

The Mighty Dragon Warrior Chapter 18

Chapter 18 A Formidable Man Jacob shuddered as he watched the crimson fog spread to his feet. With a low rumble, the cloud of smoke dissipated, and a rich, rust-like smell dispersed into the air. "It's no use! The blood fog devours everything in its path and the souls of those it touches. Once it's out, there's no way of stopping it. It's only a matter of time before you'll be reduced to nothing more than a hollow pile of decaying flesh. Your essence will do well as nourishment for my great power!" Maniacal laughter rang out from amidst the turbulent cloud now in the shape of a skull, towering over him with its menacing glare. But Jacob refused to cower. With a deep breath, he faced the intimidating wall of rust-colored fog before him. His eyes flashed a divine light as he stretched out his right hand. "I'd like to see what this soul eating blood fog is all about." Immediately, a burst of energy radiated from his palm and began absorbing away at its opponent. Winds roared as the scarlet particles slowly broke away from its towering form, exposing whatever that laid within. A final wave of his hand and the blood fog dispersed completely, leaving only a dark red residue in its wake. Brushing away its sticky remnants in his hands, he looked towards the depths of what the blood fog had been and shook his head. "Not as impressive as it looks." Inferno hissed in response. "Don't be so vain. There's more where that came from!" Blood fog began to make its way in again, along with equally red pillars of clouds that emerged from within. They rose high, joining in the middle to give the appearance of an octopus spreading its blood-soaked tentacles. In the security room of police bureau, the sinister fog filled up the monitoring screens virtually whole. The sheer size of it was enough to leave the intelligence officers and their leader gawking in a mixture of shock and fear despite the countless abnormalities they had seen in their line of work. On the contrary, Jacob looked unfazed even as the monstrous cloud loomed over him. What's a measly battle in the hundreds of wars he'd fought in? It was time for this to end. With that thought, he threw himself into the heart of the fog. Everything was still for a moment. Then, the giant cloud structure began to convulse, vanishing into nothingness seconds later. What remained was only a large circular disk at the base, its corners corroded and its white tarnished into a shade of rusty gray. There, in the center, was Inferno, laid on his back in defeat. Half of his mask had broken off, revealing a languid expression on his face. Jacob walked over to him and pressed a foot onto his chest, leaning forward just enough bear his cold gaze into Inferno's. "Do you wish to live or die?" "You... how could this be..." Inferno choked out in disbelief. "The blood fog is Cruor sect's unique ability, personally hand-crafted, as for the mortal..." His sentence was cut short by the foot pressing deeper into his chest. He gasped for air, feeling like his sternum could burst open any moment under the crushing weight. Jacob merely narrowed his eyes impatiently, ignoring the purple that had begun discoloring his opponent's face. "Don't make me ask you again. Do you wish to live or die?" Inferno spat at Jacob's foot with all the breath he could muster and ground his teeth. "What does that matter?" "Say you want to die, and I'll end you right here and now. But if you wish to live, surrender yourself and beg for mercy." Jacob straightened himself slowly. Surrender? Inferno's jaw clenched at the word. Granted he wasn't as powerful compared to the other protectors. Still, he was among the ten dignified Elders of the Cruor sect. For someone of his status to bow before a nobody was simply absurd. Still... It was an ultimatum

between that and his life. Refusal to comply would mean an instant stomp to the death. A death so humiliating that the old fart Elders would never let him live down for centuries. Not to mention, decades of effort he'd put into cultivating his reputation and status would all go to waste. Seeing as Inferno was silent, Jacob raised his leg, preparing to finish the deed. "W-wait! I surrender!" Jacob halted his foot, eyes narrowing imperceptibly at the man beneath him. After a moment of silence, he finally pulled away from Inferno. But no sooner had he taken a step back than a bullet whizzed down from the rooftop. By instinct, Jason leaped backward, causing the bullet to hit the ground where he stood just seconds ago. He tried to trace the direction of the shots, yet another one was fired. This time producing a thunderclap so loud it echoed through the air with whatever it hit. There was no need to guess what it was for long because a loud 'crack' soon followed. Inferno's skull had been busted open, its gnarly red and white insides dangling out for all to see. Back in the security room of the police bureau, worried glances were exchanged between the officers at the unexpected turn of events. The team lead was first to break the silence with an annoyed sigh. "What are those Ministry of Defense bastards doing..." He mumbled, frowning while pinching the bridge of his nose. As he made a quick scan around the room, something in his peripheral vision shut him up immediately. "Sir..." An officer to the side started, "Wasn't that shot earlier made by the legendary Thor 001 sniper bullet? What is the Defense Ministry doing? Aren't we..." "Silence!" The team lead smacked him harshly on the back of his head. "You and I are only ordinary surveillance personnel. That is completely out of our scope, understood?" Those bastards in the Defense Ministry aren't even all that. Jacob, who was just recently played by them, would also hold the same opinion. He imagined the Cruor sect would've had caught wind of what happened here by now, and it wouldn't be long before they stormed in here in the name of vengeance. Stretching out his palm, he drew the sniper bullet out from within the ground and into the palm of his hand. Clutching it tight, he turned around and looked up into the sky, casting his cold gaze upon seemingly nothing in the air. In the surveillance room, the officer shrank back from the screen in fear.

"S-sir, why do I feel like that person's looking straight at us?" "What? You're afraid he's going to eat you from that distance?" As if on cue, all monitoring screens in the room went black. "What's going on?!" The team lead exclaimed, suddenly sounding a lot more distraught than before. The officer wasted no time in getting to work, fingers flying across the controls in swift and practiced motions. The screen crackled back on shortly after but was immediately met with a dented bullet straight to the face. "Sir, this..." "That's the Ministry of Defense's strongest soldier alright." The team lead chuckled and cleared his throat. The two drones were at an altitude of two hundred meters from the ground, with at least three hundred meters between them. And yet they were both taken down with the same single scrapped sniper bullet.

This man was not to be trifled with... Jacob watched the two drones crashed onto the ground, making sure they were fully destroyed before turning to head for the street. "You can come now. Don't worry, you know I never leave my job unfinished." Within an hour, the head of the Scarlet Dragons received a red alert from the Ministry of Defense. Around the same time, in the Lynch estate, Franklin gifted a credit card to his beloved

wife. "This is for you. There's six million stored in here for your spending pleasure. The password is your birthday." "Thank you, dear!" Suzie squealed from the bed and happily took the card from him. Gently stroking her bulging belly, she turned her almond eyes to gaze at her husband coquettishly. "Dear, remember how you said my cousin has done a lot for our family? Why don't we invite him over for a meal?" Franklin stiffened visibly at the question. The smile on his lips suddenly pressed into a cold, hard line.