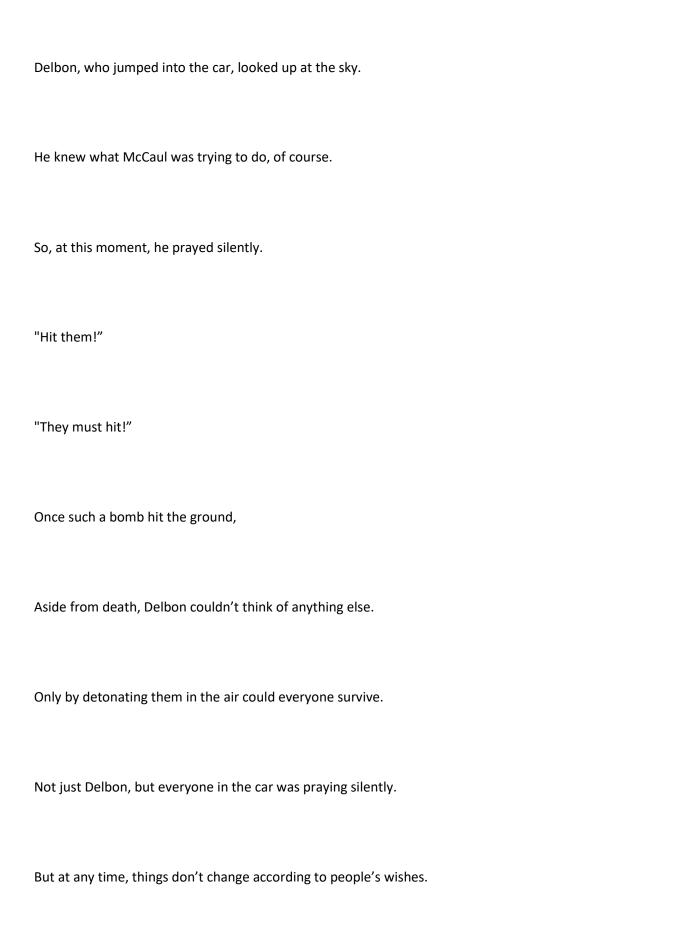
Menu 701

Weild 701
Chapter 701: Prelude Resounds_2
They would never scatter like a swarm of bees.
Because that would only make them targets.
Under normal circumstances, that would be enough.
But this time—
Woo! Woo! Woo!
A piercing, special noise suddenly came from high above.
···
Hearing this sound, the faces of John and the other two changed.
When they looked up, they saw three dark figures emerge from the clouds under the night sky, and several cone-shaped objects visible to the naked eye were thrown down.

"Air raid!"
"Run!"
Brian shouted loudly.
This middle-aged father threw away the submachine gun in his hand and picked up his daughter, running towards the distance.
Bombers!
Heavy bombers at that!
The bombs inside were naturally heavy-duty!
One bomb could flatten a football field!
Damn it!
Sweat appeared on the father's forehead.

He never expected those bastards to crazily use a bomber to target Jason.
Likewise, neither John nor McCaul had expected it.
"You drive!"
McCaul shouted at Telly without looking back.
He sent two drones soaring into the sky.
He was buying time for everyone.
McCaul's eyes widened, not even blinking as sweat ran down, his hands moving quickly and steadily.
The two drones, one after the other, flew towards the falling black spots.
The distance between them closed rapidly.



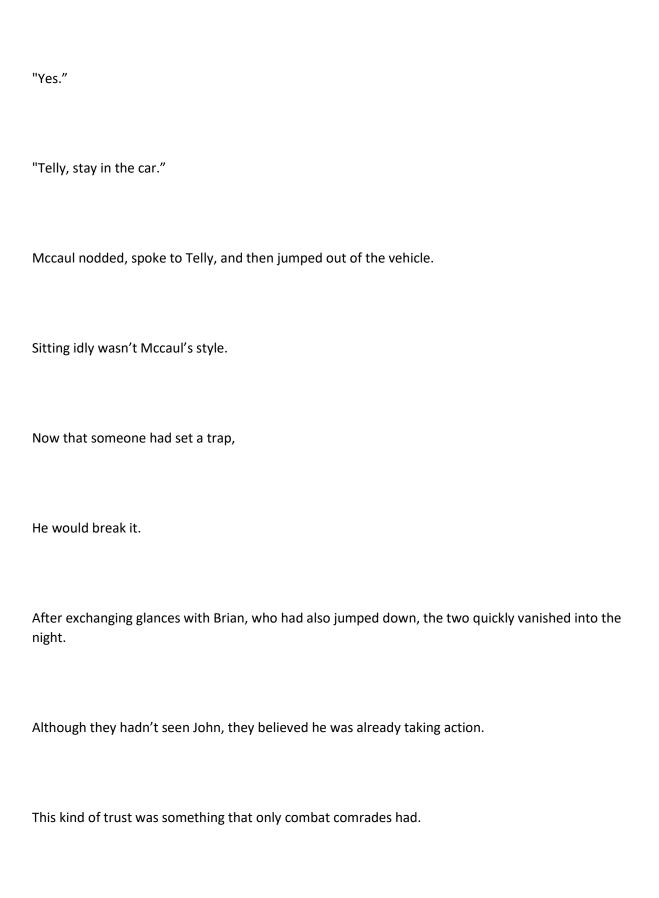
Bang! Bang!
Amidst the sound of gunfire,
The two drones were shot down directly.
Seeing the drones fall apart, Delbon's face turned pale.
"Drive! Drive!"
His instinct for survival made him shout out.
"Jason!"
"Jason's not in the car!"
Telly, who was driving, shouted anxiously.
Everyone was stunned.

Everything that had just happened was so sudden that they hadn't noticed whether Jason had gotten into the car.
"Could he be in the other car
Delbon answered subconsciously.
But before he could finish speaking, Delbon's voice stopped abruptly.
He saw Jason.
And not just Delbon.
The rest also saw Jason.
Still standing in front of 'Flame Pavilion', he hadn't moved an inch; the only change was he had looked up at the falling bombs.
What was he going to do?

A question rose in Delbon's mind.
Then, while he was still thinking, he saw Jason raise his right hand.
Whoosh!
A whiff of flame was born from the palm, condensed into a ball, and rapidly grew larger.
In a breath, the fireball grew from the size of a fist to that of a basketball.
Then, it flew out as Jason threw his arm down.
Woo!
The fireball flew straight up into the sky, directly towards those falling heavy bombs.
Delbon immediately prayed again.



And this was definitely not good news.
That 'traitor,' had he also recruited 'Mystical Side' individuals?
And since they had set up a ritual targeting Jason, it definitely wasn't just against flames; there were certainly other aspects as well.
Mccaul's expression also turned particularly ugly at this moment.
Then, the detective thought of something.
"Telly, start the car."
Telly, sitting at the steering wheel, immediately turned the key, but the car that was previously fine now wouldn't start at all. The intermittent gasping sound of the engine was like an old man on his deathbed, seemingly about to breathe his last at any moment.
"Has the car been sabotaged?"
Delbon asked.



Just as they trusted Jason.
In front of the burning 'Flame Pavilion,' Jason raised both hands, and after two fireballs rapidly took shape, they were flung out.
One fireball stopped by a 'ritual'?
Then two!
Two weren't enough?
Then four!
Having such a straightforward notion, Jason at that moment seemed to have become a turret, fireballs being launched one after another, the dense fireballs resembling a flock of fiery birds soaring through the night sky.
They appeared in flocks but also vanished in groups. Chapter 702: Prelude's Ring_3
In Telbon's view, one fireball after another was extinguished.

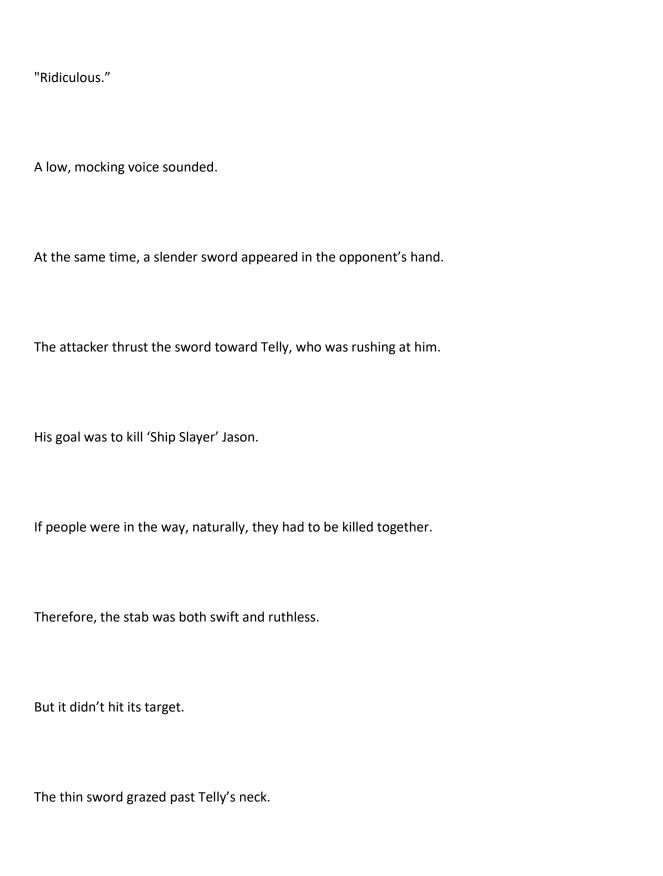
But more fireballs swarmed in.
Quantity changes lead to qualitative changes.
When the first fireball didn't just silently vanish but seemed to smash against some invisible curtain, joy could be seen on Telbon's face.
This unknown 'ritual' had reached its limit!
Watching as each fireball turned into brilliant sparks upon collision, Telbon prayed once more without hesitation.
"Hit them!"
"This time it must work!"
"It'll definitely
Smack!

Telbon's words were abruptly cut off as he was slapped in the face by Telly.
This member of the 'Clock Tower' stationed at the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau' looked at Telly, puzzled.
"Shut up!"
"You jinx!"
Telly scolded Telbon angrily.
"That was just an accident!"
"This time it will surely
Telbon's words were cut off before he could even say "can," as the scene changed again.
A cloaked figure, whose face was shrouded, suddenly appeared on the scene.

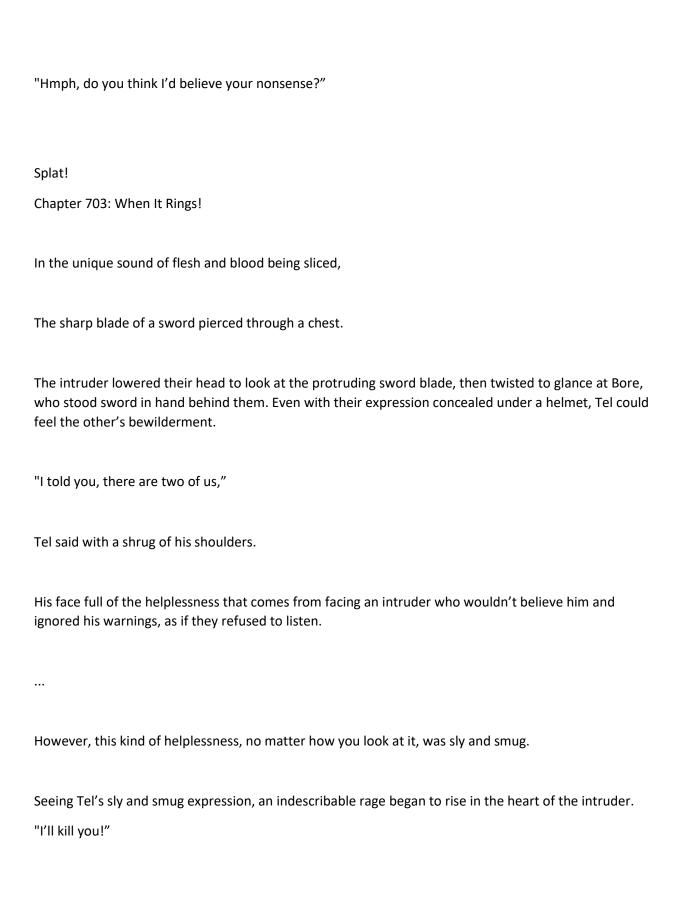
Neither Telbon nor Telly had seen how the other had appeared.
But one thing was certain, the stranger approaching Jason with a blade did not have good intentions.
Seeing this, Telly glared at Telbon furiously.
Smack, smack!
Telbon, after slapping his own mouth several times, abruptly opened the car door and jumped out.
Now it was just him and Telly in the car.
As a man, was he expected to let Telly block the assailant?
If Telly really could block the attack, he wouldn't have minded, but the problem was, Telly couldn't.
John, Brian, and McCaul were not around.
Now it was up to him!

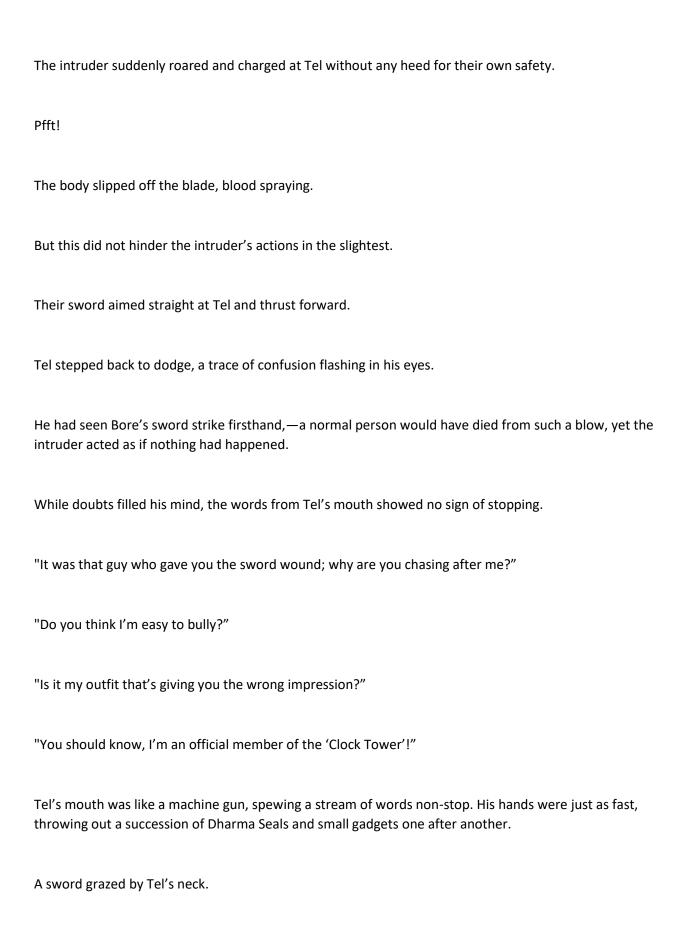
Him, a formal member of the 'Clock Tower.'
Him, a formal member of the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau.'
He would help 'Ship Slayer' Jason fend off this critical onslaught!
"Darn it!"
Thud!
Telbon, leaping from the car with what was meant to be a suave move, failed to notice the pebbles on the ground, slipped on them, and fell face-first to the ground.
During this process, he didn't lack the will to adjust his posture or regain balance.
But the residual pain from the recent explosion made it impossible for him, and he could only fall flat on his face.
"Pathetic!"

Telly snorted, pulled out the pistol hidden under the driver's seat, and aimed it straight at the intruder pulling the trigger.
Bang, bang, bang!
The pistol's bullets fired off one after another.
But to no avail.
The cloaked intruder merely swayed slightly and dodged Telly's shots.
Telly's marksmanship was nothing special.
Perhaps slightly better than that of an ordinary person who has never touched a gun, but against such an opponent, it was nowhere near enough.
Still, Telly did not give up and continued shooting until the magazine was empty. Then she flung open the car door, jumped out, and charged forward wielding a tire iron.
"Heh."

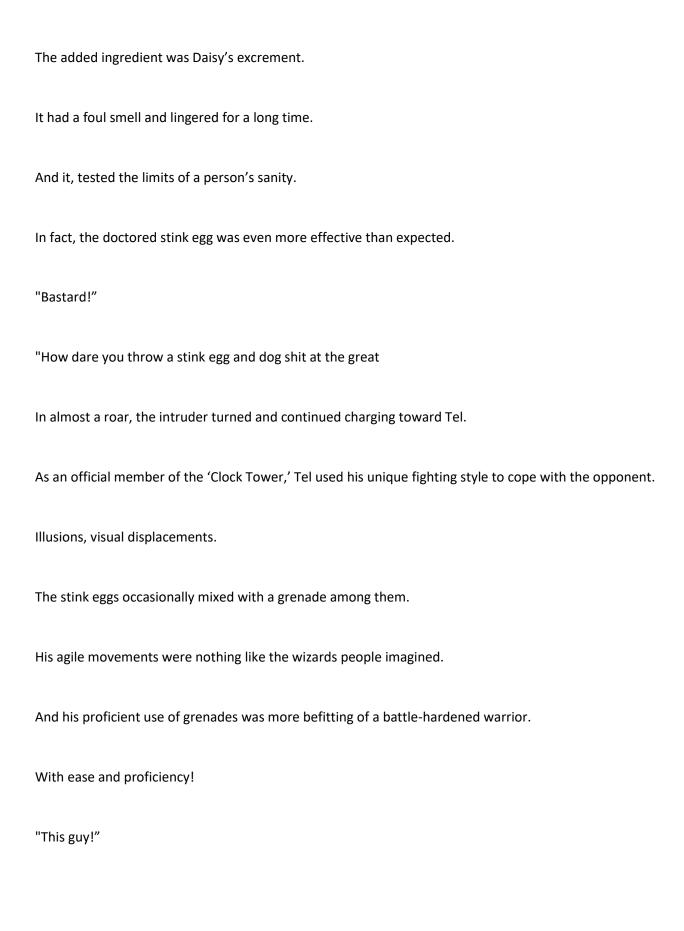


"Hmm?"
The intruder uttered confusedly, and then those eyes hidden under the hood turned to look behind Telly.
"As a man, isn't it a bit too much to raise your hand to a lady?"
Telbon, with a bloody nose and a swollen face, said while pulling Telly behind him.
"Do you think you can stop me alone after 'Ship Slayer' has been targeted?"
The intruder sneered coldly.
"Alone?"
"Of course not."
"There are two of us."
Telbon said, pointing behind the intruder.





As the intruder was about to sweep with their sword again, suddenly a patch of butter appeared under their feet.
Caught off guard, the intruder staggered.
Tel casually threw a lit matchstick.
Whoosh!
The butter, made more slippery and flammable by Tel's concoction, instantly caught fire.
The flames leaped onto the intruder's cloak.
Tel then threw out a few more chunks of butter, intensifying the blaze.
The intruder who had been pierced by a sword through the chest remained unaffected by the flames. After staggering a couple of times, they steadied themselves and seemed to remember their mission.
Turning around, they charged at Jason once again.
"Hey, you wretch!"
Tel shouted, hurling an item from his hand that hit the back of the intruder's head.
An egg, doctored with an extra ingredient.
The egg was 'cultivated' from fresh eggs bought at the market by Tel.



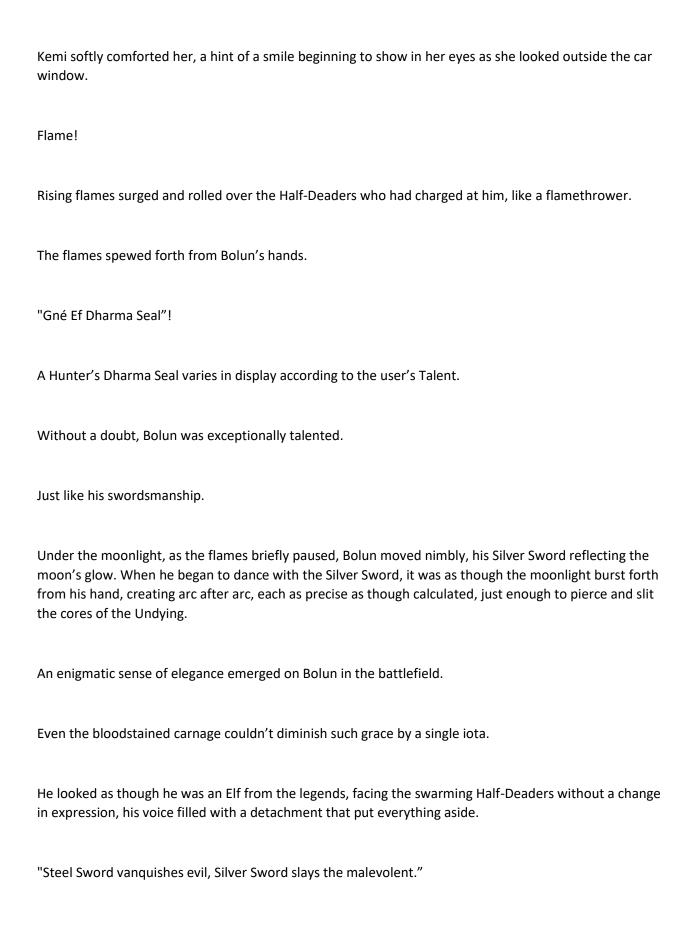
Telly, who Tel had signaled to hide behind him, whispered something as she watched him fight, but ultimately, she never spoke the words aloud.
The one who had been saved remembered the life-saving grace.
Coming from the streets, she might have had a temper, but she wouldn't forget a life saved.
With her thoughts at heart, Telly reloaded her magazine.
She wanted to help.
But afar, Bolun was shouting—
"Stay with Kemi and Emily."
This young man, who had just thrust a sword, was now observing the surroundings with a solemn face.
A lethal sword strike, yet no death followed.
This caused him much speculation.
He was astonished by the intruder's undying nature.
But seeing the heavy bomb, disrupted by the 'ritual' and now stagnant in mid-air, he felt a sense of relief.
If it really were a normal person, how could they risk death entering such a place?
Only an Undying would!

Bolun lowered his head to sniff the smell on the sword, blood-like yet fouler, his mind recalling certain records from the 'Leviah Notes,' looking toward the ongoing battle, his expression grew even more stern.
Half-Deaders!
A general term for beings converted from living humans into something akin to the 'Undying.'
Depending on the strength of the living before their conversion and the value of the materials used for the transformation, the strength of the Half-Deaders also varied.
The weak ones could be dealt with by an adult wielding a knife or sword.
The strong ones?
They were figures that even notable persons from the 'Mystical Side' would regard with caution.
Of course, what's more important is that the appearance of a single Half-Deader often signifies the presence of a group nearby.
After all, the necromancers who create Half-Deaders wouldn't just make one of them.
"Half-Deader, be careful,"
Bolun warned Tel.
Tel was taken aback.
What a Half-Deader was, as an official member of the 'Clock Tower,' he knew.

More importantly, he also knew of someone in Cherry City who was very skilled in creating the Undying.
Derluce!
A person referred to as a mentor by many who studied Black Witchcraft.
Could it be that individual had also been bought over by the traitor?
This thought made Tel's heart sink.
Chapter 704: When It Rings!_2
Tel Derluce, such a character, could be bribed, "Mystical Side" how many people are involved?
Thinking of this, Delbon began to take the fight seriously.
He had to find a way to end the battle as soon as possible.
The next moment, his hands once again produced more stink eggs and grenades.
Boom, boom!
The explosions grew louder, but Bolun paid them no heed. He sheathed his Steel Sword, then drew the custom-made Silver Sword that had cost him dearly.

With the Silver Sword in his right hand, he took out a bottle of freshly mixed 'sword oil' from the pouch at his waist and proficiently applied it to the blade. Then Bolun formed a Dharma Seal with his left hand.
Invisible and binding, the "Kaya Seal" branded itself onto the car behind him.
Bolun wasn't sure if he could protect the car during the upcoming battle, but at this moment, he needed to ensure the safety of the three ladies on board as much as possible.
Grr, Grr!
Amid the low, beast-like growls, shadows began to emerge around them.
Some of these intruders had stiff faces and staggering steps, their skin ghastly pale under the moonlight.
Others were on all fours, howling with their mouths open, hardly distinguishable from wild beasts.
But they had one thing in common.
They, no, they all stared at the three ladies in the car with cloudy eyes.
In their decaying brains.
The three ladies represented food.
And Bolun, who stood between them and their prey?
Tear him apart!
Grr!

With a fierce roar, these obviously low-level Undying rushed toward Bolun.
In an instant, Bolun was engulfed.
"Bolun!"
Emily, clinging to the car window, shouted loudly.
Kemi and Telly's palms clenched tightly around their weapons, sweating.
They unconsciously moved closer to Emily, hoping to offer her some comfort.
"Bolun!"
Emily called out again.
She picked up the shotgun at her side, ready to rush down, but Kemi and Telly held her back firmly.
"Let go of me."
Emily struggled.
"Calm down."
"Bolun will be fine."
"He isn't a man to act recklessly."



Like the beginning of an incantation.
The sword oil-coated Silver Sword emitted a faint white glow.
The glow was weak, but the oncoming Half-Deaders hesitated.
Whoosh!
Flames surged out once again.
The hesitating Half-Deaders were immediately engulfed.
And Bolun, without a moment's hesitation, charged through the remnants of the flames, plunging into the midst of the Half-Deaders and swinging his Silver Sword once again.
At this moment, there was only one thought in his mind.
Kill these monsters!
Then, Emily would be safe.
More?
No more.
Emily's eyes were fixed on Bolun; her heart, which felt like it was going to tear apart just a second ago, made her increasingly aware of her feelings for Bolun.

She caressed the shotgun.
Silently, she resolved.
Just this once!
This would be the only time Bolun fought alone!
Next time!
She would fight alongside him!
Telly watched Bolun 'dancing' in the battlefield, then looked at Delbon who was fighting against a more powerful Half-Deader, and couldn't help but purse her lips.
Compared to Bolun, who seemed as graceful as a nobleman, Delbon was like a disreputable scoundrel on the streets.
This made Telly somewhat uncomfortable.
As for why it was uncomfortable?
She didn't know.
It just didn't seem right.
Delbon shouldn't be like this.
He should be, should be

Exactly what he should be, she couldn't say.
Sitting in the car with a pistol in hand, Telly fell silent.
Kemi's gaze, however, was fixed on Jason.
Watching Jason's upright figure continuously casting fireballs, she felt a profound sense of security.
Even surrounded by the Half-Dead.
Even with multiple heavy bombs hanging in the air.
But she felt secure.
With Jason there, she was certain she would be alright.
She believed this firmly.
However, the Kemi, who was only seeing Jason's back, didn't notice the furrowed brows on his face at that moment.
An oppressive, mountain-like pressure descended upon him.
Though not a true constriction, he was still able to move, but Jason could sense that each step he took was extremely difficult, consuming many times, even dozens of times, more Strength than usual.
But these were not the real reason that made Jason frown.

Chapter 705: When It Rings! (3)
The reason he frowned was that what was happening before him wasn't entirely aimed at him!
The person who had orchestrated all this must be targeting the 'main battleship'!
He could be incidental.
Or he could be the main target.
If they could kill him here, that would naturally be the best outcome.
And if not?

Then they would force the old general to deploy the 'main battleship' to rescue him.
However
Was the scene before him one that required the deployment of the 'main battleship'?
While the arrival of the heavy bombers and the involvement of the 'Mystical Side' people had taken him by surprise, just a few heavy bombers and some Mystical Side people, in his opinion, weren't enough to truly compel the deployment of the 'main battleship'.
So!
The real trump card of the opponent was still to come!

With this in mind, Jason threw out fireballs even faster.
Since their trump card was yet to come.
He didn't have more time to waste here.
One after another, basketball-sized fireballs flew in swathes.
Bang, bang bang!
After several collisions, the invisible force field constructed by a 'ritual' began to waver.
As cracks appeared, the force field shattered completely.
The heavy bombs, suspended in mid-air, began to fall, colliding heavily with the fireballs Jason had thrown.
Boom!
Boom boom!
After one heavy bomb exploded, all the remaining bombs detonated as well.
The huge blasts shattered the nighttime tranquility of Cherry City.
The flames even lit up the night sky.
Aroused from sleep, people looked up at the flames burning in the sky, astonished, afraid, and at a loss.

Among these people, there were both ordinary folks and 'Mystical Side' people.
The latter reacted faster than the former.
Without any hesitation, a considerable number of the latter group began to retreat.
They wanted to leave Cherry City for the time being.
And the remainder quickly grabbed their equipment and props to rush toward the direction of the explosion.
Tel Derluce leaned back on a soft, luxurious sofa, watching this scene through Cherry City's surveillance feed, his expression unchanged, his gaze as calm as a still lake.
All of this was within his expectations.
"Master, do you require anything?"
"I have some fine red wine here."
"Of course, there are other things as well."
A middle-aged man with a smile, meticulously groomed hair, wearing a vest and a white shirt, asked.
"Red wine," Tel Derluce replied.
His voice was cold, unconsciously evoking a chill.
Paired with that expressionless face, one couldn't help but suspect he was the villain.



But the night sky had not calmed down.
As the red flames faded, a dazzling white began to appear.
It was huge.
And, it had appeared abruptly.
No one noticed how it had come to be there.
All they knew was that it looked somewhat like a—
Cross!
Chapter 706: Angel Envoy Descends? No, a Feast Descends!
The cross?
Derluce looked at the anomaly in the night sky, his rigid face finally showing a hint of change.
As a senior member of the Mystical Side, he was aware of the existence of the "cross", a symbol of a devastated cult's remnants from a century ago, but that was all he knew.
More than that?
He was completely clueless.
Even the name of the cult was unknown to him.

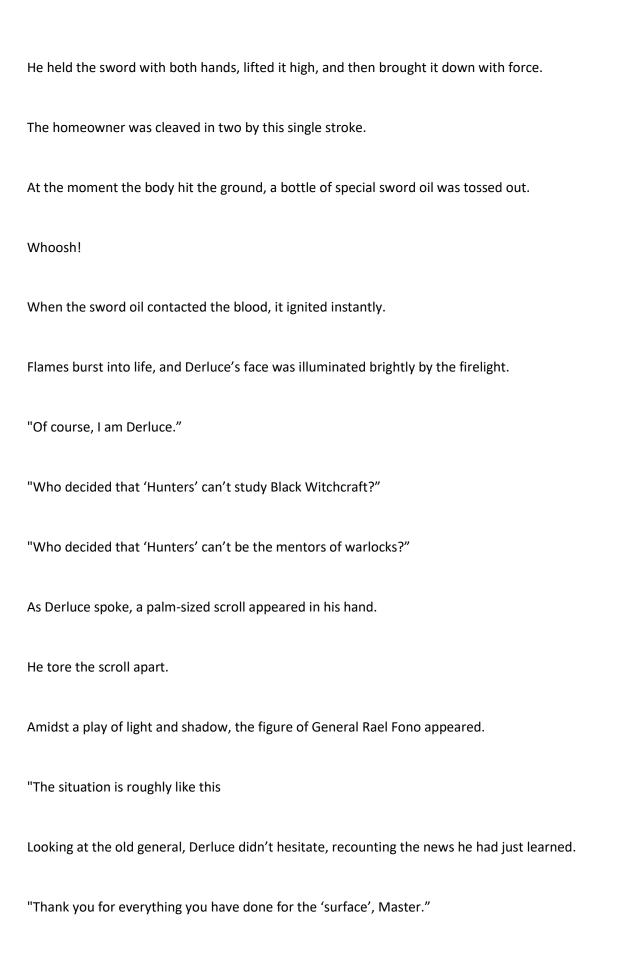
Although, according to the remaining architecture of the time, the cult was supposed to have been quite prosperous.
It was as if the cult had been erased by an invisible hand, leaving no trace of its existence. Could it be?
Derluce narrowed his eyes and looked towards the owner of the house.
He had been speculating why the other party had defected to the Sabie Aliens.
With his status and reputation, he shouldn't have needed to do that.
If it were related to this vanished cult, it would all make sense.
And the owner of the house no longer concealed it.
Gently swirling his glass of red wine, a smile on his lips, he spoke.
"I am one of the inheritors."
"I will inevitably resurrect my Lord's glory."
"Every trial and tribulation is for a more grandiose future."
During these words, a fervor emerged on the face of the homeowner.

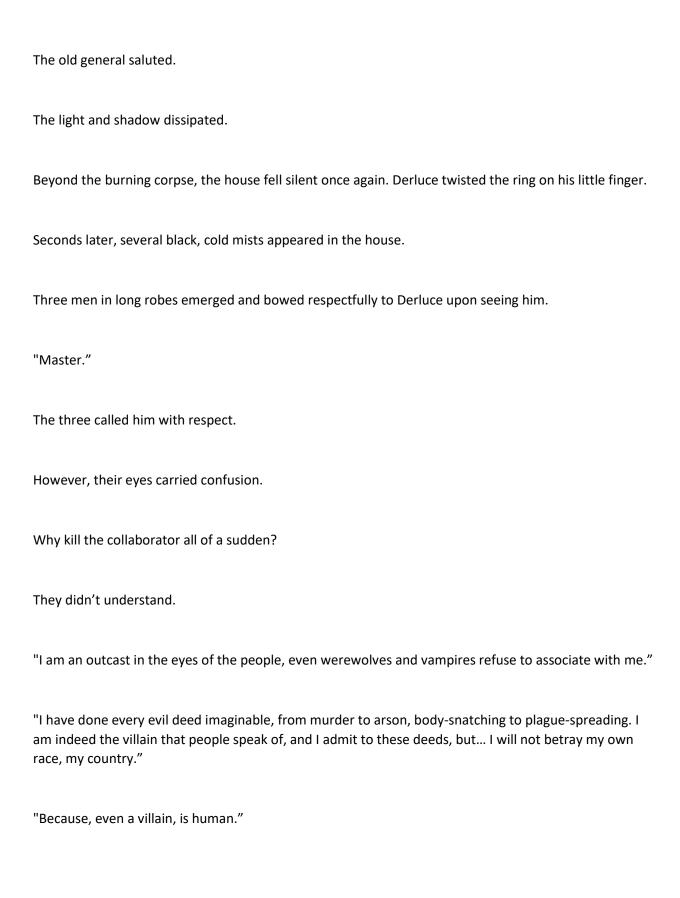
knee, and gazed at the massive cross, his words unceasing.
"You were erased."
"But you have returned."
"As your people, we will welcome your descent unto this land, back to your nation."
The words that followed were all praise.
Derluce's brow furrowed even more deeply.
A full minute later, as the homeowner ceased his praise, Derluce immediately asked, "Is this your master?"
"Of course not!"
"This is merely the master's envoy!"
"Yes, Angel Envoy!"
The homeowner shook his head, reverence in his voice as he looked at the vast cross, "The master cannot return directly, only when all twelve Angel Envoys have arrived can the master return."
"And this is only the first Angel Envoy!"
"Each Angel Envoy's arrival is costly, otherwise, why would I cooperate with the 'Sabie Aliens'?"

He tilted his head back, drank the red wine in one gulp, then walked to the window, kneeled on one











Others treasured them as if they were precious gems.
And Derluce, the one who spoke these words, sighed in the room.
He didn't want this either.
As one of the Masters of 'Silver's Glory'.
Studying 'Black Witchcraft' was just a hobby; who would have thought that such a hobby would lead to a group of witches following him.
As an 'Order Keeper,' he did not like killing or destruction.
Even deep down, he hoped that these witches would take the right path.
So, he started 'guiding'.
And then?
He became a mentor to a group of witches.
It's been 30 years since he started doing this.
Thirty years is a long time for ordinary people.
It's a considerable amount of time for 'Mystical Side' individuals as well.
Perhaps everyone thought that he, once a Master of 'Silver's Glory,' had long been dead?

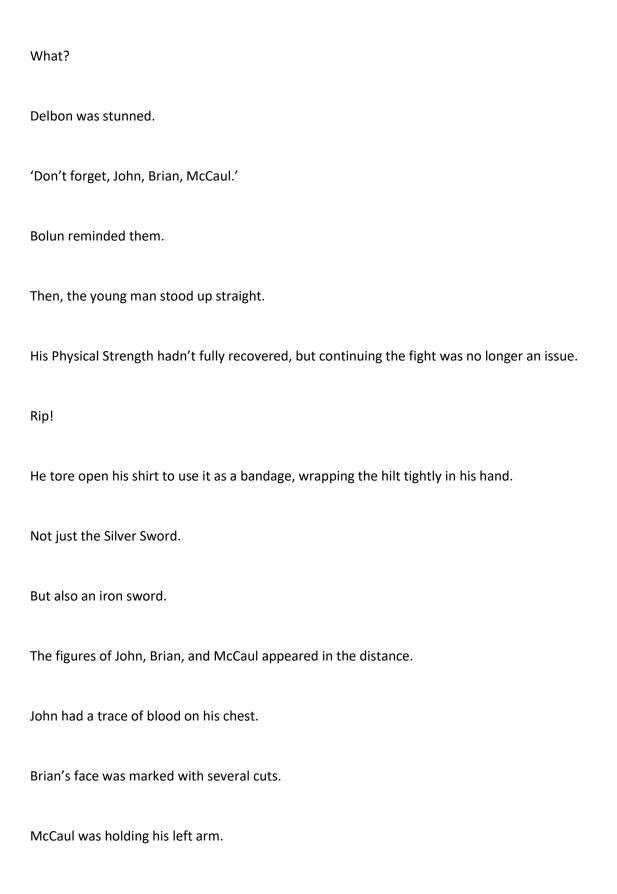
Even his good friends from those days would probably think so.
Now him?
Just an ordinary 'Master' Derluce.
'So ordinary that I wish I could be lecturing in a classroom!'
'Preferably language classes.'
'Being able to speak freely with the students.'
'That scene must be wonderful, right?'
Watching the cross in the night sky turn from dazzling white to red, Derluce could not help but sigh and then formed several Dharma Seals with his hand.
He had done everything he could.
What's left?
Naturally, it's up to others now.
When a huge cross appeared in the sky, Bolun felt his heart palpitate.
It also carried a strong sense of oppression.

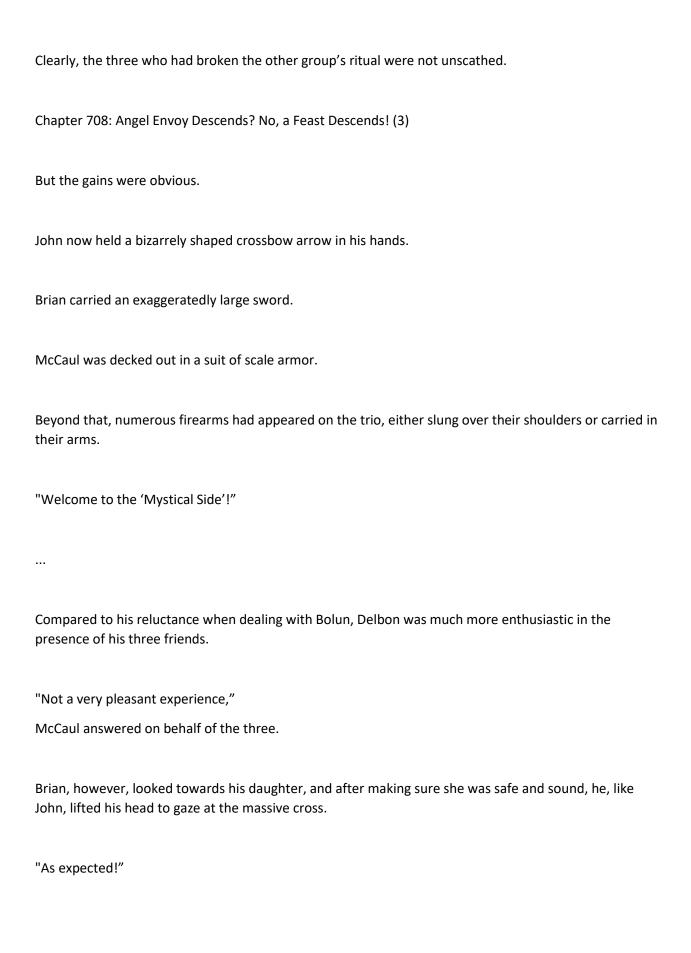
'Is this the betrayer's 'backup plan'? Bolun focused on the cross that was more than a hundred meters in size, killed the approaching 'Half-Deader' with a single stroke, and then began to use the breathing techniques recorded in the 'Leviah Notes' to recover his Physical Strength. He leaned against the car door, allowing the hand holding the sword to hang naturally. In front of him were hundreds of 'Half-Deaders'. Even with outstanding Talent and having undergone brutal training, Bolun still felt exhausted. But he knew that the true battle was only beginning now. He must recover even faster. Emily bit her lip to keep from crying out as she looked at Bolun through the car window, lifting her hand to touch his back. Even through the cold car window, she hoped to pass the warmth of her palm to him. 'Not bad at all.' Delbon approached with his distinctive voice. He held the head of a special 'Half-Deader' in his hand, looking at the bodies on the ground and the Silver Sword in Bolun's hand, a shock running through his heart. As someone who had been taught by the 'Clock Tower' from a young age, a 'Mystical Side' person,

Bolun knew very well what it meant to achieve what he did before him!









Brian took a deep breath.
With his long career as a special agent, Brian sensed a familiar scent in this situation.
"Kemi, all of you, get out of here,"
Brian said, brooking no refusal.
"Now, immediately,"
McCaul added.
John was putting Daisy into the car.
This time, the three ladies didn't object, they all noticed something odd in the demeanor of the men they cared about, their elders, knowing staying would only cause more trouble. So, it was Telly who drove, with Kemi, Emily, and Daisy in the car.
Delbon, sensing something bad was about to happen, also wanted to get in the car.
But—
"Aren't you getting in?"
Telly asked Delbon.
Meeting Telly's gaze, Delbon, who had been about to get into the car, shook his head instead.
"Women should stay away from war,"

"Men should substitute their bodies,"
Delbon said such fine-sounding words.
This was something he had read in his collection of "PillowXXXX."
"Still counts as a man,"
Telly said and immediately started the car.
Watching the car get farther and farther away, Delbon struggled to keep a smile on his face, but deep down, he wanted to cry.
What fine-sounding words?
Did you forget about the core of the 'Clock Tower'?
Safety first!
Safety!
Delbon rubbed his hair, and at that moment, Telly's voice suddenly reached him from afar—
"Hey, hang in there."
"Don't you dare die."

night, suddenly feeling that staying behind wasn't such a bad choice.
A smile spread across Delbon's face.
One he couldn't hide.
And with a hint offlutter?
"Hey, Telly's only 17,"
McCaul couldn't help but remind Delbon.
"No, no problem."
"I'm only 34, the gap isn't that big."
Delbon replied somewhat absent-mindedly with a wave of his hand.
He felt once again that he needed to quicken his learning of the 'Way of the Domestic Man.'
But of course, he needed to deal with the thing above his head first.
"Come on!"
"After I take care of you, I'm going to find Telly and confess
Lifting his head, Delbon shouted at the huge cross.

Delbon, still rubbing his hair, was stunned. He lifted his head and looked at the car disappearing into the

Unfortunately, his words were cut off before he could finish them.
The cross, emanating a blinding white light, turned red.
Hum!
An invisible pressure descended from the sky.
Buildings collapsed in batches under the cross, and the asphalt road began to quake violently.
John, Brian, McCaul, and Bolun were all shaking, forced to rely on their weapons for support to remain standing.
And Delbon without a weapon for support?
He was flattened onto the ground.
He craned his neck, trying to stand, but it was entirely impossible.
The pressure was unimaginably overwhelming.
It seemed no one could stand under its force.
No!
Jason was standing!
Without the aid of any weapon, he stood erect!

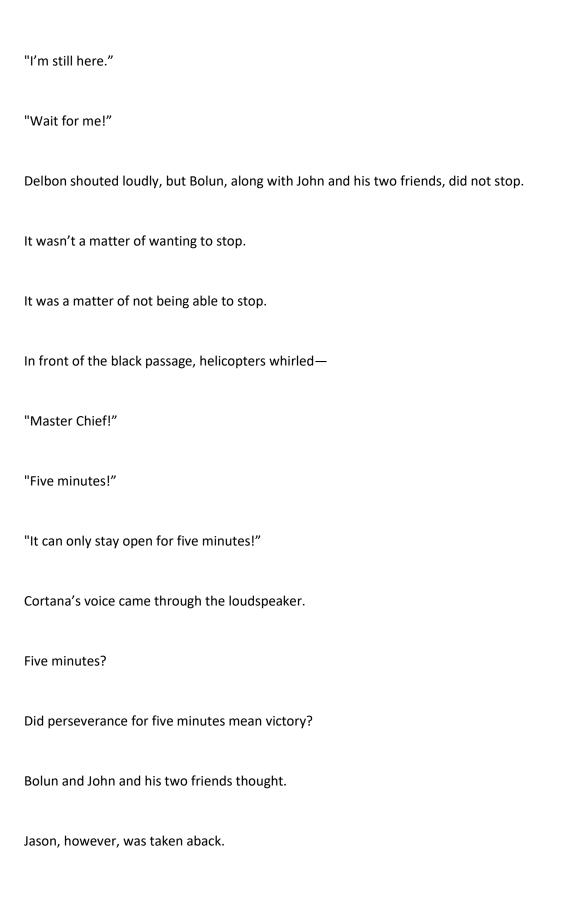
From Delbon's perspective, he could clearly see Jason's silhouette.
Hum!
It was dissatisfaction, or perhaps, a sense of offense that had been felt.
Another unique pressure descended.
This time, including Delbon, John, Brian, McCaul, and Bolun all trembled, a soul-deep trembling sensation made them grit their teeth to prevent cries of terror.
But what they were more concerned about was the silhouette of Jason in the distance, starting to shake as well.
Could it be?
Their hearts tensed at once.
Then, they heard a peculiar sound.
Gulp!
Slurp!
It was the sound of swallowing saliva.
It was the sound of slurping saliva back in.
On the side they couldn't see, Jason's face was alight with excitement and exhilaration.

He kept taking deep breaths.
His whole body was trembling with excitement.
Delicious!
The rich fragrance came flooding in!
It signified—
A feast!
Chapter 709: As long as it's edible, no matter how powerful, it's just a dish in my eyes!
Food was about to be served on the table, and Jason's heart was filled with excitement.
He truly hadn't expected to lose a dinner here, only to have another 'dinner' replenished.
He looked up at the colossal cross, a hundred meters tall, its color shifting from a blinding white to crimson.
The next moment—
Hum!
In the midst of a distinctive sound, a black dot appeared in the center where the vertical and horizontal lines of the cross intersected.

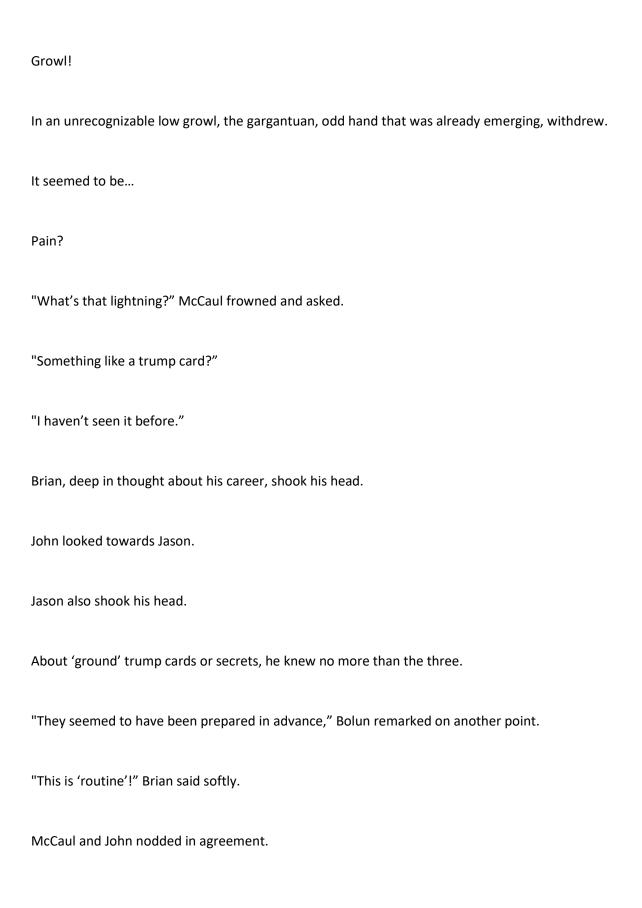
The dot rapidly expanded, and in an instant, it turned into a circular hole.
A hand extended from this newly-formed black hole, grabbing onto the edge of the cross.
The hand was enormous, but disproportionately so.
Most importantly, the hand appeared to be made entirely of steel.
Creak!
The strange, gigantic hand clenched slightly at the edge of the cross.
Immediately, amidst a grating noise, the black hole devoured the cross in a flash, forming a dark passage.
A figure, even taller than the cross, flickered in and out of visibility within the dark portal.
The figure's body and arms were grotesquely distorted in the passage, looking both strange and chilling to the core.
As the figure drew closer, becoming gradually more visible, the sense of fear within John, Delbon, and Bolun, who stood directly beneath the portal, surged.
John and his two companions groaned, their bodies shaking more violently.
Delbon, who was already lying there, was now unable to lift his head.
Bolun bit his teeth, trying to remain unaffected.

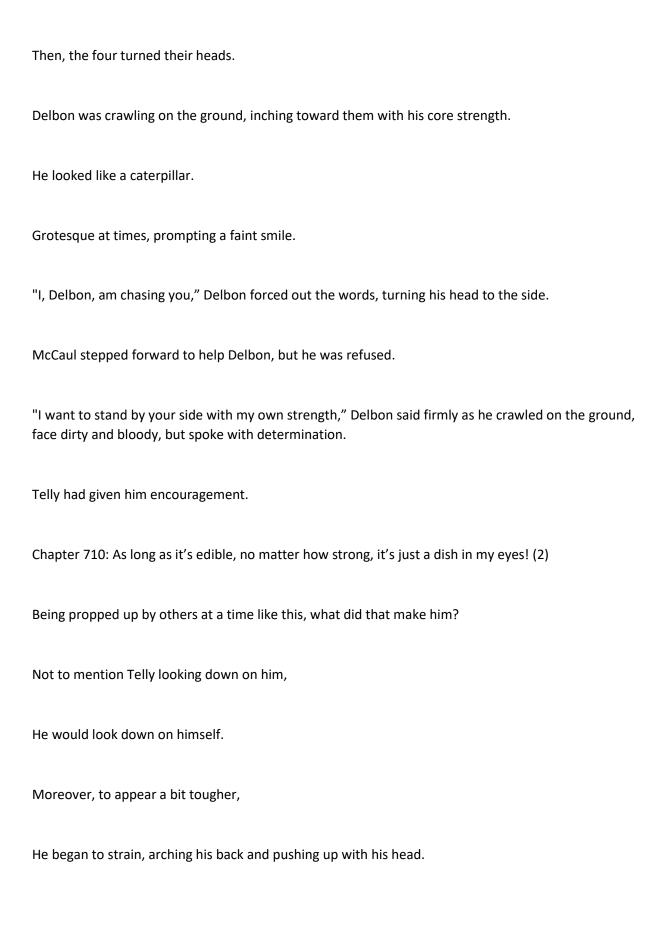
Yet the oppressive feeling on his soul was gradually eroding him.
The sensation of erosion was very distinct.
Although he did not know what it would be like to 'submit,' Bolun's pride wouldn't allow himself to do so.
"Weave of Fate, defy destiny!"
"Mark of the Wolf, never compromise!"
Bolun roared lowly, biting the tip of his tongue.
Blood immediately filled his mouth.
Whoosh!
It seemed as though the sound of the north wind was in his ears.
It appeared as though snow and wind were in front of his eyes.
A figure seemed to emerge from the North, riding a horse, hair white, face etched by the elements.
He passed by Bolun.
A smile formed on his weather-beaten face.
It seemed one of satisfaction, one of admiration.

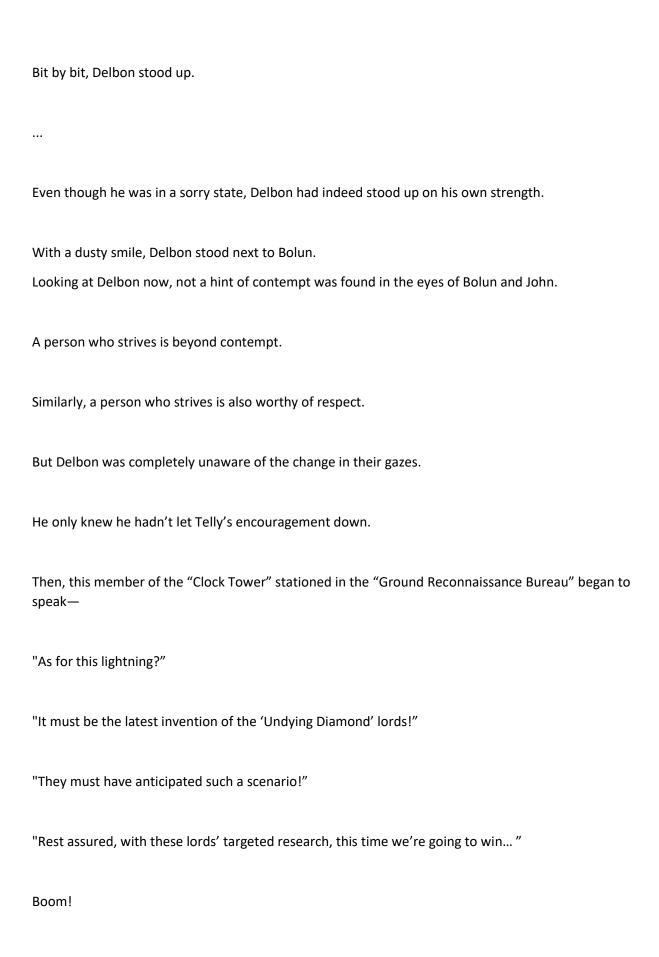
He did not pause but continued forward, waving at Bolun and glancing at John and his two steadfast companions.
The horse's hooves trotted lightly.
He vanished.
Gone as well were the shudders from the soul.
Yet at the same time, something peculiar started to manifest.
It appeared subtly and without a trace.
There was only change.
Huff, huff!
Bolun breathed heavily, shaking his head as he looked towards John and his two friends.
They were also looking back at Bolun.
Not an illusion?
It was real!
After confirming with their eyes, the four of them didn't speak further, but armed themselves and walked towards the black portal with their heads held high.
"Hey? Hey?"



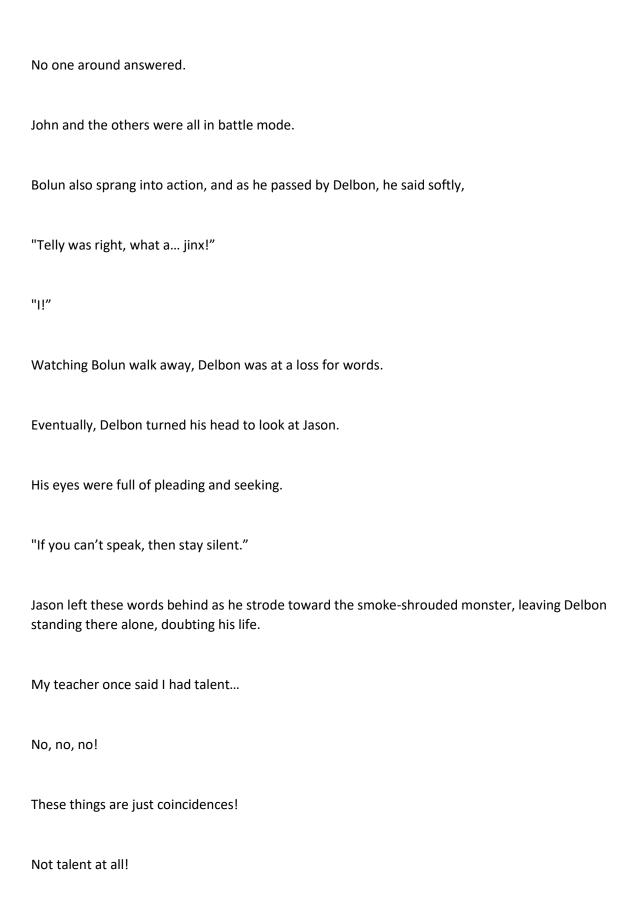
Only five minutes?
Jason, who had been waiting calmly, furrowed his brow slightly.
Although he hadn't seen the true face of the 'dinner' yet, five minutes seemed hardly enough to finish such an immense feast.
"It appears my eating speed is indeed too slow," Jason couldn't help but think.
If his mouth could open a hundred meters wide, he wouldn't have such troubles.
He wondered whether a 'Talent' like that would ever materialize.
Swish, swish!
Boom, boom!
As Jason pondered, the helicopters circling around fired missiles.
Sparks accompanied by roaring bloomed in the night sky.
They didn't vanish like fireworks.
On the contrary, in the explosion, they revealed their true form—
Crackle, crackle.
Slim, continuous bolts of lightning began to appear in the explosion; they linked and intertwined, rapidly forming a net of lightning, enclosing the black passage within.







In an earth-shattering roar,
A giant figure over a hundred meters tall burst out from the black passage.
The seemingly robust lightning net collapsed and disintegrated in an instant.
The remaining lightning illuminated the colossal figure.
Its gray-black shell shimmered with a metallic luster, a long horn of about ten meters grew on its head, eyes glowed a bloody red, and its mouth was completely made of steel.
The creature's arms were exceedingly long, dangling past its knees, creating a disproportionate appearance.
It looked like a gaunt version of a gorilla.
But even stranger was that, about fifteen meters above the creature's head, a ring of light emerged out of nowhere.
Rumbling sounds!
Along with gravity, this odd 'creature' landed on the ground.
Under its stomping feet, buildings collapsed in heaps, dust filled the air, obscuring the figure, leaving only those scarlet eyes emitting a strange glow amidst the dust.
"What, what is this?"
Staring at the giant 'creature,' Delbon stammered.



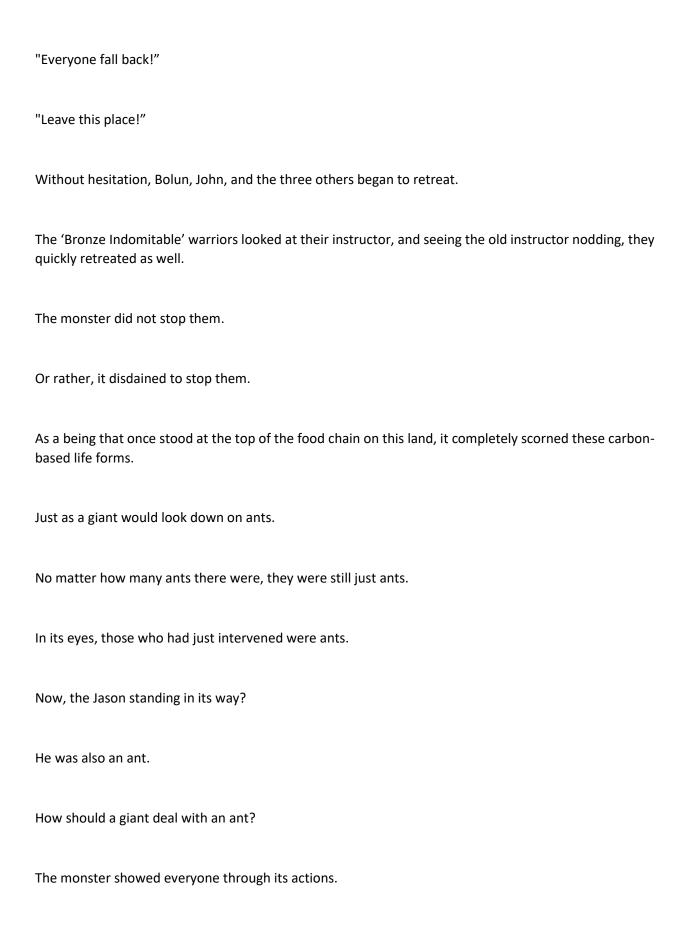
Recalling what his teacher had once said, Delbon quickly shook his head.
He was not a jinx.
The mistake wasn't his.
It was those 'Undying Diamond' lords!
Thinking this, Delbon felt a wave of relief. He took out a crystal, ready to assist Jason, Bolun, and John in his own way,
But just for a second, Delbon's face turned pale.
"My magic has failed!"
Delbon shouted loudly.
Panic tinged Delbon's voice.
As someone who habitually used magic, losing the ability to cast spells was like hiding a warrior's sword, an uncomfortableness that was truly unbearable.
And amidst this discomfort, a wave of unease rose from the depths of Delbon's heart.
Magic had failed.
Then

What about machinery?
Delbon thought to himself as he looked up at the helicopter in the night sky.
The helicopter was flying normally.
"Thank goodness, at least technology"
Before he could finish his sentence, the rotating blades of the helicopter that should have been circling in the sky started to slow down drastically, and six helicopters began to spiral down.
Bang, bang bang!
One after another, pilots ejected, their parachutes getting ready to unfurl.
"Thank goodness for the parachutes!"
Delbon said instinctively.
No sooner had he spoken, the parachutes that were supposed to open suddenly malfunctioned.
The pilots plummeted down with cries of shock.
At that moment, several figures leaped straight into the air.
"Whew, at least there's a backup Uh!"
Delbon breathed a sigh of relief, muttering to himself, only to see the figures leaping into the air start convulsing oddly.





[Kaya Seals] appeared in the hands of Bolun and John.
In facing such a massive creature, [Roeld Seal] and [Gnei Seal] were completely ineffective, but [Kaya Seal] had a slight chance.
Because of the enemy's size.
The area of its foot alone was enough to accommodate more than ten [Kaya Seals] within that region.
But!
Useless!
The monster walked out of the dust, stepping on an area with more than ten [Kaya Seals], yet it didn't show the slightest pause and continued on.
Clang, clang!
The Silver Swords of Bolun, John, and three others, as well as the metal longswords of the 'Bronze Indomitable' warriors slashing at the monster's body, were completely blocked by its metallic armor.
Traps were useless!
Slashing was useless!
When the power of technology and magic failed, all other remaining strength was useless, and the people on site looked at each other in dismay.
At that moment, Jason's voice rang out—



Crack! Crack!
Amidst the sound resembling the friction of armor, it raised its left leg, and then, violently stomped down.
Whoosh!
The foot came down with the force of a level ten gale.
Not just powerful.
But also incredibly fast.
Completely disproportionate to its gigantic size.
Boom!
The ground trembled at that moment.
Dust and noise rose once again.
Feeling the vibration under their feet, everyone's face became serious, and sweat appeared on their foreheads.
Could Jason block that stomp?
Or, could Jason dodge it?

All eyes focused on the dense dust cloud.
Then, they heard a scream they would never forget in their lives—
"Aaahh!"
"Let go!"
"Let me go!"