

## Strongest Necromancer Of Heaven's Gate

### Chapter 28: The Story Of Elysium

After admiring Diablo's new armor set for a while, Lux finally went to gather his own set of armor, which was called the "Relentless Warrior" Equipment Set.

< Relentless Warrior >

Set Requirement: 15 Points to all Stats

– Relentless Warrior Circlet

+1 to Intelligence

– Relentless Warrior Leather Armor

+15 Defense

– Relentless Warrior Leather Tassets

+10 Defense

– Relentless Warrior Arm Guard

+10 Defense

– Relentless Warrior Boots

+10 Defense

< Relentless Warrior Set Bonus >

– 2 Pieces of Equipment

+3 to Strength

– 3 Pieces of Equipment

+3 to Agility

– 4 Pieces of Equipment

+3 to Dexterity

– 5 Pieces of Equipment

+150 Health Points

+40 Defense

+10 All Elemental Resistance

10% Damage Reduction from Physical Attacks

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Lux still didn't meet the requirements for this armor set, but with the help of the 7 Beast Cores in his possession, he was certain that he would be able to equip this set without any problem.

For the record, Equipment Sets were not easy to get. They could only be farmed in certain Dungeons in Elysium that required a party of six or more to complete.

"Thank you, Grandma," Lux said after storing the Relentless Warrior Set in his storage ring.

"You're welcome," said Vera as she returned the other items into her storage ring.

Several of the items in her possessions had very high requirements. The only reason why she had shown them to Lux was to tell her grandson that these items were available to him at any time.

Lux understood his grandma's gesture and was very happy inside his heart. Although some of the items he had seen would require him to reach the Apostle Grade, knowing that they were there made a difference.

"Grandma, you entered Elysium when you were young, right?"

"Yes."

"Can you tell me what your starting village was like?" Lux inquired. "Did it also have Monster Outbreaks?"

Vera smiled as she made a gesture to Lux to follow her.

Fifteen minutes later, the grandma and grandson pair drank tea as they stared at the garden of their residence.

"Before I tell you the tale of my younger days, let me tell you first how Elysium appeared," Vera said as she stared at the distance, reliving the memories of the past that appeared inside her head. "The Hundred-Year War had just ended in Solais at that time, and the geography of this entire world had been changed forever.

The living areas where people could live had decreased greatly. If you were to leave this territory, the only things you would see are wastelands. Much of the land has been changed so no plants can grow, no water can be found, and no animal can stay for long due to poisonous fumes that erupt from the ground from time to time."

In order to prevent the loss of more lives and lands, all the ruling nations came to an agreement. They agreed that no more large-scale wars would be waged on the surface of Solais. In order to make this pact binding, they begged the Gods that had chosen to abandon this world to grant them this last wish.

Perhaps due to pity, or perhaps because they truly wished to cut all connections to this world, the Gods agreed. Since then, a universal law has enveloped this world to prevent large-scale wars from happening again."

"Right now, the only points of conflict are border issues, but most of the time only small skirmishes happen. No one dares to violate the rule, because they won't be able to bear the consequences of their actions."

Vera drank her tea before continuing her tale.

"Several years passed, and everyone had been living their lives peacefully when they suddenly heard a voice filled with power reverberate across the heavens," Vera said as she looked at her reflection on the tea's surface. "The voice said, 'The world is dying, but the way to save it can be found in Elysium.'"

Suddenly, Teleportation Gates appeared in several places around the world that allowed anyone to gain access to Elysium. And the Wildgarde Stronghold was built to monopolize one of those passage ways."

"Because of this, it became the Overlord of this territory. The villages and towns surrounding us send their children here in the hopes that they will be allowed entry into this unknown world that holds infinite possibilities."

Lux who was listening quietly on the side frowned. He had grown up within the walls of the Stronghold, and had seen these children travel to their Keep in order to pay tribute and get access to the Teleportation Gate that led to Elysium.

"Grandma, I've never thought of this before but, am I considered lucky?" Lux asked. "All I need to do is pass the trial and I can enter Elysium. Others need to pay a fee before they can enter the teleportation gate. Could it be that I didn't notice how privileged I've been all these years?"

Vera chuckled. "Well, it was very rare for you to leave the walls of the Stronghold, so you were not aware of the situation outside. In a way, you are indeed privileged. You don't need to worry about paying fees, and meeting strict requirements to enter Elysium. The other villages and towns in our Domain also pay taxes to us on a quarterly basis.

"But, in return for these offerings, the Stronghold is obligated to protect them from all forms of aggression, including the Beast Tides that happen every three to five years. The role we play is similar to the Stronghold of Norria that protects Leaf Village."

Lux nodded his head in understanding. "Then, the kids of the other villages who enter Elysium. What becomes of them?"

"They will randomly appear in one of the four villages that our faction belongs to in the Navarre Empire," Vera answered. "When we arrived at Elysium, there were already ruling families governing the territories we were teleported to.

Some of us decided to build our own strongholds, so that we could gain a foothold in that world. Others, decided to form strong connections with the ruling families, and earned enough merits to be bestowed a noble title, which allowed them to gain lands."

"The Founder of Wildgarde Stronghold chose the second option and did his best to gain enough merits until he could be granted the title of a Viscount. This was how our faction was able to have our own Domain in Elysium. It has grown since then. However, unlike the Leaf Village, our side doesn't have to worry about Monster Outbreaks."

Lux nodded in understanding. "Grandma, what happens if the kids from our Domain become Rankers? How does the Stronghold treat them?"

"Good Question." Vera nodded her head in appreciation for her grandson's curiosity. "As you already know, Rankers are special cases. They are known to be powerhouses, so they are treated in a way deserving of their rank. However, being a Ranker doesn't make your life any easier."

"You are almost always going out on missions for the Kingdom, Empire, or Dynasty that you belong to. Lux, you already know this, but Elysium is not a peaceful place. Wars are no longer possible in Solais, but in Elysium it is a very common thing. Battles between Parties, Gangs, Clans, Factions, and Guilds happen on a daily basis."

"It's as if people have forgotten our true reason for going to Elysium, and that is to find a way to save our world. I'm afraid that with the way things are going, everyone in Solais will just choose to migrate to Elysium, and abandon this ruined world for good."

Vera chuckled as she looked at her grandson who had a troubled look on his face.

"Child, this matter is not something that you should think about," Vera said in a teasing tone. "This is for the adults to worry about. As for you, just focus on getting stronger. Right now, a Rank 1 Monster can kill you with a single slap. You don't have the qualifications to affect the bigger picture."

Lux looked at his grandma with a complicated expression on his face. He had a feeling that Vera would only laugh at him, if he told her that his purpose for coming into this world was to help save it.

However, at the end of the day his grandma was right.

Someone who would die from a single slap of a Rank 1 Monster didn't really have the qualifications to make an impact on a world that was on the verge of collapse.

