

## **Menu 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.

Delbon, who jumped into the car, looked up at the sky.

He knew what McCaul was trying to do, of course.

So, at this moment, he prayed silently.

"Hit them!"

"They must hit!"

Once such a bomb hit the ground,

Aside from death, Delbon couldn't think of anything else.

Only by detonating them in the air could everyone survive.

Not just Delbon, but everyone in the car was praying silently.

But at any time, things don't change according to people's wishes.

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.

"Hit!"

"This time it must hit!"

The prayers echoed inside the car, everyone's hearts clenched once more.

Then, under everyone's gaze, the fireball, which was getting closer to those heavy bombs, suddenly extinguished!

Very abruptly!

One moment it was burning fiercely!

The next, it was like a candle flame in a strong wind, puffing out!

"Someone has set up a ritual!"

Delbon said, his face looking ugly.

The establishment of a 'ritual' naturally signified that individuals from the 'Mystical Side' had joined in.



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.

"Yes."

"Telly, stay in the car."

Mccaul nodded, spoke to Telly, and then jumped out of the vehicle.

Sitting idly wasn't Mccaul's style.

Now that someone had set a trap,

He would break it.

After exchanging glances with Brian, who had also jumped down, the two quickly vanished into the night.

Although they hadn't seen John, they believed he was already taking action.

This kind of trust was something that only combat comrades had.

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, 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."



"Ridiculous."

A low, mocking voice sounded.

At the same time, a slender sword appeared in the opponent's hand.

The attacker thrust the sword toward Telly, who was rushing at him.

His goal was to kill 'Ship Slayer' Jason.

If people were in the way, naturally, they had to be killed together.

Therefore, the stab was both swift and ruthless.

But it didn't hit its target.

The thin sword grazed past Telly's neck.

"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.

"Hmph, do you think I'd believe your nonsense?"

Splat!

Chapter 703: When It Rings!

In the unique sound of flesh and blood being sliced,

The sharp blade of a sword pierced through a chest.

The intruder lowered their head to look at the protruding sword blade, then twisted to glance at Bore, who stood sword in hand behind them. Even with their expression concealed under a helmet, Tel could feel the other's bewilderment.

"I told you, there are two of us,"

Tel said with a shrug of his shoulders.

His face full of the helplessness that comes from facing an intruder who wouldn't believe him and ignored his warnings, as if they refused to listen.

...

However, this kind of helplessness, no matter how you look at it, was sly and smug.

Seeing Tel's sly and smug expression, an indescribable rage began to rise in the heart of the intruder.

"I'll kill you!"

The intruder suddenly roared and charged at Tel without any heed for their own safety.

Pfft!

The body slipped off the blade, blood spraying.

But this did not hinder the intruder's actions in the slightest.

Their sword aimed straight at Tel and thrust forward.

Tel stepped back to dodge, a trace of confusion flashing in his eyes.

He had seen Bore's sword strike firsthand,—a normal person would have died from such a blow, yet the intruder acted as if nothing had happened.

While doubts filled his mind, the words from Tel's mouth showed no sign of stopping.

"It was that guy who gave you the sword wound; why are you chasing after me?"

"Do you think I'm easy to bully?"

"Is it my outfit that's giving you the wrong impression?"

"You should know, I'm an official member of the 'Clock Tower'!"

Tel's mouth was like a machine gun, spewing a stream of words non-stop. His hands were just as fast, throwing out a succession of Dharma Seals and small gadgets one after another.

A sword grazed by Tel's neck.

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.

The added ingredient was Daisy's excrement.

It had a foul smell and lingered for a long time.

And it, tested the limits of a person's sanity.

In fact, the doctored stink egg was even more effective than expected.

"Bastard!"

"How dare you throw a stink egg and dog shit at the great

In almost a roar, the intruder turned and continued charging toward Tel.

As an official member of the 'Clock Tower,' Tel used his unique fighting style to cope with the opponent.

Illusions, visual displacements.

The stink eggs occasionally mixed with a grenade among them.

His agile movements were nothing like the wizards people imagined.

And his proficient use of grenades was more befitting of a battle-hardened warrior.

With ease and proficiency!

"This guy!"

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, 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."

Kemi softly comforted her, a hint of a smile beginning to show in her eyes as she looked outside the car window.

Flame!

Rising flames surged and rolled over the Half-Deaders who had charged at him, like a flamethrower.

The flames spewed forth from Bolun's hands.

"Gné Ef Dharma Seal"!

A Hunter's Dharma Seal varies in display according to the user's Talent.

Without a doubt, Bolun was exceptionally talented.

Just like his swordsmanship.

Under the moonlight, as the flames briefly paused, Bolun moved nimbly, his Silver Sword reflecting the moon's glow. When he began to dance with the Silver Sword, it was as though the moonlight burst forth from his hand, creating arc after arc, each as precise as though calculated, just enough to pierce and slit the cores of the Undying.

An enigmatic sense of elegance emerged on Bolun in the battlefield.

Even the bloodstained carnage couldn't diminish such grace by a single iota.

He looked as though he was an Elf from the legends, facing the swarming Half-Deaders without a change in expression, his voice filled with a detachment that put everything aside.

"Steel Sword vanquishes evil, Silver Sword slays the malevolent."

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 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.

"Very well,"

But the homeowner didn't mind at all.

It was precisely because Tel Derluce was a bad man that they could sit together.

The already decanted wine was poured into a glass, the host picked up a goblet for himself and offered one to Tel Derluce.

"Master, please," the homeowner said with a smile as he raised his glass.

Tel Derluce emptied the contents of the glass into his mouth without ceremony.

The homeowner, who was swirling his glass, showed no surprise; this wasn't their first meeting, and he knew Tel Derluce well enough to even guess his next words.

"Where is my stuff?"

"By our agreement, you should give it to me."

Hearing Tel Derluce's predictable words, the homeowner twirled his glass, taking a light sniff before responding with an even brighter smile, "Certainly, I never break a promise, but... Master Derluce, don't you want to see the rest of my plan?"

The homeowner elongated his tone and with empty hand, gestured toward the night sky outside the window.

Following the explosion, the tumbling flames began to fall.

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.

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

"Do you really think I would betray my own kind just to become the 'surface governor' that they speak of in their colonial lands?"

"Ridiculous!"

The homeowner spoke with ridicule, the fanaticism on his face growing more evident.

Derision and fanaticism were both concentrated on one face.

Making it twisted and contorted.

Sinister, hideous.

And his words were a murderous whisper.

"All sinners must die!"

"Those on the 'surface'."

"The 'Sabie Aliens'."

"All unforgivable!"

"The first Angel Envoy's arrival, though it only lasts for 5 minutes, is enough to erase... Ah!"

The homeowner, who had been praying softly, suddenly let out a scream.

A slender sword was plunged into his back.

The sword was made of silver.

Silver Sword?

Glory of Silver?

Hunter?

The homeowner looked up at Derluce who was holding the sword, his eyes full of bewilderment.

"You are not Derluce!"

As if realizing something, the other party screamed.

How could Derluce, revered by evil wizards as their master, possibly be a "Hunter"?

The answer, of course, was clear as day.

The man before him was not Derluce.

Listened to the screeching, Derluce's stoic face didn't change at all, and his eyes remained calm. He simply flipped the sword, drew it, and slashed.

In the flipping motion, he completely crushed the heart.

Upon drawing it, he widened the wound, and blood spouted out.

And the slash?



He held the sword with both hands, lifted it high, and then brought it down with force.

The homeowner was cleaved in two by this single stroke.

At the moment the body hit the ground, a bottle of special sword oil was tossed out.

Whoosh!

When the sword oil contacted the blood, it ignited instantly.

Flames burst into life, and Derluce's face was illuminated brightly by the firelight.

"Of course, I am Derluce."

"Who decided that 'Hunters' can't study Black Witchcraft?"

"Who decided that 'Hunters' can't be the mentors of warlocks?"

As Derluce spoke, a palm-sized scroll appeared in his hand.

He tore the scroll apart.

Amidst a play of light and shadow, the figure of General Rael Fono appeared.

"The situation is roughly like this

Looking at the old general, Derluce didn't hesitate, recounting the news he had just learned.

"Thank you for everything you have done for the 'surface', Master."

The old general saluted.

The light and shadow dissipated.

Beyond the burning corpse, the house fell silent once again. Derluce twisted the ring on his little finger.

Seconds later, several black, cold mists appeared in the house.

Three men in long robes emerged and bowed respectfully to Derluce upon seeing him.

"Master."

The three called him with respect.

However, their eyes carried confusion.

Why kill the collaborator all of a sudden?

They didn't understand.

"I am an outcast in the eyes of the people, even werewolves and vampires refuse to associate with me."

"I have done every evil deed imaginable, from murder to arson, body-snatching to plague-spreading. I am indeed the villain that people speak of, and I admit to these deeds, but... I will not betray my own race, my country."

"Because, even a villain, is human."

"Do you understand?"

Derluce said indifferently.

"Understood!"

The three warlocks nodded and then, without needing any instructions from Derluce, they swiftly got to work.

Chapter 707: Angel Envoy Descends? No, a Feast Descends! (2)

They emptied out the room.

Not just the visible structures, but also the secret chambers hidden out of sight, all items stored within were taken away by the witches, along with the words of Derluce.

‘Evil people are still people’!

And soon, this phrase was completed.

‘We are evil people, but we are still people, we won’t betray our own species, our nation.’

...

Hearing such words, those witches who followed Derluce began to record the Master’s quotations.

Derluce was called ‘Master’ by the witches, not only because of his strength and teaching, but also because he often said things that made people think deeply.

Some witches scoffed at these words.

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!

It showed that he had far surpassed the level of 'rookie,' 'newcomer.'

He was a true 'veteran.'

How long would it take for an ordinary person to go from 'rookie,' 'newcomer' to 'veteran'?

Three years?

Or five years?

But how long did this guy take?

Less than a week, right?

Such a terrifying talent.

Of course, Delbon would absolutely not say it out loud.

He and the other party may not be enemies, but he would certainly not compliment him.

For those 300 books he had to carry back!

Delbon thought to himself and picked up the head he was holding.

He hoped to display his achievement with it.

Too bad nobody was looking at him.

Kemi was watching Jason from a distance.

Emily focused on Bolun.

Bolun was resting with his eyes closed?

As for Telly?

She did take a look but then muttered 'disgusting' and 'what a perverted thing to do' before turning her head away.

'I, I!'

Delbon tried to explain, but he could only open and close his mouth.

In the end, he tossed the head to one side with a somewhat dejected air.

Then he heard—

'What's binding Jason?'

Kemi, who had been watching Jason, clearly noticed something was off.

The 'ritual' had been broken, so why did Jason still seem to move strangely?

'The 'ritual' consists of two parts!'

Delbon turned his head and immediately analyzed the situation, preparing to search for the location of the second ritual setup, but at that moment, Jason suddenly returned to normal.



What?

Delbon was stunned.

‘Don’t forget, John, Brian, McCaul.’

Bolun reminded them.

Then, the young man stood up straight.

His Physical Strength hadn’t fully recovered, but continuing the fight was no longer an issue.

Rip!

He tore open his shirt to use it as a bandage, wrapping the hilt tightly in his hand.

Not just the Silver Sword.

But also an iron sword.

The figures of John, Brian, and McCaul appeared in the distance.

John had a trace of blood on his chest.

Brian’s face was marked with several cuts.

McCaul was holding his left arm.

Clearly, the three who had broken the other group's ritual were not unscathed.

Chapter 708: Angel Envoy Descends? No, a Feast Descends! (3)

But the gains were obvious.

John now held a bizarrely shaped crossbow arrow in his hands.

Brian carried an exaggeratedly large sword.

McCaul was decked out in a suit of scale armor.

Beyond that, numerous firearms had appeared on the trio, either slung over their shoulders or carried in their arms.

"Welcome to the 'Mystical Side'!"

...

Compared to his reluctance when dealing with Bolun, Delbon was much more enthusiastic in the presence of his three friends.

"Not a very pleasant experience,"

McCaul answered on behalf of the three.

Brian, however, looked towards his daughter, and after making sure she was safe and sound, he, like John, lifted his head to gaze at the massive cross.

"As expected!"

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."

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

"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.

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?"

"I'm still here."

"Wait for me!"

Delbon shouted loudly, but Bolun, along with John and his two friends, did not stop.

It wasn't a matter of wanting to stop.

It was a matter of not being able to stop.

In front of the black passage, helicopters whirled—

"Master Chief!"

"Five minutes!"

"It can only stay open for five minutes!"

Cortana's voice came through the loudspeaker.

Five minutes?

Did perseverance for five minutes mean victory?

Bolun and John and his two friends thought.

Jason, however, was taken aback.

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, swish!

Boom, 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.

Growl!

In an unrecognizable low growl, the gargantuan, odd hand that was already emerging, withdrew.

It seemed to be...

Pain?

"What's that lightning?" McCaul frowned and asked.

"Something like a trump card?"

"I haven't seen it before."

Brian, deep in thought about his career, shook his head.

John looked towards Jason.

Jason also shook his head.

About 'ground' trump cards or secrets, he knew no more than the three.

"They seemed to have been prepared in advance," Bolun remarked on another point.

"This is 'routine'!" Brian said softly.

McCaul and John nodded in agreement.

Then, the four turned their heads.

Delbon was crawling on the ground, inching toward them with his core strength.

He looked like a caterpillar.

Grotesque at times, prompting a faint smile.

"I, Delbon, am chasing you," Delbon forced out the words, turning his head to the side.

McCaul stepped forward to help Delbon, but he was refused.

"I want to stand by your side with my own strength," Delbon said firmly as he crawled on the ground, face dirty and bloody, but spoke with determination.

Telly had given him encouragement.

Chapter 710: As long as it's edible, no matter how strong, it's just a dish in my eyes! (2)

Being propped up by others at a time like this, what did that make him?

Not to mention Telly looking down on him,

He would look down on himself.

Moreover, to appear a bit tougher,

He began to strain, arching his back and pushing up with his head.

Bit by bit, Delbon stood up.

...

Even though he was in a sorry state, Delbon had indeed stood up on his own strength.

With a dusty smile, Delbon stood next to Bolun.

Looking at Delbon now, not a hint of contempt was found in the eyes of Bolun and John.

A person who strives is beyond contempt.

Similarly, a person who strives is also worthy of respect.

But Delbon was completely unaware of the change in their gazes.

He only knew he hadn't let Telly's encouragement down.

Then, this member of the "Clock Tower" stationed in the "Ground Reconnaissance Bureau" began to speak—

"As for this lightning?"

"It must be the latest invention of the 'Undying Diamond' lords!"

"They must have anticipated such a scenario!"

"Rest assured, with these lords' targeted research, this time we're going to win... "

Boom!



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.

No one around answered.

John and the others were all in battle mode.

Bolun also sprang into action, and as he passed by Delbon, he said softly,

"Telly was right, what a... jinx!"

"I!"

Watching Bolun walk away, Delbon was at a loss for words.

Eventually, Delbon turned his head to look at Jason.

His eyes were full of pleading and seeking.

"If you can't speak, then stay silent."

Jason left these words behind as he strode toward the smoke-shrouded monster, leaving Delbon standing there alone, doubting his life.

My teacher once said I had talent...

No, no, no!

These things are just coincidences!

Not talent at all!

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.

It felt like... a cramp?!

How is that possible?

Tel thought at the bottom of his heart.

More 'Bronze Indomitable' warriors sprang up.

Tel breathed a sigh of relief again, and was about to say something.

"Shut up!"

A roar exploded beside his ear.

Like thunder.

Tel was startled and turned his head to see the old instructor, who had appeared beside him at some unknown time.

"I

"You don't need to talk. Shut up."

"Otherwise, you won't have to speak ever again."

The old instructor spoke with a rare seriousness.

The instructor didn't want to do this, but who made Tel such a jinx!

Good things don't come true; bad things do!

Every time he opened his mouth, something bad happened!

And always to his own people.

At such a critical moment, nobody could stand it.

Facing the stern instructor, Tel shrunk his neck and dared not speak anymore.

Of course, he wouldn't admit he was a jinx.

Coincidence!

It was all a coincidence!

Tel told himself this.

"That guy really is a jinx!"

Bolun thought to himself, silently raising Tel's danger level from 0 to 4.

Then, he began to set up the Dharma Seals.

Tel's spells had failed.

But not the Hunter's Dharma Seals.

[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—

"Everyone fall back!"

"Leave this place!"

Without hesitation, Bolun, John, and the three others began to retreat.

The 'Bronze Indomitable' warriors looked at their instructor, and seeing the old instructor nodding, they quickly retreated as well.

The monster did not stop them.

Or rather, it disdained to stop them.

As a being that once stood at the top of the food chain on this land, it completely scorned these carbon-based life forms.

Just as a giant would look down on ants.

No matter how many ants there were, they were still just ants.

In its eyes, those who had just intervened were ants.

Now, the Jason standing in its way?

He was also an ant.

How should a giant deal with an ant?

The monster showed everyone through its actions.



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!"