

Strongest Necromancer Of Heaven's Gate

Chapter 771: I Am Your Worst Nightmare

After seeing that the number of Saints in the Sacred Land wasn't that many, the Champions of the Light decided to carry out their mission as soon as possible.

One of their members had extraordinary hearing, and he managed to pick up what Dracul had said earlier.

Since the Guardian of the Ancestral Ground had no intention of protecting their target, they no longer had any reason to hesitate and began their operation.

Of course, they also heard that Kieran might help Gaap, but that didn't matter. There were six of them, and dealing with two threats wasn't that big of a deal.

The High King of Lunaria even ordered for Kieran to just be contained and not killed. Even though they were not afraid to have an all-out war against Memento Mori, they would still consider this as a last resort.

Gaap wasn't a member of Memento Mori, so technically, they weren't breaking their agreement.

Since the old Halfling wasn't part of the notorious Necromancer organization, that also meant that his Disciple was not a member of it as well.

The High King of Lunaria wanted to end Gaap's life first but understood that their mission took priority.

Dodging the attacks of Gaap's subordinates, he flew toward the Giant Skeleton King, aiming for the blood dome in its hands.

At that moment, a gigantic palm tried to swat him away, but anticipating this move from Antero, the High King of Lunaria used an artifact that allowed him to use instant teleportation, taking him a good distance away from where he was.

Within a span of a few seconds, the High King of Lunaria materialized in front of the Dome of Blood.

The Giant Skeleton King remained unmoving, as if it wasn't aware of the battle that was happening in front of him.

With this, the High King's assumption had been confirmed.

'I knew it,' the High King thought. 'Whoever is undergoing his breakthrough inside the Blood Dome is in an unconscious state.'

As the High King was about to unleash an attack that would destroy the threat in front of him, he felt the wind around him shift ever so slightly, forcing him to back away in haste.

A second later, a death scythe slashed the place where the High King was earlier, cutting even the fabric of space.

"Undertaker, you shouldn't mess with something that has no relation with you," the High King stated as he looked at the black-haired Kieran, who stood between him and the dome of blood.

Kieran didn't bother to reply and simply engaged the High King of Lunaria.

Just like Gaap, he also had a beef to settle with the person that killed Herewith, the woman whom he treated as an older sister when she was alive.

Gaap, who saw this from the ground, shifted his attention to the five other Saints who were also attempting to attack his unconscious Disciple.

His thirteen Named Creatures had only managed to block two of them using the teamwork that they had honed over the years.

All of Gaap's Named Creatures were Peak Empyrean Ranked World Bosses. Although they weren't walking Calamities, their strength was something that Saints wouldn't be able to handle easily.

This was especially true since these thirteen monsters were working together.

Antero laughed as he dealt with the other Saint, who specialized in fighting against giants.

Due to Gaap's extremely weakened state, he was unable to fully unlock Antero because doing so would kill him in mere minutes. Although he would be able to fend them off during that time, after his death, his Disciple would become helpless with no one to protect him.

Because of this, he gritted his teeth and did his best to repel the Champions of the Light. With four of the six Saints taken care of, only two remained.

However, those two had managed to break past Antero's defenses and were now heading toward the Blood Dome, where his Disciple was sleeping.

"Ender of lives, kill those who stand before me!" the old Priest shouted as a flaming tiger appeared above his head. "Primal Fury!"

"I will put an end to this heresy!" the High Templar roared as he raised his sword, making it shine brightly. "Destruction Slash!"

The Flaming Tiger and the Slash of Destruction flew toward the Dome of Blood with the intention of wiping it out completely.

Just as their attacks were about to hit the dome, a ten-meter-tall Corpse god appeared and used its shield and weapons to protect its Master.

However, it was not strong enough to resist the attack of two Saints, making their attacks break past its defenses, hitting the Blood Dome that it tried to protect.

A moment later, a powerful explosion reverberated in the surroundings, making a rain of blood fall from the sky.

The Skeleton King remained unmoving as smoke rose from his hand.

The High Templar waved his sword and blew away the smoke in front of him. He wanted to see with his own eyes if his attack had connected and killed the evil spawn that had tried to usurp the laws of Heaven.

The first thing that the old Priest and High Templar saw was a pair of black, dragon-like wings spread wide.

Then, they saw a red-headed teenager standing on the palm of the Skeleton King with his eyes closed.

His clothes were in tatters, but no injuries could be seen on his body. Clearly, the attack of the two Saints only managed to destroy his clothes, leaving him unscathed by their combined assault.

This result didn't deter the two Saints and only made their desire to kill the red-headed teenager stronger.

They knew in their hearts that they must not allow someone like him to live, or else, he would become a variable that could destroy the peace that they had sworn to protect.

The two Saints didn't even need to look at each other as they charged toward the Half-Elf with the intention of decapitating him.

"Die!" the High Templar shouted as he swung his sword, intending to end the Half-Elf's life once and for all.

But a second later, he heard a voice that was filled with killing intent, which almost made him stop his attack mid-strike.

"You wish."

Those were the words he heard before something appeared in front of his eyes.

A wooden puppet, which was commonly used to train children and young teenagers who wanted to become Knights, blocked his path.

The High-Templar roared in anger as he empowered his weapon with great sharpness, with the intention of cleaving the wooden puppet and the Half-Elf at the same time.

However, something unexpected happened.

His sword was stopped by the wooden puppet's fingers, holding it in place and not allowing it to move an inch closer.

"Trying to kill my Grandson in front of me?" a beautiful lady with long silver hair said in a cold voice. "Since you wish for his death, I'll be taking your life instead."

With a flick of her finger, another wooden puppet appeared. This puppet delivered a kick that landed on the side of the High Templar's body, sending him flying away from the Half-Elf he wanted to kill.

The Old Priest who saw this, looked at the lady in front of him. From what he could tell, the person that was getting in their way was a mere High-Ranker, which was not a cause for concern.

However, after seeing how the silver-haired beauty dealt with his companion, the Old Priest didn't dare to underestimate the new enemy that stood before him.

"Who are you?" the Old Priest asked as he summoned four Fire Tigers around him.

"I am your worst nightmare," Vera replied before spreading her arms wide.

The Ancestral Lands of the Necromancers suddenly shuddered as its power came back to life.

Black and purple mists appeared in the surroundings, and all of them flew towards Vera, as if she was absorbing them all.

A-Ranker.... S-Ranker... SS-Ranker... Saint.

Vera's Rank rose drastically until she stepped into the realm that was considered to be a true powerhouse in the world.

"It has been a while since I felt this powerful," Vera stated. "This makes me remember the old days."

The Old Priest who was paying close attention to Vera suddenly gasped in shock as a distant memory resurfaced in his mind.

"Puppet Master Vera!" the Old Priest gasped in shock. "How?! I thought you were dead!"

Vera smiled because that was a name that she hadn't heard for a very long time. Long ago, she was also one of the Powerhouses in Solais and Elysium.

However, to save Alexander, she transferred all of her powers to him, harming her body irrevocably and making her Rank regress to that of a C-Ranker.

Originally, she was supposed to remain as a C-Ranker until her death. However, after Lux placed her inside the Black Coffin, Black Fire, Vera's body was remodeled to perfection, giving it a new breath of life.

Because of this, she decided to take her time in order to regain her previous strength by staying inside Blackfire and being nourished by its nearly limitless power.

When Lux stepped into the Necromancer's Sacred Lands, Vera felt a very strong connection with the Holy Land.

When Dracul tried to kill her grandson, Vera was enraged and decided to forcefully snatch away the power of the Vampire King and take it for herself.

Since Lux's breakthrough weakened the power of the Ancestral Land, Vera took this opportunity to fully establish her connection with the Sacred Land.

Although it was very close, she managed to succeed at the last minute, allowing her to once again make her appearance in the world.

Dracul's eyes widened in shock after sensing the familiar feeling that was coming off of Vera's body.

"T-The Ancestral Grounds had recognized her as the new Guardian!" Dracul muttered in disbelief after realizing what had just transpired.

Vera gave the Vampire King a side-long glance, which made the latter shudder.

The glance Vera gave him was filled with killing intent, which made the Vampire King feel as if his nearly-immortal life was about to come to an end.

"I'll deal with you later," Vera said before shifting her gaze back to the old Priest, who also realized what just happened, making his face turn extremely pale.

Vera spread her arms wide, and countless puppets appeared around her.

Their numbers were so many that they blocked out the light of the sun, covering the entire Holy Land in darkness.

"I'll clean up this trash first," Vera declared as all the puppets locked onto the body of the old Priest, making him regret the fact that he volunteered to go to

the Necromancer's Ancestral Lands, only to meet an untimely death in the hands of the silver-haired beauty, whom he felt would become their Organization's worst nightmare.

Chapter 772: See The Error Of The Path You Have Trodden!

"Vera, I acknowledge that you are indeed powerful," the old Priest said as he looked at the silver-haired beauty who commanded countless puppets of different sizes and shapes. "However, do you wish to make an enemy of the entire Divine Army of Light by protecting that Heretic?!"

"Once, I thought that the Divine Army was a righteous organization," Vera replied. "But that ended the moment you targeted my grandson. You have grown old and stupid, Renfred the Fire Tiger. It is time for you to retire... permanently."

It was impossible for Vera to not recognize the higher-ups of the Divine Army of Light, for she had also dealt with them in the past. Although they were not enemies, they were not friends either.

They manipulated the events from the shadows, using their influence and background to get their way.

Kings, Emperors, Patriarchs, and Sovereigns dare not go against them for fear that they would be prosecuted and hunted down.

However, Vera cared about none of these things. Although the Divine Army of Light was truly a force that extended its claws in both Elysium and Solais, with Solaian being part of their Council of Light, the silver-haired lady didn't care.

Even if she were to make the entire world her enemy, she would not back away if it was to protect her precious family from those who wish to harm them.

"So be it," Renfred stated as his entire body ignited with divine flames. "You will regret this decision!"

The Fire Tiger of the Champions of Light transformed into a thirty-meter-tall Flame Tiger with wings.

He burned so brightly that he resembled a miniature sun amidst the darkness that was cast by Vera's countless puppets.

"No," Vera replied crisply. "It is you and the Divine Army of Light who will regret your decision."

With a wave of her hand, countless puppets charged toward the Flame Tiger, who roared defiantly before charging toward Vera with the intention of mutual destruction.

Vera sneered as she empowered the puppets with the power of the Necromancer's Ancestral Lands, raising their attack and defense to unimaginable levels and imbuing them with Unholy Might.

A pained roar reverberated in the surroundings as the countless puppets punched the charging Flame Tiger, stopping his advance.

A second later, the Flame Tiger crashed against the ground, creating a crater that was hundreds of meters wide.

Seeing this, all the Champions of Light looked at the silver-haired lady, who was looking down on them all from the sky.

"Use it!" Renfred shouted as he propped himself up from the ground. "Regardless of the result, use it!"

The High King of Lunaria gritted his teeth and took out a diamond-shaped artifact that glowed with golden light from his storage ring.

The Flame Tiger had acknowledged that he was unable to defeat Vera using his full powers, so the only thing they could do was use one of their Divine Artifacts to kill their target.

This Divine Artifact was one of the priceless treasures of the Divine Army, and while it could only be used once, it was very effective as it would never miss its target.

Truth be told, they didn't want to use this, but after careful deliberation, the Sovereign of Light decided to go all-out to end the Heretic that threatened the order of the world.

"By the power of the Divine, I sentence you to death!" the High King of Lunaria shouted as he aimed the diamond at the Half-Elf, who was standing still in the palms of the giant Skeleton King. "End his misery, Spear of Longinus!"

The High King threw the diamond in Lux's direction, where it transformed into a golden spear that trailed toward the sky, leaving golden flames in its wake.

Vera immediately manipulated her puppets to block it, forming a barricade that was hundreds of meters thick.

However, the Spear of Longinus pierced through it as if it was a paper wall.

Vera summoned a silver blade and flew toward the golden spear in an attempt to deflect it.

But when she was about to strike it down, the spear moved to the side, dodging her completely before changing its trajectory to fly in the direction of its target, doubling its flight speed.

"No!" Vera shouted. "Dodge it, Lux!"

As if hearing a familiar voice, Lux stirred and opened his eyes. However, only golden light could be seen where his eyes should have been.

The Spear of Longinus, which was said to be able to kill even Supremes once it was unleashed, flew straight toward the Half-Elf's chest, with the intention of piercing through his heart.

In the span of a few seconds, in which time seemed to move in very slow motion, Vera saw the golden spear pierce her Grandson's chest, making her shout in anger.

Renfred, the High King of Lunaria, as well as the other Champions of Light, all cheered after seeing this scene, knowing that they had succeeded in their mission... or at least, they thought they did.

"Fools who know nothing of the world, you prance in this place and act so bold," Hereswith said in a mocking tone, which spread in the surroundings of the Ancestral Lands. "Look closely and beholden, see the error of the paths you have trodden!"

The golden spear that had collided with Lux's chest burned brightly as it tried to pierce through the Half-Elf's body.

However, no matter what it did, it couldn't even pierce Lux's skin!

"Impossible!" the High King of Lunaria exclaimed. "That is the Divine Spear of Longinus! It can kill even the Supremes!"

"Yes," Hereswith's voice once again reached everyone's ears. "But do you think the one chosen by the Heaven is afraid of Divine Powers? You must be joking, right? You little D*ck, you messed with the wrong Necromancer!"

The High-Elf Lady's words filled with contempt made the hearts of the Champions of Light tremble.

They still couldn't understand why the power of the Divine Light, which was the ultimate weakness of all evil things, especially Necromancers, couldn't even kill a teenage boy, who was not even fully conscious.

As the Golden Spear's radiance intensified, making it look like an unwilling fighter who refused to give up, the Half-Elf's right hand slowly rose and grabbed its handle.

"Undead Generator [EX]," Lux said softly.

A moment later, a giant skeleton cauldron appeared in front of him.

After the Skeleton Generator [EX] skill had been upgraded with Hereswith's help, it had become much stronger and became the skill, Undead Generator [EX].

< Please choose an ingredient to use to generate your Undead Creature. >

"Use this spear," Lux said in a trance-like voice as he casually tossed the spear inside the giant Skeleton Cauldron.

< You have used a consumable Divine Artifact as an ingredient. >

< Do you wish to proceed? >

< Yes / No >

"Yes," Lux answered.

To the horror of the Champions of Light, the giant Skeleton Cauldron released golden mists as it transmuted their prized Artifact in front of their very eyes.

Hereswith's maniacal laughter made the Ancestral Lands tremble as Lux used the skill that they had created together for the first time.

"I would like to thank all of you little C*nts," Hereswith said in a teasing tone. "Thank you for the gift you have given my Grand Disciple on this special day."

Golden lightning streaked across the heavens and hit the giant Skeleton Cauldron as the power of the Divine Artifact was being consumed.

This was the first time that Lux had used a Divine Item as an ingredient for creating a Creature, and even Hereswith, who had created the spell, didn't know what kind of being would emerge from it.

Chapter 773: The Declaration Of The Oracle Of the Divine Army Of Light

As a barrage of golden lightning bolts rained down on the giant Skeleton Cauldron, Vera shifted her gaze to the giant Flame Tiger, as well as the High King of Lunaria.

Although it didn't show on her face, she felt as if it was her heart that had been pierced by the Spear of Longinus after it broke past her defenses and attacked her grandson.

Not even sparing another thought for the giant Skeleton Cauldron behind her, Vera once again unleashed a devastating attack on her enemies.

This time, she no longer targeted a single individual.

She targeted all of them at the same time!

The countless puppets under her command moved as one as they relentlessly attacked the Flame Tiger's body, creating shockwaves with each punch, kick, and slash they made with their fists, legs, and weapons.

The High King of Lunaria was also feeling a lot of pressure as the puppets, who seemed to be out for blood, attacked him from every direction, making him struggle with fending them off.

Although he was a Saint, he could feel his strength gradually decreasing for each minute he stayed in the Necromancer's Ancestral Grounds.

The barrier that protected this Holy Land was still down due to Lux's breakthrough, but it was slowly regaining its former environment, repelling those who were not practicing the arts of Necromancy.

"It's no use, let's leave!" the High Templar, who had attacked Lux earlier, shouted at his comrades before flying away to escape Vera's grasp.

"And what makes you think that you are allowed to leave?" Vera sneered as she created more puppets, enclosing the entire Ancestral Lands with her Unholy Might.

As if to prove her words to be true, the Flame Tiger's wings were torn off from its body, making it roar in pain as countless puppets swarmed its body, pinning it to the ground, unable to break free.

Vera then clenched her fist tightly, compressing the countless puppets that covered the Flame Tiger's body.

A moment later, fiery blood oozed out of the small crevices between the puppets, signaling that she had successfully crushed her foe, squeezing all life from within.

The Champions of the Light, who witnessed this grim scene, hastily backed away as they did everything in their power to run away from the Puppet Slaughterhouse that Vera had created to deal with them.

Left with no choice, all of them gathered together in order to repel the attacks that were coming from all directions.

The five remaining Champions of Light stood back to back with each other, attacking the puppets surrounding them with great ferocity.

With each attack, the Ancestral Grounds of the Necromancers shook, creating cracks in the ground that extended for hundreds of meters.

Dracul, who saw this, immediately went pale, knowing that the battle could truly destroy the place that he had protected for decades.

He then flew towards Vera with the intention of pleading for her to stop.

"Your Excellency, Lady Vera, please stop!" Dracul shouted. "The Ancestral Grounds will be destroyed if you continue fighting against the—argh!"

Several puppets slapped the Vampire King, sending him flying away as if he was a nuisance.

Kieran, Lorelei, and the other Necromancers who saw this winced as they collectively made a vow in their hearts to never offend the silver-haired lady, who would stop at nothing to have her vengeance.

Suddenly, the dome of puppets that Vera had created to prevent the Champions of Light from escaping exploded.

A golden flying ship, which had the banner of the Divine Army, arrived at the battlefield, carrying with it over a dozen Saints.

"Hurry and come!" the Oracle of the Army of Light shouted.

After her comrades had left to carry out their mission, she felt a nagging feeling at the back of her head, telling her that something might happen to them.

Because of this, she asked the Sovereign of Light for permission to use the Golden Ark, which was the flagship of the Divine Army of Light.

She also asked twelve more Saints to accompany her to act as reinforcements, just in case something had really gone wrong with her comrades' mission.

The Oracle of Light had been using her divination to monitor the battle, and after seeing that one of their comrades had died, she decided that she could no longer stand still and used the Golden Ark's special ability to travel at great speeds.

The Golden Ark was also a Divine Artifact, which meant that it was an exceptional flying ship.

Although it wasn't easy, it managed to break through Vera's Slaughterhouse at the most critical moment, giving the five Champions, who had accepted the mission to kill Lux, a chance to escape.

Without even wasting any time, the five flew towards the flying ship, while the Oracle of Light, as well as the twelve other Champions, unleashed a barrage of attacks aimed at Lux, making Vera focus solely on defending him.

These attacks came from Saints, and their power mustn't be underestimated. Even Vera, who could now fight dozens of Saints at once, dared not take any chances and defended with everything she had.

She didn't want to see another artifact as strong as the Spear of Longinus pierce through her defenses again.

"We'll be taking our leave now, but remember this," the Oracle of Light declared. "This isn't over! The Divine Army will not stop until that Heretic is destroyed!"

With those words spoken, she commanded the Great Ark to fly away, leaving the Ancestral Grounds of the Necromancers, as well as the corpse of their fallen comrade behind.

Vera watched them go with cold eyes as she hovered above the sky.

Right now, her priority was Lux's safety.

She would deal with the aftermath once her grandson had successfully managed his breakthrough to become a Ranker.

Behind her, Lux stared absentmindedly at the space in front of him, while the giant Skeleton Cauldron continued to process the Divine Power of the Spear of Longinus.

Because everyone was too focused on the fight that had happened, as well as the departure of the Champions of Light, they didn't notice that the corner of the giant Skeleton King's lips rose ever so slightly.

It was as if it was watching an entertaining show...

And it found it to its liking.

Chapter 774: I Am No One Praiseworthy

"Manma, miss you~" Eiko happily nuzzled Vera which made the silver-haired lady smile.

"I missed you too, Eiko," Vera replied before turning her head to kiss the Baby Slime that was perched on her shoulder.

After the Champions of Light left the Necromancer's Ancestral Grounds, the tension in the surroundings died down.

The dome of black miasma once again appeared, protecting the Holy Land from being attacked by those that didn't wield the power of Necromancy.

Lux, who had been the target of the assault, was once again encased in a blood dome by the giant Skeleton King.

Above the blood dome was the giant Skeleton Cauldron, which was still in the process of refining the Spear of Longinus, so it could be used as an ingredient for summoning a Creature of unknown potential.

The lighting strikes had stopped, and only a golden aura can be seen emanating from the cauldron. No one knew when the refining process would end. However, the anticipation of what kind of creature would come out of it was something that Hereswith, who was inside the World Tree, was looking forward to seeing.

Vera then gazed at the old Halfling, who was currently seated on a bone chair and was fast asleep.

She had seen how Gaap tried to avenge Lux when Dracul had killed her grandson, as well as protect him when the Champions of Light sought to end his life.

The old man's breathing was very ragged, and in Vera's eyes, Gaap was already a spent candle whose flame was about to die out.

She wouldn't even be surprised if the Halfling drew his last breath any second by now.

'Lux is lucky to have someone like him,' Vera thought in her heart. 'Still, I am afraid that he might not last until morning comes.'

Vera had seen how Lux and Gaap had met. Although their meeting wasn't that long ago, the Old Halfling had treated the Half-Elf as a true Disciple, teaching him the ways of Necromancy, as well as helping him when he needed it the most.

Although Lux's Grandma was inside Blackfire, she had seen almost everything that the Half-Elf had experienced ever since she made her appearance in the Vahan Empire.

Most of the time, she was just sleeping, but whenever Lux encountered a dangerous situation, she would wake up from her slumber, ready to help him in his time of need.

After looking at the pitiful Halfling, Vera then shifted his attention to the Vampire King, who was currently hanging upside down a few meters away from her.

"Eiko, why don't you play for a little while and throw some of your Blast Bombs at that thing over there?" Vera raised her chin to point in the direction of the Vampire King.

"Un!" Eiko nodded before looking at the Vampire King evilly.

Just like Vera, she was also very angry at Dracul for trying to kill her Papa.

Without another word, Eiko jumped off Vera's shoulder and started to toss Blast Bombs at Dracul's body, creating small explosions.

Dracul, on his part, simply endured the Baby Slime's payback since her attacks didn't even do much damage to him.

Truth be told, it was quite impossible for Eiko to damage a Saint's body with her regular Blast Bombs.

However, if she released her tactical nuke, Dracul would certainly do his best to break free from the puppets that were holding him in place, knowing that

the Skeleton Bomb was something that had the power to deal serious injuries to him.

Several puppets were holding the Vampire King in place, preventing him from escaping.

The silver-haired lady was still very annoyed with Dracul and even thought of cutting off his head and using it as decoration in her home back in the Wildgarde Stronghold.

However, Herewith talked to Vera telepathically and asked her to spare the Guardian for what he had done earlier.

Although the Vampire King was not aware, he had played a crucial role in Lux's breakthrough. Because of this, Vera agreed to decrease his punishment and no longer thought about killing him.

Also, Herewith told Vera that she could make Dracul the Vice-Guardian of the Necromancer's Holy Land, since she couldn't be there every time.

Since Dracul had played this role for many years, there was no better candidate to watch over the place whenever Vera was not around.

The silver-haired lady agreed to Herewith's advice. Truth be told, she had no intention of staying in the Necromancer's Ancestral Grounds to become its Guardian.

She still had many things to do and couldn't be bothered to watch over the Legacies of the Necromancers of the past.

Eiko started to giggle as she threw bombs left and right. This was the first time that someone didn't get damaged by her Blast Bombs, and she found this a very fun activity.

At that exact moment, a black-robed man descended from the skies, riding on a Black Hawk.

"Dillon?" Kieran, who saw one of the members of Memento Mori, immediately went to greet his comrade whom he hadn't seen for nearly two years.

"It is me, Kieran," Dillon removed the hood covering his face. "I came here to help protect Gaap's Disciple, but it seems that my aid is no longer needed."

Dillon arrived a few minutes after Vera fought against the Champions of Light. However, when he saw that the silver-haired lady could single-handedly handle the trespasser, he decided to just watch and see what she was capable of doing.

He had heard the name of Puppet Master Vera in the past, but he never had the opportunity to see her in action.

Because of this, he watched the battle from a safe distance and was shocked when he discovered that she had become the new Guardian of their Holy Land.

"I greet you, Puppet Master Vera," Dillon said as he gave Vera a brief nod of acknowledgement. "I heard many things about you in the past when you were still active in Elysium. I thought you had already retired to the countryside since I no longer hear about your exploits."

"And you are?" Vera arched an eyebrow as she looked at the Dwarf who was wearing black robes.

"Just call me Dillon," Dillon replied. "I am no one praiseworthy. Just an ordinary Necromancer."

The Dwarf Necromancer smiled, which made Vera shrug. The only Necromancers she cared about were her grandson and Gaap, who was currently sleeping due to exhaustion.

Kieran, who knew what Dillon was truly capable of, only shook his head helplessly.

"By the way, Dillon, did you succeed?" Kieran asked in a low tone.

"Aye," Dillon replied. "I managed to get one of the Calamities."

A faint smile appeared on Kieran's face because this boded well for their Necromantic Organization.

"Then, is it only a matter of time before the others succeed as well?" Kieran inquired.

"I don't know," Dillon answered. "However, I have every reason to believe that they are also about to accomplish their mission soon."

The Dwarf smiled evilly.

It had been many years since they fought tooth and nail with the Divine Army of Light after Hereswith was killed.

Their Supreme Necromancer had received serious injuries and was forced to go into hibernation to recover.

Since then, their leader ordered a few of his most capable subordinates to look for the Calamities that were sealed across Elysium.

By obtaining them, they would gain a force that rivaled that of a Supreme.

A force that they would one day use for the sake of all the living things in the world, and those that were buried beneath the Earth, waiting for the day that they would rise up to the surface, once again.

Chapter 775: The Name Of The One That Go Against The Will Of Heaven

"That is everything that happened," the High-King of Lunaria said after finishing his report to the Sovereign of the Divine Army. "If not for our Oracle's timely rescue, I, and the others would have followed Flame Tiger's fate."

A sigh escaped the lips of the leader of the Champions of Light after learning that one of their oldest members had died in battle.

"All of you did well in coming back alive," the Sovereign of Light said. "Oracle, you have done our organization a great service. If not for your foresight, we might have lost more of our people today, which would have made our enemies very happy."

The Oracle smiled bitterly before nodding her head. If she had only acted sooner, perhaps the Old Priest would not have died. However, what was done was done, and there was nothing more she could do about it.

"Vera the Puppet Master, truly a fearsome foe," the Sovereign of Light stated. "If I remember correctly, not only can she control puppets, but she can control people as well if she willed it, correct?"

The High-King of Lunaria nodded.

"Anyone below the rank of Saint can be manipulated just like one of her puppets," the High-King replied. "Also, she is a Foreigner, which makes her movements unpredictable."

The Sovereign of Light shifted his gaze to the other members of his council, who were also from Solais.

"Do you know where she can be found in your home world?" the Sovereign of Light asked the Solaians, who had been his members for many years.

"I'm not entirely sure where she lives, but if I have to make a guess, it is in the Eastern Regions of our world," a middle-aged man replied. "I will make inquiries when I get back. But, how should we handle this matter?"

The Sovereign of Light pondered for a bit as he decided what kind of action they would take against the Puppet Master, whom they had offended.

"For now, gather every piece of information that you can get about her," the Sovereign of Light replied after a time. "Her location, family, friends, and those that are important to her must be investigated. Only when we have a full grasp of the situation will we decide what we will do next."

The middle-aged man nodded in agreement.

Someone as powerful as Vera shouldn't be taken lightly. So, until they were sure that they had a grasp of all the information about her, they wouldn't dare to make any move that would further antagonize her.

"So, did any of you who went see Hereswith?" the Sovereign of Light asked.

The High-King of Lunaria, the Oracle, as well as the other Champions who went to Necromancer's Ancestral Lands, all shook their heads.

"Although we didn't see her, we have heard her," the High-King of Lunaria replied. "Her profanities are just as vulgar as when she was still alive. There is no doubt about it, Hereswith exists in some sort of form. As to what form she currently had, I cannot say."

The Sovereign of Light nodded his head in understanding.

"So, we have the Puppet Master, as well as Hereswith to consider," the Sovereign of Light smiled. "What about Memento Mori? Did any of you fight their members?"

The High-King of Lunaria nodded. "I fought against the Undertaker. But, we didn't fight for real. We just fended off each other's attacks. I could tell that Kieran was holding back, and didn't want to go all out against us. Maybe he just acted out of the debt he owes Hereswith."

The Sovereign of Light closed his eyes before resting his chin at the back of his hands.

"Although the two of you faced off, it wasn't a real battle," the Sovereign of Light. "Can I assume that we didn't violate our side of the agreement?"

"As far as how the events transpired, I can say that we have not," the High-Templar, who had also been with the Old Priest and the High-King of Lunaria, replied. "Although we did trespass in the Ancestral Grounds of the Necromancer, we didn't break our agreement with Memento Mori."

"Good." the Sovereign of Light nodded. "Although we are not afraid of them, now is not the time to go on a war against them. The Apostles of Light are still not ready to make their appearance in the world. They must be kept hidden for as long as we can."

Everyone in the room nodded their heads simultaneously for this was the great undertaking that the Divine Army was making in the shadows.

"Have you discerned his name, Oracle?" the Sovereign asked. "Do we now know the name of the Heretic that dares to defy the laws of Heaven?"

The Oracle wrote something in the air with her fingers, which later transformed into golden words that hovered above her head.

Lux Von Kaizer.

That was the name that the Oracle of Light had written for everyone to see.

"Lux Von Kaizer," the High-King of Lunaria said softly. "Should we inform our people and spread this news across the land? Let them know the name of the Heretic, who goes against the Will of Heaven?"

"Yes," the Sovereign of Light said. "Let the entire world know his name, so that every village, town, and city under our control, can keep an eye out for him. If any news of him is heard, we will move to confirm it. We must nip him in the bud before it's too late."

""By your will, Our Sovereign!""

On that day, news of the identity of the Necromancer of Heaven started to spread in the territories controlled by the Divine Army of Light.

They even declared that anyone who could give them news about the Half-Elf's whereabouts would be handsomely rewarded by the Divine Army of Light.

Although not as effective as the World Announcement that happened when Lux started to undertake his breakthrough, the influence of the Divine Army was nothing to scoff at.

Weeks later, this news would arrive in the territories controlled by the Skystead Alliance, Xynnar War Pact, and the Six Kingdoms.

As to how these factions would react to this news, only their Kings and Emperors could decide on what to do with the Half-Elf, who had already become a Ranker by then.