

Witch 1461

Chapter 1461: Before Dawn

As their distance from the demon's King City narrowed, the floating island encountered even fiercer attacks.

From having one attack a day, it increased to once every few hours. More often than not, the floating island would catch sight of the second wave in the horizon even before completely dealing with the prior wave.

It was only during the night did the floating island have peace.

All the incomplete projects and ground facilities were basically halted, and the construction team had already focused all their manpower on repairing the runways. But against the attacks of the enemy which was akin to a tidal wave, Roland did not dare allow the Aerial Knights chase too far out as it only placed all the burden onto Eleanor.

Another change was the rapid increase in the number of senior demons appearing, some of which were physically stronger, or had strange abilities and were unpredictable. Following the increasing losses of unmanned machine gun turrets, the pressure placed on the defenses magnified.

The first wave of enemies broke into the floating island's interior on the second afternoon. When a few senior demons used magic blades and sliced open the sealed sluice gates, Eleanor immediately sounded the invasion alarm. God's Punishment Witches armed to the teeth formed the second line of defense as melee combat occurred across the narrow passages. The scene resembled the battlefield set up by the Union several centuries ago; just that this time, the roles of both parties were exchanged.

In Alice's plans, God's Punishment Witches were the spears to penetrate the demon's formation and destroy anything in relation to the obelisk and Mother of Soul. Only by using their weak offense to break apart the enemy's defenses did humanity have a shot at winning. But on this island, the demons became the attackers, while the God's Punishment Witches only had to impede their advancements.

However, their strength did not drop as a result. In a particular way, God's Punishment Witches were the bane of senior demons. Having their abilities sealed, it was difficult for them to gain the upper hand when facing a crowd of Extraordinaries or ancient witches who did not fear pain. What's more, they held guns in their hands.

As a result, despite the disadvantage in numbers, the God's Punishment Witches were still able to keep the enemy out from the inner region.

At the same time, traces of demon troops appeared on the ground, the majority of which were Spider Monstrous Beasts. They appeared in sparse numbers in the beginning, and later formed small patches of "black puddles."

"Truly like ants waiting for corpses." Agatha glanced down at the scene beneath the floating island. "If we were to descend, they will definitely surge forward and rip us all to shreds."

“There are even more demons en route; it seems like the demons’ plan is to surround us.” Phyllis’s expression turned serious. “The Union used to believe that a Transcendent force was enough to obliterate the demons. Now, it appears like we were too naive.”

“Yes, even without Mask or his Symbiotic Demon army, this number isn’t something the Union can ever contend with...” The Ice Witch closed her eyes. “We have underestimated the Battle of Divine Will far too greatly.”

“At least you guys kept your hope,” Roland consoled her and patted her on her shoulders. Regardless of the end of the Witch Kingdom and the two experiences of utter defeat for humanity, they kept the flames of resistance going and never gave up. That alone was no easy feat.

“Your Majesty!” At that moment, Ferlin walked over with a new report. “The trajectory of the demons’ floating island has changed, it seems to be coming towards us!”

“Who was the person who reported this?”

“Miss Lightning from the Exploration Group. She even said that the enemy has expanded their patrolling radius of the Devilbeasts, so she and Maggie are no longer able to observe them from a distance. Miss Lightning also added that a large amount of magic power has appeared at the bottom of King’s City. She claimed that even her weak sensitivity to magic power was enough to sense the stifling aura.”

Roland looked at Agatha.

“What do you think that is?”

“I don’t know...” The latter shook her head. “But since they are converging their magic power to this extent, it’s definitely not something trivial.”

“I agree,” Roland replied.

Wasn’t it surprising?

Symbiotic Demons, mass production of Senior Demons, Deity of Gods... the number of new advancements the demons had succeeded in could be said to be innumerable. Compared to the bone spears used in the beginning of the Battle of Divine Will, they were now equipped with improved spears capable of explosion, even though not every Mad Demon had one. Although the demons had not used the gunpowder of humans, they were bound to receive relevant inspirations.

In the past, people often said that war was the best catalyst for improving civilization, and from the looks of it, there’s some truth to the matter. Roland looked into the projection towards the dusky sky. *God... is this what you want to see?*

Without question, if they continued their advancement, there was no chance of winning if they only continued resisting the incoming attacks. At the moment, the floating island was going against the current, which was the black tides of tens of millions of demons. If the numbers increased by a few folds, the casualties within the island would only increase exponentially.

And for a strong magic power disturbance to occur at the demons’ King’s City meant that they had more than a single trump card.

But... he never had the idea of fighting the enemy to the death.

The symbol that marked the final location for the floating island was very close, but since the demons were willing to initiate the bridging of the distance, he saved on the effort required.

“Inform everyone to head to the meeting room.” Roland ordered Ferlin. “It’s time.”

Everyone in the command center stopped everything they were doing and moved over.

The room instantly became extremely serious.

“Yes, Your Majesty.” The knight puffed up his chest and bowed.

...

A few minutes later, the higher-ups gathered at the top of the bridge.

The sun was setting behind the horizon, dying the horizon blood red. With the entire field filled with demon corpses, it increased the desolation of twilight.

“Tonight, our enemy will enter our final attack radius.”

Roland looked at each and everyone. They were gathered around the table in two rows, with the Witches on one side—Anna, Wendy, Agatha, Phyllis, etc—and on the other side were the army commanders—Iron Axe, Edith, Brian, Ferlin... All of their eyes brimmed with unspeakable confidence. Even though the enemy numbers were enough to blot out the sky, no one revealed any intent of retreat or unease.

“There’s no need for me to repeat this plan again. Since its inception, everyone played a part in it and witnessed the entire process,” Roland said unhurriedly. “Although I was the one who suggested the plan, it would never have come to fruition without everyone’s hard work.”

The prototype bombs, the calculation of the parameters, the choice of the configuration, and air drop tests—even with the support of the Design Bureau of Graycastle, he had steadily taken a step at a time, completing a full set of tests as it went from something experimental to an actual weapon. It was just so that no accidents would occur on the real battlefield.

“To ensure a low possibility of detection and to prevent any unnecessary waste en route, the fleet will move out at around five in the early morning. Navigating in the night is extremely dangerous, but I believe that Tilly will be able to lead the Aerial Knights to success. If everything goes smoothly, a new ‘sun’ will appear tomorrow morning.”

Seeing that no one objected at the meeting, Roland stood up and said, “Then, let me announce the official commissioning of the Glory of the Sun!” He paused for a moment. “—Remember, the darkest period is precisely right before dawn.”

Chapter 1462: Night of Endless Toss and Turns

12:00 a.m.

The hangars remained brightly lit.

All the magic stones that gave off light were gathered and distributed to the hangars. Aside from providing light, a portion of the magic stones were installed onto the planes for the lack of light sources.

This operation involved all the Aerial Knights; not only did the 200 odd planes represent Neverwinter's full air force, they also represented humanity's hope.

Several hundred ground crew support rushed about the warehouses with carts, inspecting every plane with Anna in the lead. With her hair tied up and with thigh-high boots, her appearance in work clothes left a huge impression on everyone. It also elevated the atmosphere.

Roland was no exception—her greasy cheeks in contrast with her sparkling and clear sapphire eyes left a deep impression in him.

1:30 a.m.

With the plane inspections coming to a close, the refilling of fuel began.

All the ventilation fans operated at full capacity to reduce the fuel fumes in the air.

Due to the low requirement for illumination, along with the bid to lower risks and prevent accidents from occurring, this step was conducted at the hangars and ground surface simultaneously.

Out of the ground surface air units, the most eye-catching plane were the two single-winged, four-engined bombers.

Although they were much smaller than the standard plane, their form remained sufficiently spectacular, with a wingspan of over 30 meters. Its pitch-black paint made it stand out at a glance.

After swapping out the Phoenix's engine, she was only capable of flight with base oil, but in exchange for this was a reliable and mature body frame. Because of this, the Ministry of Engineering was able to rush out two planes before the actualization of the operation.

Of course, the attractiveness of the two planes was not just their size.

The appearance of the First Army and God's Punishment Witches guarding the belly of the plane similarly indicated that the two planes were different from the others. Although the majority of the people had never seen the weapon that many had placed their hopes on, everyone knew that the two planes were the crux to deciding the battle.

3:00 a.m.

The Aerial Knights gathered and conducted their last route review.

"Remember, the cover of the night doesn't give you any reference objects to direct you. The stars in the sky will confuse you, and any light sources on the ground will be the enemy bonfires!" Tilly stood on the platform and spoke loudly. "The only thing you can believe in are the flickering tail lights on the plane in front of you! Open your eyes wide and watch the positions of your teammates. Upon leaving the floating island, there will be no chance of turning back!

“If everything goes smoothly, we will arrive at the designated location by daybreak. After that, the two bombers will cast their bombs in succession. During this process, your mission is to ensure that our main assault planes doesn’t get attacked. Shoot down anything that attempts to draw close to it, be they Devilbeasts or senior demons!

“Listen clearly, due to the gap between the casting of both bombs and the explosive might of the bombs, do not stay too close to the target. Aside from that, regardless of the outcome, the fleet must return to the hangar. King Roland has allowed for failure, but hasn’t agreed to sending people capable of living and surviving to die on the battlefield. The sky belongs to us, and I hope that will never change!

“Let us write a brand new page of history for humanity—for this operation, I will be flying alongside you!”

“Yes, Your Highness!” everyone shouted out in unison.

3:50 a.m.

“To be honest, I’m nervous.”

On the ramp beside Phoenix, Roland noticed Tilly’s slightly trembling hands.

It was his first time seeing her reveal an unsteady and nervous expression.

They were only half an hour away from the scheduled flight. Two hundred aircrafts, if placed in the other world, was capable of sustaining four to five major operations. They had to ensure the flight formation prior flying to ensure that no one got left behind in the long-distance raid.

“Are you afraid?”

“Maybe...” She nodded her head first, then shook it. “But I’m even more anticipative of it. Brother, do you remember our promise? Just the thought that the day is coming soon makes me somewhat unable to hold down the emotions in my heart.”

When the Battle of Divine Will concluded, Ashes would come back to life. This was the faith and belief that had supported her all the way through.

“Yes, I remember,” Roland replied gently. “But the condition is that you return safely, to ensure that I didn’t lie to you.”

Tilly raised her head. “Brother, can you hug me?”

He extended his hands out and pulled the small figure into his embrace, who leaned forward naturally and laid her forehead on his chest. Time seemed to reverse to a point in time a year ago—the time when she wept in his embrace.

A moment later, Tilly’s breathing stabilized.

“I’m going.” She took two steps back.

“Go on.”

She boarded the plane, lowered the cabin cover and mouthed a few words to Roland.

It was apparently ‘thank you.’

The ramp retreated as the propellers started to spin.

4:20 a.m.

Sluice gates numbered one to ten were all opened, as biplane units flew out of the cruiser.

Sylvie activated her Magic Eyes and observed the entire situation, reminding those that might potentially lose their comrades or to assist those deviating from the flight path. In the dark of the night, two hundred planes surrounded Eleanor Skycruiser like a swarm of fireflies.

This was the phase that potentially had the highest rate of accidents—the lack of radar guidance and night vision equipment rendered the pilots blind, preventing them from differentiating the ground from the air. As more and more planes soared into the air, drifting flight path lights brought about some confusion. If Lightning and Maggie had not received Sylvie’s guidance, tapping on the glass panes of everyone before any accidents happened, the fleet might have already lost some planes.

4:55 a.m.

Through the radio, Roland gave out the commands.

Seagull and Phoenix took the lead and initiated an ascent and they were closely followed by the two bombers. They had been given the names “Kun Peng” and “Ark of Peace,” which represented the cores of the two formations.

Following that were the Fire of Heaven and Fury of Heaven planes, that formed the escort fleet. Although differentiated into two formations, it was only for the convenience of night flight. As for the mission itself, every plane was equally important and had been tasked to prioritize survival.

Maggie and Lightning were the last to leave.

The two waved to Roland, who was at the command station, and turned to fly into the darkness. Adding Shavi, Wendy, Andrea, Sylvie and the others who were on the Seagull, this formation could be termed to be humanity’s full force effort.

Very quickly, the large fleet became engulfed by the darkness and disappeared without a trace.

Roland looked in the direction of their departure for a long period of time.

“Even if you do not believe in God, the only thing you can do now is pray...” Nightingale whispered emotionally.

He nodded his head slightly.

It was probably what everyone else staying behind was thinking.

They had all done their part.

The next phase was the most difficult and worrying wait—to wait for fate to be determined.

“Fortunately, we do not need to wait for long.” Anna pointed to the dark horizon. “The sky... will be bright soon.”

...

Chapter 1463: High Altitude Drop

Good controlled his joystick while focused on the plane in front of him.

It's really... dark.

Sky, clouds, ground—aside from the flickering light fixed before him, he was unable to see anything. And from prolonged staring, even the tail lights seemed to become hallucinatory.

Am I really moving?

Or more accurately speaking, have we been stationary all this time?

Good lowered his visor and rubbed his sore eyes—at this moment, he noticed that his gloves were already sticky.

I'm actually perspiring...

When was the last time this happened? Most probably while chasing after the specters...

He took two deep breaths and silently recited the King's words.

The darkest period is precisely right before the dawn.

Before Dawn...

"Let's talk, otherwise I think I'll choke."

At that instant, Good thought he was hearing his heart calling out to him. But he quickly reacted, because it was Finkin through the communications!

"Hey hey, using the transmitter to talk is breaking protocol!" Another familiar voice sounded—Hinds.

"Her Highness stated that we cannot use the transmitter to talk while in battle, because it might interfere with important information. But we aren't even close to the battlefield yet. The Devilbeasts can't fly at night," Finkin replied. "Furthermore, I am using the team frequency; Her Highness won't hear us."

"..." There was a short silence over the receiver.

"Fine, I have to admit, hearing your voices is truly great." Another one joined in. "Lads, what do you want to talk about?"

"Anything is fine, but can everyone make a count as to how many tail lights can all of you see? To be honest, I can't make out which ones are the lights and which ones are the stars."

"That's right, anything is fine."

"I see six large lights."

"Four here."

“Then you should be at the flank of the formation, be careful not to get break out of formation.”

Very quickly, the frequency became crowded; obviously the flight in the darkness to unknown territory had placed immense pressure on everyone—compared to flying in the day where they could at least tear through the clouds and see them coming for them, they were still able to find their way back alone if they got lost. However, not only was a night flight difficult to determine that they were moving, upon being separated from the formation, it was also impossible to find Eleanor Skycruiser just with their naked eyes.

Upon hearing the cacophony of his squadron mates, Good relaxed without realizing it.

“How’s it; does chatting keep all of you relaxed?”

The princess’s voice suddenly cut in. At that instant, the frequency went silent.

Without question, someone must have reported the situation to Her Highness.

“Erm, Your Highness, it was my fault—” Good toughened his skin and spoke up.

“No, what I mean to say is that if this is effective, I can chat with all of you as well.” Tilly had no intent of blaming anyone. “But don’t forget to stare at your squadron mates and give less trouble to Maggie and Lightning.”

Everyone was mildly stunned, but cheered after.

“As you command, we will not lose our targets!”

“Your Highness, rest easy. It feels like I can see much clearer now!”

“Enough, if you want to suck up, you have to do it Graycastle style; do you think you’re some owl now?”

Roars of laughter came out, and even the bombing squadron joined in.

“Your Highness, this is Kun Peng; can I ask you a question?”

“Yeah.”

“Is the explosive equipped beneath us the Glory of the Sun? Why does it look different to the Ark of Peace’s? Theirs is big and round, but ours is more like a barrel.”

Good realized that it was a question that would leave its mark in history.

“Because those that you are carrying are produced by the Ministry of Engineering and utilizes a simpler form. Although it isn’t as strong in comparison to the others, it is sufficient to break through the enemy’s first line of defense,” Tilly explained. “But come to think of it, His Majesty Roland himself was unexpectedly satisfied with the result, and even said that it was a historical coincidence...”

“Er, Your Highness... I don’t quite understand...”

“It’s fine if you don’t.” Tilly’s voice suddenly became much gentler. “He... is a really strange man.”

Time seemed to crawl faster just like that.

And the endless darkness beyond them was no longer as unbearable.

After an unknown period of time, a surprised voice drowned out everybody's conversation. "Everyone, look to your right!"

Good turned and immediately noticed a slight gray mixed with the darkness—the distinction so fine that the majority of people would find it hard to see a difference. But its appearance was like a dye that changed the never ending darkness. At the boundary of the horizon that was affected by the gray was a smear of purplish-blue.

It was the prelude to daybreak.

"Focus up!" Tilly bellowed. "We are arriving soon."

...

At the same time, inside the Seagull.

Sylvie looked through the darkness and caught sight of the Deity of Gods's approximate position.

To avoid being sighted by the thousands of Eye Demons, she had restricted her ability only to the sky, just to ensure that the formation's path had not deviated. It was only when daybreak was approaching did she carefully cast her eyes to the ground.

Reality proved that be it the early stages of planning and calculations or the later stages of implementation, everyone performed outstandingly to complete their tasks. In less than ten minutes, she sensed the astonishing magic power blossoming out from the Deity of Gods.

As they pulled closer to the Deity of Gods, she finally saw the gigantic stronghold surrounded by Blackstone walls.

At this moment, the gigantic protruding structure remained static in midair—most probably to conserve magic power. It was only tens of meters away from the ground surface. Behind it were dense troops that spanned across several kilometers.

It was a god-given opportunity.

She realized that in order for the ground troops to keep up, the Deity of Gods would stop upon nightfall. With such a large target staying completely still, it was impossible for the bombs to miss. More importantly, as dawn had not arrived, there were no patrolling Devilbeasts around, allowing them to seize the initiative!

Sylvie picked up the handset while informing the bombing squadron of the data regarding the target while observing the enemy ranks. In her spherical field of view, the entire battlefield gradually exposed itself to her: situated high above at 7,000 meters were the two bombers. It was an altitude which would demand the Devilbeasts to take an extremely long amount of time to ascend and reach. Situated in the middle of around 2,500 to 3,000 meters in altitude were the biplanes in formation, forming a tight net to intercept anything that attempted to ascend. The Deity of Gods was less than 10 kilometers away from them, and in a few more minutes, the Kun Peng would be able to conduct the drop.

But right at this time, a strange senior demon entered her vision—despite the distance, both their gazes found each other. The demon suddenly stopped moving and raised his head.

“He’s an Eye Demon; he spotted us!” Sylvie’s heart jumped. Although they knew that the demons’ migration would employ a great number of Eye Demons and they would ultimately be discovered, the actual occurrence still caused her heart to skip a beat.

“It is already too late for them.” Andrea activated the Sigil of Listening and reported to Tilly, “Bombers are about to go into positions, take heed to avoid them.”

“Roger that.”

“Right, the demons have noticed our fleet.” She feigned a casual tone.

“Is that so, I’ve been waiting for this.” After completing her sentence, Tilly immediately turned on the frequency that broadcast to everyone. “Everyone, pay attention, take a ten degree turn to the right and engage in a roundabout. Prepare for the blast.”

The large biplane formation turned immediately with the gradually brightening sky. The hue of the entire dome remained dark, but it was no longer a pitch black that prevented them from seeing their own hands, but more of a dark blue that neared blackness. The stars turned dimmer as the lights on the planes became more obvious.

The only one that remained in its original path was the Kun Peng, it had to maintain perfect stability before casting the bomb.

Unlike the Fury of Heavens that were capable of dropping bombs while diving, the Kun Peng and Ark of Peace were specially designed planes meant for unloading the unique bombs, with all sorts of aiming equipment on the ready. The planes also had pressurized capabilities, allowing them to fly much longer than the ordinary biplanes.

Although night vision was extremely limited, there were thin clouds beneath them. But sight was not needed with Sylvie supplying the accurate data. The crew in charge of releasing the bomb only performed simple calculations and gestured to the pilot that they were ready.

“Open hold, release!”

A low rumble sounded from the belly of the plane when the control stick was being pulled upwards—it was the sound of the heavy bomb being separated from its frame. Once the large object that weighed about four tons was released, the bomber was instantly lifted, swaying for a moment before regaining stability.

This bomb that transformed into an unremarkable black dot increased its speed due to gravity, heading straight towards the Deity of Gods.

Chapter 1464: Daybreak

Above King’s City on the Deity of Gods.

Mask, who possessed many heads, did not require long periods of rest. Or it could be said that by staggering rest for each of his heads, he could maintain a long period of lucidity.

As such, the moment the Eye Demon guards noticed something abnormal, he received the alert.

"The enemy is here." The King's consciousness was also transmitted over without causing so much as a stir. "From the dark of the night."

Those lowlifes are trying to use the night to avoid the Devilbeasts' surveillance. That is without a doubt. However, what can those iron birds do? Do they think that we remain without any preparations?

"I'm still waking those Bogle idiots up, but it still requires some time!" Undeserved's reaction was clearly slower, but in consideration that he only had a mere head, his wariness was already perfect enough.

"It wouldn't matter if it's a little late." Nassauvelle took out a mini core. *"I've said before that I've already fully studied the combat strategies of the iron birds. Your Majesty, leave these irritating lowlifes to me."*

Under the might of his magic power, the Blackstone wall that formed King's City's dome extended several crystalline "branches." These were originally part of the first generation of Symbiotic Demons, but after his special modifications, it could no longer shoot out crystalline needles, but another type of special miniature Symbiotic Demon.

After several clashes, he could already tell that the iron birds—machinery which the humans called the Fury of Heaven or Fire of Heaven—possessed a clear flaw. Despite their speed being faster than Bogle Beasts, there was no way they could change directions as agilely as the latter. This flaw was more obvious the faster they went. The resulting flying trajectory presented a circular arc, and when diving, there was no way they could do a barrel roll. This meant that at specific points in time, they definitely needed to pass through certain spots.

In other words, as long as they decided on the needles' fragmentation degree ahead of time, the Symbiotic Demon's chances of hitting the iron birds would greatly increase. Of course, the crystalline needles were incapable of doing this, but by viewing the problem from a different angle, changing the projectile to a Symbiotic Demon which could autonomously judge the situation would make everything a lot simpler.

These needle-shaped objects would automatically explode when approaching the iron birds, turning into a group of Symbiotic Demons which could temporarily float. Once they landed on the iron birds, they would act like parasites, tearing and chewing the target's weak outer shell.

Mask believed that this series of defensive systems would definitely leave a deep impression on the sneak attackers.

However, through the Eye Demon guards, the subsequent reactions of the humans left him slightly surprised.

The mechanical iron birds did not launch an assault on the Deity of Gods during the gap before the Devilbeasts rose to the sky. Instead, they turned south collectively, like they were deliberately avoiding King's City.

What does this mean?

Are the lowlifes abandoning the attack?

*“Heh, they are fleeing. It looks like your toys won’t have a chance of being used.”*Undeserved scoffed lightly. *“In the end, it still requires me to do the pursuing of humans.”*

No... It shouldn’t be like this.

Nassaupelle frowned. Although he labeled the humans as lowlifes, the past clashes was enough to prove that this magicless bodies had no lack in courage. Since they were taking the risk to plan a night expedition, how could they show fear and escape before the battle began at a critical point?

Now, there was only one source the Eye Demon guards could sense in their vision. It implied that most of the lowlifes had yet to “see” the Deity of Gods. While the night limited the other party, it also weakened the Eye Demon guard’s senses.

Could it be... that this bunch of iron birds are not the main assault force of the humans?

An idea suddenly popped up in his head as he controlled all the Eye Demon guards to look around the empty skies around the Deity of Gods. This time, the Eye Demon guards were not using magic power, but the visual abilities of thousands of eyes.

“What are you doing?” Undeserved immediately protested unhappily.

Mask didn’t bother explaining to him. All his brains were connected to the Eye Demon guards. After a while, he finally noticed something peculiar in the empty night sky.

He saw an inconspicuous black metallic object flying towards the Deity of Gods. Its body was far smaller than the iron bird, and it was very difficult to differentiate it from the dark blue background.

This cylinder-shaped object immediately made Mask recall of the explosive object that Fury of Heaven planes had dropped previously... *However, were the humans going to such great lengths just to drop something like this?*

Even so, Nassaupelle continued ordering his subordinates to launch the magic barriers.

At that moment, an extremely bright light bloomed in the sky!

This was also the final scene he saw through the Eye Demon guards.

The light lasted for less than the time it took to blink. All the Eye Demon guards disconnected from him, and what was left in his mind was an extremely scorching pain and whiteness.

He could not help but growl!

But this was not the end.

The Deity of Gods seemed to be nudged by something as the city’s interior quaked amid a buzz. The dome let out a sharp shriek and the ground began to collapse. Nassaupelle only felt his feet sink as his body seemed to float up.

...

Tilly did not see the instant the explosion happened.

Although she had prepared black shades, to capture the explosive thrown from seven thousand meters high with the naked eye was quite impossible. Besides, wearing shades made her already terrible vision turned darker. After a few attempts, she gave up the idea.

As such, only when the world was lit up did Tilly subconsciously realize what was happening.

At that fateful moment, she had her back facing the Deity of Gods. Instantly, the plane's wings were illuminated into a sparkling radiance. Even the rivets on it could be seen clearly. As for the protruded parts of the plane, it even drew out a staggering long shadow!

In the past, only daybreak could outline and illuminate all things in the night sky, pushing back the darkness.

Tilly drew a deep breath of air and turned her head to look over—

A huge fireball appeared several hundred meters above the Deity of Gods, but regardless of its height, it rapidly descended and still managed to illuminate the floating fortress.

The grand Blackstone walls emitted billowing green smoke, as though they were swept by a surge of air. However, Tilly knew that it was no air, but illumination which reached a certain intensity. It was able to deliver an impact force and ignite any flammable object.

At the same time, the fireball began warping as ripples began to rapidly spread outwards. If not for the Deity of Gods setting off as a foil, she would not have been able to see this stunning scene.

The ripples collided with the floating fortress beneath it, akin to a gigantic palm striking a wooden table that was covered in dust. Large amounts of dust instantly stirred and nearly blanketed the vertebral body's surface. Following that, it was the rest of the Deity of Gods and finally, the ground. From the moment the smoke leaped up, one could tell that the ripples looked nothing ethereal. They were corporeal and real.

After it struck the ground, it continued inflating, surging straight for the fleet!

"Prepare to charge!" Tilly raised the transmitter receiver and yelled.

"Boom—!"

Only then did the earth-shaking boom reach her ears.

The silent night was finally shattered. Accompanied by the rumbling booms, the planes began to vibrate violently. At the same time, under the influence of the blast, the planes plummeted like they had lost control. It took them several seconds before they stabilized the situation.

The loud boom was like a gong that marked the creation of a new world, announcing the arrival of dawn. A sliver of morning light tore through the mountain ridge as it projected across the land.

And the fireball had already turned into a yellowish-brown column of smoke. Its bottom was deeply embedded in the Deity of Gods while the top was constantly rising, merging with the clouds.

Tilly once again gave the order to turn around.

When the fleet flew to the eastside, she finally saw the Deity of Gods under the cloud of smoke.

From an overall perspective, it was almost unaffected. Compared to the rickety trees below, it still remained floating stably in midair.

However, the result of the explosion was not without any damage. Through the smoke, they saw a huge hole in the Blackstone pyramid's top!

Chapter 1465: Battle of Struggles

"Cough! Cough... Cough..."

It took Nassaupelle quite a while to get up from the rubble. If he had not prepared a fortified body, he would probably have died from the tremor.

Darn it—what were those lowlifes doing!?

Although a life was worth nothing to him, he did not wish to be discovered that he was capable of transplanting his soul under the watchful eyes of the King. Until he fully obtained control over the core, he had to try his best to maintain his current image. Only then would he be able to reduce the wariness others had of him.

"Your Majesty, are you alright..."

"The dome to King's City is damaged. The magic barrier has been shattered. The time to restore it to normal is expected to taken an hour." The King rigidly instructed, *"We have to immediately take countermeasures!"*

"What was the bright light and boom from just now?" Blood Conqueror's voice interjected. *"Why was I able to see the turmoil even from Arrieta?"*

"Where are the Eye Demon guards? I can't contact any of them!" Undeserved felt somewhat flustered. *"Mask, what did you do!?"*

What did he do? A raging fire suddenly surged up in Nassaupelle's heart. Had these idiots who were all brawn no brains not figured it out yet? The humans had launched an unprecedented attack on the demon race!

The white light's brightness had reached an unbelievable state. Just the visual blast was enough to cause damage. Now, more than ten of his brains were blind. Even the sun couldn't do the same.

As for the outcome of the Eye Demon guards, it was obvious.

For the first time, Mask did not hide his emotions.

"The Eye Demon guards are dead. Use your own eyes to see."

After he said those words coldly, he went up to the nearest floating platform. On the way, rubble kept falling from the dome, crashing into the wide Red Mist Lake. Regardless of this damage, it did not threaten the Birth Tower. But ever since the establishment of King's City, this place had never been defiled by the enemy. This no doubt was a setback to the race's psychology.

After climbing to the highest point of King's City, a sizzling hot wave inundated him. There was a smell of burning mixed in the air as though a fire had once ravaged the area.

He clearly remembered that the white light first appeared close to the top of the dome, a few hundred meters in the sky from where he was. Despite such a distance, the heat still remained and this far exceeded his level of comprehension.

After surveying the area, Nassaupelle had a basic understanding of the entire situation.

Without a doubt, the black metallic object was the culprit of all of this.

Not only did it cause a huge hole in the dome, but it also destroyed many Symbiotic Demon defensive installations. From the periphery of the cracks that cratered in, the outer region of the city had been crushed by a particular force. Although the crystals that made up the upper shell was not as resilient as the Birth Tower, they had been under the protection of the magic barrier. Yet, just one attack had blasted open a hole. This served to prove that the destructive force of the object was astounding.

It was absolutely impossible for snow powder to have such effects, even if the quantity was raised by ten times. The weapon the humans had used was clearly new legacy, but the demon race knew nothing about it!

What warped Mask's expression even more was that the iron birds did not swoop down while taking advantage of the situation. They did not launch an attack on the ground forces which were in chaos. Instead, they turned around and had no intention of coming close!

This thing... Could it be that there might be more than one?

He turned his head to see the tower and the churning Red Mist Lake beneath the crack as his heart abruptly sank.

"Let all Bogle Beasts rise into the sky. Do not be held back by the iron birds. Investigate from a high elevation as best as they can. Once they discover any abnormalities, report it to me immediately!" Mask roared using his consciousness.

"Report to you? Nassaupelle, are you mistaken about something? The King City's Bogle Beasts army is under my command!" Undeserved said in an unfriendly manner.

If I had not managed to successfully produce a Symbiotic Demon capable of flight from my research, would I be here listening to your nonsense!? Mask held down his anger and said, *"Listen up. The human's main force is not that bunch of iron birds, but something else—"* As he recalled the scene from before, he continued, *"That thing likely can fly very high. And it carried a weapon that is dropped from a high elevation. It will then detonate at a particular height. Due to its tremendous might, all the iron birds are circling the outer perimeter. Their goal is not to attack the Deity of Gods but to protect the main attacker! You have to find it as quickly as possible and destroy it. Otherwise, we are doomed!"*

"Doomed? You mean... as a result of the humans?" Undeserved was taken aback.

"Quick. Take down those troops. Only you are capable of doing so!" Mask transferred his consciousness to the race's core. *"Your Majesty, please allow me to move the Deity of Gods. We cannot remain here. We would only become target practice for the humans if this continues!"*

He originally imagined that it would take a great deal of effort to convince the King of moving the floating fortress to avoid the humans, but to his surprise, the King quickly gave the orders. *“Control over King’s City will temporarily be under your charge. Make sure to eradicate the intruders!”*

This is a conclusion that is devoid of emotions and completely a result of reason... Mask bowed his head at the Birth Tower. *“Your wish is my command, Your Majesty.”*

Ever since the King fused with the core apparatus, he acted more to Mask’s liking. Perhaps in a century or more, he would truly understand his beliefs. Unfortunately, if not for the Presiding Holy See being that terrifying, he would not have to go to such drastic measures.

Mask raised the mini core high and infused magic power into it.

The Deity of Gods produced a rumbling sound and lifted off without any warning signs. At the same time, it flew towards the bottom of where the pillar of smoke was dispersing.

With full control, he didn’t need to inform the subordinates. Just the core in his hand was enough to make all of King’s City operate as he wished. The floating island’s sudden movement caused a nontrivial amount of danger to the demons without a doubt. For example, the unlucky fools who traversed the boundaries of the cliffs would fall tens of thousands of feet and splatter to their deaths. However, this was no longer something Nassaupelle needed to consider.

If he allowed the black explosive land on the dome, the situation would truly be irreversible!

...

“A large number of Devilbeasts taking flight has been detected! I repeat, a large number of Devilbeasts taking flight has been detected!”

“They are heading for us!”

“This is Squadron 6. Lads, spread out and brace for the attack!”

After the light of dawn illuminated the skies, the Aerial Knights finally didn’t need to rely on the taillights to determine their bearings. However, being bathed in the golden light of dawn was not a perfect situation. Apart from the blooming cloud of smoke, a large number of black dots appeared in the vision of everyone. They were surging out of the Deity of Gods like a horde of hornets.

“Ark of Peace, how’s the situation right now?” Tilly asked loudly.

“We have finished doing the calculations. We are proceeding to our drop point.”

Previously, in order to confirm the situation of the explosion, it wasted the bombing squadron quite a bit of time. As the demons’ King’s City had an outer shell, to fully express the second high-explosive bomb’s might, they needed to do their best to close in on the source of the Red Mist. Even though Sylvie had managed to calculate the new parameters for the air drop at quick notice, the natural errors that resulted from a seven-thousand-meter drop exceeded the range of the hole. As such, the Ark of Peace had intentionally lowered its altitude by 1,500 meters so as to ensure that the bomb would enter the city.

“Ark of Peace is preparing for the drop. All squadrons, be prepared for the charge.” Tens of seconds later, the transmitter sounded its report.

“Wait!” At that moment, Sylvie suddenly interrupted. “The Deity of Gods is beginning to move!”

Chapter 1466: Chaos

On the Ark of Peace, Eagle Face, who held the sluice gates tightly and was prepared to pull it up, retracted his hand.

“In which direction?”

“Nine degrees east. They are headed for the smoke pillar!”

“Instructor, what do we do next?” the chief pilot turned his head and asked.

With the Deity of Gods’s mass, it was impossible to avoid a bombardment from the air even if it moved. What’s more, the magic barrier had been dispelled. As long as the second Glory of the Sun landed near the Blackstone pyramid, there was a nontrivial chance that the obelisk would be destroyed. To the fleet, this was no doubt the safest choice.

However, he had not boarded this plane out of concerns for safety.

The pilots of the two bombers were picked from excellent trainees. Only the aircraft commander was helmed by an instructor. The goal was obvious. The former was key to flying the plane well, while the latter was the guarantee that the mission would be completed.

A nontrivial chance of success implied that there was still a chance of failure.

And what he wanted was to lose the parts that relied on destiny, pushing what he could control to the maximum.

Regarding the possibility that the Deity of Gods would move in between the two assaults, to the point of it moving right from the beginning, the General Staff had discussed the matter numerous times. There was only one solution—exchange height for a successful hit. This could happen until the enemy had no way of dodging the strike.

“Descend by 2,000 meters. Recalculate the drop trajectory.” Eagle Face did not hesitate to give the order. “We will follow them wherever they go!”

...

At this moment, the Devilbeasts had already “collided” with the fleet.

Good could feel the sky darkening more than a shade. It felt as though the dawn which had just happened was once again swallowed by the night sky. No matter where he looked, there would be enemies all around him.

The only thing that eased his heart was the glaring stream of light which the Fury of Heaven’s autocannons spewed. Aiming, or simply firing straight ahead would tear any Devilbeast that blocked the

way to pieces. Technique of each individual was of little meaning in a battle of this scale. Even if one had eyes all around, it was impossible to discover every enemy that charged at him.

If not for his squadron mates protecting him along the way, he would have long been struck by the bone spears that flew everywhere.

After three firing sweeps, Good felt the scene before him light up. He realized that he had already torn through the hordes of Devilbeasts. When turning his head back, no enemy was pursuing his tail.

“What are the demons doing? Their attention doesn’t not seem to be on us.” Finkin, who had always been by his flank, also noticed this.

As Good steered his plane to pull open a distance, he instantly felt something amiss. Taking in the combat situation as a whole, only a small number of the dense horde of Devilbeasts in the sky was entangling themselves with the Aerial Knights. The rest were trying their best to fly higher.

Logically speaking, the demons should not have been able to discover the bomber that was above the clouds.

The facts also proved that they had yet to discover their target.

Although they were climbing higher into the sky, the trajectories they took were utterly chaotic. It felt like they were barging around aimlessly.

“Darn it, the demons are trying to find the Ark of Peace!” Good roared into the transmitter.

“Isn’t that good?” Finkin whistled. “At their flying speed, it won’t be easy for them to catch up to the bomber. We can also take the opportunity to eliminate a few of them. We can reduce the pressure placed on Her Highness.”

Although that was the case, Good still felt uneasy.

“Another group of enemies are charging at us!” a squadron mate warned. “Let’s head to the clouds. It’s more suitable for a battle of attrition. When at an elevation above four thousand meters, the Devilbeasts would find it exhausting just to flap their wings. We can then shave off the vanguards one layer at a time.”

“That sounds like a good plan!”

“I’ll first head on up!”

More than ten biplanes raised their noses and flew for higher heights.

However, Good did not follow.

He adjusted his transmitter to the squadron’s channel and said individually to Finkin, “Let’s stay in this area.”

“What? Stay here? What if the enemy suddenly abandons the search. The first to bear the brunt would be us!” His old partner immediately voiced his doubts. “Besides, aren’t we letting the rest take all the credit by not seizing the opportunity to make more confirmed kills?”

“That’s not what’s important. What’s important is the actions of the demons!” Good explained as he stared at the battlefield intently. “Think about it. Since they can guess at the existence of the bomber, would they not discover that the strike was, in fact, a result of an inconspicuous bomb?”

“No way... The demons do not know of the existence of the Glory of the Sun project at all. They did not discover our attack ahead of time either. How is it possible that they figured out so much just minutes after the first bomb strike?”

“I’m not sure, but I feel that the floating city’s movement towards the smoke column is probably not a coincidence,” Good muttered. Typically, that’s a dust cloud formed by the explosive material. They would be eager to dodge it, so why would they deliberately approach it. If it’s a deliberate move by the demons, it means the period of time when the bomb drops is the final moment they can counterattack.”

“Alright.” After a moment of silence, Finkin replied helplessly, “I’ll believe you this once if you say so. However, if we lose out on achieving meritorious deeds, you will have to compensate me.”

“How’s a month of Chaos Drinks?”

“There’s no need. Just introduce me to your younger sister.”

“Buzz—” The receiver produced the cutting off sound of the communications.

Finkin smiled and turned his head to fly towards Good.

...

Darn it. These bastard is really a nuisance!

Undeserved controlled a flying magic stone, frantically dodging the barrage of bullets. According to Mask, being hit by these tiny objects was no different from being directly struck by a hammer. The magic shields were unable to last long either. Even Silent Disaster had suffered under the humans’ firearms, so he naturally had no plans on experiencing it for himself.

With his abilities, it would have been easy to interfere with the humans’ senses. Even if they wore God’s Stones of Retaliation, he was still able to influence them to a certain extent. Unfortunately, he was targeted by a Witch.

To Undeserved’s dismay, the Witch had no intention to use magic to clinch victory. She rode on a blood-red iron bird and would never enter a radius of nine hundred feet from him. Despite fleeing after every strike, she was agile and her aim was good. It caused him to enter a passive state of being unable to catch up to her or shake her off his tail.

For a magic power user to not rely on her magic but on an external object for combat was an insult to him!

Furthermore, there appeared to be more than one of such bastards.

For example, God’s Stone bullets shot out from the clouds from time to time, clearly from a Witch. If not for his upgrade, making him especially sensitive to enemy intent, he would have long been struck by the sneak attack.

It was meant to be a pursuit of the humans, but they ended up being hounded by their prey. This threw Undeserved into a dilemma and he never felt so peeved before. At the end of the day, the only one who could be as agile in the sky as on the ground was Hackzord who was known as Sky Lord. Despite all his abilities, all he could do was dodge with the help of the flying magic stone. *It's all Nassaupelle's fault. If we were allowed to use the Bogle Beast army to engage the enemy in battle, would I be chased by this unbridled red iron bird?*

What main attacking force that's hiding high in the sky. He speaks of it like he has seen it for himself!

Undeserved dodged another attack of the Witch and turned to look upwards, only to feel stunned.

He saw a massive, pitch-black iron bird swoop out of the pillar of smoke. Its frame was thicker than the biggest Bogle Beasts. Its wings had four propulsion installations, completely incomparable to the other double-winged iron birds!

Without a doubt, this was the "abnormality" which Mask was referring to.

To think he actually got it right.

The other Bogle Beasts troops also noticed this. They chased after the new target based on the commands originally issued. Although the humans attempted to stop them, their numbers were puny in comparison. All they could do was stall for time; downing the gigantic iron bird was only a matter of time.

"Fine. You got it right." Undeserved used a sigil to send the message. "My troops have discovered your so-called main force. I believe it will soon be resolved."

However, Mask's voice did not have a tinge of relief. *"What does it look like? Tell me, quick!"*

Undeserved frowned, but he said frankly, *"It looks like an even bigger artificial iron bird."*

"What's below its belly? Is there something hanging from it?"

At that moment, the Witch came attacking again.

Is there no end to this! Once I finish off the big one, all of you will be next! After Undeserved dodged, he finally had the time to take a careful look.

"It has nothing underneath it. What exactly do you wish to say?"

"Nothing?" Mask repeated in a rare instance.

"That's right," Undeserved said impatiently. "Apart from a huge hole, I don't see anything."

Chapter 1467: Different Fates

Nassaupelle only felt a chill run down his back.

He had seen the iron bird's launching bombs when they swooped down. Since the first attack came from a huge metallic object, then the bigger iron bird which Undeserved discovered was a complete match.

Ignoring the discussion on when the humans managed to build such large iron birds, at the very least, their principles and structure were interrelated.

And for the belly to only have a huge hole, it meant that the enemy had already dropped the second metallic object!

Then where was it now?

As Nassaupelle changed the direction of King's City, he looked up towards the smoke pillar. But he soon gave up his meaningless attempts. Without the aid of the Eye Demon guards, his several pairs of half-blind eyes were unable to find the answer in the chaotic sky. There were traces of battle between the Bogle Beasts and the iron birds, and any black speck that fell could be a fragment of the iron birds or a limb of a Bogle Beast, or even a Primal Demon who had lost its mount.

In fact, he couldn't even see the gigantic black iron bird which Undeserved saw. The billowing smoke had already spread out for dozens of miles. A huge 'umbrella' had formed above his head and had undoubtedly formed a contiguous screen. Trying to figure out the overall situation from a low elevation was basically impossible.

"Did it throw something? Or is there any black object that's rapidly descending?" Mask asked with a roar.

"Yes, there're things like that everywhere." Undeserved answer did not exceed his expectations. *"If you want me to find something, it's best you be clearer in your description."*

There's no more time! Nassaupelle came to a realization.

What else could he do?

How was he to dodge such a strike?

Many hypotheses surfaced in his mind, but they were quickly written off.

This won't do... That won't do... Not this either!

Finally, Mask discovered that he was at his wits' end.

Faced with the enemy's incredible legacy weapon, there was little he could do. The Deity of Gods was massive, so trying to change the direction in a short period of time was basically impossible. Even if he had issued a command for a full retreat towards the core apparatus, the massive inertia pushed the mountain body slowly forward.

Intercept the metallic object? Ignoring the problem of not knowing the precise location and its speed, realizing the given order would be impossible. The Bogle Beast troops have already fully scattered and had targeted the huge iron bird. The Birth Tower's conscious transmission could only be sensed by higher ascendants who had touched the Realm of Mind. There was no way for him to immediately inform the threat to more than a thousand Primal Demons and Junior Demons who were in battle.

The only thing Mask could pin his hopes on was that the fellows with one head could be a little smarter, treating the humans' weapon as "another abnormality," and not allow the black metallic object to crash into King's City.

The fate of the demons no longer had anything to do with his personal will.

...

Sylvie could not help but bite down on her lips.

The Ark of Peace was already billowing in smoke due to the attacks of the demons' encirclement. The plane's nose was indented from the enemy's strikes and although two of its engines were still working, it did not reverse the fate of it crashing.

Around the Ark of Peace was a dense horde of Devilbeasts. They were coming from every direction, throwing their long spears with explosive effects at the plane which had lost control. The scene reminded her of vultures splitting the meat of their prey.

This was also a decision made by the squadron.

In order to reduce the errors from dropping the bomb, Ark of Peace had descended from seven thousand meters to four thousand meters. This distance was already smaller than the safety limit, and the trajectory calculated was basically that of a direct drop into the enemy's search zone. At the same time, with them passing through the fatal radiating column, it meant that there was no turning back once they decided on a course of action.

After obtaining the modified parameters and calculating the outcome, the aircraft commander, Eagle Face, did not say much to her. All he said was two sentences.

"Ark of Peace, roger that.

"Thank you. The rest of the mission is up to you."

It was as though this was a most ordinary matter.

If she had not informed the numbers she observed or had chosen a safer route...

Wendy suddenly held her hand, as though she could see that she lacked the heart of what had just happened. "This is not your fault. Eagle Face knows very well of his responsibilities. He also completed his mission in outstanding fashion. If not for the Ark of Peace attracting a large number of enemies, the Aerial Knights would have probably suffered an inestimable loss. Let them retreat from the blast zone and be prepared for the blast."

Sylvie knew that Wendy was right. When fighting the enemy on their homeground while they held the absolute data advantage, it already wasn't easy for the Aerial Knights to last so long. She could not let Eagle Face's efforts be in vain.

"Yes..."

She took a deep breath and rallied herself. She passed the news through a sigil and transmitter simultaneously. The planes which received the notice turned directions and used the advantage of their speed to escape the battlefield. It was also at this moment that Sylvie saw an incredible scene. Not all the Aerial Knights were retreating into the distance. Three Fury of Heaven planes had no intention of leaving and were instead flying towards the demons' King's City!

...

“Hey, do you know what you are doing!?” In the receiver, Finkin’s rowdy voice blared ceaselessly. “This is not an exercise!”

“I know that obviously!” Good roared as well. As he spoke, he shot and finished a Devilbeast which was charging straight at him. “If everyone is flying out, the enemy is bound to discover that the Ark of Peace has dropped the bomb. Although changing its trajectory isn’t easy, who knows what will eventually happen! If you don’t believe, look at that fellow—he clearly has the same idea as me!”

The reason why Good insisted on staying in the original area of attack was precisely because he was worried that the demons would notice the bomb which was dropped from a high altitude and manage to stop it from landing on the Deity of Gods.

The second high-explosive bomb weighed four tons and it was installed with a God’s Stone of Retaliation. Be it spear-throwing or the power of magic stones, it was difficult to damage it. However, the problem lay in the fact that it only produced the best effects by exploding in the core region of the floating city. This was something that was emphasized numerous times in the battle briefings. It was nearly impossible for the Devilbeasts to chase after it by their own initiative, but one could never be too careful. If a Devilbeast were to happen to intercept it while it followed its trajectory, the outcome might be greatly altered.

And he was the guardian to see it to the end.

Regretfully, he was not the only one who had thought of this. Someone had acted faster than him. Perhaps he had taken action the moment the bomb left the plane.

That person was none other than Manfred Castein.

In fact, he was the first to notice Manfred’s plane and, from the chaos, found the round bomb.

The three Fury of Heaven planes took up a triangular formation and chased after the bomb. Their engines produced ear-splitting booms that tore through their earmuffs. Good even saw the stabilizer fins located at the end of the bomb.

If he was maneuvering a former Fire of Heaven, his plane would probably be reduced to pieces from traveling at such high speeds.

Thankfully, the journey wasn’t too far. After destroying two Devilbeasts which attempted an approach, the huge hole in the dome of the Deity of Gods appeared before their eyes.

Chapter 1468: Ignition

Good clenched his control stick tightly and stared unblinkingly ahead.

Time seemed to flow slowly.

In the beginning, he could still hear the roaring of the engines, but gradually, the voice was drowned by the thumping of his heartbeats. It didn't take long before the sound of his heartbeats vanished. The world about him became especially serene.

As the bomb distanced itself from the Fury of Heaven, the opening in the dome appeared larger. It nearly occupied all of his vision. At this point in time, many demons had noticed them. However, in that frozen moment in time, their actions of turning tail was as slow as a snail.

Scenes from the meeting before they set off on the mission surfaced in his mind involuntarily.

"Your Highness, do the bombs dropped by the bombing squadron really possess such immense power?"

"If I fly fast enough, I should be able to outrun the blast, right?"

The person who asked was none other than Finkin. Regardless of the occasion, he could always use his inappropriate words to garner laughter in everyone. To be honest, he envied the guy at times.

"Unless you can fly faster than light," the princess rebutted mercilessly. "At the instant it explodes, the intense light it generates is enough to instantly cook you. By the time you see it, it's already too late. Even if you are lucky to dodge the light, the subsequent blast will exceed the speed of sound for a brief moment. Therefore, the only safe way of dodging is to keep a sufficient distance from it," she paused when she said that. "At least that's how it is for the first bomb."

"What about the second bomb?"

"If the god of luck blesses you, you might have a chance. However, compared to praying to the heavens, why not nudge your control stick and retreat ahead of time?"

Amid the laughter, Her Highness Tilly did not continue going in detail. However, it left an impression on Good.

In fact, after seeing the explosion of the first bomb, he could guess at the hiding method pointed out by Princess Tilly. Just the Glory of the Sun alone was not enough to completely obliterate the Deity of Gods. This was also the reason why targeting the core of the Red Mist Lake was emphasized in the plan. And when its interior exploded, the latter's massive body would become a natural shield.

However, Princess Tilly wasn't right on one thing. It was not completely down to luck. A lot of it depended on their squadron mates.

If it were anyone else, Good wouldn't have been that certain.

And the person in charge of the second drop was the aircraft commander of the Ark of Peace, Eagle Face.

He was a person who never believed in luck.

If it was the instructor, he would definitely ensure that he met the responsibilities of his duty.

This was also why Good was determined to escort the bomb to the end.

He did not wish for the enemy's luck to destroy all that the instructor had done.

“Hey, Good! Answer me! Are you in a daze!?” Suddenly, his companion’s voice broke the stillness of time. The wind and engine sounds entered his ears once again. “Bastard, any longer, and we will be dropping in together with the bomb! Do you really want to abandon Rachel—”

“Do you still remember the series of actions we did during our exercises?” Good interrupted him. “Three, two, one!”

Just as he finished his sentence, Manfred, who was flying ahead, pulled his plane up.

He followed closely behind as he pulled the control stick to his chest.

The three planes scattered like a blooming flower, and right in the middle of the flower was that round bomb.

The tremendous forces pressed him to his seat, making it difficult to even breathe. His vision slowly spun, going from the opening to the Blackstone pyramid’s exterior. Even with the Fury of Heaven’s engine, it was still a difficult feat to pull off.

While plummeting at high speeds, trying to switch to normal flight was impossible. Furthermore, once the bomb exploded, the entire sky would become extremely dangerous. What they could do was try their best to adjust the angle, making the Fury of Heaven cling close to the periphery of the Deity of Gods and using its pyramidal stone walls to escape the initial blast while using the distance to change their directions.

It was at that moment when Good saw an extremely strange demon.

Regardless of its getup or its looks, it had a qualitative difference from the other demons. Both parties were less than fifty meters apart, and it wasn’t an exaggeration to call it as brushing past the demon. At that very instant, he even imagined that he would be shredded to pieces by the demon’s powers or petrified into a stone sculpture, but ultimately, nothing happened.

It stood there motionless, looking at him fly past.

At the same time, the bomb brushed past the opening, and fell into the dome.

...

Mask lowered the hand which had raised the core high.

Luck was not on the demons’ side.

Or it could be said that when he saw the three iron birds accompanying the black metallic object in its descent, it was no longer a bet against fate.

The prepared against the unprepared—with the humans already going so far, it would be a dismissal of fate if a mere coincidence could reverse everything.

Nassaupelle closed his eyes and connected to the Birth Tower.

The King was constantly giving orders, including mobilizing the troops stationed at Arrieta, with a cold tone akin to a machine of the humans. He directly controlled the core apparatus and cut off the King’s messages. In a certain way, doing so exposed his tampering of the magic core, but he couldn’t care less.

The King quickly reacted as the Realm of Mind lake beneath his feet immediately churned. Magic reverberated with an intensity that appeared to take physical form. Perhaps in the Realm of Mind, the King had already stirred up several ripples. As long as Mask had contact with the Realm of Mind, perhaps there wouldn't even be a chance for resistance, allowing him to be pulled straight into the Presiding Holy See.

Unfortunately, the "network" he created had zero connections with the Realm of Mind.

This was a domain that solely belonged to him.

Mask simply screened off all the brains that could sense magic power, turning the entire world silent.

At that moment in time, he was the Birth Tower itself. And this was also the best spot to experience humanity's latest legacy.

Upon seeing the metallic object, Nassaupelle "opened up" all his arms towards the sky.

"Come, let me see—"

—the power of knowledge.

Before he could finish the second half of his sentence, the blinding light enveloped him.

...

Following the thundering boom, Good was astonished to see the Blackstone pyramid suddenly swell up, as though its outer shell was not made of stone, but a soft liquid!

The intense blast on the walls produced clear ripples and when it spread to its maximum point, an inferno, together with large amounts of smoke, spewed out from the crack. Instantly, it produced a smoke pillar that exceeded the first explosion.

The top layer of the pyramid was completely obliterated, with nearly a third of the stone being thrown into the sky.

If he was a little slower, the explosion was enough to annihilate him as well.

However, this was just the beginning.

Soon, the inferno that spewed out turned into another color.

The color was identical to that of blood.

The scale at which it spewed out quickly exceeded the smoke column, dyeing half the sky a crimson red.

Good realized that it was not Red Mist, but a sticky flame. At that moment, the Deity of Gods was like an erupting volcano, spewing out all the magma in it towards the clouds.

And when this inferno expanded to a particular limit, another more shocking boom followed with a blast!

The Red Mist Lake had been ignited.

Chapter 1469: The Fall of a City

Good swore that it was the most inconceivable scene he had ever witnessed in his life.

If it had to be described, it would be a volcano floating in the air—and this volcano was not only spewing out from the mouth, but from all directions!

After the explosion that shook the world, not only was the top of the dome quilted with raging flames, even the regions surrounding the city spewed with hundreds of dark red lava flows. He could imagine the situation within the Deity of Gods: due to the immense heat, the Red Mist had transformed into thick flames like oil being set on fire. This caused the air temperature to rise and cause the swelling, only to finally explode out of the crevices and caves nearer to the surface!

This meant that the demons had nowhere to escape. Even if they were to hide in chambers capable of withstanding high pressure and attacks, they would be cooked to death by the high temperatures that reached above a thousand degrees Celsius.

It was definitely a scene that depicted hell.

Even though they were the enemy, Good sympathized with them.

But his current situation was nowhere better.

The short distance of roughly ten kilometers from the center of the Deity of Gods to the edge could be called a perilous zone with danger at every turn. There were no signs of the chain reactions abating. The flames that were able to shoot up tens of meters high with ease like sharp knives that could destroy the plane with a single touch. If this problem was something he could overcome with his skills, then the “fiery rain” falling from the sky was another problem out of his control.

The fragments that spewed out along with the initial explosion had started falling. They were either rock chunks that half-melted, or burning gelatinous substances. Good only had to raise his head to see the dense fire plumes above him. They looked to have covered the sky and even suppressed the light from dawn.

“Goddamnit, are you seeing these things!” Finkin whined on the other end of the transmitter.

“Obviously, I’m not blind!”

“Its impact radius is way too exaggerated; we won’t even have time to fly out with so little time! When they fall, it’ll be difficult for us to escape!”

“No... Crrr ... there’s a place... Crrr... to avoid this.” At this moment, an additional voice suddenly sounded.

Obviously, it was Manfred that had taken the initiative first. Due to their dispersion, they had encountered different obstructions that led to his signal being fuzzy.

“I agree, but the premise is that we are able to make it there!” Good replied.

“Wait... are you guys for real?” Finkin reacted quickly. “All of those things are about to fall onto us and you’re thinking of using that to take shelter?”

He knew that his comrades were right. In fact, after the second explosion, Good already knew that His Majesty's plan was effective.

The Deity of Gods was now clearly slightly tilted to the side. Although it was several hundreds of meters off the ground, this small change meant that the magic power core controlling the flight of the city had been damaged, and a plummet was only a matter of time.

If they were able to fly beneath the Deity of Gods before the fiery rain hailed upon them, they would be able to avoid the fate of being burned by the eruption. But upon considering that the floating island was falling continuously, it held an equal amount of risk. If they had any failure over their control over their direction and speed even once, they would either plant straight into the ground or crash into the Blackstone walls. This conclusion was no better than being struck and taken out by the fiery rain.

But it did not rely on fate!

As the plane finally gained stability, Good accelerated to the plane's maximum capabilities and soared towards the side of the Deity of Gods!

...

On the Seagull, Sylvie saw the destruction of the demons' King's City.

The violent expansion of the Red Mist not only surged through the city, but charged out of the sluice gates at the bottom of the tower. The burning Red Mist had turned into thick flame pillars and engulfed all the gathered demons in a flash, followed by roasting the ground where it flowed like a spewing flintlock, extensively spreading over a few kilometers in seconds.

Following that were the rain of falling rocks—mostly wrapped in flames or were completely red themselves—falling onto the ground in unbroken succession. The Devilbeasts tasked to protect the city suffered under the flames, regardless of where they tried to escape. It was difficult to escape the wrath of the heavens.

A distance away from King's City was a demon camp that suffered equally severe repercussions, but they were ultimately only on the periphery of the eruption's destruction. Although the troops that had retreated from the beginning had suffered losses, it was not a complete decimation. To them, it was the fact that the Deity of Gods they hailed as a miracle had turned into a live volcano city was the true setback they couldn't handle.

Sylvie saw many demons that stood in their place motionlessly as they stared at the Blackstone tower falling towards them.

After experiencing two explosions, the Deity of Gods was completely paralyzed.

It dragged two spewing lines of flames and sank along its original path. A moment later, the giant pyramid at the bottom made contact with the ground. The collision between the two triggered a third boom and the pressurized air within was unleashed as a small shockwave.

Under the inertia, the floating island continued to slide forward, crushing the camp and scout stations into smithereens. As it slowed down from friction, it left a kilometer wide ravine in the ground.

At this time, the spewing flames had weakened with the churning smoke and dust having a slight hand in the result, but it did not signify the end of the catastrophe. The interior of the Deity of Gods was similar to a boiling stove, apparent from the glowing red cracks seen on the surface. Perhaps the flames and heat would require several months to completely go out, but before that, all the demons that resided inside the city had turned into its fuel.

The only thing Sylvie cared about were the three that had charged beneath the Deity of Gods.

“... How is it, do you see them?” Tilly inquired on their whereabouts as well.

“No, not at the moment...” She bit her lips and replied. With the Deity of Gods experiencing the destruction, fall, and slide, to follow alongside the Deity of Gods held unfathomable risks. If they didn’t appear, it would mean the inevitable—

“Wait a minute.” Suddenly, her Magic Eyes noticed a few inconspicuous black dots. They appeared similarly to rocks being thrown out by the shockwave, but they never fell to the ground.

Sylvie gathered her remaining magic power and enhanced her vision, to see three gray biplanes flying out of the billowing dust, the insignia on their tails still as distinct as ever! Although the planes appeared to be in shambles, with a layer of dust all over the wings, making them no longer as sleek as before, they remained intact.

At that moment, she was unable to say anything, as though something had gotten stuck inside her chest.

After breathing in through her nose, Sylvie picked up the Sigil and replied, “Your Highness... the three are fine.”

“Is that so?” Tilly’s tone relaxed by a clear margin. “I knew it.”

“If you had known, you wouldn’t have kept asking.” Andrea smirked by the side.

Wendy smiled and shook her head. “Inform everyone to return to the cruiser. Let us bring the news of our victory back to His Majesty Roland!”

Chapter 1470: Fracturing

“This—is impossible—”

Blood Conqueror looked at the reddened horizon as he roared with battle ax in hand.

Although he couldn’t see the exact situation of the Deity of Gods, be it the red hurricane that surged towards the firmaments, or the successive explosion sounds, it all meant that the situation was not optimistic. As one of the first senior lords of the race to upgrade, he was the first to see man-made “fiery rain.” In his memory, only the calamities of the Blackstone region would produce such phenomena of a resonating world and flames reaching into the sky.

And when it was so strong in intensity that even higher ascendants could sense the magic power blast sweeping towards them, they received confirmation of their worst expectations. It was no longer

considered a ripple, but a thud that struck them on the heart. Only the King's death would trigger such a clear palpitation.

If one wanted to kill the King, one had to first attack the Deity of Gods. That implied battling thousands of Junior Demons, more than a hundred thousand Primal Demons, and even more Symbiotic Demons. Blood Conqueror could not imagine how the humans could accomplish that.

"What's happening over there? What are Undeserved and Mask doing?" His rage reached its peak. The two bastards had confidently claimed of being able to protect the Deity of Gods, but in less than an hour, the rear had fallen under the enemy's hands. If they were to appear in the camp, he would not hesitate to chop them up!

"Wait, where are you going?"

Just as Blood Conqueror gritted his teeth and headed out the camp, Death Scar stopped him.

"Is there a need to ask? Of course, it's to kill the enemy! Make way!"

"How are you going to touch that metal lump in the sky?" The latter remained motionless. "Besides, once the Deity of Gods is damaged, the Birth Tower here is the only Red Mist source that can be reached. The surviving members of the race will definitely retreat towards Arrieta. Are you planning on forging forward against the incoming horde?"

"So what? I'll destroy anyone who stops me!" Blood Conqueror spat.

"And as a result lower the morale of the migrants to rock-bottom?" Death Scar said heavily. "The blast from before has already left the camp uneasy. If you were to leave alone, it will probably make them think that you're panic-stricken and fled alone! As such, order in the army would collapse—"

"Bullshit!" Blood Conqueror couldn't contain his anger. "Even while facing the legions of the Sky-sea Realm, I never took a single step back. How dare you say I'm afraid?"

"So what if you aren't afraid? What matters is how the other upgraded demons think. Even if a surmise is incongruent with reality, when there's chaos and danger, it can also leave one in doubt. Regretfully, it's probably difficult for you to understand this point with your comprehensive abilities."

A voice suddenly sounded from behind them.

Blood Conqueror immediately widened his eyes, completely unable to forget the owner of the voice.

It was none other than the long-missing Sky Lord—Hackzord!

Without any hesitation, he raised his ax and turned around to cleave downwards. The reverberating magic power blasted out, leaving a crater tens of feet wide!

Before the dust settled, Hackzord walked out from another Distortion Door.

"You—traitor!" Blood Conqueror turned his head and roared.

"That's why I say that regardless of how ridiculous a surmise is, no one will care what the truth is," he said indifferently. "I have never betrayed the race."

"Where have you been the past few months?" Death Scar's expression was filled with shock as well. Although he wasn't as angry as Blood Conqueror, he still took on a wary pose.

"I went to the Bottomless Land... which is also what the race calls the origins of magic power, the Realm of Mind," Hackzord answered.

"What... did you say?" Death Scar was taken aback.

"It's in between the Land of Dawn and the Blackstone region, above the sea where the fog rises." Sky Lord recounted his experiences and discovery simply. "And the person who informed me of this news is Nightmare Lord, Valkries."

This series of stunning news left the two senior lords agape. It also made the other members of the race who gathered over when they heard the commotion to break out into murmurs.

Moments later, Blood Conqueror snapped to his senses. "So you chose to join forces with them to betray the King? Is this assault the result of your collusion with the humans?"

"I know you can't understand, just like you are having anger wash over your heads, insistent on seeking revenge on the humans, but throwing the interests of the race to the back of your mind." Hackzord turned his head to look at Death Scar. "But you are different from Blood Conqueror. You should understand the meaning behind these clues. In addition, although I've had contact with the humans, I didn't participate in their assault plans. Calling it a collusion is completely ridiculous."

Death Scar maintained a moment of silence before speaking. "Indeed, I'm not Blood Conqueror. As such, sophistry is meaningless to me. But it is undeniable that your desertion indirectly weakened King's City's defenses. Even if you had not involved yourself in the attack, it cannot be said that this assault had nothing to do with you. Sitting idly by the sidelines is in a way helping the humans."

"Cut the crap!" Blood Conqueror roared. "Use your ability to restrain him. I'll tear him to shreds with my own hands!"

However, Death Scar didn't take action. "What I wish to ask is that even after going this far, do you think you are doing this for the race?"

"What I think is meaningless," Hackzord answered calmly. "The facts of the matter is that the humans grasp a legacy that far exceeds our expectations. It's already impossible to completely destroy them. The final outcome would only be an internecine one. No one can continue this battle that repeats itself. However, by viewing it from another angle, if the Battle of Divine Will isn't necessary, it's possible that both races can survive."

"Why is it our race that makes the compromise?"

"..." This time, Sky Lord's voice had a tinge of wistfulness. "It's because the one that can affect god... is a human."

"Are you sure?"

"If you were to see that imaginary world, you wouldn't say so." Sky Lord sighed. "From what Nightmare Lord said, the race once had a chance to go that far. Heathtalese, who created the Cloud School, had heard the whispers of the Oracles, and back then, humans were nothing but in a state of disunity."

Death Scar stared at him for an extended period of time, seemingly trying to determine if it was something he said from the heart. Finally, he asked softly, "What direction does Nightmare Lord actually wish to take the race? Has she pledged loyalty to the human you mentioned?"

"No, there's no need for us to do anything. All we need to do is bring him to the Bottomless Land."

"In that case..."

"Ridiculous!" Blood Conqueror raised his foot and suddenly stomped the ground, interrupting the duo's conversation. "What difference does this have from surrendering in submission, leaving your fate in the hands of someone else? You believe the lowlifes' promises? I reckon you must be crazy! Nightmare Lord is nothing worth mentioning either!"

"This is the only chan—"

"Hahaha... Are you treating charity as a chance?" He raised his ax. "Has the centuries of war with the Sky-sea Realm not emboldened you at all? Oh, I forgot. You really lack the guts. After all, how can you truly encounter a strong enemy by hiding in the rear?"

Hackzord's expression sank.

"I was born for blood and slaughter! And so-called fate is something that only I can hold!" Blood Conqueror roared. "Lowering our weapons to our enemy and pleading for their kindness? No... I, Blood Conqueror, would rather die than surrender to anyone!"

"Although I knew this would be the outcome, I still wished to try my best to avoid it." Hackzord raised his hand and snapped his fingers. A new Distortion Door slowly opened up behind it.

Out of the door was the expressionless Silent Disaster.

Dark clouds billowed in the sky.