

Strongest Necromancer Of Heaven's Gate

Chapter 761: Kieran's Disciple

"Why are you here, Lux?" Gaap asked. "Did your breakthrough fail?"

Lorelei looked at the Half-Elf in disdain after seeing that he was still an Initiate.

Kieran, on the other hand, laughed out loud because the shocked expression on Gaap's face was priceless.

"I still haven't broken through, Master," Lux replied.

"Then, what are you doing here?" Gaap inquired.

He could feel his cheeks burning with embarrassment because his Disciple suddenly popped out of nowhere, and he was about to brag on how amazing the Half-Elf was.

"I'm here because I need to breakthrough," Lux answered.

"Huh?" Gaap blinked. "You came here because you need to breakthrough?"

Lux nodded before shifting his gaze to the beautiful, young High-Elf who seemed to resemble his Grandmaster, Hereswith.

"Are you Kieran's disciple?" Lux asked.

"I am," Lorelei replied. "Hurry up and become a Ranker. Our Masters had a bet on who would win in a battle between the two of us. Don't keep them waiting."

Lux smirked after hearing Lorelei's words.

"The reason why I am here is because you have already become a Ranker," Lux stated. "You have made me wait for you for two weeks, so let's not keep on making everyone wait for our duel."

Dracul, who was listening silently from the side, laughed before clapping his hands.

"Wonderful, a battle with an entire realm as a disadvantage," Dracul said as he clapped his hands. "You remind me of what I was like when I was your age. Handsome, bold, courageous, and last but not the least, someone who had confidence in his abilities. Since he is already here, let's get that duel started."

Kieran and Lorelei both looked at the Half-Elf as if he had some mental issues. The two of them didn't expect that a mere Initiate would dare to challenge a Ranker in a duel.

Gaap, who was feeling embarrassed earlier, chuckled.

He had completely forgotten that his Disciple was different from the rest, and he could freely fight against Low-Rankers even though he was still an Initiate.

"Well, I hate bullying the weak, but since they asked for it, make sure to beat them good, Lux," Gaap said.

"Of course, Master," Lux stated. "I will make both of them understand what kind of Necromancer I truly am."

Kieran shifted his gaze from Lux to the Old Half-Ling who seemed very confident about his Disciple's chances of winning.

'Is this just foolish bravado?' Kieran thought. 'These two idiots are probably just bluffing.'

After coming to this conclusion, Kieran rested his hand over Lorelei's shoulder and nodded his head.

"Teach this fool what a true Necromancer is like," Kieran ordered. "As his senior, you should correct his false confidence and bravado before it ruins his life forever."

"Yes, Master," Lorelei replied before shifting her gaze to the Half-Elf in front of her. "What's your name?"

"Lux Von Kaizer," Lux replied. "Just call me Lux."

"Lorelei," Lorelei said. "Remember the name of the person that will teach you on how to become a proper Necromancer."

"Lorelei?" Lux smiled. "Very well, Miss Lorelei. Teach me on how to become a proper Necromancer. I, on the other hand, will teach you humility because it seems that you have none of it."

The two Disciples looked at each other in contempt, while their Masters glanced at Dracul, who had just finished drinking his cup of wine.

"Very well, I will be the one to officiate this match," Dracul declared. "Don't worry, I swear on my handsome face that I will not let any of you die. Well, if you die by accident, that can easily be fixed."

The Vampire King smiled evilly as he crossed his arms over his chest.

"After all, we are all Necromancers here," Dracul stated. "Raising the dead is one of our specialties."

All of the other Necromancers, who were also loitering around, looked at the two teenagers with anticipation. Life in the Sacred Land was quite boring, and they were in dire need of entertainment.

Now that an opportunity to watch a duel between two young Necromancers had presented itself, none of them would miss this opportunity to see how strong the next generation was.

Hereswith, who was watching this battle from inside the world tree, started to hum.

She had taught the Half-Elf everything she knew within the two weeks that they had spent together, and she was quite satisfied with the results.

After seeing Lux's Soul Book, as well as the information about his subordinates, she was wondering how Kieran's disciple would be able to fight against the Necromancer that she had personally trained.

"Lorelei..." Hereswith muttered. "I can sense my bloodline running through your veins. Perhaps you are the child, or granddaughter of one of my sisters. I didn't think that there would be another Necromancer born in our family."

A moment later, the beautiful High-Elf chuckled.

"Lux, you better not let me down," Hereswith said with a smirk. "Even if you are fighting against one of my family members, you shouldn't hold back and

show them the fruits of your training with me. Show them the legacy I have left behind, and let the world know that even in death, no one can stop me from witnessing the results of my hard work!"

Hereswith's loud, and enchanting laughter spread inside her Domain.

She didn't know what she was looking forward to more, Lux's victory over Lorelei, or Gaap's shocked expression, when he saw Lux use the techniques that she had created in her lifetime.

Both were very appealing to her, but more than anything else, she wanted to see Lux's breakthrough.

The breakthrough that would take the entire world by storm.

"Let's go to the Plains of the Dead," Dracul proposed. "That will certainly be the best place for this duel to take place."

Gaap and Kieran both nodded their heads in agreement.

The Plains of the Dead was an open area inside the Ancestral Grounds where duels between Necromancers took place.

This was one of their favorite past times, especially when they were testing the strength of their Undead Subordinates in real battle.

Lux and Gap followed behind Dracul, while Kieran and Lorelei walked a few meters behind them.

The Master and Disciple pair were talking through telepathy, and Kieran was telling Lorelei that he should make sure to humiliate Lux in front of all the Necromancers that were going to watch the battle.

'Don't worry, Master,' Lorelei replied. 'A mere Initiate will not be able to defeat me.'

'I'm not doubting your ability, Lorelei,' Kieran replied. 'I am more concerned that Gaap's Disciple might use some underhanded tricks during your battle. That old Half-Ling had a lot of tricks under his sleeves, and he won't bat an eye at playing dirty during a duel.'

'Understood.' Lorelei nodded. 'I will pay attention to any foul play.'

Just like Kieran had said, he had complete trust in his Disciple's ability to defeat Gaap's Disciple. For him, Lorelei was the most talented Necromancer of the young generation.

Given her Royal and Ancient Bloodline that came from the High-Elves, her magical powers were off the charts.

Also, her affinity with Necromancy had far surpassed Kieran's expectations. This made him very strict while teaching her the proper ways of Necromancy because he didn't want to waste her talents.

'Gaap, I don't know what tricks you are hiding, but your farce ends here.' Kieran sneered inside his heart. 'You should have stayed in Zangrila. If you had, you wouldn't suffer today's humiliation in front of everyone.'

Kieran had long wanted to teach Gaap a lesson, but the Head of Memento Mori had forbidden all of their members from touching him.

Although the Old Half-Ling's Master, Hereswith, had broken her ties with the organization, it didn't change the fact that the leader of Memento Mori had raised her like his own daughter.

Since Gaap was Hereswith's Disciple, he made sure that none of the members of his organization would antagonize the Half-Ling, which they had obeyed reluctantly.

Now that an opportunity had presented itself to indirectly humiliate Gaap, Kieran was sure that his leader would turn a blind eye to this incident, even if it happened to reach his ears.

Chapter 762: Off With His Head!

Plains of the Dead...

The dozen Necromancers that had been staying at the Ancestral Grounds all watched from a distance as Lux and Lorelei faced off against each other.

Gaap and Kieran stood a few meters apart from each other on the side as they waited for the battle to start.

"It has been a while since I've seen a duel between Necromancers as young as the two of you are," Dracul said. "This battle is anything goes. Try not to kill your opponent, but if someone were to really die, I guess it can't be helped.

"Although I am the referee, I am merely here to stop the battle if someone surrenders or loses consciousness. I'm not your parent, so don't look at me to ask for fairness. Both of you should bear the responsibilities of your actions, as proper Necromancers do. Do I make myself clear?"

"Loud and clear," Lux replied.

Lorelei only nodded her head and smiled at her opponent. "Don't think that I will take it easy on you just because you're an Initiate."

"Sure," Lux smirked. "Knock yourself out."

"I wonder. Just where is that confidence of yours coming from, Half-Elf?"

"You're about to find out."

Since the two teenagers were raring to go, Dracul no longer delayed the battle and declared the start of the duel.

"Duel Start!"

As soon as he gave the cue, Lorelei summoned a horde of Skeletons that numbered in the tens of thousands.

For Necromancers, the bigger their Undead Army was, the stronger they were. This was a fact, and most Necromancers who had become a Ranker could command over a thousand of them.

But, Lorelei's Undead Army was simply too many. It numbered in the tens of thousands, which could only mean one thing—she had either desecrated an entire graveyard, or she found an ancient battlefield and raised the fallen soldiers to become her minions.

Gaap and the other Necromancers who saw this glanced at Kieran, which made the latter chuckle.

"What's wrong?" Kieran asked everyone with a smile.

"Where did she get this many Undead Soldiers?" Gaap asked.

"That's a very silly question to ask, Gaap," Kieran answered. "Wars are constantly happening everywhere in the world. My disciple and I simply cleaned up what remained from the battlefield, that's all."

"Or you wiped out an entire Kingdom and turned their soldiers into Undead Minions," Gaap snorted. "That's what you're known for, right? Kieran the Undertaker."

"And you're known as Gaap the Coward," Kieran laughed. "The Necromancer who ran away when his Master was being besieged by the Champions of the Divine Army."

Gaap sighed. "This joke of yours is getting old, Kieran. Both of us know that you're spouting bullsh*t."

"Really? When my Master was surrounded by the Champions of the Divine Army, I stayed and fought until the bitter end," Kieran stated. "Even if I had died that day, I would have not abandoned the person who raised me to be who I am today. You and I are different. You ran away, I didn't."

This was the main reason why Kieran hated Gaap.

When she was still alive, Kieran was taken care of for a time by Hereswith. Back then, he was very jealous of Gaap because his Master was a very kind, gentle, and a beautiful lady.

(E/N: What???)

Everyone liked Hereswith, even the stubborn Elderly Necromancers of Memento Mori. That was why, when she decided to break ties with them, they all felt betrayed. However, none of them hunted her down and forced her to return to the organization.

When they learned about her death, all of them raged and attacked the cities of the Divine Army.

Even their leader, who was a Supreme, shattered entire mountain ranges and killed countless members of the Divine Army as vengeance.

Naturally, the Supreme of the Divine Army didn't stand idle, and two of them fought tooth and nail, destroying the surrounding lands, and changing them forever.

Both had been seriously injured and were forced to retreat and recuperate. However, the battle between the two sides never stopped.

Finally, after seeing that continuing the battle was pointless, one of the Elders of the Divine Army brokered a compromise with Memento Mori to stop the carnage.

In order to compensate Memento Mori for their loss, the Divine Army ceded several important territories to the Necromancer Organization, which put a stop to their battle.

Since then, no large-scale battles between the two sides have taken place. But, that didn't mean that there weren't small skirmishes every now and then whenever they met in the lands of Elysium.

"That's a lot of Undead." Lux whistled. "Amazing, the weakest are Rank 4 Monsters."

His gaze then landed on the six Undead Creatures that stood beside Lorelei, all of whom were emanating a strong Unholy Aura.

'Five Deimos and one Argonaut,' Lux thought. 'They must be her Named Creatures.'

He was quite impressed by Lorelei's Undead Army, which made him understand why she was so confident in beating him.

"Summon your army," Lorelei said in a challenging tone. "Let's see which one is better."

"If you say so," Lux smirked as he raised his hand. "Arise!"

An Army that was only a little over a thousand appeared behind the Half-Elf, which was a stark contrast to what Lorelei had summoned.

This made the other Necromancers shake their heads, including Dracul who thought that Lux would be able to give him a surprise.

Actually, the number of Skeletons that Lux currently had wasn't bad for an Initiate of his Rank.

In fact, it was already good, considering he hadn't done anything underhanded like robbing graveyards, which would have increased the number of his Army by many folds.

Lorelei laughed internally after seeing the quality and quantity of Lux's summons.

Just like her, the Half-Elf's subordinates were all Rank 4 Monsters, with the exception of the Named Creatures that stood beside the Half-Elf, which were at least Rank 5 monsters.

Since Diablo and the rest of Lux's Named Creatures would always have the same rank as him, they were only Rank 5 Monsters.

The same could be said for Bedivere, Zagan, and Revon.

Only ALL-MITE, who was a Deimos-Ranked Monster, made Lux's army look somewhat decent.

"This will be a one-sided massacre," one of the Necromancers said.

"Maybe he thought that having one Deimos-Ranked Monster was enough to allow him to act arrogant," another Necromancer commented. "Perhaps he should have waited until he became a Ranker before he challenged her. Maybe he would have stood a better chance after unlocking Greater Undead Warriors."

The other Necromancers shared the same opinion as the first Necromancer that commented.

It was only Gaap, knowing full well the level of Lux's true power, who arched an eyebrow.

'He's not summoning Leoric and his Wraith Knights?' Gaap thought. 'He's not even using his clones. Just what is Lux thinking?'

"I guess I have overestimated you because of your cockiness earlier." Lorelei smiled. "Is this the best you can do?"

"No," Lux replied. "But this is enough to play with you, Little Girl."

"... Little Girl? You called me Little Girl?"

"What's wrong with being called Little Girl? I think it suits you nicely."

The beautiful High-Elf's expression became as cold as ice. Her Named Creatures all glared hatefully at the Half-Elf who dared to belittle their mistress.

"Enough talk," Lorelei said as she pointed her delicate finger at the red-headed teenager in the distance. "Off with his head!"

Immediately, her Undead Army surged forward like a tide. As per their Master's order, they would obliterate the Half-Elf's undead army and present Lux's head to their Mistress to appease her anger.

Chapter 763: The Army Of Heaven

Faced with countless undead that greatly outnumbered them, Lux, and his army didn't waver.

The Half-Elf simply crossed his arms over his chest and gave his order.

"It's Gangbang time!" Lux ordered.

Immediately, Diablo, Ishtar, Pazuzu, Orion, Lazarus, Bedivere, Zagan, Revon, and ALL-MITE charged forward alongside Lux's Undead Army.

'Master, are you sure we can't show them that?' Asmodeus rubbed his arms together as he intentionally touched shoulders with the Half-Elf, asking for permission to let loose. "My Abyssal Legion still hadn't been tested. Isn't this the perfect time to use them?"

"Do you want to bully that girl?" Lux snorted. "She is probably Grandmaster's relative. We shouldn't make her lose too badly."

"... Master, isn't making her lose with just an army numbering a little over a thousand much worse? At least, if we showed our Abyssal Army, she would feel that her defeat was justified. Come on, let's do this!"

"We can't do that," Lux replied. "After all, the Quest we received earlier told us to win with just this much. If we add more, the World Blessing will decrease as well."

Asmodeus sighed before reluctantly nodding his head. Lux's Ranker Trial was only halfway finished.

In order to get the world's blessing, two more conditions must be met.

One was to fight against a Necromancer that was a realm higher than him, and the other one was...

"Such a farce," Kieran commented as Lux's pitiful army charged forward to meet his disciple's Undead Legion. "Fortunately, it will end soon."

This was the collective thought of every Necromancer, with the exception of Gaap, who was currently wondering what his disciple was up to.

Lorelei's Undead Legion all possessed the passive skill Unholy Aura. This Aura increased their attack and defense by 100%.

Lux's army, on the other hand, didn't have such a thing. In fact, only his Named Creatures and members of the Covenant possessed the Death God's Aura.

However, the good thing about this was that this aura could be shared by everyone in Lux's army. This was the reason why his regular Undead didn't learn this skill. As long as one of the Half-Elf's Named Creatures activated it, they would gain this bonus as well.

"Show them what we're made of boys!" Pazuzu activated his Madlad Rush and advanced ahead of his companions. "Madlad Rush!"

All of the Elite Spirit Protectors did the same, forming a V-Formation, with Pazuzu in the lead.

"Shield Wall!" Pazuzu ordered as he raised his Legendary shield in front of him. "Shield Bash!"

""Shield Wall!""

""Shield Bash!""

All the Elite Spirit Protectors followed their Leader and activated their skills at the same time, summoning giant blue Tower Shields in front of them, which they would use to ram the Undead army who thought that they could trample over them and their Master's army.

When the two armies finally clashed, everyone thought that Lux's Vanguard would instantly be annihilated.

However, the exact opposite happened.

As if having crashed against a steel wall, the advance of Lorelei's Army came to an abrupt stop the moment they met Pazuzu's and the Elite Spirit Protector's, Madlad Shield Bash Combo.

The Vanguard of Lorelei's Army were all sent flying as the tanks of Lux's army broke through their formation.

Originally, this wouldn't have happened. But, due to the special buffs that they received from Lux, all of them had been granted Divine Magic.

This power allowed them to deal great damage to both the living and the dead.

However, that wasn't all.

The accumulated stat buffs they received from Death God's Aura, Lux's title, Lord of the Dead, as well as the Guild Buffs of Heaven's Gate, allowed them to become a force that could be rightfully called Heaven's Army.

"W-What?!" Kieran, who didn't expect to see such a scene gasped in shock. "Divine Magic?! Since when did the Undead have Divine Magic?!"

Divine Magic was one of the weaknesses of the Undead.

In order to counter this, powerful Necromancers bestowed Unholy Aura to their Undead, giving them the ability to resist their greatest weakness. However, no matter how much they resisted it to a certain extent, a weakness was still a weakness.

Lorelei's Unholy Aura was nowhere as strong as the Unholy Aura of her Master. Because of this, the Divine Magic that Pazuzu and his subordinates wielded negated the meager Unholy Aura she had at the moment of impact.

They then broke through the Undead Army like a hot knife cutting through butter, making all the Necromancers look at this with dumbfounded expressions on their faces.

Suddenly, a loud roar erupted within the two armies, and Pazuzu was sent flying by the Argonaut-Ranked Doom Lord, who was the strongest among Lorelei's subordinates.

Her other Deimos-Ranked subordinates also moved and stopped the advance of the other Elite Spirit Protectors before proceeding to eliminate them one by one.

At the same time, Diablo and the rest also arrived at the scene and immediately engaged the Deimos-Ranked monsters in battle.

ALL-MITE focused all of his attention on fighting the Argonaut-Ranked Monster, which was a realm stronger than him.

Even so, the Four-Armed Hero, who had a permanent devilish smile plastered on his face, didn't back down and gave it a Smash! That gave Pazuzu time to recover from the surprise attack he suffered a while ago.

A moment later, a scuffle, similar to that of a gang fight ensued, with both sides throwing punches, kicks, swords, shields, and arrows at each other.

To everyone's surprise, Lux's small army was holding its ground against so many monsters, whose numbers were far superior than theirs.

"Wow!" Dracul clapped his hands. "Bravo! But how long will this last? Even though I can see that the Half-Elf's Undead are superior to Lorelei's, the number advantage is still something that can't be overcome so easily.

While everyone was fighting, a Baby Slime was humming a tune. She was currently high above the battlefield and was perched on top of her Flying Blast Bomb, whom she named Bomber.

When she was directly above the bulk of Lorelei's army, Eiko talked to her Papa through telepathy, telling him that she was going to do it.

'No, Eiko,' Lux replied. 'Don't take out that giant Skeleton Bomb that you and Glee made. You might destroy the entire Ancestral Grounds if you do that.'

'Aww~' Eiko pouted.

That was what she was planning to do, but after being reprimanded by Lux, she decided to not use her tactical nuke for the time being and switched to a "smaller" Skeleton Bone Bomb.

This Skeleton Bone Bomb was of the same size that Asmodeus had used to bomb the Palace of the Haca Dynasty.

Whenever Eiko wasn't doing anything of importance, she would often summon her clones and her Terrorist Squad to have them make Blast Bombs.

These Blast Bombs would then be enclosed in two to five-meter tall Skeleton Bombs, which Eiko could use as a projectile whenever she wanted.

After getting Lux's permission, Eiko opened her mouth wide and spat out two of those five-meter-tall Blast Bombs that descended from the sky with a vengeance.

Lorelei, who noticed this sneak attack from the sky, threw two Giant Bone Spears to pierce them.

She didn't know what it was, but something was telling her that no matter what happened, she mustn't allow those two projectiles to hit her army.

However, she had greatly underestimated Eiko's Blast Bombs.

When the two giant Bone Spears collided with the two Skeleton Bone Bombs, an earth-shaking explosion erupted hundreds of meters above the battlefield.

This created a fiery shockwave that obliterated those that were directly under them, leaving the rest of Lorelei's Army greatly injured from the blaze that spread above their heads.

Lux's Army, which was at the forefront of the battlefield, had been alerted beforehand.

So when the Skeleton Bombs exploded, all of them took a defensive stance, minimizing the brunt of the aftershock that came from their Fairy Princess' weapon of mass destruction.

Lorelei was no longer smiling after the series of events that made her feel as if Lux was underestimating her.

Seeing her expression, Kieran knew that his disciple was now about to get serious.

"Congratulations, Gaap," Kieran commented as he looked at his disciple, who was now about to show her true Trump Cards. "Your disciple has successfully made my disciple angry."

Gaap, who couldn't be bothered by Kieran's nonsense, merely responded with an "Okay", making Lorelei's Master snort.

"I think you still don't understand the situation," Kieran stated. "If you think that this is the only force that my disciple has, you are greatly mistaken."

As if to prove that Kieran was telling the truth, Lorelei raised her hand and a dozen Deimos-Ranked Octopaths appeared on the battlefield.

They were the same monster that Lux had first fought in Elysium, which had given him a hard time back then.

Lux and Asmodeus, who saw this, glanced at each other.

"Looks like someone is going to have a field day." Asmodeus chuckled.

"Indeed," Lux smirked and gazed at his Revenger, who had now summoned his Clone.

Orion had spent a lot of time dying against an Octopath in Zangrila, raising his Vengeance Level to the limit.

It didn't matter how many Octopaths Lorelei possessed.

All of them would suffer the same fate under the hands of Orion, who had died hundreds of times against the same Monster that was now at the top of his Kill List.

With one defiant roar, Orion and his clone ran toward the Tentacle-Abominations and stomped their feet on the ground before jumping high up in the air.

Their fists, which were burning with Divine Wrath, smashed against the head of one of the Octopath Monsters, creating a giant hole in it, which made Lorelei and Kieran almost choke on their saliva.

They couldn't believe that a Deimos-Ranked Alpha Monster had been insta-killed by a Rank 5 Jade Golem.

"Why are you surprised?"

Lux's teasing tone snapped Lorelei and Kieran from their daze.

"Since you have summoned Deimos-Ranked Monsters, it's about time to summon mine as well, no?" Lux said. "Come, Greater Light Elemental!"

The Light Elemental, which Lux once summoned inside Whitebridge City, appeared in front of him and began shooting laser beams like a Gangsta at Lorelei's Army.

Although he was very tempted to summon King Leoric's Wraith Knights as well, he thought that this was already overkill, so he put this idea on hold for the time being.

Lorelei's face had now become flushed and her breathing had become ragged.

Seeing this reaction, Kieran became worried that she might actually use her strongest Trump Card, which he told her to only use as a Last Resort when her life was in danger.

Dracul, who was enjoying the battle in the front row seats, wasn't aware of Kieran's worries.

Because of this, he didn't notice right away that the sky above their heads was slowly, but surely, turning crimson, which had never happened before in the Necromancer's Ancestral Grounds since he had become its Guardian.

"One of the conditions has been met," Hereswith said softly from within her Domain. "Now... the last and final one. It is also the riskiest of all."

Although she had a calm expression on her face, deep down, she wasn't as calm as she looked.

The last condition that needed to be met for Lux to become a Ranker carried a great risk that even she didn't know if he would succeed at or not.

For now, the only thing she could do was wait.

Wait for the time when Lux would take that leap of faith, and understand what staring death in the face really meant.

Chapter 764: Someone Who Mustn't Exist

Orion, who had seen his mortal enemy, rushed like a mad lad alongside his clone.

After insta-killing one of the Octopaths, he targeted another one, which made Lorelei cry out in shock.

These were Deimos-Ranked Abyssal Monsters—not regular Monsters one could easily find anywhere.

Octopaths were the all-rounder of the Abyssal Race because they could attack and defend at the same time.

However, against the Revenger, who had his stats multiplied thousands of times, no Deimos-Ranked Octopath, and probably even Argonaut-Ranked Octopath, could survive his burning fists of fury.

"Rage Fist!" Orion and his clone shouted and punched forward.

A Divine Phoenix that radiated Divine Energy flew toward his target and immolated it upon impact. The Octopath was only able to let out an ear-piercing screech before turning into ashes.

"Impossible!" Lorelei gritted her teeth. "How can this happen?!"

Her earlier calm had now vanished without a trace.

Before the battle began, she had all the advantages against Lux.

Her Rank was higher than his.

Her Army had higher numbers compared to his.

Her Army also had a higher rank than his.

And yet, the outcome she envisioned was very different from what was taking place in front of her. Even her Master, Kieran, as well as the other Necromancers, couldn't believe what they were seeing.

This was their first time seeing a Rank 5 Golem obliterate a Deimos-Ranked Abyssal Creature as easily as if he was fighting against a common Monster like a Horned Rabbit.

Orion wasn't the only one who was on a killing spree.

The Greater Light Elemental had annihilated countless undead just a few minutes after it had been summoned. With its Light Affinity, which was the weakness of the Undead, its attacks dealt truly devastating damage.

Just like all of Lux's summons, the Light Rays of the Greater Light Elemental had also been imbued with the Divine Element. Light Magic was already a big threat to the Undead, and now that it was paired up with Divine Magic, the chances of surviving the Elemental's attack decreased drastically.

Although Lorelei still had tens of thousands of Undead under her command, she knew that it was only a matter of time before all of them were annihilated.

Suddenly, a change happened on the battlefield.

All of Lorelei's Named Creatures disengaged from their fight against their opponents and charged toward the Half-Elf, who was at the rear of the army.

Even the Undead ignored their opponents and made a beeline toward the Master of the enemies they were facing.

"Look, Master. Here they come," Asmodeus said while rubbing his hands. "Should I show them what I can do?"

"No need," Lux replied. "Someone else will handle the rest for me."

As soon as the red-headed teenager finished his statement, his First Born, Diablo, appeared in front of him.

Riding on his Nightmare Horse, the Death Knight charged toward the upcoming army and raised his sword, which he had been using ever since Lux had given it to him.

Its name was Blood Moon.

Randolph's Mythical Weapon, which he had forged before he had acquired the Transcendent Flames.

After mastering his newfound power, the Blacksmith reforged his greatest creation, raising its rank and upgrading it to a Legendary Weapon!

"Hellfire Annihilation!" Diablo slashed sideways, creating a crescent crimson blade that flew toward the Undead Army that was targeting his Master.

Due to the number of monsters that had died on the battlefield, Diablo's attack stat had increased drastically, slicing anything that the Crimson Blade made contact with in half.

Although ALL-MITE was the strongest member of Lux's covenant and Asmodeus could copy all of the Half-Elf's skills, Diablo didn't mind it one bit.

For him, Lux was his sole reason for living, and anyone that dared to point their weapons at the Half-Elf would have to go over his corpse first.

The Death Knight had long felt that something was changing inside of him. It was as if he was ready to evolve and take that next step to become stronger.

It was not only Diablo who felt this way. In fact, Lux's entire Army, with the exception of his Covenant, was on the cusp of evolving.

"Whirlwind Slash!" Diablo once again slashed sideways, instantly killing everything within a hundred-meter radius around him.

A moment later, a rain of Divine Ice Arrows descended from the sky.

Not long after, an icy mist spread in the surroundings as Ishtar's attack slowed and killed those that were able to get past Diablo's defenses.

Ishtar, who was now riding on top of one of the Plague Wing Gargoyles, unleashed a flurry of arrows from above.

She was Lux's Second Born, and from a simple Skeleton Hunter, she had evolved into a Nightstalker, granting her the ability to move in the shadows, similar to Draven.

From the rear of Lorelei's undead army, a dust cloud could be seen. The cause of this dust cloud was none other than Pazuzu and his clone, who both had once again activated their Madlad Rush.

He was Lux's third Named Creature, and the Half-Elf had obtained him in the Dungeon of Dominion.

In every clash, he would usually be the first to die. But he was fine with that. He had a role to play, and that was to ensure that his comrades were safe from harm.

His title as Fortress Defender was not just for show.

With one mighty Shield Bash from him, he sent one of Lorelei's Named Creatures, who was a Deimos-Ranked Creature, flying.

Although he was only a Rank 5 Monster, everything he possessed was all Legendary Equipment, all of which he had looted from the General of the Haca Dynasty, Ronan, who had tried to take advantage of Garret's disappearance to force himself on the Great General's wife.

Fortunately, Lux was there so the worst-case scenario didn't happen. And now, clad in Legendary Equipment from head to toe, Pazuzu smashed his spiked mace against another of Lorelei's Named Creatures, making it fly sideways.

High above the battlefield, the Great Flame Skull, Lazarus, hovered in a stationary spot. His eyes burned with great ferocity as he opened his mouth wide, unleashing a Cone of Cold Flames that was also imbued with Divine Magic.

The role he played in Lux's Army was a Magical Turret that shot countless magical spells at their enemies, supporting his allies on the battlefield.

As for Orion, he had just killed his fifth Octopath, and he intended to kill all of them before they could even say the word "Brah!"

Last but not the least was Asmodeus.

The Archlich's Unique Title was Lord's Equal. This meant that any skill that Lux possessed, with the exception of his Draconic Arts, Asmodeus had them as well.

Gaining Lux's permission, the Archlich summoned his two trusted subordinates, Ithaqua and Morpheus, before summoning his own Skeleton Gangbangers, Skeleton Arcane Archers, Steel Golems, and Liches.

The Archlich didn't bat an eye and merged the Skeleton Gangbangers and Steel Golems, creating two Deimos-Ranked Hecatoncheires on the battlefield.

"Kill them all in the Master's name!" Asmodeus ordered as he spread his arms wide. "Praise the Sun!"

The two Hecatoncheres also spread their arms wide, before swatting Lorelei's Deimos-Ranked subordinates.

"Ora! Ora! Ora! Ora! Ora! Ora!" One of the Hecatoncheires shouted as it unleashed a barrage of palm strikes at the Undead Army, crushing them like bugs.

"Muda! Muda! Muda! Muda! Muda! Muda!" The other Hecatoncheires also didn't hold back and started their own rampage, face-slapping anything they could reach.

Lorelei clenched her fist before glancing in her Master's direction. Now that it had come to this, she was planning to use her ultimate Trump Card to end the battle.

Kieran, who saw his disciple's glance, frowned before reluctantly nodding his head. This was a battle with their dignity on the line.

They couldn't be choosy with the methods they were going to use.

Just as Lorelei was about to unleash her trump card, something unexpected happened on the battlefield.

"That was a very interesting display of skill and power. You can die now."

Dracul, who was watching the battle from the side, instantly appeared in front of Lux and stabbed his hand on the Half-Elf's chest, catching the red-headed teenager completely by surprise.

"W-Why?" Lux asked as blood dripped from the corner of his mouth.

He didn't expect the Guardian of the Ancestral Ground to attack him while he was busy dueling Lorelei.

"It's because you are someone who mustn't exist," Dracul stated coldly. "I didn't sense this earlier, but now I can sense it fully. Your existence here in the Sacred Lands is destroying it from within. If I allow you to break through as a

Ranker, this place would collapse, and the Holy Land of the Necromancers will be gone.

"Don't worry. I will at least give you a proper burial ground here in the Ancestral Grounds. That is the least that I can do for you."

Without another word, Dracul crushed Lux's heart, destroying it completely.

The last thing that Lux had heard and saw before darkness overtook him was Gaap's furious cry of anger and despair, as well as Antero's Gigantic Form towering behind Dracul.

"I'll kill you!" Gaap roared as he ordered the Golem of Destruction to annihilate the Guardian of the Necromancer's Sacred Land, who dared to kill his Disciple before his very eyes.

Chapter 765: All Things Are Equal In Death

Dracul pushed Lux's body to the side before shifting his gaze toward the towering Giant who was now headed in his direction.

The Guardian of the Sacred Lands smirked before disappearing from where he stood and appearing right in front of Antero.

"You might be indestructible, but here in the Sacred Lands, I am supreme!" Dracul declared as he met Antero's punch, with a punch of his own, stopping it completely. "I apologize for killing your disciple, Gaap. In order to compensate you, I will scour the world for the most gifted child that possesses the affinity of Necromancy.

"I will also open the treasury of the Sacred Lands and allow him to raise his rank at a rate never before seen in the world. In just a month, I promise you that he will become a High-Ranker—even a Saint, after two years. That is the least I can do for your loss."

"Screw you!" Gaap roared as blood dripped from the corner of his lips. "Kill him, Antero! Use my entire life if you have to!"

Gaap only had one Disciple in the world, and before he could even nurture him fully, he died before even becoming a Ranker.

He had already witnessed how his Master died in the past.

Now, his only Disciple died before he could even do anything.

Gaap's heart was bleeding due to anger, guilt, as well as depression from what had just transpired.

Because of this, he threw all caution to the wind and ordered Antero to use his entire life span to avenge his Disciple, whose limitless potential was nipped in the bud by the very Guardian, whom all the Necromancers in the world trusted.

Dracul sighed because he understood that Gaap was not in the right state of mind to talk to him right now.

'I'll just knock him unconscious first and deal with the aftermath later,' Dracul thought. 'It is truly a pity. I really liked the boy. However, since I had to choose between him and the Sacred Lands, he could only die. This place will always be my priority.'

The Heavens above their heads had now completely turned red.

A moment later, something landed on Dracul's face, making him frown.

Wiping his face, he glanced at his finger and saw what seemed to be blood. Before the Guardian could even understand what was happening, blood began to rain down from the sky.

The battle on the ground had come to a complete halt, and all of Lux's Named Creatures and members of his Covenant knelt in front of their Master's body, crying tears of blood.

Slowly but surely, all the Undead in Lux's Army turned into particles of light.

Diablo, Ishtar, Pazuzu, Orion, Asmodeus, and Lazarus all started to turn transparent as the warmth on their master's body faded away.

None of them expected this to happen, and before they could do anything, their Master had already met his end.

The members of Lux's Covenant were also slowly turning transparent as well. Their powers and life were linked to the Half-Elf's, so his death was their death as well.

Lorelei watched this scene with a conflicted look on her face. She also didn't expect something like this would happen, and right now, she was at a loss about what to do.

However, when the rain of blood started to fall within the Sacred Lands of the Necromancers, she felt as if her very own blood was starting to stir.

Her instincts were telling her that something was about to happen, and whatever it was, it would change her life forever.

Kieran, who also sensed the sudden change in the environment of the Sacred Lands, hurriedly appeared beside his Disciple.

He was also shocked by the fact that Dracul had killed a junior, a Necromancer from the young generation.

Because of this, he decided to protect Lorelei at all cost, just in case Dracul chose to target her next.

All of the other Necromancers were confused as well and couldn't understand why Dracul did what he did. The only thing they could do now was watch the battle that was making the lands tremble as tears of blood fell down Gaap's face ceaselessly.

No one knew if these tears were from the blood rain or his eyes. The only thing they did know was that the old Halfling was completely heartbroken and devastated, even offering his entire life to avenge his Disciple.

"This is futile, Gaap," Dracul said as he once again blocked Antero's fist that was aimed at him. "As long as I am here in the Sacred Lands, nothing can defeat me. Even if a Supreme were to fight me right now, the one who will face defeat will not be me!"

Gaap slowly raised his head as he looked at the Vampire King, who had an apologetic look on his face.

He could feel his life ebbing away as Antero's Rank slowly advanced to Demigod.

What the old Halfling was doing right now was releasing the seal that his Master had planted on Antero's body, which would allow the Golem of Destruction to fight at its peak potential.

"You killed my Disciple because you said that his breakthrough would destroy the Sacred Lands, right?" Gaap raised his hand as the final seal that bound Antero was about to be released. "In that case, I will destroy this place myself. This is the only way that I will be able to face my Master in the afterlife. A Sacred Land that has forsaken one of its own people doesn't need to exist!"

Just as Gaap was about to unleash hell upon the world, a voice reached his ears, making him pause before he could break Antero's last seal.

It was a voice that he hadn't heard in a very long time, and it made him wonder if he was already at death's door and if his Master, Hereswith, had come to pick him up.

Suddenly, the loud tolling of a bell reverberated not only in the Necromancer's Sacred Lands, but also across the entirety of Elysium and Solais.

It reached the far corners of both worlds, making everyone who heard it raise their heads toward the sky in awe of what was about to come.

Lux's body, which was laying on the ground, slowly floated towards the sky.

As if it were being pulled by a mysterious force, the blood rain all flew toward the Half-Elf, coating his body entirely in blood.

Even the blood-soaked ground wasn't spared. The blood that originally dyed the ground scarlet turned into a blood mist and flew towards Lux, whose entire body was now encased in a dome of red blood.

The Sacred Lands began to tremble as if it was feeling afraid of what was about to happen next.

Dracul, who had also noticed the changes, frowned as he blocked Antero's punch with a punch of his own.

However, unlike what happened earlier, Antero's punch broke Dracul's arm and sent him crashing toward the ground, making the Vampire King cry out in pain and surprise.

'T-The Sacred Lands is afraid and has stopped giving me its blessings,' Dracul who didn't expect that the power, granting him the strength to challenge Antero without any effort, would disappear without a trace.

He could only grimace as he slowly propped himself up and braced for the Golem's next attack. But it never came.

Gaap stared at the Dome of Blood that was hovering above the heavens with a hopeful gaze as blood trickled from the corner of his lips.

Out of nowhere, a gigantic Skeleton King, who was just as tall as Antero, materialized behind the Dome of Blood and held it with its bony hands.

Soon after, a singing that could only be described as angelic reached everyone's ears.

The red sky that covered the entirety of the Sacred Lands turned blue, and for the first time since its creation, sunlight bathed the world with its Divine Light.

A crown made of light appeared above the Gigantic Skeleton's Head, making all the Necromancers below the rank of Supreme all kneel subconsciously towards it.

Even the Necromancers in Elysium and Solais did the same.

They all knelt because they felt that it was the right thing to do, despite not knowing what was happening.

As if waiting for that moment, Hereswith's voice, which was filled with excitement and jubilation, spread across Elysium and Solais, informing everyone that the dream she had long chased throughout her life had finally become a reality.

Hereswith spoke with trembling lips as she spread her arms wide, her voice being carried by a mysterious power for everyone to hear.

"All things are equal in death. Let this be a sign.

But, do not hold thy breath that Necromancy can't be divine."

The words she had spoken that day would be remembered and talked about for many years to come.

For it was the day when the world came to a complete standstill, as all hearts started to beat as one.

(A/N: The words that Herewith spoke were from a quote given by one of my readers, Fallen_Nephilim. I thought it was good, so I decided to use it here. Credit goes to him.)

Chapter 766.1: The Birth Of Heaven's Necromancer [Part 1]

The sound of an Elf crying as she held onto her dead baby spread in the surroundings.

Surrounding her were other Elves, who had come to bid goodbye to the child who was supposed to become part of their small village. Unfortunately, the baby boy passed away minutes after it was born into the world.

Lux watched this scene and knew with utmost certainty that the child in the Elf lady's arms was him.

No. It wasn't him.

It was the vessel which his broken spirit had merged with when he came to Solais.

Full moon hung in the sky that night, and through her pained sobs, Lux came to realize how heartbroken the lady was.

"Although I wasn't able to give you love and happiness, I will not forget to give you a name," the Elf lady, whose name was Adeline, said sadly as she finished writing her son's name on the wooden slate.

Lux.

That was the name that Adeline had given her son.

That name meant Light.

A name that was supposed to bring light to her world. Unfortunately, it wasn't meant to be.

Adeline's mother wrapped her arms around her daughter as her husband took the basket holding his grandson's body. With determination, he walked toward the river.

"Let me send you off, my dear grandson," Adeline's father sadly muttered. "I pray that the spirits will guide your soul to the promised paradise where we shall meet when our time has come as well. Forgive us for being unable to give you a proper burial."

Suddenly, a little Elf girl started to sing. It was the song of parting that the Elves sang when their loved ones had departed the world.

Soon, the other Elves joined in the singing as they sent the youngest member of their clan on his journey to the afterlife.

Adeline's father gently put down the basket on the river. He gave his grandson one last glance before finally letting go.

Adeline wailed and her mother struggled to hold her in place. She had a feeling that if she didn't hold her daughter properly, Adeline would jump into the river and bring the basket back to the shore.

"Sleep, child," the Patriarch said as he cast a sleeping spell on the struggling young lady. This was the only thing he could think of to prevent Adeline from acting recklessly.

Lux watched this scene with a sad expression on her face. The grief on "his" mother's face before she was forced to sleep using a spell made his heart ache.

However, this was something that had happened in the past, and no matter what he did, there was nothing he could do to change it.

Soon, Lux found himself floating in the air. He had no control over his body, and he could only watch as the events transpired in front of him.

He saw how the basket steadily floated on the river until it was caught up in a strong current, pushing it farther away from the Elven Lands, where the child should have spent his childhood in the company of his mother and his grandparents.

Several hours later, he saw a blue meteorite trailing across the heavens. As it descended toward the land, it grew smaller and smaller until it merged with the body of the dead baby.

A low yet audible gasp of breath reached his ears as the baby took his first breath after his death.

Little by little, the baby's paleness went away, and yet, he still looked very frail.

If the basket had hit a boulder in the river or had been capsized by one of the river animals that swam past it, that frail baby, who had just regained his life, would have met another untimely death.

Fortunately, nothing happened.

The basket floated peacefully down the river as the baby slept without making a sound.

Many hours later, the baby floated in the territory of the Giant River Crocodiles, who were in their mating season. The Alpha Males of the Group were fighting in order to gain the right to mate with the females.

However, this battle came to an abrupt halt when they heard the sound of a baby crying.

Their gazes shifted to the basket that was floating toward them, and saw the helpless, delicious bite-sized baby, catching all of their attention.

The other Crocodiles who noticed the baby swam toward the basket in an attempt to call dibs on the free snack that was floating in their direction.

At that exact moment, an old lady riding on top of a white hippopotamus jumped over the heads of these Crocodiles and snatched the basket before it was too late.

Angered by the trespasser who had come to steal their snack, the Alpha Crocodiles blocked her way.

"We don't have to make a big deal out of this small matter," the old lady, whom the baby would later call Grandma Vera, said to the two giant Crocodiles, whose bloodshot eyes had locked onto her small frame. "I'm taking this child with me, so get out of my way."

Lux, who saw this scene, gave his Grandma two thumbs up due to how awesome and majestic she looked at that moment.

He had no recollection of how his Grandma had picked him up in the river.

Whenever he asked her, she would just say that she was riding on Sophie's back (White Hippo) and happened to see Lux's basket float past her. Since she couldn't abandon him, she decided to take him back to the Wildgarde Stronghold and raise him as her own grandson.

The two Alpha Crocodiles didn't listen to her and charged in her direction. When they were only a few meters away from the White Hippopotamus, Vera moved one of her hands erratically, and two battle dolls smashed their fists against the two Crocodiles' snouts, which sent them flying backward.

Seeing what happened to the two strong males, the rest of the crocodiles scattered like wild ducks hearing a gunshot, creating waves on the river's surface.

"Don't cry, little one. You are safe now," the old lady said.

She then used her finger to lightly caress the baby's cheeks in order to calm him down.

Perhaps it was a coincidence, or perhaps it was because of the baby's natural instinct, but the moment his face was touched, his small hands reached out to hold the finger that was caressing his face.

This scene looked very endearing, and Lux could feel something warm spreading inside his chest, making him eternally grateful that the one who picked him up in the river was the kind old lady, who raised him with great love and care.

"Let's go, Sophie," Vera said softly. "Let's go home."

And home they went.

The place where he grew up, the Wildgarde Stronghold, would be his home for the next sixteen years of his life.

Lux watched how the frail baby grew up from a baby, to a toddler, to a boy, and finally a teenager.

Although this process of watching his own journey took years, time seemed to not matter to him.

It was as if he knew on a fundamental level that even if he watched his entire life from the moment he was born, up to the present, it would only be a short span of time in the real world.

With no such worries, Lux laughed, cried, and got angered as he relived his life all over again.

He even felt his cheeks burning from hearing the cheesy words he had said when he made love to Iris and Cai when he spent nights with them.

After an unknown amount of time had passed, the scene changed to Lux fighting against Lorelei.

He could even see the shocked expression on his face when Dracul had stabbed his chest and crushed his heart without even batting an eye.

Lux saw the anguish and despair on Gaap's face as he summoned Antero in order to avenge him.

Seeing how his Master had offered his life in order to make the Vampire King pay for the crime of killing him, Lux felt heartbroken, and the tears poured from his eyes like rain.

At that exact moment, Lux felt as if a jolt of electricity was running down his spine, triggering changes in his body that he had never felt before.

Suddenly, he felt like he was being drawn back into his body and once again fell unconscious.

However, for some reason, he didn't feel afraid.

His Grandmaster's voice reached his ears, telling him that everything was going to be fine.

Then he heard the singing of angels, which was like a lullaby, making him fall into a deep and peaceful slumber.

However, as he was being drawn to sleep's embrace, he once again heard Herewith's words that were filled with joy and strength.

"All things are equal in death. Let this be a sign.

But, do not hold thy breath that Necromancy can't be divine."

Those were the words that he heard before he closed his eyes and slept.

He had a feeling that the next time he opened his eyes, he would see the Necromancer's Ancestral Land in a different light.

A land that would soon tremble after feeling his potential might.

Chapter 767.2: The Birth Of Heaven's Necromancer [Part 2]

Barbatos Academy...

"Father... could it be?" Iris asked with trembling lips as she looked at her Father for confirmation of her guess.

"The possibility exists," Alexander replied. "I wouldn't be surprised if this has something to do with Lux, but something feels off. This is something that I never felt before"

"What do you mean, father?"

"I really don't understand it myself. But for some reason, I feel like a new era has come. A great change will happen in the world. However, I am unable to tell if this change will be good or bad. All I know is that as a Saint, I could distinctly feel that this event is the trigger for something profound."

Saints and Supreme were beings that were able to understand the laws of the world and use them to their advantage. However, Alexander could feel that a new law was about to be born, and this law would change long-standing beliefs that many thought were set in stone.

A moment later, Iris' body stiffened as she fell into a trance.

She felt something warm and gentle wrap itself around her, raising her rank slowly until it reached the Peak of the Initiate Rank.

The warmth she felt was very familiar.

It was the same warmth she felt when Lux hugged her from behind after their lovemaking, making her feel as if she was the happiest and luckiest girl in the world.

Rowan Tribe...

Cai looked up at the Heavens and transformed into her human form. She was wearing the dress that Lux had given her before they parted and asked her to do her best to always wear clothes even when she was in her boar form.

"The only one that has the right to see you naked is me. So, make sure to wear clothes to prevent any accidents from happening."

Those were the words that Lux had told her before giving her a farewell kiss. Currently, she was undergoing her Ranker Trial, and the fluctuations in the Heavens were also affecting her breakthrough.

Cai felt as if the laws of the world were holding her in a gentle embrace, making her feel loved, safe, and secure. She surrendered herself to this feeling as the spirits around her danced happily.

For a brief moment, she felt connected to her distant fiance, who was currently in Elysium.

And through that connection, she reached out her hand and held onto a promise that would change her life forever.

Kingdom of Gweliven...

Aina, who was meditating, suddenly transformed into her Angel Form.

She didn't know why, but she suddenly thought of the handsome Half-Elf, whom she had kissed weeks ago.

Back then, she didn't think much about the kiss and only did it because she felt that it was the right thing to do.

However, since then, Lux would often cross her mind.

Colette's non-stop remarks of "Big Sister, Big Brother is so cool, awesome, amazing, and handsome. Wouldn't it be nice if the two of you get married?" didn't help either.

"What is going on?" Aina muttered as the Divine Power within her body started to tremble as if it was feeling afraid of something. "This has never happened before."

She had just heard the voice that came from the Heavens, making her feel as if she had touched something fleeting while in a meditative state.

'Did something happen to him?' Aina thought as the image of the smiling Half-Elf popped inside her head.

She then closed her eyes and placed her palm over her chest, feeling her heartbeat.

'I don't know what's happening, but I pray that you are safe,' Aina said in her heart. 'I still owe you a favor, so be safe until I return it.'

Karshvar Draconis...

Valerie woke up abruptly from her slumber.

She had just dreamed of Lux, and the two of them were doing "stuff" that was very unfamiliar to her.

She could vaguely remember herself saying in her dream that they mustn't do it or she would get pregnant.

However, Lux's calm and gentle voice only told her, "I will take responsibility and ask your father to go fishing with me."

This wasn't the first time that Valerie had dreamt of something like this.

After meeting Lux in the Outer Reaches, something awakened inside of her. For a long-lived race like Dragons, Valerie was still a child in her father's eyes.

However, the Dragon King wasn't aware that she was maturing at a very fast rate, and had he known, it would have made him happy and worried at the same time.

Happy because his beloved daughter was starting to become mature, and worried because of the things that were still too early for her to know.

"Sir Lux...", Valerie said softly as she covered her face with both hands. "Why are you always on my mind?"

The peerless beauty of the Dragon Race didn't know the answer to this question.

All she knew right now was that her heart was beating wildly inside her chest as the image of the handsome Half-Elf once again appeared in her mind.

Within the most desolate place in Agartha...

A young lady with long pink hair raised her head.

Whether she looked up, down, left, or right, all she could see was darkness.

Maddening darkness that could have driven anyone crazy.

Fortunately, her willpower was stronger than most people's for it was the only thing that she possessed.

Born as the lady of misfortune, she was imprisoned in a place where no one could reach her.

A place where she would spend her days staring at the endless darkness, which had become her dear friend and companion.

However, today was different.

Within that darkness, a ray of light suddenly appeared.

Aurora raised her trembling hands as if to embrace that warm light, filling up her lonely heart with the warmth that she had never felt before.

"Lux."

A name escaped her soft and seductive lips, triggering the ray of light to intensify.

She had only met him for a brief moment, and even then, she thought that it was just a fleeting dream.

A hallucination that was created by her desperate heart and mind that craved for someone to talk to.

Someone to hold her in that cold and lonely darkness that was slowly turning her heart into stone.

"You're real," Aurora said with trembling lips as tears streamed down the side of her face. "You're so warm..."

Lux, who had appeared in front of her, spread his arms wide and wrapped her in a firm yet gentle embrace.

"Soon," Lux whispered in her ears. "I will come for you soon. Wait for me, Aurora."

"Un," Aurora replied through pained sobs as she hugged the Half-Elf not caring whether he was an illusion or not. "I'll wait for you. Come and find me."

Lux continued to hug the trembling girl in the darkness until her tears stopped completely. Only when Aurora regained her calm did the image of the Half-Elf disappear.

When the ray of light vanished, and she was once again wrapped up in darkness, Aurora saw two sets of eyes glowing beside her.

"Who?" Aurora asked as her eyes slowly adjusted until she saw two small skeletons that were only two-feet-tall standing in front of her.

One of the miniature skeletons opened up its mouth creating clicking noises as if answering Aurora's question.

"Your Master sent you here to keep me company?" Aurora asked once more, making the two skeletons nod their heads.

"What are your names?" Aurora inquired about her two guests, whom she had never seen before.

The two Skeletons once again made clicking noises, which made the pink-haired beauty smile.

"You don't have names? Very well, I will give both of you names," Aurora said with determination. "From now on, your names will be Zane and Zeke."

The two little skeletons jumped happily and made clicking noises. They liked the names that Aurora had given them and, with this, their contract with her was officially set in stone.

Amidst the darkness, the lonely girl that had been forsaken by her kingdom no longer felt alone.

For there were two little skeletons who would talk to her and keep her company.

The anxiety and worry that she had been bottling up for the past few years rose to the surface.

Aurora cried, not holding back her voice.

Her pained sobs echoed within her dark prison. However, this time, two skeletons were there for her.

As if telling her that everything was going to be fine, they both gave her a hug.

Aurora hugged them back, and the three of them huddled in the darkness.

She was the lady of misfortune, who held all the bad luck in the world.

But, on this day, she found two new friends who were unaffected by her curse.

Friends that would stay by her side forever, ensuring that she would not be lonely for the rest of her life.

Chapter 768: Your Necromancy Will Never Be Divine

An hour had passed since Herewith's words rang out across the entirety of Solais and Elysium.

The normal people found this event quite intriguing, and they were merely reminded of the Mythical Guild, Heaven's Gate, whose name had also been announced through every corner of both worlds.

However, for the true Powerhouses of the world, namely the Saints and Supreme, this announcement made them all feel that something was about to be born.

They were not thinking of a child being born or anything of the sort. What they were feeling was that a new "Law of the World" would be born, which would either be a good or bad thing and definitely world-changing.

Similar to the Law of Gravity that kept everyone's feet firmly planted on the ground, the new Law would always remain active.

That was what worried these Powerful Beings.

Like the Saints and Supremes, sentient Creatures that had stepped into the Ranks of Calamity and Demigod could also feel the upcoming change.

As for those who stood at the top of the World, they weren't too worried that these changes could threaten them.

However, there was always a first for everything, and this new Law that was being created would soon be put to the test.

Inside the Conference Room of the Divine Temple of Light...

All the Champions of Light had stopped whatever they were doing and hastily headed to their Headquarters in order to discuss the current situation.

"I can't be wrong," a High Templar said with a solemn expression on his face. "That was Herewith's voice."

One of the Elders of the Divine Army of Light also nodded his head in agreement.

"Did she survive?" the Elder asked. "I wasn't there when she was hunted down. I thought she was dead all these years."

"She is dead," the High King of Lunaria, who was also one of the Champions of Light, stated in a firm tone. "I was the one that killed her. I even made sure to burn her body to ashes, so she wouldn't be able to revive herself in any way possible."

"I was also there when it happened," the Old Priest seated opposite the High King commented. "I even cast a Purification Spell on the ashes in order to ensure that she would stay dead."

"And yet... we hear her voice," the one who was seated at the very center of the Conference Table said in a cold tone. "Unless all of us hallucinated at the same time, there is no mistake that it was Hereswith's voice."

"Your Excellency, I was sure that I killed her," the High King stated. "There were twelve others in this room who had been with me at that time. They were the ones who helped me seal her. Although her Disciple escaped, we are certain that she is dead and would never revive."

The twelve other Champions of the Divine Army all nodded their heads to affirm that they were indeed there when they put an end to the life of the Heretic, who was at the very top of their order's Kill List.

Ever since her death, the top spot had been occupied by her disciple, Gaap, who commanded the Giant of Destruction, Antero.

"Let's say that you have indeed killed her," the Sovereign of the Divine Army who commanded all of the Divine Champions, as well as the Army of Light, started in the same cold tone that he used earlier. "However, do not forget that she is a Necromancer.

"A very peculiar one who had not only stepped onto the path of Necromancy but dared to tread the path of Light as well. She was a heretic through and through, which was why we hunted her down. Such an existence cannot be allowed to live... and yet, here we are, talking about her and wondering if she's really dead."

An awkward silence descended inside the room as the Champions glanced at each other, unable to say anything after hearing their Sovereign's words.

"Let's set aside Hereswith for now," the Oracle of Light stated. "I used Divination in order to get to the bottom of things. Although Hereswith did have a connection with what happened an hour ago, she was not the main focus of this incident. At most, she is just a supporter."

The Oracle of Light narrowed her eyes before waving her hand.

The image of a giant Skeleton King, holding a dome of blood in its hands, appeared in front of everyone.

Gasps of surprise spread inside the room as the Champions of Light and their Sovereign looked at the ominous-looking Undead in front of them, who was just as tall as the Golem of Destruction that they feared to a certain extent.

"This is the only thing that I saw when I used my Divine Artifact to pinpoint the cause of this incident," the Oracle of Light said. "Currently, that giant Skeleton King is inside the Necromancer's Sacred Lands. The only reason why I managed to catch a glimpse of it is because the veil that protected the Holy Land of the Necromancers had disappeared.

"Even so, my Divination was only able to capture this figure before it lost all of its power. If we want to know what is going on, there is only one thing we can do."

The expression of everyone inside the room turned serious after hearing the Oracle's words. There was only one way to know what was happening, and that was to go to the Necromancer's Sacred Land.

"If we do this, we will be breaking the agreement," the Old Priest said anxiously. "If we step into their Sacred Lands, I'm afraid that they will..."

The Old Priest didn't need to finish his words because everyone inside the room understood it very well.

Their Supreme was still recovering from the injuries that he received after duking it out with the Supreme of Memento Mori, who had also suffered grievous injuries.

All eyes then landed on their Sovereign, waiting for his orders. As the one currently taking the place on the Seat of Light, only he could command them.

The Sovereign of Light pressed his hands together and closed his eyes. This lasted for two full minutes before he opened them again and gave his decree.

"Go to the Necromancer's Sacred Lands, but don't do anything rash," the Sovereign stated. "However, just by looking at that Giant Skeleton King, I have a feeling that the Dome of Blood in his hands contains the root cause of this event. Also, since Hereswith has a connection with this matter, this could only mean one thing."

The Sovereign of the Divine Army then enunciated two words, which made all the Champions draw in cold breaths.

"Heaven's Necromancer."

The Oracle sighed before shaking her head bitterly.

"It is very possible that you are correct, My Sovereign," the Oracle of Life commented. "Perhaps inside that Dome of Blood, a new Heretic will be born. However, there is one big difference. While Hereswith didn't succeed, this one might."

"Then, there is only one thing to do," the High King that killed Hereswith said with determination. "Since it still hasn't been born, how about we kill it first?"

"But what about the agreement?" the Old Priest asked. "We might all go to war again if we do this."

The Sovereign of Light lightly tapped the top of the table to get everyone's attention.

"Let's check the situation first," the Sovereign of Light said. "However, if an opportunity presents itself, it is best to nip all problems in the bud before they can contaminate the world. Even if that means going to war again, this is something that we should do.

"After all, we can't have a Necromancer who also wields the power of the Divine. This is something that mustn't be allowed.

"If we turn a blind eye to this, then there is a possibility that he will target the Divine Army when he becomes strong enough to do so. By then, we might not have the ability to fight him because he'd be immune to the Holy Powers that we wield."

No one in the room said anything and simply listened to their Sovereign's words. After a few minutes, they too thought that this was the most logical thing to do given their situation.

"In order to not alert Memento Mori, we will only send a small group to infiltrate the Necromancer's Ancestral Lands," the Sovereign of Light stated. "I will only allow six of you to go. I cannot leave this place because my

movements are being closely monitored. It is up to everyone in this room to decide who will be the swords that will stop this heresy from being born."

The first one to stand up was none other than the High King of Lunaria.

"I will go," the High King said. "If this is really related to Hereswith, then I need to be there to see with my own eyes if she is still alive or not."

The Sovereign of Light nodded his head. "Who else wants to go with him?"

The Old Priest raised his hand, and so did the High Templar that spoke earlier. Three more Champions of Light raised their hands to confirm that they were going as well.

"Very well, now go," the Sovereign of Light decreed. "Even if the outcome is war, do what you must do. Our duty is to protect this world. We don't need any variables that are outside of our control."

As soon as he gave his decree, the six people inside the room all stood up and bowed to their Sovereign.

A moment later, they hastily left in order to travel to the Sacred Lands of the Necromancer to carry out their mission.

"All things are equal in death, let this be a sign." The Sovereign of Light snorted. "Hereswith, don't hold your breath. Your Necromancy will never be divine."

Chapter 769: A Hero Has Arrived!

Espoire Frieden, the Ancient City of the High-Elves...

"Dear, Hereswith, she..." a beautiful Elf lady who seemed to be in her early thirties covered her trembling lips with her right hand as tears streamed down her face.

"I heard her as well, Judith," a handsome Elf, who was around the same age as the Elf lady, replied with a smile. "Without a doubt, that is our Hereswith."

"All these years... I thought she was dead," the woman said through sobs. "I miss her terribly."

"As do I, my love," the handsome Elf replied. "But I don't dare to hope. I witnessed how our daughter was killed. Her body was burned into ashes using the Moon Crystal. This is why, all these years, I treated her as though she was really dead. Even hearing her voice like this doesn't mean that she is really alive. Perhaps, it is only a fragment of the will she left behind that spoke those words."

The Elf lady sobbed once more, for she too didn't dare to hope. She had carried the pain of losing the youngest of her three daughters, and she couldn't bear to cling to the illusion that she was still alive.

The handsome Elf hugged his wife and let her cry on his shoulder. Although his face looked calm on the surface, deep down, he was also heartbroken.

Such was the fate of the parents who loved their child, whom they had raised with great love and care for the past hundred years.

Headquarters of Memento Mori...

Several Necromancers gathered together for the first time in many years. There was only one reason for their gathering, and it was none other than to discuss what was currently happening in their Holy Land.

"I have just talked to Dracul, and he confirmed that the Ancestral Ground temporarily lost the power that protected it," an old man with a wrinkled face stated. "After hearing his report, I asked him and he confirmed that although everyone there heard Hereswith's voice, no one saw her."

"Your Excellency, what is the cause of this incident then?" a middle-aged Necromancer asked. "Our spies in the Holy City had said that all the Champions of Light had gathered inside the Divine Temple. Perhaps they are discussing this matter as well."

"Knowing them, they are probably feeling pretty anxious right now," an old woman sneered. "They killed Hereswith because they didn't want her to become a Heaven's Necromancer, an existence that they deemed as the greatest heresy to their Divine Order."

"Knowing their Sovereign, he is probably thinking of infiltrating our Holy Land to better understand the current situation," a handsome Necromancer with blue hair and eyes said. "But they also know the consequences of doing that. It seems that they are prepared to wage war on us once again. The question is, are we ready for war?"

All the Necromancers in the room smiled after hearing the blue-haired Necromancer's words.

None of them were afraid of war because they had a nearly limitless number of Undead Warriors that they could call upon when the fighting really did start.

However, they couldn't wage war right now. The reason was simple.

They were putting all of their manpower and resources into something that would make even the Divine Army of Light fear for their lives.

Because of this, all of the Necromancers of Memento Mori that were inside their Headquarters were unable to fight right now.

Only those who were doing "Field Work" and those that were teaching their Disciples were spared from this monumental task.

"Dracul has temporarily lost the protection of the Sacred Land, and he is now merely an ordinary Saint," the wrinkled old man stated. "Kieran is also there, but if the Champions of Light were to really come, just the two of them will not be enough."

"Indeed," the old Lady commented. "I'm sure that Kieran will prioritize protecting his Disciple, Lorelei. As for the other Necromancers gathered there, at most, there is only a handful of High-Rankers who can't do anything against the Saints."

"Knowing the Divine Sovereign, he will not send a lot of people to check the situation in our Ancestral Lands," the blue-haired Necromancer said. "I think it is safe to say that they only have one goal and that is... kill Gaap's Disciple and crush Hereswith's dream all over again."

The Necromancers all sighed for they too knew that this was something that had a high chance of happening. None of them had anticipated such an event to transpire, making them feel helpless in the current situation.

All of their ranks had regressed, and they were now only at the peak of A-Rank. As much as they wanted to help, there was nothing they could do.

If their mortal enemies discovered their current situation, they would break all pretenses and use this as an opportunity to wipe all of them from the face of the world.

"I've already told Dracul that none of us can move," the wrinkled-old man said sadly. "If Gaap wants his Disciple to survive, the only thing he can do is pray that Dracul will regain his powers and protect his Disciple. However, knowing Dracul, he might even help the Divine Army get rid of the Half-Elf instead of extending his hand to help."

"I guess there is only one person who will stand up against them," the old lady commented.

"Indeed," the blue-haired Necromancer sighed. "Gaap. I don't know how much of his lifespan remains, but even if he manages to fend off the Champions of Light, I'm afraid that it will be his last battle in this world."

A pin-drop silence descended inside the room as the Necromancers of Memento Mori pondered about how they might be able to salvage the situation.

At that moment, a black-robed man entered the room, making everyone's gaze land on his body.

"What?" the black-robed man asked after seeing that everyone was looking at him in a weird manner.

"Perfect timing!" the old lady said before clapping her hands together. "A Hero has arrived!"

"Indeed," the blue-haired Necromancer said. "This must be Fate. During this troubling hour, someone is going to stand up for the team."

The other Necromancers inside the room all nodded their heads as they too voiced out their agreement to the blue-haired Necromancer's words.

The black-robed Necromancer, who had no idea of what was happening, felt like he had entered the Headquarters at the wrong time.

He had been busy doing "Field Work" and hadn't participated in any of their Guild's meetings for the past two years.

"Dillon, I have a favor to ask," the wrinkled old Necromancer said. "Can you do us a favor and go to our Ancestral Grounds right now? We need you to protect Hereswith's Grand Disciple from the Divine Army of Light. Surely, you can do this favor right? After all, you still owe Hereswith many favors."

The black-robed man found himself unable to even say anything as the members of Memento Mori listed all of the things that he owed Hereswith when she was still alive.

"C-Can you at least tell me what's going on first?" Dillon didn't know if he should laugh or cry at the sudden guilt-tripping methods that his comrades were using against him.

He had just returned to ask everyone if they also heard Hereswith's words an hour ago, which was something he found very hard to believe.

Dillon didn't expect that as soon as he arrived at their Guild Headquarters, he would be sent out on an errand to visit their Holy Land.

After being briefed on the current situation, the black-robed man no longer tarried and left the place as if his pants were on fire.

If the one he needed to save was truly Hereswith's Grand Disciple, then he would definitely extend his help.

That was the only way he could repay Hereswith for saving his and his daughter's life during a time when all hope was lost and the Gods of the world refused to hear his prayers.

Chapter 770: Killing Her Was The Best Feeling Ever

Necromancer's Ancestral Lands...

Gaap sat on a bone chair, drinking a special tonic prepared by his Named Creature, with an appearance of a young lady with blue hair and dressed in a gothic dress.

"Master, you should take better care of yourself," the blue-haired lady said in a worried tone.

Gaap didn't reply and simply drank his tonic in silence. He was feeling extremely lethargic, and if one looked closely, a few wrinkles had been added to his face.

The young lady, whose name was Carol, sighed in her heart as she stood beside her Master, ready to assist him with anything he needed.

Not far from Lux's Master, Kieran, Dracul, and Lorelei also sat on bone chairs.

They would give the old Halfling side-long glances from time to time and then shift their gaze back at the giant Skeleton King, who remained unmoving as it held the dome of blood in his hands.

The situation right now was completely unexpected, since nothing like this happened in the past. Because of this, they were unsure about what was going to happen next.

The only thing they knew was that they had no intention of leaving until this incident came into fruition.

"Do you still not feel the blessing of the Ancestral Ground on you?" Kieran asked Dracul, who was sitting with one of his legs on top of the other.

"No," Dracul replied. "In fact, I don't feel the power of the Ancestral Grounds at all. If I am so bold to make an assumption, I would say that it has gone into hiding or hibernation."

The Guardian of the Ancestral Grounds helplessly sighed before shaking his head bitterly.

"I think you've made a permanent enemy of Gaap," Kieran smirked. "Fortunately, he didn't fully unseal Antero and ordered him to turn you into meat paste."

Dracul simply snorted but didn't give any reply. The Vampire King didn't think that what he had done was wrong. He was simply acting for the benefit of their Holy Land.

However, if only he knew beforehand what was going to happen next, he would have stayed his hand, and perhaps, Lux wouldn't have undergone his breakthrough.

Suddenly, a frown formed on Dracul's face as he turned his head to look at the East.

Seeing his reaction, Kieran also frowned and shifted his gaze in the direction where the Vampire King was looking.

"It looks like we have some uninvited guests," Kieran stated.

"Judging by their aura and strength, our dear guests are certainly from the Divine Army of Light," Dracul narrowed his gaze. "There are at least five... no six of them. All of them are Saints. For some reason, I'm not surprised to see them snooping here."

"What are we going to do?" Kieran asked.

Dracul shrugged. "Although I am still a Saint, fighting against six is too much even for me. Especially now that I have lost the protection of the Ancestral Lands. If they came here a few hours ago, I would have wiped the floor with them without breaking a sweat."

Lorelei, who was silently listening at the side, still had a calm look on her face. However, deep inside, she was feeling anxious.

She and her Master had witnessed how the Champions of Light eradicated a vagabond Necromancer, who was not affiliated with Memento Mori.

The poor individual didn't even stand a chance, and his body was burned to ashes until nothing was left.

"Don't worry, Lorelei," Kieran said. "They won't dare attack us. Unless they want an all-out war, they will refrain from targeting the members of Memento Mori."

Dracul also nodded his head in agreement. The Divine Army of Light also knew that he was the Guardian of the Ancestral Grounds. They would still think twice about attacking him, even if they were to know that he had lost the blessing of their Holy Land.

A moment later, the Necromancers, who also felt the approaching danger, all gathered beside Dracul, hoping that their Guardian would protect them from the people that hunted them down.

Dracul didn't say anything and allowed them to stand behind his back.

Even though he had lost his Divine Protection, he wouldn't just turn a blind eye when outsiders rampaged inside their Holy Land and killed the people who treat it as sacred.

"They're probably here for Lux," Lorelei commented. "Master, what shall we do? Are we going to help?"

Kieran hesitated a bit before glancing in Gaap's direction. It was impossible for the Old Halfling to not feel the presence of such powerful individuals coming their way.

A minute later, Kieran resolved himself before giving an answer to his Disciple.

"Your safety is my priority, Lorelei," Kieran stated. "I have no obligation to help Gaap defend his Disciple."

"But Master, weren't you on good terms with Lady Hereswith? Are you going to abandon her Grand Disciple?"

"..."

Kieran didn't know how to reply to Lorelei's words. He indeed owed Hereswith a favor in the past, and he wouldn't mind returning it now. However, if anything happened to Lorelei, the Royal High-Elf Family would never forgive him.

"I'll say this now. I will not move to protect that Half-Elf," Dracul said.

"However, you can leave your Disciple by my side. Feel free to stick your nose into this mess. I'll keep her safe for you."

After hearing Dracul's assurance, Kieran nodded his head in understanding. Since his Disciple's safety was no longer a concern, he would at least extend his help to the best of his ability.

That is the least he could do for everything that Hereswith had done for him.

Gaap, who had been silently drinking his tonic, handed the empty bottle to Carol. He then stood up from his bone chair and lightly tapped his walking stick on the ground.

A moment later, his Covenant appeared by his side, composed of thirteen individuals, including Carol.

All of them stood behind their Master with their weapons drawn, ready to fight at a moment's notice.

Antero had also materialized behind them, towering over the old Halfling, making Gaap look like an ant in comparison.

Half a minute later, six people landed hundreds of meters away from Gaap.

They glanced at the giant Antero before shifting their gaze at the Giant Skeleton King, who looked exactly like the projection that was shown to them by their Oracle.

They had sped up their journey as much as they could in order to destroy the heretic that was about to make his breakthrough.

"So what are the dogs of the Divine Army doing in our Domain?" Gaap asked in a challenging tone. "Are you here to bring gifts to my Disciple?"

The High King of Lunaria sneered after seeing Hereswith's Disciple, who had managed to escape the purge that they enacted several years ago.

"So that is your Disciple?" the High King asked. "Hereswith's Grand Disciple?"

"The one and only," Gaap replied.

"Good." The High King nodded his head. "We've come to bring him and you the greatest gift in this world, and that is none other than Death."

"Oh?" Gaap arched an eyebrow. "That's fine with me. I've been wanting to see you after all these years. Fortunately, I no longer have to expend any effort in looking for you. I will make you regret the day you killed my Master, High King of Lunaria."

"Make me regret?" the High King sneered. "I have no regrets. If I can't have Hereswith, then no one else can have her. Killing her was the best feeling ever."

Gaap's face became distorted with anger. He then pointed his finger at the High King of Lunaria before giving his order.

"Kill everyone except for him," Gaap ordered. "I will personally end his life and offer his soul to my Master's grave."

As soon as he gave the order, all of Gaap's Named Creatures sprang into action.

They charged at the six Saints without even batting an eye, despite the fact that they were several realms weaker than their targets.

Since their Master had given his order, they would complete it without fail—even if they had to resort to foul means, allowing the old Halfling to get his vengeance.