

ABYSSAL LORD OF THE MAGI WORLD

Chapter 7 - Ritual

Zatiel was gathering all of the bandits in the center of the camp, he even brought the lookouts that were thrown outside.

All the bandits were unconscious. But although most of the bandits were severely hurt, and despite the fact that some of them were missing limbs, every single one of them was alive.

When all of them were put together, Zatiel picked up a jar from the captain's tent and with his sword, he cut his arm and filled it with his blood. When there was about 10 liters of blood in the jar, he stopped and sat down to rest.

A normal person has just about 6 to 7 liters of blood in their system and losing a fifth of that can kill you, but with his Physique of almost 3 points, it only makes Zatiel very tired and weak.

Zatiel was sitting and focusing on getting to his optimal condition when he felt someone closing in.

"So you are strong enough to walk already, good."

The person that was closing in was a little boy with a hand and an eye missing, of course, he was Ezequiel whose body had already healed enough to move. After all, the potion that Zatiel gave him was potent enough to heal a Warrior, and since the stronger you are the more energy is needed to heal you, the vice-versa also applies.

While Ezequiel was looking at Zatiel and the huge amount of blood by his side, he was a little startled, but after a moment he calmed down.

'I should not try to understand a monster like him, at least not yet.'

Ezequiel stopped looking at Zatiel and focused on the bandit, but as he did, he started to get confused. Even though as an assassin he has excellent control over his body language and he seems perfectly fine, how could he hope to trick Zatiel.

"You are wondering why I didn't kill them," Zatiel says as if he could read the boy's thoughts.

Ezequiel could just nod, already accepting that he could not hide anything from his new master.

"They have a purpose and you will soon find out what it is," As Zatiel says those words, for a moment coldness appears in his eyes as he looks at the bandits.

"Anyways, you are my subordinate now, so I need to ask you a few questions. First of all, let's introduce ourselves, I am Zatiel, what is your name?"

"Ezequiel."

"The second question, since we are leaving this place very soon, do you have a loved one that you need to find or someone you need to ensure is safe?"

"No."

Ezequiel was a little surprised about that question but he answers without much thought, after all, with his previous identity as a slave, he knows that caring for someone just puts them in danger.

"Ok, that is all," Zatiel says casually.

Ezequiel was a little startled. After all, who would have a subordinate with a past that you know nothing about.

"Master I..." Ezequiel was about to speak when he saw how Zatiel just raises his hand to stop him.

"I don't care about your past. Since the moment you decided to become my subordinate, your life started over. The only thing I need from you is your loyalty. As long as I have it, I will always be there to help you. But you need to remember something..." Zatiel made a pause as he looked at the boy's eye while coldness and savagery radiated from him.

The feeling was so suffocating that Ezequiel could swear that he was drowning in mercury, he felt like in front of him, there was not a man but a nightmarish lifeform that could swallow him at any moment. If it wasn't for his incredible will, he would have blackout already, but even so, he could not stop himself from kneeling.

"Never betray me. If you even think of doing that I will know, and when that happens you will never know the sweet release of death."

After Zatiel stopped speaking, the pressure vanished like it never existed.

Ezequiel's state was understandable. After all, if you put a normal man in front of a tiger, even if the animal does not attack him, the pressure that it generates can put him in a terrified state, and even though Zatiel was no longer a powerful being, his years of slaughter were still with him.

Ezequiel started to stand up slowly as he looked at Zatiel. When his breath was normal again, he kneeled on one knee.

"I have chosen to follow you, and I will never regret the decisions I made in my life." Determination radiated from his eye as he spoke.

Although words of eternal loyalty were easy to say, they were rarely true. But with his knowledge, Zatiel could easily see that the boy spoke with absolute resolution with his soul.

"Hahaha, I didn't make a mistake with you! Since Ezequiel is a bit long, I will call you little EZ," as Zatiel laughed, a trace of warmth could be seen in his eyes.

'This feeling is not bad at all,' although in his second life as an Abyss Lord, Zatiel had millions of underlings, all of those demons would have stabbed him in the back the first moment they got the chance, if that means giving them some profit. So having a person that will give you true loyalty and friendship, it is a feeling that he didn't have in a very very long time.

Although Ezequiel could not help but feel awkward about the childish nickname, a little smile appeared on his face.

After a number of hours of rest, Zatiel was finally in his peak condition again and was ready to begin the ritual.

"Ok then little EZ, what I am about to do is very complex and incredibly dangerous for normal people. I now need you to back out 1000 meters, and no matter what, you can't, under any circumstance, come closer before I call you," Zatiel says with a serious face.

Ezequiel could see that this was something very important and delicate, and he didn't dare to misbehave and cause an accident, so he immediately moved away.

Seeing that Ezequiel was at a safe distance, Zatiel picked up the jar and started to inscribe weird symbols made out of his blood on the ground surrounding the bandits.

Weirdly enough, although every moment was skilled, Zatiel never looked directly at the symbols.

'I have to be careful. If I see these abyss runes directly with how weak my soul is at this moment, blacking out will be the best scenario.'

Runes are the language of the laws, a way of using the energy of the universe. They are a set of symbols that, if put in the correct order using the right material, can bring about unimaginable effects. They are also incredibly

complex and full of variations. So understanding them and activating them before being powerful enough is a dream.

A rune inscribed on a weapon like a sword can make it sharper or have the ability to produce flames if a source of energy is fueling it. But more incredible uses of runes is putting them in the body of a person. This can give someone incredible abilities.

Knowledge of high-leveled runes is incredibly hard to get, and the ones that have them are powerful groups that will never reveal them.

What Zatiel was drawing was a set of runes that will allow him to communicate and make a direct sacrifice to the Abyss!

This was 1 of the 2 more important pieces of information present in the first set of memories.

To make runes work, two core things cannot be missing. First, the right materials to make the rune and second, the source of energy to activate them.

For the materials for this rune, it is necessary to have blood tainted with the Abyss Aura and although Zatiel was no longer a demon, his True Soul will always carry the Abyss Aura from his second life.

The hard part was the source of energy, luckily the Abyss is a plane that takes any chaotic and evil soul that dies, and the bandits easily fulfill the last part. So the only thing that Zatiel has to do was to activate the secondary runes that will create a chaotic state of mind in the life forms that are inside the array, and make the bandits kill each other, making the Abyss itself come for the souls by activating the runes. Although the sub-array will take energy, his current Spirit Force will be barely enough to activate it.

Without wasting time Zatiel activates the sub-array runes, his face becomes pale and he almost faints from the extreme depletion of spirit force.

A small part of the runes started to activate making a red glow cover the bandits. After a moment all the bandits started to wake up, but their eyes were completely red. Without wasting a moment, they start to attack each other.

They madly attacked anything in their sight without regards for anything, it was a truly bloody and crazy scene. If their hands didn't work, they used their feet, if their feet could not move, they used their teeth, one way or another they dismembered each other apart.

After a couple of minutes, almost every single one of them was dead. Even the captain now was left with only half of his face and was on his last breath.

The moment the last bandit dies, the rest of the runes start to activate and an immense pressure descends on the camp. It was so chaotic that just being close to it will make someone a crazy killing machine if their will is not strong enough. Even Zatiel felt difficult to be calm in front of it.

'So He finally arrives,' Zatiel thought with a solemn expression.

The entity that Zatiel was sacrificing the souls of the bandits was no demon, after all doing deals with a demon is one of the most stupid things you can do. Just getting a tenth of the worth of your sacrifice will be a miracle, and most of the time, the demon will just kill you and take everything for himself.

So the one Zatiel was communicating was the consciousness of the Abyss itself.

Every Plane or World has a consciousness that it develops slowly through the years. Although most of the time, this consciousness is very basic, some are incredibly complex as well. They are even able to achieve self-consciousness, meaning that they consider themselves as an individual.

Although the Abyss was an immense plane due to it's chaotic nature, it's consciousness was very basic. So it makes the perfect trading partner, of

course only someone as Zatiel with his knowledge could communicate with the consciousness of the Abyss before being strong enough.

As the consciousness of the Abyss was taking the souls of the bandits, Zatiel started to use the runes to communicate what he desires. Although one hundred or so mortals were insignificant for the Abyss, and it will not give anything of true value, what Zatiel needs right now is something the Abyss has to spare. He needs the Abyss Aura, the one of the highest quality from the deepest part of the Abyss.

The bodies of the bandits started to melt creating a black liquid that started to gather in the center of the array. When all of the bodies were gone, a 1-meter orb in diameter was left. It was so dark that it looked like it could consume all light, and everything in its surroundings was beginning to decay, even the ground. After all, Abyss Aura is the source of energy for demons but a poison to any other life-form.

Zatiel could not help but get excited as he saw the liquid concentration of the Abyss Aura.

'Finally! It is time for the most powerful life-form to be born!'