Dreamtide Veil BTOCT Story

Written by U.Z.P

CW: Murder, vulgarity, mentions of dark topics as SA and graphic description of burned bodies.

Chapter 1: Freedom?

(Music for this scene: Silver Lights by Coconuts)

As Hellhound finishes speaking and the echoes of the Entity's first decree begin to fade, its disembodied voice resurfaces, **"Interesting,"** it sneers. **"I've assessed your numbers and found this operation grossly overstaffed. Effective immediately, several of you are surplus to requirements."**

Suddenly, unseen chains tighten around you and your companions, pinning you in place with a force beyond comprehension. Before you can shout or struggle, you're yanked forward into an abyssal void, the cries of those left behind swallowed by the growing distance. Pitch-black envelops you, its weight pressing on your chest, stealing every hint of sound and light. Heart is pounding; you feel an icy dread seeping into your bones, convincing you that this descent may be your final journey. Shrouded in utter blackness, the Hellhound felt a sudden surge within—an eerie caress of death that calmed him even as blood thundered through his veins. At last, he tasted serenity and his thoughts sharpened. He begins to enjoy the cold sensation, but all good things must come to an end and in an instant, he is standing outside the Bifrost Terminal.

Silver Lights. Cold. Snow. A soft crunch beneath his boots marks his sudden arrival on a fresh patch of snow, just steps from the footprints he'd made entering the building. The others who had been drawn into darkness now stand beside him. Blinking against the glare, he realizes he's been ejected from the Bifrost Terminal and teleport to the base camp just outside.

As the doors remain sealed to those still inside, a truth settles over him: he must save them!

His first task: emerge from his reverie, lift his gaze, and behold who remains. His eyes locked onto Kazuya, a friend of that silver-tongued con artist—frozen in a stare of disbelief and awe. Slowly, he turned his head to the left. There, a couple—vampires and feline women—embraced each other with warm affection. The princess appeared next, her servant veiled in the shadows. Porcelain-skinned women caught his eye: one in a dark purple gown radiated an aura colder than this place; the other bore crimson streaks as vivid as a blood-tinted river, mirroring the scar on his own skin. Amid these figures stood a void-eyed elf, a janitor robot, a two-legged ape, a man in his forties, and elven woman, ethereal and pale, her white hair cascading over a sheer dress, walks barefoot across the cold stone floor and her eyes gleam—bright, unblinking, and brimming

with menace. She reminded him of a lover, who she hoped to find his way back to the original realm.

With a sharp turn of his head to the right side, he wrenched his gaze away—afraid of what might awaken if he lingered. He saw a pair of anthropomorphic cat and fox. Fox sporting an eye patch—stood together. Next to them was a duo of middle-aged men. A woman clad in 17th-century military garb assisted a man swathed in a pitch-black blindfold. Finally, a pink-haired woman wore an amused smile as a tired red-haired man glared beside her. The last figure he glimpsed looked vaguely human. Closer observation revealed anomalies: hand stained red as rust, gills fluttering like petals at its throat, and a face so twisted that its ears and chin curled inward to form a snarling maw bristling with needle-like teeth. No physical aspect disturbed the hero; rather, he perceived a predatory hunger welling up inside, compelling him to pursue any action necessary to achieve satiety. The man's motionless posture and composed behavior lulled the hero into ease. Hellhound is staring again at the draco anxious and quivering.

Kazuya could no longer bear the silence of those who had returned. He finally demanded, **'What happened out there?! Is everyone ok?! Where are the rest of the expedition?!**'

Hellhound wanted to collect his thoughts on the past two days and reflect on everything he had seen and experienced, but draco pleading voice jolted him back to the present, compelling him to answer the question in the order it was asked.

Hellhound: **'The rest are trapped by the vengeful spirit of Terminal, which won't release them until they complete the task ahead. We were cast out because, in their words, we were surplus. I'm ok, but many remain ensnared in that place of ruin. Their silence speaks louder than I ever could.**'

Kazuya looked at the guy and replied: **'Thank you for the answer.**'

Hellhound: **'What is the next move?**'

Kazuya looked around at everyone and began to explain the plan: '**Each team will explore Mount Panthea, searching for a way to access the Terminal and rescue those trapped inside—by any means necessary. You and Isa will be one team. First, I've got to get into the Terminal. Cain's out there, and it's up to me to find him—and get him out.'**

Before Isa could object to being paired with the insolent child, Kazuya had already flown into the mountain to try and find entrance.

Saddled with a mission that was not hers, a pint-sized liability for a partner, and robbed of the retribution she'd sworn, she stood like a storm held in flesh. She is unwilling to march to anyone's tune but her own. Not now. Not ever.

While the others followed their own paths in the quest, Isa first charged ahead to the door. Exhausting every trick in her playbook to break down the door, only to fail. The Hellhound watched her futile efforts for god knows how long. It felt like an eternity.

At last, he stepped forward and stopped her.
"**This leads nowhere. You're wasting valuable resources**." he explained while his voice edged with firm resolve.

She is utterly offended. How dare this lowly human suggest that she should stop? With a snarl, she transformed into a dragon, her scales glinting like pure snow, and roared at the Hellhound.
"**Shut the hell up, or else—**"

But before she could finish, the fearless hero stepped forward. He met her blazing gaze, eyes raging like a storm-tossed sea with not with fear, but with cold annoyance and unshaken indifference. Then he roared back, a thunderous sound that echoed through the peaks and triggered an avalanche a on the far side of the mountain.

The consequences of such bravado tactic wasn't apparent to our protagonist when the echoes faded, he spoke, voice steady as stone: "**We could tear each other to pieces and still get nowhere. Or we could try working together to get what we came for**."

"**You refuse to let go…**" she smirked, endeared by his sheer display. "**Why is that?**"

"**I want to save the living souls trapped inside…**" Hellhound's voice cut through edged with raw nerve.

"**You?**" Isa laughed and shook her head. "**No… no I don't think it is so simple.**" Isa stood up, floating in the air as she looked down upon him in both ways. "**Your imposition needs a personal touch, one that caresses revenge more than mere blind justice. We shall move forward and see this goal to its fruition, but remember…."**

Hellhound spat hiding the spite in his tone. "**This truce is temporary; we need not cross oaths again! Not until death drags us from the real, of the living.**"

Chapter 2: Unwilling Coalition

(Music for these scenes: Anger by Occams Laser for Mako fighting yeti part and Horse Steppin' by Sun Araw for entire chapter.)

Both are already airborne, circling the mountain in search of an entrance. They keep their distance—just far enough to avoid collision, yet close enough to track each other's every move, leaving no room for betrayal. Silence clung to them—not out of peace, but the kind that precedes violence. No words were spoken unless necessity tore them from the throat.

Not long after the initial flight, the air was pierced by the screams of children and the furious howls of agitated yetis surrounding them. Hellhound glanced down at the scene below—and if he didn't act soon, it would become a crime scene. He ditched the white dragon to save the children. Despite his low opinion of her, she wasn't heartless. Drawn by the cries for help, she followed Hellhound from a distance, observing how this 'colleague' would handle the situation.

He landed squarely between the children and the encroaching yetis, scorching the beasts without hurting a child. Surprised to no one—the yetis only grew angrier, their rage intensifying with the blaze. With a guttural roar, one of them lunged forward, grabbed Hellhound's leg, and began swinging him left and right like a ragdoll. Yeti's tossed him to the thick snow, giving Hellhound chance to counter attack the blissfully unaware yetis. Though his body slammed against the frozen earth with bone-shaking force, Hellhound never lost grip of his gear. From his waist he produced a gourd filled with tea and a small portable fan. With deliberate calm, he took a short sip, letting the brew ignite his core. Then, with the fan at the ready, he exhaled a stream of blazing fire toward the yetis, turning the battlefield into a tempest of heat and fury. The blaze erupted with merciless precision, engulfing the yetis where they stood. Their snarls turned to agonized screeches as Hellhound's fire consumed them, the enchanted tea fueling a fury no ordinary flame could match. Snow hissed into steam, and ash danced

in the whirlwind he'd created—a grim symphony of heat, vengeance, and strategy. Ashes swirled through the air like phantom fireflies, twirling in brief defiance before settling into silence. When the smoke cleared, the devastation was laid bare—scorched earth, smoldering fur, and the twisted remnants of wrath. The battlefield had become a graveyard of fury.

From the skies, the dragon descended in a slow, spiraling arc—hers vast wings carving through the smoky air like blades.

Ash clung to her scales, glittering faintly as if mourning the fallen below.

Her voice rumbled, low and resonant, as she touched down amidst the scorched battlefield**: "Brutal,"** she replied, eyeing the smoldering remains with steely detachment. **"But effective."**

Hellhound lifted his gaze, unflinching beneath the dragon's shadow. **"Results speak louder than restraint."** he replied, stowing the gourd with deliberate calm. After he answered that, he turned his gaze toward the mortified children, frozen in fear at the sight of the hound's barbaric tactic. He asked if they were alright, but as soon as the words left his mouth, the children bolted in terror, screaming, '**Monster! You hurt my dad!**'. They run into the empty caves, from which the same yeti had once emerged...

Isa smirked smugly at him and spoke in sarcastic tone, "**Bravo. What a good job you did there**."

Hellhound added nothing. He runs straight into the cave to save the children. Isa followed him—not out of concern, but with mischief glinting in his eyes, planning a prank that would catch Hellhound off guard. After all, the caves and mountains were her home—she had the home field advantage. He descended deeper into the cave with no plan. Guided only by the faint footprints and the terrified screams of the lost children. But the cave's intricate labyrinth soon swallowed him up, and he realized he was lost. However, he didn't lose hope. He backtracked his steps toward the entrance, carefully marking each passage and noting the last known location of the children's screams. With each mark, he built a mental map of the cave's layout in his mind.

As Hellhound was mapping the cave, Isa managed to find the children—tired, scared, and hungry. She shifted back into her pale-as-a-sheet elf form, and when she waved at them, the children burst into tears, convinced they were staring at a ghost. She giggled softly; satisfied she'd filled her daily mischief quota. 'Relax,' she spoke with a soft smile. 'I'm not here to hurt you—the village sent me to save your sorry butts. The kids kept weeping, voice trembling**, "It was so scary... The fire demon—the one who hurt my dad—he killed all the yeti. We would've been next if we didn't run!"**

Isa knelt down gently, her tone soft yet serious. *"***Can you kindly tell me what happened to your father*?"***

The child sniffled and tried to steady his voice. *"***My dad and his friend went to the tavern***."* He paused, eyes wide, reliving it. *"***Then that fire dog-man... he just burst in, like out of nowhere. Flames coming off his arms... He attacked my dad—my dad didn't do anything! He tried to fight back but... then..."** His voice cracked, tears welling again. *"***Then it all turned to chaos. People were screaming. Tables were flying. My dad... he didn't come back home that night. Then, in morning, police called me and my aunt to see my dad in hospital…."** Isa whispered, *"***Dedede, everything's going to be alright. Let's get you home.***"* She carried the children in her arms, their small bodies trembling from exhaustion and fear. As they emerged from the cave and began the descent down the mountain, Isa quietly sang a spell—its melody soft and soothing, like a lullaby. The gentle magic lulled the children to sleep, sparing them from glimpsing her true form hidden beneath illusion: the shimmering scales that rippled beneath her skin, radiant and fearsome in the moonlight. She transformed once more, scales shimmering as her true dragon form unfurled beneath the fading sky. With a powerful beat of her wings, she soared down the mountainside, carrying the slumbering children to safety. But Isa's mind was elsewhere—curious by the boy tale and the whispers of fire and fury. As soon as the children were put to the safety of village, she launched back into the sky, eyes narrowed with purpose. She had questions—about the mysterious Hellhound, his brutal past, and the darkness that seemed to cling to him like smoke.

Chapter 3: Echoes of intent.

(*Song for this section: Nunemaker's Parable by Everybody's Worried about Owen*)

Meanwhile, Hellhound searched tirelessly for the children, but the cave offered no clues—only silence and shadows. He pressed on, even as memories of the past two days clawed at his thoughts: the choices he'd made and the motives behind them. Yet his resolve remained fixed on one goal.
Eventually, after what seemed like an eternity, his efforts bore no fruit. He stumbled into the heart of the labyrinth, worn down and shaken, and collapsed to the ground. Doubt seeped in like poison, and the whispers in his mind grew louder:

"You lit the path to their tomb." "They cried for help, and you scare them." "Look at you—a failure." "Their parents will bury hope in shallow graves. And you'll never escape the fact that you caused their demise."

He dug his fingers into the earth, desperate to silence the voices, but they multiplied with every heartbeat. His breath came jagged and shallow, as if the cave itself were choking him under silent judgment. He couldn't and didn't want to give up. Doubt was a potent poison, but guilt proved stronger, driving him onward despite every tremor in his soul. He could accept that he was many things, but a child murderer wasn't one of them. The least he could do, if it came down to it, was locating their bodies and bring them home. He pulled himself up and resumed his search, his soul

aching—the kind of person who makes you want to weep. He couldn't afford to shed a tear until the truth was discovered.

He has begun his second attempt, but as everyone knows, insanity is doing the same thing and expecting a different result. True to form, he faltered—and without hesitation, retraced his steps to the maze's center. He lashed out at the nearest wall, each blow a desperate plea for escape, yet his senses held firm, and the sting of defeat washed over him. After some times, Isa showed up to find a boy overwhelmed by fury, yet paralyzed by his own helplessness. As his senses realigned, Hellhound realized he was encased in a ring of scales and metal, the air humming with mechanical tension. Looming above him, her massive prosthetic eye tracked his every movement—unblinking, impassive. She stated nothing. Whether bound by silence or choice, she simply watched. Not with menace, but vigilance. A sentinel forged in ice and solitude.
Hellhound lifted his head, and there was the dragon. Its eyes burned with quiet judgment, ancient and unreadable. In that instant, the realization hit: the dragon had been watching him long before its descent. Watching, weighing, and perhaps even waiting. Hellhound's voice cracked through the silence, each word weighted and deliberate. "**I… hate… myself**."

Isa's prosthetic eye narrowed, its mechanical iris humming softly. She tilted her head, not in defiance, but in quiet curiosity.
"Why is that?" she asked—no venom, no sarcasm, just stillness laced with sincerity.

Hellhound's voice came quiet, almost hollow, as if the weight of the memory was grinding against his flame-forged core.
"I scared them," he said. **"Made them retreat deeper into the cave… and it led to their untimely demise."**

The words hung in the air like smoke—bitter, shapeless, clinging to everything. She replied, **'They're fine—I found them and got them to safety.'**

Despite the mask covering his face, his eye locked onto hers with pure disbelief at her words. He replied coldly, "**If this is a trick, I'll tear the scales off you and feed them to the piranhas. That's not a threat or a promise—it's an ultimatum.**"

Isa explained calmly, **"I have no reason to lie. These kids told me you ruined his dad life. So, shall we continue our mission?"**
Hellhound realized she was telling the truth, and he calmed down. His head was back in the game, relieved that the kids were safe. Then he responded with still shaky and bit teary voice **"Yes."**

Once she heard the answer, she moved on without hesitation toward exist. Hellhound followed closely behind, his mood steadier now. As they both left the cave, she asked, "**Why did you hurt that boy, Father?"**
He replied, **"He and his friends forced themselves on a young bartender without his consent… touching him, kissing him. I did what was right, and I feel no regret for those creatures.."** Isa looked at him and sensed no falsehood—only blunt, unwavering truth. She nodded and replied, **"Understandable."** As they finally reached the exist after a long and

quite walk, they heard shouting and breaking of steel coming from deepest cave and it sounded like a another dragon. Both without thinking turn back and run as fast they could to reach the source of sounds. As they bolted through the cavern, Hellhound relied on his mental map and the signs etched into the walls, while Isa's deep familiarity with the terrain proved just as vital. Together, their strengths formed a formidable combination, leading them to a hidden torn in the rock—an opening that led straight into the utilities department.

Chapter 4: Fight for life.

(Song for this section: Digital Onslaught by Dan Terminus)

Kazuya faces off against a towering, construction work machine possessed by malevolent spirits. In arms, it has a hose that spit the element of fire, ice, and wind—drenching the battlefield in chaos. The monstrous
contraption is similar Koloktos, though its grotesque form is assembled from heaps of rusted junk and discarded metal. The battle hangs in a tense stalemate, but if the tides don't shift soon, Kazuya's defeat seems inevitable.

As Isa and Hellhound stood above the torn hole, watching the chaos unfold below of big room, they exchanged a glance, both knowing their first priority was saving Kazuya. Moments after Isa and Hellhound laid out their plan, the machine struck—Kazuya collapsed, unconscious. Both Isa and Hellhound leapt into the utilities department—where the real scuffle began. Every attempt to rescue Kazuya was thwarted by the relentless machine. With the path blocked, they had no choice but to drag his unconscious body to the far end of the room. Once secured, they turned to face the mechanical menace, ready to take it on. Hellhound was the first to charge into battle, but the Hydra Machine unleashed a gust so forceful; it slammed into the wall and gouged a crater deep into its walls. Isa charged the Hydra Machine, her massive frame bristling with fury. But the machine responded with a suffocating air seal, leeching the oxygen from her lungs. She spat ice onto the system's hoses, freezing air hoses over before pulling back to reforge a plan. Hellhound growled, eyes locked on the mechanical beast. **"This thing's tough—but it's not invincible. There's got to be a power source."**

Isa nodded, scanning the lifeless surroundings**.** "**Everything else in this room is dead—no power, no lights. Except that thing. Best guess? It's siphoning energy straight from the Terminal complex**."
They glanced at each other and Hellhound voice spooked with fire and grit:
"Let's overwhelm this toaster."

Hellhound exhaled a roaring stream of fire, melting the icy crust Isa had laid down. She followed with her own blaze, intensifying the heat until the ice transformed into slick, swirling water. Steam rose in thick plumes, cloaking the battlefield in a dense mist. The Hydra Machine, towering and relentless, stumbled—its feet slipping in the water, sensors blinded by the haze. **"Now!"** Isa shouted through the fog, her voice cutting through like lightning**.**

With a savage grin, Hellhound ripped the hydraulic hoses from the machine's torso and shoved its mangled frame toward Isa. **"Delivery's here,"** he growled.
Isa's eyes gleamed as she dug her claws into the steaming metal, tearing through armor plating like paper. Sparks danced as she wrenched free the saw arm from the mechanical beast. But the Machine had fight left in it. It fired a blinding laser fired from it arms and scorching Isa's side.

She staggered, smoke rising from her wound, but her stare stayed locked on the machine—undaunted, unbroken. With primal force, Isa clamped her jaws around the severed saw arm and swung it like a weapon, slicing through all four of the Machine's legs with ruthless precision. Sparks burst as the metallic limbs collapsed beneath the hulking frame. Hellhound seized the moment, leaping high above the crippled construct. His wooden arm twisted and expanded like living roots, crashing down and crushing the machine into a heap of mangled scrap. The battle ended in thunder and ash.

Chapter 5: What next?

(Song for this section: Remorse by Scattle)

After the battle, Hellhound came to check on Kazuya. Thankfully, he was unharmed—no injuries, just still unconscious. Once he confirmed he was stable, he and Isa turned their attention to the scattered wreckage that had once been the mighty machine guardian.

Isa muttered, **"Pray to your gods this power core survived, or I'll kill you."**
Hellhound snarled back, **"Good luck trying to kill me. You'll need it since clearly you were incapable of defeating that machine at own."**

"**You insignificant—!"** Isa snapped, but stopped mid-sentence as something glowing caught her eye in the rubble. She kept digging, flinging debris at Hellhound and half-burying him under the junk. Then she found it: the power core, miraculously intact. Somehow, against all odds, it had survived. As Isa began digging through the twisted remains, she hurled debris carelessly, the jagged scrap burying Hellhound beneath a mound of metal and ash. Hellhound shoved the pile of garbage toward Isa and grumbled, **"Watch where you're throwing your junk."**

Isa didn't flinch. She treated both the trash and Hellhound's words like buzzing flies—irritating, but entirely beneath her attention. With a swift motion, she shifted back into her elven form, clutching the recovered power core. Without a word, she marched to the center of the utilities department and inserted the core into the central computer. Suddenly, lights flickered. Consoles hummed back to life. Power surged through the system. The Terminal had returned. Isa couldn't be more pleased with how things had turned out. Without a second glance, she turned her back on the wreckage—and on Kazuya—leaving him behind like discarded scrap in this miserable dumpster of a place.

Hellhound growled, trying to lift Kazuya, but his bulky frame proved a liability. No matter how hard he struggled, Kazuya wouldn't budge. Frustration boiled over.
He slammed his fist against the wall and bellowed, **"Heartless monster! Abandoning him like he's nothing!"**

Isa turned, her eyes burning with cold fury. In one swift motion, she turned back to elf and seized Hellhound by the neck, lifting him slightly off the ground.
"Your audacity knows no bounds, you arrogant brat," she snarled. "Compared to the monsters who ripped away my arm, gouged out my eye, and stole my wing—my most sacred gift—I am a saint."

Her grip tightened.
"I've endured three centuries. Faced every trial. Crushed every obstacle in my path. And you… you're no different from the enemies I've slaughtered without mercy."

Hellhound's voice was gravel and defiance, his words slicing through the tension like a blade dulled by sorrow.
"**Kill me then**." he growled. "**Spare me your empty speeches, O immortal—so wise, yet so bitter. You've had all the time in the world to avenge your pain, and still you stand here, vengeful and incomplete."**

Isa's grip faltered slightly.
"**My words will echo in your mind long after I'm gone."** Hellhound continued. **"Because you're no different than the monsters who took everything from you. You ignore, you abandon, and you hurt— for your own selfish ends."**

A silence hung between them, heavy with fury, grief—and something else neither had dared name. Isa released Hellhound from her grasp, letting him drop to the ground with a thud. Then, in a swirl of shifting scales and flaring light, she transformed back into her formidable dragon form. With practiced ease, she scooped up the unconscious Kazuya, cradling him gently in her massive claws. Her gaze fell on Hellhound.

"**You've got guts.**" she announced, lifting him up with one claw and placing him onto her back.
"Seems you might be useful after all."
Hellhound snorted, adjusting himself against the ridged spine. **"I've fought bigger, uglier, and meaner things than you."**
Isa smirked, dismissing his bravado with a dry chuckle. **"Oh, how very droll."**

Together, they soared from the wreckage of the cave. The shadows fell away behind them as they approached the great entrance of the Terminal—now pulsing with life once more. Isa gently placed Kazuya in the camp, wrapping him in blankets so he could rest undisturbed. Her wings flared as she turned, making a beeline for the Terminal's entrance once again. But something was different this time.
Embedded in the wall near the colossal door was a sleek computer console—glowing softly, humming with quiet power?

Hellhound cocked his head. **“Do you know how to use this thing?”**
Isa narrowed her eyes at the interface, her clawed fingers twitching. **“Just because I’m a cyborg doesn’t mean I understand every piece of tech. And claws…”** she tapped one sharply against the console, **“...aren’t exactly keyboard-friendly.”**

Hellhound looked down, cheeks darkened with embarrassment. **“Yeah… fair point.”** he muttered.
Still determined to be helpful, he began fiddling with the computer, tapping keys awkwardly but steadily. The screen blinked to life, revealing access to old security footage—fragments of the Terminal’s final moments. He navigated through the archived files, scanning personnel records tied to that fateful day.

Isa hovered behind him, watching the feed flicker from camera to camera. Then—her breath caught. There, grainy and unmistakable, was the face she had never forgotten.

The one who stole everything from her.
The one who shattered her body and scarred her soul.

She leaned in, eyes blazing. The accused man—the source of her suffering—was right there in the footage. At last, after centuries of pain, doubt, and rage… she had confirmation. Isa's eyes gleamed with a mix of rage and renewed determination. **“That bastard was here! When I catch him… when I catch him…”** Her voice trembled—not with fear, but the kind of fury that had been simmering for centuries, waiting for this very moment.

Hellhound glanced at the screen, then at Isa. He raised an eyebrow. That man had been dead and dust for ages—at least, that’s what the rumors spoke. But this “confirmation”? It stirred something strange, and maybe dangerous, in Isa.

He didn’t want to stir it further. Instead, he kept his voice level headed and diplomatic. **“If I am going to get cure for this forsaken cursed arm and you get the vengeance, let’s not get in each other’s way. Of course if things get dicey… we help each other out.”**

Isa didn’t respond immediately, her focus still locked on the image. But then she slowly nodded the fire in her chest tempered by strategy.

“Fine by me. But when the time comes… I finish this.”

Chapter 6: Downtime.

(Song for this chapter: 4:44 by Jay-Z)

Hellhound muttered, “**Cool**,” and stepped away from the computer, heading back to camp to check on Kazuya. Finding him still asleep, he sat down nearby and waited. Isa returned shortly after and took a seat as well. The two sat in tense silence, eyes locked, each wary of the other

making the first move. Hours passed like this, until night fell and Kazuya finally stirred from his slumber.

Groggy and clutching his head from a splitting headache unlike anything he'd felt before, Kazuya asked, **"What happened to the machine?"**

Isa replied bluntly, **"You lost the fight. Badly. It's tragic how you can't fight for shit."** Then, she went to sleep.

Kazuya gave her an annoyed look, then noticed the Terminal glowing brightly. **"You two did this?"**

Hellhound nodded. **"Yeah. We worked together to make it happen."**

Kazuya seemed pleased for a moment, but his expression quickly shifted. **"Did Cain and the others get out of the Terminal?"**

Hellhound shook his head. "**No. Still nothing can get in or out of that building. And now it's your turn to answer my questions. You owe me an explanation. What in the devil is going on here? You're gathering humans and beings for what? I just want to get rid of this cursed arm and go home—not exorcise some damn ghosts!**"

His voice was tired, edged with frustration.

Kazuya opened his mouth to respond, but Hellhound cut him off. **"Don't even think about feeding me mist and riddles. Be direct, or I'm done. I didn't train until my body and soul broke just to be lied to and dragged around like some donkey by an amateur scam artist."**

Kazuya took a deep breath and finally confessed. **“Fine. You want the truth? Then sit down and listen, because I’m only saying this once. We gathered a team because Cain got a job—an exorcism. He needed help. And we’re doing this to help the Cain to pay debt off and finish the task that Titan gave him to exorcise this awful place.”**

Hellhound was about to snap back to Kazuya but he stop once he hear full story and he responded instead. **“You know, despite that fake psychic risking others for his own selfish gain, I understand him for doing all of this.”**

Kazuya asked. **“How you know he is fake psychic?”**

He answered **“Besides his awful acting, nervousness and fear that could be smelled off mile away and sketchy nature of this task, If he actually read my mind, he would face something far more terrifying that Terminal ghost. He should consider himself lucky to never witness Venderflik.”**

Kazuya was about to ask more of this guy past, but Hellhound stopped him **“You do not want to know. Also, we got bigger problem to solve it as of now.”**

Kazuya nodded **“Alright. Since nothing can get out and I noticed few possible opening to enter in that building, I begin to gather rescue team to get everyone out.”**

“**Make sure to not hire kids this time, Kazuya. I will not let them get in danger, like earlier today”** spoke with upmost judgment and venom in voice.

“I promise that no such thing will happen, again.” Kazuya promised it.

Hellhound started to prepare to sleep in tent **“You better hold to your promise because I don’t make promise, but ultimatum.”**

Kazuya only looked at him and spoke before he fly off to Marrow **“Good night. I am off to gather the team for rescue mission”**

Hellhound ignored Kazuya words and went to ten to finally get some rest after these forsaken long days who continue tomorrow.

There is an old saying that goes "***Yesterday is history, tomorrow is mystery, but today is a gift."*** Shall our spectator be able to save people trapped inside the cursed terminal and prevent more people from getting in danger? Find out in the round 2, readers.