have arrived and are more than ready to help me. So yeap, I am ready." Sandy replied.

"Very good, let's commence Operation Fire Glass." Qiu Yue announced, and the entire telecoms crew knew what to do. While it might be more worthwhile to use it later in the day to reduce the influx of demon troops, Qiu Yue believed if Operation Fire Glass was used now, it would be a great shock and awe kind of tactic.

Moloch also concurred as this might potentially be impactful enough to lower the morale of the troops since the advent of their King must have made them feel invulnerable. Hence he gave the green light for the operation.

However, the most crucial part of the operation would not be the mass destruction of the temporary checkpoint nor about bringing their barriers down.

It was to buy time. Precious time which both tacticians needed to sort things out for the next phase. Doing it on the run was an option as well, but right now they need a sort of breather which might be hard to gain later.

So, as the V2 Rockets were being prepared for launch from the military base floating islands, Que Er already had multiple crows carrying a number of big fat looking bombs towards the Sky Bridge. And to

protect these bombs, more crows were employed along with Odin's ravens to ensure the safety of those bombs.

"Now!" The Red Panda Cultivator ordered when she saw the minimum distance left for the crows to reach the Sky Bridge and the V2 rockets were shot out into the skies, heading straight for the energy shield brought up by the mages. The demon soldiers heard booming noises and thought it was coming from the metal ship, but there was no movement from that end.

"Artilleries, fire now!" Qiu Yue added, and the Orc Artillery Companies did as commanded and the demon soldiers got even more nervous. Though this time, there was a visible impact on one side of the barrier and the mages urged them to calm down.

With the distraction of the artillery, the V2 rockets were able to fly from above with much success. Before the Dragon Devils, who were still in a lengthy dogfight against the Wyvern Goblin Knights, could report their findings, the rockets were already on their way to hitting the barrier.

With precision timing, Wolte had also fired all his main turrets at the bridge, and that was ironically the signal for the Lord Focalor to use his ability, The Fog that Steals. Yet, what they did not know was that the simultaneous shots from the Stalingrad and the V2 rockets had an impact and broke the shields with unprecedented effect.

That was where the almighty Royal Mages tried to scramble to rebuild the barriers with the second wave of mages, but the timing of the crows to come in was impeccable. The bombs were not released, and instead, the crows followed the bombs for the impact as they crashed landed at specific equal distances of the Sky Bridge for it to explode.

Also, those were no ordinary bombs.

Qiu Yue had purchased napalm bombs, causing soldiers to incinerate in a moment's notice. The crows added the explosive powers to the bombs, causing massive destruction to the bridge's integrity.

And as if that was not enough, Sandy was at the end of the Sky Bridge conjuring a tidal wave of sand filled with oil and water courtesy of the Penguin Ninjas as she unleashed it downwards to the bottom of the Sky Bridge.

With the napalm burning, the sand mixed with oil and water caused the fire to burn even fiercer and longer, bringing the temperature up by a ton, to the point where the sand was melting to become glass.

Hence the name Operation Fire Glass.

There was literally no hope for the soldiers on the bridge as another massacre occurred, dropping the numbers down. In the meantime, Qiu Yue took this solely needed time the fire had brought to reorganise the cultivators as planned into the defensive island platform.

She believed it would yet again be another protracted fight against all fronts. And this time once most or all of the cultivators were gone, they would have to rely on the monsters to take over their posts since it was already evening time in their world.

Chapter 749 Monitor Him Closely

"Tsk." King Baal got slightly irritated at the events on the Sky Bridge. The demons next to him, on the other hand, were mortified when they witnessed the combined powers of their Royal Mages fail to hold the fort against Moloch's assault.

While sand was supposed to be a fire retardant, the mix of oil and water within it had made the ongoing napalm fire grow fierce. The sand covered the area delicately so that the fire could not spread out. It had been a slightly complicated process that needed finesse, but Sandy had been able to further improve her control ever since she started to work with the Orcs and Goblins to create concrete.

To the onlookers, they thought that Moloch/Jin had another monster use some sort of wide-area magic like the Judgement Storm by Keyrin. The field of molten sand had burnt the army in the thousands, leaving nothing but debris from all the metal armour they had been wearing.

Yet, King Baal had seen it all from a distance. He had sensed zero magical energy until the end of the attack when the tidal sands had come in. This meant that Moloch had reached out to races with great technological advances for their weapons and destructive powers.

"Usually, those races all require a pricey sacrifice, and he must have paid dearly to obtain such technology." King Baal thought to himself as he ignored what was happening on the Sky Bridge. "Kiva, get the other mages to cool down the Sky Bridge so we can use the temporary teleportation checkpoint again. Continue with the simultaneous assault as per plan. We won't let one attack pull us down."

"As decisive as ever!" Kiva replied with glee and went to over to his cronies to pass the message down.

Meanwhile, Prince Stolas had been fully reduced to just a wallflower with the arrival of his father. Still, to be honest, he was quite relieved at the shift in responsibility, despite there being mixed feelings of dread and anger towards Kiva.

"Guards, keep a note of Kiva's whereabouts at all times," Stolas whispered, and the guards roughly knew what he wanted to do. "Before this battle is over, I expect his head to come down his shoulders. About time that he learns he is not as almighty as he pretends."

"Do not act too harshly, my Prince. He might act like a sissy, but he is still a formidable opponent to fight against." His guards panicked and whispered back, advising their Prince to stay his blade.

"Worry not. We are at war against one of the smartest tacticians in our Dungeon World, right? He surely has a way to defeat him, if not through brute force. We will just have to be there to be the ones to deal him the final blow."

"Will that not affect your status as Prince?" The captain of his guards asked, and Stolas shook his head.

"If banishment can release me from this chained up suffering, I will gladly accept it. But at least, I will do it with some dignity intact. I know what that weasel has been doing behind our backs, and it should be satisfying if I can leave knowing I at least cut him down once."

"While I do not think it's a wise idea and recommend you to cool your head, we will still follow as per your orders." The guard captain bowed slightly with his clenched hand placed it on his chest, as a sign of deep respect.

"...I will take your words into consideration. Just monitor him for now." Stolas was taken aback by the sudden pledge of loyalty and started thinking things through logically... but even that did not stop his feelings of rage within him.

Despite all the court drama behind the frontlines, King Baal's orders were implemented just as ordered. Hundreds of soldiers that were at the safe zone who has seen their comrades get burnt into nothingness were all ready to take revenge. They howled a series of warcries and banged their weapons on the ground to increase their morale.

The teleportation spells were cast, and there was little to no interference because of the additional shields brought up in advance before the spell was cast. The Stalingrad was also being occupied with the Demon Fleet Leviathan while the Wyvern Goblin Knights had a bout of renewed dogfights against the Dragon Devils and their reinforcements.

And as the soldiers teleported into each and every island platform the Dragonlites had been able to scout, they were faced with the very same situation that had plagued the start of invasion.

Bombardments.

The Royal Snakes who had been waiting for the longest time ever were finally put into action. Being one of the decisive strike forces in China that had a reputation of being able to respond to any threat, they relished the fight against overwhelming numbers.

Because to be honest, they had been trained mostly for tactical insertions and lacked sufficient experience in defending against a horde. And that was precisely what Hou Fei wanted them to learn before holding the actual fort in the real world. While most of the commanders initially had doubts about this particular exercise, they had quickly changed their mind upon seeing the sheer size King Baal brought with him.

This was definitely what they needed, and a 'simulation' in this quantity allowed the commanders to learn first hand about any problems their soldiers might encounter in their standard formations so they could improve it before the actual defence in Dongguan-Huizhou.

"Continue the barrage! Shell shock as many as possible!" Sarge Rocher, who was handling a squad in the Industry Sector, instructed his team handling the mortars. Despite the bombardment, the soldiers were still fearless enough to move through as a group, and he could see the difference between them and the first sortie.

He came to the conclusion that they had been magically buffed before teleporting, allowing them to be enraged, which would explain the frenzy charges. However, he knew that enrage spells would make them more vulnerable to damage since they had no care for their lives. As long as his side was relentless too, the ultimate winner would definitely be the defenders.

But even with the barrage, the soldiers were moving at a fast pace which the mortar adjustments could not accommodate, and that was where the Fortress Golems from afar had decided to step in and pick up the pace.

"Oh man, I love those golems and their grenade launchers." CPL Wei Yi said as he hid behind the trench and reloaded his rifle. He recalled the sheer details on the Fortress Golem he saw and the mechanical movement brought chills to his body.

"Haha! You have yet to see the best of them." CPL Zhang Min replied as he recalled seeing a few special weapons being stowed to the guard posts in the industry sector. "The Goblins were all snickering at how it could fry an entire roadblock in front of them with a push of the trigger."

"Shut your traps, reload your damn guns and concentrate!" Sarge Rocher shouted, and the two corporals acknowledged as they remained vigilant to stop the demon's advance.

Chapter 750 Defending the Various Sectors

The Demons Horde was unrelenting, moving forward at breakneck speed with no regards to their own well being. This strategy would prove especially effective in Agriculture Sector 1. Major Boon Tiong who was coordinating the defence had seen through the weakness of Agriculture Sector 1 early on.

Since it was crop-based, their vast land area made it hard for the defenders to cover everything without redeploying the number of soldiers from other sectors. Yet, they could not do so without it creating weaknesses on other fronts.

However, there was a silver lining in this situation. Most of the crops had been harvested, yet the System had purposely grown tall plants to increase the survivability of the soldiers defending the area. It allowed the Royal Snakes to create makeshift traps and even hidden tunnels to hide in as they ambushed the demon troops.

As Master Ambushers, the Royal Snake soldiers reinvented the meaning of fear so that even the demons under the rage enchantment had begun questioning the safety of every step they made.

"Heh, there is no such thing as 'safe' when you are in our playground." Major Boon Tiong chuckled as he quickly took out one soldier by surprise, and subsequently slaughtered the rest of their group. Afterwards, he disappeared back into the tall grass, leaving no tracks behind as if he were a ghost.

With this hands-on approach of the soldiers, the mortar strikes were more sparse than in other locations unless they were sure it was a heavyweight like a troll or a squad of cavalry trying to rush in. The rest of the soldiers were all split into smaller groups as they tackled Demon Horde who thought forward was the only way to go.

What's more, they were assisted by the baby Broccoli Porkcupines as part of the surprise bestowed by Jin. Half Ghoul Lord Derek had successfully managed to reduce their size so that they were as large as a Rottweiler by instilling some canine DNA into them as well, making them more responsive to humans and a little more loyal. (Actually, Derek merely used genes from Silver, Gold and the rest of the werejackals)

And those modifications significantly increased their agility without losing the strength they possessed...as well as their unique ability to shoot broccoli projectiles out of their backs. If one were to

think that the modified projectiles were a joke, they were solely mistaken as it had the same penetrating ability as their spikes. (Imagine a piece of broccoli was thrust into a demon's body and going through it like a bullet, the amount of force needed was so much more)

The Royal Snakes had discovered that the demon troops had designated their teleportation spell at the edge of the island. In theory, this was a smart choice allowing their enemies to send in reinforcement if the first wave of demon troops were to perish.

They knew it would be only a question of time until some demons with the ability to burn down the grass would come in robbing them of their ambush advantage. Fortunately, this was where the Broccoli Porkcupines came in. After annihilating the incoming first wave, they quickly positioned these pigs near the tall grasses where the teleportation spell would bring in the troops.

As soon as this next batch of demon troops appeared, Major Boon Tiong ordered a full offensive charge against the troops. These soldiers who had yet to acclimatize themselves from the teleportation spell were suddenly being sprung by a wave of pig monsters hitting them.

As if that was not enough, the Broccoli Porkcupines shot their projectiles out, further weakening the front line they were pushing. These incidentally caused the demon troops to move backwards despite the backlines demanding for a forward charge. The more the Porkcupines charged and stormed the front, the more they were pushed back, with new ones arriving, occupying the already limited space. And just like a domino effect after the first one fell, many more followed as they were pushed off the edge of the island.

However, Major Boon Tiong knew this shock tactic had its limits, and with a loud whistle, the Baby Broccoli Porkcupines went scurrying into the tall grass. At the same time, the Royal Snakes took care of the still shocked stragglers, mercilessly spraying their bullets out in the open.

Within that interval, the other Royal Snake Soldiers returned to fix the traps for the subsequent wave of Demon Horde and the cycle continued. Some of the soldiers even began doing stock checks to ensure the farmhouses they fortified had sufficient ammunition for the protracted fight or even a possible escape road if their safe houses were overwhelmed.

Still, that was not the end for them as professional soldiers like themselves had a few tricks up their sleeves, especially when they were currently fighting with a restricted cultivation grade as ordered.

As for the other sectors, things were slightly different. The portion of the Demon Horde which had teleported into the Military Sector basically got slaughtered the moment they stepped into the territory. In less than a minute, the entire group had been mercilessly killed again and again.

Nothing was left and for good reason. The military base was where many of the 'surprises' for the various phases of the defensive plans were kept. That was why multiple miniguns emplacements had long since been erected by the System to cope with the possible teleportation portals of their enemies.

While the Royal Snake Soldiers had anti-magic fields, they knew that the first few waves of demon troops would be too insignificant to waste such expensive equipment. And that was the same for Qiu Yue and Moloch though they were keener on this being more an offensive defence than a total defence.

Jin took a peek at the expenditure list, and he was shocked when he found out the number of items they had bought. "Some are just experimental." Qiu Yue tried to play innocent when Jin queried about it, but he sometimes knew how terrible she was at lying. However, all possible contentions went down the drain against the golden argument of 'they might help against King Baal'.

Unlike the Military Sector, the Industry Sectors may not claim the title of having the biggest firepower, but they were second to none when it came to defences. With a pair of Fortress Golems at every corner, every nook, it was impossible for anyone to slip through to escape the murder machines. (Not to mention, the Royal Snake Soldiers hiding in every possible loophole they found in the Industry Sector's defence layout.)

It was just as crucial as the Military Sector and could not be allowed to get breached, because the System had production ongoing such as ammunition to replenish the output which Jin's monsters used rather haphazardly.

As for the Agriculture Sector 2? Hah. That was the only place where Jin had demanded only the most elite of Royal Snake Soldiers be placed as both Jin and even Qiu Yue guaranteed that was the most dangerous place to be stationed at.

Why?

Because all of the Giant Monsters that had been defeated had been placed there for breeding purposes except for one particular entity. Ice Father Porkcupine. The rest were roaming rather happily in their new environment the System had created for them.

Hence, when it came to defence, what could be better than to unleash all of them against the Demon Horde with the System partially controlling them? The Royal Snakes were mostly there for taking out any particularly dangerous individuals the monsters were unable to.

From the One Horned Chicken to the Four Clawed Scorpion... the area was basically a nightmare for any demon troops as their fate would be to become unhealthy after-dinner snacks.