

Innkeeper 861

The Innkeeper

Chapter 861: Meteor

The battalion did not rest long, but it was better than nothing. As soon as the mech was dissolved, and the 1000 soldiers appeared, they immediately got to work. They knew their duties well.

About 300 of them deployed tents from their personal spatial tools and entered before going straight to sleep. The tent, simple and compact though they may seem, were actually fitted with a sound insulation formation, as well as an alarm function in case of combat nearby, so they were well suited for such situations.

The remaining few either stood guard, or began to cook large, nutritious meals. The meals were not elaborate. In fact, it was a fixed meal called Everything Stew, in which they boiled whatever rations they had directly within Botlam Dew.

The Botlam Dew was technically no longer useful in healing now that they were within the Foundation realm, but that did not mean it had no effect at all. It was great in relieving accumulated physical stress, not to mention that it tasted great and served as an excellent base for soups and stews.

That, when mixed with the highly nutritious vegetables, herbs and spirit treasures that they either collected from various planets or bought from the alliance, resulted in a meal that was both delicious, and extremely potent in reenergizing them!

Cooking the stew, even on high heat, cultivation powered flames took an hour, since all the vegetables needed time to cook and soften up. Once prepared, the guards and those on cooking duty ate, after which the first 300 were finally woken up.

They had in no way had enough sleep, but such things were already luxuries they could no longer afford. The other 700 then took out similar tents and went to sleep while the first 300 then ate and stood guard.

This was a routine they had perfected during their many deployments, and had used on many occasions. Such an occasion gave them the perfect opportunity to accumulate stories which they would later regale the future generations with, starting with the phrase "back in my day". But secretly, they enjoyed it.

A total of four hours later, once both groups had roughly 2 hours of sleep each, as well as good food, their rest time was over. During this time the Marzu had used their magical powers to scout the planet for more monuments, while Alfonso from the Inn had delved into the minds of some of the dead demons.

Although they were already dead, using the newest powers he had acquired, he could read some of their memories. It did not give the best results, as their brains were already deteriorating, or crushed, or burnt or suffering from some other kind of malady. But the few corpses he managed to find which were in relatively decent condition were able to provide him with some basic information.

Just based on the information the Marzu and the battalion uncovered in these few hours, they discovered three more such monuments, all being built at a similar scale and rate. Although they had expected as much, actually discovering how many monuments were being built was harrowing, especially when taking into consideration how many monuments they did not even know of.

The construction of these monuments had to be stopped, lest the planet itself is teleported away before the rescuers arrive.

They set their sights on the nearest monument, and the battalion reformed the mech. No matter how formidable they were alone, they were at their peak in their mech form. After all, each and every move of it was being powered by 1000 soldiers in complete, perfect unison.

Moreover, once they were in their mech form, a few of the Marzu cast a few spells on it, augmenting its speed, power and energy recovery.

Then... the leader, Feyore, cast a spell on the mech. With a flash of blinding light, wings of feathers similar to the Marzu appeared to grow from the mech's back! The mighty wings spread, larger in span than the entire mech's body, and connected seamlessly to Z's mind. Moreover, Z could tell that the energy used to form the wings was not being drained from the mech, but was being powered externally.

"Let's hurry!" Feyore said, failing to suppress a growl.

Besides their massive and strong bodies as well as an abnormal affinity for magic, there was one more key characteristic of all Marzu. They were extremely aggressive once they identified their prey. After all, once, the Marzu had wiped the entire Kraven race from the entire Origin realm, preventing them from even spawning again in the entire realm. Although it was unknown how they had achieved such a feat, everyone agreed that the act was a display of extremely vindictive behavior.

The mech spread its wings and jumped high into the air, before flapping its wings and taking flight. For some reason, flying was extremely intuitive, as if the information for flight and navigation came alongside the wings.

Without flying themselves, the Marzu were able to keep pace with the mech as they sprinted in a straight line towards the next monument. With a speed that it had never reached before, the mech reached the next monument in just over an hour and, surprisingly, discovered another army waiting for them.

But from a distance, the army seemed even bigger than the one they had faced before.

"Can you prevent my attacks from causing space tears as well?" Z asked Feyore.

"Yes. We're already doing it, no need for concern."

It was not just Z that smiled upon hearing that, but the mech itself as well. For too long, they had been holding back. Finally, they could let loose now.

Purple flames enveloped the flying mech. Like a shooting star, it streaked across the sky, and like a meteor, it crashed directly into the enemy's defensive formations.

Though no tears opened, as the Marzu had promised, the ripples in space seemed to travel across the entire planet at that moment. Yet the fight was just beginning.

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Chapter 862: Z's tiny Big Ball

862 Z's tiny Big Ball

The formation stood no chance against the mech assault and easily broke. Countless demons also suffered under the first assault, though they were already retaliating. The Marzu seemed to ignore such feeble attacks and directly ran into the army, much as they had done previously.

Z grinned as an idea struck him. Although the battalion really should have been saving its energy, Z had been feeling oppressed for too long. He could not help but want to unleash the attack he had been holding onto for so long.

The flames covering its body concentrated on to its left hand, while streaks of electricity began to dance around his right hand. The mech raised its hands above its head, allowing the flames and electricity to travel from its arms into the air. The two extremely volatile forms of energy seemed to combine effortlessly and began to gather into a massive ball.

"Z, I told you not to use this," Luthor said admonishingly from within the mech as he observed what was happening.

"Just a small one, I promise," Z said, his eyes gleaming with a frenzied energy. A layer of earth traveled over the mech's feet and across its body towards the growing ball of energy above its head. A number of other unique powers gathered and fed into the ball. It was tragic that Z could not feed the ball with his space abilities, but such was life.

Just as a small amount of each of the energies merged into the ball, Z stopped growing it. After all, if he made it too large, it would be a drain on the mechs own energy reserves.

"Big Ball of Ultimate Destruction!" he roared, although a number of the battalion members cringed, both at the action of announcing his attack and the name itself.

The mech hurled the ball towards the massive army of demons. He did not question why or how the devils were able to gather hundreds of thousands of demons in such short notice. He was just glad he could use them to test out his attacks guilt free. After all, these demons were formed by killing the original owners of their bodies.

The Marzu, who had not penetrated too deeply into the demon army yet, immediately pulled back as a panicked expression filled their faces.

"WHAT THE HELL DID YOU DO?" Feyore yelled as she struggled to keep space from ripping, but Z did not respond.

He just looked and waited for the attack to land. This attack could not be used in any other circumstance. It was only when they joined together and formed a mech, and the energies of all 1000 members melded together, could their unique powers be combined in such a way.

Then the ball landed onto the monument, and then exploded. All the Marzu strained themselves to ensure that space did not rip, because what it was doing could no longer be called ripples.

Space was bending like a trampoline on which a dozen bowling balls had been thrown. Light flashed in strange ways, as if it was bending around the explosion, while one massive shockwave traveled out, pulverizing anything in its path.

Z's smile froze as he suddenly had the mech pull back as quickly as he could, yet even then he could not escape the blast zone. First the mech was hit by the space tsunami, then the shockwaves and then the searing explosion!

Just as Z was about to pull out extreme countermeasures, the heat seemed to disappear. Once the mech which had been flung out due to the shockwave stabilized itself, with great help from its new wings, it turned to look back and saw a massive, blue barrier erected around the entire region.

Nothing inside was visible, as if it had been completely closed off permanently.

"Never do that again!" Feyore said extremely furiously as her body trembled. Clearly she was severely affected by whatever she had done to seal the region.

Z smiled awkwardly. It seemed he had underestimated the repercussions of the Big Ball of Ultimate Destruction, although he was somewhat glad the name seemed to fit.

"Shall we move to the next monument?" he asked sheepishly.

Before Feyore could answer, the sound of shattering glass filled the air. Sensing extreme danger, the group looked over at the blue barrier and discovered a figure floating above the barrier, wearing a gray robe.

"That was quite impressive. The scale of that attack actually reached the Mid Nascent realm," the figure said. He waved his hand again, and the entire barrier shattered. Yet instead of a chaotic storm releasing once the stopper was removed, the scene seemed to be completely frozen.

"Your little performance actually forced me to move a little earlier than I planned," the man said. "Though that's not too bad. This is quite useful."

All the energy within the sealed zone seemed to gather into a tiny yellow flame, flickering on the tip of the robbed man.

All the Marzu as well as the mech looked at the robe figure solemnly. The aura that the figure radiated was actually less than that of the two devils they faced previously. But somehow, while being weaker, he seemed even more dangerous than the previous two devils combined together.

"Rejoice, for your souls are to be sacrificed in honor of a great deity!"

The figure crushed the flame within his fist, yet somehow lit up the entire sky as he did. A gold light painted the entire sky as divine energy filled the sky.

"What is happening?" asked one of the retreating Marzu as it panicked. The situation had changed so drastically, so quickly.

"It's a religious zealot!" Feyore answered with gritted teeth. "He... he's been using the souls of the demons we killed and preparing for a ritual. The previous attack must have disturbed him, forcing him out of his hole. We only have one chance to stop him. We have to..."

Before Feyore could finish her words, the robbed figure appeared in front of her and her body froze.

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Chapter 863: Chaos

863 Chaos

Time seemed to slow down, as everyone had their eyes fixed on the gray-robed figure. Nothing of his actual body could be seen, but the shape of his hood indicated a humanoid or Elven appearance.

He spoke not with his voice, but by emitting a strange, psychic energy that stung whoever it hit, while at the same time transmitting his thoughts. It was for that reason that everyone in the vicinity heard everything he said.

The most peculiar thing about him, despite the fact that he was obviously incredibly powerful, was that he radiated no cultivation at all. It was as if he was a mere mortal. But though he had no cultivation, seemingly, his body did emit a kind of energy that Z was familiar with. It was divine energy, used by both angels and deities!

The figure, who had appeared in front of Feyore, seemed to use some kind of ability to freeze her entire being. Not only did she stop speaking mid-speech, her body stopped emitting magical energy, as if it was frozen in time.

"An atypical Mazru. How curious. Are you from a famous or noble clan? The stability of your power seems to suggest your changes are not a random mutation, or at least not a harmful mutation. Is that what allowed you to keep space from tearing? What a curious ability."

The figure stepped onto her snout and walked forward slowly, as if on a stroll.

The other Marzu did not respond kindly to such actions, nor did Z wait to let the figure complete whatever it was doing.

Countless magical spells were launched, even as the mech raced towards Feyore, its spear ready to strike. None of its usual, stronger attacks had enough precision to attack the figure without also harming Feyore, so he had to opt for close range combat.

But the figure seemed dismissive of all the attacks, as if it were a Deity, ignoring ants on the ground. When he reached the Marzu's forehead he placed a hand upon it, as if investigating something.

"Yes, your soul will be a great catalyst for the ceremony. But we do not have enough souls yet. We must continue to collect more!"

The world seemed to twist, hitting the Marzu and the battalion with an overwhelming sense of nausea and a pain in guts as if their innards were being dragged out. The sensation lasted a mere moment before they found themselves in a completely new location, surrounded by a massive demon army! An unfinished monument could also be seen nearby, with construction work still underway.

The army was just as surprised to see them as they were to see the demons, yet the surprise did not last long. Without caring for how or why they had appeared there, the demons attacked. The mech and the Marzu immediately retaliated, but they could not stop a certain sense of dread from enveloping them.

Both the figure and Feyore had not reappeared with them.

"He is using us to harvest more souls! Feyore said he needs them for a ritual!" said one of the Marzu.

"But it's not like we have a choice. If we don't kill them, they will kill us!"

"We just have to hold out! Once our reinforcements come, we can fight back!" Z yelled out loudly.

He understood better than them all. Too many forces had gotten mixed up. It seemed that besides the enemy who was targeting them, a third party was taking advantage of the situation to follow through with their own plans. The circumstances on this planet were becoming extremely chaotic. Only outside intervention could shake things up now.

As the mech fought off the countless demons, his actions no longer protected from tearing space, he had to be extremely careful in how he actually fought. Moreover, faced with this unknown foe who could teleport them as he wished, Z would have to conserve as much energy as possible. Who knew if they would be teleported to another battlefield as soon as they concluded the fight in this one.

Battlefront 00974, Alliance Headquarters

"This doesn't make any sense?" said an elf as he looked at conflicting reports. On one hand, all the reports from the sector near BGY-987 seemed within expectation. The battle reports and progress updates did not show any deviation from what was expected based on the ongoing situation.

On the other hand, after a more thorough scrutiny of the situation, they realized that it was practically impossible to contact specific personnel in those locations. For example, other than those responsible for regular communications, if someone wanted to talk to a specific soldier who was deployed there, some issue would come up as to why they could not be contacted at the moment. They might even be declared M.I.A or K.I.A!

Such a thing was also normal, but only within reason. If no one from within that entire sector could be contacted, then there was clearly an issue, and it did not take a genius to figure out what that issue was.

Either their communication department was compromised, or their intelligence department. It may very well even be both of them!

Realizing the seriousness of the situation, the elf grabbed all the reports and quickly made his way to the senior most officials of the entire alliance. They were supposed to be an elf and a dwarf, but as was seen throughout the alliance, the dwarves rarely held down office positions. Almost all of them were deployed, rather than being bunkered down in headquarters.

"Sir, there is an issue, just as you suspected," the reporting elf said, handing over his reports. The senior in-charge, as a Celestial Immortal, read through the documents in a mere moment.

"Issue new orders. I want to know what the situation on BGY-987 is immediately!"

Both the elves could feel a headache coming on. On one hand, a discrepancy on a war front with the Fuegan would be investigated by the Henali. On the other hand, whoever sent them that threatening

letter was clearly upset with what was happening on that planet. That meant that the situation was already out of hand.

After careful consideration, the Celestial Elf decided to go get his own battle armor. Perhaps it was time he joined his dwarven compatriot on the front line and earned some merits before someone came to penalize him.

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Chapter 864: Studying space

864 Studying space

"The Blink Module's failsafe has been automatically activated. The space in front of us is too unstable to facilitate teleportation," Cirk said as he read out a report.

Though, at this point, Lex did not need Cirk to tell him. With his affinity for space, he could feel how it behaved in this region. He found that calling 'unstable' might be incorrect. Instead of feeling fragile or unstable, it seemed 'stretched'.

"Activate the Kelvaha Specter talisman," said Lex, not letting his observation distract him from the matter at hand. "How long do you think it will take until we reach them?"

"The Blink Module did not get us as far as I had hoped. Now it all depends on how quickly the talisman can help us move. Until I experience it, I cannot say for certain. But, if I were to make a guess, based on the information you've given me about the talisman, I'd say eight more hours."

"Eight more hours..." Lex repeated as he mused to himself. The space in this region was extremely unusual. Normally, Lex would not be confident enough to determine what was unusual and what wasn't, but he had recently bought a manual for space affinity from the emporium that he had been studying.

With not much to do on the ship, Lex occupied his mind with various things. He practiced his swordsmanship, but that was not enough to completely occupy his thoughts. So, at the same time, he perused the manual.

There were no techniques or anything as such in the manual, as it firstly focused on what 'space' was, and how spatial affinity worked.

According to Lex's perception, space was naturally the area within a realm. For anything to exist, it had to occupy space. When discussing how large a monument was, or the distance between two points, one was discussing space. It was impossible for a thing to exist and not occupy space.

As such, the concept that space could bend, move, or even tear created somewhat of a conflict in Lex's mind. How could something exist in the 'Void' behind space? Moreover, what was even the concept of something being 'behind' space?

It was too unusual, but Lex accepted his ignorance as the cultivation world was too vast for him to completely understand. He knew he would eventually find his answers.

The manual seemed to shed some light on these questions, to an extent. But... the theories that the manual elaborated on were abstruse, even for Lex. Understanding them meant changing his outlook on reality in a very fundamental way, which was easier said than done. At least for the moment, Lex was not able to wrap his head around those concepts.

Even if he mentally accepted them as true, understanding how they worked and considering its ramifications was beyond him - not to mention that Lex did not necessarily believe everything he read.

For the moment, instead of blindly accepting what the book wrote, he decided to study the matter more himself later on.

Basically, according to the manual, 'space' was actually a manifestation of the superposition of the multiple planes of existence, such as the physical plane, spiritual plane, soul plane etc. Since space itself was made up of these components, it could naturally be broken down, have its composition altered, or manipulated as pleased. Moreover, everything that existed did not exist in 'space' but instead existed in time, with space being a simple coefficient of time itself.

The theory, which was in actuality just a brief overview of a much larger explanation for space and reality, continued on to elaborate further, but all of it was beyond Lex at the moment.

Instead, there were other parts that he understood more of, such as the behavior of space, or what caused it to be unstable or stable.

Even then his actual understanding was minimal, but it allowed him at least to differentiate between unstable and stretched. It seemed as if someone or something had stretched space in this region to blanket over something, thereby hiding it from being accessed or viewed.

Of course, he could be spectacularly wrong about that. He was still a beginner at this. But, oddly enough, his instincts which had slowly begun to be less useful as of late, seemed to indicate that his theory was right.

He looked out of the cockpit into the infinity that was outer space. They had already used the talisman, and were traveling in a manner that eluded their comprehension. Their surroundings seemed to be changing each moment, like a sequence in a badly edited video rather than passing scenery. Clearly the talisman was in use, but Lex felt no different.

Cirk, who was navigating, may be feeling the true effects of what using the talisman was like, but Lex did not distract him with questions right now.

The pilot had to ensure that they reached their destination timely. The talisman would not last forever, so they either had to make the most of it, or reach their destination before its effects elapsed.

He turned his gaze back to the manual and began reading. He wanted to fully understand everything he could about space so that he was ready to face whatever obstacle he faced when he reached BGY-987.

Although a lot of time had passed, the anger he had been harboring had not dwindled. In fact, due to the long time, it had only grown stronger and more overwhelming. But his firm control over his mind, practiced to control the sword in his soul, kept that anger in check.

Soon, it would be time to let it loose. But not yet.

While Lex was studying, and the battalion was fighting for their life, a group of devils suddenly teleported within the Midnight Inn.

They exchanged no words, and instead began to spread out silently, as if they had a clear purpose in coming here. No one seemed to find anything amiss, after all, a majority of the guests at the Inn were devils. What could be so different about this group?

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Chapter 865: Retribution came wearing slippers

865 Retribution came wearing slippers

The mech suddenly fell out of the sky and into the army of Void Dwellers. Mental exhaustion was setting in, so Z was slow to react, but fortunately, he managed to avoid getting hurt. He used his shield as cover as he slammed into one of the large Void Dwellers and stabbed his spear in its body and used it for support to slow down his descent.

Just as they had suspected, the strange robed figure teleported them to another battlefield just as they began to thin the first army. He did not even wait for the fight to finish. The moment the number of demons they were killing was reduced, he appeared again and teleported them to another monument, disappearing in the process.

The problem he was facing was not the long battles or the endless enemies. Instead, it was that the enemy seemed to be preparing his attacks specifically in the other battlegrounds. For example, this time around, the stronger demons all had armor specifically designed to stop the penetrating force of his spear and shields to block his energy attacks.

Even the attack patterns of the Marzu had been thoroughly studied and accounted for. Naturally, that did not mean that the mech and the formidable Marzu lost all battle capabilities, but that the impact of their attacks was drastically reduced. If previously the mech could continuously injure numerous giant demons and slowly tire them out, now it was a challenge to injure even one as they had adopted various defensive tactics.

In fact, they were not even trying to attack them nonstop, as they had previously been. Instead, they were just trying to tire them out, and it was working.

The mech took flight using his wings, trying to get some distance so that it could deploy some long range attacks. But the wings, which had been powered by an external source, suddenly disappeared, resulting in the mech from falling from midair as it did.

The moment the mech reached the ground, it withdrew the spear from the Void Dweller and used its body to attack all the enemies surrounding it. But Z's exhaustion began to reveal itself in small but significant ways.

He did not notice how the ground he landed on felt unusually light, so when it collapsed underfoot he was taken by surprise. Nonetheless, he had sufficient skill, so he was able to jam his spear on the side of the tunnel he was falling into, and immediately pulled himself out.

The action barely took a moment, but was enough to allow his enemies to surround him. A majority of them held up their shields, as if ready to deflect his attacks, while a couple of them attacked him with long-range weapons, safely nestled behind their partners defenses.

The mech, after a long time, was put into a passive position where it had to focus more on defending itself than attacking.

The Marzu were in a similar state. The demons had prepared special treasures that disrupted their magical incantations or interfered with the execution of their spells. All the Marzu, with great reluctance, were forced to use their immense physical strength to rip their enemies to shreds, rather than their magical powers. It was a great trial for them.

While the situation seemed tolerable for now, the longer this went on, the worse it got. With Z's deteriorating performance, the mech took repeated hits. Compared to its overwhelming attack, the defense of the mech was lacking, so the entire battalion had to tolerate the strain from that damage.

To make up for it, he had no choice but to use stronger attacks. He could no longer afford to be as precise, but that came with its own issues. Without Feyore's help, the mechs attacks constantly caused spatial ripples and waves. While those ripples dealt some damage to the demons, it did nothing to the Void Dwellers.

Looking at it from that point of view, the ripples could even be considered an asset for Z and the battalion, if it weren't for the fact that they too had to tolerate the effects of the ripple! Moreover, if he overdid it just a bit, and opened a tear, more Void Dwellers would pour out.

Bang!

Just as the mech was shooting out a beam of energy, a hidden attack struck it in the back! Z did hear nor sense the attack at all, but that did not change the fact that it was devastating. The mech fell forward with reeling from the attack, unable to react quick enough. As if long having been prepared for just that, more silent attacks struck the mech.

Even still, they could not identify where the attacks were coming from, or who was attacking them! Even disoriented, Z panicked, as he felt his control over the mech slipping. In desperation, he tried to use a powerful attack. Maybe that could disrupt the assassin!

But it was for naught! Before Z could retaliate, a final blow struck the mech's chest, finally breaking the integrity of the technique that held it together.

The mech disappeared and all 1000 members of the battalion were thrown onto the battleground floor!

But while Z was extremely mentally fatigued, the rest were not. Although they too bore the effects of prolonged usage of the mech, they were only physically tired. Immediately, as if they had rehearsed this exact moment hundreds of times, the battalion surrounded Z who could not completely recover.

At the same time, they unleashed their attacks without holding anything back. Although not as strong as the mech, they were not weaklings either. Their means and methods were more than enough to launch a wave of devastation around them. Moreover, the demons had not prepared for their individual means.

Their attacks were a lot more precise and swift than that of the mech, allowing them to more easily kill the very same enemies the mech had been struggling with.

At the same time, they could no longer be concerned about the dangers of Void tears. If they held back even a little, their own survival would be at risk. So, if there was risk either way, they chose the method that would devastate their enemies the most.

Pamela, the combat medic, focused completely on helping Z, leaving herself completely unprotected. It need not be said that the battalion trusted each other unequivocally.

"This is bad Luthor. Z has lost consciousness and isn't waking up. Forcefully disrupting his connection with the mech seems to have injured him gravely."

"Take all the time you need," Luthor said calmly, as if they were not surrounded by thousands of enemies. But confidence alone could not remedy the situation. Luthor took in a deep breath, preparing himself to push himself to his limits, and beyond. Z had done the best that he could, now it was his turn.

It was then that an unusually violet spatial wave went over the entire battleground, coming from up above. Wary of more enemies, Luthor looked up.

But instead of more enemies he saw fireworks. It was not just Luthor who looked up in confusion. Many demons, Void Dwellers and some of the other races who were hiding on that planet all looked up.

One after another, distant sparks lit up in the night sky, a few flaming streaks falling through the sky afterwards. It was only after a few of such 'fireworks' went off that Luthor realized what he was really looking at.

It was not fireworks, but exploding ships in space.

A thought suddenly struck Luthor, and he immediately used a spiritual technique to zoom in on the space above this accursed planet. He saw hundreds of ships flying and shooting at a black blur, chasing it down. Yet none could come close, and not a single one of their attacks hit.

Instead, it was a second, smaller blur, that zoomed through the vacuum of space and tore through the many ships. Recognizing a familiar suit, Luthor could not help but smile, and then burst out into laughter.

His purple flames enveloped him as he walked away from the battalion. The only thought on his mind was to give out a signal to let the reinforcements know where he was. Yet even as he walked into the madness of an army of demons and Void dwellers, the last sight he saw could not help but continue to make him laugh.

It was not just an oh so familiar suit that he saw. He saw the figure of a man, a devil's mask on his face, making him look like death incarnate amongst the debris of all the ships he destroyed. But the most

significant thing he saw... was the man wearing bathroom slippers on his feet as he zoomed through space.

The flames around his body rose into the sky, the heat from the flames once again causing the air to move out rapidly. A tornado of purple flames was once again formed, marking where the battalion was on the planet.

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Chapter 866: Massacre

866 Massacre

As time went by, Lex became completely focused on reading the spatial manual, so much so that he even stopped simulating his sword training. Even with his elevated mental capacity and increased intellect, studying the manual was a difficult task.

Space was an esoteric concept, wielded by many but mastered only by a very few. Although the book only barely scraped some of the topics, Lex's imagination could not help but run wild. He tried to imagine how he could use his affinity to create spatial items, as theoretically at the Nascent level he should be able to do it. He also tried to visualize, based on these concepts, what it would mean to open up Minor realms, or how a new Realm was formed in the first place.

The key point, governing everything, completely immovable and immutable, was time. But since this manual was about space, besides barely mentioning its relation, the book did not elaborate on time at all.

So engrossed was he in his studies that when Cirk first nudged him, Lex did not even notice. Realizing the state of his companion, Cirk nudged harder and spoke up.

"This talisman is working a lot better than I had imagined. We've already reached the vicinity of BGY-987. I just need to lock down its location and approach. We could be there in a matter of seconds to a few minutes."

Lex immediately snapped the book shut and looked up into space. There was not much to see besides darkness, but Lex could see a lot of red, as if visualizing the blood that was about to be spilled.

Without saying a word, he exited the cockpit and walked into the storage room. He checked his attire, but he was already wearing his Defensive suit, so there was not much to do. The one change he did make, however, was removing his shoes and putting on the Bathroom slippers instead.

The slippers, as unassuming as they seemed, provided Lex with complete protection from environmental threats. It seemed simple, but the ability was far more impressive than it appeared.

Lex did not know what he would face when they approached BGY-987, but he had to be ready for a quick exit from the ship. Whether it was to confront any enemy spaceships, or to land onto the planet as quickly as possible, he would need to exit the ship.

That meant, for an undetermined period of time, he would be exposed to the vacuum of space. One would think that, with Lex's highly strengthened body that should not be an issue. One would be wrong.

The vacuum, a realm of unfathomable terror, promised an instant onslaught on his exposed form should he enter unprepared. In that abyss, pressure would tear at his body, siphoning every trace of moisture, sizzling fluids into vapor. Assuming that he would be able to protect himself using his defensive techniques would be a mistake.

As the coldness of space encased him, threatening to freeze his very essence, wrenching warmth away into the boundless void, Lex would be faced with dangers far beyond his comprehension. The space around a planet such as Earth, with a star rating even below one, and this place with a star rating that was definitely higher were not the same.

The insidious touch of radiation, unimpeded by shielding, strengthened by various energies beyond his comprehension, could corrupt his very cells, rewriting his genetic code with each moment exposed.

It wasn't just the absence of air; it was an orchestra of merciless perils, a symphony of cosmic malevolence poised to ensnare him the moment he stepped into that emptiness.

Fortunately, he could escape all that by simply equipping a pair of slippers.

He looked at a nearby silver surface and observed his figure.

Notorious Anonymity, his devil's mask, looked especially menacing at the moment. As if mimicking the cold fury that Lex felt, the mask was neither grinning nor frowning. It looked absolutely plain, with only its eyes betraying the wrath that awaited whoever saw it.

Lex, wearing the mask, accompanied by his striking figure equipped with his flawlessly tailored suit, exuded a menacing and deadly aura. The only thing that betrayed the gravity of his demeanor were a pair of white, fluffy slippers. The flawless golden initials of M. and I. could be seen on each piece.

Lex didn't care. He was not there for a fashion show.

On a screen nearby that displayed the space outside the image changed, and Lex immediately laid eyes on hundreds of massive spaceships patrolling around a distant planet. No doubt there were more ships around, but were just farther away.

"Cirk, drop me outside and find a way to land on the planet besides the battalion as soon as possible. If we are to exit, it has to be together," Lex spoke aloud, aware that Cirk would be able to hear him due to small mics in each room.

As requested, the hatch for the storage room opened, and all the air inside the room was immediately sucked out!

But faster than even that was Lex, who zoomed out the partially opened hatch like a blur. In anticipation of a similar situation, he had already procured a technique that would allow him to move around in space.

It was a simple one, that merely leaked out spiritual energy from his body in jet streams, propelling him forward. Such a technique was not enough to lift him off a planet with medium or high gravity, but in space it allowed him to move freely.

Barely any time had passed since the Silent Wanderer arrived, perhaps a couple of seconds, but Lex could already see many ships turning towards it, ready to attack.

Lex needed no invitation, and so without hesitation he summoned one of the weapons he bought from the emporium and launched it at the nearest ship. It was not quite time to use the ones he stole from the dragon as he was too close to the ships and he would get caught in the blast radius.

The ship evaded, clearly able to detect approaching artillery, but it was for naught as the weapon was on a timer. Just as it passed by, it exploded, releasing a bright light that blinded anyone looking.

Lex was naturally not looking, as he was already zooming towards another ship, ready to attack again. Yet his intention to unleash his entire payload changed when he felt space itself shake under the might of the previous explosion, forming a wave that spread out.

Cracks formed at the site of the explosion, and a tear in space appeared, revealing the Void behind it. As if pulled out by the suction of space, an army of Void Dwellers burst out from the hole.

The many dangers of space did nothing to them, as they came from an even more perilous place. But nonetheless, they were destined to be nothing more than floating space trash, as they had no way to propel themselves in space.

Lex's mind raced as he observed the space wave, comprehending the situation. It made sense that strong attacks could not be used - that was the very reason the system would not allow his Innkeeper to descend to this place. The space was too fragile.

But he was not beholden to the rules of the system, and he could not care less what happened to this space.

A nefarious smile bloomed on his mask as Lex altered his plan, and hundreds more missiles appeared beside him. The space wave finally reached Lex but instead of being affected by the distortion in space, Lex used his absurdly potent spatial affinity, and used space itself to propel him forward.

Seemingly surfing on the wave that flowed through reality, Lex approached the many spaceships. In comparison to their massive bodies Lex was naught but space dust, but as soon as the ships saw the weapons all around him, many of them immediately retreated from that very space dust.

Many of them shot at him, hoping to use the destruction of space to harm him, but how could armageddon be stopped so easily?

Without a thought or care, Lex launched his weapons at all the ships around him even as he flew towards them at his full speed. In the silence of space Lex orchestrated a brutal massacre, forming a symphony of spatial waves and ripples that he used to his own advantage.

Countless lasers, bullets, rockets and even Void Dweller approached him yet with his technique that allowed him to adjust his movement at a mere thought he dodged them with ease, leaving behind only his enemies regrets.

As if learning from him, one of the missiles seemed to be timed, and exploded right beside him, but could not even wrinkle his suit. Cracks formed all around him, threatening to tear open and pull Lex into the Void itself, momentarily giving his enemies hope.

But before the tear could form, Domination rose out of his body and spread all around him, suppressing even the distortion of space. He glanced at the cracks and, as if afraid of him, the cracks retreated into nothing, as if they had never been there.

Then the massacre continued.

The Innkeeper

Chapter 867: Putting on a show

867 Putting on a show

Fighting in space was unlike any battlefield he had ever encountered. It was not just the weightlessness, lack of sound or the need to be extremely conscious of any and all momentum transfer. The scale of the battlefield was larger than any he had ever been in, but more importantly, it extended in every axis!

There was no up or down, high ground or low ground. He had to be aware of everything in every direction, with countless ships that could travel entire miles in seconds, or even less. No matter how fast Lex was, he could not match the speed of the ships if they tried to run away from him. Fortunately, they were just as keen to attack him as he was to destroy him, albeit they tried to keep as much distance as possible.

Lex's space affinity, which was drastically greater than that of Z's, allowed him to do things that the latter could not, which was why his battlestrength was not compromised at all. In fact, one could even say that his battle strength improved drastically in this zone where piercing through space was easy.

One particular ship, much smaller in size than the rest, but also more nimble, decided to opt for the exact opposite style of attack than the rest. Dodging all the space debris, as well as the countless attacks flying through space, it approached Lex.

The pilot was hoping to take advantage of being close to prevent Lex from throwing any more missiles or tearing holes in space, as that would compromise his own safety. At the same time, he hoped to use the tough body of the ship to slam Lex.

While this was an unconventional form of attack, compared to a human a spaceship was much tougher and durable. At the speeds that the ship was traveling, he would not be surprised if the flying devil wasn't smashed into minced meat.

Lex, who was constantly fighting the various ships surrounding him, naturally noticed the ship, but did not try to avoid it. Did the enemy think he was someone who could casually be approached?

Since Lex had been maximizing the use of his senses to maintain his awareness on this massive battlefield, he also quickly noticed what the battalion could not. He noticed the hidden formations all around the planet, all for the single purpose of monitoring and recording. Whoever had targeted the Inn was also watching everything live, and recording it for future use.

This was bad, as Lex's identity was likely to be exposed if the enemy studied him and his moves thoroughly, but he was already prepared for that. Moreover, knowing that the enemy was watching only further infuriated him.

Did he think he and the battalion were putting on a show for them to enjoy? Well if they wanted a show, Lex would give them one!

He ignored the approaching ship just until it was in his range. Without any forewarning, or indication that Lex knew of the ship's arrival, he drastically changed directions and flew directly towards the ship.

He was not strong enough yet to tear apart a ship designed for space travel in regions of high star levels - at least, not with his hands.

He did not require any focus or special attention for his subsequent actions. He used Impervious Hands and channeled his spatial affinity into it. With this, considering the weak state of space, he could easily create a tear just big enough to swallow the ship before immediately closing it. But that is not what Lex chose to do.

Instead, relying on his thoroughly trained intuition, Lex summoned spatial energy in his hand like a blade, and repeated the swing he had been practicing for so long. Although no sword intent was manifested, as none of his previous practice sessions had accounted for a situation with no foothold adding another weakness to his technique, the invisible blade made from space cleaved the entire ship in two!

The pilot, who was jettisoned from his cockpit and flung out into open space, did not even realize what had happened before he died. Due to the fact that the blade Lex wielded was invisible, no one else understood what had happened either!

But a few ships, who were mimicking the first ship by coming close, immediately deviated and began flying away from Lex! This was not a man in a devil mask, he was a true devil!

"Lex, I've found the battalion on the planet and am descending," Cirk said, speaking through a talisman Lex had given him before. This specific talisman would allow the two to communicate with each other mentally even at a distance of 100 miles.

"The battalion is at the location of the purple tornado."

Lex turned towards the planet and his gaze immediately locked onto the whirling, majestic purple tempest dancing across its surface, its vivid hue contrasting against the grays and browns that filled it otherwise.

His eyes gleamed, but he did not rush towards the battalion. Instead, he looked back at the countless ships in space, with more approaching from far in the distance.

"You go, I'll cover your retreat," said Lex, as he summoned the weakest rocket he had stolen from the dragon's hoard.

"Remember, this one has a rupturing law frozen inside. Once it is unleashed, the devastation that has been frozen will wreak havoc without constraints. It's difficult to determine the extent of its power, but the law will barely last for a second. If you're within the blast radius, you'll die immediately. If you're even a millimeter outside the radius, you'll be perfectly safe," reminded Pel, as it saw its master take out a powerful weapon.

But Lex needed no reminding. He had already asked the ring before, and knew that the estimated blast radius would be 500 miles at most. Of course, he did not plan on being anywhere even double that distance when the bomb went off.

He strapped it to one of the more tame missiles he bought from the emporium, before summoning 300 more of such missiles. Without hesitation, he launched all of them in random directions towards the many approaching ships, before hurling himself towards the planet at full speed.

The Innkeeper

Chapter 868: There is no lingering danger at all

868 There is no lingering danger at all

Many hours had already passed since the particular group of devils entered the Inn and split. During this time, they did nothing suspicious. They merely roamed the grounds of the Inn, separately, as if exploring the wilderness during an adventure.

Oddly, though, that abruptly ended when one of them spotted Velma. The devil stayed in the distance and only watched, but the rest from his group seemed to stop their wandering, and converged towards him. Since he was following Velma, from a distance of course, when they would finally meet, the entire group would be near Velma.

As for what would happen afterwards, only the devils themselves knew.

Lex did not plan an elaborate reunion, nor was he intending on a long, drawn out play for revenge. As angry as he was, he knew his first priority was to get the battalion back to the Inn. It was exactly for this reason that he was willing to take a risk with the stronger missiles.

Of course, the situation here was precarious. With space ripping apart easily, the influence of an attack on an immortal level will not be small.

There was even a chance that the whole region became completely unstable. Lex had various plans to tackle the situation if something like that occurred, but they all came with a level of risk.

The most important reason he was willing to play so dangerously, and take such immense risks, was because he did not know what the enemy had planned. If they had traps waiting for him, his only hope of winning this game would be to flip the entire table.

So it was not out of recklessness or anger that he threw out that bomb, knowing full well that it could result in a massive space tear that even he could not control. No, instead, it was out of a desire to create a situation that 'no one' could control.

The countless ships behind him saw the hundreds of 'gifts' he left behind for them and scattered. They had learnt from his previous tactics and were familiar with the timed explosives he used. All they needed to do was fly around the many 'gifts' and around their blast radius before continuing to pursue Lex.

It would delay them, but considering how fast the ships were, the time difference was negligible. They only had to... they only had to...

The pilots' minds stopped working as they looked at the symphony of explosions taking place in space. To them, it was naught but a lightshow they were supposed to see through their rear view cameras. But the issue was, why could they hear the explosions even though they were in space?

Moreover, the explosion did not go off with a typical boom, but with a deep, mournful wail, as if that of a crying child.

As the bright cloud of light expanded in space, growing like a balloon filled with air, all those who were looking at it slowly stopped their actions. It was as if they were slowly losing their will to do anything. But if anyone was watching they would see that their spirits were being drained, essentially killing off their intelligence without actually killing them.

Whatever law had been trapped in the bomb, it was incredibly unusual with a much larger radius than Pel expected. Moreover, it was lasting a lot longer than it was supposed to.

The last thing the countless pilots watching perceived before their entire spirit was absorbed was the ghastly noise of the explosion turning from a wail into a gasp of surprise.

Oddly enough, Lex, who was looking away from the explosion and rushing at his fastest speed, did not sense the abnormal cloud of light that was forming behind him at all. It was as if only those looking directly at it could perceive it.

What he did notice was an abnormal absence of spatial waves despite the time for the explosions elapsing. Whatever the case, he would not stop to investigate now as his instincts were unusually silent.

He did not detect any danger behind him, which was strange. After all, even if the explosion did not take place, there were countless enemy ships behind him. But his instincts gave him no warnings.

But sometimes, depending on the circumstances, no warning was actually warning enough! What kind of danger could surpass the detection level of his instincts entirely? He did not want to wait to find out.

It did not take long before he felt the gravity of the planet start to affect him, and felt his return to the atmosphere. The return of sounds was the most pleasant part of his journey, as he had to actively avoid paying attention to the sound of his own blood coursing through his veins which was all he heard in space - accompanied by his heartbeat of course.

The technique he used to move around in space lost its potency, but that did not matter as Lex had aimed his body well. He was falling directly towards what he could now see was a massive army, surrounding the battalion and attacking at every moment.

The fact that they were not in their mech form told of how bad their situation must be. If Lex had delayed any longer...

It no longer mattered. Ignoring the flames forming around his body, Lex began to gather his spirit energy into his arms. Having a massive army around the battalion was clearly not good for teleporting back, so first he would kill them all.

The strange lack of 'danger' behind him urged him to rush as much as possible. So, without waiting for a superhero landing, Lex gathered his spatial affinity in his hands like he had done before, and once again summoned a blade made of space.

With a form that was much improved from the one he used in space, Lex once again swung his sword. The army was too far away, so the sword could not reach it. Lex had not manifested sword intent either, so he couldn't use that for long range attacks either. Instead, he used the tiny space blade in his hand to cut through space itself.

The Innkeeper

Chapter 869: Mere minutes of chaos

869 Mere minutes of chaos

As someone very new to using a wide array of fighting techniques, Lex was testing out things as ideas came to him. Besides Impervious Hands, his most commonly used technique, Evisceration, and now most recently Domination, Lex did not have many ways of attacking.

As a result, much of what he was doing was based solely off of his theoretical knowledge of his skills and affinities. Ordinarily, it would be impossible for someone to take pure theory and implement it flawlessly. But nothing about Lex was ordinary.

As he swung the blade made of space, he used his affinity to his absolute limit as he tried to manipulate space with it. As if he were dragging a blade over glass, cracks started to form in air that began to rapidly spread.

Moving even faster than the descending Lex, the cracks traveled in a straight line across the path Lex had swung in, and descended down to the planet, and then through it, forming an artificial wall of cracked space.

The wall was so massive that all stopped their movements. Whether it was the demons, the devils, the Marzu or the battalion, they all froze as they tried to comprehend what had just happened.

No one dared to move, as the wall of cracks was too massive. If this wall were to crumble, and open up a tear in space, let alone the entire planet, this entire star system may be compromised by the tear.

Moreover, a tear of this size would not heal on its own either, and would instead continue to grow bigger! This could literally destroy a massive chunk of space forever!

Even the zealot, who was observing everything secretly as he prepared his ritual, felt fear. Immediately he decided to forgo his original plan and proceed even as unprepared as he was. He was not afraid of dying, but dying a stupid, worthless death was not what he wanted either.

But Lex was not suicidal, and would not kill everyone before he rescued the battalion. What the observers did not know was that this wall of cracked space was actually quite sturdy under the influence of Lex's affinity.

But as a result, Lex, who hardly ever suffered from a deficiency of spiritual energy due to his massive reserves, suddenly used up half his energy!

A reduction by half did not mean that he still had the same amount of energy left. He was a human, not a machine. The prowess he could show at 100% energy was much greater than that when he was at 90%. The energy reserves did not just reflect how much energy he had left to use, but a drop in his performance as well.

Lex clicked his lips in annoyance but moved past it. His suit, although not designed for it, would somewhat aid in his energy recovery. Meanwhile, he would focus on the task at hand.

As Lex fell from the sky like a flaming comet, the Silent Wanderer had already shot past him and landed right beside the battalion, caring little for the lack of a landing zone. The beautiful ship took some damage on the landing, and crushed a few demons as well, before it instantly disappeared.

Lex had given Cirk the Silent Wanderer's spatial container, so the pilot transferred the ship the moment he landed and fell to the ground. Since he landed near the battalion to begin with, it took him but a couple of moments to arrive next to them.

Before any from the battalion could welcome him, or rather question him on the escape plan, Cirk took out a pair of angel wings made of clay and broke them in two.

The item had been given to him by Lex and was called Botlam's Grace. Since Lex's priority would be dealing with any nearby enemies and then stabilizing space for their escape, he left it up to Cirk to heal the battalion.

He did not even consider saving the item for later in case the battalion wasn't truly hurt. They did not have the time to assess how hurt the individuals from the battalion were. Even if the potency of the item had to be wasted just to refresh them in case they weren't hurt, Lex did not mind. Better that than allowing the situation to become more precarious because they were conservative with their resources.

A gust of wind, as if trapped within the clay, swept across the battlefield and touched everyone with its presence. The battalion members, who were closest to it, instantly felt completely refreshed and filled with energy, as if someone had made them chug a dozen energy drinks.

Their minds regained all the potency and drive that sleep deprivation and exhaustion had taken from them. The world became crystal clear in their eyes, as if they had all been wearing dirty glasses that had just been replaced. Their aching muscles and somewhat strained meridians were rejuvenated, as if they had just walked out of a hot spring made from spiritual liquid!

Z, who had been unconscious on the floor, immediately opened his eyes and jumped up, as if expecting to find himself mid-

fight, yet all he saw were the sturdy backs of his comrades defending him.

Even the Marzu, who were at somewhat of a distance, let out roars of exhilarated fury as they felt their energy return, allowing them to once again fight at full force.

Heck, even the Void Dwellers seemed more energetic, though that lot usually lacked the intelligence to even determine whether their state had improved or worsened. It was usually their pack leaders, who were responsible for thinking for the whole lot, who could tell such things.

The demons, though... they did not respond so well to the healing winds that came from within the clay. Though a majority of them were on the other side of the spatial wall, protected from the winds that seemed to be unable to cross the barrier, a good few thousand of them were on the same side.

They felt an instinctual fear and dread take hold of them when the clay was broken, but while there were some enemies they could fight, they had not yet learned to fight the wind. They found themselves defenseless against the winds that carried the Grace of Botlam, and were akin to mortals before the might of nature.

The winds did not waft across them, but hit them like a natural calamity! The unlucky ones lived long enough to groan and scream as their flesh burned and turned to ash. The lucky ones were dead before they even knew what happened.

In mere seconds, a massive army was erased from existence, not even their armors surviving as a testament of their existence. Anything and everything which contained the aura of demons vanished under the effects of the wind.

Cirk did not really pay attention to the spectacle he had released, instead he quickly found Gerard, as Luthor was fighting far away from the battalion so as to not hurt them.

"Recall everyone and stay ready. Leo will stabilize this space and give everyone an opportunity to use their keys to return to the Inn. We cannot waste a single second."

"It might not be so easy..." Gerard began to say, as his thoughts quickly wandered to the zealot, and their allies who were waiting for them back at the fort. He did not think the former would let them leave so easily, while he did not want to abandon the latter.

"I'm just the messenger," Cirk quickly interrupted Gerard, as he drew out a weapon of his own from his spatial ring. "If you have any concerns, tell Leo. He's the one running this operation. Until he arrives, just get ready!"

Gerard did not hesitate and immediately gave out orders. Luthor was far away from them, and was fighting demons on the other side of the space crack wall. Instead of asking him to come, it would be easier if they just went to him.

With renewed vigor and might, the battalion took their positions and prepared themselves to march. They could see their comrade tearing through the sky in a ball of fire and heading towards them. As soon as he landed, they would immediately surround him.

Hardly a couple of minutes had passed since Lex's arrival, but the situation had changed drastically. Even the figures watching from the dark room were on the edge of their seats, as if watching for the crescendo of this grand finale.

But the situation was much more chaotic than it seemed. In a dark corner of this planet, the zealot plunged his sword into Feyore's skull as he initiated the ceremony prematurely.

Up in space, the cloud of light reached its critical point, and suddenly started to contract in on itself. Instead of disappearing, the fragmented law trapped within that missile seemed to be growing stronger, and was instead taking on an elven shape!

The Innkeeper

Chapter 870: Overworked teenager

870 Overworked teenager

Lex's instincts, which had been as silent as a docile and frightened puppy, finally acted up, though Lex was not surprised. He immediately felt danger surrounding him, and a sort of timer which was counting down with barely any time on it at all.

This should be the trap, or perhaps even the first of many traps that were waiting for him. Lex scoffed and turned to look at the invisible formations that surrounded this planet. He knew his every action was

being monitored, his every word being heard. The enemy was still watching, silently learning everything about him. But was he not doing the same?

He channeled his spirit energy into his left eye and closed his right now. The world looked more vibrant than ever and revealed more than what was there. He saw the weakness in everything, and the strength it could display. He saw the potential everything carried and understood how it could be achieved.

He always knew his left eye was special, but it was only once he asked Pel that he realized what its true ability was, and what he was really looking at. He had gained a weak version of something that was usually only attained by a few extremely gifted immortals. He could see hints of the laws that were contained in everything.

As a result, he could see the natural path of progression for every object, peer into a few secrets, and learn how to destroy or strengthen anything he looked at with ease. For example, a treasure that was actually simple but hid a deep secret could not hide from Lex, for no matter what kind of method it used to hide its secrets, it could not hide the laws that made it up, as well as the secret.

With the ability of his left eye, when he looked at the world, all its secrets were revealed to him. He could see various points across its surface where certain laws gathered, trying to pierce through the veil of reality. Those monuments were not just to send the planet into the Void, but to a certain location within the Void. Clearly, the enemy had planned or prepared something at that spot.

He saw, in a distant corner, far away from the battalion, a well of tainted light. It was a type of divine energy, but feeble and forcefully collected. He saw a curse, hiding in the depths of the planet, sealing something deep within its core. It seemed this planet itself was suffering from the influence of a curse, though that seemed to be old.

He saw...

It did not matter. With his clear understanding of this world, he formed an array around himself. It was weak, weaker than it was supposed to be, a fault of this uniquely weak space, but it got the job done. The array had only one function: to speed up Lex's descent and guide it to a specific location.

Lex, the flaming comet descending from up above, was supposed to be a couple of minutes away. That would have been enough time for the battalion to gather near the cracked space wall and wait for it to recover so that they could approach Luthor.

Instead, the comet sped up abnormally and crashed into the demon army beside Luthor before anyone could react! Even Luthor was startled by the massive scale of the explosion that occurred due to Lex's landing. It was not because he was expecting later, but because everyone, himself included, had tamed down their actions so as to not disturb the wall of cracks.

The person responsible for the space cracks, instead, seemed to not care at all!

Climbing out of the massive hole caused by his landing, Lex immediately gave out instructions.

"Follow me! We have less than 100 seconds to get out of here before the madness begins!"

"We have allies who are stranded," Luthor said, even as he withdrew his purple flames and followed the masked devil.

They were surrounded by demons on all sides, but Lex made no effort to attack them. As soon as they entered the range of his Domination, they buckled under the weight and fell to the ground, as if kneeling before their lord!

This was because they were suffering from the weight of Domination much more than they should have. With his left eye, Lex could clearly perceive their weaknesses, and he subtly controlled Domination to press down on them, making them much more susceptible to its effects.

"One of you can stay behind and we can deal with rescuing the rest, but the majority of the battalion needs to leave. The situation is about to change drastically," Lex said, looking up at the sky. The pale divinity was already spreading across the sky, slowly encompassing the planet.

Luthor, in a hurry to update the handsome devil, shared the situation with his spirit sense. Everything he had learnt, from them being targeted, the objective of the devils, the function of the monuments, as well as the strange zealot, was shared in those few moments so that Lex would not be taken by surprise should there be any interference.

They approached the wall of space cracks, and as if making way for them, the cracks in a small area receded, allowing the two to pass through easily.

The battalion was already waiting for them, standing in formation, ready to deploy at a moment's notice. The Marzu, too, had gathered there. They had long been briefed that the battalion was expecting reinforcements. Although they did not understand how two individuals would save them, as they had been expecting a massive army, they did not question it. The influence of Botlam's Grace already amazed them, so they were willing to see how the situation developed.

Luthor, Gerard, and even the rest, had experienced much during this war, and felt that their horizons had grown. Even still, they were amazed by the series of phenomenal abilities shown by this single member of the Inn, though they were not surprised. It only made sense that someone sent by the Innkeeper was amazing. They would not be surprised regardless of what he did. Heck, even if he destroyed the planet itself, they would just take it in their stride.

Lex encompassed everyone with his spiritual sense and then attempted to strengthen space within that region to some extent. He succeeded, but only barely.

Without any explanation, he took out his Space Seal talisman, the function of which was to solidify space in a region to such an extent that teleportation in and out of it would be extremely difficult, if not impossible.

Of course, such an effect would only occur in normal space. In this region, the talisman could not even achieve half of its effects.

The reason Lex had strengthened the space around the group, even if just a little, was that he wanted the talisman to focus specifically on that region alone. If the talisman were not enough, he was ready to use the Wine bowl as well.

There were no visible effects of strengthening space, but the members of the battalion who had a space affinity felt a subtle change in the region.

With trouble literally on the horizon, as the pale divinity was about to reach them, and the unknown state of what was happening in space, Lex did not dare delay. Immediately he threw out golden keys, making sure each of the Marzu got one. The battalion members already had their own.

"Crush your keys and return to the Inn. Luthor will stay with me to rescue your remaining allies, but we will join you shortly."

As if sensing the urgency in his voice, some of the battalion members immediately tried to crush the key. If the surrounding space was too unstable, then the key would not break. But... as if fate was finally giving them a reprieve, the keys were crushed! A number of them disappeared!

"What about me?" Cirk asked, in case his aid was still needed.

"You leave too. The more people I have to protect, the harder it will be."

"In that case, good luck, Leo," said Cirk, before crushing his key as well.

The rest of the battalion members did not hesitate either. Since the order had been given, they crushed their keys, all disappearing, except... Z, and the Marzu!

"We cannot abandon Feyore!" one of the Marzu said looking at Luthor, though the fear and hesitation in his eyes was evident.

"If she's alive, I'll save her. Otherwise then there's nothing I can do. If you don't want to go, I won't force you, but just be aware that I can't solidify space again and again. You might lose your chance to escape if you don't go now."

Just as the Marzu were hesitating, and speaking with one another through their spirit sense, Z stepped forward, looking at Lex oddly.

"Uhh, boss, is that you?" Z asked with the awkwardness of a teenager working a part time job in front of their boss. Gone was the confident, battle hardened Z. Instead, the overworked teenager seemed to have returned.