

## **Menu 1181**

Chapter 1181: No Regrets in the Moves Made!

Whoosh!

It was like the wind, blowing through the shattered void.

Hanakaiin Itsuki, Hanakaiin Haru, Tsuchimikado Motoharu, Komichi Yuhachi, and Hu Qiandai were instantly immobilized.

Suppression!

Absolute suppression!

A suppression at the level of existence itself!

As if facing a natural predator, a deep-seated fear involuntarily took root in their hearts, along with trembling and dread.

And then...

It began to grow, quickly.

Even Tsuchimikado Motoharu, who always wore a smile, now had a pale face.

He fixed his eyes firmly on that broken void.

He gazed at the massive figure, slowly approaching the fractured space.

"You... do you realize what you've done?"

Under the immense pressure, Tsuchimikado Motoharu's voice faltered, but he still managed to stammer out the words.

"I do."

"Summoned a monster... to destroy the world."

Hanakaiin Rō said with a smile.

At this moment, Hanakaiin Rō was also being suppressed.

Yet, the Family Head of the Hanakaiin still smiled.

A bright, jubilant smile.

"Are you insane?"

Hu Qiandai asked.

To the heiress of the Uesugi Family, this was utterly inconceivable.

As the head of the Hanakaiin Family, he was intent on destroying the entire world?

Such a person could only be a born madman—there was no other explanation.

In her era, there were many such lunatics.

Back then, amidst scarcity of resources and relentless catastrophes, certain “doctrines” gained traction, nourishing evil cults. Time and again, she had battled those scoundrels and pitiful zealots.

But that was then.

Now?

Resources were plentiful, and as long as you worked hard, you wouldn't starve.

You could even live rather well.

Why would lunatics like this still appear?

Especially a madman from such a distinguished family?

Hu Qiandai couldn't understand.

Neither could anyone else around them.

None of them could fathom why Hanakaiin Rō did what he did.

Seeing their collective bewilderment, Hanakaiin Rō's smile only grew brighter.

Let them be confused.

It didn't matter.

Because he had succeeded.

That was enough.

"You want to strip the 'Mystical' of its mystery, to unveil the 'Inside World' for everyone to see, don't you?"

Suddenly, Komichi Yuhachi spoke up.

Hanakaiin Rō looked at the young Onmyoji with surprise.

"You can divine that too?"

Hanakaiin Rō asked curiously.

"Not entirely divination, just a bit of reasoning as well."

"You are the head of the Hanakaiin Family, and also the Leader of 'Blossom Cherry.' Combining the two, some conclusions are natural."

"And then

"You're deeply dissatisfied, aren't you?"

Komichi Yuhachi suddenly asked.

"Oh? And what else have you deduced or divined?"

Hanakaiin Rō asked with a smile.

"The advent of gunpowder made you feel utterly resentful, didn't it?"

Komichi Yuhachi asked in a deep voice.

The moment those words were spoken, everyone's eyes turned toward Hanakaiin Rō. Tsuchimikado Motoharu's expression grew thoughtful, while Hanakaiin Haru and Hanakaiin Itsuki appeared as though they had pieced something together.

Even Hu Qiandai's face was filled with disbelief.

Only Hui Lijing looked slightly bewildered.

This unique expression caught Hanakaiin R's attention.

"When you first learned about the 'Mystical Side' and the 'Inside World,' were you ever afraid?"

Hanakaiin Rō suddenly asked.

"Yes, I was afraid."

"Jason mentioned to me that this is a world of jungle law."

"A single mistake here could truly lead to death."

Hui Lijing nodded honestly.

"Indeed. Anyone facing a foreign world would feel fear. But when confronted with gunpowder weapons, they wouldn't—people only think of them as tools, only fear the person holding the gun."

"As for the firearms themselves?"

"Many people genuinely admire them."

Hanakaiin Rō sighed, and then asked again, "When you gained mystical, transcendent power, did you feel joy?"

Hanakaiin Rō questioned Hui Lijing once more.

Her answer remained the same.

"Yes, immense joy!"

"I was delighted!"

Seeing the sincerity in Hui Lijing's expression, Hanakaiin Rō smiled again.



"That's good."

After speaking, the head of the Hanakaiin Family raised his head, gazing at the shattered void in the distance.

The invisible wind swept through his cloak.

The green hair tie fluttered wildly.

"Hey! You bastard!"

"Destroying the world? Spouting such far-fetched words, just to fully expose the 'Mystical Side' and the 'Inside World,' forcing everyone to accept it, making it as commonplace as gunpowder weapons?"

"Don't think too highly of yourself!"

"Do you really think everything will go according to your plans?"

Hanakaiin Itsuki shouted lowly at the Family Head.

"A gas explosion? That excuse won't cover it, over there!"

Tsuchimikado Motoharu pointed toward the shattered void.

A gas explosion wouldn't reach the heavens.

Especially not on this scale—with such height and magnitude, the entire Kinki region would be able to see it.

This was beyond explanation by any conventional measure.

What's more!

The opponent's preparations extended far beyond that.

"He's truly calculated everything—haven't you noticed that none of those old-timers from the 'Inside World' have shown up recently?"

"Without their interference, this kind of plan might actually work."

"Of course, it's undeniable that he's also a madman."

Tsuchimikado Motoharu remarked.

Those old-timers?

Hanakaiin Itsuki froze.

Indeed!

He really hadn't seen those pesky old folks recently. At first, he thought it was due to some issue like the "Flag of Fear" keeping them occupied, leaving them no time to target him.

But now, it seemed Hanakaiin Rō had orchestrated something else entirely.

Chapter 1182: s No Regrets on the Move! (2)

"Madman?"

"I admit it!"

"I even call myself a madman!"

Hanakaiin Rō withdrew his gaze; he wanted to shrug his shoulders.

But under the invisible pressure, he simply couldn't do it.

All he could do was sigh again and begin to speak—

"They've obstructed the 'Inside World' again and again."

"They've tarnished the glory of the Transcendent time and time again."

"So, I asked them to leave temporarily."

"And after that?"

"When they came back, they probably hated me enough to want me dead—absolutely pathetic. A group of people clearly capable of changing everything, of making the 'Inside World' flourish, but instead clinging desperately to outdated traditions."

"Do you know what those old folks said after I dared to suggest that the 'Inside World' should emerge into the public view, like gunpowder had, and rise to prominence?"

The strength of the 'Inside World' lies in its mystique. Without mystery, it will no longer be strong!"

"Strong?"

"This increasingly dwindling 'Inside World' they actually call that strong?"

"What an absurd act of self-deception!"

"With our legacy and resources, how long does it take for a member of the 'Inside World' to grow up? Ten years? Twenty years? And what about the catalytic power of firearms? It takes merely three months, perhaps even less, to train a competent sharpshooter!"

"One-on-one, the 'Inside World' members are unbeatable!"

"But what happens when the opponent becomes ten? A hundred?"

"The 'Inside World' members will absolutely die."

"Even in such circumstances, they still claim that 'mystique' equals strength."

"It's truly laughable!"

Like unloading an avalanche of emotions, Hanakaiin Rō spoke rapidly, his face flushing as he grew more agitated. But quickly, he calmed himself down.

"If things don't change, the 'Inside World' will perish."

"It'll take its former glory and enter the grave together!"

"I don't want that, so I joined 'Blossom Cherry' to become its new Great Leader. I hoped for change—I hoped to give the 'Inside World' a chance to rise again."

"But... it's too difficult."

"So difficult it leaves me feeling hopeless."

"Accomplishments, stubborn ideas—not just the people of the 'Inside World,' but even those of the 'present world,' are the same."

"To make both sides peacefully accept one another—it's simply impossible."

"So, I ultimately chose an extreme measure."

Hanakaiin Rō spoke slowly.

"An extreme measure?"

"Destroy the world?"

Hui Lijing stared at Hanakaiin Rō, incredulous.

"Only in the wake of an apocalyptic disaster, after surviving it, will the people of the 'present world' truly value the secret technique and heritage of the 'Inside World.'"

"Only after surviving an apocalyptic disaster will the people of the 'Inside World' realize that their current numbers make it impossible to withstand such large-scale calamities—expanding their ranks will become a necessity."

"Only then will both sides be able to communicate."

"At first, there will likely be conflicts and struggles."

"But eventually

"It will lead to the golden era I've been longing for!"

Hanakaiin Rō answered calmly. Under the moon's light, a layer of radiance appeared on his face.

Devotion?

Fervor?

None of these words quite captured the essence of Hanakaiin Rō at this moment.

It was the idealism found only in a martyr.

Even if...

He was truly insane.

Hanakaiin Haru, Komichi Yuhachi, and Hu Qiandai furrowed their brows as they looked at Hanakaiin Rō in this state.



They wanted to say something but, in the end, said nothing at all.

Tsuchimikado Motoharu, on the other hand, exhaled a sigh of admiration.

"Worthy of praise."

"It's just a shame you're so foolish."

Tsuchimikado Motoharu lamented with a hint of regret.

"Coward!"

"If those old fogeys are standing in your way, why didn't you just take them out?"

"Why resort to such a method?"

"Do you even realize how many people that thing you unleashed into the 'present world' will implicate?"

Hanakaiin Itsuki angrily berated.

"I do!"

"I wanted to do as you said!"

"But I couldn't wait any longer!"

"Because

"I'm scared that decades from now, I'll become just like those old folks—a person who compromises on everything, who goes with the flow for the sake of convenience."

Hanakaiin Rs response left Hanakaiin Itsuki momentarily speechless.

He glared at his Family Head.

For the first time, he realized how despicable his Family Head truly was.

Even more despicable than he could've ever imagined.

"Bastard!"

Hanakaiin Itsuki cursed once more.

"Is that so?"

Hui Lijing sighed as well. Then, she stepped in front of Hanakaiin Rō.

This action instantly grabbed everyone's attention.

She moved?

Why was Hui Lijing still able to move?

"You?"

Hanakaiin Rō looked at her in shock, instinctively opening his mouth. But—

Whoom!

The dandelion slammed down.

Not on his head, but just in front of his nose. The immense force of the blast tore Hanakaiin R's headscarf to shreds, sending his long hair flying wildly in the gust.

His face stung sharply.

Tiny streams of blood began trickling out.

And Hui Lijing's voice cut through clearly.

"Although I've heard everything you've said, Hanakaiin Rō, I still don't really understand what's happened to you, nor can I persuade you otherwise, as I haven't experienced any of it myself."

"I'm not qualified to offer you words of comfort, let alone forgiveness."

"But what I do know is this!"

"In the Kinki region, I have friends!"

"I want to open my door each day and see Rock Boss lounging in his chair."

"I want to see Cherry bringing her little friends to my shop for Pudding at dusk."

"I want to see Cherry's grandfather chuckling cheerfully as he follows behind."

"I want to see Jason sitting in the corner of my shop, devouring food like he always does."

Chapter 1183: s No regrets in making a move! (3)

"So, I won't allow anyone to destroy these!"

"If anyone dares to ruin them

"I'll defeat them!"

As if her words were an oath, Hui Lijing became more earnest than ever before.

A strange aura began to surge from her.

Deep within Hui Lijing's heart, 'Yingcao' felt her resolve and immediately voiced its intent.

'Lijing!'

'We'll face this together!'

'I will give it my all!'

'Yingcao' declared.

"Alright!"

Hui Lijing replied.

Then, the female detective turned and charged toward the shattered void ahead.

Even though the monster emerging from the void was terrifying!

The aid needed to confront the monster was immense!

Still, she meant every word she said!

She would protect her city.

She would defend her friends.

For this!

She was willing to risk everything!

Watching Hui Lijing's retreating back, Hu Qiandai trembled all over.

It wasn't fear.

It was exhilaration.

It was the thrill of encountering a kindred spirit.

Where loyalty drives—

Countless deaths would not deter!

The resonance in Hu Qiandai's heart instantly triggered a transformation throughout her body.

A blue and white armored skirt replaced her original clothing.

The banner inscribed with the character fluttered proudly in the wind.

'Himezuru Ichimonji' emitted a vibrating sound.

"Lijing, wait for me!"

Regaining her ability to move freely, Hu Qiandai immediately gave chase.

"Oh dear, letting two ladies charge into battle like this—how very ungentlemanly of me!"

Tsuchimikado Motoharu remarked, as a faint mist began to envelop his body.

When the mist dissipated, a pair of fox ears appeared atop his head, and three fluffy tails unfurled behind him.



A fox!

Seeing the light whiskers on Tsuchimikado Motoharu's face, everyone thought the same thing.

"This appearance isn't very flattering."

"But at times like this, such concerns hardly matter."

As Tsuchimikado Motoharu spoke, his silhouette flickered and vanished.

Along with him disappeared Hanakaiin Haru.

This young Onmyoji unleashed that special energy behind him once again, but this time, it surged inward rather than outward.

"Second gear!"

With those softly spoken words, Hanakaiin Haru disappeared into the shadows.

Clearly the last to set out, yet he was the fastest to arrive.

Caw! Caw!

Frost spread outward, forming a layer of armor over Hanakaiin Itsuki.

A sword forged entirely of ice manifested alongside him.

This notorious young Onmyoji pursued without a word.

He didn't like this place.

But the milk tea shops he loved were here.

His cherished friends were also here.

To swing the sword of despair, armored by the memories of the departed!

He would not allow more things he disliked to happen.

If anyone dared to stop him—

Strike!

The crowd dispersed, leaving behind only the bewildered Hanakaiin Rō and Xiaolu Youfeng.

What was happening?

Wasn't everyone suppressed?

Why was everyone suddenly moving freely again?

Hanakaiin Rō pondered as he turned his gaze to Xiaolu Youfeng.

The divination specialist Xiaolu Youfeng flashed an awkward but polite smile.

"Unlike them, I'm just an ordinary Onmyoji."

Xiaolu Youfeng said matter-of-factly.

Hanakaiin Rō accepted this explanation without protest.

Then, Xiaolu Youfeng simply closed his eyes, two chess pieces appearing in his palm without anyone noticing.

One black, one white.

As soon as the chess pieces appeared, they flew toward the shattered void.

"Do not greed for victory, yet do not falter."

"Tōru, it's up to you now."

Xiaolu Youfeng murmured softly.

He continued to smile awkwardly yet courteously as he faced Hanakaiin R's wide-eyed stare.

"This isn't me."

"It's Tōru."

Despite the explanation, Hanakaiin Rō remained entirely unconvinced.

Far away, Hanakaiin Tōru, who had been sitting cross-legged with eyes shut tight, opened his eyes the moment the chess pieces flew out.

He raised his right hand high, pressing his middle finger upon his index finger as if pinching an invisible chess piece.

Then, he struck downward—

Snap!

"Tengen. Heaven and earth united!"

Chapter 1184: Finally Entering the Present World!

Crack!

The chess piece landed.

At the void rift, strands of lines began to spread.

Vertical, 19 lines.

Horizontal, 19 lines.

361 intersection points emerged along the grid, and at the very center, a single white chess piece was already embedded there.

Precisely at the core of the void rift.

The swift-moving crowd looked up.

They saw that the previously expanding rift had actually stopped.

The white chess piece radiated a luminous brilliance.

Under its glow, the black void ceased to expand.

Moreover, it even began to contract bit by bit.

Though the speed didn't match the rapid expansion when the rift initially appeared, they could clearly discern that the fissure was shrinking.

"Tōru!"

At the forefront, Hanakaiin Haru curled his lips into a grin.

He knew it. Hanakaiin Tōru would never disappoint.

Not before.

Not now.

"That guy!"

Clad in Frost Armor and wielding a Frost Longsword, Hanakaiin Itsuki curled his lips in disdain.

Though reluctant to admit it, Hanakaiin Tōru was indeed stronger than he was.

Hah.

Tsuchimikado Motoharu let out a faint chuckle, his gaze fixed on the chess piece in the void, eyes filled with caution.

Had Hanakaiin Tōru truly grown so powerful?

Sealing a void rift — even those elder beings would have to work together to barely accomplish such a feat, wouldn't they?

Could he become a significant threat to the lord?

Tsuchimikado Motoharu pondered deeply.

"Impressive!"

Hu Qiandai voiced her admiration without reservation.

During her era, there were strong individuals.



Quite a few, in fact.

Not to mention her arch-enemies — even those rivals vying for “the world,” each of them had been dazzling in their own right.

But even if those people from her era appeared in this modern age, how many could reach the level of Hanakaiin Tōru, Hanakaiin Haru, Hanakaiin Itsuki, Tsuchimikado Motoharu, or her dear friend?

So few!

Hanakaiin Tōru needed no further explanation; the move before their eyes, “Tengen. Great Unity,” only reminded her of the infamous “Devil King,” who had mysteriously vanished in a blaze.

Hanakaiin Haru and Hanakaiin Itsuki? At the very least, they were on par with legends like Honda, Sanada, or Keiji.

Give them time, and they would undoubtedly reach those heights.

As for Tsuchimikado Motoharu?

She inexplicably thought of Hanzo, the brilliant strategist who had dedicated everything to his lord.

Though entirely unrelated, as soon as she laid eyes on Tsuchimikado Motoharu, he reminded her of that genius tactician.

However, none of that mattered.

What mattered was her friend.

No hesitation.

Only relentless charge.

That unyielding figure pressed forward without pause.

She couldn't pinpoint who her friend resembled, yet somehow, they resembled many.

Those who risked their lives to uphold the conviction of "justice" within their hearts.

At this moment, Hui Lijing's silhouette overlapped with those countless figures.

Roar!

A deafening screech.

Transmitted from the void into the mortal realm.

That colossal figure noticed the changes in the rift, its previously languid movements instantly accelerating.

Eight heads, writhing like demonic tendrils, flailed incessantly.

Quick!

Even quicker!

Within mere moments, that immense shadow truly closed in on the void rift.

One of its eight heads eagerly rammed toward the white chess piece embedded in the rift.

Though no sound of piercing air was heard, everyone witnessing it felt the tremor deep in their hearts.

Like a landslide!

That was what they felt within.

And at this very moment—

"Daija. Demonic Transformation!"

Hanakaiin Tōru's voice resonated once again.

Crack!

Simultaneously, a black chess piece was placed at the corner of the board.

The black piece landed, its brilliance shimmering, interlacing with the glow of the white piece.

Then...

The chessboard shifted.

Dragging the fractured void rift, it moved.

Boom!

The immense head that lunged forward collided directly with the crystalline wall of the true void.

Pain!

The pain inflicted by its own strength!

The pain caused by the counterforce of the crystalline wall!

It drove the colossal monster to roar furiously.

But no one could hear it.

Only—

"Cough, cough."

Hanakaiin Tōru coughed continuously.

"Tōru, are you alright?"

Hanakaiin Ra worriedly knelt halfway before his older brother.

This young onmyoji knew his brother was powerful, but he had never imagined that his brother could be this formidable — capable of sealing a ruptured void.

And even relocating the rift.

Yet...

The cost was not trivial!

Hanakaiin Ra could clearly sense the change in his brother's aura.

It wasn't a favorable one.

"I'm fine."

"Still able to hold on for a while."

Hanakaiin Tōru responded, his tone calm as he gazed towards the shattered void.

There, the massive, deity-like creature roared unrelentingly.

Eight heads, sixteen eyes glaring fiercely in their direction.

It had noticed him.

No!

It had fixated on him!

This unexpected turn had drawn the monster's attention to this insignificant ant.

"What an honor."

Hanakaiin Tōru smiled faintly, remarking before placing another chess piece.

Crack!

Crack-crack!

Three pieces in succession.

White chess pieces began to appear within the void, accelerating the fissure's restoration.

The deity-like monster roared again and lunged forward.

Another black piece landed, shifting the fissure once more.

This time, it narrowly avoided one of the monster's eight heads.

The remaining seven heads, already prepared, surged toward the newly relocated fissure.



Crack!

Another black chess piece landed, the fissure moved again.

Three of the monster's heads slammed into the void crystal.

Yet the remaining four heads continued advancing.

They raced towards the fissure once more.

Crack!

Chapter 1185: Finally Entering the Modern World! (2)

A black chess piece fell again, and Hanakaiin Tōru's face had already turned extremely pale.

The monster's charge missed once more.

Three of its heads failed to turn in time and directly crashed into the crystalline wall of the void. Yet one remaining head did not—it seized the opportunity and once again surged toward the breach.

Hanakaiin Tōru raised his hand, ready to make a move.

But his empty, weary body made even such a normally simple action difficult.

The chess piece... ultimately, it did not fall.

Spurt!

With the sound of blood being coughed up, Hanakaiin Tōru collapsed to the ground.

"Tōru, brother!"

Hanakaiin Ra cried out in alarm, rushing to hold his elder brother.

At that moment, without Hanakaiin Tōru's interference, the massive head heavily collided with a white chess piece.

Boom!

A deafening uproar.

It was like the crack of thunder.

The three white pieces that had fallen earlier shattered directly.

Even the white piece at the center only lasted a moment before it was shattered by the monster's next strike.

Having shattered the white piece occupying the center, the monstrous head did not stop—it broke through into the real world.

It spanned the void.

It entered the realm of humanity—truly.

The air it had yearned for.

The taste it had longed for.

It could not help but let out a joyous roar.

Hiss!

It sounded like the hiss of a serpent, yet it also resembled a hum.

The sound was clear as it reached the real world, heard by everyone in the Kinki region.

Every single person instinctively recoiled.

Terror!

Uncontrollable, it spread like a contagion.

And when they raised their heads to see that enormous snake's head descending from the sky like a mountain peak, each person fell helplessly to the ground.

"H-how can this be?!"

Members of the Inside World stammered nervously.

"Impossible! This can't be happening!"

Leaders in the real world groaned powerlessly.

And the ordinary people?

All that was left were cries of despair.

"Is this the end of the world?"

Urashima, seated in the passenger seat, stared wide-eyed.

"Something like that,"

Ryosuke muttered as he let go of the accelerator. The car that had been speeding toward the Hanakaiin Family estate slowed and pulled off the road.

The middle-aged police officer was sweating profusely.

Such a simple action as stopping the car had become incredibly difficult.

Ryosuke knew that if not for his twice-enhanced abilities, the car would likely have already careened into a gorge.

This was no baseless guess.

Looking behind him, vehicles belonging to the “Zero Division” were piled up chaotically, many of them indeed having flipped into ravines.

But there were no cries of anguish.

No calls for help.

Every gaze was fixed on the skies above the Hanakaiin Family’s land.

On every face was the expression of helpless despair.

"Are we going to die?"

Urashima asked in a trembling voice.

"I don't know."

Ryosuke answered honestly.

At the sight of that colossal snake's head, Ryosuke's thoughts froze—an overwhelming sense of fear from the depths of his soul rendered him incapable of coherent thought.

Even controlling his own body became a problem.

With shaking hands, he reached into his pocket.

A cigarette was placed between his lips.

Click!

A spark ignited.

The cigarette lit.

Ryosuke took a deep drag, exhaling smoke, before slumping helplessly into the driver's seat.

"Maybe there's one thing left to do."

The middle-aged officer murmured.

"What's that?"

Asked the younger officer.

"Pray!"

"Pray that Jason can work a miracle!"

After uttering those words, the middle-aged officer once again looked toward the skies over the mountaintop.

Meanwhile, far away in the city at Tongshou Temple, the wandering Onmyoji gazed at the sky as well.

He gritted his teeth just to avoid collapsing.



"How could such a being appear here?"

"Wasn't it just a legend?"

The wandering Onmyoji muttered to himself.

"Legends are always built upon the foundations of truth."

The elderly monk of Tongshou Temple replied softly.

The wandering Onmyoji turned to see the monk, who had donned a tattered robe and held a staff worn bare of its golden lacquer. He gazed calmly toward the distant void.

"Master?"

The wandering Onmyoji was taken aback.

"I'll return soon."

"If I don't, just help me leave this place to Jason."

"If this useless old monk can still be of use at a critical moment, then that would be wonderful."

The old monk spoke with a smile.

Calm, yet conflicted.

Ultimately, he chose to follow his heart.

His heart told him he must go.

Even if he couldn't accomplish much, just appearing at that location would represent his stance.

Even if it was merely to block the monster momentarily for those people.

Step, step-step.

The old monk pushed open the temple doors, nodding to the stationary wandering Onmyoji before shutting the door behind him.

Turning, he strode forward.

As though it were a normal day.

A faint golden glow radiated from the monk's body.

Dim.

Barely perceptible to others.

But the monk himself?

Could not see it.

Or perhaps, his full attention was fixed on the monumental snake's head.

"Waaaaah!"

Cherry screamed endlessly in fear, while her parents were utterly lost, unable to act.

"Cherry, don't cry."

"Don't worry."

"It'll all be fine very soon."

Cherry's grandfather soothed the trembling child, then stood up to leave.

At that moment, Cherry grabbed her grandfather tightly.

Cherry's grandfather smiled.

He lowered his head to stroke his granddaughter's hair.

"Your grandfather used to be strong back in the day."

The familiar words seemed to carry magic, calming Cherry as her sobbing ceased. She watched her grandfather step toward the closet in the corner of the room, where he retrieved a tight yellow suit and a flowing white cape.

Snap!

With a crisp motion, the cape covered his frame.

When Cherry next saw her grandfather, he was already dressed in the yellow suit, red gloves on his hands, and the cape draped across his shoulders.

"I'll be back soon."

Cherry's grandfather said, his figure disappearing from the room.

Only the open window remained, letting in gusts of the night breeze.

In the breeze echoed the triumphant roars of the monster.

Though it had only brought one head into the world.

It would soon force the rest of its heads in, followed by its body.

And then?

It would ravage this long-lost land.

But before all that—

As the first of eight heads to break through, it intended to savor its first taste here.

The girl holding the dandelion looked appetizing.

Though small in size.

She should taste better than that man closest to it.

Of course!

More importantly, it hated dandelions.

For reasons unknown, every time it saw one, it felt an unbearable pain like being struck repeatedly by a 10-ton weight.

But that was just an illusion.

Right now, it was simply hungry.

It needed to eat.

"Be honored to be devoured by me, insect!"

With such words, its tongue lashed toward Hui Lijing.

"Dodge quickly!"

Hanakaiin Haru leaped backward, shouting a warning to the detective.

But the detective paid no heed.

Her gaze was locked firmly on the approaching gigantic snake's head. She held her dandelion to the side, letting the fluffy head droop to the ground, causing cracks to form in the stone surface below.

One!

Hui Lijing took a deep breath, gathering her strength.

Two!

The massive snake head drew closer; Hui Lijing gripped the dandelion tightly.

Three!

The enormous head was right upon her; Hui Lijing swung the dandelion upward.

The fluffy dandelion struck the monster's lower jaw with precision.

Then—

Boom!



In the deafening sound that followed.

Under everyone's astonished gaze.

The colossal snake's head, like a mountain peak, was sent recoiling skyward.

A continuous, anguished howl emanated from it.

This, this...

How was this possible?

Everyone stood dumbfounded.

Even Hui Lijing felt the same.

She admitted she had struck the creature hard, but this kind of agonized response seemed excessive.

Instinctively, Hui Lijing lifted her head to look at the massive snake's head, and there she saw a figure standing on top of it.

The female detective exclaimed with surprise—

"Jason!"

Chapter 1186: Extra Large and Extra Amount of Late Night Snacks!

Hearing the shout from the female detective, Jason nodded in acknowledgment. Then... he gazed at the 'food' in front of him with an indescribable hunger in his eyes.

Gurgle, grrrr.

The rumbling of his stomach had long since turned into a continuous roar.

Gulp, gulp.

The excessive secretion of saliva made Jason swallow incessantly.

"Thank goodness I didn't give up. Finally, you're here."

Jason whispered.

In those hunger-filled eyes was a glimmer of relief.

He had almost given up just moments ago.

But luckily,

Everything had taken a turn!

After clearing out the outer areas of the Hanakaiin Family's territory, Jason darted toward the core of the black mist without stopping.

The scent of food suddenly became faint and elusive, filling Jason with an uneasy premonition.

Thus, Jason pressed forward with all his might.

But soon, he was forced to halt.

A defensive forcefield blocked his way.

Without hesitation, Jason raised his blade and struck.

Bam!

The forcefield in front of him wavered back and forth under the impact.

Bang bang bang!

Crack!

After three consecutive strikes, the forcefield shattered before him.

However, Jason still couldn't advance.

Because inside that forcefield, there was yet another pristine defensive forcefield.

Jason frowned.

A troubling hypothesis surfaced in his mind.

But he didn't stop moving.

With another strike of his blade,

After several more hits, the defensive forcefield shattered.

And Jason's uneasy hypothesis was confirmed.

Yet another pristine defensive forcefield appeared within.

"So it's a layered defensive forcefield acting as protection?"

Jason murmured to himself.

This method seemed clumsy.

But precisely because of this clumsiness, it gave no openings to exploit.

Simply put, the only way was to destroy layer after layer of the forcefields to advance.

With the scent of 'food' growing weaker by the moment, Jason wasted no time and quickened his pace.

Even as voices reached his ears, Jason paid no mind.

"Is it the esteemed 'Sword Saint'?"

"I believe we can have a discussion."

"I harbor no malice."

The voice was female, slightly hoarse.

But Jason showed no intention of responding. Instead, as the other spoke, he shattered yet another layer of the defensive forcefield.

Watching through a crystal ball, the diminutive figure's brows furrowed deeply.

She had anticipated encountering an opponent like this beforehand.

But she hadn't expected such an opponent to appear so soon.

This...

Was not good!

Hanakaiin Rs plan was already at the final critical juncture and could not be interrupted!

Time!

They only needed a little more time, and Hanakaiin Rō would succeed!

However, the current defensive forcefields weren't enough to stall until then.

The defensive forcefields had a total of ten layers.

Jason had already broken through four. Based on his current speed, the remaining six layers would crumble in just two to three minutes at most.

And two to three minutes was far from enough.

They needed at least ten minutes!

Stalling a 'Sword Saint' for ten minutes...

"Sigh."

"Hanakaiin Rō, you owe me, not just in this lifetime but in the next one as well. In the one after that, you'll have to be my workhorse, too."

With a sigh like that, the short figure formed a hand sign and disappeared.

Just as Jason was about to swing his blade again to shatter another forcefield, he suddenly turned and lashed out with his blade.

Clang!

A slender longsword collided with the broad-bladed, short-handled chopping knife.

Ching!



The longsword emitted a mournful metallic cry and snapped clean in two. The sword bearer was sent flying by the transmitted force.

"As expected of the 'Sword Saint'."

Midair, the short figure's voice rang out clearly.

At the same time, she hurled the broken sword in her hand at the advancing Jason.

Clang!

Another metallic clash rang out as Jason deflected the broken sword. But as he pursued, Jason sharply turned his head—previously discarded blade fragments silently brushed past his ear.

"What a shame,"

The short woman said softly, landing on her feet with a sigh.

The two broken pieces of the sword returned to her side.

Under Jason's gaze, the two fragments merged into one.

Swish, swish!

Gripping the sword's hilt, the short woman gave it a light wave. The air whistled sharply in response.

Jason's eyes fixed on the slender sword in her hand.

There was no trace of 'food's' scent.

So, it wasn't the sword itself but likely her secret technique or some kind of ability.

That was Jason's deduction.

"Are you curious about it?"

"But, compared to it, I'm more curious about your weapon."

"You're revered as the 'Sword Saint,' yet you use such an odd-looking blade?"

The short woman looked intrigued.

"Who says a Sword Saint can't use a blade?"

"A blade is just a sword."

Jason replied solemnly, spouting nonsense with a straight face.

"Oh?"

"Is that so?"

"Then

Hearing Jason's nonsense, the short woman not only refrained from getting angry but also seemed delighted.

After all, her goal was to stall for time.

Now that Jason was willing to spout nonsense, she was happy to play along.

Thus, she immediately sought to continue the conversation.

But just as she opened her mouth, she saw Jason suddenly spin around and strike another blow at the defensive forcefield.

Bam!

The defensive forcefield quivered violently.

"You!"

The short woman squinted her eyes.

She knew her ploy had been seen through by Jason.

At this point, there was no choice but to fight head-on.

Although it wasn't what she wanted,

When it came down to it, she was still willing to fight.

Because she had made a promise to Hanakaiin Rō.

Chapter 1187: Extra Large and Extra Amount of Late Night Snacks! (2)

A promise, as well as a sentiment.

When the two are combined, they become strongest—unbreakable and indestructible.

Thus, in the very next moment, the thin sword danced, aimed straight at Jason.

Whoosh!

It streaked across like a bolt of lightning.

The thin sword instantly appeared behind Jason's back.

Jason didn't dodge; he let the thin sword strike him.

Clang!

The tip of the thin sword collided with Jason's skin, producing a burst of sparks. The force concentrated on the sword caused it to bend dramatically into an exaggerated arc.

But...

Jason's skin remained unbroken.

Bam!

At the same time, Jason swung his Broad Blade Cleaver again onto the defensive forcefield.

Crack!

With this strike, the defensive forcefield shattered.

Only five layers remaining!

Jason raised his hand once more, and the Broad Blade Cleaver was about to come crashing down again. Meanwhile, the thin sword, which had been locked in a contest of strength against Jason's back, once again danced through the air—this time aiming straight for his eyes.

Clang!

Jason was forced to block with his blade.

Seeing this, the short woman beamed with joy.

Sword Saint, 'I've heard you've inherited Tongshou Temple's legacy: the Immovable King's Body.'

"But from the looks of it now, your 'Immovable King's Body' seems to be only at the entry-level stage."

The petite woman smiled as she spoke.

Her words were filled with mockery and provocation.

She hoped Jason would lose his calm.

Thus, her tone showed no mercy.

As for the so-called “entry-level stage” of the Immovable King’s Body?

She didn’t actually know.

Though she hailed from a distinguished background and had knowledge of many secrets, Tongshou Temple’s legacy remained unfamiliar to her.

Each generation of Master Tongshou Temple was enough to make anyone tremble.

Especially the latest generation.

Every time she faced them, an involuntary sense of guilt would creep over her.

She had initially tried to gather information but gave up after just one attempt.

Still, that didn’t stop her from using it as fodder for taunts.

After all, the fight had already begun.

What was there to be afraid of?



The blocked flying sword spiraled back into the air. Using the previous exchange as a learning opportunity, the petite woman aimed at Jason's vital points.

The most obvious ones were his facial features.

His eyes—yes.

His ears—also yes.

And that mouth—might it also be?

It definitely was.

Compared to the small cavities of the ears, the mouth was much more prominent.

And far more imposing.

Because the eyes could see, the eyes were right in front of her. If one strike failed, a slight upward motion would position it accurately for another.

The thought drove the petite woman to quicken her attacks.

But in the next moment, the woman deeply regretted her decision.

Because—

Jason bit her sword tip.

When her thin sword flew right in front of him, Jason abruptly opened his mouth, snapping it onto the sword's tip.

The petite woman froze.

She had never encountered such a form of defense.

But soon after, she felt a surge of joy.

Teeth may be strong, but how could they ever compare to her finely forged blade?

Despite catching her off-guard, Jason's bizarre defense was clearly his downfall once she collected her thoughts.

Your body's defense might be formidable.

But could your mouth be the same?

Sword Saint, 'you're far too confident!'

As she spoke, the short woman manipulated her thin sword with the intent to penetrate Jason's throat.

Then...

Not even a tremor!

Impossible?

The petite woman's eyes widened as she stubbornly urged the sword forward again.

Grrk, grrk.

Strange noises began to echo.

The petite woman's face blanched.

The sound wasn't coming from Jason's teeth; it was coming from her sword.

"How is this possible?"

"A human's teeth—how could they be this strong?"

"Do you gnaw steel bars for fun?"

The petite woman could no longer hold back. She shouted directly.

Because during this brief exchange, Jason had shattered yet another layer of the defensive forcefield.

Only four layers remained.

"Burst!"

This time, the short woman hesitated no longer.

With a low cry, the flying thin sword suddenly exploded into pieces.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh!

Clang clang clang!

Hundreds of fragments from the shattered sword rained down like shrapnel from a grenade, engulfing Jason, who was now showered with sparks and reverberating sharp cracks.

At this point, Jason had no choice but to pause, raising his arms to shield his face.

The blast of fragments lasted less than a second.

By the time Jason lowered his arms, the petite woman had already closed the distance between them, standing less than two meters away.

Shielding her face, the short woman's eyes now gleamed with unwavering resolve.

"You left me no choice but to use my ultimate move!"

As she spoke, she quickly formed a seal with her hands.

Boom!

A white mist enveloped the area.

When the mist began to dissipate, the petite woman had disappeared.

In her place was a group of women, their figures varied but all stunningly exquisite.

They surrounded Jason, some gazing at him with deep affection, others brazenly reaching out to tease him.

But Jason remained utterly unfazed.

Women? They were nowhere near as important as 'food.'

"Get lost."

Jason growled, swinging his Broad Blade Cleaver.

Bang bang bang!

The seemingly flawless beauties before him dissolved into white smoke, vanishing without a trace.

In the distance, the petite woman reappeared.

She stared at Jason in utter disbelief.

"Are you even a man?"

She stammered out.

Ever since mastering this secret technique, every adult man she ever faced had succumbed without exception.

Even Hanakaiin Rs composure had faltered when he faced her, leaving him vulnerable and subsequently defeated.

But Jason?

No reaction!

Really, absolutely none!

She had closely observed him.

His gaze was pure, completely unbothered by the alluring women meticulously selected for this tactic.

To him, it seemed as if those “women” didn’t even exist.

Chapter 1188: Extra Large and Extra Amount of Late Night Snacks! (3)

But those “women” were clearly right in front of him.

Tongshou Temple!



The short woman suddenly had a flash of insight, realizing something instantly.

"No wonder you were valued by Master Tongshou Temple and received the Tongshou Temple inheritance."

"So that's it."

The short woman said.

Jason, however, paid no more attention to these matters, turning around and frantically pounding at the defense field.

The scent of food was becoming fainter and fainter.

There was no time to delay!

Watching Jason's actions, the short woman shook her head and disappeared from the spot.

Her plan to stall had failed.

She could only take the risk of using the backup plan.

This plan was taught to her by Hanakaiin Rō.

Just in case.

Now was the time.

"Did you anticipate this moment long ago and develop such a 'bizarre secret technique' for it?"

Returning to the underground secret chamber, the short woman sighed, raised her hand, and crushed the hidden rhombus crystal nearby.

Crack!

After the crystal shattered, immense, tumultuous negative energy began to gush out.

All of this was negative energy collected from conflicts within the Hanakaiin Family's territory.

There were emotions.

And souls.

Following Hanakaiin Rs teachings, the short woman guided this negative energy into the already prepared formation.

The tools and Shikigami at each node of the formation were instantly submerged.

The formation, which should have slowly undergone a qualitative change.

Was accelerated in an instant.

Boom!

A loud bang came from the sky, a gleam of joy flashed in the short woman's eyes, and then...

Spurt!

A mouthful of blood was spat out as she slowly collapsed to the ground.

Even though Jason had walked in, she couldn't move.

"Hey, you're a step too late."

"Hanakaiin Rō, that bastard's plan succeeded."

"He owes me another one."

"This time, he owes me a life."

"In this life, the next life, the life after next, and the life after that, he'll have to pay me back."

Looking at Jason, the short woman murmured quietly.

There was no fear.

Not even terror.

Once she agreed to Hanakaiin R's request, she knew what she would face.

Death?

Very scary.

But if she were to die with Hanakaiin Rit wouldn't be as frightening.

Closing her eyes, the short woman waited for the end of her life.

But she did not wait.

She slightly opened her eyes.

What she saw was Jason standing there, dazed.

"Did you also sense the arrival of that terrifying being?"

"I'm sorry for dragging you into this too."

The short woman clearly misunderstood something, but her words were cut short.

Because, as Jason turned around.

She saw an expression of excitement twisted with frenzy.

A pile of food or a single piece of food, which to choose?

Jason would choose the larger quantity.

But if exchanging a fair amount of food would bring an exceedingly delicious meal?

Jason would choose the latter.

This moment, it was just like that!

He smelled an unprecedented “fragrance”!

The “food” was slowly approaching!

The “aroma” had already spread out!

Almost tangible!

Gulp!

Jason couldn't help but swallow his saliva, then his entire being disappeared from the underground secret chamber.

Leaving behind the clueless short woman.

A moment later, the woman muttered softly.

"Is he hungry?"

...

Hungry!

Jason was, of course, hungry!

His stomach had never been full!

The feeling of being tormented by hunger at every moment was unbearable; no matter how much he ate, it merely slightly relieved the hunger.

However, when Jason saw the enormous “food” in front of him, he thought perhaps this time he had a chance to fill his belly.

Jason lowered his head and locked eyes with the snake’s eyes that were several times larger than himself.

The snake’s eyes were cold and full of oppression.

"Ant, get off me!"

The snake hissed loudly, filled with anger.

Jason spoke word by word, saying—

"It's supper time."



With those words, he opened his mouth, revealing sharp fangs.

Chapter 1189: I am at Peace!

Midnight snack?

The colossal monster roared in fury upon hearing such words.

Even though it hadn't entered this "present world" for ages, certain phrases, despite the passage of time, still retained their meaning to it.

Such as: XXX, XXX, and XXX.

And words like eating, feast, midnight snack.

It's a curious phenomenon—no matter the foreignness of a language, hearing a word like "Fxxk" manages to convey the insult it represents.

Just as hunger is never concealed.

"Insects!"

"Do you know who you're speaking to?"

"I am Ba Shan... Ah!"

The monster's speech was abruptly interrupted by sharp pain.

Jason was now within inches of its eye, crashing directly into it.

The short blade in his hand slashed through, sharp and relentless.

Thud, thud, thud!

His heart pounded furiously, the lingering momentum of [Charge] propelling Jason deeper into the crystalline structure of the creature's eye.

And of course, he wouldn't let such an opportunity go to waste.

Jason's mouth was now opened to its full capacity.

A massive maw, equipped with razor-sharp fangs, proved far more effective for carving a path than the short-handled Broad Blade Cleaver.

In fact, Jason set aside his short blade in the next moment.

Then... dropping to all fours, he began moving at breakneck speed, hands and feet working in unison.

This wasn't the first time Jason employed this method of movement.

When faced with enormous feasts, he favored this unique manner of consumption.

Though unrefined in appearance, it allowed him to devour more.

His only regret was the inability to disinfect.

"Pain! Pain! Pain!"

The colossal monster cried out as its eye was devoured, its voice riddled with anguish.

Yet the pain wasn't confined to a single head.

It resonated across all eight heads.

The other seven heads, stimulated by the unbearable pain, surged simultaneously into the “present world.”

Boom!

If the earlier commotion resembled a lone mountain collapsing...

The current scene was like an entire mountain range crashing down!

Eight gargantuan peaks merged into a boundless range, descending from the heavens.

As they hit the earth, it felt like a reenactment of an ancient myth.

In those fleeting moments, everyone seemed to behold sky-supporting pillars holding up the heavens!

But there wasn't the slightest shred of divinity connecting heaven and earth.

What they witnessed was grotesque, horrifying.

And...

Greedy.

Fourteen pairs of voracious eyes scanned the “present world,” their long, sinuous tongues—dark and slender, stretching over a hundred meters—snapping away at forests with each flick and retract.

"The present world! The present world!"

"I'm back!"

"This time

"No one can stop me!"

The thickest serpent head bellowed violently.

"Kill! Kill! Kill!"

"Destroy! Destroy!"

"Sacrifice yourselves, insects!"

The thundering voice reverberated with naked terror, fourteen massive eyes like colossal red lanterns emanating the killing intent accumulated since ancient times.

Then—

"Pain... pain

Still thunderous, yet tinged with an entirely different tone.

It was one of grievance, helplessness.

The seven gigantic heads turned to the one swaying back and forth like seaweed.

But connected solely by the pain, they would never truly comprehend the torment of being devoured.

Without firsthand experience...

Naturally, their reactions differed.

Some watched in puzzlement, others in disdain and disinterest.

"Enough!"

"We

Bang!

The thickest serpent head attempted to speak, but its words were abruptly cut short.

A fluffy dandelion slammed into its lower jaw.

The monstrous force caused its mountaintop-like head to jerk skyward.

But this wasn't the end.

Hui Lijing, wielding the dandelion, charged toward the remaining serpent heads.

"Get out!"

"Get out of my world!"

As the female detective swung the dandelion, she roared with fury.

Valor!

Anyone witnessing the detective at this moment couldn't help but think so.

Likewise, they would be inspired.

Hanakaiin Itsuki, the infamous young Onmyoji, was now clad in a suit of Frost Armor, his Frost Blade emitting frigid air that froze the surrounding vicinity. His icy gaze locked onto the colossal being.

No retreat.

No hesitation.



He aimed the Frost Blade at the thickest serpent head, the one first pummeled by Hui Lijing and now recovering for an attack—

Swoosh!

The Frost Blade spiraled outwards.

Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!

The blade collided repeatedly, failing to pierce the serpent's scales, yet coating its head in a layer of frost.

The serpent head's reaction instantly slowed.

By this moment, the Frost Blade had returned to Hanakaiin Itsuki's grip.

Charge!

Slash!

Hanakaiin Itsuki targeted the nearest serpent body and struck.

Crackle!

The moss, cypress, and cedar covering the serpent's body toppled in swathes, revealing two gaping bloodstains on its massive frame.

Roar!

The thickest serpent head abandoned Hui Lijing, lunging furiously toward Hanakaiin Itsuki.

However, Hanakaiin Itsuki evaded the assault with ease.

Speed!

Unbeknownst to all, Hanakaiin Itsuki's speed had abruptly increased.

Even so, he couldn't match the velocity of Hanakaiin Haru.

With steam emanating from his entire body, Hanakaiin Haru zipped between the monstrous heads like a rocket, his fists striking over and over, their movements so rapid they left trails of afterimages in the air.

"Euler, Euler, Euler, Euler!"

Punch after punch.

Each strike infused with the combined might of a martial artist and Onmyoji.

Every punch unleashed his full strength.

Every punch shattered the serpent's scales into splinters.

Smack, smack, smack!

The sound of breaking scales formed an unceasing chorus.

Chapter 1190: My Xin is at Peace! (2)

The putrid liquid splattered everywhere.

But to the massive monster, it was nothing at all.

The wounded area was too insignificant.

For a creature as colossal as a mountain, it was akin to flicking a pebble.

Small!

So small that it was negligible!

However, it still provoked the monster's fury.

This was yet another resistance it had encountered in this realm.

A resistance even more trivial than before.

And precisely because of this, its rage burned even hotter.

"Insects!"

The thickest snake head roared.

The remaining snake heads, except for the one that swayed idly, stood upright all at once.

Then, the storm began to rage.

Even before any formal attack, the prelude alone was enough to instill unease.

At that moment

"The sound of loading bullets is the prelude to my song!"

A low, calm voice echoed from afar.

Like a fox with three tails trailing behind, Tsuchimikado Motoharu knelt halfway to the ground, gripping an exaggerated sniper rifle.

No!

It could no longer be called a rifle.

It should be called a cannon.

The next moment!

Bam!

The trigger was pulled, and the gunshot rang loud!

One of the raised snake heads let out a pained cry.

One of its eyes shattered.

Then...

Bam, bam!

Two more gunshots.

Another two snake heads rose high, wailing in agony.

"Pierce the blind spot!"

Tsuchimikado Motoharu smirked, hoisting the rifle as he leapt backward, pulling the trigger mid-air as the gun fired again.

Bam!

The deafening gunshot hit one of the advancing snake heads, blinding another eye.

As Tsuchimikado Motoharu landed, he disappeared in an instant.

Leaving behind only words that blended into the wind.

"Unseen, undefeated."

Roar!

The enormous snake head crashed heavily to the ground, sinking the earth several meters.

But it was futile.

By now, Tsuchimikado Motoharu had vanished entirely.

The enraged snake heads slammed repeatedly into the ground.

Aside from sinking the ground further, their attacks were useless.

Instead, another gunshot rang out.

At some unknown moment, Tsuchimikado Motoharu reappeared, delivering another strike to the snake head.

This only fueled the monster's fury.

It roared incessantly.

The sound echoed throughout the island, but quickly, it was drowned out.

The wind flapped against a massive flag.



A grand banner fluttered proudly in the wind.

Even in the moments before dawn.

Everyone could see the brilliance of this emblem.

"Everyone, my apologies."

"I need your strength now!"

Hu Qiandai whispered apologetically, then swung her blade, 'Himezuru Ichimonji.'

A cold gleam gathered along the blade's edge.

When the radiance reached its peak

Clop, clop-clop!

Hoofbeats.

Footsteps.

From the distance, they grew clearer and closer.

An army emerged from the horizon, cavalry at the front, infantry trailing behind, clad in armor and raising banners high.

毘!

Tens of thousands of soldiers, in perfect formation.

Beholding the girl clad in blue-and-white skirt armor, they shouted in unison.

"Dragon! Dragon! Dragon!"

Their voices shook the heavens, an awe-inspiring sight.

Hidden in the shadows, Tsuchimikado Motoharu glanced over.

"Undead?"

"No, that's not right!"

"There's no trace of coldness; instead, there's a searing heat... Heroic spirits?"

Tsuchimikado Motoharu furrowed his brows.

He wasn't certain.

The army before his eyes seemed similar to heroic spirits, but it couldn't possibly be them.

After all, even in the great force outside the island with its Hall of Heroic Spirits, there weren't tens of thousands of heroic spirits to command.

After all, not just anyone could enter the Hall of Heroic Spirits.

Moreover, this related to a different system involving 'Divine Grace' and the like.

What was going on?

Tsuchimikado Motoharu was puzzled.

But one thing he was certain of:

Their odds of victory had improved.

In fact, that was precisely the case.

When this army, seemingly heroic spirits, appeared, the gigantic monster was momentarily suppressed.

Seven enormous heads roared ceaselessly.

In response, Hui Lijing brandished her dandelion wand with rapidity.

Meanwhile, Hu Qiandai commanded her forces to synchronize with her allies.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

Clang, clang, clang!

Arrows poured like rain, swords clustered like a forest.

Numbers brought about a qualitative transformation in this moment.

Especially when Hanakaiin Itsuki, Hanakaiin Haru, and Tsuchimikado Motoharu—three top-tier onmyoji on the island—joined the fray, the massive monster’s bark-like skin, moss-covered surface, and scales were swiftly stripped away, fragment by fragment.

Putrid liquid flew everywhere.

The stench filled the air.

Victory seemed within reach.

But at that very moment, the colossal monster’s body fully emerged through the void fissure.

Boom!

When it landed, the earth quaked violently.

Like a magnitude-ten earthquake, the ground shook wildly, cracks spreading like torn flesh, gushing forth streams of blood-like underground water.

At first, no one paid it much heed.

Earth ruptures and underground water surges seemed normal.

But soon enough, as the water reached their feet, everyone realized something was wrong.

There was far too much water.

"Be careful, it's a flood!"

Memories from Hu Qiandai's mind rapidly connected to the scene before her.

It wasn't a battle she recalled.

But a time spent reading.

She had been an avid reader, and her subordinates often collected books for her.

One such book mentioned a monster like this.

‘A serpent wreaked havoc unrestrained, rivers overflowed and devoured rice fields.’

The book even illustrated a sandbank resembling scales and a serpent larger than rivers weaving through the land.