

Chapter 209: Light

“Waaa!”

The baby in Megose’s stomach cried. It squirmed, wanting to come into this world in a bid to help its mother escape from her predicament.

The black, cold, and smooth threads appeared to suffer a shock as they seemed to be suppressed by an invisible power which led to their retreat backward.

“Waaa!”

Dunn and Klein became dizzy at the same time. They felt their throats contract involuntarily as their contracting air passages instantly stifled them.

Crimson liquid flowed from their nostrils, their eyes, and their ears. All of their capillaries seemed to have ruptured.

If it wasn’t for the fact that Klein had undergone the torture of hearing the mutterings and ravings every time he headed to the world above the gray fog, as well as Dunn holding onto the ashes of Saint Selena, they definitely would’ve fainted on the spot, just like Leonard Mitchell.

Megose’s headless body turned over and looked at Klein who saw her charred skin and flesh peeling to the ground, and the holy, yet evil white bone blade.

Having escaped its influence thanks to his rich experience, Klein immediately felt his scalp tingle and forgot about the pain in his right chest. He seemed to witness his enemy charge towards him maniacally, not giving him any time to recite the incantation, infuse spirituality, and throw out the Flaring Sun Charm.

Just as he was about to dodge the attack, Klein saw Megose suddenly pause. He saw Dunn Smith's black trench coat fluttering, and the Captain diagonally across him had buried his head. There were multiple thick twitching objects on his back as if they were venomous snakes or tentacles—or monsters!

Dunn was using his abilities as a Nightmare to forcefully impede Megose's movements.

Bam! Bam! Bam! With a mere struggle from Megose, the thick tentacle-like objects that protruded from Dunn's back exploded at the same time!

A large amount of blood splattered out, covering every corner of the room like rain.

Dunn wasn't disappointed at the result, for the blood had been absorbed by the black threads created by Saint Selena's ashes.

They had been absorbed!

The countless cold, smooth, tentacle-like threads entered a frenzy. They swarmed forward and bound Megose tightly, wrapping themselves around her bulging, squirming stomach.

An opportunity!

Klein was as nervous as he was excited. He prepared to shout the ancient Hermes word for “Light.”

“Waaa! Waaa! Waaa!”

The cries of a baby could be heard once again, more frequent, and more incessant this time around!

The countless black threads suddenly came to a pause, retreating and trembling again as if they had all been struck by lightning.

Dunn’s expression changed when he realized that Megose was about to free herself. Without hesitation, he retracted his right palm, formed a claw, and stabbed it into his own chest—his left chest!

He quickly pulled out his right hand, his fingers holding a bloody heart tightly. It was a still-beating heart that brought with it the sereness of the night and a dream.

Captain... Klein watched helplessly as Dunn Smith stuffed the heart into the urn containing Saint Selena’s ashes. His vision quickly blurred.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Crying that sounded like a late-night nightmare resounded. The countless cold and serene threads once again resumed their efforts as they wrapped themselves tightly around Megose!

This time, they didn’t loosen their bindings despite the cries coming from the baby in Megose’s stomach. In fact, they even

sealed the terrifying sounds within the body!

Klein's tears fell together with his blood. He uttered a simple Hermes term in a deep voice, "Light!"

The light that illuminates the darkness! The light that brings warmth!

He infused almost all of his remaining spirituality into the thin gold piece etched with mysterious symbols, causing his mind to immediately turn blank and dizzy.

Having mustered the last of his strength, Klein tossed out the Flaring Sun Charm at Megose, who was still bound by the countless black threads.

The black threads didn't retract this time, having not followed their instincts, as if they were being willed by someone.

Thump! Thump!

Dunn's fresh heart was still beating within the box containing Saint Selena's ashes.

The sunlight once again shone in from the hole in the ceiling, shining through all three stories, right into the Blackthorn Security Company, as if it were a corporeal pillar.

It was guided here by the Flaring Sun Charm, and it was focused on Megose.

The sunlight fused with the top of the headless monster, and then exploded like the sun!

Rumble!

In the burning white splendor, Klein closed his eyes. This last scene was etched deep into his mind.

Megose's body lost its left arm, head, and multiple pieces of flesh. Its charred body crumbled instantly. The half-illusory, terrifying creature within her body no longer had the support of a physical body and couldn't complete the last stage of its transformation. It turned into a furious ball of black gas, dissolving amidst the light and flames.

Rumble!

The entire building shook violently, but this was only due to the released energy of the Flaring Sun Charm.

The charm was different from a normal bomb. Its powers were concentrated, yet restrained!

Klein fought to stabilize his body. He opened his eyes and looked ahead a few seconds later.

He saw that the walls had crumbled. He saw a charred circle where Megose once stood. Surprisingly, the floor had only melted slightly.

He saw a burned, bloody placenta on the ground. He saw Dunn Smith standing on the spot, still wearing his black trench coat.

He saw the heart in the box of Saint Selena's ashes still beating slowly. He saw Leonard Mitchell lying on the opposite side; his outcome was unknown.

The exhausted Klein felt elated and felt that he could still use ritualistic magic to save the Captain. He felt that Megose and her baby were truly finished. No—it was more accurate to say that the latter had suffered an interruption and was exorcised.

At that moment, Dunn Smith turned to look at Klein. His pale face had a warm and relaxed expression, and his voice still as mellow as it usually was.

“We saved Tingen.”

After saying this, it was as if he had returned to the time when he was twenty. He no longer appeared stern and serious as he winked at Klein with his left eye.

Klein's expression froze. He saw the heart in the box of Saint's Selena's ashes stop beating. It turned into a resplendent ball of light before scattering into the surroundings. He saw the captain fall backward, his arms losing their strength.

It felt like the scene was made up of a series of paintings, but Klein could do nothing to stop it.

Thump!

The box of Saint Selena's ashes fell onto the ground, just like Klein's heart.

Thud! Thud! Even though the box wasn't covered, the darkness within the box sealed the opening, preventing the resplendent sand-like ashes from falling out. The box rolled a distance away towards Klein.

Dunn Smith fell to the wrecked floor, his deep gray eyes having lost all their luster. He was looking at the hole in the ceiling, the sunlight pouring down on his face.

Captain! Klein's vision blurred once again. He wanted to shout, but that word and the subsequent words were stuck in his throat.

We miss you too...

At that moment, the box containing Saint Selena's ashes had rolled to his feet.

Suddenly, Klein felt a pain in his chest, his pupils violently constricted as he froze in place.

He looked down to see a slightly pale palm, drenched in blood, coming out the left side of his chest.

Megose isn't dead... No, a new enemy... The mastermind behind the scenes... Am I going to die?

Klein quickly lost his consciousness, his eyes almost losing focus. His body slumped to the side.

His breathing gradually slowed and, he finally felt the palm pull back quickly. He saw a pair of brand new leather boots, and a

hand reaching downward—a slightly pale hand.

It grabbed the urn of Saint Selena's ashes.

Klein's vision went black, and he lost all consciousness.

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Burned and shattered objects were scattered around in the now destroyed Blackthorn Security Company, but there wasn't a single sound; it was just like a cemetery.

A few minutes later, Leonard Mitchell's body moved, his eyes opening slowly.

He propped himself up with difficulty and surveyed the surroundings. He saw Dunn Smith on the ground. He also saw Klein who had his eyes staring wide as a look of shock was plastered across his face. Dunn and Klein both had visible wounds on the left sides of their chests.

No... Leonard squeezed out the word from his throat as he staggered towards Klein's corpse, that wasn't far away from Dunn.

He kept checking them, going between the two repeatedly, but all he could do was accept this irreversible truth.

Leonard's knees buckled as his knees plopped to the ground. His green eyes were filled with pain as tears streamed down his cheeks, washing away the blood and dust.

He turned his head and listened for two seconds and suddenly sprawled forward. He let out an angry roar and clenched his palms into fists, and heavily pounded the floor.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

Leonard kept tearing up as he pounded the floor. Amidst his sorrow was a feeling of clear hatred and a clear sense of self-abhorrence.

Thud! Thud! Thud! Leonard looked up when he heard the sounds of hurried footsteps and saw the members of the Mandated Punishers and the Machinery Hivemind that had just arrived at the scene through his blurred vision.