

D. of Pride 841

Chapter 841- Knight Captain (5)

"If I'm not mistaken he should be the former Knight captain of this kingdom" the general recalled "Interesting, to be able to stop a perfect tainted commander, this group is not ordinary. However, if you all think that you can stop the second army of Blakcthorn with just this, then you are mistaken".

A cold light flashed in his eyes after which he commanded with a thundering voice "Cavalier, if you have rested enough, join the battle on the northern front. Show those people the might of the second army" ...

"Yes. I shall rectify my own mistakes" Saying so, Marshall Cavalier charged over while releasing droves of berserk mana that even affected the environment around him.

Looking at his back figure, the general smile. With Marshal Cavalier, a powerful level 589 warrior joining the fray, no matter how adept and powerful the adventurers were, they would be hard pressed to defend against his attacks.

Additionally, together with the tainted commanders and tainted knights, they should be able to take down the adventurers relatively easily.

As for the group who was engaging with the perfect tainted commander, he was going to see to them himself. Just as he was about to make his move, his body turned around abruptly and dodged a highly compressed mana armament that was thrown at him.

Right afterwards, he saw a white figure rush towards him. A purple white light like mist, radiated out of her body and covered her entire self. Her beautiful waterfall like purple hair was now dyed completely white and was standing upright as if defying gravity.

Violet glow overlapped her already violet eyes making it seem like two beautiful gems. At the centre of these eyes were two vertical pupils that gave off an extremely wild and domineering aura.

Whiskers appeared on her face and numerous ancient markings dotted her body giving her a fierce appearance.

"You are that princess?" The general glanced at his assailant and spoke. Doubt obvious in his words. At this moment, she looked so different that even he couldn't recognise her.

"I can't allow you to mess with their battle. As such, I shall be your opponent" the princess who had activated her beast inheritance spoke. She extended her hands and flashed her mighty and sharp claws.

What's more, these claws were enveloped in a purple white glow causing their destructiveness to increase up a notch. Even with his level, the general felt a sense of danger from the princess who was currently enveloped in a purple white glow and looked vastly different than before.

He didn't know what kind of skill she had activated; however, he did have some vague inkling. Unlike the Marshall, he did not dare to underestimate the princess and he released his own powers.

BANG... vast flood like mana, that was able to drown a portion of the Sky of the capital poured out of the general before forming into an impressive greyish black armour, shield and sword.

These mana armament that was formed contained a destructive ripple and faintly gave off the same miasma as the weapons that were carried by the tainted knights.

"Grim Armour" The general spoke. Evidently, with the appearance of the Grim armour around him, his aura also rose a notch.

"Let's see what you can do to me now that I am using [Grim Armour], little girl" It was not only his aura that bolstered with the appearance of the grim armour, but so did his arrogance.

Snort... facing his derision, Cynthia simply snorted and used numerous highly condensed elemental attacks to blast him.

With a swipe of her claws, five orbs each containing the five basic elements rose in the air. They pulsed with a threatening intensity and rushed towards the general.

The latter roused the greyish black energy within him and held his shield with one hand. The next second after all the energy rushed into the shield, it quickly expanded in size and defended against the orbs that came shooting at him.

BOOM... BOOOM... BOOM... the sky was instantly lit up and a huge shockwave that was powerful enough to even lift the ground up, spread all around the capital disturbing numerous battles.

Immediately many eyes focused towards the sky where that powerful blast came from and they all saw the princess clashing with the General. Having witnessed her power before too when she defeated the duke, the soldier of the army immediately rejoiced.

After which, the ferocity of their attacks increased as they tussled with the Tainted Knight, Hellfire Artillery Unit, Grim Reaper's Brigade and all the other divisions of the second army.

On another front of the battlefield, Marshall Cavalier saw this scene and sneered.

"Did this lass think that the general is like that duke she defeated? Hmph, she is surely overestimating herself. Well, this is good too. Once she is defeated by the General in front of the numerous eyes, this farce of war will be over too".

Saying so, he shifted his attention towards the adventurers whom even the unit of the Tainted Commanders were having a tough time against. The General's orders were for him to break the deadlock here and allow the Tainted commanders to regain the flow of the battle.

However, Marshall Cavalier had some other thoughts. Now that things have developed this far wherein they themselves had to fight with the enemy, he wanted to resolve the mistake with his own hands.

As such, he looked for the team who was the key behind the adventurer's assault. The core which once toppled would lead the others to fall down too.

As his eyes scanned the battlefield, he quickly spotted the team that was like the core of their team.

"Hehe, found you" Immediately, Marshall Cavalier stomped on the ground and rushed forward. His speed was so fast that it defied his obese appearance. In just a matter of seconds, he was already upon that adventurer team.

Blake who was clashing against two tainted commanders at once, suddenly narrowed his eyes. His sharp senses honed over countless life and death battles, suddenly flared alarm bells inside him.

Knowing better than to ignore such warnings, he quickly activated his defensive skills and disengaged with the enemy. Immediately after he pulled back, a black figure like a cannonball crashed into the area he was just standing on moments ago and created a large crater in the process.

"So you dodged that huh?! Skilled indeed" A voice came from within the dust filled crater and a figure swiftly emerged from it.

Seeing who the figure was, a trace of graveness emerged in Blake's eyes. As a veteran warrior, he could feel intense pressure coming off from the person in front of him. Surrounded by numerous Tainted Commanders and Tainted Knights while on top of also facing the Marshall, Balke hurriedly assessed his situation.

Promptly, he signalled his teammates who quickly understood his calls and moved away. They formed a semi circle formation of sorts with him in the middle, stopping any enemy from attacking him while also providing enough space for Blake to fight the Marshall.

"Not a bad teamwork" Cavalier smirked, seeing through the tactics of the group "However, you have missed one thing. I'm not like those tainted soldiers you have been fighting before".

The tactic was all good and all, it covered the blind side of everyone and one could immediately rush to the other party's aid after finishing their battle. However, the crux of this tactic lay in the fact that one of the adventurers had to face him alone and hold him down for long enough for other adventurers to arrive.

"Do you think that you alone can stop me?" Cavalier spat, his expression gloomy.

Blake did not bother to chit chat and simply raised his sword and shield.

Hmph... seeing this, Marshall Cavalier snorted. He stepped forward and his obese figure immediately disappeared. When he appeared next, he was already in front of the other party.

"Crimson Evil Fist" Cavalier extended his hand and threw a punch with all of his might. The mana around him boiled, surging towards his fist it formed a vague sinister looking devilish face that opened its mouth and bit down on his opponent.

Blake widened his eyes and hurriedly roused his aura just before the fist collided against him.

BANG... Like a rumbling noise of a cannon being fired from close range, the sound when the fist connected with him was so deafening that it could be heard from miles away.

A visible depression appeared in the air and Blake was immediately blown back. However, before his back could touch the ground in a sorry state, powerful orange lights burst out of his body before transforming him into a hulking fellow of over twelve meters.

"Solar Blaze Protector" Blake muttered under his breath as he flipped his body and landed on his feet. Currently, he looked just like an orange giant, fierce and valiant as he held the sword and shield in his hand.

Evidently, facing the Marshall he had immediately activated one of his trump cards.

BANG... another deafening noise sounded across the battlefield followed by furious blasts of air that spread across the surrounding. Marshall Cavalier appeared in front of Blake and punched again.

His short frame when compared to the towering orange figure that was Blake, looked extremely comical. Nevertheless, the threatening amount of power contained within his punch was not.

His Crimson Evil Fist blasted Blake away. However this time, the result was slightly different than before. Under the effects of the [Solar Blaze Protector], Blake's defence had reached a new height.

His figure which was now twelve meters tall, was only pushed back by a couple of meters.

Chapter 842- Knight Captain (6)

Other than being pushed back, it didn't look like Blake suffered any damage.

When Marshall Cavalier saw that, his eyebrows involuntarily bunched together as a feeling of unease appeared in his heart. Though he quickly discarded such feelings and spat—

"You are quite tough and your stats are also well balanced. However, you are still many levels lower than me. If you think that you can cover the gap with just skills, then you must be dreaming.

Next, I'll allow you to see the weapon that allowed me to reach the rank of Marshall in the kingdom of Blackthorn".

Amidst his laughter, he waved his hands and a black and white glow appeared around his hands simultaneously. That glow wrapped around his hands and formed two ancient gauntlets.

The gauntlets had a ferocious design and was embedded with numerous core stones. Terrifying energy waves that could immediately knock a low level person unconscious, radiated out of the gauntlet.

Evidently, this gauntlet was no ordinary item and was of a very high rank.

"Black and White Demon Gauntlet... I didn't think that there would come a time when I would have to use it. Nonetheless, now that I have used it, your fate is sealed. No matter how you all struggle, you won't be able to change the fate of this kingdom"

Cavalier laughed. He was just in one of those fits where he ridiculed his enemy when...

"Are you done? If so then let's fight" Blake's serious and cold words drifted over, shutting up the talkative fellow.

"You!! Fine, since you want to die so fast, then let me fulfil your wish"

Marshall Cavalier punched out with his hand. Instantly air fluctuated and two depressions formed in the air. After which, mana along with faint greyish black energy surged out through the gauntlet and formed two faint fists that were tens of meters in size.

BUZZ... the fists vibrated with a terrifying power and charged towards Blake like a streak of light.

Fast!! That was the thought that appeared in the latter's mind when he saw the attack come flying at him at an insane speed. He only had the time to bring the shield close to him to react before the attacks smashed against him.

BOOOM... A berserk energy released from the point of collision, collapsing the ground and causing deep cracks to appear wherever the berserk energy spread.

The orange giant which was stopping the two huge fists, trembled intensely and was buried unneath along with the shattered ground.

"Blake!!" His teammates hurriedly called. Among them, Frida who was currently holding two tainted commanders and numerous tainted knights back, left her position and rushed towards the hole where Blake was buried.

"Dammit, I'll hold onto the enemies here, you all go and check whether Blake is okay"

Wyot hurriedly spoke. His eyes held a grim look as he observed the Marshall from the corner of his eyes. From the clash earlier, he could tell that Blake was no match for this guy. Although the both of them were in level 500, their enemy was clearly at the late stages of level 500 while Blake had only breached the barrier of level 500 not long ago.

Even if they have levelled up a lot due to the constant fighting and war, there was still a large level gap between them. This gap in strength cannot be simply covered up with skills.

"We need the help of the other vice guild masters if we want to defeat this guy"

Wyot's eyes roamed across the battlefield. However, when he saw that the other guilds were surrounded by numerous tainted commanders who appeared to be flooding them, he realised that the enemy planned on not letting the other teams interfere. Hence it was on them to defeat the Marshall.

"Dammit" Just as he cursed and was about to stake his life to stop the opponents from going after his friends, he felt the ground beneath him tremble.

The trembling only lasted for a second before it strangely disappeared. Following which, he was amazed to see a giant orange figure break out of the ground and land in front of their amazed eyes.

Having taken the Marshall's attack head on, the avatar he was currently transformed into, showed signs of crumbling as numerous cracks ran through the surface of his body. Evidence of the might bestowed within those two fists.

Just two attacks from the Marshall had almost destroyed his trump card. It was clear that he was no match for the latter. However, just as Frida and the others prepared to join the battle, inside the orange giant Blake's figure entered a trance of sorts.

Blood flowed down from his head, dyeing his skin red. The pupils in his eyes disappeared and he looked like he had lost consciousness when suddenly his body violently jolted. The blood that flowed down his body began releasing a dense crimson mist.

That was not all, his heartbeat had also started pounding loudly and numerous blood coloured sparks burst out of his body. Like snakes, they arched all around his body before digging inside him through his pores.

BANG... a powerful shockwave that had the faint scent of blood erupted out of his body and Blake who had momentarily lost consciousness finally gained his senses back.

As he sensed the changes around him and the powerful foreign energy yet what felt extremely familiar, was coursing through his body, he was puzzled.

In the next second though, he quickly regained his footing back and used the powerful energy that was flowing through his body to bolster his strength.

Unknowingly to him, as he tapped into that power, one of his eyes showed vague signs of turning red, even his pupils wiggled appearing extremely bizarre and mysterious. Other than that, his already crimson hair turned dark until there was no difference between his hair and the colour of blood.

All of these changes seemed to have gone unnoticed by Blake who was already in motion of swinging his sword. However, how could these changes go unnoticed by Frida and the others who were observing him from the outside?

The Orange giant he had transformed into, turned blood red in a couple of seconds and gave off an intense bloody scent. Not only that, along with the change in its colour the giant also became more powerful and ruthless. As could be seen from the sword skill that the giant used.

"Solar Blade" A powerful exclusive and rare skill of Blake's Solar Blaze Protector class had turned into a blood red sword whose each swing produced a lethal and powerful sword light that could even cleave a mountain in half and leave deep gorges in the ground.

Facing such a ferocious attack that had suddenly strengthened out of nowhere, even Marshall Cavalier was hard pressed to counter.

CLANG... CLANG... CLANG... numerous bloody sword lights and two black and white gauntlets collided numerous times in a matter of few seconds. Their intense collision produced berserk energy waves that spread out like typhoons, making it nigh impossible for anyone to approach them.

"What is going on?! How could his strength increase all of a sudden"

Having clashed with Blake so many times, Marshall Cavalier could feel that something was different. Something that even he didn't know had occurred inside the body of this man which caused his powers to increase all of a sudden.

SWOOSH... A bloody sword light came sweeping down from the sky and headed straight for his body intending to cleave him in half.

Hmph, Cavalier snorted and used his black and white gauntlet to defend. BANG... intense collision occurred and the attack pushed him dozens of meters away.

When he finally, stabilised his body, he realised that his arms had become sore and a deep gash appeared on his shoulder. Blood dripped down from that wound, it appeared that he failed to completely block out that previous attack

"Bastard, I'll kill you!!"

When he realised that, dense murderous aura flowed out of his body distorting his already twisted face even further. However, just as he stomped on the ground and was about to forward, he realised that he suddenly lost his centre of balance causing his body to be unable to muster the strength properly.

BANG...a blood coloured sword collided heavily against his body and sent him flying back like a cannonball. The ground for dozens of meters was flipped upside down and a deep gorge appeared on the ground wherever Marshall passed through.

It was only after leaving a long deep ditch and rolling over a couple of times did Marshall's body come to a stop. Puff... a mouthful of blood came out of the latter's body.

"What is going on?" As he held his chest and vomited out another mouthful of blood, he looked at his own weakening body and the blood red giant in the distance.

At that very instant when he charged forward, he felt like his body had weakened, his eyes became blurry and he lost all control of his strength for a second there. This... it needs to be mentioned that he was an extremely powerful warrior with a level of 589.

It was not only just his level, but the skill and the foundation he built was also extraordinary. Needless to say, so were his classes up until now. Each and every class he chose for class change was a rare class that raised his stats even further.

Even back in the Kingdom of Balckthorn, he was considered a powerhouse. He was below only a couple of people that one could count in their hands.

Chapter 843- Knight Captain (7)

Naturally, Cavalier never thought he would end up in this state while fighting someone whose level was much lower than his own. This kind of shame... unable to bear the rage storming inside his body, he vomited another mouthful of blood.

"There is no way, I will lose to a peasant from a low ranking empire"

BANG... His eyes which was masked with shock and confusion up until a moment ago, suddenly held a feral beast like savageness. He propped his body up and immediately rushed towards the blood red giant.

Beresek mana carrying faint greyish balck miasma, agglomerated towards the Black and White gauntlet.

[Ultra Enhanced strength], [Ultra Enhanced Defence], [Ultra Enhanced Endurance], [Super Enhanced Agility], [Flame Resistance], [Lightnign Resitance], [Blunt Damage Resistance], [Mana Armour],[Malovalence Field], [Grim Shroud], [Shadow Surge], [Black Wind Embrace], [Vile Resilience], [Tainted Convergence], [Berserk]— [[Grim Assault]]

Marshall Cavalier activated numerous skills and quickly bolstered his strength. Numerous high ranking, superior, rare and even lost skills targeted the blood red giant. Nevertheless, like sturdy boat that refused to capsize even in the stormiest of waves, he continued to battle even while suffering severe damage.

Blake who had transformed into the crimson giant, was no pushover either. His skills refined after facing numerous life and death battles coupled with the mysterious power flowing inside his body, gave him an edge to fight opponents many levels higher than him.

His skills which contained a dense bloody glow seemed to have risen up a rank as the destructive force they unleashed was far greater than what he could unleash before. Thanks to all of this, he could fight Marshall Cavalier without falling into a disadvantage.

Their fight was intense and couldn't be contained in one area any longer. They appeared and disappeared in a flash leaving extreme destruction in their wake.

As time flowed by and the ferociousness of their techniques and skills escalated causing both the parties to be riddled with injuries as blood flowed out from both their bodies. Clearly, both of them had suffered some extreme damage during their clash.

At a glance, both Marshall Cavalier and Blake looked severely haggard and exhausted. However, if one looked carefully, one would be able to notice that although both of them were riddled with wounds and panting heavily, only if their aura was dropping while the other stayed stagnant.

No, it would be wrong to say stagnant as the other aura was slowly increasing and growing stronger. This was a vague feeling at first; however, as more and more time passed and the battle became bloodier, this feeling became more obvious. The two combatants could also feel that.

"Huff... huff... something is seriously wrong with that guy. He is slowly becoming stronger" Marshall Cavalier huffed as he slowly distanced himself from Blake. The person whose aura was slowly becoming weaker as time passed by, was him.

While his opponent on the other hand was slowly getting stronger. This made Cavalier even more frustrated as he couldn't understand what was going on. At first, the other party was no match for him; however, in that short span when he used his gauntlet to pummel them inside the ground something inside them changed.

Thereafter in the fight that followed next, he could feel that every time he took some damage he was slowly getting weaker while his opponent stronger. This ominous thought of his proved to be true as the battle waged and they reached a point where he was no longer the opponent of the other party.

"I can't lose..." Unable to accept the reality, Marshall Cavalier muttered to himself.

What he didn't know was that his conjecture was actually true, The mysterious power within Blake's body made him more powerful the more blood flowed out of him and his opponents.

It was not only that, as this was a battlefield, every drop of blood that stained the ground, became the power that surged within him. It was as if the blood flowing on the battlefield, had become the source of his strength fueling the mysterious energy within him.

Perhaps the person who was facing him, Blake himself didn't know what was going on with his body. From the blank and cold expression on his face, he looked like he had entered a bizarre state of sorts where he had forgotten everything around him and was fully focused on the battle in front of him.

He continued to drown himself in the pleasures and excitement of the battle as the bloody glow around him continued to strengthen. His opponents who was unaware of the sinister nature of his abilities, continued to press their attack, unknowingly feeding Blake's insatiable hunger for battle.

BANG... as he took a step forward, he looked just like a giant that was made of blood. [Great Horizontal Slash] With every strike exchanged, his form seemed to blur with unnatural speed, his strikes hitting with unerring accuracy and devastating force.

Meanwhile, Marshall Cavalier's desperation grew with each passing moment. Despite his formidable skill and experience, he found himself overwhelmed by the relentless onslaught of Blake's newfound power.

The mysterious force within his opponent seemed to defy all logic, granting him strength beyond comprehension. In the ensuing battle that unfolded next, there was no twist nor was there any variation from the end outcome.

Marshall Cavalier was completely suppressed in every exchange and it was clear that he was now just being toyed with. Standing against him was Blake who stood amidst the carnage, blood flowed down his body dying him completely crimson.

He had already released his Solar Blaze Protector Avatar and returned to his original form. A thick blood whirlpool surrounded him, giving him a menacing and overbearing aura.

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Standing in the sky, the general turned his eyes over at this part of the battlefield. Needless to say, the changes around Blake did not go unnoticed by him. From the looks of things, he could already tell that Cavalier had lost.

Even though the latter was still standing and continued to fight, it was clear from his experienced eyes that Cavalier was all but spent and his current actions were no different than a child trying to throw a tantrum.

No matter what he did, he could not change the flow of the battle, the outcome was already decided.

Losing a man like Cavalier wasn't something that his second army could afford. The General wanted to lend a hand to Cavalier; however, his hands were already tied fighting the princess who attacked her with all her strength.

The beast inheritance that he suspected the princess possessed, wasn't something he dared to underestimate. And besides, this part of the battlefield wasn't the only one which looked like it needed his aid.

The southern part of the city walls was equally in chaos. The perfect tainted commander who he thought would sweep the enemies was at this moment was on the backfoot as it was constantly besieged and forced back by a group of warriors and mages until it was unable to even retaliate.

Its body was marked with numerous injuries and the tainted armour and weapon he held were filled with cracks, almost showing signs of crumbling apart. From the look of things there, it looked like the perfect tainted commander would be defeated if things continued to head in the same direction.

It needs to be mentioned that refining a perfect tainted knight was a rarity even back in the kingdom of Blackthorn. As it involved numerous factors and the compatibility of the body, it wasn't easy to

refine a perfect tainted knight and especially one whose strength allowed it to become a tainted commander.

If they lost this pawn it would be a severe damage to their second army. The General narrowed his eyes and snorted. Vast amount of mana that had greyish black miasma mixed with it erupted out of his body and covered the sky.

Next, like a blanket, it spread around and enveloped him within it.

Cynthia who at this moment was preparing to attack, had to hurriedly pull back. Nevertheless, even then the hem of her dress was caught up in it.

Sizzle... Sizzle... the portion of the dress was caught in that greyish black miasma instantly lost colour and crumbled apart. When Cynthia saw that, her eyes widened and additional traces of seriousness appeared within them.

'That energy... but how?' at this moment, the Sacred Beast Leo who was watching the entire battle spoke inside her head.

"Do you know something Leo?" Cynthia asked, backing away a little. The sacred beast inside her space ring was silent for a while before speaking in a grave tone.

"I hope I am mistaken. Although different, this energy resembles an awful lot of something that should have been extinguished in the ancient times. Cynthia be careful of that greyish black miasma. I can feel a powerful revulsion and evilness from that energy. I don't know why this man possesses this energy, but it isn't something that someone of his level should come in contact with. Don't allow that energy to invade your body".

Cynthia nodded her head. Although Sacred Beast Leo was just a weak remnant soul without any physical body, it was still extremely experienced and knowledgeable since it used to live in the ancient times.

For Leo to caution her, the matter has to be extremely grave. A white light surged out and formed a thin layer around her body, isolating the miasma.

"Haha, it looks like you have some idea about this gift that the lord bestowed on me. As I had thought, this transformation of yours should be the beast transformation exclusive to the possessors of Beast Inheritance no?."

Chapter 844- Knight Captain (8)

"No wonder you know something about this energy. That beast soul inside you should be quite ancient"

In the sky, shrouded inside the faint greyish black miasma, the general laughed when he saw the action of the princess. The next second he extended his hands which had become completely lifeless and grey due to the greyish black miasma and marvelled at its power.

At this moment, his hands looked dull and dead, just like a corpse. Furthermore, there were criss crossing cracks running through his hand and it seemed like his hands would crumble apart any second. Nevertheless, the vast amount of energy contained within it, said otherwise.

"[Hands of Ruin]"

The general slowly muttered under his breath. His face was extremely pale, veins bulged around his forehead and perspiration covered his body. His aura had also dropped visibly.

Clearly, this power had a lot of drawbacks; however, the General did not care about such things as a fierce smile spread from his lips.

"Using this gift that the lord bestowed upon me, I shall achieve victory for his emperor"

Saying so, the general stepped forward, instantly his figure disappeared. The next time he appeared, he was already behind Cynthia. A grey hand was extended towards her seemingly wanting to touch her.

The latter sensing the danger, dodged to the side and employed a movement skill to open some distance between them. After that, her eyes which had contracted like a cat, gazed at the extended hand.

She could feel some intense dangerous fluctuations coming from that seemingly ordinary hand. Her omen proved to be true the next second when the general opened his hand.

"So you dodged that huh? Good choice, if you hadn't dodged, your outcome would have been just like this hair" The general opened his hand, and a single strand of hair was caught in between his palm.

The violet coloured hair had a lustrous shine to it and it was obvious who it belonged to. Cynthia looked at that strand of her hair when suddenly her eyes contracted. In front of her gaze, that hair instantly lost all of its shine as a greyish energy invaded it and it quickly withered away.

Seeing this, a chill ran down her spine. Thankfully, it was just a strand of her hair, had it connected with her body, even she didn't have the confidence to come out unscathed.

"Cynthia use the Beast Materialisation Skill. You cannot let him touch you" The sacred beast Leo spoke inside her head.

"I understand" Cynthia nodded her head and activated the beast materialisation skill. The space around her violently trembled before wave after wave of pure mana that contained traces of divinity spread out of her body.

The next second, they clustered together to form two gigantic claws that looked like the claws of a lion.

The claws looked almost animate and ancient, like two claws that had breached through the barrier of time and appeared before everyone. They possessed their own destructive undulation that was completely different from the general's [Hands of Ruin].

The battle that had come to a pause, erupted once again. This time, it was Cynthia who went into the offensive and clashed against the general. Their battle was fierce and extremely eye catching.

Berserk wind rose, turning into tornadoes that connected the sky with the land, thunder rumbled and hundred foot wide blade auras dropped from the sky like rain. Hundreds of meters of area around them was instantly turned into a disaster area where life would be harvested in an instant if any weak level person approached the area even by mistake.

Many observers watched the fight between their leaders with fear and apprehension in their eyes. The fight between the two would decide the ultimate victor of this long drawn out war. Victory or defeat would be decided the moment when one of them falls.

While Cynthia and the general were locked in an intense battle the shockwave of which could be felt all through the battlefield, in another area of the battlefield, a team of four people were engaged in a fierce struggle of their own.

Alvara, Burg, Marba and Brett zipped through the ground and attacked the enemy with all their might. Facing them was the Perfect Tainted Commander or to say the former Knight Captain of the kingdom of Ellesmere.

CLANG... a powerful noise rang out, Alvara, Burg and Brett who were combining their attacks to stop the Knight captain, were all blown back. Blood flowed down their bodies; nevertheless, they still managed to land their attacks even if they had to incur some damage in the process.

The Knight Captain staggered, at this moment his figure looked extremely battered with sword and wounds dotting his body making him look just like a porcupine. His scarred flesh and half exposed skull made him out to be quite a sorry figure and at the same time made him appear quite menacing.

Even though the knight captain was staggering and had taken a lot of damage, there was no denying the aura he gave off which was still as powerful as ever.

Facing that aura head on, Alvara and her group's faces paled. Although they had received guidance and even sparred with the knight captain before, this was the first time they were fighting him in a serious life and death battle.

There were several instances during the fight where they almost lost their lives and situations where they had to pay a heavy price just to dodge an attack from him.

The knight Captain's attacks were fierce and swift standing up to the reputation of the strongest royal knight of the kingdom. It was not only his attacks, but his defences were also nigh impenetrable with a solid body balance that allowed him to counterattack at the slightest opportunity.

From this, one could wonder how powerful the knight captain was. If not for the fact that he had been turned into a tainted soldier and he no longer possessed his former wits, it would be impossible for them to deal this much damage to him.

In fact, most of the damage seen on the body of the knight captain was done by the air strike earlier. Alvara and the others utilised that opportunity when his attacks became too dull to deal damage to him.

Nevertheless, facing him once again and this time as opponents, they once again realised why this man in front of him was called the strongest royal knight and the shield that stood between the royal family and the enemies.

That said, knowing this and facing him right now, did not make them the slightest bit happy. The reason for that was because the once glorious knight captain was now being made use of in such a cruel way.

How could Alvara and the others bear to see him like that?

"Dammit, even though he is no longer my brother, the strength he possesses is undoubtedly his" Alvara muttered dodging numerous sword slashes that came at her at breakneck speed.

"You are right, this is getting nowhere. At this rate, we will be the first ones to expend our energy and tire out. We need a plan" Burg was of the same mind. As they faced the knight captain, the group gathered together.

"Although it might look like our attacks aren't doing any damage, it can be seen from his slowly deteriorating movements that it is definitely having some effect. Although he might be much more powerful than the other tainted knights, he is no different from them. That is to say, if we attack his weak point, which is his head, he can be defeated"

"However, our blades aren't able to get too close to him and even if it does, the armour stops it from becoming fatal. The only one among us who has enough firepower to ignore the defence of the armour is Marba" Alvara explained the plan.

"Even if she can deal damage to him, I highly doubt that Knight Captain... ahem... former knight captain will sit still and allow her to complete her magic" Brett the assassin spoke. As a former seasoned adventurer, his input was highly regarded within the group.

"You are right, there is no way that man will let Marba complete her spell. Which why we must stop him until then"

When she spoke till here, she could see a pensive look appear on the faces of everyone. If the battle so far taught them something, it would be that dealing with the knight captain was not so easy.

If it was, wouldn't they have already defeated him? Forget about being able to stop him, they had to put their life on line just to contain him. Alvara asking them to stop him while Marba casts her most powerful magic would not only prove to be a monumental task but it would also expose Marba to danger.

Everybody knew how powerless a mage was when they were in the middle of casting their magic.

Even mindless beasts would prioritise attacking the mage after sensing the danger emitted by the magic, much less needs to be said about intelligent opponents. It was common knowledge to take out the mages from the enemy's team before they could unleash any powerful magic.

As such, it was unlikely that the knight captain even though he had been turned into a cold emotionless tool of war, would wait for Marba to unleash her magic. A warrior as powerful as him wouldn't even need much time to cover the distance between him and Marba to swiftly cull her down.

Chapter 845- A Change in Situation

Everybody was pondering the option when Alvara spoke once again.

"I know I am asking too much, if possible I would have liked to stake my life in the line instead of Marba. However, I see no other option to take this man down. I know I am being selfish but I don't want to see my brother being manipulated to kill his own people anymore. Of course, we will go with this plan only if Marba herself agrees".

The mage Marba who was at the back of the formation, clutched her staff tightly. Her face looked pale and her body trembled ever so slightly. Clearly, she was nervous when such a large responsibility was put on her shoulders. Nevertheless, the girl put up a bright smile and nodded her head.

"Haha, don't worry about me, I will do it. Just like you, I want Sir Cyrus to rest too. He was someone noble and helped orphans like us to walk the right path when we were young. If it's for him, then even if it costs me my life I shall help set him free".

Her words made Burg who usually stuck close to her the most, to bunch his brows. His mouth opened and closed as he looked at the determined girl next to him. In the end, he was unable to say anything and could only clench his shield tighter.

His movements might have been slight; however, they didn't go unnoticed by Alvara. She turned towards Marba and reassured, "There is no need for you to give your life. I promise you that we will keep him contained until you complete your spell".

There was a faint smile on her face.

"It looks like you have some plan, Guard commander. In that case, allow these old bones to aid you. Although I might not be able to handle the former knight captain, I still take pride in being a seasoned adventurer" Brett the old assassin spoke brandishing his knives.

"Alright everyone, get into position. We shall take down the knight captain who is being manipulated by the enemies and reduce the burden on the princess who is fighting to take out the head of the enemy army" Alvara hurriedly cried out when she saw her brother move once again.

BOOM... cracking the ground as he moved, the knight captain now a perfect tainted commander utilised his high stats to appear in front of them. The greyish black sword in his hand was swung downwards and a powerful blade aura was released.

The blade aura was more than ten feet long and was sharp enough to cleave through an entire mountain.

"Haaaaa!!" at the same moment the sword was swung down, a mighty roar sounded and Burg carrying a large shield with one hand, stood in front of everyone.

CLANG... a low dull noise rang out followed by intense sparks as the force behind the blade aura pushed Burg dozens of meters. A deep ditch formed under his feet and sounds of his bones breaking could be heard.

In fact, his face looked so red that it wouldn't be surprising that he burst many veins in the process. Yet the force behind the blade aura was yet to diminish. Nevertheless, like a stubborn bull, Burg refused to budge down.

Finally, just as he was about to be blown away, he threw away his sword and grabbed the shield with both of his hands. What's more, he also lowered his centre of gravity and tilted his shield until his posture was exactly like the knight captain when he defended.

Finally, after a fierce struggle, the blade aura came to a stop and was deflected upwards just as it was about to cleave his shield in half.

"If you are a protector, just focus on defending. There is no meaning for you to hold a sword, all you need is a shield. As long as you master it, you can protect everyone and anyone who is behind you"

"Knight captain do you still remember these words that you said to me when we met for the first time after I got recruited as a royal knight?" Burg looked at the former knight captain and grinned.

Though his words did not evoke any emotion from the man who was no different than a cold emotionless machine right now. The latter simply extended his sword upwards, frightening mana mixed with peculiar greyish energy gathered at the edges.

"No, you don't"

Just as he was about to swing his sword once again, Brett pounced out of thin air and attacked the wrist of the knight captain thus stopping him from unleashing that devastating sword slash once again.

It was not only Brett, Alvara who followed soon after, chained her attacks with Brett. Her powerful skills, combined with the abilities of her rare class rained down on the knight forcing him to defend continuously.

By the time the tainted commander could deal with all those attacks, Burg recovered from his injuries and stood before him once again. The group repeated the tactic, keeping the knight captain busy.

Meanwhile, standing at the far back, Marba raised her staff and started casting. Whoosh... winds began to brew as a large amount of mana gushed out of her body. Like a twister, the mana from Marba was dense enough to take form and even affect the environment.

With every chant that she spoke, the dense mana agglomerated towards her staff. The large core stone released a bright glow as threatening fluctuations spread all around the surroundings.

Like ripples on the surface of a lake, these fluctuations were visible to the naked eye. The natural mystical energy present in the surrounding immediately fled when it came in contact with those ripples.

If the precursive effects was already this strong, one would have to wonder how powerful the magic was.

"This destructive aura... it has clearly surpassed the intermediate magic. No, could she be trying to conjure amalgamation magic of two intermediate tier elements?"

Brett who was busy containing the knight captain, muttered under his breath feeling the magic slowly take shape.

"Haha, that lass has grown" he laughed.

Something like casting amalgamation magic and that too of two intermediate tier elements wasn't something that the previous Marba would even think of. Yet the current her was trying to achieve just that.

This showed how much she had grown both in terms of level and mentality in the past few months. In fact, it was not only her who had shown growth, all the people in the group had broken out of their previous shells and had become more powerful and resilient.

Like a butterfly coming out of a cocoon, they had undergone a metamorphosis of sorts. As could be seen from the way they fought and coordinated together. Each and every skill they used was effective enough to increase the damage of the others while leaving no opportunity to exploit.

"Let's keep mounting the pressure. If Marba is able to successfully cast that magic, it will surely take down this tainted commander" On Cynthia's shout the ferocity of the group's attack increased.

If they could sense the changes in the mana in the surroundings, then it was also possible for the former knight captain they were entangled with to also sense it too.

Knowing such a powerful attack was about to come, there was no way, he would let her complete it. As they had expected, the dead eyes of the knight captain suddenly shone with a beast like ferocity. The entire atmosphere around him changed and his attacks became even more berserk.

"Kuh" Burg grit his teeth and endured the relentless attack that came raining down on him. By now he had already lost all sensation coming from his arms which felt like two blocks of concrete that were extremely heavy.

Yet even though he bled and suffered inhumane pain in the process, he did not move away from his place. The reason being that as a tank if he moved from his place, then it would put his teammates in danger and especially that girl who was currently in the midst of conjuring her most powerful magic.

Compared to the responsibility she shouldered, the pain he suffered was nothing.

"Knight captain you are not going anywhere"

Giving a deep growl like that of an injured beast, Burg activated one skill after another. His skin turned crimson and his body ballooned increasing to a size of a small mountain in the blink of an eye.

Sensing the changes in him, Alvara also activated her most powerful skill. [ThornBloom Blade Dance] a rare skill that has perfected to the ancient tier.

The sword in her hand danced, releasing peculiar sword glows that stayed in the air without disappearing even after a while.

[ThornBloom Dance], it was a technique that combined elegance with lethal and deadly strikes. Every movement and arc, manifests a whirlwind of slashes that mimic the graceful yet lethal movements of blooming thorns.

With each strike of the technique, it appeared as if it were a thorn springing forth from the earth, swift and unstoppable.

Alvara's movement looked like a dance, the air crackled with power, and the sound of steel slicing through the atmosphere was akin to the rustling of leaves in the wind. Her blade moved with

fluidity and speed, leaving behind a trail of shimmering arcs that glint in the light like petals catching the sun.

From afar, the Thornbloom Blade Dance resembles a beautiful yet perilous dance, Alvara moving with such grace and precision that it is almost mesmerizing to behold.

Chapter 846- A Change In Situation (2)

There was no doubt that it looked extremely beautiful; however, make no mistake, it was a technique created to leave destruction in its wake. Each strike of the Thornbloom Blade Dance carries with it a deadly intent, capable of piercing through even the toughest of defences.

The air shook as all the blades set their target. The next second, a sharp energy filled the place as all the blades rained down on the Knight Captain like petals falling from trees, a mesmerising sight to behold.

"Haha, that's the spirit. Keep it up you two"

The old assassin Brett spoke. He then kept his twin dagger and took out a new weapon from his space ring.

The new weapon was a blowgun. The body of the blowgun was ash grey in colour with numerous markings and runes inscribed on its surface. Its body was also rough and ancient as if it was made very crudely.

Nevertheless, once it appeared in Brett's hands the entire aura around it changed. The runes around it started glowing with a mysterious energy. Despite its rough and crude appearance, there was an undeniable aura of danger emanating from the weapon. Clearly, it was of a very high rank.

"Now then I can't let the youngsters take all the spotlight can I? I didn't think that I would have to use this thing one day. Nevertheless, using it is better than dying futilely... hehe".

Holding the blowgun in his hand, the assassin spoke. At the end of his sentence, Brett even started laughing melancholily.

He took a deep breath and placed his mouth on the blowgun. Immediately, a torrent of power was released from the blowgun and the air crackled in omen of the incoming attack.

"Hmph, do you really think that you can stop a perfect Tainted commander just like that?"

Standing in the sky, observing the battle as he fought with Cynthia, was the general. He snorted in derision when he saw that the perfect tainted commander was completely stopped by this group of people.

His hands suddenly formed some cryptic seals and the auras of all the tainted commanders and tainted knights on the ground increased drastically. The change was fierce and could be seen all around the battlefield.

The once deadlock that had been formed between the army of the kingdom of Ellesmere and the forces of Balckthorn, was completely broken with the sudden surge in power among the tainted knights.

"What did you do?" Cynthia hurriedly cried out in anger. She could see that the army of her kingdom was slowly starting to get overwhelmed and pushed back. The same was the case even with the adventurers of the tower town.

Although they could somehow manage even while facing the sudden surge in strength in their opponents, it was clear that they were starting to have a tough time defeating them.

"Haha, it's nothing, I just released the seal that has been keeping the tainted knights from unleashing all their strength. Although doing so would cause the tainted knights to suffer some damage from the repercussions of the tainted energy, given the situation, it cannot be helped. The forces of His Majesty cannot be stopped by the likes of you" The general laughed, pleased by the result.

"You!!!" Cynthia was enraged. She was just about to attack him with a powerful skill when suddenly her attention was distracted by a powerful roar that came from the direction she was paying close attention.

'It cannot be' An ominous thought just appeared in her mind when it became reality the next second.

ROARRR... in the far battlefield, the knight captain roared like a beast a dense cloud of greyish-black energy erupted from his body, shrouding him in an aura of malevolence.

The energy writhed and twisted like the tendrils of some otherworldly creature, its corrosive nature evident in the way it ate away at the surrounding air.

Within the swirling maelstrom of energy, the knight captain's form underwent a grotesque transformation. His visage contorted and warped, his features elongating into something almost bestial in nature.

His eyes burned with a sinister light, and his greyish black armour now seemed to melt and meld with the swirling energy, almost becoming an extension of the swirling energies that came out of his body.

Spikes and jagged edges protruded from his body, giving him the appearance of a nightmarish fusion of man and monster.

As his blurry figure twisted and distorted, it became increasingly hard to compare him with the appearance of the knight captain.

ROARR... the tainted commander roared once again. The next second, the air around him grew thick with dread, and the atmosphere itself began to shudder with the pressure emitted by him.

BANG... the ground cracked as he moved. In the blink of an eye, he was already upon Burg who could barely respond in time.

CLANG... CLANG... CLANG... sharp sword strikes hit the shield. Despite it being made of a very high grade material, it quickly collapsed under the attack from the tainted commander.

Now that his seal was removed, his attack intensified, reaching a new height and displaying the might of a Perfect Tainted Commander. Peculiar greyish black energy mixed with mana released out of his body in droves increasing the power and lethality of each of his attacks.

At this moment, the perfect tainted commander had completely surpassed the former knight captain both in terms of power and stats. Under the storm like attacks of the knight captain and having lost his shield Burg quickly found himself at a disadvantage and slowly being beaten back.

BANG... with a powerful front kick, he was blown back, blood sprouting from all of his seven orifices. The peculiar greyish black energy also latched onto him like a loach slowly depleting all of his energy.

After dealing with Burg, the Perfect Tainted commander then executed a high ranking movement skill to quickly dodge the incoming sword dance from Alvara.

The Thornbloom Blade dance was no doubt an extremely powerful Rare Ancient Tier skill. Each of the swords that rained like petals, was sharp enough to easily pierce through armour made of Balckgold.

Even if it was the Knight Captian who was regarded as the strongest knight in the history of the kingdom, he wouldn't be able to come out unscathed when facing that attack.

However, the knight captain was called as so for a reason. Even if he had been turned into an existence similar to the tainted knights, his body still possessed and remembered the skill he had honed over the years.

Alvara and the other might have become stronger in these past few months but there was still a large gap between them and the knight captain. Naturally, if Alvara could possess some rare ancient tier skills, then there was no reason to think that the knight captain didn't.

Utilising the movement skill whose ranking was not any less impressive than the Thornbloom Balde Dance, the Knight Captain left numerous afterimages as he dodged all the incoming attacks from Alvara and rushed towards the Assassin named Brett.

The former tried to stop him; however, the tainted commander had already swung his sword forward.

SHIING... A powerful blade aura erupted forth from the tip of the sword and rushed towards the assassin. The blade aura held an extremely destructive force and was dozens of times bigger than what was thrown at Burg previously.

Evidently, the tainted commander had stopped holding back and threw this attack with the intention to kill. If the attack connected, there was no way Brett who was not a tank like Burg, would be able to endure it.

Perhaps, he might be able to keep his life intact by using several skills; however, if he took that attack head on, he would no doubt be severely injured in the process.

"Brett dodge it" Alvara cried out. Though the next second she realised how foolish those words were.

The attack from the tainted commander came as a surprise and Brett who was currently in the midst of operating the blowgun, had no way of dodging it.

SLASH... in a split second, the sword aura arrived and cleaved through the man and land alike. Destruction was left behind, a deep ravine that looked like the slithering body of a giant snake, formed on the ground.

As for Brett, there was no signs of his existence left behind. It was as if the man had disappeared along with the ground he was standing on.

When Alvara and the others saw that, their expression drastically fell.

"Dammit!!"

Alvara cried out, all kinds of emotions fluctuated on her face. Even though she knew that stopping the former knight captain would be an incredibly dangerous task and she might very well lose some of her friends, when it really did happen, it was hard for her and everyone to accept it.

The loss of the old assassin Brett was devastating, it was a hard pill to swallow. However, they weren't given any time to mourn for the loss they suffered as the Perfect Tainted Commander after disposing of Brett, turned towards the mage next.

Swoosh... his body moved and he left an afterimages behind. His speed was so fast that they weren't even able to react in time.

In just a matter of seconds, the perfect tainted commander was already upon Marba who at this moment was still in the middle of casting her magic.

It was only now they realised that the real target of the former Knight Captain was her from the beginning.

Chapter 847- A Change In Situation (3)

The attack on Brett and everything was all just a façade. The one who represented the real danger to him since the beginning was Marba. As such, his first objective was to take her out.

The greyish black sword that contained the peculiar energy slowly dropped on the head of the girl. Given the fact that she was a mage— a class whose defensive stat was the weakest out of all the classes and that she was currently in the middle of chanting her magic and could not pull herself out, meant that she was at her most vulnerable state.

In her current state, forget about the powerful sword slash that even a warrior like Burg who specialised in defence, was unable to take on completely, even the weakest attack would prove fatal to her.

Everybody who was powerless enough to watch, had no doubt in kind that once this attack landed, that pretty body of that girl would be split into two.

At this moment, time came to a crawl as the group watched the sword slowly drop down on the head of the girl.

"Stopp!!!"

Burg cried out in a heart palpitating manner. He tried to run towards her; however, the injuries in his body were far too severe. The huge indent made on his armour from the kick he suffered earlier, made him cough out blood due to overstraining his body.

In the end, all he could do was look at the sword slowly slash down at the girl.

"Haha, did you think that you killed this old man? Sir Knight Captain, I can't believe you would be this careless. It is a common knowledge that when pacing a party, the most one should be cautious of after the mage is the assassin. You of all people should know that I ain't among those to drop dead so easily"

A timely voice intervened. Just as the sword was in midmotion, the air behind the perfect tainted commander fluctuated and Brett's figure materialised out of it.

He looked perfectly fine with not even a trace of wound that could be seen on his body. Clearly, he managed to dodge the previous attack before it could kill him.

Brett's appearance was a pleasant surprise for Alvara and the group who were desperately running towards the former knight captain to stop him.

"Brett, stop him" Alvar hurriedly cried out.

"Haha, I intend to do exactly that, guard commander"

Brett smiled, at this moment he had already brought the blowgun to his mouth. His movements were fluid and precise, portraying years of honed skill and expertise.

As he blew into the blowgun, the weapon seemed to hum with power, the air crackled with sparks of raw energy being released out and an undeniable aura of danger suffused into the surrounding.

The next second, the blowgun fired. Immediately, a powerful phenomenon erupted. Black lightning erupted from the weapon, lancing outwards in a pure destructive and ominous force.

The shockwaves that rippled through the air were felt for miles around, rattling the very earth with their intensity. A torrent of power was unleashed, the force of which was enough to send even the strongest of foes reeling.

The blowgun was the strongest attack that Brett could dish out. What's more, it was a forbidden weapon that he had procured a long time ago when he was still an active adventurer.

When blown into its tube, it released condensed mana supercharged to its utmost limit and imbued with a lethal potency that bordered on extreme might. Even if it was the Knight Captain with his extreme skills and defence, he won't be able to completely avoid the attack, especially from this distance.

Just like Brett had predicted, the former Knight Captain was forced to halt his attack on the mage midway and instead block his attack.

As the lethal mana dart hurtled towards him with deadly accuracy, the tainted knight commander's reaction was nothing short of astonishing. With a speed that seemed almost inhuman, he intercepted the projectile mid-flight, his movements fluid and precise despite the ferocity of the attack.

CLANG... The sword slash that had been intended to cleave Marba in half was abruptly redirected, the tainted knight commander's blade intercepted the mana dart with a resounding clang.

The supercondensed mana dart that was even able to penetrate through even the most sturdiest of defence, was stopped by a single sword swing from the knight captain.

Although the sword suffered heavy damage in the process with a large chink appearing at the edges of its blade, it nonetheless successfully stopped the attack.

The old assassin Brett stood there in undisguised astonishment. It was one thing if the former knight captain was able to stop the attack had he was fully prepared and knew that the attack was coming.

However, his attack was silent and unexpected. He made sure that the enemy was fully focused on his target and was completely unaware of his surroundings before acting.

Yet in that split second, the Knight Captain was not only able to act but even stop his attack. A feat of reflexes and skill that bordered on the supernatural, defying the limits of what should have been humanly possible.

The scene was so unexpected that Brett was unable to react to what occurred next nor did anybody.

SLASH... blood spurted like a fountain and a deep gash appeared on the body of the old assassin.

THUD... the man fell down in the pool of his own blood, his eyes still containing the surprise from before. It was unknown whether he was dead or alive.

After dealing with the assassin, the Perfect Tainted Commander finally turned towards the mage. At this moment, the mana in the surrounding was going crazy with dark clouds looming over in the sky, evidence that the magic was almost about to be completed.

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CLANG... he slowly dragged the sword through the ground and turned towards the mage. Now that the distraction was gone, it was finally time he dealt with the mage.

Facing him, Marba might be fully focused on completing her magic; however, she could still sense the event that was going around her. Brett's unknown fate and her impending doom, everything was crystal clear to her.

Yet even while knowing that if she didn't stop chanting and moved out of the way, she would die, the girl bit her lips and stubbornly endured.

Her friends and comrades were all injured trying to stop the former knight captain and it was unknown if Brett was alive or dead. In a situation like this, if she stopped chanting they would automatically lose all their chance of defeating him.

At that moment, the sacrifice and the injuries that her friends suffered would be for nought. This was an outcome she was unwilling to accept. No matter what, she had to complete her magic.

"Just a little more!!!"

She muttered inside her head. However, fate was cruel, it did not give her any time. The blade of death hung high up and with a swoosh, it came down.

Marba closed her eyes as if coming to terms with her fate. Yet at the last moment, she heard the berserk roar of a man whose voice was much too familiar to her and before she knew it, something large embraced her tightly.

When Marba opened her eyes, she realised that she was perfectly safe and was tightly being hugged by one of her comrades, the burly knight Burg who at this moment was standing in front of her.

"You..." Marba was so astonished that she wanted to say something; however, before she could open her mouth, she heard the sound of blood splashing behind Burg.

Afraid that he had taken the attack by shielding her, she hurriedly cried out when she realised that Burg was equally surprised as her.

From his somewhat healthy face, it didn't seem like he suffered any wound.

If it was not him then who stopped the attack from the former knight captain?

"You stupid subordinates. Really, you all will be the death of me"

A somewhat forced voice that contained traces of suppressed pain and sadness, rang out. The familiar voice instantly caused Burg and Marba to widen their eyes. Their gaze shifted and they quickly turned around to see that the person who stopped the attack from the former knight captain was none other than Alvara.

Though she stopped the attack, it was clear that she had to pay a heavy price. A deep gash appeared on her armour from which blood flowed out unceasingly. Her weapon was broken in half and her face was as pale as a sheet.

Clearly, she had received great damage. Puff... a mouth of blood came out as she tried to open her mouth to say something. However, in the end, all she could do was smile bitterly and nod at Marba.

In this key moment, she was the deciding factor.

The latter made a devastated expression, tears continuously dropped down her smooth fair cheeks. Nevertheless, she continued her chanting. Her chant appeared heart rending as well as strangely mesmerising. Meanwhile, feeling the increasing danger from the magic being cast, the perfect tainted commander became more frantic. The greyish black energy coming out of him whirled and he gave a savage roar.

That long greyish black blade that was like the herald of death was brandished once again. It dropped down on Alvara intending to cleave her in half this time.

Given the latter's condition and no means to block the attack anymore, there was no doubt that if this attack landed on her, she would die.

Check out the Fandom, the character's sketches are out. You can show your love by giving points to them.

Chapter 848- The Knight Captain's last struggle

Heck, even Burg who knew how powerful those sword slashes were, understood that it was already a miracle that Alvara was able to keep standing after taking one head on. If she took another one on top of that...

"No, Guard commander dodge it"

He hurriedly called out. He tried to will his body to move forward; however, his body refused to obey him at his moment as severe pain shot out through every inch of his body. It was obvious that he had already exceeded his physical limit and abused his body until it had to even shut down his pain receptors.

With nothing he could do, Burg could only watch as the sword cleave through the air and drop down on the head of the Guard commander.

"Brother, I will be going ahead. But don't feel sad, this was not your fault"

A rare beautiful smile appeared at the last moment on this woman who always kept a tight mouth and refused to show much emotion on her face.

At that moment, just as the sword was about to drop down on her, a peculiar phenomenon that Burg and the others didn't expect occurred. The swinging sword of the former Knight Captain came to a stop just inches away from the body of the guard commander.

ROARR... at the same instant, the Perfect Tainted Commander gave a bestial howl and started behaving peculiarly. Its crimson eyes which were hidden by the greyish black miasma, started flickering wildly.

What's more, its form also deformed causing the dense savageness covering its body to weaken and strengthen intermittently.

ROARR... another savage roar came out of the throat of the former knight captain. Through this time, one could feel traces of sadness and pain in his voice.

"This..." Alvara and Burg were stunned.

What was going on? Why did he stop all of a sudden?

From what they could understand from the wildly distorting figure of the former knight captain, it appeared that he was struggling. A sign that never appeared on his person before that.

Why would it appear now? Just as that thought popped in their heads, the answer to it naturally arrived as well.

If there was one thing different about the current scene, it was that it was Alvara who was standing in front of the former knight captain. Given the fact that the former was the little sister of the latter, the struggle that the former Knight Captain was going through could be related to that.

Did he come to his senses? Burg couldn't help but wonder. A faint hope surged inside his heart. He did not know what the enemy did to him to turn him into an appearance that was neither a beast nor human.

However, given the tenacity and willpower of the knight captain how could he allow himself to be controlled by the enemy?

Similar thoughts also surged inside ALvara's heart. She who was closer to the man himself, could see the fierce struggle inside his eyes clearly.

"Brother, are you there?" Unable to hold herself back, she cried out.

At that very instant, the struggle inside the eyes of the perfect Tainted commander increased and for a second there, she actually saw gentleness and lovingness that she had seen many times previously in the eyes of her brother, surface in those crimson beast like eyes.

[Al...var.a... you... ha...ve.. finally... grow.n... up].

Gasp... Alvara gasped, holding her mouth with her hands. This voice... there is no way she would forget it. Her brother was alive inside that thing.

"Brother you are alive. H-how can I help you?" she hurriedly asked, panicking as she looked at his figure.

In contrast to herself, the distorting greyish white figure remained calm. He looked at Alvara with a trace of care and warmth before saying in a somewhat regrettable tone.

"Listen well Alvara, you cannot save me"...

"This...no, I will definitely save you" the latter cried tears streaking down her face.

"Don't be stubborn at this time Alvara. I understand my body fully well. I am no longer me. The body you see is nothing but a shell that is being controlled by this revolting gooey energy. Even at this moment, it threatens to consume my consciousness. Before I completely get consumed, you must promise to kill me"

The Perfect Tainted Commander, no, the strongest Knight Captain in the history of the kingdom, Cyrus Skyler requested. His eyes begged as he looked at his sister, there were traces of grief in them as they saw the hideous wound on her.

Facing his request, Alvara was completely lost. It was one thing if it was before; however, now that she knew a trace of her brother still remained inside that body, a part of her found herself flustered and unable to decide.

On one hand, she wanted to save her brother but on the other, she knew that doing so would put the rest of her teammates in danger.

The thing that happened with Brett, she didn't want to repeat it again. At this critical point in time, she found herself unsure of what to do. Just when she was lost unable to come up with an answer, she felt the magic being cast by Marba suddenly come to a stop.

There could only be one meaning for the latter to stop casting her magic at this moment and that reason was that it had come to a completion.

Alvara's body trembled intensely when she realised that. The three of them would contain the former knight captain while Marba conjures her most powerful magic. From the beginning that was their goal.

As Marba was the one with the highest firepower among their group, she was the only one who could finish him off with certainty. Now that her magic was completed, telling her to stop would run contrary to their plan.

She couldn't do that to her teammates. Especially while knowing that once the last remaining consciousness of her brother gets consumed by whatever that thing was inside his body, they would be like sitting ducks waiting to be butchered in front of him. She has to make a decision.

Seeing the hesitation in her eyes, Cyrus shouted— [Alvara!!]. His shout woke the former up. She finally bit her teeth and gestured at Marba to release her magic.

At that instant, the air crackled with energy. With a swift gesture, Marba combined the elemental forces of flame and earth, weaving them together into a powerful amalgamation of magic that shimmered with intense heat and primal strength.

A wave of searing flames erupted from her outstretched hands, engulfing the battlefield in a blaze of fiery intensity. The ground trembled beneath her feet as molten earth surged forth, twisting and writhing like a living entity.

In the sky, columns of flame danced and twisted, casting flickering shadows across the scorched earth below. The heat was so palpable that one could feel their skin burning up.

That was not all, as of spurred by the might of the magic, thunder rumbled in the sky. Bolts of lightning crackled and danced inside the dark black clouds, their jagged arcs illuminating the battlefield with blinding bursts of light.

Their rumbling noise appeared as the sound of the fury of the magic that was about to take shape.

Marba stood resolute, her eyes ablaze with determination as she channelled all of her mana and mental strength into the magic. The resulting phenomenon was a sight to behold.

Columns of flames transformed into fiery tendrils intertwined with swirling eddies of earth. First, these wisps of flame began to coalesce, dancing and flickering in the air as if they were actual living beings.

They twisted and twirled, forming intricate patterns that appeared almost like a dance. Little by little as the flames grew in intensity, it took on the form of a fierce, roaring dragon, its scales gleaming with an indestructible light.

At the same moment, the wiggling earth beneath Marba's feet seemed to have grown increasingly intense. Cracks split the ground open, revealing molten rivers of lava that flowed like veins of liquid fire.

From these fissures came out a gigantic hand that slammed into the land. Seconds after another hand came out and slowly the figure of a towering golem could be seen rising up from inside the fissure.

Its intimidating form and massive size was hewn from the very bedrock of the earth itself. When the gigantic golem took a step, the ground shook with the force of its immense power.

"Amalgamation Magic- Flame Magic Mastery... Tremor Magic Mastery... [Inferno Crucible]"

With those final words from Marba, it was as if the missing piece in a puzzle was complete, the two magic started combining together.

The flames and earth converged, they merged into a singular entity, a towering colossus wreathed in flames and encrusted with jagged rocks. Its eyes blazed with an inner fire, and its every movement sent shockwaves rippling through the air.

This amalgamation of two intermediate elements of flame and earth was like a force of nature unto itself, a living embodiment of elemental power.

[Inferno Crucible], this was the strongest magic that Marba a level 482 Arcane Conflagration Mage could dish out. In fact, this was her first time conjuring such a powerful amalgamation magic and the risk of failure was quite high.

Nevertheless, even while enduring the tearing mental strain, the despair of failure and the fear of death looming outside, she continued to forge ahead until she finally achieved success. Now it was time she unleashed its might.

Check out the Fandom, the character's sketched are out. You can show your love by giving points to them.

Chapter 849- The Knight Captain's Last Struggle (2)

On Alvara's gesture, Marba pointed with her staff which was currently blazing hot due to the vast amount of mana being channelled through it and the blazing giant started treading ahead.

Its massive size covered the distance in an instant and arrived before the knight captain.

"Guard commander, let us go"

Burg tugged Alvara's hand. Considering the massive size of the golem, they would get caught up in between once it starts attacking. It was better to clear the site for the two monstrosities to duke it out among themselves.

Alvara nodded her head and looked at her brother for one last time before turning around.

"My dear sister, live well" At that moment, a pleased voice came from the latter and their figure was quickly disappeared by the massive fist that dropped down on them.

BANG... BANG... BANG... BANG... the giant repeatedly pummeled its fist onto the ground, causing dozens of foot wide cracks to spread through the ground like sinister tendrils of underworld.

The ground quaked beneath its mighty blows. Each impact sent shockwaves rippling through the battlefield, knocking down several weak levelled soldiers out of balance. Their dread filled eyes looked into the distance where a gigantic blazing giant was standing as it beat down on the earth.

The force of the blows reverberated through the air, pounding their hearts as they looked on with shock. They were all aware that were it them in the place of the Knight Captain, they would be instantly smashed into bloody spatter.

The relentless assault of the giant continued, with each successive strike, the ground buckled and heaved, unable to withstand the sheer force of the giant's onslaught. Tall plumes of dust and debris rose in the air and dozens of meters of land was quickly torn asunder.

The might of the giant created an atmosphere of chaos and destruction, as the very earth itself seemed to tremble in fear of the construct's power.

Those who witnessed the spectacle could only watch in awe and terror as the ground beneath their feet was torn asunder by the unstoppable force of the giant's blows.

"Even the knight captain won't be able to endure this right?" many of the soldiers who recognised the appearance of the knight captain, discussed as they fought their adversaries.

"You idiot, you can't say something like this in the middle of the battle. Don't you know that's a bad omen?" another soldier rebuked.

Just as he had feared, things progressed in the way he didn't want to. After the pummeling of the giant stopped and the dust and debris settled down, out from the enormous crater that was formed from the depression made by the fists, a greyish black shadow crawled out.

Their figure was twisted and they appeared more like a beast at this point than a human. From the looks of things they have taken some significant damage from the attack from the giant earlier. However, it was still not enough to kill them.

BANG... a berserk to the extreme wind generated around the Perfect Tainted Commander, the greyish black energy like floodwater was completely released at this point.

ROARR.. the latter gave a bestial howl and pounced forward. Their figure was so fast that in the blink of an eye, they were already upon the giant.

A punch was thrown and... BOOM... another deafening noise echoed out and in front of the astonished eyes of numerous people, the gigantic body of the blazing golem was lifted up and blown back.

09:35

The ground trembled when the giant crashed and a depression much larger than what was formed from the repeated slamming of the fist, formed on the ground where the giant crash landed.

That was not all, the sturdy body of the blazing golem that looked like it was hewn from the very bedrock, had cracks surface on the place where the Perfect Tainted Commander had thrown its punch.

"As expected of the former knight captain. Even with the [Inferno Crucilbe], I can barely keep up with him"

Marba commented. Her staff moved and another wave of dense mana was poured into the blazing giant.

"Everyone's hope is now on me, I don't believe that I can't deal with you especially when all of them have damaged you to this extent".

The relentless assault from the blazing golem, combined with the cumulative damage inflicted by her friends who literally staked their lives on the line, should be taking its toll on the perfect tainted commander.

Though he had proven formidable thus far, the steady onslaught of attacks had left him battered and worn. No matter how impenetrable an armour was, every blow, every spell, and every strike would create small chinks that would steadily widen into gaping fissures.

The same was the case with the Knight Captain, With each passing moment, the effects of the battle would begin to accumulate, wearing down his defences and sapping his strength.

As could be seen from the scene that was happening right now. Just as Marba had predicted, after attacking the blazing giant and sending it flying, the knight captain's movement strangely grew slower and more sluggish.

Evidence that the damage dealt by Alvara and the other did have its effect. The former knight Captain's once-imposing figure now showed signs of strain and fatigue.

Despite his best efforts to maintain his composure, the sheer intensity of the onslaught earlier proved to be too much to bear. This was the opportunity that Marba was waiting for.

As she poured all of her mana into the spell, the blaze on the inferno crucible intensified, enveloping the surrounding area into a searing inferno of flames. In the blink of an eye, the blazing giant looked like it was made of molten magma.

The giant picked itself up and once again appeared in front of the Perfect Tainted Commander. Though this time, it did not immediately attack and instead grabbed the latter.

"What are you trying to do Marba?" Seeing that she did not command the golem to attack, Alvara who arrived beside her couldn't help but ask.

"Ordinary attack won't be able to stop him. To defeat him for good, I have to self destruct the [Inferno Crucible]. Only with the raw destructive energy that is released during the self destruct, can we hope of defeating a monster like him"

After she spoke till here, Marba suddenly realised something and added "Ah, I didn't mean that about the knight Captain, guard commander".

"Yeah, I know, you don't have to worry about me. Do what you need to do"

Although Marba's words took her by surprise, she had already made up her mind. Desperate times called for desperate measures, there was no room for hesitation.

Just as her words fell, on the battlefield the giant tightened its grip around the perfect tainted commander, holding him in a vice-like embrace. The next moment, a huge blazing hot orb that was made of earth and fire, appeared on the chest of the blazing golem.

With Marba focusing all of her mana into the Inferno Crucible, the orb embedded within the giant's chest started radiating with an intense light. When the light reached its peak, a surge of extremely powerful raw energy began to emanate from within it.

The blazing flames surrounding the giant also came to life at this moment as it pulsated with an intensity that seemed to consume everything in its path.

Feeling the danger, the Perfect Tainted Commander seemed to struggle intensely; however, the remnant consciousness of the Knight Captain got in the way, preventing the Tainted Commander from getting away.

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Up in the sky, locked in an intense fight of brilliant display of power and skills, were the General and Cynthia. Every time that they collided, the sky would light up and the land would be turned upside down.

At this moment, the entire battlefield had become their battleground as they zoomed and flashed everywhere.

BOOM... two powerful attacks collided, one looked like the hideous tendrils of a sinister otherworld creature while the other was a gigantic white lion that gave off an intense ancient aura.

The resulting clash was nothing short of a calamity. The force of the attack pushed the two back. The general hurriedly stabilised his footing, his expression extremely ugly. He was just about to attack with an even more powerful move when suddenly the pure destructive undulation in the distance attracted his attention.

His eyes quickly scanned through the battlefield, before landing on the gigantic blazing golem that was more than a hundred feet tall. That powerful annihilation like energy that was even able to give him a strong sense of death, came from that golem.

"This ripple... is she trying to self destruct that construct?"

The general narrowed his eyes. Even though he had been fighting the princess all this time, he made sure to separate a portion of his attention to observe the battlefield. As such, he was quickly able to identify the source of the anomaly.

"To think that lass is able to use Amalgamation magic with two intermediate tier elements that even mages above level 600 find it extremely difficult to achieve" Astonishment thick in his voice.

Why would it not, after all, this was the umpteenth time that the princess' army was surprising him. To think a tiny third grade country would be able to produce these many abnormalities...

Though it was too late, he realised that their kingdom of Balckthorn had underestimated the Kingdom of Ellesmere. No, it was not the kingdom that they underestimated but rather this woman in front of him whose meteoric rise in influence had completely derailed their plan.

Chapter 850- Fiend Inheritance

The General who had been laughing at the pitiful struggle of the people and soldiers of this kingdom to reverse their fate, was starting to feel uneasy. And the source of all of this was the woman in front of him.

"It looks like my side is about to win on that front" A violet and white glow flashed and the figure of Cynthia appeared in between the General and the direction where the blazing golem was.

"Hmoh, do you think you can stop me if I want to go there?" the General sneered.

Facing his contempt, Cynthia simply arched her brows, a cheeky appearance on her face "Whether I can stop you or not, I believe our battle so far has proven it".

Her counter made the former's face twitch.

"Hmph, don't think that I can't do anything. Even if I am not physically present there I can still turn the battle there upside down"

Saying so, he once again made some peculiar seals. Blood flowed from the tip of his fingers, painting it bright crimson. At the same moment, his face became pale and the greyish black miasma around him visibly dropped.

Facing him, Cynthia made a solemn face. Although she did not know what he was trying to do, she felt a sense of foreboding well up inside her heart. Whatever it was, she had to stop him; however, the general was simply too fast.

"Haha, it's useless. Even if you attack me now, you can't stop your teammates from dying. A Perfect Tainted Commander is the most complete and flawless product. Although this one has only gone

through only one tainted baptism, it is still an impeccable soldier. With me here, it can become much more stronger"

The general's wanton laughter rang in the air. His laughter just sounded out when it suddenly got stuck in his throat. The weakening miasma around him became stronger once again as if it had returned from wherever it had gone off to.

"This can't happen, this is impossible!!"

Before anyone could question the scene, he turned around and looked at the blazing giant who was about to self destruct with undisguised surprise and disbelief in his eyes. If one looked carefully, his eyes were not staring at the giant but at its fist that was holding the Perfect Tainted Commander in a vice like grip.

"You half dead person, you are still trying to resist me even at this point? You are nothing but a remnant consciousness" The general yelled.

Cynthia also looked in the direction where he was staring at. Although she did not know what had happened, it was clear to her that his plan had failed.

"It appears to me that he was trying to send some of his strength to that puppet soldier over there. My guess is that they can be made further strong with borrowed strength" Leo spoke inside her head, assessing the situation.

"What?!!"...

"Don't worry though, he ultimately failed. From his words, it seems that the remnant will of the previous person inside that body is trying to resist him at this moment"

When Cynthia heard Leo's last words, her eyes shifted towards the Knight Captain in the grip of the giant as a complex emotion flashed within them. if she were to believe him, then it meant that the original knight captain was still alive and was trying to help them even at this point.

"Leo, can we do something about the Knight Captain?"

As someone who had grown up looking at the wide and reliable back of the knight captain who protected their family, how could she have the heart to see him being used like that? He was more of a big brother figure to her than her actual brothers were.

"It is impossible to save him at this point. His soul and consciousness have completely been corrupted by that energy. Even if we somehow manage to salvage his soul, he won't be the same person as before"

"That energy is capable of destroying all lifeforms, I have seen it many times. Once one is invaded by that energy, their only option is to kill themselves before they are completely taken over or..." Leo's voice which was in mid explanation, suddenly halted.

"Or what?"...

"Nothing, the second rule does not apply to him. His body has been completely corrupted by that energy. There is no hope at this point".

"I see"

Cynthia did not insist any further. Since Leo told her that it was impossible then it meant that there was really no hope for the Knight Captain. At this point, all she could do was give her condolences to this once powerful knight who had been loyally protecting their kingdom all this time.

"I hope you are able to find peace in the afterlife, Sir Cyrus".

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In the distance, as the raw energy emanating from the golem's core reached its' peak a catastrophic explosion of flames and energy was unleashed.

BOOOMM... what followed after the blinding light that was like a pillar connecting the sky and earth, was a thunderous deep rumbling that shook the very foundation of the earth.

The blast enveloped the Perfect Tainted Commander and the giant in a blinding inferno, consuming them in a maelstrom of destruction. The shockwave rippled through the battlefield, sending debris flying in all directions.

Soldiers from both armies were thrown back by the force of the shockwave, their bodies battered and bruised as they struggled to maintain their footing amidst the chaos. The ground trembled beneath their feet, the land itself groaning in agony as the raw destructive energy unleashed by the explosion altered the topography forever.

"What kind of monstrous power does one need to possess to unleash that kind of strength?"...

"This not the kind of battle we can intervene in. Just the remnant energy carried by the shockwave is enough to kill us"

The soldiers muttered in dread as they looked at the pillar of flames in the distance. The aftershock from the explosion disturbed all the battles going around the battlefield and for a moment, the battlefield came to a strange standstill.

All eyes were drawn towards the centre of the pillar of flames, they all wanted to see who came out as the victor of that battle.

As the flames subsided and the smoke cleared, a destruction filled area with desolation heavy in the air, appeared in front of everyone. Land for dozens of kilometres in every direction was scarred and marred by the damage that was wrought by the explosion.

A huge crater where the blazing giant previously stood pockmarked the earth, its depths unfathomable displaying the awesome power of the inferno crucible's self-destruct.

The sky above the area was obscured by dust and ash and the air was thick with the berserk sparks of mana. A stunned silence descended upon the battlefield as soldiers on both sides stood in shock at the destruction.

"Who won?"

It was unknown who said those words; however, the thought quickly spread through all the people as they searched for the victor. After a while, they saw a couple of figures standing amidst the destruction, their bodies battered and bruised but their spirits unbroken.

The couple of figures were none other than Alvara and the others. As for the Perfect Tainted Commander, he was nowhere to be seen.

"OHHHHHH!!!"

At this moment, all the soldiers of the kingdom erupted in joyous shouts. There was no need to say it out loud, everything was clear from the scene. The battle between the former knight captain and the team led by the guard commander Alvara, the latter was the one who stood standing at the end.

That is to say, the victor of this battle was Alvara and her group.

"Marba are you alright?"

On the battlefield, Burg ran up to the mage and supported her figure which at this moment appeared extremely frail and exhausted.

"Yeah, I am alright, just a little tired. Thankfully, I didn't let all of you down" Marba muttered with a pale face.

"What are you saying? You can never let us down. That magic was extremely powerful and it arrived at just the right time"

Burg tried to console the girl; however, he was forced to shut his mouth by her next words.

"No, I'm still powerless. If only I could conjure the magic faster, Brett wouldn't have to..." Marba couldn't complete her sentence as tears started streaking down her face.

"You two, the battle isn't over, don't let your guard down. After we rest for a while, we shall be joining the others to clean up the rest"

Alvara spoke from the side. Given the fact that they had just lost one comrade who had been thick and thin with them for a long time in this battle, her words sounded extremely cold and detached.

Nevertheless, Burg and Marba didn't feel like that. Knowing her, they knew she was going through a lot on her own but did not display it. In this battle, she had lost many things.

After Alvara and the others recuperated for a while, they joined the battle once again. Time flowed by amidst the constant warring noise filling the battlefield.

It was not long after that the tide of the battle took another critical turn. Under the relentless attacks of the warrior Blake who at this moment looked like the god of the battlefield, covered in blood and a pure ruthless aura, Marshall Cavalier lay broken and defeated at his feet.

He who was once a formidable opponent now looked extremely miserable with a body covered in scars and a limb missing.