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# **CHAPTER 1 - ASHES OF** **KELTON**

The year was 1127. On the remote island nation of Kelton, contact with the outside world was nearly nonexistent. The high-ranking officials of the nation decided to reach the other nations around the world. A massive ship was prepared to carry high-ranking officials and wealthy civilians to the distant nation of Kihon.

Among them was a 13-year-old boy named Blitz Ascar, traveling with his father, Draven Ascar. When they finally reached Kihon, the officials secured several trade agreements. Blitz, however, remained uninterested. He simply wanted to return home to his mother. The only thing he was glad about was skipping his classes.

When their mission in Kihon was complete, Blitz packed his belongings and boarded the ship for home. As the vessel neared Kelton's familiar shores, Blitz watched the vibrant marine life glide beneath the waves, unaware that his world was about to shatter.

But as the ship docked, something felt wrong. There was no crowd, no noise—just an eerie, unnatural silence. Stepping onto land, Blitz was met with a scene of horror, the ground was littered with blood and corpses. His heart pounded as he sprinted through the desolate streets toward his home.

When he arrived, he was too late. Amid the smoldering ruins, where his house once stood, a monstrous figure towered—a rotting giant. A Mol'Zeth. It stood hunched over, chewing on the lifeless body of his mother.

Blitz froze. Everything he had known was gone in an instant. His father, Draven, came running behind him.

“Don’t worry, son,” he said, voice steady. “I’ve prepared for this moment my entire life.”

He pulled a heavy box off the ship and opened it, revealing armor, a sword, and strange tools.

“These creatures... they’re called Mol’Zeth,” he continued. “They’re monsters—giant, rotten versions of humans. The normal ones can grow up to ten meters tall, but they’re not the real threat.”

Draven’s expression darkened.

“There are five special Mol’Zeth. They’re far more powerful than the rest. Each one has a core—deep inside their body—that fuels their regeneration. A black smoke surrounds them when they heal. Destroy the core, and you kill the monster.”

He lifted a jagged sword and strapped on his armor.

“And if someone eats the core of a special Mol’Zeth... they inherit its power.”

Without waiting for a reply, Draven charged toward the creature feasting on his wife.

But what happened next was something no one could have imagined. In an instant, his father was overpowered—ripped apart by the Mol’Zeth before he could even land a blow.

Blitz stood frozen in disbelief. His father, a decorated veteran who had once served in the military of another nation, was dead. Just like that.

Shaking and sobbing, Blitz turned and ran. His heart pounded in his chest as he sprinted back toward the ship. He had to get away—he had to survive.

When he reached the dock, the boat was already overflowing with terrified passengers. There was barely any room left. Still, Blitz forced his way through the crowd, clawing his way aboard.

As panic spread, the captain shouted, “The ship won’t move! It’s too heavy! Some people must get off or we’ll all sink!”

A wave of silence swept over the deck, followed by whispers and dread. Blitz looked around at the faces—strangers, crying children, trembling elders. His body trembled with fear and guilt.

“I’m sorry... I have to survive,” he whispered to himself.

With tears streaming down his face, he shoved an old woman into the sea.

But one life wasn’t enough. The ship still wouldn’t move. So Blitz kept pushing. One by one, he threw helpless passengers overboard—crying, screaming, pleading. He didn’t stop until the ship finally began to move.

It sailed toward Kihon, away from the ruins of Kelton.

Blitz and the others arrived in the foreign land as refugees—but Blitz would never forget the blood on his hands.

As they arrived at the docks of Kihon, two local guards approached the ship. After the survivors explained their situation, the guards reluctantly allowed them entry.

The air was thick with sorrow. Cries and groans echoed from the ship—people mourning their families, their homes, their very reason for living. Others sat in stunned silence, still haunted by the horrors they had witnessed, especially the brutality inflicted upon the elderly during the escape.

The mayor of Kelton departed with the guards to explain the full situation to Kihon's higher authorities. In the meantime, the survivors were escorted to a nearby hostel. It wasn't comfortable, but it was shelter—a temporary refuge from the nightmare they had left behind.

As Blitz sat outside the hostel later that evening, his thoughts spinning in silence, he noticed a child crouched by the dirt path just a few meters away. A small boy—maybe six or seven—was dragging a piece of white chalk across the stone with shaky hands. Curious, Blitz glanced at what he was drawing.

It wasn't flowers. It wasn't a house.

It was a monster. A tall, four-armed figure with a jagged mouth stretched across its chest.

Blitz's eyes narrowed. "What's that supposed to be?" he asked, quietly.

The boy didn't look up. "Saw it in a dream," he said, continuing to scribble. "It was standing over fire. I think it was watching the city burn."

Before Blitz could reply, the child dropped the chalk and skipped away. Blitz stared at the drawing for a long time.

Then he turned his head and tried to forget it.

At sunrise, Mr. Richard, one of the mayor's aides, gathered the survivors in the courtyard. His face was solemn.

"I bring news regarding our current condition," he began. "The government of Kihon has made a decision."

He paused before continuing.

"Our homeland, Kelton, has been officially declared a deserted island. It is now a no-entry zone—closed to civilians. Only high-ranking officials and military personnel are allowed to return. As of today... Kelton is no longer our home. You are all officially new citizens of Kihon. The government has promised to provide basic necessities such as education, shelter, and occupation."

A voice rose from the crowd. "What will our occupations be?"

Mr. Richard answered without hesitation.

"The men will be trained as soldiers to reclaim our homeland in two years. The women will work as farmers or housemaids in the homes of the higher-ups. For the first six months, you will not receive a salary—only basic food provisions. After that, you will be paid. Anyone who refuses to work will not be given food. *That is all.*"

"That's unfair!" the same man shouted angrily. "We have to work for six months just to earn a salary? What are we—free slaves?"

Murmurs of agreement rippled through the crowd. The tension in the room grew thick as people voiced their outrage.

Suddenly, a high-ranking official of Kihon entered the hostel, flanked by two guards. Hearing the noise, he turned to his men and asked what was going on. One of them quickly explained the survivors' protest.

The man from the crowd stepped forward boldly and repeated his complaint to the higher-up.

“You’re using us because we have no other choice. You’re exploiting our desperation. We won’t be part of this!”

Without a word, the official gestured to his guards. They grabbed the protester and slammed him to the floor. The room went silent.

The higher-up spoke coldly, “Didn’t your parents teach you any manners? What’s stopping us from killing all of you right here? The world wouldn’t even know—or care.”

With that, he turned and stormed out, leaving behind a shaken and disillusioned crowd.

Whatever hope they had in the Kihon government was now gone.

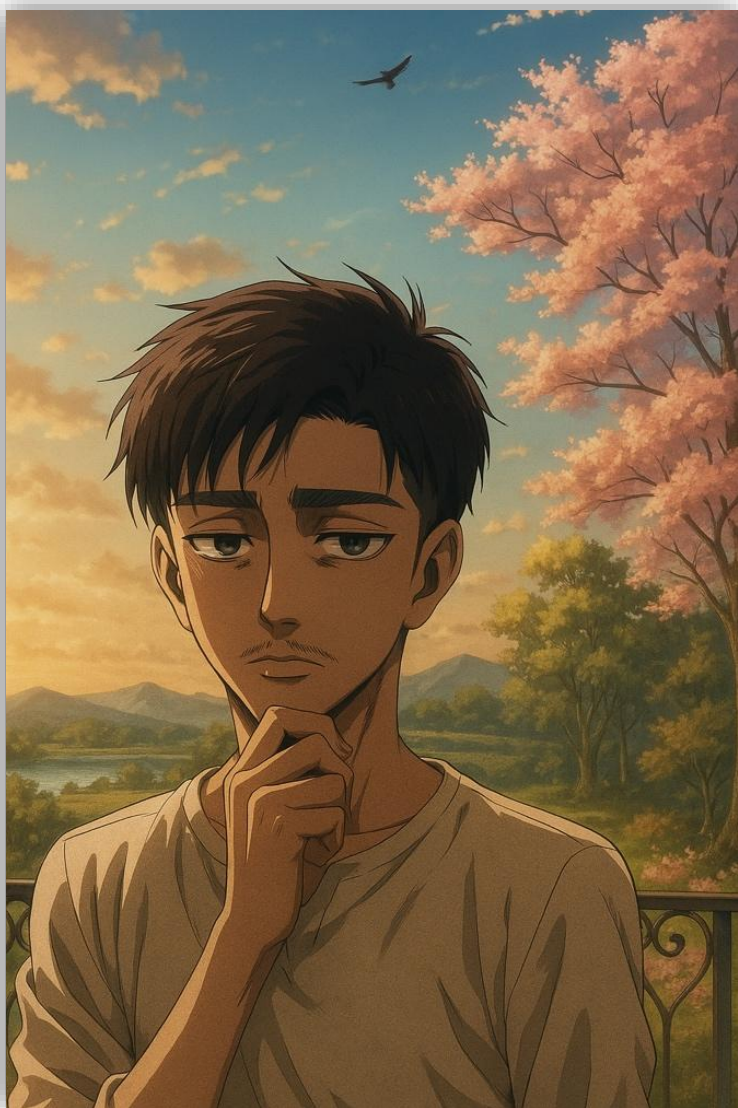
Blitz stood in silence, taking it all in. He understood then—he had no power, no say. The only thing he could do was join the military. But even in this grim reality, he found a sliver of purpose.

In two years, he would get the chance to reclaim his home.



With fierce determination burning in his heart, Blitz prepared himself for the brutal road ahead—military training, survival, and all the challenges this cruel world had yet to throw at him.

**SCENES FROM  
THE CHAPTER  
CHRONOLOGI-  
CALLY  
ARRANGED**



\* A scene of Blitz in Kihon \*

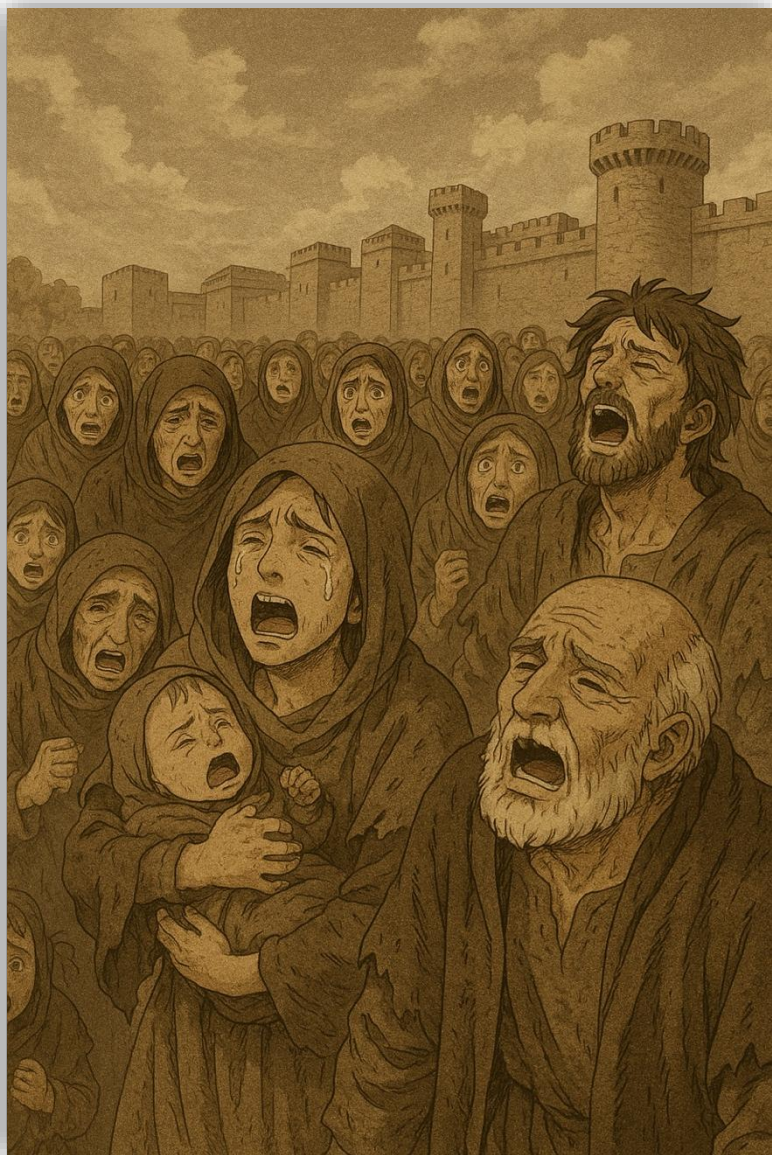


\* A scene of Blitz's mother getting eaten \*



\* A scene of Blitz shoving people off the ship \*





\* A scene of cries and groans at the docks of Kihon \*



\* A scene of a protestor getting slammed by guards \*

# THE AWAKENING OF POWER





## **CHAPTER 2 - THE** **AWAKENING OF POWER**

It has been two years since the fall of Kelton, and I still can't get the haunting images out of my mind. No matter how hard I try, the memory refuses to fade. I doubt it ever will. Life here in Kihon has been rough, but I'm alive—and that's more than I can say for most. The pay I receive is barely enough to cover my basic needs. Still, I've managed to survive. Over time, I've met many people in this foreign land—some kind, some cruel—but only two of them I truly consider my companions. Their names are Ken Takahashi and Yuki Arai. They're both the same age as me, and we were on the same boat when we fled Kelton. Like me, they're refugees. Over the past two years, I've learned a lot about the Mol'Zeth and the harsh reality of life in Kihon.

One morning, I was jolted awake by loud shouting from outside. Rubbing my eyes, I went to the window and saw a massive crowd gathered in the street — protestors. They were furious. Word had spread that we were going to be sent back to Kelton to reclaim it. The protestors were demanding their voices be heard, insisting the government couldn't force them to fight. They knew the horrors waiting for them there.

As the crowd swelled, someone blocked their path. I squinted, trying to see who it was — and then I recognized him. It was the same official who had once ordered his guards to slam a protestor to the ground. The memory still chilled me.

Ken appeared beside me, yawning. “What’s all the noise about?” he asked.

I explained the situation. He listened carefully, then frowned. “Shouldn’t we join them? Maybe we can avoid this whole ‘reclaim our homeland’ mess.”

Before I could reply, a sudden explosion shook the street. One of the protestors had hurled an explosive at the guards. Smoke and panic erupted.

Then came the voice — calm, firm, and cold.

“You’ve gone too far,” the man said, stepping forward. “You must follow the government’s orders. We can still resolve this peacefully.” He paused. “Allow me to introduce myself. I am Henry Lee.”

Before he could finish his sentence, the protest leader shouted back, “Why should we care who you are? You’re just another puppet following the government’s orders without question!”

Henry didn’t even flinch. “Oh, sir. Calm down. Show gratitude — not your attitude. Do you know how much it costs to keep all of you alive? It wouldn’t take much to turn you all into lifeless lumps of meat.”

The leader, enraged, charged at him.

Henry didn’t hesitate. With a single, brutal punch, he knocked the man out cold.

The crowd erupted into chaos. Protestors scattered in every direction, desperate to escape before they met the same fate. But Henry didn’t pursue them. He simply stood there, silent, watching them flee.

The protest leader was taken to a hospital, his body broken but alive. The message was clear: obedience was no longer optional.

The day passed as usual — physical training, tactical drills, and more lessons about the Mol'Zeth.

In the two years since Kelton's fall, several nations — including the USA and China — launched military operations to study the creatures. Nearly all efforts ended in catastrophic failure. All but one.

In that lone successful mission, six Mol'Zeth were captured alive and brought back for research. What scientists discovered was as terrifying as the monsters themselves: these creatures weren't just beasts — they were once human.

Autopsies and observation revealed that each Mol'Zeth had been infected by a parasitic, alien-like organism, completely foreign to our planet. The parasite feeds on the host's brain tissue, gradually eroding their humanity. At first, it doesn't have full control. But as it consumes more of the brain, the victim's intelligence fades, their mental state collapses — until nothing remains but the parasite in control of a hollow, monstrous shell.

The test subjects showed disturbing signs of adaptation. One Mol'Zeth shrank by half a foot over just fifteen days, seemingly adjusting its body to better fit its containment chamber. They're quick learners too — faster than we expected. Scientists now believe that the Mol'Zeth who attacked Kelton — and even those captured — were still in the early stages of brain takeover.

If their brains ever fully develop under the parasite's control...

They could become something far worse than what we've

already seen.

Since they don't naturally exist in this environment, Mol'Zeth have no natural prey. That means they'll feed on anything they're strong enough to kill.

I've made up my mind—I *will* join the operation to reclaim Kelton. I want to destroy those monsters. They stole everything from me—my family, my home, my past.

As I was walking down the hallway of the hostel—now repurposed into a military camp—a thunderous explosion suddenly tore through the air. The wall in front of me disintegrated into debris. Smoke flooded the corridor, thick and suffocating.

Then the smoke cleared.

Something rolled to my feet.

It was a *head*.

And behind it, looming in the shattered opening, was a ten-meter Mol'Zeth. It clutched the headless corpse like a trophy, its massive face twisted into a wicked grin that stretched unnaturally from ear to ear.

The thing was smiling—like a true devil.

As soon as I saw the Mol'Zeth, my training kicked in. I remembered what they drilled into us in class—normal Mol'Zeth can be killed by striking their vulnerable points. Sever the head... or, if you're desperate and close enough, drive a spear straight up where the sun doesn't shine..

Well, I chose the first option. I charged at it with full force, sliding between its legs. Without wasting a second, I climbed up its massive back, gripping onto the bony ridges along its spine. The Mol'Zeth howled and flailed, but I was already behind its neck. With all the strength I could muster, I swung my blade and chopped off its head.

Now, I had blood flowing all over my hands. It was terrifying... but I had done it. I had killed my first Mol'Zeth.

The entire roof was gone. The hallway lay in ruins, torn apart as if it had never existed. Smoke and dust filled the air, and the ground beneath my feet was littered with shattered stone and splintered wood. Somehow, I had ended up outside the hostel—thrown clear by the blast.

Panic surged through me. Without wasting a second, I turned and sprinted back inside, heart pounding. I had to find them—Ken and Yuki. I had to make sure they were still alive.

As I neared Ken's room, Yuki appeared, having run to check on us after hearing my scream. Together, we made our way through the destroyed hallway. When we reached Ken's room, it was completely buried in debris.

We called out his name, again and again. Then, we heard a rumble beneath a pile of broken stone and concrete.

Frantically, we dug through the rubble until we found him—Ken, still wearing that same careless smile, as if being buried alive was just another Tuesday.

Somehow, he wasn't hurt at all. We pulled him out, and the three of us shared a brief, relieved smile.

But Ken's face suddenly turned serious.

He said he couldn't stop thinking about our classmates—especially Ryuki Shinzou, the prodigy of our group. A cunning genius, but reckless and sharp-tongued. If this kind of ambush caught even us off-guard... could any of them have survived?

That fear pushed us into motion. We ran to the other rooms to check on them.

They were empty.

No bloodstains. No signs of struggle. No torn uniforms. Just abandoned rooms, silent and cold.

One thing was clear—they hadn't been killed. But where had they gone?

As we were processing this, a low growl rumbled from behind us.

An 8-meter Mol'Zeth stepped into the hallway, eyes gleaming, mouth open to reveal jagged teeth.

In a flash—it was upon us. It moved so fast, it felt like teleportation.

Ken raised his sword, but the creature struck first. With one powerful blow, it sent him crashing into a nearby wall.

Then it grabbed me.

Its massive hand wrapped around my body. I struggled, panicked. My heart pounded. But I managed to grab the dagger from my pocket and slash its fingers.

The grip loosened—I slipped free and fell to the ground.

Now it was just me and the Mol’Zeth. A one-on-one fight. And all I had was a dagger.

Could I even survive?

I braced myself, but the creature vanished again and reappeared behind me. I froze, certain I was done for.

Then—an arrow flew through the air and struck the creature in the neck.

Our classmates were here.

Ryuki Shinzou, alive and well, stood behind us with the rest of our squad.

We hadn’t lost them after all.

There was no time to reunite—two more Mol’Zeth burst into the room. One was 10 meters tall. The other looked... different.

It was the size of a human—and it carried a sword.

John’s eyes lit up at the sight of the humanoid Mol’Zeth. Jhon is one of our classmates, who usually remains quiet, but not this time. He said if we could capture one alive, we’d earn a huge amount of money. With that, he drew his blade and charged.

But the moment he reached the creature, he was gone.

Blood dripped from the ceiling.

John's body fell moments later.

He had been cut down in an instant.

The humanoid Mol'Zeth snarled and lunged toward the rest of our group, while the 10-meter one turned to me. I had no time to react.

It grabbed me.

Its jaws opened wide.

And then it bit down.

I screamed—not just from the pain, but from the frustration, the helplessness.

Four more giant Mol'Zeth crashed into the room. My classmates could only watch.

As the creature crushed me, I could feel my strength fading. My thoughts turned bitter—I was too weak. I couldn't protect anyone. Not even myself.

Then, everything went dark.

### **POV of Yuki:**

Blitz had been eaten.

I watched, frozen, as the Mol'Zeth devoured. My friend... was gone.

Tears streamed down my face. My heart shattered. But then—



A 7-meter-tall Mol'Zeth burst forth. But it wasn't just any Mol'Zeth.

It was Blitz.

Even through the monstrous form, I could feel it was him. The rage. The grief. The heart.

I cried again—but this time, not in sorrow.

Then, something moved. A 13-meter-tall goblin-like Mol'Zeth sprinted toward me, faster than anything I'd ever seen.

I thought I was going to die.

But before it could reach me, Blitz—his monstrous form—tackled it.

He tore into it, piece by piece, protecting me with every ounce of strength.

Then, black smoke burst from him.

And everything after that... is a blur.

### **POV of Blitz:**

I woke up to the sound of someone flipping pages beside me. It was Ken, sitting on a chair, looking exhausted but alive.

As I turned to my right, I saw Yuki—unconscious, lying on the bed next to mine. Her expression was peaceful, but pale. She hadn't woken up either.

Ken looked over. “So you’re finally awake,” he said, his voice calm but slightly relieved. “I found both of you lying on the floor. Unconscious. How did you even end up like that?”

I stared at the ceiling for a second, trying to make sense of what I remembered. “I was fighting a Mol’Zeth,” I said slowly. “Then... I remember it biting me. I tried to escape, but I could feel myself being crushed. If that thing really ate me, how am I still alive?”

Ken leaned forward. “It was probably just a nightmare. You and Yuki have been out cold for two days. During that time, the Mol’Zeth have started targeting military zones. First our hostel, then a military base in Kihon. They’re not just wandering anymore... someone or something is guiding them.”

He pulled out a tattered manila folder—its cover stamped with the Kihon government seal.

Ken glanced around, then whispered, “I stole these from a locked drawer in an abandoned outpost. Official documents. Classified stuff. It names all five of the special Mol’Zeth.”

He flipped open the folder, pointing to crude sketches and notes.

“These aren’t just bigger Mol’Zeth,” he said. “Each of them has a regenerating core—the source of the black smoke. You can’t kill them like the others. The core has to be destroyed. And each one is hidden in a different part of their body.”

I sat up, ignoring the dizziness. “What are their names?”

Ken nodded, eyes serious. “Here’s what we know:

- **Dreadflame Mol’Zeth** — 12.5 meters. Charred black skin, glowing magma-like cracks. No eyes, only flaming sockets. It breathes black fire that burns both flesh and soul. Its core’s buried in its spine—you have to cut open its back while it’s active.
- **Hollow Mol’Zeth** — 10.5 meters. Pale gray, with gaping holes in its limbs and torso. Silent and eerie. It screams to paralyze and absorb attacks through those holes. Its core is at the back of its throat.
- **Gravemaw Mol’Zeth** — the biggest one, 14 meters. Covered in bone-armor and muscle. Has a massive second jaw in its chest that devours corpses to regenerate and grow stronger. The core’s under its ribcage—beneath heavy plating.
- **Shadelurker Mol’Zeth** — 11.8 meters. A ghost-like figure of moving shadow. Its form flickers and vanishes into darkness, striking from any shadow with blades made of night. The core shifts constantly, only visible for split seconds.
- And then...”

He looked at me with something like fear and awe.

“The **Goblin Mol’Zeth** — 13 meters. Brutal. Fast. Muscular and green like some ancient war god. It fights with pure rage and regenerates using thick black smoke that pours from its wounds. It’s the second tallest—and the most unpredictable.”

Ken looked down at the page, then back at me.

“Some people claim they’ve seen the Goblin Mol’Zeth tearing through military fortifications. The way it moves... the way it fights...”

His words trailed off. But I knew what he was implying.

He thought the Goblin Mol'Zeth... was me.

And a part of me feared he might be right.

Yuki suddenly stirred. Her eyes fluttered open, then locked onto me and Ken. She stared at us for a long, silent moment before speaking, her voice weak but laced with concern.

“Blitz... what happened to you? Where are we? Are we safe here?”

Ken leaned forward with a calm, reassuring tone.

“We’re in a hospital. And yes—we’re safe. The military has surrounded the area. This place is packed with wounded soldiers and civilians. They won’t let anything happen to us.”

But just as his words settled in, a bone-chilling scream echoed through the hospital halls.

Our bodies froze. The sound pierced through the walls like it had a life of its own. The next thing I heard was tearing of flesh—followed by screams of helpless people.

As soon as I could move again, I stumbled toward the window.

What I saw made my blood run cold.

The Hollow Mol'Zeth was out there—tall, pale, hollow, and monstrous. It moved through the chaos like a phantom of death. My comrades were being massacred. It didn’t feel real.

Then it looked up... and locked eyes with me.

Its stare wasn't random. It was *intentional*. Cold. Deep. Personal.

It wasn't just hunting humans.

It was hunting *me*.

Terror gripped every inch of my being. I couldn't breathe. I... I pissed myself.

Silence fell for a second. Everyone in the room turned. Some stared in shock. Some looked away. The rest didn't even notice—paralyzed by their own fear.

Just then, I saw it.

A new weapon—some kind of massive cannon—being wheeled into position by a group of soldiers. A final hope.

But before it could be aimed, the Hollow Mol'Zeth surged forward and destroyed it with ease. The weapon was gone.

Then it charged. Straight for us. No, straight for *me*.

We had no chance. No time.

And that's when it happened.

Black smoke burst from my skin like a storm breaking free.

I transformed. My body twisted and grew—I became the Goblin Mol'Zeth once more.

Rage took over.

I roared and threw a punch straight into the Hollow Mol'Zeth's jaw.

It reeled back.

And that's when I understood—  
This wasn't just an ambush.

It was here for *my core*.

It wanted to *inherit the Goblin Mol'Zeth*.

Yuki gasped, her voice shaky.  
“Blitz...?”

Across the battlefield, the Hollow Mol'Zeth loomed, silent and eerie — its skin pale like moonlight, its hollow body riddled with gaping voids. It tilted its head slightly, as if *recognizing* Blitz. Or worse... *judging* him.

Ken backed up, eyes wide.  
“This is bad,” he muttered. “It's here for him...”

And then, it began.

The Hollow moved without sound — in a blink, it was inches from me. I responded with a roar that shook the hospital walls. Their fists met with such force that the air snapped like thunder.

Clash after clash. Blow after blow.

I fought with raw fury — I was protecting Yuki, protecting Ken, protecting the dozens of injured souls behind those crumbling walls. Every time the Hollow screamed — that eerie, paralyzing cry — I grit my jagged teeth and pressed forward.

I remembered Kelton.  
The people lost.  
The helplessness.  
The promise.

And now... I was *done* running.

I caught the Hollow's arm mid-swing and drove his fist into its side, sending it flying into a demolished courtyard. I charged again — unstoppable now — landing hit after hit. The ground split beneath them.

But the Hollow wasn't just muscle. It was cunning. It lured me in, then shifted — sliding behind him like a ghost. A black tendril struck me in the side, sending me crashing into a tower wall.

I staggered to my feet, smoke rising off my skin.

The Hollow lunged, jaw stretched, targeting my core.

But I smiled — because I wasn't afraid anymore.

As the Hollow leapt, I ducked and spun, grabbing it mid-air and slamming it into the earth. With a final roar — fueled by pain, rage, and resolve — I struck the Hollow in its mouth, right into the back of its throat.

The Hollow froze. Light flickered in its eyes. I snatched its core away. Hollow's body twitched, then slowly began to dissolve into thin, black mist — the cursed smoke dispersing into the air.

I stood over it, chest heaving, muscles trembling.

I used the last bit of energy I had to eat the core.  
Inheriting the powers of the Hollow.

Behind me, the smoke faded from my body. My monstrous form shrank down. Knees buckling, I collapsed, human once again — barely conscious.

From the shattered hospital window, Yuki looked down at me.

She pressed her hand to the glass, tears in her eyes.

“You’re still you...” she whispered.

One week had passed since the fall of the Hollow Mol’Zeth.

News of its defeat spread across Kihon like wildfire.

And with it — my name.

I had become something of a legend. The refugee boy from Kelton... the one who took down a monster that brought the city to its knees. But it wasn’t just that. The world had seen what I truly was — someone who carried within him the power of not one, but two special Mol’Zeths.

Some called me a hero.

Some... called me something else.

One evening, I heard a knock on the door.

Three government officials stood outside. They were polite, calm — but I knew what they wanted. They came bearing a proposal from the National Science and Research Centre of Kihon.

They wanted to study me — more specifically, *my body*.



Not in pieces... not yet. But to run tests, draw samples, scan everything. To them, I wasn't Blitz Ascar. I was a rare biological specimen. A Mol'Zeth-human hybrid.

I declined.

I didn't want to be reduced to a test subject, even if it meant gaining answers.

But that night, my father came to me in a dream.

He stood beneath a shattered sky — the same sky Kelton once knew — his figure silhouetted in firelight. He looked at me, eyes full of sorrow and pride.

"You have the power to uncover the truth," he said. "Do what I could not. Give humanity a chance."

And then he was gone.

When I woke up, the choice was clear.

The next morning, Henry Lee himself came to visit me. For the first time, he wasn't surrounded by bodyguards or barking orders.

"Don't do it," he said quietly. "You don't know what they'll do to you once you're in their system. You'll be another broken tool."

I looked him in the eyes.

"This isn't about me anymore," I said. "If they can learn how to fight the Mol'Zeth through me... if it means saving lives... then it's worth it."

Henry clenched his fists. He didn't argue. He just turned and left — the weight of unspoken thoughts hanging in the air.

Later that day, I walked into the towering complex of the NSRCK.

They were ready for me. White coats. Cold halls. Machines I didn't understand. They handed me the forms, listed the risks, explained the procedures.

I signed everything.

I gave them my body — not to own, but to understand.

Because this war is bigger than any one person.  
And if I have to sacrifice my comfort, my privacy, or even my peace...

Then so be it.

I will make sure we're ready for the monsters still lurking in the shadows.

I will fulfill my father's wish.

**SCENES FROM  
THE CHAPTER  
CHRONOLOGI-  
CALLY  
ARRANGED**



\* A scene of Henry Lee punching the protest leader\*



\* A scene of Blitz chopping of a Mol'Zeth's head during the attack on the hostel \*



\* A scene of Ken and Yuki during the attack on the hostel \*



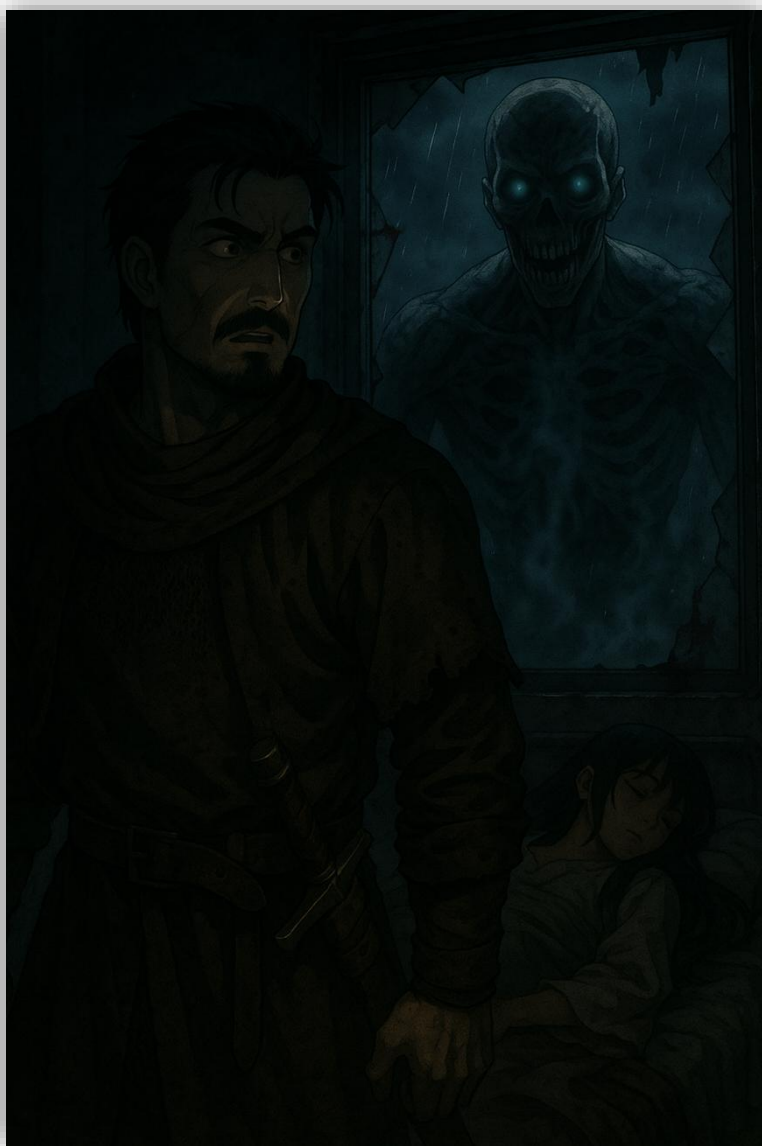


\* A scene of Blitz fighting the Goblin Mol'Zeth in his Mol'Zeth form \*

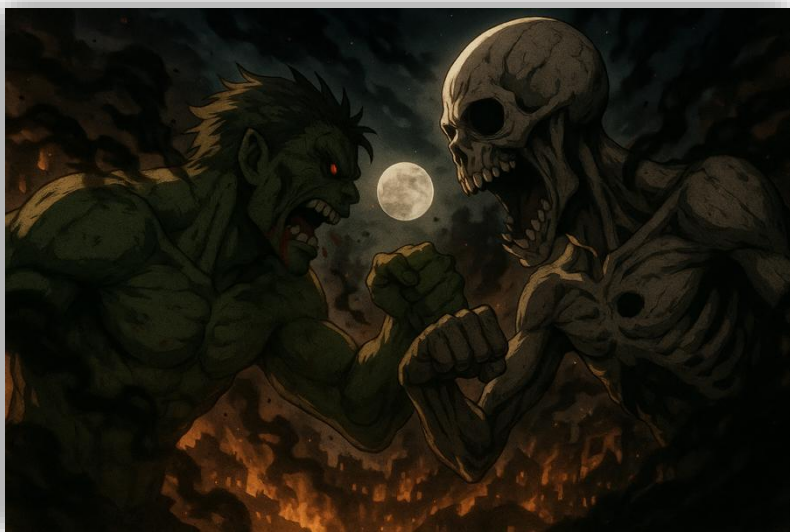


\* A scene of Ken reading some secret documents \*





\* A scene of the Hollow Mol'Zeth staring at Blitz through the window\*



\* A scene of the Blitz fighting the Hollow Mol'Zeth \*