

Menu 210

Chapter 210: If You Don't Believe It, Look Up

Harbor, lighthouse.

Raymond looked up at the meteorite plummeting towards the harbor after colliding with the massive airship, his expression grave to the extreme.

The scene before him was different from what he had planned.

According to his plan, after the meteorite hit the giant airship, it should have exploded instantly.

Not only would it have destroyed all the airships, but it also wouldn't have caused too much damage to the harbor.

But at this moment!

Not only had the smaller airships all fallen.

The meteorite, which should have exploded, was intact and heading straight for the harbor!

One must know, Her Majesty the Queen was still at the harbor!

“Eilot!”

Raymond shouted.

At this moment, Eilot paid no attention to the squad leader’s shout; he was completely focused on the meteorite.

Sweat incessantly poured down his forehead.

How could this be?

The explosion should have occurred, right?

Why did it turn out like this?

Over and over, Eilot recited the Dufol Language meant for the explosion.

But it was all for naught!

Then...

A flicker of emerald light flashed into Eilot's eyes.

"It's the flute!"

"It's the 'Pied Piper's' flute that's hindering the 'Shattering'!"

Eilot yelled loudly.

The flute?! Raymond was stunned.

Immediately, he raised the two-meter-long massive firearm, taking aim at the descending meteorite.

He wanted to shoot and knock off the flute that was interfering with the 'Shattering'.

But...

There was absolutely no angle!

The speed of the meteorite's fall was just too fast!

So fast that it exceeded his aiming angle.

No!

We can't give up!

Her Majesty the Queen is still within the harbor!

We can't let the meteorite truly fall!

Clutching his gun, Raymond leaped down.

He was determined to find a shooting angle.

And Eilot, who was maintaining the entire secret technique, began to emit a faint black mist.

Eilot knew what his squad leader was trying to do.

So, he exerted all his strength in an attempt to slow down the meteorite's descent by even a fraction.

Just a little bit!

The remaining members of the Living Corpse Legion reacted in that instant.

They mustered all their energy to stand back up.

Joining hands, Simmons finally laid his hand on Eilot.

"Take our strength and use it!"

On behalf of everyone, Simmons spoke.

Eilot turned his head to look at the towering Simmons, his lips trembling slightly as if he wanted to say something.

"Quickly!"

“Her Majesty the Queen is at the harbor!”

“We can’t let anything happen to Her Majesty the Queen!”

Simmons interrupted Eilot.

What Eilot wanted to say, Simmons naturally understood.

If they ‘lent’ their strength, they would die.

But compared to their deaths, the safety of Her Majesty the Queen was the most crucial.

Their glory!

Their mission!

All of it!

Came from there—

“To die for Her Majesty the Queen!”

Simmons shouted aloud.

“To die for Her Majesty the Queen!”

The remaining members of the Living Corpse Legion shouted together.

To die.

It wasn't just an empty phrase.

They were already prepared.

Raymond, who was running with his gun, had red-rimmed eyes.

But he didn't look back.

He didn't shed tears either.

Because tears would hinder his vision.

He had to find the best shooting angle.

Lederma, the commander of the Undead Army, watched the desperate members of the Living Corpse Legion, placed his right hand on his chest, gave a slight bow as a salute, and then waved his hand.

Suddenly, the two hundred thousand strong Undead Army sprang into action.

They surged out from the sea's surface.

They were heading toward Duron Street No. 111.

They could not stop the fall of the meteorite.

But,

They could become the most sturdy 'shield'!

They would stand in front of their Queen!

Lederma took the lead.

Untamed undead warriors marched side by side.

Twelve top Evil Spirits, three hundred special souls, three thousand souls, followed closely by the two hundred thousand strong Legion of the Dead.

Just as the Undead were about to step onto the shore—

“Wait!”

“Look there!”

Raymond’s voice suddenly rang out.

The Living Corpse Legion and the Legion of the Dead both paused.

Then, they looked in the direction of the falling meteorite.

They saw Jason leap up.

That perfect illusion did not exist for the Living Corpse Legion and the Legion of the Dead loyal to Dennise.

Because Dennise knew,

and she wanted them, them to know,

So, they, they knew.

The Living Corpse Legion and the Legion of the Dead watched as Jason pulled the flute out.

The obstacle disappeared!

The Dufol Language of Eilot followed soon after.

Bang!

The Secret Magic Array at the center of the meteorite was activated.

Cracks appeared at the center of the meteorite.

Then, they spread.

Finally, it shattered.

Watching the debris fly and fall,

Watching Jason standing below,

The Living Corpse Legion and the Legion of the Dead all bowed in salute.

“We greet Your Highness, the Prince.”

This was not a formal meeting,

but it was a recognition.

Although what Queen Her Majesty liked was what they, they recognized,

this time's recognition came from their, their hearts.

Lederma straightened his back.

He looked towards Raymond, the captain of the Living Corpse Legion.

"We are still too weak."

"A small New Federation has us all in a panic."

The commander of the Legion of the Dead said so.

"Hmm."

Raymond nodded, offering no rebuttal,

because it was the truth.

A small accident had almost put Queen Her Majesty in danger—what else could it be if not their weakness?

The commander of the Legion of the Dead gazed out to sea.

“I will take them to continue accumulating strength!”

“In the deep sea, at a further location, there lies an even more ancient battlefield!”

“Those long-gone races should have left their traces there!”

“Elves!”

“Dwarves!”

“Orcs!”

“Even...”

“Dragons!”

“They all should gather under Queen Her Majesty’s command.”

Lederma said indifferently and then looked towards Raymond.

Under the imprint of the Soul Fire, Raymond smiled.

He knew what the other was worried about.

“We will stay by Her Majesty’s side.”

“While protecting Her Majesty, we will also enhance ourselves.”

“Likewise!”

“We will also call more people to come under Her Majesty’s command.”

Raymond promised, hefting his spear.

Lederma nodded and made his way toward the sea.

The Legion of the Dead silently vanished into the water, just as quietly as they had appeared.

The people of the Living Corpse Legion also began to conceal their tracks.

The greatest crisis had passed.

The Piper was dead.

Everything was over.

In fact, the Piper who was hit by the meteorite did not die at first.

With the defense of the 'huge airship,' he escaped with his life.

But his seemingly intact body was on the verge of utter disintegration.

However,

he was still alive!

As long as there is life, there is hope!

Thus, the Piper dragged his shattered body, desperately trying to get himself further from that meteorite.

He still did not know why a country girl could bring a real meteorite down.

But he knew that if he wanted to survive, he needed to get away from that meteorite!

He struggled.

He took steps forward.

But then—

Whoosh!

Puff!

The sound of slicing air came, and before the Piper could react, he was pierced by a wide-bladed, short-handled chopping knife flying in from behind and then, brutally nailed to the wall.

The Piper's eyes widened.

Where did that knife come from...

In the last moment of his life, the Piper wondered confusingly.

Then, his head tilted.

He died.