

## The Duke 821

### Chapter 821 For the new dawn!

Claude fled the scene as fast as he could, regrouping with the wounded warriors and saving them on the skin of his teeth. The warriors fought bravely and held their ground against their enemies. But with Claude joining them, they were able to leave the Colosseum faster.

But just as they exited the Colosseum that bound them for many years, a loud explosion was heard inside. It wasn't an explosion that came from an explosive, but more like something big crashing into the walls of the Colosseum, and the rubbles it created produced a terrifying noise. Everyone looked back on instinct, only for their eyes to dilate at the sight of black threads moving past the towering walls of the Colosseum. Thick smoke and dust also ascended into the sky while a single tower within the Colosseum collapsed. No one knew what was happening inside. Matter of fact, what they all knew was that aside from those dead people — both warriors and undead — there was no one else or nothing else inside. They didn't even know about that black thread that had stretched from a particular direction and was now over the other side of the establishment. They couldn't see where the black threads originated, but what they could tell was that it destroyed everything on its path to the Colosseum. "What the hell is that?" a warrior asked with a shaking voice. He didn't get an answer because no one knew what it was. However, aside from sharing the same question, they also share the relief of getting out of the Colosseum on time. They wouldn't stand a chance against that massive creature.

Booogsh!

"The tower..." someone among the group noticed, pointing his trembling hand in the direction of a tower.

The Colosseum was built with high walls. However, one thing the warrior knew was that a particular tower inside had a height that was past the walls. That tower was where they were all imprisoned. Although the top floor was more like an office and a guardhouse.

"The tower... it's... collapsing..." another warrior blurted out under his breath. All of them stared at the collapsing tower, ignoring the gigantic black threads around the establishment. As they watched this tower tremble and explode as if something had crashed into it, staring into the debris falling, they all suddenly felt his strange sensation in their hearts. Relief. The tower that had imprisoned them for many years, the walls that had witnessed their agony and misery, and the floor where their spilled blood had dried up were now collapsing right before their eyes. The explosion continued, but the deafening noise sounded more and more distant. "Hah..." A warrior collapsed on his knees, teary-eyed. "We're free."

Those words... immediately struck everyone's heart. Freedom.

Many years of imprisonment, fighting for their lives, and even killing their comrades with all those sick games. Never once did they ever think freedom was possible. In fact, whenever they thought of freedom, it was like a far-fetched dream. But now, they were free. Not only did they get out of the Colosseum, but with all that fierce explosion happening inside, the existence of this vile place would soon turn to ruins. As the warriors fell on their knees with tears in their eyes as they watched the Colosseum collapse, Claude glanced at them.

'That's right...' thought Claude, drawing a deep breath as he set his eyes back on the establishment. 'Even if they manage to get out of this place, for as long as it exists, they would always be a prisoner of it.'

Gratefulness resurfaced in Claude's eyes as he pressed his lips into a thin line. "Uncle Hell..." he whispered softly. "... just how many more times do I have to thank you?"

One fact was clear to Claude. Samael was aware that Claude was someone who had always thought of taking all these warriors out of the Colosseum. It was the reason no one forced Claude to come to other places because they respected his will to help these people. But what Claude didn't consider was that getting all these warriors out of this Colosseum wasn't all he needed to do to help these people. These warriors weren't only battling physically, but also emotionally, spiritually, and psychologically. "I guess I still have tons of things to learn from him." The side of Claude's lips curled up into a subtle smile. "You promised, Uncle Hell. I will wait for you."

The softness plastered on Claude's face slowly faded, replaced by firmness and determination. He nodded slightly at the collapsing Colosseum, aware that Samael was currently having a fierce showdown against the black threads and Tristan — or Zero, who was now in the body of his son.

"Let's go!" shouted Claude, snapping everyone back from their trance. "This is not over yet! We still have to move!"

Everyone slowly looked back at Claude, trying to get themselves together. Some of them were wiping their tears, while others didn't bother, but their teary eyes slowly showed morale and determination. "You." A warrior cleared his throat, still on his knees. "Who are you and what's going on inside there?"

"Who I am isn't important," said Claude sternly, eyes scanning everyone's faces. His lips parted again, but his tongue rolled back from saying, 'they shouldn't worry about the Colosseum anymore.'

Right now, they were already at war. To keep these soldiers from going, they needed to hold on to some hope because outside the Colosseum was the real challenge. Samael said so himself. "You might not know him or hear of him, so listen up! I will only say this once!" Claude raised his voice so they would hear him despite the deafening noises behind them. "Samael La Crox. That man is the strongest man and the most capable man I know. He saved me from the brink of death moments ago from the clutches of the person who put you all inside that Colosseum."

"What?" some of them gasped in horror. "His Majesty was — he was there?"

"Yes." Claude nodded. "And right now, my uncle and that mad king are fighting. If there is a person who can end Quentin's madness, he is the person to do it."

"So, if you all want to see the new dawn... pick up yourselves and trust him," he continued with a strong conviction. "We will all witness the new dawn."

The warriors stared at Claude's stern countenance, rising from their knees until all of them were standing. Some were injured, being assisted by others, but the fire in their eyes blazed. Knowing someone could fight Zero head-on, and with Claude leading them, their morale skyrocketed.

It was death or freedom, and every single one of them chose the latter. "Let us fight for freedom," Claude remarked, giving each of them equal attention. "For freedom! For the new dawn!"

"FOR THE NEW DAWN!" the warriors roared, regaining the confidence they once lost.

## Chapter 822 Don't hurt yourself trying to understand people

Explosions could be heard all across the land of Spade. Thick smoke formed into clouds in the lightless sky, creating fog in the surroundings that made everything hard to see. If not for the fires all across the capital and even on the outskirts, it would just be total darkness. Claude led the group of warriors into safety, fighting some undeads and knights. Those capable warriors backed him up with their newfound hope of witnessing the new dawn. Meanwhile, others assisted those injured ones who couldn't engage in battle. There was only one place Claude could think of that was safe. It was the mansion where Tilly, Samael, and Law stayed. That place was blessed by Tilly, so it was a safe, unnoticeable residence. Lilou had been with the troupe since two months ago; Samael would constantly visit her with Law if it was safe. After all, they were being discreet.

But when Claude and the warriors reached the plaza, they stopped. Claude panted for air, a little exhausted from fighting nonstop. Even though the undead they faced were weaker than Tristan, their numbers and continuous attacks were tiring. The undead weren't afraid to attack, even if it would kill them. Heck. Even if the undead lost a limb or inflict a deep wound, they wouldn't stop unless they died. "Seriously... at this point, it feels like an endless night," mumbled Claude, looking around at the countless undead surrounding them after repelling an undead. Every second, more and more undead thronged the plaza until there were just a bunch of them around. However, their movements weren't as fast as those they fought before. Claude didn't know the reason for it, but at this point, he realized that there were times the undeads would stop attacking as if they were taking a break before they attack fiercely again. "Without the light, no one can tell how much time had passed." Claude could only guess. If he was correct, it had almost been half a day since this mayhem broke out. Yet, there was still no sign that it would end soon. Samael was still fighting in the Colosseum; Claude might have gone far from that place, but the explosion and clash of bloodcurdling aura from that direction would still reach him. Outside the Colosseum, the numbers of the undead seemed they weren't already reduced. There were just a lot of them. But then again, Zero sacrificed his entire nation. So, it wasn't surprising that their numbers, even if they slaughtered a hundred thousand of them, wouldn't hurt their numbers. "Stand back!" Claude shouted from his chest, scanning the undead surrounding their group. "Stick close to each other. Those who had been fighting step forth. Surround those injured and make sure they won't get their hands on you. We don't know what could their touch do."

The warriors sported solemn expressions. Without giving Claude a look, those helping the injured stood close to each other while those able surrounded them with a protective stance.

"These are people of the Spade," said a warrior, observing the undeads approaching them slowly. "That damn mad king... how can he deploy all these innocent people to fight for him?"

The warrior's sentiments fueled the resentment they had toward Zero. They had been fighting for hours to understand that their enemies weren't their real enemies. These mindless monsters were simply being used and exploited by the man who was supposed to protect them. "He is heartless," another warrior uttered through his gritted teeth. "It's repulsive." Yet, despite knowing that they were fighting innocent people, they couldn't help but fight back. These undeads wouldn't stop whatever they would say. It was futile. They already tried, and it proved to be pointless. The warrior who tried talking to them was now dead after they feast on him like hungry beasts. "Keep that anger within..." Claude breathed out after listening to their sentiments filled with hatred. "We all share the

same sentiments. However, we needed to survive these seemingly endless nights. Keep your eyes and ears open for any call for help. I believe there might be some people who didn't turn."

"Yes!" the warriors shouted in unison, keeping their wary eyes on the undead. When a few undead leaped to reach them, Claude and the rest, who had weapons, repelled them. Some died on the spot, while others had to make a few moves to silence them. "But what I don't understand is that... why would that mad king do all this?" another warrior couldn't help but raise his real concern. "Surely, this isn't all about fighting one enemy, right?"

"I'm afraid that's the point." Another one answered after beheading an undead with a clean cut. "That king is probably scared and resorted to this madness."

Another warrior snickered, pulling out his blades from an undead's chest. "Only cowards do that. Acting all high and mighty... only to get scared when the real deal comes to teach him a lesson."

The warriors casually chatted as they defended their area from the undeads. They still had time to talk and fuel their determination, since the undeads were coming at them one by one.

"Focus!" Claude yelled after slashing through three undead all at once. "This is not the time to talk. Whatever vile reason Quentin has, we will never understand. You can only respect they are built like that, and thus, you take action on how you are also built. Don't hurt yourself trying to understand a person — you'll never figure it out."

Just as Claude straightened his back and glanced over his shoulder, his heart clenched suddenly. His pupils went wide, gazing ahead, only to yell, "stand back!"

The urgency in his voice caught the attention of the warriors, looking back at him. As soon as they did, all they saw was the panic plastered on Claude's face. "Now!" yelled Claude again, and this time, the warriors didn't think twice about creating distance from him. But before they could even get far away, the ground shook as something or someone crashed into an area full of undead, and near them.

## Chapter 823 Cousins

"Now!"

Boom!

Everyone was caught off guard at the sudden crash near Claude and the warrior's vantage point. They were frozen on their spot, seeing that the smoke crawled in their direction until it stopped right beside Claude. Everyone's eyes were wide, unknowingly holding their breaths, watching the thick smoke rise in the air. Silence followed the crash, hearing some soft noises from debris falling on the ground. All eyes were still on the thick smoke that enveloped Claude in an instant. When the smoke thinned out, the warriors caught two silhouettes: one was standing while the other one was slumped on the ground. "Oy, young warrior..." called a warrior to Claude, making Claude look back at them.

"I'm fine." Claude looked back, flashing them a reassuring smile. The smoke was already thin enough for them to see him smiling. "Did anyone get hurt?"

"Uhh..." the warriors looked at each other, and upon confirming none of them got hurt, they looked back at him. They shook their heads before an old warrior spoke. "No one got hurt, fortunately." Since it took them a moment to follow Claude's instructions, they were certain they wouldn't get hurt. The person came flying to them — crashing into the ground and stopped beside Claude. Only

when everything appeared clear did the warriors catch the sword that was plunged into the ground. Claude was resting his palm on the sword impaled on the ground. The other person beside Claude was on his knees. His heel, however, was pressed on the sword. That was how Claude stopped the person from ramming through them. Amazing. But who was this person?

Curiosity soon hovered in the warriors' minds as their eyes lingered on the other man's back. The latter had broad shoulders and back, and despite just seeing his back, one could tell his physique resulted from regular training. "Sir Knight, just what the hell are you doing?" Ignoring the curious eyes of the warriors, Claude set his eyes on the person kneeling beside him. "You nearly killed them."

The smoke where Claude was standing cleared up, revealing Rufus's stern countenance. Rufus snapped his eyes up at Claude before rising to his feet.

"Apologies," said Rufus, turning around to face the warrior. "I didn't mean to startle you." The moment the warriors caught Rufus's face, their eyes slowly dilated. As the warriors in the Colosseum, they had grown used to getting familiar with faces. One particular face everyone remembered was this man, who entered the Colosseum at the same time as Claude. Ironically, although Claude was known as someone who appeared to enjoy the fights in the arena the most, Rufus was more popular among the warriors. The reason for that was because not only Rufus was strong but also, he was mysterious. Rufus never mingled with other warriors, always with himself. Most of the time, he would spend his day and even night training himself. Even in his own cell, there was not a moment anyone had seen him sit still. He would always either meditate or work out, doing thousands of push-ups without taking a break. His dedication somehow made him stand out. Hence, warriors were wary of him. What was this guy doing here? The warriors darted their eyes between Rufus and Claude, and then it clicked. Rufus and Claude entered the Colosseum around the same time. It wasn't new for new warriors entering the Colosseum, so no one suspected that these two actually knew each other. "You two..." a warrior mumbled, raising a finger at Rufus and then at Claude.

"Ahh..." Claude laughed and clapped. "Right. Sir Knight, our colleagues, hadn't known that we're actually cousins!"

"Colleague?" Rufus furrowed his brows, casting Claude a side-eye. Did Claude think battling in the Colosseum was just nothing but legal work? Also, Rufus didn't recall having such a cousin.

"My uncle is his dad." Claude pointed at Rufus with his thumb, casually explaining to the warriors about their relationship. "You know my uncle? The one we left in the Colosseum. That's his dad! So, don't worry about him. He can be trusted."

Rufus maintained his stoic countenance, even though he had a strong sense of correcting him. Or at least, give enlightenment to these people. However, it was pointless. Whether they knew him as someone else's child or slave didn't matter. There was a more important thing at hand. "I see..." the warrior heaved a sigh of relief, assuming Rufus was also at their side. Another capable person was on their side, which was better. "But why... how did Rookie come flying here?"

Claude's lips parted before realization struck him. "That's right." He turned his head in Rufus's direction. "Sir Knight cousin, who are you fighting against? It seemed you were sent flying from far away."

BOOM!

The moment Claude's inquiry rolled out of his tongue, another bam erupted behind them unannounced. The knights flinched, and some of them ducked in surprise. Meanwhile, Rufus's expression turned firm while Claude raised a brow. Both Rufus and Claude slowly turned around, facing ahead. Their eyes settled on the thick smoke descending and ascending.

"Someone troublesome," answered Rufus after some time. "I was five towns before the east border before Acheron Roseberg sent me flying."

"Sir knight cousin... that's new." Claude was rather in awe at the brief explanation. "Who would have thought this guy will manage to send you flying?"

Rufus didn't explain how and why; he didn't have time to tell Claude that Acheron was already dead, but came back to life. Or rather, Acheron had already lost consciousness, just going berserk.

"Acheron...?" the knight closest to the two heard Acheron's name. Acheron Roseberg. The king's hellhound. And also, the person who arrested most of them. Acheron was the head of the Colosseum, the warden. Only recently, Acheron had to let his people take charge because he was needed in the royal palace. In other words, Acheron's name was something every single warrior knew. His face was also something they would never forget. When the warrior whispered Acheron's name, all the warriors waited for the smoke to thin out with bated breaths. Minutes later, when they caught a glimpse of the other person that came into the scene, everyone's heart stopped for a moment. Acheron Roseberg. That was him. No doubt. The strongest war hero in the land of Spade was here.

## Chapter 824 Switch!

The warrior's faces were blank, staring at the person who came into the scene, wide-eyed. Every single one of them would never forget Acheron's face. Some even had nightmares of him. Why was he suddenly here?

Panic instantly swelled in their chest, having their imaginations to run wild. Although a few of them took his presence as a motivation to settle scores with him, the majority of them felt slightly helpless. Did he come to take them all back to the Colosseum? No way in hell would they go with him without a fight. Just when they regained their freedom, they wouldn't allow the same person who stole it before stealing it again. Still, it alarmed them.

Acheron Roseberg wasn't only Zero's personal hellhound, but also, he was strong and capable. With their current state, their chances of winning were slim. With that thought in mind, the warriors couldn't help but shift their eyes on Claude's back. That was right. They had this person fighting with them. Maybe... if they fight alongside Claude, it wouldn't be that impossible. A tinge of hope shone in their eyes, already making up scenarios in their heads.

"Ah, shit..." to their dismay, Claude grunted before turning around from Acheron. "Can we run?"

"Huh?" The warriors' thoughts halted, puzzled at his suggestion.

"We should run. Flee from here." Claude pointed his thumb over his shoulder. "As soon as possible."

"We can't!" one warrior yelled. "That man will not let us all off! We might as well fight him —"

"He's here not because of us." Claude stopped the warrior mid-sentence, speaking in a matter-of-fact tone. "So, don't worry about him coming after us. It's just that I don't think this place is a safe place to stay idle."

"What...?" the warriors looked at each other, bearing the same confusion in their eyes. When they shifted their eyes back to Claude, another warrior raised a question. "What do you mean by that?"

"He's after me." This time, all eyes shifted to Rufus's back when the latter clarified. "Stand back... or just leave this place. Run and don't look back. Claude will clear the way for you."

The confusion in their eyes looked more apparent as deep lines between their brows appeared. Now that they thought about it, who sent Rufus flying? That question didn't stay unanswered as the warriors instinctively darted their eyes from Rufus and Acheron. Those two... were fighting.

"Let's go?" Claude urged, snapping the warriors back to their trance. "We'll just get in my cousin's way if we're around the area."

"Oh... well, I guess..." another warrior cast everyone a look, nodding in agreement with them. "It can't be helped."

The warriors, although had the pride to uphold, weren't stupid. They weren't in their best shape and some of them were also injured. What they needed now wasn't to settle scores with Acheron — the warden of the Colosseum — but to find refuge. For as long as they took the injured to a safe place, they could just rest for a bit and do other things. After all, before they were warriors, most of them were knights. They believed they could do something much more important than spilling blood. For instance, searching the land for any survivors.

Pleased that these warriors were still logical, Claude rocked his head in satisfaction. With his hands on his hips, he cocked his head back, eyes on Rufus's side profile.

"Cousin, I don't have to worry about you, right?" asked Claude with a misplaced grin.

"Stop calling me cousin."

"Tch. First, you asked me to stop calling you His Majesty, and now you don't want me to call you cousin." Claude frowned, but Rufus didn't cast him a look not even once. "Just what is wrong with you?"

"Stop idling and take those guys with you." Rufus ignored the nonsense Claude was spouting at the moment, observing Acheron carefully. "I will cleanse the area, so you can go straight to your destination without a problem."

"Huh?"

"Lady Tilly blessed that place with her blood, so they can rest there and treat their wounds. Still... we still have to get out of this hell's gate as soon as possible," Rufus continually solemnly. "I don't have a good feeling about this place. After all, even when he's already dead... he just came back to life, stronger than before."

Claude furrowed his brow, setting his eyes back to Acheron Roseberg. He narrowed his eyes to see through the fog surrounding the man, and much to his dismay, Acheron's eyes were shining in deep red. Yet, there was no emotion in them. There was no anger whatsoever. It was just shining... lifelessly. Acheron's eyes were blank as if he was sleepwalking. "Holy..." Claude breathed out,

grasping how Rufus was caught off guard and was sent flying in this place. Rufus was a careful and meticulous person, and for him to be sent flying only means two things: one was his opponent was that strong, or he was caught off guard.

Rufus gripped his sword as a light glow surrounded his body. His eyes were sharper, gaze fixed on Acheron's figure. "Slicing him is futile. The way he regenerates reeks of death and blood," muttered Rufus to himself, but Claude was listening. "Get away from him, Claude. I cannot guarantee anything if you stay around."

"Tch." Claude clicked his tongue in irritation but didn't refute Rufus. "Don't even dare think I'm running away! I just have different priorities."

"No need to clarify. I'm not judging you."

Claude glared at Rufus before he shook his head. He then faced the warriors once again, about to shout at them to give them a heads-up when he caught a figure from the corner of his eyes. Rufus, who was already ready to catapult in Acheron's direction also furrowed his brows. Not just them, but the warriors also could not help but knit their brows as the ground trembled.

All of them slowly turned their heads to the herd of undead running from the east to the plaza. It was as if an entire town of undead was running toward them, making the warriors panic. Meanwhile, Claude and Rufus narrowed their eyes, catching the person running in front of the undead.

"Auntie Lilove?" Claude gasped, seeing that the herd of undead was chasing after Lilou, and she was leading them all to them. "Oy, oy... why is she bringing everyone in here?"

"Rufus!!!" Rufus slightly heard his name from Lilou, watching her wave her scythe in the air. Since he couldn't hear her, Rufus read Lilou's lips. Rufus could only make up one word by reading her lips, and that was, "switch!"

## Chapter 825 His mom

Panic and alarm swelled in the warriors' hearts, seeing the herds of undead running in their direction. It took them a while before they caught the person running ahead of them. A woman waving a gigantic scythe at them.

"What the... who is that?" a warrior mumbled in shock, noticing how these undeads were following her.

"Why is she leading those monsters here?"

"Auntie Lilove... what the heck??" Claude also joined the mumbling, scrunching up his face in disbelief. Meanwhile, Rufus narrowed his eyes as he focused his attention on Lilou. She was waving her scythe to get some attention; whose attention it was, they had no idea. "Rufus!" her yelling faded into the background noises. Rufus tilted his head to the side as his gut feeling told him she wanted to convey something. Hence, to understand her intention, his eyes landed on her moving lips. "Ru. Fus! Switch!" whispered Rufus as he read Lilou's lips. However, before he could react, he noticed that Lilou's steps grew larger and faster, creating a wider gap from the herds of undead behind her. From the corner of his eyes, he also noticed Acheron's slight movements. Before Rufus could even think, the ground underneath his feet cracked until it hollowed because of his weight. And after a second, he disappeared from his vantage point. Claude and the warriors snapped out of

their trance as the ground trembled. Their eyes shook, searching for Rufus, only to catch him sprinting to the herds of the undead. But that wasn't what made everyone gasp in suspense. Because they saw Acheron catch up to Rufus from behind.

"Watch out!" Claude shouted on instinct, almost jumping to cover Rufus from the surprise attack, but stood frozen a second later. BAM!

A strong gust of wind blew past Claude, and the warriors behind him had their jaws dropped. They almost didn't see what happened. Everything happened so fast that all they saw was a bright glint from metal, and then followed by a loud boom as Acheron was sent flying. "How..." a warrior trailed off under his breath, staring at another smoke from a distance, wide-eyed. They hadn't recovered from the shock when a blinding light from the corner of their eyes stole their attention. The warriors, including Claude, instinctively shifted their eyes to the light, only to squint their eyes. The light was bright — too bright. The only thing they could see through their squinting eyes was Rufus standing in front of the waves of the undead. His sword was raised, pointing at the sky. It was as if he was an angel of war who descended into this hell to cleanse it. Soon, the light coming from Rufus' sword spread across the area, bringing daylight for a moment.

BOOM!

The Warriors had no choice but to shut their eyes, flinching at the soundless explosion the light created. When they recovered, peeking from one of their eyes to see that the light gradually subsided, they looked around in confusion. The smoke where Acheron landed already wore thin and the darkness slowly enveloped everything once again. However, they caught a glimpse of the herds of undead, now unconscious on the ground. Even those undead that were already around them were knocked unconscious. When the darkness completely took over, it brought silence within it. No one spoke; they couldn't. All they could do for the next full minute was dart their eyes to where Rufus stood, and then at the figure behind the thick smoke. "What... who... how..." the warrior who recovered first couldn't make up for what question he should ask first. They were still darting their eyes between the figure behind the smoke until the smoke was thin enough for them to see a woman. And then to Rufus, who didn't move an inch from where he stood before that brief light.

They already knew Rufus, but this woman was someone they hadn't seen or heard of. "Auntie Lilove!" Claude's excited voice made some warriors flinch in surprise. Claude didn't hesitate to skip his steps, jogging in Lilou's direction while the latter approached him to meet him halfway. "Auntie Li —"

A frown instantly replaced his bright smile when Lilou pressed the tip of her scythe against his chest. His arms were wide open, and it was obvious he was about to throw himself at her. "Where's Sam?" she asked without beating around the bush, making her nephew's frown deepen. "Auntie Lilou, I thought you came here because you're worried about me." Claude pouted, shocking the warriors behind him, who regarded him as their hero.

"Claude." Lilou let out a deep, exhausted exhale. She glanced over her shoulder, seeing Rufus approach them leisurely. "I was looking for Rufus. I saw him flying in this direction, so I brought all of them."

Lilou peeled the tip of her scythe from Claude's chest, turning on her heel to face Rufus. However, her eyes didn't linger on Rufus's figure as they moved to the people behind him, unconscious.

"I knew it." She heaved a sigh of relief, casting Rufus a look. "You can dispel it." "On some of them," corrected Rufus. "I can only dispel it if they meet the requirement. I won't bore you with the details."

"But that's better than them being a sacrificial lamb." Lilou licked her chapped lips, rocking her head as she caught up to her breath.

"What are you two talking about?"

Lilou and Rufus raised their brows at Claude. The latter cocked his head to the side, blinking. "Ahh..." Lilou cleared her throat, but before she could begin her explanation, she noticed the people several steps behind them. She cocked her head to the side, assessing them from head to toe. "The Warriors?"

"And who is she...?" someone among them asked, giving Claude a curious look, hoping the latter would give them enlightenment. Claude's lips parted, glad to introduce Lilou to everyone. However, just before he could say, "his beautiful aunt," mischief shone in his eyes. His lips stretched mischievously before he said, "his mom," while pointing at Rufus.

Chapter 826 I need your help "His mom." Claude's lips stretched from ear to ear while Rufus's expression this time died. Meanwhile, Lilou just sighed and shook her head, telling herself it was not worth the energy to explain herself. It wasn't like Claude was lying. Under the laws of Heart's Kingdom, Rufus was Lilou and Samael's son. Rufus was even written in their family tree. "I see that you managed to get the warriors out of the Colosseum." Lilou cleared her throat, ignoring the strange look in the warriors' eyes. Even though they hadn't said a word just yet, she could already guess what was in their heads. "Anyway, Claude." Lilou peeled her eyes away from the warriors, setting them back on Claude. The second their eyes met, Claude's brows rose. "Yes?"

"I need your help."

"What is it, Auntie Lilove?"

"Not just your help..." she trailed off, casting the warriors a look. "... even those who are able. I need your help."

Their focus immediately shifted to her change of her mood, making their brows knit. This time, Lilou didn't look away as she focused her attention on them.

"Once you reach the safe house, I need those who can fight to save those people who didn't turn into undead and those Rufus had purified," Lilou explained after a second, keeping it short and simple. "I found some people hiding in their homes while running around. Also... it seemed Rufus can purify others with his sword of light."

Lilou cast Rufus a look, and the latter kept a stern expression. "Some of them die and disintegrate, there were some who would simply lose consciousness. However, they would still regain consciousness as undead. Others appeared to be cleansed and get out of the blood link that is manipulating them."

"The outcomes were all different depending on the person. There's no guarantee that we can save all of them," Rufus added solemnly, keeping his gaze on Lilou.

"Do it a couple of times," Lilou responded with a deep breath, nodding at Rufus. "Forget about Zero for now. Let's focus on these people. They need us."

"But Auntie Lilou." Claude frowned. "How about us? We also need some help here."

"Claude, these people had done nothing wrong. Our enemy is Zero, not them. They simply fell victim to the king's madness." Lilou lifted her chin. "I don't think I will ever hold my chin high even if we defeated Zero while feigning ignorant of these people. If you disagree with me, you can proceed with your initial plan. I am not forcing you, but asking a favor."

Claude remained silent after Lilou's remarks, sighing upon noticing the fire in her eyes. "I know everyone is already tired," she continued, moving her attention to the warriors. "But we need to help each other. Zero turned you all into warriors to kill your spirit as a knight who was against his madness. I hope he wasn't successful and there's still a part of you who cares about your people."

There was a moment of silence that descended on their shoulders, unable to look away from Lilou. They never saw her in their life. Matter of fact, they didn't know such a person existed until now. But what they were certain of was that this woman wasn't from this kingdom just from her accent and manner of speaking. Yet, they could feel the sincerity in her voice while talking about the welfare of the people of Spade. "I will do it." The first person to speak was Rufus, snatching everyone's attention, including Lilou's. "I'll try cleansing them if that is all I need to do. After all, I wanted to do it initially, but Acheron kept me busy."

Rufus looked away from them, gazing at the thick fog surrounding them. The fog was already growing thin, catching many silhouettes rising from the ground. It was true that Rufus wanted to check on the first people he cleansed, but Acheron came into the picture. Hence, he didn't have time to purify everyone. But with Lilou around, he didn't have to think of Acheron. He trusted Lilou and her capabilities. If she defeated Acheron once, she would do it again. Acheron might be strong, but Lilou had also grown stronger. "Well, what else can I say? If Auntie Lilou needs my help, whatever it is, I will happily do so." Claude shrugged, knowing Lilou would still proceed with her plan even without his help. "It's not like I have other plans, after all. Prince Heliot and King Stefan would be fine even without our help. They might've crossed the border as we speak. Who knows?"

Claude then cocked his head in the warrior's direction. "Is that alright with you? Or were you too tired? Just to let you know, though, saving you would be useless if you don't even have the will to pick up your swords to save your people."

"You don't have to say that," a warrior replied with a short chuckle. "If I survived the Colosseum cursing that king day and night, I don't see any problem using the last bit of my life to save a few of my people."

"That is right. Before we're warriors, we were once noble knights," another one spoke up. "I want to at least show that mad king and the outsiders that the Spade Kingdom isn't just full of wicked."

One after another, they voiced their willingness to help if their help was needed. Their enthusiasm made Claude grin proudly while Lilou sported a subtle smile. Lilou then glanced at Rufus, nodding at each other as if they just agreed on something. "I am glad that you are all willing." Lilou slowly turned her back on them, facing the direction where she could feel the repugnant aura coming from. "And I apologize in advance that I have to use you to do this despite your own fatigue."

She paused, drawing a deep breath. "I'll cover you all, so flee the plaza without a back. Rufus will stop the undead, so just keep going forward. Don't stop even for a second. Do you understand?"

The eyes of the warrior blazed with even more fire, taking Lilou as someone who lead a war and was battling with them on the front line. The warriors looked at each other before nodding at each other before setting their eyes back on Lilou's back.

After a second, a resounding and determined answer echoed in the plaza, "Yes, madam!"

Chapter 827 The sphere of light, the scythe of death, and the holder of time

"Yes, madam!" Lilou's eyes glinted with satisfaction, sensing the unyielding determination in the warrior's voices. Meanwhile, Claude's lips stretched from ear to ear, smacking his lips as he glossed his eyes over the warriors' haggard faces. They all looked tired and beaten up, but the fire in their eyes was something Claude hadn't seen before. It was brighter when they fought their way out of the Colosseum. Surely, Lilou just had a presence of a leader. Someone who could lead an army to victory. There was a moment of silence until the grunts and little growls from the undead resonated in the air once again. Everyone held their breaths, eyes on Lilou, waiting for her signal.

"Acheron..." she whispered, spinning her giant scythe with her fingers, eyes on the figure coming clear from the fog. "... I told you back then, but it seemed the lessons that time were all for naught."

As Lilou's fighting aura emanated from her back, everyone prepared themselves. The warriors not only prepared their feet to run but also carried their comrades securely. Meanwhile, Claude looked around casually. Rufus drew a deep breath as the ground he was standing on revealed cracks. One...

Two...

On the third deep breath, everyone fled their spot when they heard Lilou shout, "now!"

CLANG!

Lilou's pair of crimson eyes shone fiercely like the sun, gazing over the blade that blocked her attack. Her scythe hooked the sword when Acheron swung his sword down. The moment their weapons made contact, a strong gust of wind exploded, blowing hand-sized rubbles around the plaza. The warriors who fled the scene couldn't help putting all their weight on their feet to not get blown away by the impact. Thanks to Claude, he deflected all the incoming stones that could've hurt the warriors more. Surprised by the shockwave, the warriors looked back, searching for Lilou to see if she was fine. When they caught a large scythe's shadow, they heaved a sigh of relief. Admiration and awe immediately replaced their relief as reality sank in. That impact was so powerful it shook the ground. It was even more powerful than what Rufus's crash made. Understandable, since Rufus simply crash into the ground after he was sent flying. Still, it was admirable. That woman... the warrior's eyes focused on Lilou's vantage point. "Amazing..." a warrior blurted out under his breath.

They had seen Claude and Rufus fight in the arena. The warriors already knew those two were amazing fighters in their own right. They were also aware that wasn't Claude and Rufus's full strength. However, Lilou caught them off guard. It wouldn't be far-fetched to think she was just as capable as those two — maybe stronger.

"Don't stop!" Lilou's voice rang, snapping everyone from their trance. "Go!"

Claude cast the warriors a look, motioning them to pick up their pace. On instinct, the warriors started moving while keeping their eyes on Lilou.

"Move!" shouted Claude to keep these warriors from getting distracted. "We have others to save!"

Upon the mention of their new agenda, the warriors shook their heads. They peeled their fiery eyes from Lilou, gazing ahead at the herds of undead in front of them. Seeing the countless undead before them, their hearts thudded. Could they go through that thick layer of undead without wielding their swords?

Hesitation dawned on each of them some placed their hands on their weapons, ready to wield them if it was necessary. Claude was running behind them, and there were only a few capable warriors in the front. Many thoughts hovered over their heads, wondering what they should do. However, when they were several meters from the enemy, the warriors caught a light from above them. While running, they looked up, only to catch a blinding light on top of the establishment. Upon a longer look, they saw a man holding a sword.

Rufus.

Rufus stood on top of the tower with the tip of his sword facing heavenward. A small ball of light hovered over the sword's tip, growing bigger bit by bit. But just as the sphere of light grew to the size of a palm, a figure suddenly appeared on his back. "Watch out!" A warrior shouted whilst running slower. Yet Rufus didn't bulge, nor did he look back at Acheron, who suddenly came behind him. "Oh, Gods who reside behind the thousands of glorious suns, bring light upon thee..." Rufus chanted under his breath without a care at the blade approaching the side of his neck. "... bless them with your light..."

"Acheron Roseberg, I am your opponent." Suddenly Lilou's voice came from Rufus's side, but Rufus didn't stop chanting or his action. CRASH!

The rest of Rufus's chanting faded into the loud crash that followed after a second. Acheron and Lilou crashed into a building right across the tower where Rufus stood. Meanwhile, Rufus drew a deep breath and, without a second hesitation, swung his sword down.

Everything happened so fast that the warriors could only see the blinding light falling from the tip of Rufus's sword. The warriors didn't stop running as they subconsciously abided by Lilou's orders, albeit they slowed down at the light falling onto the plaza. The sphere of light suddenly multiplied midair, surrounding the dark and ominous plaza until everything looked like it was daytime. After a second, the warrior had to stop to shield their eyes as the light spread before it exploded. "Damn it!" Claude cursed through his gritted teeth he barely shielded his eyes when he figured he nearly got blinded by it. Silence followed, and after a minute of nothing but silence, the warriors and Claude peeked. Much to their surprise, half of the undead were now on the ground, unconscious. But before they could think or admire Rufus, they heard the latter's echoing shouts. "Do not stop!" Rufus's voice thundered, snapping everyone back from their trance. "Get away from here!"

Claude clicked his tongue in irritation, but didn't complain as he backed up Rufus's remarks with another yell, "keep moving!!" And with that, the warriors resumed. This time, however, they didn't stop anymore. Instead, they kept moving forth without slowing down, even if Acheron would appear before them or the undead ran in their direction. After all, Rufus and Lilou would come before any of them would get hurt, and Claude would support them on the side.

Chapter 828 Tactician

The warriors fled the plaza without stopping at the loud explosions erupting here and there. Even if they wanted to, they had to grit their teeth and move forward. The longer they were around the area, the more they had to burden Lilou and Rufus since those two had to assist Claude. Acheron kept attacking them for reasons none of them didn't know. So, they had to run as fast as possible even if their heart would skip a beat from time to time. Thanks to Lilou and Rufus' help and also Claude's, the warriors soon found themselves entering an estate. The entire capital was in shambles, but ironically, the private estate they crossed was left untouched. No one also followed them, but the warriors didn't have the leisure to find out the reason for that. Inside the mansion, those who were barely able had time to breathe. Even though Claude protected them, many of them inflicted injuries in the Colosseum. Those who carried the injured searched for medicines while others had to prepare foods to fill their stomach. Fortunately, the medicines in the mansion and food storage were abundant. They didn't have to turn the mansion upside down, working as a team and moving efficiently. Claude watched everything unfold as they all agreed to stay in the mansion's lobby as their infirmary. Some of them prepared some soup they could easily cook, while others tended to the injuries of others. These warriors were so used to inflicting injuries that they earned the skill of tending to them in the most efficient and effective way. "Here, have some soup and bread. It will help speed up your recovery." A warrior handed another colleague a bowl of soup and a break.

"Thanks," expressed the latter, accepting the food, only to pass it to his patient. "Eat. Even if you do not have the appetite, eat till its last drop."

"How about you?"

"Don't worry about him." The warrior who handed the soup reassured the patient. "We made a lot of soup for everyone. The injured are the priority."

"That's right. We will all eat, especially since we still have to go and save those people stuck outside," the medic knight nodded in agreement, tapping the injured warrior's shoulder. "Eat well, brother."

The injured warrior smiled subtly, nodding. "Yes."

That wasn't the only scenario Claude had been watching unfold. There were many more, and it left him in awe. These warriors were amazing and their unity was something anyone would commend. But then again, these warriors had been imprisoned in the Colosseum and shared the same fate for years. If there was anyone who could understand a warrior's heart, that would be another warrior from the Colosseum. Their connections were much deeper than they appeared on the surface.

Soon, everyone was just eating in silence, finding their spot on the floor. Meanwhile, Claude stayed on the corner. His back was resting against it, arms folded under his chest. 'With this number... I don't think we can save as many people as we can,' Claude thought, dwelling on the most important thing right now. He had counted the warriors who could come out with him to rescue those people Lilou had been talking about. Many warriors were injured in the Colosseum their numbers were more compared to those who could still go on an emergency mission. Even though all the warriors were capable fighters, they were already exhausted. Just watching them from the corner was enough for Claude to see and feel their exhaustion. If not for the fact that their adrenaline was still hot in their veins, they would've fallen asleep. Moreover, they were thirsty and starving. Most of them even downed the bowl of soup in one go. 'Even if they were determined, that is just sending them to their deaths.' Claude's expression turned grim, thinking more and more about the situation outside and the warriors' welfare. Claude was an earl with one of the strongest strongholds in the Heart's

Empire. His military power and the knights under him brought fear to everyone who would hear about them. It was also known that the Earl of Monarey's knighthood brigade could compare to the Emperor's (Rufus) elite royal knights. In other words, handling people in a battle was something Claude was so familiar with. The intense training in North Monarey under Klaus was one thing. What truly led their brigade to that height was that Claude was a strategic tactician. He was a genius on the battlefield, and his cleverness gained all of his knight's trust. Therefore, they knew that even if they would die on the battlefield, their deaths wouldn't be in vain.

'In vain...' Claude whispered in his head, thinking how he loathed such a word. '... they will all die in vain. That I am certain of.'

Lilou probably knew that as well. That was why she asked Claude a favor, trusting that Claude could decide on his own.

'They're not my subjects and I shouldn't do more than I already did,' he told himself, squeezing his arm before he loosened it. 'However, if she's doing more than what was necessary, she wouldn't stop until she reached her goal.'

Right now, they were in the Spade Kingdom. What would happen in here was none of their business, since their initial plan was to end Zero. However, Lilou already decided. Knowing her, even Samael wouldn't bend her. "Hmm..." Claude narrowed his eyes, thinking deeply about it. His eyes glossed over everyone, tapping his fingers against his arms. After a moment, he raised a brow and snapped his eyes at the open entrance of the mansion. 'Right... how did I not think of that?' the corner of his lips stretched into a smirk, peeling his back from the wall. "Attention, men!" he cleared his throat, speaking casually without raising his voice. The warriors immediately set their eyes in his direction.

"Are we going now?" blurted out a knight who was supposed to assist Claude in the rescue mission. "No." Claude shook his head. "I decided to go out alone." f

Chapter 829 Rest isn't a time wasted

"No. I decided to go out alone."

The warriors furrowed their brows upon hearing Claude's response. Confusion was apparent in their eyes. They had already agreed about this earlier what was he talking about now? "Don't get me wrong. I will still need your help. Though I won't need you to go out of this place. Considering your current state, even if you push yourself beyond your limits, I don't think that will last long and eventually hold everyone back," Claude explained, glossing his eyes over the haggard faces in the mansion's lobby. "Whether or not you admit it, you guys are physically, emotionally, and mentally exhausted. Sending almost half dead soldiers to a mission is a guaranteed fail."

"But we can still go!" someone among the warriors retorted, and then backed up by another. "Don't mind us. We are willing to risk everything to rescue our people."

"That's right. Before becoming warriors in the Colosseum, we were once knights. We pledged to serve the people and protect our land!" "We won't drag everyone down. We would rather kill ourselves than become a burden again."

"Yes! Let us go with you!"

"Allow us to do our duty!"

Claude drew his lips into a thin line, listening to their protest. He could feel the sincerity and determination in their voices, but alas, it wasn't enough to change his mind. "As I have said, do not get me wrong!" Claude's voice thundered, echoing across the mansion to shut everyone up. "Allow you to do your duty? Kill yourself rather than hold everyone back? Are you not having goosebumps while saying those things?!"

"I am aware that you were noble knights before becoming a warrior in the Colosseum and became subject to mockery and entertainment. Therefore, I do not blame you for being enthusiastic at the thought of rescuing more people outside," he continued while his voice lowered, growing solemn with every passing second. "However, fighting and going out there wasn't the only way to do your duties as knights."

"If you, yourselves, do not have enough strength and are almost at your limits, how can you think of saving another when you can't even save yourself?" he added, pressing a few nerves, but no one spoke about it. "Listen here. Not because you are here doesn't mean you can't do anything anymore."

"What are you saying? How can we save our people if we're inside this mansion doing nothing?" a knight voiced out.

"Many things," Claude remarked without a second hesitation, warranting total silence from everyone. His eyes scanned their faces, seeing some of them were confused and others were displeased. He couldn't blame them, though. They were knights who were courageous enough to go against Zero and ended up fighting in the Colosseum. Claude cleared his throat, taking advantage of the silence.

"As I've said, you were exhausted and almost at your limits. On top of fighting your way out of the Colosseum to reach this estate, you had been battling in the Colosseum for years. Some of you even had duels earlier today. That is why I am asking you to rest," he remarked solemnly with a tinge of authority in his voice. "Sending exhausted soldiers isn't the best option. Instead of saving as many people as we can, I'm afraid we would lose more people. I do not want that."

Claude paused, breathing out through his mouth. "Do not make your deaths a burden to those who would survive this mayhem. We want to save as many lives as we can, and your lives bore the same value that you shouldn't throw away."

Hearing Claude's remarks calmed many warriors while it surprised others. Their mouths fell open, but their voice was stuck in their throat. Battling in the Colosseum all these years subconsciously made them forget the value of their lives. The only reason they were fighting was that they wanted to survive. It was all an instinct and also the fear of death. Perhaps a little bit of hope that one day they could get out of that damn place also added to their will to survive. "Rest... isn't a time wasted. Use this time to rest and regain as much strength and energy as you can," he continued as his countenance grew sharper. "Because I will need you to save as many people as you can."

"How can we save people while staying here?"

"I noticed that many of you are adept at treating injuries and wounds." Claude pointed out in a knowing tone. "Those injured, rest. But those who can rest for a while and then prepare all medical

equipment and tools for treating injuries. Also, prepare food for everyone. Bring out as many medicines you can find in the estate and prepare as many foods as you can."

There was a moment of silence in the lobby before someone inquired quietly. "Are you going to rescue everyone all alone?"

"No." Claude shook his head before a subtle smile turned up on his face. "Even if I am capable, I don't think I can do it all alone."

"Then how will you do it?"

Claude's smile stretched as his eyes shone with clarity. "Sir Knight, my auntie, and my uncle in the Colosseum weren't the only people who came to take down Quentin. There were more people out there — people who were just as capable as those three are coming."

"Matter of fact, someone I know well just breached the border and is wreaking havoc, which is sort of surprising." Claude's eyelids drooped, but it wasn't able to conceal the glint in his eyes. "It just so happened that that person cares about people just as much as my auntie Lilove does. He might appear to care less about others, but he had the most humane heart than most humans I met in my life."

The warriors could only stare at Claude in silence, wondering who could this person be. However, they didn't dwell on it and trusted his words. After all, if Claude said there were more people out there who were just as capable as Lilou and Rufus, then it was understandable that Claude didn't mind the warriors staying back. "Once the people start coming in here, I want you to make sure everything is prepared so they can just rest," Claude added, snapping everyone back to their senses. "Fighting on the battlefield isn't the only way to save the people. Rescuing them was one thing, but the place for refuge is another. Make sure to give them they will find security in here, just like all of us."

The warriors looked at each other before setting their eyes back on Claude. No one spoke a word, but the clarity and resolution in their eyes were enough for Claude to understand their willingness to cooperate.

Chapter 830 A person who could stop a dragon

[ East Border]

Multiple whirlwinds of sand that reached the sky could be seen on the east border. With heads akin to the legends called dragons, roaring in the sky, they obliterated the infamous unbreakable borders of the Spade Kingdom.

Seeing this monstrous attack, the morale of the soldiers of Karo skyrocketed. They advanced fiercely, breaching through the border while fighting off the undead and the knights who didn't flee from Heliot's attack.

With Heliot leading the front line, the soldiers from the land of Karo crossed the border easier than a moment ago. The number of casualties from their side drastically decreased while piles of bodies of the undead and soldiers of the Spade Kingdom dropped to the ground one after another.

When they crossed the threshold, the multiple whirlwinds slowly merged into one, forming a giant whirlwind of sand. Another thunderous roar erupted in the air with Heliot standing on top of his head. His enthralling midnight blue eyes shone with a red undertone, motioning a finger down.

As soon as he moved his index, the whirlwind of sand rear its head down to the ground. But before its head could land on the ground, Heliot jumped away in midair. What followed was a destructive assault of the gigantic whirlwind ramming through the empty houses and establishments to make one straight path for Heliot's soldiers.

Ileliot watched the whirlwind of sand ram through the town from the spot where he landed. He could still hear his men shouting behind him, advancing fiercely, but kept his eyes ahead. The piercing noise from ahead lasted for just a couple of minutes until all Heliot could hear was his soldier's battle cry.

He remained silent, blinking ever so tenderly. When the smoke cleared up and the whirlwind disappeared, all he could see was the next town. The entire town near the border was completely destroyed, giving access to the next town.

"Forward!!! a shout from behind erupted in the air, and soon, soldiers from Karo ran past Heliot's vantage point.

Heliot didn't move from his spot, keeping his eyes ahead. His soldiers didn't stop even though they had seen him, advancing without stopping. Breaching the border was just the first step. They still have a long way to go.

"Strange," whispered Ileliot, shunning the screams and shouts and the sound of footsteps advancing the Spade's territory. "How this place reeks of corruption"

The Spade Kingdom was many things, but one thing that stood out to Heliot was the sense of depravity and misery it gave off. Heliot didn't feel it when he was outside the border, but now that he crossed the threshold, not only he could hear his men shouting to move forward, but also the cry of the land, the howl of the wind, and the piercing silence of the dead.

His heart kept thudding aggressively against his chest, each heartbeat was stronger than the first.

"I'm doing something wrong" he added under his breath, but couldn't pinpoint what exactly was he doing wrong. After all, Heliot was aware that this was war and that everyone who stood in their way was their enemy.

But alas, something felt really off.

Heliot narrowed his eyes, allowing his men to advance on their feet while some breached the border with their horses. There were still many knights from the Spade who were fighting them, but was a futile attempt.

Many of the soldiers that were defending the border either fled or died in Heliot's destructive attack. After all, Heliot's attack had destroyed a massive part of the border. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say half of the border was ruined. The reason the soldiers of Karo crossed the border without a problem.

"There's no point." Heliot closed his eyes momentarily while shaking his head. "This land is gone for:

When Heliot opened his eyes, a murderous glint flickered across them. The hesitation and puzzlement he had previously slowly disappeared from his eyes. His determination to get to the palace and perhaps, kill Zero himself grew stronger.

Hesitating in battle was something he shouldn't do; Heliot convinced himself. Every second was crucial. If he hesitated even for a second, the consequences would be dire. There was no way in hell Heliot would make such a mistake that could cost the precious lives of his men.

With that thought in mind, the ground he was standing on shook. The dust, pebbles, and bigger stones from the ruined wall and establishments rose in the air. The blood that tainted the ground brought a tint of red in the forming wind around Heliot.

The knights from the Land of Karo dispersed, avoiding Heliot's vantage point but still advanced without slowing down. They knew Heliot wasn't done yet, and thus, they have to keep their distance while advancing to the next town. They would continue to do so until a troop would arrive or they arrive in the Capital.

Another strong wind surrounded Heliot until the dust and debris thickened, having this tint of red. As the wind thickened, Heliot's feet left the ground. It didn't take long when Heliot was floating above the whirlwind, followed by another thunderous roar as its head formed another dragon-like figure.

"I don't see anyone ahead," he murmured, scanning the tiny-sized figure of his soldier approaching the next town. His eyes shifted to the next town, catching several knights fleeing to save their own skin while the undeads in the town were running toward the soldiers of Karo.

Unlike the undeads outside the border hours ago, the numbers of undead from the next town were little in number.

"They weren't worth stopping for: Heliot's eyes glinted, deciding to deal with them so his men could continue advancing and reserving their strength. "Let's eliminate them."

Another roar erupted, echoing across the sky. And in a heartbeat, the sand dragon charged ahead with the intention of destroying everyone in plain sight. Just like what happened to the first town, Heliot destroyed the second town without breaking a sweat... and then onto the third... and then the fourth.

However, in the fifth town, Heliot flinched as he felt a dangerous aura from ahead. Before Heliot's sand could destroy the house ahead of him, a figure appeared before it and stopped his destructive attack, taking Heliot by surprise for no one had ever managed to stop him... ever.