

Oracle 691

[Chapter 691 Chaos](#)

"It's very rude and some people don't hesitate to kill on sight for this kind of affront." Their new superior added mockingly. "I don't know what weird magic you use to perform these probes, but I do know that you are far too low level to be capable of this yourself and none of you look like Spirit Mages."

Jake and the others let out a bitter laugh as they were berated. Norton went on to tell them everything he needed to know about the etiquette of this world, with particular emphasis on what they should not do. By the time the lecture was over, it was time to leave.

At that moment, a silver device covered with inscriptions in the shape of a grenade began to beep from Norton's pocket and when pressing on it Aisling's voice dropped sinisterly,

"We're off. We're still following the plan."

"Got it." The Mutant confirmed with a fierce glint in his eye. Turning to his new troops he barked, "Did you hear that? Let's go!"

Lodunvals, Outer City, First Rampart.

The sun had been down for several hours, but the illustrious city still burned brightly. Alas, literally. The oil or Mana crystal lanterns had long since gone out, but the smoke from the fire consuming the infrastructure billowed to the sky.

At any moment, the air could be heard whistling or whirring above Lodunvals, heralding the oncoming of a new deluge of deadly projectiles. Flaming rock as big as a car, arrows and javelins by the tens of thousands, ballistas as long as a beam, as well as the dreaded magic projectiles.

BOOOM!

Explosions rang out incessantly, always accompanied by the collapse of another building. Nearly all the wooden and thatched dwellings in the Outer City slums had been destroyed, and most of the stone and brick villas and mansions in the Inner City were in flames or badly damaged if they had been hit by a trebuchet, magic cannon, or a long-range destructive spell.

The only infrastructure still intact were the ramparts separating the Outer City from the Inner City, as well as the private fortresses of influential aristocrats. The wall surrounding Lodunvals had long since been demolished and all the great gates had been rammed down.

Laudar and his elite troops having deserted without a fight, the great wall had passively endured a sustained bombardment before finally collapsing with a resounding crash in the early evening that had chilled the blood of the soldiers posted on the ramparts.

As soon as the first southern gate had fallen, hundreds of thousands of heavily armed Wengols and Wurchings flooded into the city like an unstoppable tide, uttering barbaric roars. Despite the defection of the Baron and several other noble clans, the majority of the guards did not back down and responded to the assault head-on in hopes of buying time for their families.

In just two hours, the death toll had become staggering, but the battle zone had been contained and the Khinchod army's advance stemmed. Until the second Southeast Gate fell in turn, quickly followed by the West Gate.

A few minutes later, it was the South-West Gate that had fallen, then almost immediately afterwards the entire southern side of the wall had been ripped open by a forbidding spell of stupendous power that had nuked the entire neighboring district and every unit fighting in its streets, ally and enemy alike.

If the Archdeacon of Aurae and a young Rank-S residing inconspicuously in the fortress of one of the city's most influential noble families had not shown up, Lodunvals would have long since abdicated.

Their overwhelming presence, their galvanizing words and their magnificent war prowess had restored courage to the troops sacrificing themselves by the thousands, until the North Gate fell as well. It was this gate through which the civilians were being evacuated.

Within two hours, even with the efforts of these two Rank-S and the support of the private armada of the few noble clans that chose to stay, only half of the citizens had been escorted out of Lodunvals before the Khinchod army closed its grip. The other half, several million innocent civilians, were left trapped inside.

The Archdeacon of Aurae had given orders to confine them to the Baron's castle, safe from the war and bombing, but she knew full well that the outlook for them would be grim. She could only pray that reinforcements from the empire would arrive in time. As for the young S-rank adventurer, he had been fighting alone for some time against one of their generals in the Slums and she had not heard from him since then. She could only hope that he could hold out a little longer.

'When will those reinforcements arrive?' the old Archdeacon lamented, her face even more wrinkled than usual from the weight of worry.

She, 50 priests and 500 Aurae Paladins had already resolved to defend the palace where the civilians had taken refuge until they died and were silently awaiting the imminent arrival of the enemies. The roars, shouts and clashes had grown closer in the last few minutes and she knew that the final battle was near.

Suddenly, a huge, scale-covered equine the size of a dinosaur strolled heavily down the street where they were posted in formation. The beast looked like a disharmonious cross between a giant horse and a large lizard. On the front legs, the thorax was overhung by a very muscular lizard-like figure with gills and a membranous collar like a centaur.

This monstrous mount was a Wurching, a technologically primitive alien species, with low reproductive capacity, but which compensated by a physical strength, a resistance and a superior longevity. Like crocodiles or sharks, these creatures grew in size throughout their lives.

At a glance, the Archdeacon knew that this one was at least 200 years old. Without the world ending, how could such an ancient being have taken such risks? In order to survive to its advanced age, it had to be very cautious all its life. Just because it harbored a tiny hope of survival, it was willing to risk everything against people who had never done anything to it.

How foolish...

The old priestess gave a complex look to the creature galloping towards them before she shrank as she noticed the rider on its back.

Five meters tall, four muscular arms wielding three long spears and a bulwark, a mushroom-shaped skull, slimy red-brown skin, and a face covered with suckers and micro-tentacles. With the exception of its three eyes, the warrior's body was completely hidden under a metallic armor coated with coral.

After the emergence of the first rider, twelve others appeared after it.

'They' re already here?!' The Archdeacon lost hope completely as she recognized the identity of her foes.

This could only mean one thing. The young S-rank human fighting their general had fallen. Gritting her teeth, she and the other paladins accepted their fate and braced themselves for their final battle.

"AAAAARGH!"

A heartbreaking cry of agony momentarily drowned out the clash of swords and spears. A veteran warrior covered in blood in his thirties who was fighting a huge Wengol not far away involuntarily flinched and this unforgivable mistake earned him a stab in the thigh by a monstrous assegai that came out of nowhere.

The Wengol who was frantically pounding him with the four coral clubs he carried in each hand, chuckled sadly at this opportunity and struck him with a blow even more brutal than the previous ones, going straight for his head. If the blow was successful, his skull would burst like an overripe watermelon and his brains would paint the alley.

At that moment, the agonizing warrior who had closed his eyes awaiting his death did not receive the expected final blow and a warm liquid trickled down his face. When he wiped his face and saw the source of the liquid, his eyes bulged out like saucers.

The Wengol against whom he was surviving as best he could had 'lost weight'. It was the most fulgurating weight loss ever observed, but he would not recommend it to his worst enemy. In his extralucid panic, perhaps because of the javelin planted in his thigh, he noticed a kind of red vine constricting the alien's throat.

It pulsed at regular intervals, as if it was sucking something in greedily, and a ruby shimmer spread its faint light over his bloody alley. A second later, the red vine retracted and the dehydrated corpse of the Wengol collapsed to the ground. As it hit the ground, the corpse crumbled and scattered, leaving behind a fine powder.

Following the reverse trajectory of this red vine, the shocked warrior noticed a gorgeous young woman dressed lightly at its end. The red vine was not a plant, but a whip!

"Hey, Carmine, how long has it been since you had a drink?" Jake teased her, forming some puzzling mudras with his fingers.

"Do you really think I like fish blood?!" The young woman became indignant as she kicked a Wurching. "That's my thirsty whip."

"Glad to hear it." Elduin grunted with an unsettled look.

As Jake teased her, hundreds of Wengols began to collapse one after another, blood pouring from their eight facial orifices. If someone were to perform an autopsy on them, they would discover that they had all died of a ruptured aneurysm.

On Quanoth, because of digitalization, a ruptured aneurysm alone was usually not enough to cause death, especially on aliens as robust as the Wengols, but Jake had his methods. If one ruptured aneurysm wasn't enough, what about several hundred at once? As long as he kept the bleeding from stabilizing, they could only bleed out their HPs without being able to do anything about it.

[Chapter 692 Smooth Teamplay](#)

Of course, this was only possible because these Wengols were the small fry of their huge army. Without being as ridiculously weak as Trash and his level 7, their level rarely exceeded 20.

Because the Wengols were aliens innately bigger and stronger than humans, they could prevail over human warriors of much higher level than them. That was the bleak reality.

A few days earlier, Jake would not have been able to so easily penetrate these natives' spirit bodies and control them with his telekinesis. It would have taken considerable effort and utmost dedication to accomplish this masterful feat and these targets would most likely have taken notice.

But everything changed when he received his Rune Engraver Soul Class. His Intelligence and Extrasensory Perception had increased almost sevenfold, and with these new cognitive abilities what was once difficult was now a cakewalk.

Jake still had to get used to this new fighting style, but he was already starting to enjoy it. He still didn't know the limits of his new psychic abilities, but this mission would be the perfect opportunity to find out.

Seeing the hundreds of Wengols collapsing like disjointed puppets around them, the few remaining Lodunvaliese soldiers hung their mouths agape and stupidly stopped fighting, clutching their weapons with evident disbelief in their eyes.

At first they didn't know who they owed this miracle to, but soon the bunch of tired humans being slaughtered by half a thousand Wengol infantrymen became aware of the appearance of a very peculiar squad.

The bloodsucking whip sowing death in the Wengol ranks and the red eyes of the woman wielding the weapon... A vampire!

Ka Cha!

A cold storm suddenly spread across the bloody battlefield, instantly freezing 17 Wengol warriors. Two humans from the other side were also hit by the spell... At the epicenter of the ice blast, stood a bored, cynical young woman with long silver hair. As she counted the collateral victims of her spell, she showed only apathy.

Her right eye emitted an intense amethyst radiance, while the left eye was a bottomless marine blue in which pulsed a silver fire as pure as moonlight. Her face's and arms' fair skin were streaked with lines of bluish light and her translucent canines and claws left no doubt to her nature.

A Mutant!

Jake glared sternly at Ruby, then said curtly,

"For every human accidentally killed by your techniques, I will take 1B of Aether. So, please keep going."

The remaining Lodunvaliese watched their exchange in amazement, and they finally noticed that every time this handsome man wagged a finger, a dozen Wengols went down in silence. Either a human, or another Mutant, they understood at once.

Fwwww! Fwoooo!

A shower of razor-sharp arrows suddenly rained down with machine-gun frequency on the crumbling Wengols, while a dwarf wielding a huge axe and a graying unarmed mutant suddenly blocked their path.

Bhammod struck the ground with the bottom of his axe and a powerful seismic wave knocked all the aliens out of balance. He struck again and a second shockwave that could dynamite a small hill blasted all the runaways into the distance, their bones and organs reduced to mush.

Norton was much less spectacular, content to stoically survey the scene with his hands clasped behind his back, but every time a lucky Wengol managed to get past the dwarf's obstacle, their mushroom heads would invariably come off their necks.

The Lodunvals soldiers gulped as they witnessed the performance of this rescue team. This was not an assist, but an extermination. Counting the little vampire girl, the tiny fairy fluttering merrily about the battlefield and the useless brat, they finally knew who had come to their rescue.

'I can't believe they sent Laudarkvik to our rescue...' Most of the survivors lamented inwardly. This was not necessarily good news.

Subconsciously, they had already resolved to lose a hand or a good half-liter of blood to repay their saviors. The real question was who would be willing to let themselves be amputated to spare the rest of their company.

A few minutes later, the battle ended. Norton whistled and the group regrouped in an instant. Jake, who hadn't moved a step during the entire battle, remained in the same rear-guard position. Ruby was beside him in a bad mood, while Lily, Trash and Jeanie waited quietly in front of him.

"Good job. That was smoother than I thought." Norton congratulated them with a rare smile. "Especially you Jake, your efficiency in decimating the enemy infantry is remarkable."

Jake sketched a contrite smile as he received the compliment. Why did he feel that there was a forewarning hidden behind those flattering words?

Continuing his praise, their superior did not hesitate to criticize some of their methods.

"Bhammod, you're an Axe Warlord I suppose, but your technique was unnecessarily destructive. If humans had been among them, they would have been seriously injured. Elduin, good job. Carmin, war is not a happy hour. You don't need to bleed them dry to incapacitate your enemies, a few gallons or a large wound will do. Lily... Good job hypnotizing the Wengol officer, but why didn't you give him the order to attack afterwards? In the end, your performance is even worse than Trash's, who by throwing rocks saved the lives of several men. As for you Ruby... I don't want to see that happen again. Like Bhammod, a area technique of such great magnitude was not needed here."

When the cycle of praise and rebuke ended, each of them wore a very different expression. Some were indifferent, others sported a cocky smirk, or were greatly dismayed. However, there was one person left out.

"What about me?! Don't I get my evaluation?" Jeanie grouched with her fists on her hips as she buzzed past Norton's nose.

"Evaluation of what?" The Mutant snarled as he swept the air with his hand as if chasing a fly. "Other than flitting about the battlefield shouting encouragement you were useless. If you were a cheerleader or a mascot, I would have definitely commended you."

Norton thought he had properly lambasted her, but the small fairy grinned happily after that.

"Jeanie is very good at giving encouragement!"

Jake and the others facepalmed, but Carmin patted the fairy's head in congratulations. She was just too cute!

"Ahem, sorry to disturb you messires, myladies, but while I am eternally grateful, my brothers in arms are still sacrificing themselves as I speak." The veteran warrior whom Carmin had previously saved decided to speak for the other survivors.

Norton became solemn again and asked coldly,

"What is your name, human?"

"Chevalier Gascon Viliard, lieutenant of the 3rd Company, 7th Regiment and 3rd Division of Lodunvals, Northern Army."

"Oh a nobleman, then? I'm impressed. A nobleman sacrificing himself for his people, I didn't know that still existed." The Mutant scoffed arrogantly. "Do you know where they are?"

"Yes." The soldier answered in the affirmative.

"In that case, lead the way."

Norton and his backup squad had not yet reached Lodunvals. Aisling had predicted from Jake's report that the civilians would be evacuated through the north gate, but that the evacuation would likely be aborted halfway. Taking the lead, she had headed for Lodunvals to bolster the city's defenses and stem the advance of the Khinchod army, but she also knew that it was impossible to hold off 600,000 aliens.

As soon as she knew the evacuation would fail, she anticipated that several divisions would be detached from the main army corps to hunt down the civilians and nobles migrating to the stronghold of

Kelenden. Norton and his squad's role was to intercept this army, rescue the Lodunvaliese soldiers sacrificing themselves to slow them down, and if possible completely eradicate these divisions and then come in to reinforce Lodunvals.

As one could imagine, these more robust and better trained Wengols and Wurchings had easily caught up with the procession of refugees moving at a snail's pace because of the wagons, children and old people. Most were on foot, and no ordinary human could match the running pace of a trained four-meter alien.

The few thousand guards and militia closing the march and escorting the civilians had done the only thing they could do, which was to sacrifice themselves company after company to slow down the enemy.

The Wengol soldiers were far from being idiots and they saw through their ridiculous game. Each time, their commander would dispatch a thousand troops from one of his three divisions to deal with these handfuls of resistance fighters and then bypass the designated battle area to resume the pursuit.

The process was repeated as many times as necessary until all the guards were forced into the fray. However, these guards had also guessed how it would end for them, so they had ordered the civilian procession to disperse to increase their chances of escape.

Norton and his squad had stumbled upon one of these expendable companies by chance when they heard the shouts and clanging, but deducing the direction of the main procession would be arduous. That was where Gascon came in.

The knight didn't know what had happened to all those civilians, but he did know their original route map. Based on his report, Norton adjusted his strategy and set off again. He ordered the survivors to rest, but Gascon and three other men insisted on following them after Jake and Carmin treated them by transferring their vitality.

[Chapter 693 Second Warning](#)

"Don't you think something's wrong?" Ruby remarked suddenly after rescuing their third company of Lodunvalese soldiers from Gascon's.

For the past six minutes, they had been following Officer Gascon's lead, cross-referencing his directions with the footprints, hoofprints, and cart trails to make sure they weren't going down the wrong track.

Jake could easily reach 800 m/s while flying and his Myrtharian Vision could see clearly for several hundred kilometers in the absence of obstacles. At Norton's request, it didn't take him long to confirm the position of seven companies.

The second battle had ended even more dramatically than the first. Jeanie had used a support spell to boost their mental faculties as soon as they engaged. The Khinchods had been turned into ice blocks, drained of their blood or shot in the eye with surgical accuracy. Their commander had, for no apparent reason, ordered his men to drop their weapons before attacking its second in command for no reason at all.

The assault was so clean that neither Bhammod, Norton, nor Jake needed to intervene.

With their superior's previous ruthless criticism, they had not committed any blunders this time and their cooperation could be described as exemplary. It wasn't flawless, but it would have been hard to blame them.

Unless you were a gruff, grizzled mutant by the name of Norton.

"Jake why are you sitting on your hands?" The mutant warrior scolded him snappishly. "If you had assisted Ruby, the battle could have ended 17 seconds earlier. Carmin, I said earlier that you didn't have to drain all their blood to kill them. That wasn't meant to be taken literally. If you can kill them faster by another method, that's obviously the way to go... Elduin, always so precise, but it would be nice if you could target the ones who are already attacking the humans first. Lily... Good job this time. Ordering them to lay down their weapons was brilliant. Jeanie, that wasn't bad either. At least none of us will eat you tonight. Trash... Sigh..."

Spurred on by these new admonitions, the third battle was even more of a blitz than the second. Not wanting to get another earful from Norton, Jake caused five hundred aneurysm ruptures with a snap of his hand and all Wengols below level 30 collapsed at once with a crashing thud. Ruby froze the rest.

Gascon, another officer of equal rank and 5 other soldiers who had chosen to accompany them sucked a deep mouthful of air as they witnessed this amazing feat. It was nothing less than a decimation.

But this time, the commander of this Khinchod army was not like the last ones. When Lily tried to hypnotize him, he shook off her influence and warded off Ruby's cold, oozing oily goo from his octopus skin.

The alien was almost five meters tall and had the superhuman strength of 100 men. Yet, to Jake and the others, this Khinchod was no different than any other. Bhammod, who had not participated in the previous battle, faced him in a duel and the cataclysmic bout ended a couple of seconds later when the alien's enormous mushroom head rolled to the ground.

Norton's criticism was more concise and less scathing after this third battle, proving that he was finally satisfied with their performance. Another knight, a Rank-B adventurer and three more veteran soldiers joined their ranks and they were off again.

This naturally led to a fourth battle, which they won handily. So why this unexpected comment from Ruby?

"I also think something is wrong." Bhammod also confessed in a gloomy tone as he inspected a Khinchod corpse.

"I think so too." Elduin testified cautiously. "The level of this Khinchod army is too low for a regular army, but that's not surprising. What is more confusing is that there are too few officers. A lieutenant like Gascon is the equivalent of a Rank-B adventurer. Even though Wengols are tough, at too low a level they cannot resist the Transcendental Skills of humans. They are also woefully vulnerable to mind-affecting spells. Without a Spirit Mage or a powerful warrior to protect them, they really only have the advantage of numbers."

What the elf called Transcendental Skills were actually Soul Class Skills or ordinary techniques that had gone beyond the realm of normalcy to take on a metaphysical dimension. Such as the spiritual hammer blows of the Warhammer Champion Simgut that Jake had defeated that morning.

"Anything else to add?" Norton questioned as he stared at the other members of the squad. It was clear that he had noticed the issue as well from his scowling expression.

"Jeanie thinks that given the size of the Khinchod army, it's not surprising." The fairy shrugged cutely.

"It's a valid argument." The mutant agreed with a small, dismal laugh. "Jake?"

When asked directly for his opinion, Jake looked him in the eye and said,

"There are some officers missing, but more importantly, there are some dead bodies missing. The grass is still crushed and bloody in many places and the depressions corresponding to the Wengol corpses' locations are recognizable. Best of all, we haven't encountered any Wurchings in the last four battles, but several footprints match the hooves of these large reptilian equines."

An approving gleam lit Norton's eyes, but showing nothing he let Lily speak, who seemed to be eager to mention something.

"The Wengols I hypnotized earlier gave me very little resistance. It was as if their minds had already been broken by someone else and I was merely supplanting their former master by replacing its mark."

Their superior's face became grave upon receiving this additional information.

"What did that mark look like?"

Carmin's sister picked up a twig, then roughly scribbled a pattern in the sand with it. It was an intricate symbol, as if dozens of clovers with different orientations had been superimposed on top of each other, the whole thing forming a kind of hypnotic eye.

"The Thozuch Clan! Demons!" Norton spat out hatefully as he recognized the symbol. Even without being infused with any energy, the rune seemed to capture their attention, inviting them to sink into a mesmerizing trance.

What were the demons doing here? And what were they trying to accomplish with all those bodies? Norton wasn't a mind reader, but it didn't bode well.

For half a beat, the Mutant's eyes flickered with dilemma, then taking a deep breath he regained his icy pragmatism and declared,

"We have to hurry. If it's what I think it is, Aisling is in danger."

"What about the rescue mission?" Carmin inquired nonchalantly as she chewed gum, the dizzying gully of her cleavage clearly in evidence.

Jake and Ruby were equally casual, literally treating this Ordeal Mission as a way to score points for a better rating. As a result, they naturally found it hard to share their superior's concern.

"We're proceeding with the mission as planned, but we're running out of time." Norton growled grimly. "We need to reach the convoy in five minutes at most. I know you're hiding your abilities, but if you don't want to have done all this for nothing, I suggest you stop holding back."

At that very moment, the grizzled mutant abruptly swelled from an athletic man to a gigantic abomination of over 12 meters standing on all fours in the blink of an eye.

His forelegs were now 1.5 times longer than his hind legs and his muscles had grown so much that it was almost bulky. His gray mane had spread to his entire body, tearing through his armor and clothing, while a long tail had sprouted from his hindquarters.

As for his previous stern, but unremarkable face, the slight pronation of his jaw and brow bones had become very prominent, while his eyeballs had sunk deeply into their sockets. His nose had flattened and darkened, and his nostrils enlarged.

When Norton snorted, revealing canines the length of an elephant's tusk, Jake and the others at last recognized the creature towering before them.

A Gorilla? A Mastiff? Or perhaps a titanic macaque daemon.

Ignoring their shock, Norton ordered them to climb on his back in a voice so deep it rattled their bones. Several of the soldiers who had chosen to accompany them backed off abruptly, claiming to be exhausted, but Gascon and the other three officers climbed on the beast's back without flinching.

"Jake, lead the way, I'll follow you." The gigantic mutant gorilla growled in a commanding tone.

"Sure."

Jake took off like a missile, leaving a trail of flames behind him and a shock wave. The huge beast immediately launched itself after him, managing effortlessly to maintain the distance despite its impressive size.

The other Players and natives on Norton's back finally got a chance to see the maximum speed (pre-Bloodline Ignition) that Jake could achieve and they were almost as shaken by his speed as the mutant's transformation.

The landscape flashed before their eyes at a dizzying pace and it took Ruby to erect a telekinetic barrier to prevent one of them from being blown off course by the violent winds. Unfortunately, he smashed into the psychic barrier, splattering blood all over the squad members present.

"Ruby, second warning." Jake's voice echoed in her mind. "In addition to a billion Aether, I'll also take 10kg of liquid alloy per additional accidental death. Let me see if your Digestor side continues to play dirty when I compromise its growth."

[Chapter 694 Bloodbath](#)

Norton roared with anger as he felt his precious fur being soiled with human blood. Ruby pouted indignantly as she was met with yet another punishment from Jake and scandalized stares from the other squad members.

She had nothing to do with this. These natives were really too brittle.

Everyone was focused on that soldier's accidental death rather than the barrier she had erected to save them from being knocked off the demon gorilla. Deep down, she felt Norton was thoroughly guilty of this crime. As soon as he had chosen to gallop at full speed in his bestial form, the mutant should have known that it would end up like this, taking ordinary humans on his back.

For the time being, if there was one person who was extra lucid about his condition, it was Trash. At his request, he had let himself be tied up by Carmin's whip to avoid such a fatal ending. The Vampire had squeezed a drop of blood from him out of gastronomic curiosity, but she had quickly lost interest in him after revealing a disheartened countenance.

Lily also tasted his blood by pricking his fingertip with one of her sharp fingernails, but her reaction proved to be even more raucous than her older sister's. Seized by a fit of giddiness, she retched a few times akin to a toddler eating spinach for the first time.

"It looks like you have the potential to live safely in Laudarkvik." Elduin nudged the teenager teasingly. "Odd, the Vampires seem to find your blood stale. Any idea why?"

Ignoring the answer, Trash shook his head, but if Jake wasn't busy leading the way he could have provided an explanation. The Oracle Scan had clearly mentioned that the orphan was also Half-Leprechaun.

So he wasn't human. Hence the indigestion.

"Though, I wouldn't recommend taking the confidence too much kid." Bhammod put him down without pulling any punches. Then pinching his hip as if to gauge the thickness of his rind he sussed mischievously, "I'm sure the Alghoul from earlier won't be so picky..."

Trash shuddered in horror, while the other players and natives present burst into laughter. While the group recovered from the soldier's gruesome death as they tormented the teenager, Jake and Norton were wreaking havoc as they swooped so close to the ground.

Especially Norton. His beastly form was so powerful and nimble for his size that every tree in his path was uprooted, while each of his strides caused the soft soil of the plains to cave in on their path, along with devastating landslides, which completely redefined the topography of the entire land.

Now that they were no longer trying to be inconspicuous, the battlefields separating them from the refugee convoy could sense them approaching from a great distance. Since they were moving faster than sound, those Lodunvals and Khinchods soldiers obviously couldn't hear them, but the vibrations in the ground ahead of them surpassed those of ten thousand galloping horsemen.

"My god... What is that!?" A badly wounded Lodunvales soldier nearly pissed himself as he saw the titanic mutant gorilla leap over a small adjacent mountain that the beast had just climbed.

The Wengol who was about to finish him off with a thrust of his spear also froze at that moment, his suckers quivering as he sensed a danger out of all proportion to the ongoing battle. When the alien turned around, his three eyes popped out of his head.

"Holy sh-"

The Wengol warrior was smashed by a huge incoming palm before he could finish his sentence. A bloody octopus soup immediately soaked the plain, but the giant beast didn't even slow down to admire its handiwork. The soldier, who thought he was about to die, remained frozen in place, unable to digest the absurd scene that had just occurred.

In a few strides, a hundred Wengols were trampled with the same unbridled brutality, and alas, there were a few unlucky human soldiers among the victims. As such, Ruby's crimes no longer seemed so reprehensible...

Norton didn't want to waste any more time with these skirmishes. These soldiers had already planned to sacrifice themselves to save the refugees. If their group saved them all, only to realize that the civilians had been exterminated, their sacrifice would have been for nothing.

But more importantly, he had a strong sense of foreboding. Jake, who was flying right in front of him, complemented his work by taking out all the Wengols he could with his micro-telekinesis, but there were still more than half of them left after they had flown by.

Nevertheless, it was enough to even the odds. Now they just had to keep their fingers crossed that these Lodunvals would take advantage of this unexpected help to regain the upper hand.

Jake and Norton swallowed dozens of kilometers in an instant, thinning the ranks of three Khinchod regiments on the verge of achieving their respective victories. The Lodunvals bent on death were all in shock, but they kept fighting, willing to do anything to save a few more minutes for the civilians.

Still, Jake was soon troubled after passing their eighth skirmish. Gascon and the other soldiers showed the same lack of understanding.

"Where's the convoy?" Norton growled as he smashed a huge rock with his fist.

Jake frowned, but didn't answer right away.

"Seven kilometers ahead I see a battlefield with many caravans. Everyone is dead." He finally reported.

Norton snarled, but the Lodunvalesse soldiers shook with despair at the news.

"How many, how many dead bodies are there? And the Khinchod army?" Gascon stammered, shaking like a leaf.

Jake put on a complicated expression and said,

"At least fifty thousand dead humans. About two thousand soldiers, the rest are civilians... Mostly old men, but I count a few children too. I don't see any Wengols. Not even a single corpse, nor any weapons."

"Fifty thousand..." Norton repeated thoughtfully. The convoy was supposed to have many more refugees than that.

The number of evacuated citizens was in the millions. Even after breaking up into several convoys to increase their chances of survival, there should have been at least ten times that number of civilians. Even assuming they had spontaneously scattered into smaller groups, they should have run into a few after all this time.

After all, most of them were just normal humans. It was impossible for them to outrun them in such a short time. The high proportion of old people suggested that this was a diversion to save the rest of the convoy, but then where had they gone?

As distressing as the news was, Gascon and the other officers, though pained, were also relieved to learn that there were 'only 50,000 casualties'. To them, this meant that all hope was not lost.

Then the meaning of the whole message finally sunk in and Norton exclaimed in dismay,

"No Wengols?!"

Deeply alarmed, the giant gorilla galloped at full speed in the direction pointed by Jake and they found out a few seconds later the extent of the bloodshed. It was a macabre scene worthy of the worst horror movies.

Bits of old men's brains as numerous as the blades of grass growing on the plain, enough blood to fill an Olympic-sized swimming pool and enough length of intestine to tie up Norton itself. But there was no evidence of Wengol weapon wounds.

These aliens' weapons were recognizable. Because of their large size and powerful musculature, they wielded oversized weapons that matched them. Moreover, they used a marine organic alloy of their own, on which coral easily thrived. A Wengol spear or sword wound was not just very large, small pieces of broken coral were often found in the wounds, causing further damage.

There was no trace of these coral shrapnel in the wounds of these victims. If one had to be objective, these wounds looked like they were inflicted by the refugees themselves. Some faces were distorted with terror or grief, but many others had died with an elated smile. It was even more shocking when one saw this kind of expression on children.

Hovering slowly a few inches off the ground, Jake stared for a long time at the corpse of an already blue baby, nibbling a bloody piece of intestine with his gums. The infant had barely opened its eyes and its skull was contorted as if someone had thrown it to the ground. His presumed mother lay next to him, her maniacal gaze forever fixed on that of her ungrateful offspring.

Seeing this scene, even Jake, who thought he had become cold and undaunted, turned pale with fury, clenching his fists so hard it almost hurt. His heart raced and his boiling blood quickly rushed to his head, giving him a healthy glow.

"Who did this?!" Jake uttered through clenched teeth. He would not let such crimes go unpunished. If he found the culprits, he would make them pay dearly.

" Demons!" Norton screamed in rage, while one of the officers broke down in tears as he recognized the body of his wife and daughter among the dead.

Jeanie had long since hidden herself in Jake's pocket, while Trash was throwing up his whole dinner in a bush. What he had just seen was far too traumatic for a child his age. In comparison, Lily, Carmine's little sister, timidly tasted the dried blood of one of the corpses and then said excitedly,

"This cocktail of hormones and neurotransmitters is pretty explosive, but it doesn't explain what happened to them."

"Thank you... for that information." Elduin coughed with a pale face. He looked like he was about to throw up too.

"You're welcome." The lolita gave him a wide, pride-filled smile, which did nothing to improve his opinion of the young Vampire.

[Chapter 695 Unexpected Resistance](#)

"We can't stay here." Norton refocused the group's attention. "The other refugees are bound to be somewhere. Jake, you're in charge of finding them."

"Roger that." Jake nodded before shooting off into the sky, kicking up a massive gust of wind behind him.

The grizzled mutant was somewhat embarrassed as he gave this order. He had planned for Elduin to be their scout, but that was before he witnessed Jake's incredible mobility. His eyesight was even more breathtaking, allowing him to make out the smallest details over very long distances in the absence of obstacles.

On top of that, all of the group except Trash and Jeanie had excellent combat skills and versatility, greatly reducing the appeal of their formation. Jake and Ruby in particular could fill any role, but the young woman's impish obedience made it impossible to trust her. The group's cautious attitude toward her reinforced this impression.

Without the other members of the party on his heels, Jake was finally able to fly freely. At over 1000m/s his flight left only a trail of afterimages and it was almost impossible to keep track of him as he blended with the clouds.

In a few minutes, he made a great tour of an area covering about a hundred kilometers in diameter and his face became darker and darker as he continued his scouting mission. When he came back to land in front of the gigantic Norton, still in his gorilla titan appearance, he was gloomy.

The mutant's heart sank as he discerned his grim face, but he had to ask the question.

"So? Did you find them?" He asked in his deep voice, a charred gasp hitting Jake's face as the beast's hot breath reached him.

The man questioned reflexively pinched his nose to keep himself from tearing up from the smell and answered in a nasal voice,

"All dead except for three convoys. Seven convoys were wiped out under circumstances similar to this one, but the old men were all here, so this time they were healthy people in their prime. I don't know if it was a coincidence, but I counted almost no young men and women among them. Those who were, were, forgive me the disrespect, very unsightly..."

"Three other convoys seemed to have been abandoned. There was blood everywhere, but I found no bodies on either the human or Wengol side. Based on my overview of these battlefields, the bodies were either moved by someone, or they got up on their own. I haven't completely tracked them, but they're moving fast and heading towards Lodunvals. We just missed them. As for the three convoys still

at large, they are 67km northeast of our position, halfway to Kelenden, but they have been caught up by the Khinchod army and are currently engaged in battle, about to be wiped out."

Jake's report was concise and factual, but each revelation only thickened the mystery. Norton was silent throughout and his brow was so knotted that with his gorilla face it was hard to tell if he was worried or fuming.

Unlike those Guilties and adventurers from Lodunvals, as Vice-leader of the Mutants he knew much more than they did and already had a vague idea of the sordid conspiracy that was taking place.

Obviously, someone in Laudarkvik was trying to sabotage their mission and he wasn't acting alone. Dead bodies rising up, sane people killing each other, and the absence of beautiful young men and women among the victims... These were practices that sounded horribly familiar.

Without being a political genius, he knew enough about the interplay of alliances among the nine Laudarkvik factions to know that some of them had decided to fish in troubled waters while the Mutants, Humans and Astral were taking the blame for the coming debacle.

If they failed in such an early and drastic way, Ailsling and all the Mutants under her umbrella would be punished heavily. He absolutely had to prevent such a calamity from happening!

"Listen to me carefully." Norton declared bluntly. "From now on, beware of other humans as well, including the reinforcements claiming to come from Laudarkvik. Going into detail won't help, but know that the Vampires, Demons, and Undeads have probably formed an alliance to sabotage us. Not all of their clans are necessarily involved, but we don't have time to sort it out. Consider them all your enemies. The humans and Astral are not necessarily more trustworthy. Each faction has placed spies in the other competing factions and ours is no exception. As for the Mutants, only the other two Vice Leaders and Aisling are beyond suspicion."

Jake, Carmin and Ruby exchanged suspicious glances, not sure what to make of this charade. The waters of Laudarkvik seemed to be much deeper than they had imagined. As for Elduin and Trash, they already seemed to regret having come with them, although they didn't really have a choice...

"What about the mission?" Ruby blurted out with utmost apathy.

Carmin continued to chew her gum boisterously, Lily smoothed the folds of her dress, while Jake waited with a bored look for the next instruction.

Norton drew a deep breath to gather his wits and gritted his teeth gruffly,

"We keep on with the rescue mission. If we can save at least one of these three refugee convoys, we'll at least have the credit of not coming home empty-handed. If the empire or the other factions in Laudarkvik want to blackmail us, it will be easier to negotiate.

Jake smiled. That was what he wanted to hear.

"They won't hold out for long." He reminded tactfully. "Can I take the liberty of striking out on my own?"

The huge mutant gorilla stared at him intently with his plate-sized eyes, as if probing his sincerity, but eventually he allowed him to take the lead.

"Stall for time."

"Ruby, come with me." Jake said softly to the unstable young woman.

"Do I have a choice?"

"No."

Who did she think she was? Jake refused to leave the traitor too long without supervision. If she strayed too far from him, he would no longer be able to give her orders if she disabled her Oracle Device. But more importantly, their abilities were exceedingly synergistic.

With a pitiful smile, Ruby followed him without enthusiasm. The two took off with a deafening shockwave and Norton galloped after them. Alas, because of the steep terrain to climb, it would take the mutant at least two minutes to reach the battlefield.

In truth, he was deeply surprised that these refugees had managed to flee so far in a few hours. It wouldn't have been surprising from trained riders or hardened adventurers, but from civilians it was a surprise.

What Norton didn't realize was that these three convoys were made up of the most talented and promising citizens of Lodunvals. Even if millions were sacrificed, it would be worth it if these elites arrived at their destination in one piece.

Their escape speed was no miracle once one knew that these were no ordinary citizens. A renowned goldsmith or blacksmith was not necessarily a good warrior, but they were most likely of a high level. Taking into account their Soul Class bonuses, their stamina and running speed were not abnormal.

67 kilometers northeast of Norton's position, a battle of extreme barbarity was raging. The caravans, stagecoaches and wagons that initially made up the long procession had arranged themselves near each other to form a pseudo protective enclosure.

The politicians, nobles and vulnerable children were hidden in the stagecoaches, but the other refugees had long since taken up arms to assist the few hundred soldiers bravely sacrificing their lives for their sake.

At first they were able to tolerate the sight of all those young soldiers with their lives ahead of them sacrificing themselves so that they, the civilians, could reach Kelenden unharmed, but as their convoy and army broke up, standing on the sidelines like this soon became unbearable for most of them.

At this moment, a blacksmith near retirement who had never wielded a single weapon other than his hammer was currently fighting like a fiend, swinging his hammer recklessly and relentlessly about him, battling three Wengols. Surprisingly, he was not at a disadvantage.

A few feet away, a middle-aged woman wearing an apron stained with butter and flour had picked up the spear of a fallen soldier and was wielding it gracelessly, but with unprecedented brutality. Her forearms were thicker than a man's thighs and she was the most famous Pastry Chef in Lodunvals. A Pastry Chef level 68!

A few meters further on, an old bedridden painter, barely able to stand with the help of his cane, uncorked an exquisite pink crystal vial and placed it under his nostrils to sniff its contents. Instantly, his frail body tripled in size, muscles covered with veins the size of earthworms pulsing on the surface of his skin. This man was the dean of the most elite perfumery in Lodunvals. A level 70 Grand Master Perfumer.

There had been hundreds of such twists and turns in the last few minutes. Well-known but deemed harmless personalities had suddenly revealed the extent of their talent, and thanks to their reinforcement, the seemingly lost battle had momentarily come to a standstill.

But the Wengols were too numerous. The detachments of soldiers sacrificed to slow down the Khinchod army had only allowed them to get rid of half a Wengol division, or 12,000 aliens. The main army still had almost 60,000.

The fierce resistance of these human civilians had surprised the enemy army general, but the outcome of the battle was certain.

[Chapter 696 Archaic Jar](#)

"General, shall I order my troop to join the battle?" An obese Wengol in heavy coral armor riding a Wurching twice the size of his congeners boldly requested his great general. His three white eyes shone with malice, their aggressiveness barely contained.

Behind him, several thousand Wengol riders stoically awaited his permission, their killing intent so thick that the air seemed to grow heavy around them. From their fine armor and the trident emblem engraved on their bulwarks and breastplates, those who recognized the crest knew that this was a Khinchod protectorate brigade.

In this protectorate filled with aliens, there was no more elite unit than this one. Their presence alone signified the importance of this war and thus warranted their victory.

On Quanoth, and this was a truth that held true for most nations, the armies had similar structures with some nuances from one country to another. 3 to 15 companies of 100 soldiers formed a battalion, two to three battalions a regiment of 2500 to 4000 men, two to three regiments a brigade of 5000 to 12000 men, two to three brigades a division, and more than two divisions a corps.

The Khinchod army tried to decimate the refugees initially consisted of three divisions of 24,000 men, including a protectorate brigade of 8,000 warriors. Despite the refugees' commendable resistance, only the half-division composed of their most inexperienced units had engaged in combat at this point.

To the great general, the brashness of these outstanding civilians was as laughable as the ferocity of a cornered mouse baring its teeth at a tiger. Perhaps it could bite him once or twice, but death was the only outcome.

"That's not necessary." The great general furrowed his brow, much to the displeasure of his subordinate, who was also the general of the protectorate brigade.

This illustrious great general was living up to his status, the alien and his mount so colossal that the brigade general and the rest of his troops looked like children next to him. His caution made no sense, but the other generals under his command could only take it upon themselves to be patient.

"What about the battalions we dispatched to eliminate the remnants of their army?" The great general inquired quietly. "Their battles should be over by now."

"We have not yet received any news." An unfamiliar Wengol officer replied respectfully, bowing low.

Because of his deep bow, no one noticed the vile glint in his eyes. On his right wrist, a strange bracelet that no native could see sparkled clearly in evidence like a banner. In this Wengol army, there were other aliens who shared the same attire eccentricity.

The great general sullenly scowled again, but he did not ask any more questions, nor did he give any new orders. Instead, he opened his three eyes wide and spread his mental power over the entire battlefield, the ongoing massacre no longer keeping any secrets from him.

Soon, his eyes squinted as he spotted strange auras within his army and that of the enemy refugees. Focusing on their energy signatures, he quickly noticed that they lacked a fighting spirit, as if they were only pretending to participate.

'What are they trying to accomplish?' The great general Wengol sensed that something horrible was about to happen, but he had no way to stop it.

"Urzul." He called out loudly.

The general of the Protectorate Brigade immediately stood at attention.

"My general."

His superior nodded in approval and ordered authoritatively,

"Choose one hundred of your best men and send them to eliminate the targets I will point out to you."

The Wengol warrior was taken aback by this instruction. Some of the designated targets were part of their army. Yet he still clasped his four hands and personally selected 100 Wengol horsemen and their Wurching mounts. He barked several words in a guttural language and the elite squadron assembled scattered silently, blending like shadows into the battlefield despite their imposing frames.

The great general and the other Khinchod generals kept a close eye on the movements of these crack troops, but alas, an unforeseen event forced them to divert their attention from these elite units.

Just as the battle was in full swing, a loud, supersonic bang made all the fighters look up to the sky. There, they spotted a tiny incandescent speck splitting the thick layer of black clouds like a divine ray. When this bright speck stabilized, they spotted a fearsome mutant as dazzling as a sun, its size no less than that of the Wengol warriors.

This raised the vigilance of the Khinchod army on the verge of victory to an unprecedented level, but the appearance of this entity gave renewed hope to the desperate refugees. Although this individual was not exactly like them, he was clearly human!

The reinforcements had finally arrived! And from the looks of it, it was a Mutant from Laudarkvik.

Half a second later, a young woman nearly as tall emerged from the clouds with a second supersonic bang. Her body was clad in silver chitin armor and a pair of wings, and the blindingly pale blue light she

shed instantly spread a layer of frost over the plain, before it was instantly liquefied by the radiance of her companion.

For a moment, both humans and Wengols were transfixed by the celestial apparition. The spirit aura of these two Mutants was nothing exceptional. Most of the elite Wengols in the Protectoral Brigade emitted a superior presence.

But then why were their energy signatures so terrifying? High-level fighters on both sides who could perceive the inconceivable power of these two Mutants were deeply concerned.

Unsure of their intentions, the renowned craftsmen of Lodunvals who had been standing by the soldiers anxiously retreated and the Khinchod army did the same.

"Who are you?!" The great general Khinchod's thunderous voice rumbled, forming ripples in the air that carried into the clouds.

Jake looked at the Wengol who had just spoken and subconsciously shuddered with fear. Their grand entrance was just a bravado to buy time, but he and Ruby were very clear about their real chances of victory. Without Norton, they had no chance against this Wengol and the generals next to him.

At least not in a head-on fight. The way Laudar almost lost his leg to Ruby proved that a high Spirit Body level was not enough against a much more advanced life form.

In the end, a Wengol was just a humanoid octopus a little tougher and smarter than its Earth counterparts. In the face of burning flames, and a sharp knife, they could only bend their backs and meekly allow themselves to be cooked into takoyakis.

"Jake Wilderth and Ruby Hale, two of the Mutants mobilized by Laudarkvik to reinforce Lodunvals." Jake divulged coldly, the rays radiating from his body converging mercilessly on the great general in an attempt to intimidate.

The revered alien's sensitive skin promptly began to sizzle, a barbecue aroma soon wafting through the air. The invincible general snarled contemptuously and a steady stream of steam oozed from his pores to cool his body. An oily substance mixed with the water, forming a protective insulating layer that finally stopped the slow cooking and soothed the first burns.

The other Wengol generals in the vicinity responded to the threat in a similar fashion, and Jake had to admit that he had underestimated these aliens. In reality, he was just probing them. If they couldn't even defend themselves against his passive radiation, then they weren't worthy of being his opponents.

Still, the entire army was now suffering from a nasty sunburn. The humans too, but Jake had done his best to spare them.

The important thing was that these high-level aliens were indeed not invulnerable to the heat. Too bad Jake couldn't really cast spells. His body could produce a lot of heat and energy, but it was limited to that contained in his cells and his Aether Core.

As for the Aether in the atmosphere, it was too dangerous with all those high level natives. His Spirit Body was nothing special on Quanoth. If he stretched it too far to hog the ambient Aether, his mental defenses would be spread so thin that an enemy psychic attack might render him senile.

He had long since realized that the Aether Core was not an ideal energy source for casting spells. At least not at his level. The Mana Cores these natives used seemed to be quite useful. Now that he was a Rune Engraver, Jake intended to make up for this shortcoming as soon as possible.

The entrance of these two Mutants brought the battle to a stalemate, and the traitors with dissonant auras scattered throughout the two armies were forced to suspend their operations as well. This was an unacceptable situation that hampered the execution of their plans.

One of these individuals, a Khinchod battalion commander, unceremoniously hurled his cumbersome joust at the two Mutants suspended in the sky, which brutally impaled the young woman. Ruby was blown into the clouds, swept away by the spear pressing against her torso.

Incensed, Jake's furious glare locked onto the culprit and a resounding heartbeat swept across the battlefield. The next moment, the alien who threw the spear collapsed to the ground stone dead, his heart and brain having just imploded.

While everyone focused on the death of this commander, no one noticed the suspicious actions of a Wengol Player standing behind the great general. A peculiar pottery jar of very archaic appearance, but with drawings that obviously referred to an obscure civilization, popped into his hands.

When he removed the lid, an invisible gas flowed out of it, but instead of dispersing into the air, it remained condensed like a long pipe and began to slither decisively towards the inattentive great general like a real snake.

[Chapter 697 First Part Of The Mystery Solved](#)

As soon as this pitch-black gas made contact with the slimy sucker of the oblivious great general, it soundlessly penetrated his skin, seamlessly seeping through his pores. Even the oily substance shielding the alien from Jake's radiation was powerless to hinder this thing.

For about ten seconds, the majestic Wengol showed no difference in its demeanor, continuing to stare unblinkingly at the Shining Mutant towering arrogantly over them from above.

Then something occurred that ended the standoff.

All of a sudden, the revered great general faltered, dropping his heavy spear and tumbling with a deafening metallic crash. The huge Wengol toppled forward, falling on all fours, then was seized by a fierce coughing fit. Sprays of blood and other bits of flesh painted the grass of the plain below him.

"General! Is everything all right?" The usually haughty and smug general of the protectorate brigade rushed over in concern to support his superior. Seeing his waxy complexion and the network of black veins running across his entire face, the Wengol warrior turned livid.

"Who did this?!" Urzul roared as he glared at the officers present.

The general found no sign of wounds, no hidden projectile nor trace of poison, but the instincts of a native with a Spirit Body as accomplished as his could not be underestimated.

"You!" The Wengol with the bulging muscles turned his gaze on the one unfamiliar officer who had just reported in. The jar had long since been stowed away, and his reclining posture made it impossible to read the expression on his face, which immediately drew his suspicion. "Get your head up!"

Caught with his hand in the cookie jar, the Wengol Player smirked, then slowly straightened before staring disdainfully at the generals and other officers present. No further investigation was needed to prove his guilt.

"Die!" Urzuh angrily brandished his huge trident made of pure gold, but hundreds of times sturdier, then charged at the culprit.

In terms of size, the Wengol Player was only as tall as the general's chest, but there was no fear on his face. Instead, he let out a mirthful chuckle and dashed forward bare-handed to meet his opponent's trident.

Seeing this officer's arrogance, Urzul's fury was further provoked and a terrifying spiritual pressure burst forth from the alien. The Player facing him suddenly felt as if he had entered a dark tunnel, seeing only a gigantic pure gold trident the size of a skyscraper.

At that moment, his arrogance bordering on insolence was humbled a notch and his three eyes slightly widened. Like Ruby against Laudar earlier, all traces of the carefree attitude melted from his face and an Oracle Shield wrapped around him in a protective energy layer.

BANG!

The trident blow was so powerful that even with the Oracle Shield the Wengol Player felt his body being hammered like a nail, smashing through several hundred meters of rock before finally stabilizing. When he deactivated his Oracle Shield and opened his eyes again, he saw only a patch of cloud lit up by Jake, as if he was at the bottom of a very deep well.

'Terrifying... After this Ordeal, I want a promotion.' The alien grunted in pain.

But since he was trapped in this makeshift well, he could now do as he pleased. The jar reappeared in his hands and this time he removed the entire lid after protecting every inch of his skin under a waterproof suit.

The black gas snake resurfaced, but this time there was no longer any need for stealth. The snake swelled rapidly, winding its way up the tunnel, until its head emerged from the crater. Once in the open, the snake detonated, its gas dispersing with the momentum of a hurricane.

Again, most of the Wengols didn't notice, but Urzul, who had not let up in his vigilance, leapt back, forming a water screen around himself to repel the gas. Tracing the source of the gas, a murderous glint flashed in the general's three cruel eyes and he shouted,

"So you're still alive.... THEN DIE!"

Undaunted, he moved with startling speed for his size and reappeared just above the crater, or more precisely, the tunnel he had drilled with his previous strike. Without hesitation and with a face distorted by rage, his muscles contracted beyond what was tolerable. The arm holding the trident retracted to gather energy, his legs flexed, his back arched backwards at 90 degrees.

The Player at the bottom of the hole suddenly had a sense of foreboding. Feeling a suffocating spiritual aura erupting forth above him, the Wengol became livid.

"No good, I have to get out of here!"

"TOO LATE!"

Urzul's angry voice echoed in his head, shaking his brain and consciousness. The Wengol general's body suddenly relaxed like a spring, and his torso, leaning back, swung forward at a dizzying speed as if he wanted to touch his feet with his hands. His arm also unwound like a slingshot and the huge trident vanished like a comet down the well.

The targeted Player saw only a dazzling golden spark, then was overwhelmed by a breathtaking pain. He had just enough time to activate his Oracle Teleportation Skill before fainting.

Urzul immediately sensed the difference and an incredulous scowl crept across his face.

"He's gone?!"

"WATCH OUT!"

Unexpectedly, the warning came not from one of his men but from the mutant above him. Only then did he realize the chaos that had erupted on the battlefield. Thunderstruck, he saw the generals and trusted troops he had grown up with killing each other with fanatical hatred.

Urzul, was overcome by an icy chill, and wanted to run to help his men, but a coldness in his extremities caused him to look down at his chest. A huge, distressingly familiar spear head protruded from his rib cage. Turning his head with difficulty, he recognized the great general he had been admiring.

His countenance was nothing like the heroic warrior he knew. His three white eyes had turned black and a smell of carrion emanated from his body. How could he not understand what was going on.

"Undeads!" He spat out before letting out a heartbreaking roar.

Jake, who had been watching the whole scene with growing disbelief, was completely shocked. The tragedy playing out in the Wengol army's high command was a tiny microcosm of the drama unfolding on the rest of the battlefield.

One by one, the supposedly dead corpses were rising up, attacking their fellow humans and Wengols nearby with unparalleled frenzy. It didn't matter if they were friends, wives or husbands, their thirst to kill was the same.

At the same time, the living were also killing each other as if possessed, and those who died soon returned from the dead to join the slaughter again. When Ruby reappeared unharmed from the clouds, massaging her aching chest, a bemused "o" came from her mouth.

Jake didn't know if it was their unwanted arrival that had precipitated this chain reaction, but now he had to find a way to save what could be saved. He had come to stop the Wengol army, but now he had to prevent their total extermination.

On the human side, each additional innocent who died broke his heart a little more and through gritted teeth he felt a horrible sense of helplessness.

"What a loser." Ruby sneered with a silver gleam welling up in her eyes. "Just kill. Kill your enemies or eat them, you'll never be wrong."

Jake was stunned by this spooky and admittedly questionable advice, but sometimes simplicity was the answer. If he couldn't save everyone, he could at least kill some of the people responsible.

"Thanks Ruby." He said, his face growing darker by the second.

Consulting his Oracle Scan, he arbitrarily chose one of the abnormal auras near the unharmed civilians he had spotted and slammed into it like a nuke. Spreading his mental power around him, Jake found no enemy, but when he activated his Myrtharian Sight and sharpened his senses he finally detected something.

Reflexively lifting his right foot, he heard a hissing sound pass under his leg and when he brought it down hard he stomped on some kind of thin, pointed tail ending in a heart-shaped tip.

A shrill cry of agony sounded below him and looking up at the appendage, Jake saw what the tail was attached to. A tiny eyeball about 3cm in diameter. A quake of disgust knotted his stomach, but he didn't hesitate to chop the organ off with a claw.

Glancing at the corpse, Jake found the eye somewhat familiar. The frill in which this eyeball was recessed looked like an overlay of three- and four-leaf clovers, and it reminded him directly of the emblem Lily had scrawled.

'The Thozuch Clan. Demons.' Jake understood.

According to Norton, these creatures were called Beholders. They weren't very intelligent, but they had the same psychic and corrupting powers as the other, more evolved demons. What made them special was that they were often controlled by more advanced demons, serving as informants as well as transmitting and receiving antennas for their Mana.

In other words, these Beholders could send the negative energy they collected and send it back to the higher demon controlling them. Perhaps that demon could even watch everything that was going on here.

The feeling of being overwhelmed by the situation was only growing, but Jake at least had a clear target now. Now that he knew what a Beholder looked like, his next Oracle Scan focused specifically on their signature and he detected not a few dozen this time, but several hundred.

Focusing his Myrtharian Eyes on them, he saw a torrent of miasma flowing out of the humans and Wengols killing each other, and then converging on these evil little creatures. The first part of the mystery was solved.

[Chapter 698 All Dead](#)

But that still didn't explain why dead people were coming back to life. Jake had witnessed firsthand how this Wengol Player had summoned an old jar to poison or curse all these Wengols, and their vital signs were somewhat inconsistent.

Their body temperature had not changed, but their hearts were no longer beating. What seemed to animate them was the black gas that had taken up residence in their bodies. Yet the gas soon evaporated from these victims, dispersing into the atmosphere as if it had never existed.

Only Jake and Ruby with their special eyes could see how the gas coalesced again once it was camouflaged by the dark clouds, the black snake streaking westward like a flicker of shadow. Presumably the direction to which the Wengol Player had teleported.

Jake was looking forward to chasing it down and asking it some questions, but he was too busy purging the battlefield of Beholders. Since he had disposed of the first devil-eye, the hundreds of Beholders scattered throughout the area had begun to stir.

These creatures were not fleeing, but they had ramped up the power of their large-scale mental entrapment and miasma collection speed. Each of these little demons had turned into a sort of vortex ravenously sucking up all the miasma and negative thoughts in the vicinity.

Locating them had become child's play and even ordinary humans and Wengol warriors could now see them. Alas, very few still had the sanity to care about them. Those who could were either completely petrified of terror or had retreated to their respective camps, mentally preparing to perish by fighting to the death.

Fortunately, this was not the case for two Mutants. Jake and Ruby's chilling efficiency in swooping down on these vortexes like a ghost and obliterating the Beholders inside with a swipe of their claws or sabers bordered on the divine, and their lightning-fast movements accompanied by shockwaves and afterimages soon left deep trenches and craters all over the plain.

With this vortex of miasma and negative thoughts, killing these tiny demons was no longer so easy. Jake didn't have time to watch Ruby and he could only hope that there wouldn't be too many collateral victims.

At first he tried to implode them with his telekinesis, but he soon realized that their Spirit Body was impregnable, protected by copious and impenetrable spiritual energy.

"Damn it!" Jake seethed as he angrily clutched his sword.

[No choice, you'll have to kill them manually.] Xi commented snidely, much to his chagrin.

With a single stride, Jake vanished from his position and reappeared behind one of those eyeballs levitating twelve meters above the ground, flicking his saber forward. Before he could even reach his target, overwhelming negative thoughts assaulted his mind, dislocating his will to vanquish the enemy.

His eyes widened, his pupils narrowed, sweat covered his palms and forehead, his shoulders hunched and uncontrollable spasms made his saber holding arms tremble. Sheer terror.

Just as his mind was beginning to take in the magnitude of this dramatic change, his heart raced, his mouth went horribly dry, his jaw clenched, and his muscles tensed, a hatred and bloodlust surging up within him that threatened to overtake him. Sheer anger.

Then out of the corner of his eye, a patch of skin from the ample bosom of a young Lodunvaliese woman soldier flashed into his field of vision and his gaze was immediately drawn to her lips. His senses were heightened and an unpleasant heat flush went up to his face, his crotch becoming brutally stiff. Sheer lust.

Other primal emotions, in their rawest form overwhelmed his mind, mixing with each other, mutating and influencing each other to produce more complex but equally alienated feelings such as cruelty, sadism, lust for killing, until all that was left was an explosive cocktail engulfing his soul and threatening to consume him forever.

Forcibly suppressing his body's abnormal reactions, Jake forced out all the distractions with one exhale, but he couldn't shake off the whirlwind of emotions so quickly. All that fury, all that craving, all that trepidation... it had to be vented somewhere!

SLASH!

His arms suddenly stopped shaking and his blade swung down with a ferocity unlike his previous attack. The demonic eyeball bulged with incomprehension before being cleaved in half. The vortex scattered and the suction force sucking up the miasma subsided.

"Phew..." Jake exhaled as he wiped the sweat dripping from his forehead. When he inspected his sleeve, it was completely soaked. What was most uncomfortable was that he still had his erection and his heart was still thumping. " You sick bastards."

Forcibly controlling his blood flow, Jake stilled his body and mind then charged toward another Beholder, mind-conditioned this time. It was as perilous as ever, but by using his telekinesis to attack from a distance, he managed to limit the damage.

Glancing fleetingly at Ruby to see how she was doing, his barely contained rage threatened to overwhelm him again. Her flushed face, her constricted pupils, her bared teeth, her trembling arms, her heaving chest betrayed the same signs of excitement as he had earlier. But while he was trying to fight these symptoms, she was letting them have an almost complete hold on her.

With each swipe of her claw, a Beholder was pulverized, but the seven or eight humans and Wengols fighting nearby were also annihilated. He didn't mind when they were undeads or irrecoverable lunatics, but a quarter of these victims were completely sane.

The most revolting part of all this was that the silver glow traditionally pulsing in her eyes when the Digestor was in control was absent, suggesting that she might actually be under the influence of these miasmas.

Jake breathed in deeply for the umpteenth time to restrain himself from attacking her instead of the Beholders, but an unforeseen twist prevented him from considering that option for good.

For even after their bodies had been cleansed of the black gas, the infected Wengols were still as strong as ever. He expected them to collapse to the ground or revert to their former selves, but certainly not to continue attacking their peers as if nothing had happened.

Their physical strength and stamina seemed to have almost doubled and their inexpressiveness was matched only by their inability to feel pain, or anything else for that matter. The only downside was that these Wengol zombies were undeniably slower.

And that was a very good thing! Or the rest of the sane soldiers would have been overwhelmed very quickly.

If Jake wasn't mistaken, all those Wengols were indeed dead. Although it looked like they were killing each other, the situation was very different from the killing spree instigated by the elusive Beholders.

Another crucial point was that the dead coming back to life were not only part of the Wengol camp. Those affected by the gas had indeed become walking dead, but the corpses in the human camp were also starting to rise one by one. This was not the work of the Beholders, nor of the cursed jar, but something else even more wicked.

His forehead scrunched up, Jake noticed especially that these new zombies and other lunatic warriors and civilians on both sides were not trying to avoid each other, not hesitating to slaughter one another frantically whenever they crossed paths on the battlefield. As soon as one of these berserk humans or Wengols died, they were quick to rise up and join the ranks of the Undeads.

Dumbfounded, Jake watched helplessly as an army of 60,000 aliens collapsed in a matter of seconds. Encompassing one of these Undeads with his mental sense, then another Wengol driven by rabid rage, then a third Wengol still sane, but also alive and well, the hypothesis he feared was confirmed.

"A Death Mark." Jake took a deep breath to calm himself as he recognized the rune. It wasn't exactly the same as the necromancer's that Nelekai had cast in the Dungeon Digestor, but the baleful, unnatural energy was exactly the same.

Problem was, there were no necromancers around. So when had these Death Marks been implanted?

Jake didn't have the nerve to claim himself infallible. He didn't doubt for a second that a very powerful necromancer could cast this massive Death Spell right under his nose. But at the time, Nelekai, who was a Sixth-Ordeal Player, had not been able to fool his senses. His Death Spell was an antonym of the word subtlety.

It could only mean one thing. Unless the spell caster had such expertise and power that Jake failed to notice, in which case he'd better get the hell out of there, then all those Death Marks had been implanted long before this battle... On both sides.

His mind spiraling as he tried to derive all the conclusions from this inference, Jake's face turned pale as he imagined the mastermind's degree of scheming and forethought behind it all.

"We've fallen into a trap." Jake realized, his heart sinking in his chest.

But what else could he do? Ruby was right. Other than slaying the Beholders within his reach and saving what he could, nothing at all.

'If only I'd had more time to master my Rune Engraver Soul Class. Maybe I could have erased those Death Marks before they activated.' Jake lamented as he continued to kill the remaining Beholders faster and faster.

His efficiency was only increasing, but the rate at which the number of Undeads was increasing was far greater than the rate at which he was wiping out these demons.

When he and Ruby defeated the last Beholder, only 2,400 refugees and 300 elite Wengols from the Protectorate brigade remained. This handful of die-hard survivors now faced over 60,000 undead.

All those who had lost their minds and given in to their murderous and fornication urges were dead.

[Chapter 699 New Enemies](#)

Wiping the purple blood from his saber, Jake finally had time to focus on what was going on around him, and to say the least, the sight did not make him happy at all. 60,000 Wengol warriors, including a tier of elites above level 40. Even with twice the arrogance, Jake wouldn't have the temerity to face such an army alone.

Fighting and surviving was not impossible, but what was the point? He certainly couldn't hold off 60,000 Undeads on his own. Ruby's help would make no difference.

Soaring into the sky to get a better view, Jake saw that the 300 elite Wengol soldiers of the Protectorate Brigade had come to the same conclusion as he had, for they had chosen to regroup with the 2,400 remaining sane refugees.

Incidentally, their general Urzul was still alive despite the treacherous attack of the now Undead Great General. Having suffered serious injuries, his movements were not as sharp as a minute earlier, but that power, even if diminished, was not something these new Undeads could exploit.

The politicians and cowards barricaded behind their wagons and carriages were naturally adverse to these aliens who had wantonly slaughtered their loved ones and forced them to flee their homes, but those who had just faced this hell were of a different mind. To increase their chances of survival, they might as well put water in their wine and even make a deal with the devil.

Now that the refugees and Wengols had regrouped to face the 60,000 plus Undeads, the latter were momentarily without a target and began to wander idly about the battlefield. During this brief lull, the survivors even thought they had a chance to make it out.

Jake watched the strange behavior of the living dead with a persistent frown on his face. Their change in attitude made no sense.

Indeed, as he deployed his mental sense to monitor these Undeads live, he detected an unexpected energy fluctuation from their Death Mark. As one, all of these Wengol Undeads stopped stumbling around aimlessly and began to stagger off accompanied by low grunts in the direction of the hopeful refugees.

Seeing the huge mass of undead staggering towards them, the terrified refugees who had refused to fight began to scream and shake, some even defecating on themselves. Urzul made no secret of his disgust for these vermin.

His snort of contempt made the fearful refugees shrivel even more in their carriages, but there were also women, men and children among them who were simply too weak to fight. Forcing them to take up arms would be of no use.

Urzul had long since noticed the obese middle-aged man with a triple chin sitting in the largest carriage in the convoy, right in the center of the formation. Several Rank A Adventurers who had not participated in the battle were loyally defending the vehicle, having ignored all the cries of pain and pleas for help without batting an eye.

Even an ordinary human could hear the carriage creaking as it moved back and forth. So with his overdeveloped hearing General Wengol could hear the obscene words of this filthy individual, as well as

the fake moans and woozy giggles of several young women inside. There was no doubt about the debauchery that was being enacted inside.

The guards and refugees nearby could obviously hear all this, but none of them seemed to have the courage to take offense. Some of these citizens even seemed eager to distance themselves, especially those with not too ugly daughters of age.

"What a disgrace! You really deserve to be wiped out." Urzul spat out as he stabbed the base of his trident into the ground.

The Grandmaster Blacksmith who had fought so valiantly in the previous battle turned red with anger, but found nothing to complain about. This insolent alien was totally right.

Only humans would place their weakest and most incompetent specimens in the highest positions of authority. Khinchod, which was a protectorate under the authority of the mother state Karoth, had a much more elitist and pragmatic policy inspired by their infamous guardian state.

Selecting the strongest, smartest and most accomplished people to lead them had caused serious problems at the beginning, and it still did, but at least they no longer had to doubt the legitimacy of their rulers. Whoever held a position of power had earned that position.

Thinking back to Karoth, Urzul couldn't help but wonder if it was they who had given the order to their Governor to invade. Unfortunately, his rank was too low to sort out the real from the fake.

"I'm ashamed to say this, but we could kill him. At this point, it will only hasten his death by a few seconds." The old perfumer suggested with a trace of ruthlessness in his almost blind eyes.

The other influential soldiers and craftsmen who had proven their courage gasped aghast as they heard him utter such nonsense.

"Have you lost your mind, old fart?" An almost equally elderly Master Alchemist with skin on his bones belittled him mercilessly. "Sir Gole may be a pushover, but he is the nephew of the head of the Imperial Guard. His reputation as a raving lunatic is no secret. If he dies, there's no point in joining Kelenden alive. We'll be hunted down, tortured, crucified, and then burned at the stake by his crazy uncle under the guise that he needs company in the afterlife."

"You have every right to be a coward, but don't lump me in with you." The old man reeking of flowers and fruit retorted in a murderous tone. "I'm too old to run away, but if you each carry an innocent or two on your back, you have a good chance of losing those Undeads and reaching Kelenden."

The pastry woman with oversized forearms absentmindedly smoothed the folds of her apron and let out a deep sigh,

"Actually, that's not a bad idea..."

The Master Alchemist was stumped by their fearless determination, but he didn't have to formulate a rebuttal. Just then, as Jake and Ruby flew cautiously toward them to join them, they caught some movement in their line of sight.

The door of one of the supposedly empty coaches, where even Jake's Oracle Scan had not detected anyone, suddenly opened with a painfully long and unpleasant creak. One figure stepped out, then a second, then a third, until nearly 100 hooded individuals emerged from the small vehicle.

Male or female, what they all had in common were their piercing crimson eyes and the sharp canines protruding from their upper lip. Only a portion of their faces were visible, but all looked young, pale of skin and extremely handsome.

Jake, the Wengols, and the other refugees wore a stunned expression as they watched all of these people file out of such a small vehicle. Even if they were packed like sardines, it shouldn't have been possible.

The Vampire at the head of the group lowered his hood, releasing a mop of slightly curly black hair that fell over his shoulders. The individual had a dark, intense look, as if he were wearing mascara, but the high-pitched cackle that escaped his mouth and his suave pink shirt instantly discredited the charismatic, masculine image he had built up by arriving so mysteriously.

Closing his eyes, he took a deep breath of air, his nostrils dilating to better absorb the smells and an ecstatic expression distorted his face as the scent of all that blood reached his brain.

"Aaaah, so good." The Vampire spread his arms wide as he opened his eyes again, a trace of haggard disappointment in his eyes. He had been this close to having an orgasm.

His gaze clear and alert again, he stared haughtily at the crowd of survivors, his face lighting up as he stopped on several particularly lovely young men and women.

"Thozaman kept his promise, it would seem." A female Vampire looking just like him commented apathetically. Turning to the Vampires behind her, she ordered curtly. "Begin the mission."

In front of a stunned crowd, the hundred or so hooded individuals dispersed in a flash, their speed so extreme that they seemed as fleeting as shadows. Their movement raised neither wind, nor blade of grass, nor generated the least rustle. Jake did notice, however, that a group of three people at the rear of the group were not moving.

In the blink of an eye, each of these Vampires appeared in front of their target, a young woman or man of uncommon beauty, and with a flick of their hand on the back of their neck, knocked them out. Preventing them from collapsing, they broke their fall by throwing them on their shoulders, then as they had come, they went back to reform their initial ranks. Each of them had one or two unconscious people on their shoulders.

Satisfied, the first Vampire praised them merrily,

"Good job, that'll be plenty of food for next winter. Store them in the vehicle and return to the fold."

"What-what are you doing, you motherfucker?!" The old perfumer yelled in fury. His granddaughter was among those kidnapped.

Other famous refugees had also had their children or grandchildren kidnapped by these Vampires and their will to fight was stronger than ever. They had almost forgotten about the Undeads behind them.

While these Vampires were doing their shopping among the humans, the Undeads had taken the opportunity to surround them unknowingly while no one was paying them any mind.

Being called a motherfucker by an elderly man with one foot in the grave, the Vampire in the pink shirt was immediately incensed. Giving no apology, no answer, his hand slowly reached out and a split second later a warm, dripping heart appeared in his empty hand.

[Chapter 700 Let There Be Lightning](#)

The old perfumer stood transfixed for a fleeting second, his HP regen trying to compensate for the hole in his chest, but the bleeding and lack of oxygen overcame him and his vision blurred until it plunged into an eternal abyss.

Thud.

The night breeze blew and the old man's inert corpse toppled backwards, collapsing to everyone's dismay. Jake and Ruby looked on in flustered solemnity as they stared not at the steaming heart, but at the bloody hand grasping it.

That speed... it wasn't something they could easily replicate. In this Ordeal, it was the first time they had encountered such a fast native. When this Vampire had attacked, Jake had not been able to keep track of him with his eyes. To onlookers with less keen senses, the murderer hadn't moved at all.

"If anyone else has anything to say, you are free to speak up." The murderer smiled kindly as he gave the crowd a sympathetic look. "After all, even though you will die, we will all be colleagues in the future."

The refugees and Wengols were taken aback by his friendly words. The tone seemed genial, almost enthusiastic, but then why did they suddenly develop goosebumps?

Of course, Urzul and the other veterans showed a very different reaction. A glance at the Undeads behind them, standing patiently at a distance, made it very clear what kind of collaboration the arrogant Vampire was talking about.

They were going to die, that was for sure.

"Let's go." The female Vampire bearing a resemblance to him motioned with her hand and all the Vampires turned back to the coach they had mysteriously emerged from.

As for the Vampire in the pink shirt, he glanced at one of the three hooded individuals at the back of the group and said,

"Your mission may resume."

The individual nodded silently and suddenly the standing Undeads began to trudge in unison toward them, this apocalyptic vision stirring the refugees' worst traumas.

"Did I give you permission to leave?"

A thunderous voice abruptly echoed in their heads, its vocal force so preposterous that their entire skeleton began to vibrate.

"Who?!"

These Vampires had obviously spotted Jake and Ruby all along, but they hadn't seen fit to take out these two Mutants. As long as they knew their place, they didn't care about these underdogs. If they had any sense at all, they'd better leave their doomed faction and join the soon-to-be-winners!

At no time had they considered the prospect of these Mutants going up against them. The Vampire siblings leading the pack gave him a scowling look and sneered darkly.

"And who am I speaking with?" The Vampire in the pink shirt cracked a smile that wasn't quite one.

"The one who's going to kill you." Jake declared cruelly, glaring at him from his full height.

It wasn't just empty words. Jake might be powerless against all the scheming of those Demons and Undeads, but these Vampires... Even if they were twice as numerous he could settle them with a mere snap of his finger.

Back then, even a Vampire Progenitor like Wyatt had been forced to flee from them. Actually, Jake didn't need to kill them. Just detaining them here for a few seconds would be enough. Once Norton arrived, it would no longer be in his hands.

"Really?" The Vampires waiting to enter the vehicle turned to face him, and a stifling, solemn atmosphere pervaded the procession.

Urzul and the other refugees held their breath as they sensed this Mutant's confidence. His presence was not nearly enough to take on these Vampires. Especially the two siblings leading the group. It was nice to be confident, but this arrogant statement felt more like suicide.

Without realizing it, they had already forgotten the "sunburn" that this overconfident Mutant had inflicted on them. It was easy to forget that a moment earlier the dark night had been momentarily replaced by the zenith of noon.

Reading the contempt on those Vampires' faces, Jake didn't try to explain himself. Decisively, he activated Bloodline Ignition, and his body burst into flames. Realizing what this Mutant was about to do, Urzul's eyes widened and he yelled in panic,

" HIDE!"

Having seen him use this technique in the previous battle, the refugees rushed to their vehicles. Those who didn't had any, didn't hesitate to empty their water supply onto a blanket before throwing themselves under it.

The group of Vampires became increasingly bewildered as they watched the panicked reaction of these human and Wengol warriors, but the torch man above them didn't look so scary. Did he really think that flames of such a substandard temperature would be enough to defeat them?

Of course, Jake had no intention of charring them to death. If that was what would eventually happen, it certainly wouldn't be because of the temperature, but because of the radiation.

In order not to alarm them too soon, he had chosen to only raise his body temperature and energy levels, filtering out the ultraviolet radiation threatening to burst forth from his body. From the perspective of these Vampires, Jake was conjuring some sort of Fire Magic, when in fact he was concocting the ultimate Anti-Vampire Spell.

By the time even Jake began to find the heat burning inside him intolerable, Ruby had long since moved away, positioning herself on the other side of the Vampires, as if to block their path.

Suddenly, a laser beam of extreme brilliance shot out of Jake's pupils, shining down on the Vampires, and in that instant, for the first time, a sense of immeasurable danger threatened to engulf their minds.

The Sun.

A sun magically materialized behind Jake, the latter melting into it like the moon during an eclipse. Its radiance was such that for a moment they thought they were looking at a god. A Sun God.

"AAAAAARRRRGGH!!!"

Then the ultraviolet light struck. An electromagnetic radiation so concentrated and powerful that the temperature on the ground rose by several tens of degrees in an instant. Jake, who was taking the full force of the radiation from his Aether Sun Core before aiming it back at the enemy, had as much of an agonized expression as those Vampires, but unlike them the determination in his eyes was unwavering.

The Vampire siblings below who were overseeing this operation also began to scream in pain, their pale, unblemished skin blistering. Their hair, clothes and robes flared, their skin melted, exposing muscle and then bone, but at a much slower rate than their fellow vamps.

In contrast, the weakest Vampires in this squadron were immolated instantly, turning into human torches. Their glistening white skeletons turned black and began to wither before disintegrating completely.

The young men and women they carried on their shoulders fell heavily to the ground, rolling around in utter disregard. Although their vulnerability to ultraviolet radiation was not as pronounced as that of the Vampires, such highly concentrated radiation would eventually be just as lethal to them.

Their skin was already starting to redden in a worrisome way and the roasting sensation even managed to bring some of these victims out of their unintended coma. The daze and confusion on their faces was plain to see, but in this kind of predicament the survival instinct took over.

Against all odds, Urzul and his troops undertook to brave the radiation to save them. The aliens were sweating out all the flame-retardant oil in their bodies, but even with this precaution, the stench of fried squid soon spread across the plain, whetting the appetites of some of the starving refugees.

Stunned, those who had regained consciousness let themselves be carried out of danger like sacks of flour by the huge aliens, while those still passed out would likely have to thank them later. A few more seconds and they would have suffered torment when they woke up because of the Digitalization.

"Help me!" The enraged cry of the now stark naked pink-shirted Vampire drowned out the sizzling and wailing in agony, his red eyes settling with a pleading expression on the three individuals waiting motionless in front of the carriage.

The three hooded individuals ignored her pleas, a mocking smile almost spreading across their faces. Then sensing several auras approaching, their mirth disappeared and one of them reluctantly nodded, a deep relief loosening the Vampire's muscles.

The man in question took a step toward the charred Vampire, then in the same way those Vampires had kidnapped those humans, he knocked out the two siblings with a swift slap of his hand, then tossed them into the carriage.

Leaving the remaining Vampires to be consumed in utter apathy, their moans of suffering music to his ears, the siblings' savior tore off the cloak covering his body with a firm grip, the cloak being swept away by the wind.

As his cloak was sucked away by an updraft, a deafening roll of thunder blasted their eardrums. A flash of pale blue light followed and a bolt of lightning as thick as a baobab tree's trunk struck the figure. Somehow, the sound of thunder had reached them before the lightning struck, which was completely counterintuitive.

As soon as the lightning struck the individual, the huge bolt of lightning branched out into several hundred thinner bolts of lightning, but still as thick as an adult anaconda. The fireworks of electricity took everyone by surprise, including Jake and Ruby.

Like light, lightning was one of those unbelievably difficult things to avoid. A lightning bolt was 7.5 times slower than light, but at that speed it made no difference. Jake and Ruby were hit by one of these lightning bolts instantly before they could even think of reacting.

Not even a tenth of a thousandth of a second had passed between the start and the end of his attack, but the entire crowd, humans, Wengols and Mutants included, had been electrocuted to death.