

Kryptonian 851

Chapter 851 I am your father!

The body of the attacking demon soldier was deeply embedded in the tree trunk, only half of the twisted body was exposed, struggling painfully. However, its struggle seemed so weak in front of Nero, like a beast caught in a trap, only waiting for the judgment of fate.

Nero didn't give it any chance to breathe. He took a few steps to the big tree, his eyes flashing with unquestionable determination. He took a deep breath, and the muscles in his body tensed instantly, as if he had accumulated all his strength.

Then, he punched out violently, the wind roared, and it hit the attacking demon soldier's abdomen with destructive force.

"Crack!" With a clear cracking sound, the big tree that originally required two or three people to embrace collapsed under Nero's punch. The broken trunk flew everywhere and raised a cloud of dust.

As for the attacking demon soldiers, under this terrifying force, they were almost blown into two pieces, their flesh and blood were blurred, and the fire of life was quickly extinguished.

Its eyes, full of fear and unwillingness, were finally fixed on Nero's stern face, becoming its last memory in this world.

The battle ended so quickly and brutally that everything around him seemed unusually silent. Nero stood there, panting, looking around, as if to confirm if there were any other threats.

Then he saw a bunch of demonic scarecrows jumping out.

"Oh, please."

Nero glanced in the direction of the church and had already started.

These abominable demons!

Nero was furious and bothered himself to see Gillie.

Luther pondered.

"He is indeed the most powerful cub in the Spartan family. He can kill demons with his bare hands with his brute force. It's a pity that his blood is not pure."

Luther shook his head.

Dante and Vergil are both one-half Spartan demon blood, and Nero is probably only one-quarter?

This meant that although he had awakened the demonic power due to the attack on the demonic soldiers, he was completely unable to control it.

The silly boy thought that he was infected and would turn into a demon sooner or later like the humans he dealt with. His complicated psychology made him choose to hide it.

Luther thought this was a good opportunity.

"Bang bang bang bang bang!!!"

Gunfire rang out.

A poor demon hunter with silver hair and red clothes who was watching the battle on another rooftop suddenly stopped.

But he thought about it and headed towards the church.

Nero was shocked. The next moment, he found that the demon scarecrows around him were all broken into pieces. Black bugs flew out and disappeared in the blink of an eye.

He raised his head and saw Luther, who was wearing a pure white trench coat and holding two guns in his hands.

A pair of gorgeous Sand Eagle pistols, the noble golden bodies of the guns are covered with mysterious and delicate textures, and the sharp blades under the muzzles are gleaming with cold light.

And it's also a modified version of the large Sand Eagle.

"Thanks?"

Nero looked at the other person.

"Son, I finally found you!"

After Luther put away his guns, he looked at Nero with surprise and said.

"Walter?"

Nero looked confused, wondering if he had encountered a lunatic.

"Nero, your name is Nero, right? You have short white hair."

Luther continued.

"The people at the orphanage gave me the name Nero."

Nero looked at Luther calmly and said.

Nero was an orphan since he was a child. He was found in an orphanage as a baby, wrapped in black cloth, so he was named Nero.

"I know, because I was the one who put you in the orphanage."

Luther nodded and said.

Nero didn't know what to say for a moment.

"Get out of my way, I don't have a father."

Nero was in an evasive mentality and did not intend to pay attention to Luther, a father who appeared out of nowhere.

"Nero, I'm sorry for leaving you behind for so many years. I had no choice but to put you in the orphanage in order to save your mother."

Luther said.

"Save my mother?"

Nero actually still cares about it, but he is very confused now.

"That's right, the devil in the devil world sent people to attract my attention, and then kidnapped your mother and you. After I rescued you, your mother had been taken into the devil world, so in order to save her, I I chose to go to the devil world."

Luther was talking serious nonsense.

Nero didn't know whether to believe Luther's words. He had never encountered such a complicated thing in his life.

Subconsciously, Nero longs for his family, which can be seen from Devil May Cry 5.

But this incident was so sudden that Nero was unprepared.

"I'm sorry, Nero, I couldn't save your mother."

Luther's next words made Nero break his guard.

"Why?"

Nero couldn't accept it. Since he abandoned himself and entered the devil world without hesitation, why didn't he save his mother?

"Because it's too late."

Luther said regretfully.

Nero's heart tightened.

"Is it because you saved me first?"

Nero was shaken.

"No, it's my incompetence. All the misfortunes in the world are caused by the lack of ability of the person involved. If I am strong enough, as strong as Sparta, I can save you and your mother. "

Luther said with self-pity.

Nero was at a loss because Luther was blaming himself.

"...It's not your fault, it's the devil's fault."

Nero opened his mouth and said.

"When I came back this time, I just wanted to see how you were doing. Seeing that you were doing well, I felt relieved."

Luther looked as if he was about to leave at any moment, as if he was leaving.

"You want to leave?"

Nero was a little angry.

"I shouldn't stay. In order to prevent more tragedies from happening, I'm going to kill more demons and save misfortunes. By the way, I haven't been with you since I was a child. This is a gift for you."

Luther pulled a knife from his back and threw it to Nero.

"This is?"

Nero held the sword, he had his own weapon.

The Crimson Queen is a weapon modified by Nero himself. The reinforcement system is more durable than the Caliburn commonly used by the Order, but it is also more violent. The Crimson Queen has a unique charging system that can make attacks more powerful.

The hilt of the sword has a device similar to a motorcycle handle. When pressed, a flammable liquid will be released, thereby spraying flames.

However, in the official novel, before Nero's right hand mutated, he encountered a difficult demon (actually the Strike Demon Soldier in the game) and had insufficient EX reserves. In desperation, he released EX to the maximum.

After the battle, the propulsion device burned out due to excessive use of EX. Nero sent the Crimson Queen to the technical department for repair. This is why Nero did not carry the Crimson Queen at the beginning of the fourth generation.

Now this broadsword made Nero feel special.

"This is one of my weapons, the magic sword Apophis."

Luther said.

Chapter 852: Demonic Sword Apophis

"The magic sword Apophis?"

Nero looked at the big sword in his hand. It was not only a sword, but also the embodiment of countless legends and fears. The red light flowing on the sword's body is like a trapped flame, or like the resentment after the blood has solidified. Every flash seems to tell the tragedy and glory of the past owner.

The sword body was covered with a breathtaking, if substantial, red light, so much so that Nero's hand holding the sword hilt became bloody and transparent, and the bones and blood inside were clearly visible.

"The magic sword Apophis, its ability is to absorb your anger, pain, hatred, and fighting spirit and convert it into your power. It also has a lethality that is difficult to heal. It has been my main weapon for so many years."

Luther explains to Nero the power of the magic sword Apophis.

Nero couldn't put it down. He felt that compared to the Crimson Queen, this magic sword Apophis was equally good. It was an indispensable weapon for a good warrior.

Nero's hand gently touched the blade of the sword, and the cold and hot touch made him tremble. He could feel the majestic power contained in the sword, a power that could subvert the battlefield situation and even change destiny.

However, he knew better what price was hidden behind such power.

However, he still firmly threw the sword back to Luther.

"You gave me the sword, what will you do? And I also have my own weapon."

Nero said to Luther.

Luther grabbed the hilt of the sword.

"I have other weapons."

Luther shook his head and said.

"You need it more than I do."

Nero continued.

The appearance of the magic sword Apophis and Luther's gift helped Nero untie the knot that had been in his heart for many years.

But he didn't know how to express his feelings for a while. After all, he had been used to being without a father and mother for so many years, and suddenly a father appeared.

But Luther pushed the sword gently towards him.

"Take it, Nero. You are not only my son, but also a warrior with your own path. I believe that you can control this power and make it a sharp blade to protect the world."

"I don't want it."

Nero refused.

He didn't want the sword, even though he liked it very much, but it was his father's weapon.

How could he protect himself without this sword?

"Also, don't you want to see how I've been doing these years?"

Nero said awkwardly.

"I'm doing pretty well."

Luther looked at Nero's awkward look and almost couldn't help laughing.

However, he still controlled himself and agreed to Nero's invitation to go see Jilie and Credo together.

At this moment, gunshots and the screams of many people came from the direction of the church.

"Oops, Ji Liye!"

Nero's pupils suddenly shrank and he ran towards the church.

"Hey, when you have a girlfriend, you don't need a dad anymore."

Luther shook his head, but he also knew that it was Dante who killed the Pope.

Of course, Dante was prevented from killing the pope by Nero.

According to the official novel, many years ago in the game story, the pope at that time was named Solemnis, who was the former pope of Sanctus. Sanctus was the chief of the Order of Knights at the time. In order to obtain the papal position, he poisoned Solemnis with poison. dead.

Later, he met an unknown person in the Castle of Destiny. The unknown person then left. Since then, Sanctus has developed ambitions, wanting to use the power of demons to destroy demons and achieve domination of the world.

And that mysterious man was Vergil, the son of Sparta, brother of Dante, and father of Nero.

Sanctus hopes to build a huge weapon "god" to let demons flow into the human world, turn the human world into hell, and control the "god" to destroy the demons when the human world is in chaos, so that the god Sparta believed in by the cult can be revealed to the world. The prestige allowed him and the Order to gain the trust of all mankind, creating the prospect of the Demonic Sword Order ruling the human world. He called this crazy plan "relief."

In order to realize his ideals, Sanctus began secret research. He asked his loyal subordinate Agnus to experiment on demonic power, and later developed a ritual called "Return to Heaven".

"Return to Heaven" can combine people or certain objects with demonic power to create new species. Basically, some members of the cult have accepted this ritual and they call themselves "angels", but in fact they have become demons.

If the target of "Return to Heaven" fails, he will lose his mind and will be treated as an ordinary devil by the knights of the Order. The parents of Jilie and Credo were killed by the failed believers.

The birth of the cathedral "Return to Heaven" where the Demon Sword Festival was held improved the Order to some extent, but Sanctus was not satisfied. He ordered Agnus to complete the construction of the huge weapon as soon as possible, and used a large amount of demonic material to build a weapon that looked like Sparta. The silver giant was named "The Savior" or "God".

But to activate the "Savior", a lot of magic power and Spartan blood are needed.

The beginning of Devil May Cry 4 was one day when Letty was doing her job of hunting demons. Suddenly, strange armored demons appeared collecting magic tools. They were Bianco Angelo. Letty fought them and found that they were not ordinary and ran away. .

After investigation, Letty, who was very interested in it, found out about the existence of the Devil Sword Cult. Because she felt that the matter was difficult to handle alone, she went to Devil May Cry to ask Dante for help. However, although Dante knew that the matter was related to his father, he did not care.

But Tracy, who was listening in, was very interested, so she secretly took away the three magic tools that Dante obtained in his daily work, including the Impact Steel Gilgamesh, the Disaster Weapon Pandora, and the Infinite Sword Lucifer, along with the Sword of Sparta. Dante had no choice but to accept the job.

So Dante's two women were constantly making trouble for him.

Tracy, who arrived in Fortuna, dressed up as Gloria and gave the three magic tools and the Sword of Sparta from Dante to Pope Sanctus, making Sanctus think that the time of "salvation" was coming.

Agnus used these three magic tools as energy for the small Hell Gate, and the Sword of Sparta was used to activate the "Savior".

After Dante arrived at Fortuna, he met with Tracy and learned about the Demon Sword Festival. He decided to assassinate Sanctus at that time.

Dante successfully assassinated Sanctus during the Demon Sword Festival. At the same time, he met the Knight Nero of the Order and fought with him. During the process, Nero showed the devil's hand. Dante therefore discovered that Nero had the power of the devil and felt that this magic power was unusually close.

Although Dante successfully assassinated Sanctus, Sanctus was resurrected due to the heavenly ceremony afterwards, and the leader of the Knights Credo sent his men, Nero, to hunt down Dante.

Nero was delayed because of Luther, and it was too late when he heard the gunshots and rushed there.

Chapter 853 Uncle teaches his nephew a lesson

Dante killed the Pope and several demonized knights of the Order of the Demonic Sword. He originally planned to leave but Nero arrived.

After seeing the situation at the scene, Nero was furious and waved the magic sword Apophis, which Luther had just thrown to him when he turned around and ran away.

After Nero caught it, he realized that he had to have a weapon, so he didn't refuse.

At this moment, it comes in handy.

Apophis was no longer sleeping. In an almost violent manner, it swallowed up Nero's anger and turned into that heart-stopping blood-red light.

The red light was like the most dazzling meteor in the night sky, but it also carried the shadow of death. It was shrill and intense, as if it could drip blood, dyeing everything around it with an ominous color.

It is not only a light, but also the embodiment of extreme cold, cold enough to freeze the blood in the body of the strongest warrior.

Under the illumination of this light, the space seemed to be distorted, time seemed to slow down, and everything was shrouded in an indescribable atmosphere of terror.

The sword of Apophis looks even more ferocious against the red light. It seems to be condensed from the blood and life essence of hundreds of millions of people. Every line records the killings and wails of the past, revealing a commanding force. A heart-stopping aura.

This is not just a sword, it is the embodiment of fear, the whisper of death, and its existence is the most direct threat to life.

When this force reached its peak, even the space itself felt unprecedented pressure, as if it might collapse under this force at any time.

What Apophis demonstrates is a powerful force that transcends convention and violates the laws of space. Its existence itself is a challenge to the laws of nature.

Even the faint light emitted by the gently swaying sword tip will make people's breathing become heavy and their heartbeat speed up, as if the whole world is shaking once it falls into people's sight.

"This is...what a power..."

Dante secretly marveled in his heart, even a well-informed warrior like him could not help but be shocked by the terrifying power displayed by Apophis.

That light is not only a visual impact, but also a test of the soul and will. It seems that if you take one more look, you can feel the call from the abyss, tempting the darkness and desire deep in people's hearts.

"when!"

With a deafening sound of metal collision, the rebellious sword and the magic sword Apophis fiercely clashed in the air, sparks flying like falling stars, lighting up the entire battlefield.

Two powerful forces collided head-on at this moment, causing violent vibrations in the surrounding environment, dust flying, and the air seemed to be torn apart.

"Ji Liye!"

Nero found Ji Liye in the melee. At that moment, all the noise and danger seemed to have gone away from him, leaving only the tender concern in his heart.

He quickly moved to Ji Liye's side and used his solid body to build a defense line for her.

"Nero!"

Ji Liye looked at Nero's back, her eyes full of gratitude and trust. She knew that no matter what difficulties she faced, Nero would be her most solid support.

Nero protected in front of Ji Liye. After Dante was knocked back a few steps, he looked at Nero with the great sword of rebellion.

"There's something wrong with that sword."

Dante glanced at the magic sword Apophis, and then at Nero.

There was nothing wrong with him, and for some reason, Dante always felt that Nero was very pleasing to the eye and extremely kind.

But the magic sword Apophis isolated and affected his judgment.

The extreme malice hidden deep in the sword made Dante feel extremely evil, which almost affected his judgment and killed Nero.

Faced with the chaotic situation in front of him, Credo made the wisest choice-to protect the safe evacuation of the Pope and Ji Liye.

The key to this battle is not the immediate victory or defeat, but the long-term planning and layout.

Therefore, he entrusted his trust and responsibility to Nero, believing that this young warrior could shoulder the important task of guardianship.

"I'll leave this to you, Nero!"

Credo said to Nero.

"Take Ji Liye out of here quickly!"

Nero didn't say much. The magic sword Apophis was so powerful that Nero was so excited. This was the first time he experienced such a feeling.

Credo then took Jilie away, believing in Nero's power.

"Be careful with that sword in your hand, kid."

Dante spoke only after the person left.

"Really, in my opinion, you are the one who should be careful!"

Why should I be careful with my father's sword?

Nero held the magic sword Apophis with his left hand. He was not left-handed, but because his right hand became the hand of a demon, Nero felt it was very inconvenient, so he did not use his right hand.

After all, the feel is different from before, making it difficult for Nero to adapt.

Dante smiled, he didn't mind playing with the child, and by the way, he could figure out what was going on with that unusually friendly feeling, which was intermittent and vague.

The two sides are at war with each other and are on the verge of breaking out.

Nero, a young warrior who inherited the blood of Sparta, struggled to grow up in the torrent of fate since he was a child.

His power comes from the awakening of his bloodline, a primitive and wild power that allows him to survive in a world full of dangers.

However, compared with Dante's fighting style that has been baptized in countless battles and emphasized both skill and wisdom, Nero's battle is more like an unpolished wild dance, full of uncertainties and variables.

With Nero's roar, the magic sword Apophis in his hand burst into dazzling light, and the tip of the sword pointed directly at Dante, as if to cut off all obstacles.

Seeing this, Dante smiled faintly, and that smile showed both recognition of the younger generation and expectation for the upcoming challenge.

He gently waved the rebellious blade in his hand, the legendary sword that accompanied him through countless storms, drew an elegant arc in the air, and accurately blocked the edge of Apophis.

The first collision was not only a clash of swords, but also a collision of wills and beliefs of two warriors.

Dante felt Nero's surging power, which was a kind of vitality and momentum unique to young life, which reminded him of his appearance when he was young.

However, as an experienced veteran, Dante knew that brute force alone could not defeat the real enemy.

So, he skillfully used his fighting skills to turn Nero's powerful blow into nothingness, and took advantage of the momentum to counterattack, cleverly guiding Apophis to the ground, avoiding further direct conflict.

Then, Dante's movements were like flowing water. He swung his sword down, but he did not use the blade to attack, but used the back of the sword to hit Nero with the force of a home run.

This blow was both an affirmation of Nero's strength and a profound lesson.

Chapter 854 Iron-Headed Nero

Nero didn't expect Dante to be so powerful. He was slapped on the chest by the back of Dante's sword, and his whole body hit the wall hard. Because his body was strong and elastic enough, he actually rebounded after hitting the wall with cracks. It reached another wall, then hit the wall again and cracked, and bounced to the roof.

It bounced back and forth several times before it stopped and fell to the ground.

"Hey, it must be painful."

Luther witnessed the beginning of the entire battle.

The biological uncle was ruthless, although neither Dante nor Nero knew that the other party was uncle-nephew.

"Oh, I'm sorry, kid, are you okay?"

There was a hint of joking in Dante's words, as if the blow just now was just an unintentional play rather than a life and death battle.

However, the smile on his face was like a sharp blade, making Nero feel a biting chill.

The surge of demonic power made him temporarily forget the pain in his body. Nero knew that brute force alone could not defeat an opponent like Dante. He had to be more flexible and resourceful.

Dante also sensed that Nero was abnormal, so he tested him further.

Now it seems that something is really wrong with this person.

However, Dante did not think of Virgil for a while. After all, his brother was cold and cold. No matter how many brain circuits Dante had, he would never have thought that he would have a child of his own with someone else!

"Hmph, you guy, don't underestimate me!"

Nero roared lowly, with a bit of anger and unwillingness in his voice.

Standing up again, Nero's muscles tightened, like a beast ready to go.

The magic sword Apophis in his hand made low sounds, resonating with the master's will and releasing even more violent energy.

The tip of the sword shone with an ominous light, as if it could tear through any obstacle.

When Dante saw this, a playful smile appeared at the corner of his mouth. There was recognition of Nero's perseverance in that smile, but there was also a hint of complex emotions that were difficult to detect.

Every confrontation with a powerful enemy is a challenge to his own limits, and the young man in front of him obviously has the potential to become his powerful enemy.

"Oh? It seems you don't intend to give up easily, kid."

Dante's voice is low and magnetic, and every word is like a carefully crafted note, causing ripples in the air.

"However, courage alone is not enough. You must also learn how to better use your power."

Dante said.

"Come on, let me see your true strength!"

Nero roared angrily, concentrating all his strength on this blow.

The magic sword Apophis drew a bright trajectory in the air, approaching Dante.

Dante, on the other hand, was unhurried and remained unchanged in response to all changes. His rebellious sword was like an extension of his body, and he easily defused Nero's offensive.

Dante casually "received the hair" and used the rebellious sword to catch the magic sword Apophis, and then drew a semicircle to release the power on it, but Nero suddenly shot him with a blue rose in his right hand.

“Bang bang!!!”

The Blue Rose fired two bullets almost at the same time.

One shot breaks armor and one shot kills demons. This is the blue rose modified by Nero.

As a battle master who has experienced hundreds of battles, Dante will naturally not ignore Nero's little moves.

Dante's eyes flashed with approval. He didn't expect that Nero could make such an accurate judgment and reaction in such a short period of time.

But he was used to such attacks.

Dante's eyes narrowed slightly, and then his cynical smile returned. He deflected the rebellious sword slightly, and the sword was like an invisible shield, easily intercepting two bullets.

What's even more amazing is that he used the deflection angle of the sword body to cleverly change the trajectory of the bullets, causing them to deviate from their original route, and finally hit the pillar next to them, making two loud "bang bang" sounds.

This scene not only shows his amazing swordsmanship, but also demonstrates his precise control of the battlefield environment and his ability to predict enemy attacks.

"Oh? It's interesting, but not enough."

Dante said with a smile, his words full of praise and encouragement for Nero.

Although Nero was shocked by Dante's ease, he did not give up.

He quickly adjusted his tactics, taking advantage of the flexibility and power of the blue rose, and launched alternating long-range and melee attacks with Dante.

The gunfire of the blue rose intertwined with the sword cry of the magic sword Apophis, forming a passionate battle movement.

However, is Dante an easy person?

Facing Nero's fierce offensive, instead of flinching at all, he became even more excited.

He knew very well that only such an opponent could allow him to regain his long-lost fighting passion.

So, he slowly drew out the pair of iconic twin guns - ebony and white ivory - from his back.

These two specially modified firearms not only possess an astonishing rate of fire and power, but are also closely connected to Dante's mind, as if they are an extension of his body.

In Dante's hands, they are like two flexible cheetahs, echoing each other with the rebellious sword, and jointly weaving an impeccable web of firepower.

The battle entered a fierce stage, bullets collided with each other in the air, creating dazzling sparks, and sword lights and sword shadows intertwined into a brilliant curtain of light.

Every confrontation between Dante and Nero is like the collision of two bright stars, blooming with dazzling light.

Dante's words were still unruly. He fired and teased, trying to interfere with Nero's rhythm with words, while Nero gritted his teeth and responded with all his strength, not letting Dante's words affect his judgment.

"I'm going to hit your head, your hands, your feet..."

Dante's words were a bit playful, but it also made Nero feel unprecedented pressure.

He had to concentrate to find a flaw in this intensive offensive. However, Dante's attack was as continuous as a tide, making it almost impossible to breathe.

"Shut up!!!"

Nero finally couldn't bear it anymore and roared. He had never seen a person as talkative as Dante, and he was still so talkative in the battle!

His eyes became extremely firm.

At this moment, he seemed to have forgotten all the fatigue and fear, leaving only the desire for victory.

He took a deep breath, adjusted his breathing and rhythm, and began to counterattack more accurately.

The two people's fighting styles were completely different, but they complemented each other, forming a breathtaking picture.

The sound of the Blue Rose's gunshots was crisp and rapid, like thunder in a summer rainstorm, constantly attacking Dante's defenses; and every swing of the magic sword Apophis carried a force that was enough to shake the mountains, trying to break through Dante's seemingly impeccable defense.

Dante responded with his iconic double guns - Ebony and White Ivory. The two guns seemed to have souls in his hands, and the bullets were like a woven web of death, dissolving Nero's attacks one by one.

Chapter 855: The Son of Sparta Kills the Pope

Finally, after a fierce collision, the two stopped attacking at the same time. They looked at each other with respect for their opponents and desire to win.

Dante was the first to break the silence: "Not bad, kid. You are much stronger than I thought."

Nero replied: "I haven't lost yet! Come again!"

"Sorry, that's it for today."

Dante felt someone else approaching, so he jumped and smashed the ceiling.

"etc!"

Nero fired at his figure, but missed Dante with a single shot.

Then Dante turned back to the pit.

"See you next time."

Nero didn't fire because he was out of bullets.

Without using magic power to generate bullets, his blue rose quickly consumed all the ammunition.

"How does it feel?"

A voice suddenly startled Nero.

After turning around and finding it was Luther, Nero breathed a sigh of relief.

"How about what?"

He heard Luther's words.

"We met a powerful opponent."

Luther said with a smile.

"...very strong."

Nero thought for a moment and said, Dante was so invulnerable that he felt that even if he had to do it again, even if he fought for a day, he would not be able to defeat Dante.

The difference is too obvious, so obvious that it can be seen.

"His name is Dante Sparda, the son of Sparda whom this island worships."

Luther said to Nero.

"Him? Why?"

Nero was shocked. This news was really shocking to him. Since he was the son of Sparta, why did he kill someone?

"Look at the bodies on the ground."

Luther signaled to Nero, who looked at the corpses of the Knights of the Demonic Sword Order on the ground and found that they had turned into demons without knowing when.

"How come?"

Nero's pupils shrank and he realized something.

"There is something wrong with the Demonic Sword Order."

Luther said.

"Maybe they were doing something shady in secret, and then they were discovered by Dante. Dante is a demon hunter, and he will only take action on things related to demons."

Luther continued.

"impossible....."

Nero thought of Credo. A man as upright as Credo would not be able to do such a thing.

"No matter what, I don't plan to leave so soon. I will investigate what the Demon Sword Order is doing behind the scenes."

Luther said with his hands crossed.

"...That's it."

Nero wanted to say something else, but Ji Liye had already appeared holding a long box.

"Nero!"

Ji Liye breathed a sigh of relief when she saw that Nero was safe.

"Ji Liye."

Nero rushed to greet him.

"This is your weapon. The Order has repaired it."

Jilie handed the long box to Nero.

"Crimson Queen?"

Nero was pleasantly surprised and quickly opened the box, and it turned out to be the Crimson Queen, his favorite weapon.

He then wanted to return the Demon Sword Apophis to Luther. He would then investigate the problem of the Demon Sword Order, and he needed weapons.

As a result, when I turned around, I found that Luther was gone.

This made Nero feel worried about gain and loss, and he didn't know what to say.

But he was soon attracted by the Crimson Queen.

"Have the enemies left?"

Ji Liye asked, looking around cautiously.

"Um."

Nero nodded. After learning about Dante's situation from his father, Nero knew that Dante was not a bad person.

Instead, the problem might be the Demon Sword Order. He planned to tell Credo about it and see if Credo could find out these problems.

After the incident, Credo was not idle. He immediately took the Pope to resurrect him through the death ceremony.

Agnus, the chief scientific researcher, sneered at Credo.

Credo had no reaction to this, and he didn't care about Agnas' words.

Back at the scene, Nero told him that someone in the Demon Sword Order might be conducting demonic experiments, which shocked Credo.

Then he noticed the magic sword Apophis behind Nero.

"What's going on with this sword?"

The magic sword Apophis is no ordinary sword, so it will naturally attract Credo's attention.

"This is the magic sword Apophis. It was given to me by... a friend."

Nero didn't say it was his father.

Credo stared at the magic sword Apophis, wondering if he could use this magic sword to summon demons.

But in the end, he gave up. After all, the relationship between Nero and him could be said to be as close as brothers, and the relationship with Ji Liye was not simple either.

They can be said to be a family, and Credo will naturally not put his thoughts on Nero.

The original work was also helpless because Agnus discovered that Nero was of Spartan blood.

With Credo's character, if he found out first, he would definitely help Nero hide it.

"What friend?"

Credo knew that Nero was rebellious but obedient and worried that he had made bad friends.

"How is the Pope?"

Nero avoided talking and changed the subject.

He was so blunt that Credo knew he didn't want to say anything.

"The Pope is fine, just a little injured."

Credo stopped pursuing the matter and nodded.

"Be careful about what I say, Credo."

Nero continued.

"I understand, I will investigate clearly."

Credo didn't know how to explain it for a moment.

Before Nero joined the order, Credo had already accepted the order's return ceremony and could transform into the angel Credo, although the so-called "angelization" actually turned into a seemingly holy demon.

Later, Nero joined, and he personally taught Nero swordsmanship and valued Nero's fighting ability.

He had planned to promote Nero, but was troubled by Nero's frequent disobedience and arbitrary actions.

He also thought about letting Nero undergo the ceremony of death, but he didn't know that Nero himself had demonic power.

Now that Nero has discovered this, Credo has no choice but to issue a mission and let Nero hunt down Dante.

When Nero knew Dante's identity, he naturally told Credo that Dante was the son of Sparta.

"How do you know this?"

Credo realized something was wrong.

"It's...my friend told me."

Nero looked around and said what he said.

"We still don't know the specific circumstances of this matter. We can't believe one side of the story. In short, you should hunt down the man in red first."

Credo said vaguely.

He felt that he needed to find out who Nero's friend was.

"I see."

What Nero was thinking about was to find Dante and ask him to come back and explain the matter clearly. As the son of Sparta, was he afraid that no one in the Demon Sword Order would listen to him?

When the time comes and the matter is explained clearly, the matter can be resolved, and Credo will be out of danger.

Also, my father plans to investigate the Demonic Sword Order, but I don't know how he plans to investigate.

Chapter 856 The True Genius of the Devil May Cry World

In the secret laboratory of the Sword Cult, which is hidden deep underground and little known to the public, time seems to be distorted by some unknown force, flowing slowly and full of oppression.

Here, there is an abyss where knowledge and taboos are intertwined, and it is the stage where Agnes, the head of the technical department, pursues the ultimate and crazy dreams.

Agnes stood beside the experimental table, his figure was cast by the complex and precise instruments around him, and he looked particularly lonely and resolute.

His eyes flashed with endless desire and enthusiasm for the unknown world, which was a kind of almost morbid obsession that surpassed the ordinary people's desire to explore science.

The eyes behind the monocle were as sharp as an eagle, and seemed to be able to penetrate all appearances and reach the essence of things.

However, this light of wisdom did not illuminate his frustration at the moment - another failure of the experiment was like a heavy hammer, hitting his already tense nerves hard.

"Damn it! Failed again!"

His voice was low and full of anger, and every word seemed to be squeezed out from between his teeth, with unwillingness and frustration.

The smoke from the explosion had not yet completely dissipated, and the air was filled with a mixed smell of sulfur and burning, which intertwined with the smell of chemical reagents that had accumulated in the laboratory for a long time, the stench of demon remains, and the unique cold breath of unknown metals, forming a suffocating atmosphere.

Even the most advanced ventilation system could hardly completely dispel this heaviness and oppression.

Looking around, the scene in the laboratory was even more breathtaking and frightening.

A huge metal frame supported the ceiling, and it was hung with a variety of experimental instruments, some of which flashed a faint blue light, while others were quietly sleeping, waiting for the next opportunity to be awakened.

On the weapon rack, not only the cult's iconic sharp swords were displayed, but also those strange devices that combined technology and magic. They were either as sharp as thorns or as heavy as mountains, and each one revealed unparalleled power and unknown dangers.

What is even more eye-catching are the demon corpses scattered everywhere. Some of them are complete or incomplete. Some have dried up into mummies, while others still retain their hideous appearance in life, as if they will wake up from death at any time and launch a fatal attack on the invaders.

These demons are precious materials for Agnas' research. Their blood, bones, and even souls are regarded by him as the key to a higher level of power.

He believes that as long as he can unlock the secrets behind these demons, he can master the power to change the world.

However, it is this desire for power that has put Agnas into an endless cycle.

Every failure of an experiment seems to remind him how far he is from the ultimate goal. But he has never given up. Even in the most desperate moments, his heart is still burning with an unquenchable flame.

The walls around are covered with intricate drawings, from ancient alchemy arrays to modern biotechnology gene maps, all of which show his desire for knowledge and exploration of the unknown.

There were all kinds of test tubes, medicines and broken mechanical parts scattered on the table, which were witnesses of his countless attempts and failures.

"Why? Why is this happening?"

Agnas' voice echoed in the empty laboratory, with a bit of unwillingness and confusion.

He stared at the pile of man-made demon wreckage in front of him, which he had high hopes for but eventually turned into ruins, and his heart was full of mixed feelings.

In every experiment, he devoted all his efforts and wisdom, hoping to uncover the secret of the Spartan demon bloodline and create his own power.

However, reality knocked him to the ground again and again, and that unattainable goal seemed to have become his eternal curse.

Just as Agnas was immersed in deep self-doubt, a cold and calm voice suddenly broke the silence of the laboratory.

"Because it was too rough."

This voice was like a breeze in the ice, which made Agnas suddenly come back to his senses.

He turned around quickly, his eyes were sharp, and he saw a man in a pure white windbreaker, Luther, standing leisurely at the door, his hands folded across his chest, his eyes revealing a kind of detached indifference.

Agnes was furious, and he could not tolerate anyone making light judgments on his efforts and achievements. He roared, picked up the only remaining sword demon model on the table, and swung the sword desperately.

However, this blow did not hit the target as he wished, but when it touched the invisible barrier around Luther's body, it instantly collapsed, fragments flew everywhere, and the powerful force rebounded, shattering his entire arm.

The severe pain almost made Agnes faint.

"Ahhhhh!!!"

He let out a heartbreaking scream.

Agnes was not a man of strong will, and cowardice was his character.

He gritted his teeth and covered the broken arm with his other intact hand. Blood slowly dripped through his fingers, staining the ground red.

At this moment, he finally realized the insurmountable gap between himself and Luther.

"Agnus, your technology is really amazing. You can perfectly integrate alchemy, genetic modification technology and biotechnology to create miracles such as artificial demons."

Luther said.

Agnes is a true genius in the Devil May Cry world.

The most special thing about the demons in the Devil May Cry world is that they can be transformed or even synthesized by technologies such as alchemy and genetic modification technology.

But they also have mysterious and unpredictable nature changes, so it is outrageous.

Agnus is a top master in mysticism, alchemy, and scientific biotechnology, but he can't figure out the Spartan Demon Bloodline.

The Magic Sword Cult was also lucky. Agnas found some fragments of the Dark Angel transformed by Virgil and a broken Yama Sword on the beach.

Then Agnas has been studying these things. Demons and artificial demons are just incidental. As a result, after so many years of research, he has not made any progress.

"But as I said just now, your method is too rough and ignores the essence of life."

Luther continued.

Hearing this, Agnas couldn't help but feel angry, but more confused and puzzled.

"The essence of life? What are you talking about?"

Luther shook his head gently.

"The Spartan Demon Bloodline is one of the most mysterious forces in the world and even the universe. It is not just a genetic information, but also a manifestation of a deep will and soul. You try to analyze and copy it with scientific means, but ignore the emotions, desires and choices behind this power. This approach is tantamount to fishing in a tree."

Chapter 857: Galactic Empire Recruitment

Agnus was stunned. He had never thought about his research from such a perspective. He has always been immersed in the ocean of technology, trying to conquer everything with reason, but ignoring the complexity and depth of life itself.

"Who are you?"

Agnus asked.

"A passing witcher."

Luther walked up to what he had come here for.

Luther walked slowly towards the suspended cabinet, each step appearing calm and firm. His eyes never left the broken Yama Sword, which was the treasure he had long dreamed of.

The Yama Sword is a legendary mysterious weapon that can cut off all tangible objects and open the door to hell. Its existence itself is the ultimate interpretation of power and taboo.

"This knife once belonged to Vergil, the dark knight who was tricked by fate."

Luther's voice was low and magnetic, as if he was telling an ancient and tragic story.

"He longed for power, but he lost himself because of it, and eventually went to destruction. And the Yama Sword, as a symbol of his power, also perished."

When Agnas heard this, he couldn't help but feel a surge of complicated emotions in his heart.

He was no stranger to Virgil's story, and even to an extent he had tried to replicate or surpass that power through scientific research.

However, at this moment, facing the broken Yan Demon Sword, he realized that some powers were beyond the reach of technology.

"I studied it for a long time,"

Agnus finally spoke, with a hint of exhaustion in his voice.

"But no matter how hard I try, I can't repair its cracks, let alone awaken its dormant power. It seems to be bound by a deeper curse."

Luther is most interested in the Yama Sword. For him, he is not interested in all the weapons in the entire Devil May Cry world, even the Spartan Sword that can gain the power of Sparta himself.

Because what he likes most is Yan Mo Dao.

At most, add a Pandora.

Because Yan Mo Dao is really handsome.

Luther slowly stretched out his hand, and his fingertips lightly touched the cold and ancient handle of the Yan Demon Sword. At this moment, all sounds and movements seemed to freeze in the air.

Agnus's words seemed to be cut off by an invisible force, and his eyes shone with incredible light. It was a kind of shock that transcended the boundaries of scientific cognition.

The Yama Sword, this legendary magic weapon that can cut off all boundaries, has been broken into two parts in the long river of time, lying quietly in an unnoticed corner. Until this moment, it seemed to be captured by something in Luther's body. awakened by this power.

The broken blade slowly rotated in the air, and each rotation was accompanied by traces of magical fluctuations that were difficult to detect with the naked eye. These fluctuations intertwined into a complex network, tightly connecting the two broken parts.

As time went by, these fluctuations became more intense, until finally, under the astonished eyes of everyone, the Yama Sword was rejoined in an almost miraculous way, and the blade was flawless, as if it had never experienced the pain of breakage.

This scene is not only a complete subversion of the laws of physics, but also a profound challenge to the nature of existence.

"This...how is this possible..."

Agnus's voice trembled as he tried hard to find a reasonable explanation, but all scientific theories seemed so feeble at this moment.

As a top scientific researcher, he has seen countless miraculous inventions and creations, but no one has ever left him as shocked and puzzled as he is today.

"Could it be that you have Spartan blood?"

Agnas's voice was full of speculation and uncertainty.

If Luther was indeed a descendant of Sparta, then all this would make sense.

However, Luther shook his head, his voice calm and firm: "Of course not, don't talk nonsense. It's just that my power is stronger than this knife, so I can make it recover."

When Agnas heard this, he felt even more puzzled.

He knew that there were not many people in this world who could possess such great power, and Luther was obviously one of them.

He began to re-examine the young man in front of him, trying to find more clues and answers from him.

"Use it for me, Agnus."

Luther suddenly changed the subject.

"I will provide you with material you can't imagine. It is more powerful and special than any demon you have studied."

Luther's words were full of temptation and confidence, and he believed that his proposal would be irresistible to Agnus.

When Agnas heard this, he couldn't help but feel a surge of complicated emotions in his heart.

This was indeed an irresistible temptation for him.

Agnus' goal is simple, to create more powerful demon weapons and artificial demons.

Although his scientific research capabilities have been recognized, due to limitations in resources and strength, his research has never been able to achieve breakthrough progress.

"Although your artificial demon has achieved certain results, it is only a mid- to low-level product after all."

Luther continued.

"With my help, we can create something beyond that, something truly world-shaking."

Agnus was silent for a moment, knowing that what Luther said was not groundless.

He recalled the artificial demons he had created - the Blade, the Scale Blade, the Hell Hound, and the Silver Knight.

However, although Agnas created these amazing artificial demons, he soon realized that these powers were still insignificant in front of the real strong.

For example, in the original plot, Nero, who had just awakened the Spartan bloodline, could easily defeat these seemingly powerful demons even if his bloodline purity was only one-fourth.

And what Luther promised was an existence far beyond these, a power he had always dreamed of.

"What exactly is the 'powerful and special' material you are talking about?"

Agnus asked cautiously, he needed more information to evaluate the feasibility and risks of this proposal.

Luther smiled slightly, as if everything was under control.

"It is those existences that transcend the traditional demon classification. They have more complex structures, deeper powers, and can even challenge the existing laws of the universe."

His words were full of temptation and mystery.

Agnas couldn't refuse.

"I am willing to serve you, my master."

What was the purpose of Agnas following Pope Saintis?

Wasn't it for the demon material he promised and the undisturbed laboratory as large as the entire island?

Now, Luther showed his strength, well, mainly strength.

Then there was the special material that Agnes hadn't seen.

Agnes had no choice. If he didn't agree, he would be killed by Luther.

Chapter 858 Fire Bull Belial

In this case, Agnus had no choice but to obey.

"Master, what should I do next?"

Agnus asked what Luther meant.

Should he pack up and follow Luther out of here?

"Everything remains as usual, but don't get involved in other matters involving the Demon Sword Order."

Luther said.

"yes."

Agnus nodded. He understood. He was just an undercover agent.

"Here you go, let's see if we can come up with anything interesting."

Luther threw the monster cells to Agnus.

"This is?"

Agnas suddenly became more energetic, holding his monocle with his fingers and looking closer.

Luther could tell that his monocle was probably designed to have multiple functions.

Focus, microscopy, and even vision for energy observation.

"Weird cells can stimulate a person's potential and turn them into monsters. The increase in strength varies from doubling to hundreds of times."

Luther naturally has an incomparable understanding of the weird cells, and now the essence of most things can be clearly seen in his eyes.

After all, he is already "all-knowing and all-powerful".

But this kind of omniscience and omnipotence seems narrow in the face of higher-level omniscience and omnipotence.

After hearing this, Agnas became even more excited.

"I need to study the effect of this cell on demons, Master."

He couldn't wait to start the experiment.

Luther left quietly.

Nero has been on the trail of Dante.

But Dante has already entered the Castle of Destiny. This castle is said to have been where Sparta lived, and is now the residence of the successive popes of the Magic Sword Order.

In the north of the island, there is a snow mountain, and the Castle of Destiny stands on the top of the snow mountain.

This magnificent castle, if a little weird, has two halls and some smaller rooms (interestingly, being a former Spartan domain, the castle also included a torture chamber), has a central courtyard, and even a cemetery.

The castle also has the master's bedroom, which is said to be the room where Sparta once lived.

The headquarters of the Order of the Demonic Sword is located on the west side of the castle with a waterfall that hides the forest passage.

The most important part of the castle is the secret underground laboratory, which is Agnus' territory.

Nero followed Dante's traces and came here.

Luther appears again.

"Luther!"

Nero was excited to see Luther.

"Nero, I have found out that the demons you have recently are all related to the Demon Sword Order!"

Luther said to Nero.

"What?"

Nero was very surprised. Is it related to the Demon Sword Order?

"The Demon Sword Order obtained a lot of magic tools, and then used the power of these magic tools to open a small gate to hell. They tried to capture demons to gain the power of demons."

Luther continued to address Nero.

"I see."

Nero suddenly realized, no wonder there were more and more demons recently.

"Nero, I need you to evacuate the people on the island quickly. I will solve the demons and the gate of hell on the island."

Luther said to Nero.

"etc!"

Nero was worried.

"I'll go with you!"

Nero felt that this was very dangerous and he could not let his father take the risk alone.

"Don't worry, I fought my way in and out of the demon world, so many demons are nothing to me."

Luther patted Nero's shoulder and said.

Nero was startled and felt that what Luther said made sense.

After careful consideration, he agreed to Luther's suggestion.

"You have to be careful, Luther."

Nero said awkwardly.

"I see."

Luther nodded, thinking of arranging a sad exit.

Nero turned and left. He wanted to let Ji Liye and the others leave quickly, and then turn back to help Luther.

But Luther didn't actually need to do anything. Dante was in front of him, and Luther was just doing a check-in ceremony for visiting the Holy Land.

Then Luther encountered the fire bull that Dante had just beaten away.

The prototype comes from the mythical demon Belial, who was originally the king of hell in Jewish legend in Palestine. He dominates the entire Valley of Fire in Judaism and all the dead and devils.

Fire Bull, whose real name is Belial, briefly returned to the demon world to regain his strength, and then came to the human world again.

Although it cannot be said that he has fully recovered, the reason why Belial is so eager to return to the human world is because of the humiliation he suffered previously. Beryl couldn't accept the fact that she lost to a man who was not as tall as her calf.

It must avenge its shame and compete with that man again. With this belief in mind, Belial came to the world without recovering from his old injuries.

But the man didn't appear again. Who was that man?

Belial thought in front of the doors made by those clever humans.

That man did have the power of a demon, but if he was a pure demon, Belial would not be aware of it, so Belial initially thought that the man was a human.

Or is he the child between a demon and a human? But Belial felt that such people were really rare.

Once upon a time, the demon swordsman Sparda betrayed the entire demon world, fought against them to save humanity, and then gave birth to a child with a human woman. For Belial, this was also an incredible fact.

Why do you fall in love with such a small creature like a human being? Why do you have to have a child with that kind of creature?

In the past, humans were nothing more than prey for demons. Even now that the demon world and the human world have been separated, most demons still maintain this idea, and Belial is one of them.

"Can't understand..."

Belial looked at the sky and muttered to himself. Moreover, why did Sparta betray its compatriots?

Two thousand years ago, Belial was still a weak and humble demon, but even Belial had heard rumors about the Demon Swordsman Sparta. Demon Emperor Mendes was able to rule the demon world, which can also be attributed to him. The heroic fighting of his right-hand Spartans.

Although they have never met, Belial still admires Sparta, thinking that one day he will be like him.

But Sparta became a traitor, killed many compatriots, sealed the Demon Emperor, and saved mankind.

Why did Sparta do this? Today, two thousand years later, Belial still can't understand. Therefore, in Belial's view, except for Sparta, there will be no other demons who will have children with humans.

And who is the man who seriously injured himself? Perhaps another son of Sparda? This is not impossible.

Belial had also heard about the Son of Sparta.

Although I have never seen it with my own eyes, I heard several rumors about him when I was in the demon world. He is very similar to Sparta's human mimic. He has silver hair, wears blood-red clothes, and wields a sword like Sparta, and also used a gun to seal the resurrected Demon Emperor again, and his power may have surpassed that of Sparta.

Chapter 859 The Demon with Martial Virtue

Looking back now, that man is very close to the characteristics of the rumored son of Sparta, so he is the son of Sparta - Dante.

Belial has heard rumors about Dante for some years. As long as he has human blood, his appearance will change as he grows older.

The silver hair, blood-red clothes, and the inhuman sword carried behind his back are exactly the same as the legendary Dante, son of Sparta.

"Did the Demon Emperor actually lose to this man..."

Belial couldn't help but sigh.

Belial has never really met the Demon Emperor. When the Demon Emperor was still there, Belial was just a lowly demon and was not qualified to see the Demon Emperor at all.

Today's Belial may be qualified, but the Demon Emperor has been sealed in the gap between the demon world and the human world and cannot be seen.

"Just thinking can't solve anything..."

With that said, Belial began to move forward. Now this place is full of demons. According to reports from subordinates, it is humans who have opened the door to hell.

"Despicable human beings..."

Belial looked up at the huge stone statue floating in the sky in the distance. The subordinates said that it was a god created by humans. The humans in this place summoned demons in the name of gods and then killed them.

Just as Belial thought, human beings are stupid, and what did Sparta, who rescued these stupid people, see in them?

"Pretending to be a god...do you want to rule the world...how stupid..."

Because he once worshiped Sparta, Belial never wanted to have anything to do with humans. He couldn't understand Sparta's will at all. At least, he definitely didn't lend a helping hand just to make them do such stupid things. Bar.

"you do not say....."

Suddenly, a human voice came from behind for no apparent reason. Belial turned his head hurriedly, but saw nothing.

"I'm here."

Following the sound, he turned around again, but there was still no trace.

"Well..."

Finally, Belial discovered that the person who made the sound was sitting on his tail.

"asshole.....!"

The man in the pure white trench coat sat on his tail so arrogantly. This was simply a shame for Belial!

It immediately waved its tail, and then the man appeared in front of it in a flash.

"I didn't expect Dante to let you run back to the demon world. Is it because you didn't kill anyone?"

Luther was a little surprised. He originally thought that the fire bull Belial encountered Dante first, and now he would rather die than surrender.

I didn't expect it was still there.

Belial looked at the man and gritted his teeth:

"Asshole...you bastard!"

Belial is different from ordinary demons. He is powerful and rules a place in the demon world called the Fire Hell. As a king, he will not sneak attack an existence weaker than himself, no matter how much he hates the enemy.

"Get your weapons out!"

Belial said to Luther.

"Oh, you are very martial, big guy."

Luther's eyes lit up. He admired this kind of principled person, so he didn't plan to use the Yama Sword.

He slowly pulled out a new sword from behind.

"This sword was formed by my own power, and its name is Demon Sword Luther."

Luther said with a smile.

"No matter what weapon you are holding, no matter what you take out, the result is the same...it is of no use to me!"

Belial, the fire bull, roared and pointed his sword at Luther.

Most of the magic weapons are just weapons made by demons, but some of them are transformed into the form of the demon itself, that is to say, they are the soul of the demon.

Dedicate your soul to an opponent who admits it from the bottom of your heart, and the devil will turn into a magic weapon, that's what it means.

There is only one possibility for a demon to become a magic weapon, and that is to succumb to overwhelming power. When both body and soul completely admit their defeat, this has nothing to do with the demon's own will. When the demon dies, it will change. Become a magic weapon.

Of course, there are also weapons formed by their own power, such as the giant sword in Belial's hand.

So it's not that strange for Belial.

How powerful can a mere human be?

It swung its giant sword and slashed at Luther.

Luther easily blocked the sword with his magic sword Luther.

"boom-----"

The explosion spread, and Luther remained motionless. The demon sword Luther was as stable as a mountain and as solid as a rock. Instead, the fire bull Belial's own giant sword was damaged.

"How is that possible!"

Belial, the Fire Ox, looked on in disbelief. He was very confident in his own strength, but the scene in front of him shocked him.

"Are you kidding...!"

Belial raised his head high and filled his entire body with magic power.

"Uh oh oh oh oh oh oh!"

The flames generated by Belial's body expanded as if they were going to burn out all around. Even if this move couldn't knock Luther down, he would at least retreat to avoid it.

As long as you can distance yourself, you, who has the physical advantage, will have some chance of winning.

But Luther's action made Belial completely miscalculated. He did not flinch, but flew towards him in the face of the fierce flames. Ordinary demons would be instantly burned to ashes in the fire of hell. Luther But he was not afraid and broke through the flames and came towards Belial.

"How come?"

Belial the Fire Ox couldn't understand.

"Devil Sword Luther, its ability is very simple, it is to absorb all attacks and then counterattack!"

Luther slashed with his sword, and the dark and dull sword burst out with terrible magic power at this moment.

"My power was absorbed?"

Fire Bull Belial understood instantly. His previous attack and the hellfire that erupted now were absorbed by the sword, and the power of the attack released was terrible!

Fire Bull Belial's body was instantly broken into pieces.

But it did not give up.

It still had its own dignity, as the will of the devil.

If it goes on like this, it might succumb to this man and become a magic weapon like other devils. In the face of overwhelming power, its soul will also recognize its defeat. There is nothing more humiliating than this.

"I have retreated once... There will never be a second time!"

At least use the last blow to retaliate against this man, so that you can keep your dignity.

"I Belial... I will never give my soul to you!"

Belial roared, burning the flames wrapped around his body more fiercely, and Luther just watched calmly.

When the flames filled his whole body and reached the highest density, Belial radiated the flames out of his body.

The compressed flames exploded violently, and using this power, Belial attacked Luther with his barely remaining head.

Chapter 860 The Darkness of the Cult

"bump!"

The flames touched Luther.

"You...why don't you hide away..."

Belial, whose head even began to melt, asked Luther in a hazy state. This was a blow that showed its fatal consciousness. It would be great if it could injure Luther.

But Luther had no intention of avoiding it from the beginning, which he couldn't understand.

"This is a tribute to the strong man who died generously."

Luther said.

For a moment, Beryl had the urge to dedicate everything he had to this man.

Unlike Dante who is a descendant of Sparta.

What Luther showed was recognized by Belial.

"Even if I end up defeated in the end, I feel deeply honored by fighting with you."

Therefore, Belial's soul finally turned into a magic weapon.

This is a magic weapon that was not in the original plot, which made Luther interested in collecting it.

When he held the light, the magic tool appeared in his hand.

Unexpectedly, it is a gun-type magic tool. The shape is very similar to the double-barreled gun of the male gun in LOL, except that the muzzle is much larger and the gun body is covered with flame patterns.

"Lord of the Hell, Belial!"

This is the name of this magic cannon. Its ability is very simple. When it is injected with magic power, it can fire explosive bullets that will explode when it hits. It can also spray hell fire with a temperature of thousands of degrees to burn the target.

"In Ace Combat, it seems that you can use the reaction force of this magic cannon to fly?"

Luther was very satisfied with this magic cannon.

If Belial turned into a knife or a sword, Luther would be lost to Nero at most.

It's more appropriate now.

Such violent shapes and weapons are so fun.

At this time, the entire island fell into a tense atmosphere because of Dante's intrusion.

After Pope Sentis was resurrected, the first thing he did was to catch Dante. This was a golden opportunity, but Dante came running over himself.

However, when the plan started, he realized how difficult it was.

Dante was so powerful that he destroyed most of the demons even if he was just playing without taking it seriously.

As for the pursuit of the Demon Sword Order, Dante did not take it seriously. Instead, all the people inside who had undergone the death ceremony were killed by Dante.

Upon seeing this, Credo personally led the team to arrest Dante. This matter was hidden from Nero. After all, Nero still thought there was a misunderstanding between them and Dante.

Only Credo knew it was not a misunderstanding.

But he didn't explain it to Nero, so he just let Nero continue to immerse himself in the beauty.

Nero no longer cares about where Credo is. He found many demons on the island, confirming his father's words.

Someone is summoning demons and studying demons!

At the lowest level of the cult headquarters, low-level personnel like Nero are never allowed to enter.

Nero used to find it incredible that it was built there but refused to let people in or get close to it. So what was the point of such a place? The reason that only cadres can be allowed in and out is too far-fetched.

Therefore, most people think that there is something shameful about the upper echelons of the sect, such as preaching abstinence to the outside world but living a promiscuous private life behind the scenes, or using the money raised from donations to do bad things, and so on.

And Nero's unfounded guess turned out to be a fact. No, if it was just an evil thing of this level, it wouldn't be so nerve-wracking.

Along the way, Nero saw all kinds of things, the most terrifying of which was a room with countless cages on display. Each cage was numbered, and contained demons of different shapes like experimental animals. Also half of the body is human, and the other half is really demonic.

"They...are not demons?...Could it be..."

Nero remembered what Credo had said, that people chosen by God would evolve into angels. So what would happen to those people if they were not chosen by God?

The people in this cage have given clear answers.

Nero passed by cages one after another, but they didn't say anything. Is it because it would be useless if they did?

Or is it because I can no longer make a sound?

The longer he stayed here, the more terrifying Nero felt. He wanted to get out of here quickly, but when he got close to the exit, he stopped in front of a cage.

"Are you, Tonio...?"

The left half of his body had turned into the appearance of a beast, but this person was indeed Tonio. Nero put his face close to the cage and looked at him carefully, but Tonio shrank to the other side of the cage as if he was frightened.

This man who would smack his lips and taunt him every time he saw Nero was now trembling like a small animal. Nero looked at the connected numbered cages. The creatures inside no longer looked human.

"That person over there...can't be Sagan..."

Tonio and Sagan have been practicing hard since the incident a month ago. At that time, they should have been ordinary human beings. After the incident, Nero also met them several times, but Nero's right hand But there was no reaction, and their appearance did not change.

"This is...what the hell happened...!"

Nero was so angry that he couldn't help but punch the cage. Tonio inside made a cry that he couldn't describe. When he realized that this person was no longer the Tonio that Nero knew, Nero felt nothing but grief. There is nothing we can do outside.

Nero didn't know what happened to them. Maybe Tonio, who wanted to gain power, took the initiative to ask for help, maybe he was deceived by Agnus's rhetoric, or even was cast some strange magic without knowing it.

Either way, Nero felt a strong sense of indignation against the Order.

Nero did not like Tonio and Sagan, and they certainly did not like Nero.

Nero doesn't like to stick to the rules and loves to be chaotic. Because he grew up with Credo, he won't be punished too harshly. Tonio and Sagan must have disliked Nero.

The closeness of Nero and Ji Liye may be one of the reasons. They have special feelings for Ji Liye, and Nero, as a bystander, can see it clearly.

However, Nero is close to Ji Liye, which means that her parents like Nero very much and raise him as a family member. Moreover, Nero does things regardless of the consequences. Ji Liye, who loves to worry, always pays special attention to Nero. That's all.

Thinking of this, Nero laughed.

"No, it's not like that...it's not like that..."

Nero whispered, Tonio looked at Nero with a strange look in his eyes and said nothing.

"Being raised like family, this excuse is too cliché... Of course, Ji Liye's parents are indeed very good to me... But, even if this were not the case, I would probably value Ji Liye very much... Just like you..."