1729 Three Saints and a Devil

The three Saints faced the Great Devil, standing like a wall between him and the distant troops. For a moment, none of them moved the abomination was studying the new enemies with its hollow eyes, while Jet and her comrades were observing his gaunt form wearily.

"How is the situation?"

Her voice sounded a little stifled because of the pain.

Kai answered after a short pause:

"The Western Quadrant army should be reaching the Wolves, by now."

Jet nodded slowly.

"Good. Then... Effie, get down. You're too big of a target."

In the next moment, the ruins were torn apart by an explosion of harrowing violence.

The Great Devil did not wait anymore. It took a step forward, and at the same time, a hurricane of sand and screaming souls rose, making countless buildings shatter and dissolve into dust. That dust was caught by the wind, joining the obliterating whirlwind.

The words of the ancient language resounded once again in the howling of the wind, rustling like a myriad of whispers:

"...all... succumb... satiate... serve...

Jet did not listen, throwing herself into the tide of souls.

Now that Kal and Effie had joined the fight, the ancient fiend was not using only soul attacks. Instead, a flood of sand flowed from his gaunt figure, turning into a vague figure of a regal man around it. His glant hands shot toward both of them, and his mouth opened, as if trying to utter a curse.

The battle was silent no more. Instead, a deafening cacophony of sounds rang across the burning ruins, assaulting their ears like a tide.

Before the Great Devil could utter a curse, though...

A giant mace of black obsidian crashed into the mass of sand forming his head. The abomination was not harmed, but the head of the enormous sand projection was momentarily dissipated, taking some time to reform.

Instead of his voice, the voice of the great dragon resounded above the battlefield:

"Slower!"

Kai's compulsion was not strong enough to overwhelm the will of a Great Devil, at least not immediately, But, fusing with the debilitating effects of the unnatural lethargy, it bound the fiend with insidious chains,

Kai and Jet had gone through countless battles together, and using the soul-numbing blade of the black khopesh in conjunction with his voice was a true and tested tactic they used against powerful enemies.

The dragon pushed itself into the air, dodging one of the giant hands made of sand.

At the same time, the second hand reached toward the steel giantess. However, at that moment, her figure flashed blindingly with reflected light... and disappeared. Instead, a tall woman clad in polished armor appeared on the rubble, already summoning a spear and a shield.

Effie activated one of the enchantments of the Starlight Shard and shouted:

"Jet! This thing! How the hell do we kill it?!"

Jet was in the middle of brandishing her mist blade, which had turned into a war scythe - now that all souls bound to it had been consumed, there was no reason to stick to the form of the khopesh anymore.

'Good question.’

She obliterated another soul and shouted back:

"That abomination from the Forgotten Shore, the Lord of the Dead... do you remember how you killed it?"

Effie used her shield to withstand a terrible blow, putting her shoulder behind it. Despite the harrowing strength of the Great Devil, she managed to stand her ground.

"That mountain of bones?! Sure! What about it?!"

Turning into a wisp of mist, Jet evaded a torrent of screaming blades and turned back into a wraith

"On my command... let's do the same!"

She had read the reports about the Forgotten Shore extensively, so she knew a lot about the strange Nightmare Creatures of that unexplored region of the Dream Realm. The Lord of the Dead, as the survivors of the Dark City called it, had been an abomination that lived in the catacombs, its body resembling a mountain of bones.

However, those bones were simply the outer shell of the Fallen Tyrant. Its true body was hidden deep within, and resembled a giant corpse worm.

During the final battle against the Lord of the Dead, the Sleepers led by Nephis had managed to damage the outer shell significantly, which allowed Effie to toss her shield through the heart of the bone mountain. The worm was destroyed, and the Tyrant died.

Jet wanted to do the same to the Heart of Kanakht.

The hint of a revelation she had felt after remembering the Lord of the Dead was about the nature of these two abominations.

The Fallen Tyrant had been an overgrown corpse worm hiding inside a mountain of bones to protect its frail flesh, The Great Devil, however, was a wraith.,, she knew better than anyone that wraiths had no fear of physical attacks.

Why, then, was the Heart of Kanakht using a shell of indestructible sand? Why did he have the need to protect himself from physical attacks, at all?

What was his secret?

It was thinking about the ancient legends of the Western Quadrant that had given Jet an answer - one she believed to be true.

Who knew that amusing herself with a bit of history would be so useful one day? If Jet ever managed to remember who it was exactly that influenced her to develop such a hobby, she should thank them.

"I'll deliver the strike! Both of you, get ready!"

If she was right, and they managed to pull the assault off, then the Great Devil would be killed. The other Gate Guardians must have already been dealt with, considering that Effie and Kai were here... so, killing the Heart of Kanakht meant winning the battle and living to fight another day.

If she was wrong...

Jet would think of something else. In any case, the damned fiend would die, the battle would be won by humans, and her soldiers would return home victorious.

Defeat was not an option.

Back then, in her First Nightmare... she had crawled out of a fresh grave, digging herself from beneath the wet soil with her bare hands,

Ever since then, nothing Jet did seemed that hard, in comparison.

So, killing this Great Devil could not be that hard, either.