

Innkeeper 851

The Innkeeper

Chapter 851: The words he wanted to hear

Despite having the Silent Wanderer for a long time, Lex had never actually spent much time in it. He had familiarized himself with it, sure, but that included nothing more than a simple tour. He also did not know how to pilot it yet, although it was certainly on his agenda. Cirk, however, had piloted it in both simulations and in real life, although in person he did nothing more than simple systems checks.

Although compared to other ships the silent wanderer was tiny, in reality it was quite big. It had four-bed rooms, a kitchen, a large storage area, a main hall and a cockpit where only two pilots could enter. If they decided to cramp people inside, up to 30 people could fit inside the Wanderer but any more would be problematic. This was also why he made preparations to send the soldiers back via teleportation rather than taking them back through his ship.

With not much else to do, Lex joined Cirk in the cockpit, where he was busy turning the ship on and preparing for launch. The platform it was parked on was already moving, so by the time the ship finished its startup sequence, it would be ready to go.

Although everything was proceeding smoothly, or so it seemed, Lex did not drop his guard. At the first sign of trouble, he was ready to pull those bombs out.

"If there are no problems, and we move at maximum speed, how long will it take us to reach BGY-987?" Lex asked, his eyes still trained on all the guards outside.

"If there are no hurdles and everything goes smoothly, with the Silent Wanderer's Hyperdrive systems, we can reach it within nine days. An ordinary ship would require two weeks at least."

Lex pursed his lips but said nothing. Nine days was a very long time. He hoped nothing amiss would happen. He was already doing the best that he could. Amidst the cold fury that reigned in his mind at the moment, a tinge of sadness briefly appeared.

Twenty minutes later, the ship was completely turned on and had been brought into the launch formation. Silently, true to its name, the ship rose into the air, and then launched into the atmosphere.

Within just a few seconds, it was already out of sight. The more incredible thing was... it also escaped all their radars!

The stealth technology on this ship was more advanced than ordinary military ships used even by the alliance.

The celestial elf finally turned his gaze from the ship to the dwarf.

"Just tell me who put you up to it," the elf said, not bothering with the gimmicks. For putting the entire base at risk, whoever the instigator was, they were in for a world of trouble.

Before the dwarf had time to confess, the celestial also ordered a detailed report on the planet Lex had investigated. Apparently, there was something wrong with the situation there. If an outsider noticed before them, it would be an embarrassment to them all.

Within the fort, Luthor was meditating with his eyes closed when he heard the Innkeeper's words.

"The enemy probably knows help is coming. Prepare accordingly."

The instructions were simple, but a flash of light shone through Luthor's eye. Since the battalion deployed the mech, both Luthor and Z needed to rest for they had been exhausted much more than the rest. It could not be helped, both of their individual abilities had been used to power the entire mech.

This in itself was not a problem, but Luthor felt very dissatisfied only sitting and defending. He was basically allowing the enemy to do as they pleased. For a time, such a strategy made sense, but now that they were in contact with the Midnight Inn, they could take greater risks. Especially now that the enemy might know reinforcements were coming, allowing them to continue setting the pace of this war would be a mistake.

Looking at it logically, the Innkeeper's words were a warning to protect themselves. But in Luthor's ears, they were akin to a go ahead for what he was thinking.

Slowly and deliberately, Luthor stood up, allowing his muscles to flex and stretch as he fixed his pose. His joints cracked, and he rotated his hands and stretched his legs. When he was ready, he stepped out of the room. Although not much had changed, the aura around Luthor was a lot more intimidating than even when he was wreaking havoc on the battlefield.

"Gerard, call a meeting with the elves and minotaurs. Also, have the battalion prepare for deployment."

The reliable old man only nodded, though he moved his hand through his own hair, ruffling them. No one knew what the action represented, and the man did not explain either. After all, he was just reminiscing about the feeling of having the wind blow through his hair. It had been a while since he drove a golf cart.

Since Luthor had not been silent, his words had been overheard by many others who were around the area. While the battalion had unwavering faith in Luthor, the others became restless. Whether they wanted to admit it or not, they were depending on the battalion for a majority of their defense. If they left, the fort's defenses would be compromised to a large degree.

Only a couple of minutes passed before the two leaders made their way to Luthor, confusion and concern clearly painted on their faces.

"How is everything going?" he asked.

"It's going fine. Just as you predicted, there was no gap in the attacks, and new waves continue to come every thirty minutes even now. But we're holding on for now."

"Good. The fort has been reinforced multiple times and you have a bunch of formations in place as well to support you. You should be able to hold out on your own for a while. The battalion is heading out."

"That's absurd! You'll die!" the elf exclaimed, startled.

"No, we won't. Sitting around is not really our style, and letting the enemy plot uninterrupted is also not good. Moreover, one of my scouts reported another group resisting the Void Dwellers. We're going to go out, strike the enemy, and bring back those other survivors."

The two tried to protest or change Luthor's mind, but it was already made up.

Luthor did not need to explain to anyone besides the battalion, and since the battalion never questioned him, he did not bother to explain at all.

Standing on the fort wall, Luthor looked at all the battalion members once. In some he saw fatigue, in some he saw excitement. Some of them looked fresh, as if they had just taken a nap, while others looked like they were in serious need of a rest. But no matter what, none of them looked afraid, or hesitant for that matter.

"There is an enemy targeting us," he said simply before turning to look out at the horizon. "The Innkeeper has already sent help. They are on their way. The only question is, when they arrive, will they find us hiding out in a hole like cowards, or will they find us out there fighting?"

His words were not loud or forced. He had spoken calmly and turned before receiving any response at all. But the response he was looking for was not one of words, anyway.

When the battalion took their first step behind him, the ground trembled under their uniform stomp.

As the battalion began their march, it was not just their stomping that shook their ground. An aura began to rise, not from individuals, but from the battalion as a whole. It was an aura of a wrath tamed, of a fury held back, of a monster waiting to be unleashed.

In front of them a tear opened and a fresh wave of Void Dwellers poured out, before they quickly began to pounce towards them. Yet the soldiers of Midnight did not stop or hesitate, but only started to march faster, until they almost entered a run.

When the two sides met, it was not a clash, but a clean slice. Without losing any momentum at all, they cut through the Void Dwellers and approached the tear. But instead of releasing more Dwellers, the tear closed as if afraid of the battalion itself.

But none of them showed any pride in such a minor victory. As they had done so many times before already, this time they did not march out to gain small victories, but to change the tide of the war.

Luthor set the direction. They were not heading towards the Marzu first, who were the only other survivors on the planet. No, they were going towards where the demons had gathered. If the enemy was trying to build something, then they would knock it down. If there was going to be a monument on this planet, it would only be made of the corpses of their enemies and nothing else.

The Innkeeper

Chapter 852: New performance

Something unusual happened once the battalion left the fort. The frequency of attacks on the fort itself dropped, though they did not disappear completely. But that decrease in frequency did not actually make their lives easier as with the battalion gone, a bulk of their fighting force had disappeared.

The remaining soldiers felt somewhat resentful at the battalion for leaving them, but only a few were clearheaded enough to realize that the battalion was not really responsible for everyone's security to begin with. Moreover, going and interfering with the enemy's plan might just allow them to survive until someone finally noticed what was happening here. Although, the fact that it had been so long without any communication was enough to let them know something was terribly amiss. But with no other solution available to them, all they could do was hope.

Of course, the Midnight Battalion could do a lot more than just hope. Many things were outside of their control, but they could at least ensure that their enemies' plans failed. 1000 had reported to Luthor that the enemy wanted to pull the entire planet into the void using some kind of formation they were building.

Destroying that was integral to ensuring that they could even be rescued at all! Then, Luthor also had a mind to capture some prisoners for later interrogation. Finally, there was that ultimate charm of 'watching your enemy's plans fail to come to fruition and knowing it was all because of you' waiting for them.

It had taken 1000 many hours to reach the cliff on his own, so one would assume that the battalion would take even longer since there were more people. However, over the course of their service, the battalion had experienced many harvests, and one of those was a passive augmentation technique.

The technique worked on the principle of resonance, and the more people using it, the greater the resonance would be. It was not useful in actual combat situations, as the circulation of spiritual energy

within one's body required to use the technique was fairly complex and would clash with any other spiritual techniques.

However, in situations like this, when they were together during a long march, the technique was absolutely exceptional. It passively boosted the speed, strength and endurance of everyone using the technique, and the scale of the improvement depended on the number of people actually using it.

Such an augmentation, when accompanied by the already formidable support provided by their suits, made it so that the battalion maintained a high speed and were actually physically recovering during their march rather than getting exhausted.

This way, they could transition directly into a fight from a long march, making the technique suitable for surprise assaults.

This particular trait of the technique came in especially handy because numerous times on their march they were attacked by either roaming Void Dwellers, or new tears were opened around them.

Suffice to say that they quickly realized that they were somehow being monitored by someone or something so discreet they were unable to detect it. But knowing that information did not help, as none of them could figure out how it was being done.

But all the frequent fights did was slow them down. It neither harmed any of them, nor did it wear them down due to the amazing physical enhancements and recovery boost the technique offered.

Even so, it took them only eight hours to reach the cliff and, along with it, the massive army that was already waiting for them. It came as no surprise that their movements were no secret, and so the enemy had sufficient time to prepare.

At the base of the cliff, a small army of Void Dwellers was waiting for them, while the real threat stood at the top, waiting for them to get closer.

The battalion did not slow down at all. Instead, it only moved faster.

In the dark room, where many figures were watching the battle play out, Rocketfellow was giving updates from time to time about many things that were happening off screen. For example, although they had no way to record what happened in the alliance headquarters, he did get an update on what happened there shortly after.

"It seems the Midnight Inn has sent reinforcements, and they were not secretive about it," he said with a broad smile. "Moreover, the reinforcements only number two, and are not so strong. They are most likely a diversion or a trap. It's also interesting to note that the reinforcements arrived from the headquarters, instead of teleporting from somewhere nearer to BGY-987. Would anyone care to venture what assumptions we can draw from this?"

The devil was treating this completely like an exercise, and genuinely seemed to be analyzing things for future attempts. Most found such a mindset reassuring, as no one wanted to offend a powerful enemy for no reason, and that is exactly what the Inn would become if their involvement was revealed.

Two of the participants, however, were extremely dissatisfied with this approach. One was the Gilati, who was desperate to get their hands on a hostage. They would not wait millions of years to force out Jill from the Inn. The other was the believer of Ra. Although he no longer voiced his opinion, he was filled with indignation and an intense desire for revenge.

But he had at least learned one thing from the devil, which was to follow a plan. Silently and secretly, the zealot had transmitted the information about this planet to the other surviving members of their religion. Soon, they would be relieved from the boredom of this tame play, and watch a real performance.

Yet the zealot missed the hidden grin Rocketfellow wore whenever he looked at him. Just as he expected, the scapegoat was acting predictably. One of the things that he really wanted to study... was how the Inn would react upon the death of a few of its members. This information was crucial for future plans.

The Innkeeper

Chapter 853: Apex predator

During their march, whenever the battalion faced enemies, it cut through them swiftly using their thoroughly practiced and meticulously planned coordinated attacks. Even the arrangement of each soldier had been specifically assigned to improve their performance cohesively during their march.

This allowed them to save time and, most importantly, energy during their march. While such an approach was extremely successful, this time, they opted to do things differently. Since they had arrived at the main battlefield, there was no need to save energy. Instead, they needed to be as destructive as possible.

The battalion was charging at the Void Dwellers at full speed, yet just as they were on the verge of clashing, they transitioned into their mech formation. The execution was flawless, and extremely deadly.

The mangled corpses of countless Void Dwellers were flung through the air as the mech used a simple backhand to break their defensive line. Crushing some of them by simply stepping on them, the mech plunged itself deep behind enemy lines. This time, Z was not using the mechs most powerful techniques.

He instead opted to kill them using brute force and simple combat techniques. After all, this was just a warm up for the real fight. Of course, to anyone else, even this warm up would have been extremely deadly.

As creatures that lived and thrived in the Void, withheld from the safety and stability of living in proper space, the creatures had developed countless strange affinities and techniques. Moreover, unlike the previous, uncoordinated hordes they fought, these Void Dwellers were specifically being directed by a particularly strong Void Dweller that stood in the very back.

As such, a coordinated assault against the mech ensued. Beams of psychic energy, blobs of substances more corrosive than most acids, weapons made of materials that could cut through almost anything all assaulted the mech, and from every side.

The light of the distant star in the center of this star system was blocked as a blanket of arrows was hot down from the cliff above. Nearly a dozen spatial tears opened all around and more Void Dwellers fell from the air, landing right on the mech.

It was chaos, all meticulously planned and orchestrated to test the limits of the Midnight Battalion. But it was not enough to reach the limits - not nearly enough.

Even without using enough force to make space unstable, the mech turned into an unstoppable force of pure destruction. Z, who had fought the most often back at the Inn, and had watched countless anime for inspiration, had by far the most battle experience of any of the original members of the Inn. Even Lex himself had not fought as many battles as Z.

The end result was the manifestation of every introvert's imagination when they encountered an inconvenient social situation. With an uninterrupted flow, the mech transitioned from one move to another, killing, crushing, stomping and ripping everything in its path. One particularly large Void Dweller proved its body indestructible under the mechs assault, so the mech grabbed it and used its body as a hammer.

The aura around the mech was surging and became nearly visible under the influence of the endless slaughter. It suppressed and deterred any who even dared to look at it, in a sense taking on the features of Dragons Might.

When the rain of charged arrows was close to falling, the mech smashed its makeshift weapon into the cliff side, causing it to quake and even crack. More importantly, it formed an indent large enough in the cliff itself for the mech to cover in, easily avoiding the attack, making the Void Dwellers to suffer in its stead.

Once the first wave of arrows finished, the mech discarded its long dead weapon and stepped out.

Warmed up, the mech held out its hand as Z used one of techniques the battalion had acquired. From the spatial equipment of countless battalion members seemingly random pieces of metal were released, but a moment later, a yellow beam covered them and brought them together into an arrangement that looked like a spear.

A large spear made of metal and yellow energy was formed, taller than even the mech when rested on the ground. The body of the spear seemed to have many cracks, though those were only the places where the various metal pieces were joints. Yet instead of looking broken, the spear looked grand yet dangerous, as yellow light leaked through those cracks.

The tip of the spear looked like an arrowhead, but was not actually sharp. In this instance, it was left dull on purpose, as the mech was meant to overcome its enemies with strength, not precision.

Despite the large size of the spear, the mech only used its right hand to hold it, drawing emphasis instead to its empty left hand. But, for now, Z did not draw out any other weapon or tool. Enemies of this level were not worthy of it.

Ending the brief interlude, the mech dove back into the whittled horde of Void Dwellers and resumed his massacre. Up on the cliff, the watching demons became extremely intimidated as they witnessed what seemed like an apex predator in action, yet their unwavering obedience kept them from escaping. It was fortunate, or else the mech would have had to spend more time hunting them down.

Down below, the ferocious mech continued its slaughter, now much more deadly than it had revealed its weapon. It did not take long before a thousand corpses laid at its feet, then two thousand and then three. At some point, the mech finally came face to face with the Void Dweller that was leading this pack.

Their confrontation was to be an ultimate showdown of basic evolutionary excellence and a trained, honed warrior. But it was not. Z barely noticed the difference between it and every other creature he mercilessly slaughtered.

One by one, the void tears around the mech eventually closed, and the cannon fodder slowly died. Next, it would be the demons' turn to face them.

The Innkeeper

Chapter 854: Dusk

In the extremely focused state that he was in, to Z it felt like mere minutes had passed since he began the battle. But the state of the horizon would beg to differ, for even the dusk was coming to a close, with the local star nearly out of sight.

Hours had gone by. After all, even though the mech cut through the Void Dwellers swarm without suffering any harm, it was still a time-consuming endeavor, not to mention that more of them had been falling out of multiple tears as well.

Yet even so, what awaited them was only more grueling than what they had faced. Up on the cliff more enemies awaited them, and they were better prepared as well. Anticipating such a situation was exactly why Z had refrained from using any energy-intensive techniques to speed up the process.

Despite the extreme length of time, the battalion was not exhausted. In fact, they could go much longer given that they maintained the same rate of energy consumption. This particular feat had more to do with the replenishment feature of their suits than themselves. But, more than once, they had fought a battle where their reserves were nearing depletion, so they usually had an exit strategy in place.

On this planet, in their given situation, however, that did not seem likely. Even if they wanted to retreat, they may not be able to. After all, the enemy had the ability to open spatial tears where and when as they wished.

The stake on the line was nothing more than their own demise. Confronted with such a reality, there was no hesitation in their hearts, only confidence.

Had they faced such a situation on the very first battlefield they stepped on, they surely would have felt nervous, though they wouldn't have retreated even then. But after having been bathed in the anarchy of war, after having their wills tempered through fire and blood, after having their faith in the companions reaffirmed time and time again, there was no hesitation, nor was there doubt.

The mech looked up and saw that a single demon stood at the precipice of the cliff, looking down at it. The rest were waiting a small distance from the edge.

The weight of the lives of his companions did not weigh Z down. Instead, their trust and resolve only strengthened him, and lifted him to be better than his usual self.

The mech squatted down, just a bit, and then, using strength that left cracks in both the ground and space itself, jumped up vertically. The speed of its rise was astronomical.

By the time the observing demon realized what was happening, and felt afraid enough to want to move back, it was already too late.

A single hand reached up to the edge of the cliff and grabbed it, smashing the demon in the process. With a single, strong tug the mech pulled itself up, and in fact threw itself up in the air, so that it came crashing down like a meteor upon the waiting army.

There was no need for any preambles, nor was there a need to measure and test the enemy. Since this was a life and death battle, they would give it their utmost regardless of how the enemy was prepared.

Numerous shields and protective formations suddenly appeared around the waiting demonic army, while at the same time countless heavy weapons were used, launching bolts, bombs and many other kinds of projectiles at the falling mech.

In response, Z finally unveiled what was supposed to be in its free, left hand. Similar to how the spear was constructed, many small metal pieces were summoned and then joined together forming a large, rectangular shield joined by a glowing yellow energy.

The first clash between the mech and the army's many means resounded in a deep, reverberating boom that traveled for miles all around. Space trembled and rippled like still water in which a stone was dropped, reaching far out even into space.

It seemed, almost, as if space in this region was becoming even weaker after suffering constant and frequent tears. But neither did the demonic army lessen their assault nor did the mech hold back.

If they had to fight until the reinforcements came, they had to take many risks. Fighting the enemies head on was one risk, and straining the feeble space within this region was another.

Far away from this battlefield, the small Marzu clan who had been fighting on their own turned their heads towards the thunder they had just heard. Their eyes narrowed as they contemplated the noise. They heard thunder, but there were no clouds in sight.

On this cursed planet, they had experienced naught but bad luck, and a cloudless thunder could only be a bad omen. Just as many of them were considering turning away, one of them, the only one with multicolored feathers, spoke.

"I can detect massive amounts of spiritual energy being used that way. That is also the point where the new spatial ripples are coming from. Someone is fighting over there. Either the Void Dwellers are fighting each other... or there are more survivors that way."

"Do you think we should help?" another asked, hesitantly. It was wounded.

"They may have more information on the situation. We can't afford to let them die. Marzu, we march!"

Under the orders of their captain, they immediately began sprinting towards the noise. In the battle between a mech and countless demons, the T-rexs were approaching!

Sitting in the Silent Wanderer, Lex paced anxiously in the main hall. No matter how he urged Cirk to speed up even if it meant taking risks, it was not possible to reach the planet quicker than 9 days.

The problem was, Lex's evacuation plan relied on returning to the Midnight Inn using teleportation. For that, all he would need to do was stabilize space and have them return using the keys.

But... the Midnight Inn was sealing itself in just 5 days!

The Innkeeper

Chapter 855: What can we do?

As a general rule, most of the rooms in the Silent Wanderer had very few furnishings so as to use up as little space as possible. The main hall, where Lex was pacing, for example, only had a few sofas which were attached to the walls and a circular table that could retract into the floor.

On the roof there was a small module that could create projections anywhere in the room, and was hooked up to the main ship computers. This way, any information they wanted could be pulled up directly, anywhere in the room. The projections could even be interacted with.

The walls had silverish-gray plates with lights in between the grooves, but they could undergo a change to display the space around the ship, turning the entire room into a massive display.

These were nice features, but besides that the room was completely empty. It was not bad, since that would allow Lex to use the space however he wanted. Currently, that was as an empty room for him to roam mindlessly in.

He was thinking of every possibility he could come up with on how he could speed up his commute, but nothing inside the Inn was particularly helpful at the moment. As much as he didn't want to think about it, he may need to start planning for what he would do if they could not retreat to the Inn.

While that was less than ideal, since they would then be stuck outside the Inn for nearly one and a half years, he would have to deal with it if he could not come up with a solution. The greatest issue would be the possibility of the enemy pursuing them since they could not retreat to the Inn. They would be sitting ducks.

As of right now, there was still one possible hope to still make it in time. That hope was to teleport back to the Inn while Cirk traveled, go to the emporium and see if they had anything that could help. The universe was a big place, so it was not too much to hope for an item that could speed up interstellar travel by a considerable margin, right?

After all, he only needed to double the speed at which they were traveling through the stars, at the very least, or somehow jump through space. How hard could it be?

The door to the cockpit opened and Cirk stepped out.

"I've uploaded everything here, as you asked," Cirk said, handing Lex a small storage device.

What Lex had asked him was to record the entire interstellar map of the route they had to travel. He did not know if it would be useful, but perhaps the information might come in handy when looking for a way to speed up.

He was not concerned about the fact that he was about to leak highly confidential information. Right now, he had bigger problems.

"Great, keep flying. I'll be back as soon as possible. Hopefully I'll figure out a way to speed us up," Lex said before teleporting back to the Inn.

He was not concerned that when he would teleport back, he would be in the middle of space. Since he had teleported from the ship, he would teleport back into it. If the Inns' teleportation markers were

linked to specific space coordinates instead of their location in retrospect to what was around them, then the guests would always teleport back to space instead of their planets. After all, the planets were also moving through space at quite the speed.

He wasted no time in going to the emporium as soon as he reached the Inn. Powell was clearly surprised to see him, but did not waste time with such idle questions. He recalled that Lex was in a hurry last time, and there was a great possibility that the situation had not been resolved yet.

"I need your help, although I'm not quite certain what kind of item can help me at the moment," said Lex as he approached the counter.

"The Silent Wanderer is currently en route to a specific planet. At its current pace, if nothing unexpected happens on the way, it will reach its destination in nine days. But I need it to reach there in less than five days. Preferably, even less than four days. What do you have that can help me? I can transfer whatever you give me directly to the ship, so that's not an issue."

Powell was stumped. This was an issue... he had never faced before.

"This... you have to understand that Silent Wanderer is a state of the art ship, and its hyperdrives are the best in its size category. Speeding it up... is just not possible. But that doesn't mean we can't help you get the ship to its destination faster. Let's see what we can do."

He pulled out a tablet and started to input various search parameters as he was narrowing down the list of items that he could potentially use at the moment.

"Can you provide details of the destination, or the ship's path? For example, the size of the stars you will be crossing? If there are any gravity wells nearby, or if there are any asteroid belts in your path? Do you have the spatial coordinates of the planet? How stable is the space in your surroundings? All of these can be crucial information in helping us determine how to get you there as fast as possible."

Lex slid the storage device to Powell and said, "this is all the information I have on the path. The space in the region is not stable, which is the greatest issue to begin with..."

One by one, Lex began to share relevant details while Powell kept narrowing his search parameters even more. Lex really, really did not want to get locked out of the Inn again, so he had to make this work no matter what.

Not to mention, the sooner he arrived, the quicker he could save the battalion!

The Innkeeper

Chapter 856: Die!

In the emporium, Lex and Powell both stared in silence at the piece of paper in front of them. They had spent a few hours here already, discussing in detail what possible solutions they can pursue given the situation.

Ultimately, they concluded that it was entirely possible. In fact, they even came up with multiple different solutions. Lex's willingness to pay obscene amounts of money for the best possible solution made life much easier.

The reason they were currently stumped... was that they could not conclude in finality which option was the best for Lex. After all, with multiple options available, they should opt for the best one. But that was too difficult to decide because the situation was too uncertain.

The only thing they could say for certain was that the most powerful force at their disposal was not their cultivation, but their money.

"I think I'll go with the addition of the Blink module, and use that in conjunction with Kelvaha Specter talisman," Lex finally said, not taking any risk. This was the best possible solution he could think of.

If the situation were not so critical, Lex would definitely have felt the pinch since the Kalvaha Specter talisman was a single use item that cost him approximately 33 billion MP! But right now the only reason Lex hesitated was not because it was expensive, but because it might not be the best solution. After all, MP could be earned again, but once his workers died there was nothing more that could be done.

"Very good, I'll go prepare everything. As I said beforehand, it will take a few hours to arrange everything."

"I'll wait here. You can go and prepare."

For this payment Lex had no time to arrange things, so he was forced to pay using one of the missiles he collected from Pelvailins hoard. But instead of being considered a full payment, due to Lex's high membership level, the emporium would hold onto the missile for five days.

In case Lex was able to solve everything, and had time to spare, he would come back and pay the emporium properly and take the missile back. They were extremely valuable, after all. It was not easy to find weapons that could injure immortals and can be used by anyone. If he could not make it, then it hardly mattered.

The Blink module was something that could be added to the Silent Wanderer, though it was not originally designed to support such consumption so it would require additional power. That was not an issue for Lex as he could just procure many power sources from the Inn and use them to power the module.

The Blink Module would allow the Silent Wanderer to skip over large distances, at least while space was still stable. While this would not get them all the way to BGY-987, it should cut down the travel time at least.

Then, finally, it would be time for the Kelvaha Specter talisman. The talisman was created using important body parts of the Kelvaha Specter, an immortal entity that traveled between realms using its own body.

Whether it was space, the void, or anything else, none of it affected the specter as it did not interact with the physical plane! Instead, the specter traveled in the soul plane! Using the talisman would allow the Silent Wanderer to do the same for a period of time.

That did not mean they could automatically use the Blink module - the various planes functioned differently, so it was not so simple to do such a thing. Instead, traveling through the soul plane was just inherently faster.

If everything went according to plan, he could reach the planet in just two days!

The only thing he could not understand was... the prophecy he received just a few days ago. He could already guess that if he did not intervene, his regret might have to do with losing his workers. But what did any of this have to do with a blade?

Was he right to recover completely during this time? Should he have been mastering sword intent instead? This was an answer he would just have to wait for.

In the dark room watching the projection, many of the observers were actually having a great time. It did not matter to them how many demons died, for the demons were not their subordinates. Nor had they contributed to this specific mission in any way, so they had no vested interest either.

Instead, they were treating it like a grand show. Who could have believed that a measly 1000 Foundation realm cultivators, who were human to boot, could provide this much entertainment? They were still fighting, and now even the Marzu were on their way.

"If the humans destroy this monument, will it affect your plan?" someone asked the devil.

"Not really. We're building more than one of these anyway. The point is not to teleport these 1000 humans into the void, but the rescue party. I estimate that the rescue party will take at least a week to arrive. My monuments will be operable in just four more days. As soon as they land, I'll activate them. This way, the whole show will be teleported into the Void. I'm very interested to see how the Midnight Inn will react then? I have a suspicion that if push comes to shove, they can teleport their workers out even from within the void. This is a good way of finding out."

"From within the void? Impossible..."

While the conversation was going on, the zealot looked at everyone with a mocking look. A week? Four days?

His companions were almost there. Once they reached, they would destroy the whole damn planet! He'd like to see how everyone would react then. Would the accursed devil still be so calm? Would the Midnight Inn suffer?

Waves of excitement coursed through his mind as he imagined everyone's mournful faces! For desecrating the honor of Ra, they should all die!

The Innkeeper

Chapter 857: Small deviation

Lex waited for four hours within the room, contemplating silently about how to proceed. He did not know how the battalion was faring, besides the fact that none of them had died yet. After all, if one of the Inn workers died he was bound to get a notification from the battalion panel even if not from the system itself.

Where they had already survived for so long, they just needed to do so for a few more days. But it was the final stretch that always seemed the longest.

Instead of dwelling on useless thoughts, Lex decided to spend the time thinking about his swordplay. Since he had already tried his hand at it, he had a sense for his natural preferences. He had immense strength, so theoretically one of the ways he could proceed was to keep his swordsmanship simple and direct, using brute strength and the inherent sharpness of his weapon as the foundation.

Later on, once he spent more time practicing and got a better handle on more complex moves could he start thinking about integrating them into his arsenal.

In his mind, he replayed the single slash he had been practicing over and over. The problem he was having was that his mind and senses had become too astute, and so he could detect the tiny, imperceptible flaws everyone else looked over.

This was just a single slash, and that too in practice. He had no idea how many flaws would reveal themselves when he actually fought or practiced with someone else properly. With nothing else to do, he began simulating a fight in his mind.

It was easy, after all, he was controlling both the parties in his mind. Before the 'opponent' even attacked 'him', he already knew what the attack was and how he should defend. It was not exactly ideal, but he just took it as practice for what kind of moves to practice later.

Every maneuver he imagined himself doing to block or dodge an attack, he would practice later on.

Eventually he lost himself in this mental practice until Powell finally returned.

"Everything has been arranged. The Blink Module has also been prepared according to the specifications of the Silent Wanderer. It should attach itself and integrate its functionality to the ship once you connect it, but just in case something goes awry, I have also prepared a detailed manual. The Kevlaha Specter talisman is also ready, and requires no manual. Once you use the talisman, the instructions for how to use it will automatically come to you."

"Thanks," Lex said, as he received the spatial ring with his latest shopping inside. He could not help but pause for a moment as he reflected on just how many times the infinity emporium had saved him endless trouble. It was really his lucky charm.

But now was not the time for sentimentality or reminiscence. He promptly returned to the Inn, and then to the ship.

He did not begin the installation of the Blink module himself. Instead, he entered the cockpit and informed Cirk about his arrangements in full detail. After all, between the two of them, Cirk was the one with the most familiarity with ships. It would be best if he took care of connecting the module lest an issue arise.

Theoretically, Lex's plan was a good idea. It was now up to them to implement it. Cirk deactivated the Hyperdrive, and parked the ship in empty space. There was no planet or asteroid near them, so having the ship float randomly was the best option for the moment. After all, the Blink module could not be attached to the ship while it was in motion.

They entered the store room, through which they entered a hidden compartment where a few extremely important components of the ship were located, such as the energy source.

There, Cirk got to work as he took the Blink drive, which looked nothing more than a square metallic box, and began to connect it to the ship.

As Lex suspected, even though the process was supposed to have been automated, it required a lot more hands-on work than Lex was qualified for. The main issue, at least for Cirk, was not connecting the drive, but ensuring that it relied on an external power source, rather than the ship's own. After all, such a module was not a part of the Silent Wanderer's original design, and thus it did not have enough power to support it for too long.

Fortunately, this was an anticipated issue, and Lex brought more than enough power sources for the module to use.

After another couple of hours, the module was connected. Suppressing his nervousness, Cirk returned to the cockpit and once again resumed the journey. He did not immediately use the module, for there were a lot of factors that determined its viability and functionality.

Basically, once it was fully charged, the faster the ship was already going, the farther they would move once the module was activated.

After twenty minutes, the ship once again activated its Hyperdrive, allowing it to approach speeds that were required for interstellar travel. Then, after a moment, Cirk activated the module.

The process... was far from smooth. Lex was much too spoiled by the amazing teleportation offered by the Inn, yet even when comparing to other, lower standards, using the Blink module provided an extremely uncomfortable and nauseating experience.

But it didn't matter. What mattered was that the module worked! Or at least, it appeared to.

"Where are we, Cirk? How far did we teleport?" Lex asked, and waited for Cirk to figure out exactly that. More important than teleporting, was ensuring that they were teleporting in the right direction!

"I'm checking. We need to travel a bit so that the computer can cross check significant landmarks and celestial bodies with those on the map. That's the only way to be sure."

Lex did not say anything, and only waited for the Silent Wanderer's internal computers to determine their new location.

Nearly ten minutes later, the computer determined their location with 86% accuracy.

"We deviated from the path by a bit, but the time lost from the deviation is insignificant when compared to the time gained. The module is working properly."

The Innkeeper

Chapter 858: Magically inclined!

"Excellent. If we keep at it, how much time can we cut down?" Lex asked, his eyes gleaming with excitement. There were too many things that could have gone wrong, or else Powell would not have given them a manual. Fortunately, things worked out - for now.

"That depends on how long we can continue to teleport. Assuming that there is no issue, and we can go right up to the target planet like this, we'll be there in 20 hours. But realistically speaking, since we are anticipating issues with teleportation, it's tough to estimate how much time we've reduced. All I can say is that this is much faster than before."

"I hope so," said Lex, almost as a whisper. The teleportation module was extremely expensive, and rare moreover. Lex had only been able to buy it due to his membership level at the emporium. Or else, he would not have been able to get it even if he offered double the money. After all, some of the resources that went into making it were just too rare.

There was a reason why only ultra large empires and organizations could afford teleportation on an interstellar scale. Most other outfits just usually tolerated the long commute time in moving between the stars. Lex sat down in the co-pilot's seat and looked out into space. Ordinarily, he would have enjoyed the spectacular views a lot. But at this moment, he had subdued all his emotions and only waited silently until they faced their next hurdle. Right now, he had no time nor did he have the state of mind to get lost in his daydreams.

Z grunted as the mech was blown into the air and fell hard on its back. It couldn't be helped. Ordinarily he would have perfectly dodged the incoming attack, but with space rippling all around him, it was difficult to anticipate how the altered space would affect each attack.

Without wasting even a second, the mech rolled on the ground and quickly jumped up, avoiding a few more attacks.

At this point, no matter how impressive the Midnight battalion was, or how powerful they were, Z had to admit that he had seriously underestimated demons. To be fair, prior to this, his experience with demons was limited to zombies, who were not the most impressive bunch even at higher levels. But that was not the case with other demon species, it seemed.

Thirteen massive demons, larger even than the mech, surrounded him, all wielding extremely potent weapons.

Although the mech had avoided taking critical hits, his shield was already on the verge of being destroyed. The few attacks the mech had suffered were mostly neutralized due to the formations own internal protective mechanisms, but even so the soldiers forming and supporting the mech felt the strain.

With gritted teeth, Z decided to make a few extremely risky moves. After all, if he was going to die by being defeated by the demons anyway, he would rather risk dying by tearing space apart.

Ignoring the massive army, all attacking and shooting him from around the mech's very feet, he turned his attention to the nearest large demon. It looked like a centaur, but instead of the body of a horse, its lower body was that of a centipede. Not only did it boast considerable strength, speed and flexibility, its many claws were extremely corrosive, and played a fundamental part in weakening his shield and even spear.

"You'll be the first!" Z roared, and lunged forward. The massive demon, towering above the mech even, had already withstood many of the mechs attacks. Although its spear had pierced its body, the wounds it delivered were inconsequential, so it became confident. That confidence became the root cause of its downfall.

Just before the spear, glowing with its yellow light, pierced the demon's body, a purple flame enveloped it. Space rippled as the devastating power of the attack threatened to rend asunder reality itself, but Z did not withdraw his attack or lessen its intensity!

Two more demons lunged at the mech, not to help their ally but to take advantage of it being busy, yet this time the space ripples seemed to benefit the mech!

With such distorted space, judging distances was becoming difficult for everyone, the demons included. Only Z, who had been studying the behavior of space this entire time with his affinity, seemed to be gaining some insights.

As soon as he delivered the attack he moved away, dodging attacks on its back, and instead gaining an opportunity to attack a different demon altogether. The purple flames on the tip of his spear began to spread over its body, transforming the weapon into something even more deadly.

Yet for all the advantages he had gained, he was unable to deliver a decisive blow. That was the problem with being outnumbered so heavily, and by opponents so strong. He had to continuously deliver small blows to numerous enemies until they accumulated into something that could have a significant impact. If he was allowed enough time to focus on one enemy at a time they would have been defeated a long time ago, but such was not the case. Moreover, there was no use complaining either.

Since even the flames, although extremely powerful, were not giving him a decisive edge, he decided to take an even bigger risk. This would surely shatter space as well, so he had to be ready for more Void Dwellers.

Yet before he could make his move, lightning fell from the sky and struck the demon in front of him! Chains rose from the ground and tied up another! The temperature drastically dropped around, causing its body to freeze where it stood.

The change was too sudden, the demons were not able to react in time. Although Z did not understand where the change came from, he did not hesitate to take advantage of it.

Just as he slew the first massive demon, he finally saw the source of the sudden changes on the battlefield.

In the distance, twenty three massive figures could be seen approaching at incredible speeds. On their massive frames, Z could identify magicians' robes, and something in his mind clicked.

Luthor had already told him about them. One of the most magically inclined races in existence: the Marzu had arrived!

The Innkeeper

Chapter 859: All hope is lost... not

The mech took full advantage of the opening provided by the Marzu, and besides instantly slaying one of the massive demons, it dealt a serious blow to many others. At the same time, Z did not forget to observe the newcomers.

Although supposedly they were on the same side, there was no guarantee that the Marzu would be interested in cooperating. After all, unlike humans, the Marzu were one of the most famous and renowned warrior races in the Origin realm, and perhaps even beyond.

The group of Tyrannosaurus rexes, as they were called on Earth, towering and magnificent, had bodies adorned in sleek, shimmering silver feathers that could be seen through the many openings in their loose robes. These feathers, fluttering in the wind even as they carried a deadly sheen, cascaded down their massive forms, glistening under the starlight like a metallic cloak.

Each of them had tall figures, their muscular frame enveloped in this resplendent plumage, resembling silver armor that ripples with every movement. In fact, Z almost felt like the reason their robes were loose to begin with was so that their formidable figures do not remain hidden. Despite their formidable appearance, the feathers lent an unexpected grace to these ancient predators. The feathers started from the base of their skulls and cascading down their necks, backs, and tails, creating a mesmerizing display of silvery hues in varying shades and lengths.

Among this stunning group the leader was easily distinguished by a striking array of multicolored feathers amidst the silver. The shades of iridescent blues, fiery reds, and vibrant greens interwoven among the silver, created a breathtaking spectacle that commanded attention.

As these predators neared, Z recalled everything he knew about them. Looking upon their, suffice to say, abundant muscle and considerable size, it would be easy for one to assume that these creatures were designed for physical and close combat. Such an assumption would be incredibly incorrect.

Any and all proper studies of the species had concluded the same thing. The only reason they had such strong bodies was so that their bodies could tolerate the copious amounts of magical energy coursing through them. They hardly ever relied on actual physical combat!

In fact, the reason such a formidable race went extinct on earth, most likely, was solely due to the severe lack of spiritual energy, from which they extracted magical energy!

As they neared, Z could finally see that each one of them also wielded a staff or wand in their short arms. Each time they cast one of their spells, the wand or staff would glow before a devastatingly powerful attack rocked the demon army! Surprisingly, regardless of how powerful their attacks were, the space did not seem to destabilize because of it!

Truly, compared to the path of cultivators, magicians were mysterious and knowledgeable in many things.

Carefully, without breaking the flow of combat, Z positioned himself away from the approaching Marzu, putting a number of massive demons between himself and them. Until he knew for certain what their stance was, it would be best not to get too close.

Although the pressure on the mech dropped drastically with the arrival of the Marzu, the chaos increased drastically! The elements were flying all over the battlefield, from lightning to fire to ice and more. Thunder hit the demons as if it were a physical thing and rain passed through their bodies as if it were ethereal.

The spatial ripples caused by the mech's flaming spear no longer spread out evenly, and instead seemed to be guided towards the demons specifically like water flowing through a canal.

In the many hours that the battalion had fought, they had gradually moved away from the face of the cliff and came closer to the monument the demons were having constructed. Alongside killing this entire army, they had planned on destroying it as well. Now, even before the mech came close, the monument shattered as the ground itself split under the guidance of the Marzu magic.

The tide of the battle shifted drastically, with only the addition of twenty three Marzu against thousands of demons. Although the mech too had been fighting against the very same army for so long, he could not deny that they were extremely powerful.

One of the massive demons, in the shape of a decaying Wyvern, suddenly got the better of an exchange. With unmatched swiftness and an aim that could not be denied, it swept down from the air and managed to attack one of the Marzu. But the bitter exchange that it was expecting never happened.

With a roar that disoriented nearly half the army, the Marzu expressed its discontent, then bit down at the demon and ripped its head right off its body, killing it.

Clearly, although they did not use their physical capabilities in battle, they were more than equipped to if the need be.

Z, with neither the defense of the dinosaurs, nor the will to bite any demons, leaped to the side as the mech narrowly avoided an attack that came all too suddenly.

Up until now the battalion had been fighting a sea of demons, large and small. But with the added pressure of the Marzu, it seemed the true powerhouses were forced to make an appearance.

Two devils swaggered through a clearing amidst the endless demons, mocking expressions fixed upon their faces.

They were not intimidated at all by the situation, and instead seemed to be taking it as a game.

A solemn expression painted Z's face as he saw them approach. No matter what, they could not underestimate devils. As humans, the defeat of Ragnar against a devil of similar realm was a considerable mental blow, and served only to emphasize the inherent racial superiority of certain races.

Such advantages were not insurmountable, and did not necessarily mean that victory would always belong to devils. But they did mean that, regardless of the situation, they had to be taken very seriously.

But while Z prepared the mech for a tough fight, possibly even resulting in massive spatial tears, the Marzu couldn't care less.

Their leader, her feathers adorning her like warpaint, seemed to fix her gaze on the newcomers, and attacked without hesitation. Although their purpose in coming was to look for survivors and discover what the situation was, a glance at the half built monument was all it took for them to understand that the demons and devils played a massive role in their current predicament.

Dark purple clouds formed in the air above the devils, blotting out the sky. This was not a technique by the devils, but a spell of the Marzu! A grotesque hand, radiating an aura of severe repulsion, emerged from the clouds and slammed down on the devils, taking them by surprise.

Yet a moment later the hand was destroyed, and the previous two dashing looking devils revealed their true bodies! Both were tall, although one had completely red skin, three horns protruding from its head and a pair of thin, leathery wings, while the other was covered in gray scales. It had no wings or tail, but its horns looked more like a tainted crown than anything else.

Their power skyrocketed, and space seemed to bend around them, as if the weight of their existence itself surpassed what this place could tolerate. Their previous grins returned, and one of them was about to speak, when a devastating beam of purple fire streaked through the air, tearing space as it did, and struck them faster than they could react.

The devils were... pushed into the tear by the momentum of the blast. Their arrival, marked by an aura of impending danger and devastation, almost seemed comical in front of the abrupt nature of their departure.

The Marzu, who had specifically been trying to avoid causing space tears, were stunned. You could do this too?

Even Z was someone surprised by how easy that was. He did not think his plan would work, and so easily at that.

The only ones who weren't stunned were the demons. Finally free of the restrictions of their devil overlords, the army scattered like fleeing ants, unwilling to face these monsters any longer.

The Marzu quickly sprung into action, dissatisfied to allow any of the demons to escape. Z, on the other hand, was still hesitating. Was that it? Shouldn't there be more? What about the bad guys' final form? Or their secret backup plans?

He hadn't even had a chance to use technique: Big Ball of Ultimate Destruction. He was waiting for the critical moment when all hope seemed lost. But now there was an abundance of hope, and the enemy was escaping. Should he still use it?

Genuinely unsure of what to do, Z actually consulted Luthor.

"First, thoroughly destroy the monument. Make sure it's completely unsalvageable. Then approach the Marzu leader for negotiations. If we join forces, we'll be a much more formidable fighting force. The chances of surviving until reinforcements arrive will be much greater."

The Innkeeper

Chapter 860: No point in discriminating

With new directions, Z got over the sense of loss he felt at being unable to use his new technique. Logically speaking, it was a good thing that they hadn't been pushed to the point of hopelessness. Not to mention, they were hardly safe yet. Who knew, maybe the devils would return from the void having gained immense power seeking vengeance. Isn't that how background characters later became named characters later on in some of the comics he read?

With renewed motivation, the mech launched itself into the escaping demons and cut its way to the already damaged monument. To be specific, it had been split into two as the ground beneath it split open, but the structure on both sides was, more or less, still standing.

Unfamiliar with how this monument was supposed to work, he decided to take no risks and destroyed it by smashing it repeatedly with his spear. He was not concerned about the spear getting damaged in the process, for the pieces of metal it was made of were actually extremely well refined, very specific parts used to make this spear. The yellow light that held the pieces together also strengthened them, and allowed them to display greater strength.

Once that was done, the mech turned towards the escaping demons. Truth be told, ordinarily, Z would never attack escaping enemies. After all, they had lost their will to fight, and were no longer a threat.

Unfortunately, these demons were not here to fight in a war, but to specifically target them. Moreover, all it would take was a single devil for them to once again take up arms against the battalion. As such, he

could not give up such an opportunity to reduce the number of his future enemies. It was clear, though, that his actions lacked the same level of motivation he displayed earlier.

An hour later, the battle was more or less over, and the mech returned to the site of the monument, waiting for the Marzu to finish their hunt. Unlike him, they seemed particularly vindictive in hunting down the demons, and did not want to spare even a single one. But that gave him a good opportunity to rest and recover.

Although he did not disable the mech form, in case negotiations with the Marzu did not go well, or in case they were not even there to negotiate in the first place, the battalion was now nearing exhaustion.

They were not at their limit yet, especially since they were taking this opportunity to replenish their spiritual energy, their physical exertion was now getting to them. They had not slept or eaten anything in a while, and had been fighting nonstop. No matter how much discipline and determination they displayed, it would not fill their stomachs. But, for now, all they could do was endure.

Fortunately, due to their battlelust, the Marzu took their time in pursuing as many demons as they could, giving the battalion enough time to recover somewhat.

When the massive feathery magicians returned, their formidable figures painting an impressive sight, they surrounded the mech, their eyes filled with a menacing glow. Their leader was one step ahead, and stood directly opposite to the mech, staring it down.

Z did not cower under the scrutiny, or show a hint of nervousness. Instead, he studied the creature back. Although they had never had a Marzu as a guest at the Inn, he had studied a lot about them. After all, they were quite famous. The achievements of their race were not few, and most of them either had to do with warfare or magic! Both were topics Z took great interest in.

From the mech, the Marzu leader shifted her gaze to the rubble that was formerly the half built monument, and a trace of recognition flashed in her eyes.

"I am Feyore, Witch of the Hidden River. Your courage and strength are commendable, and your ways of fighting unified are even moreso. Tell me, do you recognize this monument and its evils, or have you fought the devils for another reason?"

"They are planning to pull this planet into the Void, and take it away. The monument will allow them to do that, which is why we came to destroy it," answered Z, calmly. "They have this planet cut off from the alliance, but somehow they have not let the alliance realize as much. We have called for our own reinforcements, but the enemy is aware of it as well, which is why we sought to disrupt their plans, lest they find a way to speed up."

"If you have called for backup, why not have them inform the alliance as well? Once the alliance realizes something is amiss, their response will be strong and swift."

The mech shook its head, as if disagreeing.

"You have too much faith in others. If the alliance was so unified or so formidable, something like this would never have happened. Infiltration, sabotage, causing internal conflict, these are the basics of warfare. Since the alliance is at war with the Fuegan, they should already be riddled with such infiltrators. We cannot trust them."

The contrasting views came from their different levels of perspective. The Marzu, regardless of how strong they were, were a subordinate race of the Henali. To them, the power and influence of the Henali was unmatched, so they could not even imagine a flaw in their design. Whereas to the Midnight Inn, the Henali were equal. At most, they had a little leverage due to the fact that the Inn was within their realm, but that was temporary to begin with.

The Marzu leader was not swayed by Z's words. The reason it became silent, instead, was because arguing was pointless, and convincing the other of Henali supremacy was not a part of their objective.

"Are you certain that your reinforcements will be enough?" Feyore asked. Although she had her doubts, currently they were stranded with no other way of communicating with the outside. She was dependent on the other for this.

"They will be enough. Whether it's facing the enemies, or extracting us from this planet, neither should be an issue." After all, the Innkeeper had sent them - whoever they were.

"Would it be possible to facilitate our extraction as well? We will pledge our staff and wands for combat until the deed is done, protecting us all."

Z hesitated, and asked Luthor the specific terms he wanted. It was always good to make sure. He was glad he did, for Luthor had a very firm stance on the matter, although Z could not decide if he was not surprised at all, or extremely surprised to hear it.

"Whether you pledge to fight or not, we would help you leave regardless. That is the way of the Midnight Inn. Whenever anyone in the universe seeks refuge and rest, they are welcome to the Midnight Inn for as long as they wish. But, if you wish to fight, then instead of protection, we ask that you find and destroy other monuments such as the one that was here."

"You mean there are more of these?" Feyore asked, her eyes narrowing. Although she had not mentioned it, she and her kind knew more about the monument than the battalion. That was because they could detect the magical signatures it gave off. Reading the residual energy, they could detect its purpose. Simply pulling the planet into the Void did not seem like it encompassed all that the monument was being designed to do, it was merely one of its many aspects.

"I cannot say for certain, but I suspect as much. After all, since the enemy has access to the entire planet, why build a monument so close to two parties of survivors?"

Feyore turned to look at her subordinates, and seemed to communicate with them telepathically. It was difficult to discern what they were saying, but all of them looked incensed.

"We will join you in your hunt for the monuments," Feyore finally answered, after she finished communing with her own group. She was agreeing to hunt down the monuments, but at the same time, she did not want to separate from the battalion. After all, although they claimed that they would help, there was no guarantee. It was best to remain close together in such circumstances.

"In that case, we will move out after a short rest. If you can search the other monuments somehow in the meantime, that would be very useful. If not, we'll figure something out."

With the agreement made, the mech dissolved to once again form 1000 different soldiers.

They stood, side by side, and in battle formation, though fatigue was apparent in their eyes.

They waited to see if the Marzu had any reaction to seeing them like this, but they had already seen through the mech. Although they were not familiar with humans, they did not discriminate against them.

After all, when compared to the Marzu, all other races were equally inferior. There was no point in discrimination between them.