

## Legion lich 251

### Chapter 251 Retreat

“Roarr!” They roared in fury as the female guarded the teleportation crystal and split left and right, bending their bodies as they charged, trampling dozens of priests and crushing the rest under her talons.

The priests panicked and those who still had large-scale spells cast towards the evolved minotauros.

Giant spheres of light appeared above the priests and shot out huge beams of light. The female minotaur was agile enough to roll to the side and escape with only superficial damage, but the male was hit in the back and the beam knocked him away, leaving deep grooves in the ground.

Its giant body was extremely tough and even a large-scale spell was unable to kill it, although it severely injured it and crushed several bones and muscles in its back.

The same could not be said for the humans who stood in his way as his body was pushed by the beam of light. The male minotaur was pushed towards the crusaders and

anyone who tried to attack the minotaur would be crushed by its huge body, the few who survived would have bones or limbs crushed.

“You will stop now, bugs!” The female minotaur screamed as she found the priests who controlled the spell with mana vision and crushed them with her claws or impaled them with her horns.

Unlike the male, the female was more used to her body and could easily dodge the hastily cast spells by the priests. Any spell below the fourth layer was unable to harm his tough skin, while his attacks shredded the defenses of the priests’ robes as if they were paper.

The male minotaur finally stopped being dragged by the beam of light and staggered to his feet, spitting out a mouthful of blood. He had corrected his stance to lessen the impact and used the disperse skill to spread the attack’s burden across the rest of his body, but he still took severe damage.

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“Surround him and kill him before he recovers!” The bishop shouted as he cast his light prison spell to seal the minotaur’s movements.

Five pillars of light appeared above the minotaur, striking him in the back and limbs, forcing the minotaur back to the ground and applying pressure to keep him from getting up.

“Kill him for Eishin!” The closest paladins surrounded the minotaur as they shouted, slashing at the minotaur to the best of their ability. Despite using all of their strength, the attacks only caused superficial wounds.

“ROAR!” The minotaur roared in response, releasing its aura to intimidate the paladins and using all of its strength to get up and break the bishop’s restraints. Unfortunately for the minotaur, all the paladins had been drinking lion’s heart potions, numbing the sense of fear and increasing resistance to intimidation abilities like aura.

“Paladins, help me seal it while the crusaders help the priests!” The bishop realized the urgency of the situation and changed his orders.

The priests had realized that it would be impossible to kill the minotaur, so they used spells to seal its movements or at least slow it down. The minotaur broke most of the restraining spells, but the priests used the number to overcome it and surrounded it with dozens of chains of light.

The bishop realized that the situation was beginning to come under control, but a powerful bang caught his attention. The evolved demihumans reached the beach and smashed at the hexagram shields with all their might.

Those close behind spread out along the barrier to try to get past the shields, forcing the bishop to spread out the shields to not let them pass.

The sky knights continued to attack them from the sky, but the demihumans only intercepted the attacks and ignored the deaths of the weakest among them.

After being attacked by the goblins’ suicide tactics, they stayed vigilant with their surroundings and kept their distance from the demihumans, the pegasus keeping spells at the ready and just waiting for others to try to teleport.

‘Aside from the goblins and these two evolved minotaurs, it doesn’t look like anyone else has teleportation crystals. The light shields won’t break easily and the cannons are constantly dealing damage. We still have a chance!’ The bishop thought hopefully, realizing that the two evolved minotaurs were seriously injured.

The attacking paladins realized they couldn’t cut minotaur flesh no matter how hard they tried, so they pierced the most sensitive eyes or throat.

His eyes and throat were still surprisingly hard, but nothing platinum white couldn’t pierce.

‘Yes, now the priests can focus on magic again and crush these bastards.’ The bishop thought happily, but his expression quickly turned to terror.

The ogres that were at the front line punching their shields suddenly stopped and leaned against the barrier in a defensive posture, blocking the beams of light.

Other ogres, trolls or minotaurs behind them used them for support and climbed like ants, climbing higher and higher. Demihumans were already big individually, so each demihuman climbed almost a dozen meters.

The orcs that came after leaned on the shoulders of the demihumans above and jumped as high as they could, passing the light shields.

The bishop tried to stretch the light shields out to block the demihumans, but the orcs kicked the light shields like a platform and jumped even higher.

” Be crushed!” The orcs screamed as they fell on the crusaders, crushing them to the best of their abilities.

The Crusaders raised their shields in response, trying their best to defend themselves to their best abilities, but to no avail. They were unable to coordinate their attacks as perfectly as Louis's zombies, so their separate defenses were unable to defend themselves.

The orcs crushed them almost without resistance, their weight of over half a ton plus their power increased by negative karma crushing the crusaders into a pulp of flesh bloody and platinum.

Dozens of simultaneous strikes against the ground also generated an earthquake, knocking down thousands of crusaders. The demihumans that stayed behind continued to try to climb up and spread out to get past the light shields, but the bishop spread the shields even further to stop them.

"Hahaha! You're no big deal after getting past those annoying shields!" The orc commander shouted as he slashed his greatsword to the side, releasing a blade of aura that sliced ??dozens of crusaders in half.

The crusaders rose to fight, but the evolved orcs just huffed and slaughtered everyone who approached. A single blow was enough to kill the crusaders and generate shock waves that drove away those farther away.

The spells of light cast by the paladins behind the crusaders fell on the orcs, but it only took a single skill to destroy the spells. Some were hit by the spells and injured, but they didn't suffer severe enough damage to be knocked down.

'It's impossible to win.' The bishop noticed, watching helplessly as the orcs slaughtered the crusaders.

The orcs weren't even seriously attacking, just swinging their weapons from side to side as they advanced, killing anything that got in their way.

Even when a crusader managed to dodge the attacks and close in, the orcs would just stomp and squash them like insects before continuing forward.

'God Eishin will have to forgive me, but there's no point in continuing this pointless fight. We're just throwing our lives away for no reason.' The bishop thought as he made his decision.

"Retreat! We are retreating! Paladins, stop the orcs from advancing and priests use what's left of your mana to hurt them as much as possible. Sky knights, cover us!" The bishop shouted as loud as he could and spoke into the communicator at the same time.

The crusaders were surprised by the order to retreat, but they obeyed anyway and took advantage of the shields of light conjured up by the paladins and the bishop to retreat.

"You cowards! It's not enough shame to hide behind tricks, you still dare to retreat?!" The orc commander shouted indignantly, the idea of ??running away and turning his back on an enemy something inconceivable to him.

The orc tried to shout something else, but countless spears of light rained down on him, forcing him to shut up and focus on defense. The priests had done as ordered and spent what was left of their mana in a last ditch effort, making their attacks stronger than they should have been.

The crusaders fled to the opposite side of the island, where several ships were anchored. The bishop left the light shields behind, the only thing stopping all those demihumans from invading the island and slaughtering everyone.

The sky knight were also left behind and hurled all the alchemical items that were left at once, generating a strong explosion of light and flames above the demihumans, the radius of the blast so great that it affected the demihumans even if had been blocked by skills.

Those at the top took the most damage and the impact knocked them off balance and knocked them off their feet, creating a domino effect that ended up toppling the entire makeshift pyramid of demihumans.

The demihumans weighed at least half a ton and dropping dozens of them at once generated huge waves in the sea and bought the humans desperately needed time.

Chapter 252 Simultaneous war

“Paladins, we are retreating now!” The bishop shouted and the paladins began to retreat, now that the orcs were too wounded to follow. Despite the powers of the evolved orcs, priests used the amount to overcome defenses and cause serious injuries.

The church forces desperately fled, reaching the other side of the island within minutes. The crusaders jumped onto the boats as fast as they could and cut straight through the anchor chains and started rowing as fast as possible.

There were enough boats for everyone, as the church’s troops arrived on the island using the same boats.

The church’s forces managed to flee the island, but the evolved demihumans were still chasing them.

The Sky knight reported that the demihumans had given up trying to destroy the light shields and were turning around to try to chase them.

In the end, the demihumans were forced to give up the chase when they strayed too far from the island. Their own ships had been destroyed and they would be unable to chase the humans fast enough before they ran out of mana.

They returned to the island, where they celebrated their victory over the human cowards, while the church forces fled with their tails between their legs.

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Back to Eishin’s Divine Palace.

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The mood in the throne room had plummeted as everyone watched the hologram nervously. Not a word was spoken during the entire battle, but the angels noticed the murderous gleam in Eishin’s eyes as he saw the crusaders slaughtered.

“Should we send some support to help them flee or a strike force before they settle on the island?” Canan suggested to break the silence, but Eishin refused.

“No not yet.” Eishin replied somewhat stunned. “There are no troops nearby and attacking without a good plan would only cause more deaths. The bishop made the right decision to retreat while it was still possible and reduce the number of casualties.”

“Besides, the other battles will start any moment and unfortunately we don’t have enough troops to send troops everywhere. Small islands or places of little importance will have to be abandoned if they can’t defend themselves.” Eishin spoke, but from his expression, just saying those words was enough to disgust him.

“It makes sense.” Canan agreed with his words and questioned him about something else. “By the way, what were those things? They reminded me of minotaurs, but there were many differences compared to the other giant races.”

“I believe they are descendants of the behemoths. They were bestial giants with characteristics of different beasts, reaching up to 30 meters in length.” Eishin explained.

“Behemoths possessed the indestructible racial ability, which increased the body’s resistance by several times, making behemoths the toughest and hardest to kill among giants.” Eishin felt a headache just remembering how difficult battles against these things were.

“Behemoths had a magical organ in their bodies that stored earth element and spread it throughout the body, increasing its durability. It was an ability derived from the earth just like wukongs, although its effects are completely different.” Eishin explained.

The two continued talking about the different species of giants until alarm bells started to go off. Several attacks took place at the same time and different holograms appeared on the ceiling.

Eishin and Canan patiently watched all the battles, sighing heavily as they realized that most of the battles were in favor of the demihumans.

Even with the humans possessing overwhelmingly superior numbers and the power of magic to attack from a distance, the raw power of the demihumans was enough to tip the tide in their favor.

Just like the demihumans from the previous battles, the smaller demihumans like goblins or a few larger demihumans tried to teleport to ambush the enemies, but Canan and Eishin had learned from their previous mistakes.

They distributed magic items that attracted teleportation to their position and rained down spells at any sign of teleportation, killing the demihuman before they could understand what happened.

Even with the initial ambush plan failing, the battles were still in favor of the demihumans. If it weren’t for the barriers and the magic items that the order and the church distributed to their mages and priests, the battles would have been over in seconds.

War slaves did not have the same support as mages and received only mediocre equipment. When the barriers were breached, they were the first line of defense and flesh shields to slow down the demihumans, but they barely served as fodder.

They were ordered to fight, but most of them lacked any willpower and had already given up on living, their movements becoming mechanical and easy to predict, the only thing moving their bodies was the slave collar.

The kingdom's regular army was next to face the army, but they fought even less than the slaves. Their movements weren't restricted by anything, but most were normal humans and even the elite troops capable of using mana weren't able to match the evolved demihumans even when fighting many against one.

The battle seemed almost lost and the kingdom's regular army was already starting to think about retreating, when the large-scale spells cast by court, order or church rained down on the demihumans.

The spells cast by the court magicians were just various lasers or orbs of pure mana, the only element everyone had in common while the church only used the light element, forcing everyone to look away to avoid being blinded, but it was the order who more stood out.

Unlike the army of kingdoms or the church, they cast large-scale spells from all elements of magic. The order of magic had tens of thousands of mages and trained mages separately to learn large-scale spells of their own elements in addition to pure mana spells.

Fireballs the size of houses fell like rain, tornadoes of wind blades so large that they made demihumans look like children, sandstorms capable of burying cities, waves of ice capable of freezing the sea in front of them, rays of light pierced the line demihumans and waves of darkness drained his strength while festering all his wounds.

The spells devastated the ranks of the evolved demihumans, giving the humans hope of victory. At least until the clouds of dust generated by the spells dispersed and humans could confirm the effects of their spells.

The evolved demihumans had used the evolved minotaurs as meat shields, fending off most attacks with their own bodies. Most minotaurs were killed by the large-scale spells, even the absurd resistance granted by the indestructible was not able to withstand multiple large-scale spells at the same time.

Other demihumans also suffered casualties and serious injuries, but they held their ground and resumed their advance the moment the dust settled.

It was impossible to cast other large-scale spells that fast, so the mages and priests quickly drank mana regeneration potions and cast individual spells as fast as they could, but the evolved demihumans didn't allow them to reorganize.

They tore through the ranks of the kingdom's soldiers, mowing the soldiers as if they were wheat, and rushed straight at the greatest threat. Some orcs and ogres still fell dead from the desperate attacks of the army, but the survivors didn't care about the dead and continued the charge.

Even though the mages desperately tried to run away while casting their spells, the demihumans relentlessly pursued them. Wizards could barely defend themselves using the powerful magic items distributed by the order of magic and the church, but the effects of their enchantments would not last forever.

The evolved demihumans began killing the mages and priests once the effects of the enchantments wore off and the order's reinforcements decided it was time to intervene.

Portals appeared on the different battlefields, using the items that forced teleportation as beacons, and dozens of mages came out. They cast whatever spells they had on hand, turning the tide of battle in the humans' favor.

They also carried magic items and cast all their spells as soon as the demihumans came within range. The sheer destructive power of all the activated enchantments at once was enough to kill even the trolls at once and their great regeneration.

The battlefields defended by the church did not have portals to transport their priests, but purple spheres appeared on the battlefields and the saints and greatest champions of the church came out.

Although their numbers were much smaller than the church's reinforcements, their effects on the battlefield were even greater. The saints and champions didn't waste a single second after arriving at the battlefield and immediately rushed towards the demihumans.

Whether using magic or physical attacks, the saints swept away the demihumans with the same ease they had hitherto had with ordinary soldiers, making the humans scream in victory and the demihumans in outrage, but neither made any difference in the battle.

In the end, both mages and saints were able to reverse their respective battlegrounds, but casualties were still massive everywhere.

#### Chapter 253 Empty victory

Canan and Eishin watched all of this from the palace, moving from hologram to hologram and noticing the behavior patterns of evolved demihumans.

Even though the different battles were happening simultaneously and the evolved demi-humans didn't have contact with each other, they reacted almost equally, as if they were following a pattern or the same predefined strategy.

Canan was confused by this behavior, but Eishin considered it normal. He explained that the giants weren't very intelligent and had simple, predictable thought patterns and strategies, just attacking whatever got in their way and focusing on whatever they saw as the biggest threat.

There were very few demihumans able to think deeply and formulate real strategies, most just following their instincts.

They didn't have time to talk, though. The alarms kept ringing non-stop and several different locations were under attack, the slower demihumans had finally appeared. No new species appeared on any of the battlefields, just the same evolved demi-humans they had already encountered.

The battles took several hours and despite the best efforts of the armies and order and church reinforcements, it was impossible to provide reinforcements for all the strongholds at the same time and several were destroyed, leaving dozens thousands dead.

Surprisingly, the number of fortresses and cities that were successfully defended was much greater than the number of fortresses destroyed, but the death toll was exactly the opposite, the death toll reaching almost a hundred thousand dead while the demihumans just a few thousand.

But the biggest loss was the thousands of dead mages and priests, who were much harder to train. It took decades to train a single mage and even more resources, so the losses of the church and order were immense.

Even so, they still couldn't relax. The order and the church were racing to repair all the damage done and fill in the gaps left by the dead mages, all the while sending attack forces to the battlefields where they were defeated before the demihumans could settle in.

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They didn't plan to send soldiers or dozens of mages this time, but the elite troops of their respective organizations, saints and elders included. Both had fought fiercely as reinforcements for cities that couldn't handle the battle alone, but still had plenty of power to destroy the remaining strongholds.

"Looks like the first wave is over." Eishin spoke and was finally able to relax. The Elders and Saints were still mopping up the victorious demihumans, but it was a sure victory and he didn't bother checking the results.

"But the result was worse than expected." Canan agreed with him in a bitter voice. "I thought that if we blocked the teleportation and bought enough time to cast large-scale spells it would be enough to eliminate them, but I didn't expect evolved minotaurs to be so resistant."

"Things are only going to get worse from now on. These evolved demihumans were just the enemy's trash, be it in fighting skill, life layers or bloodline. The next enemies that attack us will be even more powerful and will continue to grow in power."

"It was the giants' basic strategy during the age of chaos, to send the weakest first to get rid of the bad seeds while investigating their enemies' strengths." Eishin spoke from experience.

"Even after all our preparations, our armies were not able to defend themselves without relying on the most powerful ones like elders and saints. The only good part is that we can eliminate all of them to avoid information leakage."

"None of the demihumans had enough quality teleportation crystals to teleport back to Doravon and pass on the information. As long as we eliminate all of them, we can prevent the information leak." Canan spoke the only good news he could think of in the whole situation, but Eishin internally disagreed.

'These demihumans don't seem to have any intention of returning, but settling here. So they must have another method of sending their findings back to Doravon. Communicating magic items is impossible, as demihumans are incapable of using magic and the only species capable of something like the runesmith was incapable of creating something so complex.' Eishin began to ponder what the enemy was up to.

'If they don't have communication devices, then they must have other ways of contacting the evolved demihumans or at least confirming the results of the battle. What species was capable of something like that? Eishin sifted through his memories to try to find a species that fit, frowning heavily as he remembered a species that fit the requirements.



'Damn it, if all species are coming back, then those 'aberrations' must be back too, or at least must be in the process of recovering their bloodlines. This war is going to be a lot more complicated than I initially thought.' Eishin thought with a headache, but he didn't share it with Canan or Eirin.

'Before alarming them, I need to somehow confirm the situation in Doravon. Perhaps the angels can investigate the continent superficially to at least give me an overview. The problem is how to investigate without Illum finding out or interfering.' Elshin began to plan, not knowing that Canan and Eirin could spy on the world from moon and easily confirm the situation on Doravon.

Just as he had his ascension plans and secret projects, Canan and Eirin kept their plans for the moon base and their own experiments a secret from Eishin.

They were allies and old friends, but they had their own plans and ideals for the future of humanity, so they kept their main cards hidden from each other.

"I will return to my empire for now, Eishin. Eirin has a lot of work to do as Supreme Elder and we cannot waste any more time here. We have suffered many losses in this battle and we need to deal with the aftermath before replacing our losses and strengthening our defenses, which clearly weren't enough." Canan caught Eishin's attention and bid him farewell.

"Ok, I also need to do the same and compensate several families for their losses." Eishin nodded and took his leave, the roof of the divine palace opening to allow Canan to depart.

Canan flew out of the palace and disappeared in a purple orb as soon as he left the palace. The divine palace would not prevent teleportation using holy mana, but it would interfere with teleportation using pure mana or the corrupted mana.

After making sure that Canan had already left and that there was no undesirable presence around, Eishin spoken.

"Ariel, come to the throne room immediately, I have a mission for you." Eishin spoke solemnly, his voice magically echoing through all the rooms and corridors of the palace, but

in less than thirty seconds the throne room doors opened and a lone seraph entered, emitting a graceful aura that comforted the cherubim and made them want to kneel to her.

But they all shook their heads to get rid of that comforting feeling and regain their focus.

The seraph wore a white dress with white and gold ruffles that reached down to his ankles. Unlike the surrounding cherubs, she was almost perfectly human in appearance, only the halo over her head and white wings giving away her nature.

She had blonde hair tied in a single braid that went halfway down her back and sky blue almond shaped eyes. His face strongly resembled Eishin and for good reason.

Ariel was one of Eishin's eldest daughters, born before Eishin became a god. She was also one of the seven seraphim who commanded the celestial legions and a demigoddess.

"What do you need me for, dad?" Ariel asked with a gentle tone and a sincere smile on her face, but the cherubs only felt goosebumps.

Those who saw her just once would feel relaxed by Ariel's comforting aura and believe her kind gestures, but anyone who knew her better would know that it was just an act and her real personality was the opposite.

Among all seven seraphs, Ariel was the most ruthless and responsible for intelligence, the angels under her command being specialized in assassinations and intelligence gathering, most being spies or assassins for the empire when they were still human.

"Stop that act, Aria. I'm not in the mood for jokes right now." Eishin replied as he massaged his temples with a headache.

"It was you who suddenly called me while I was busy in the lab and I had to leave everything behind to answer your call. At least let me enjoy myself." Ariel changed her tone to a more casual one and her appearance changed accordingly.

Her white dress changed shape and became a simple pair of jean shorts with chain belts and a top that barely left any room for imagination. Her hairstyle has also changed from an intricate braid to a simple ponytail.

A gulping sound was heard as one of the guarding cherubs looked down at Ariel with the contemplative expression of a man who has achieved enlightenment.

Chapter 254 legends of giants

He looked her up and down, taking advantage of the fact that her face was a mass of light to observe her without being discovered. Then his gaze finally rose and reached her eyes, belatedly realizing that Ariel was also staring at him after feeling his gaze and unlike his, her eyes held only a silent promise of pain if he continued for a second longer.

"So what? What's so important for you to call me so suddenly?" Ariel asked as she glared at the cherub who looked away terrified.

"As you are already aware, the demihumans of the continent of Doravon are somehow recovering their giant bloodlines and are invading the continent of Caprio." Eishin started to narrate, but Ariel interrupted him.

"Spare me the rant, dad. Just cut to the chase." Ariel cut Eishin's speech short as she scratched her ears irritably.

"The battles ended with our victory, but we realized that the first wave of evolved demihumans were just the continent's rejects. I want you and your spies to investigate the Doravon continent and find out everything you can." Eishin summed up irritated by his daughter's behavior.

"I thought we were prohibited from interfering in the war because of your agreement with Illum. Has anything changed?" Ariel raised an eyebrow questioningly.

She had already suggested that they should spy on their enemies instead of just mindlessly waiting while other seraphs suggested that they should attack before the demihumans became true giants, but Eishin had denied all her suggestions.

“The non-intervention agreement still stands and that’s why your mission must be done in absolute secrecy. I have my suspicions that something is going on after watching the battles and I want you to investigate the demihumans, especially the different species of demihumans evolved and how they managed to recover their ancient lineages.” Eishin explained, surprising Ariel.

“Do you really want to risk an all-out war against the gods just on suspicion?” Ariel asked doubtfully.

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“I don’t want a war, at least not right now and that’s why you’re being ordered to keep quiet. Even if you’re discovered, we can use the argument that you’re just investigating without interfering, so make sure you don’t. not create confusion or be discovered by enemies.” Eishin warned her and she was immediately disappointed.

“I’ll do my best to try and contain myself. I’ll leave as soon as I finish all my tasks in the palace and at home.” Ariel nodded, understanding Eishin’s point.

“Do it. We need to find out as much as possible as quickly as possible.” Eishin ordered and dismissed Ariel.

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On the continent of Caprio, on the west coast of the savannas.

Hundreds of ships were embarked on beaches or rocks, their crews leaving the ship and watching the surroundings, prepared to face any enemy or threats that appear.

Fortunately for them, there was no army or soldiers waiting for them, just monsters that lived nearby and fled as soon as the demihumans appeared, but the evolved demihumans chased them down and hunted them down for food.

They had faced much more powerful sea monsters while sailing and they had all turned into food for them. Their ships barely had room for them and there was no room to transport food, so they mostly ate raw sea monsters the entire voyage.

The evolved semi-humans began to set up an improvised camp on the beaches, ensuring a safe area for them and their brothers who would arrive later.

Everyone was aware that they were just a separate force and that the king’s main army would be arriving soon, so they had to prepare a suitable camp for their arrival.

Similar scenes were taking place all over the coast of the savannas, with the exception of a single place where they found a small tribe of ogres that lived by the sea and slaughtered them all before occupying the tribe.

Evolved demihumans considered normal demihumans to be nothing more than slaves and the moment the tribe tried to resist, they were considered rebels and killed on the spot.

As there was no army waiting for them or anyone to stop them, so they were able to settle on the mainland without much trouble.

The human armies knew that the demihumans would manage to invade the continent and spread across the uninhabited regions, but they already had their hands full and just internally hoped that the monsters and demihumans would try to resist and not join the enemy.

It was known that it was only a matter of time before they marched north, but there was nothing they could do.

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Continent Doravon at the same time.

The continent Doravon was extremely similar to the southern continent Caprio, its biomes being mainly large deserts and savannahs.

The continent was shaped like the head of a hammer and a gigantic river more than 5 kilometers wide ran east to west, splitting in two after reaching the middle of the continent as if it were a y on its side, before reaching the opposite coast and empty again into the ocean.

The river was called Balut, after one of the ancient and deceased giant Gods, who was said to have cut half the continent with a single stroke of his sword, the river forming in the wake of destruction the attack left.

Until fifty years ago, the entire continent was divided into over a hundred different demihuman clans, some clans being species that existed only on Doravon and warred brutally with each other.

Unlike deserts and savannahs of Caprio, there were no territories ruled by intelligent monsters and the only dominant species were demihumans, at least until the arrival of the conquering king.

His origins were unknown, his species was unknown, even his name was unknown to everyone. The only certainty that everyone had about the conquering king was his absolute power and that he had purified his own bloodline and done the same to anyone who joined under his banner.

The conquering king's power grew immensely and absorbed the other clans one by one, purifying the bloodlines of those who surrendered to him and enslaving those who remained resistant even after being defeated.

Demihuman clans had a culture of accepting to join a clan after being defeated, but many resisted after seeing how the conquering king treated his own people.

Demihumans treated each other like brothers, but the conquering king did not value brotherhood and the only thing that mattered was strength. Those with power would be allowed to do whatever they wanted and the weak were wrong just for being weak.

Everyone was forced to join his army and those without power would receive the worst possible treatment, having the same status as cattle.

Men would be forced to do any work that was considered undignified or below the status of a warrior, sometimes even being killed and used as feed for livestock, while women would be forced to constantly have children to produce new soldiers for the army.

His enemies tried to resist his madness, but the conquering king's power was absolute and no matter how hard they tried, they were unable to even harm him in combat.

Those who joined him and had their giant bloodlines strengthened would also join the vision of the strong trampling the weak, though they believed otherwise just a few months ago.

In less than fifty years, the conquering king has taken the entire continent under his banner, a feat almost unheard of in the world of Elbon and only accomplished once in the past.

In the center of the Doravon continent, where the Balult River split in two, stood the highest mountain in the world known as the Hump of Atlas. The mountain was named after a famous champion of the giants, who was said to have carried the tallest mountain in the world on his back and toppled it into the middle of the river, splitting it in two.

During the time of the giants' glory, the mountain was used as a gathering place for the gods and giant champions, but it was almost completely destroyed after the fall of the giants and demihumans had no ability to manipulate the earth, so it has been abandoned since.

At least until the conquering king came along and the evolved demihumans under his command restored the mountain. The interior of the mountain was rebuilt to resemble the interior of a castle, but its size was sized for giants up to 30 meters, so its interior space was immense.

Among all the great rooms that were built inside the Atlas Mountain, the biggest one was the throne room and it was in the deepest and most protected part of the mountain.

The throne room was almost 100 meters high and 300 meters wide, with enough space inside to accommodate dozens of pure giants. Pillars made of marble quarried from the mountain itself were spaced at regular intervals, while the walls were carved to depict all the different species of giants that ever lived.

His intention was to demonstrate what the giants were like during their heyday and all the power they possessed, serving as an inspiration for the demihumans who entered the throne room and a reminder of how precarious their current situation was.

## Chapter 255 Aberrations

Even though they were strong by the standard of the current era and their powers kept increasing after joining the conquering king, but they were still lacking and weak as children compared to their ancestors.

Dozens of evolved demihumans were lined up on either side of the throne room, while the conquering king himself sat on a divine adamant throne at the end of the room.

There were no guards or soldiers in the room, but only because it wasn't necessary. All present were mighty, the best of the best of their respective races.

Despite being in important surroundings and surrounded by the top commanders of his entire army, the conquering king was lying lazily on his throne and drinking wine from a bottle larger than a human being.

His sword was propped on the throne and he was completely relaxed and posture was full of openings, but every evolved demihuman in the room could sense that he was ready to kill anyone who would step forward to challenge him.

It was a custom in the age of giants that the strong would show their servants arrogance and contempt, showing that they were so beneath them that they didn't even need to worry about their presence.

Showing any kind of tension was the same as saying that his servants were a threat to himself and his authority.

All evolved demihumans, on the other hand, were visibly tense and weapons in hand, eyeing each other vigilantly as they waited for an opportunity to fight and rise above their rivals.

Although they were all allies and servants of the conquering king, they were also rivals of each other and unlike human societies, political discussions were decided in fights and the winners would be right, regardless of what their opinion was.

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There were no different clans, as they were all under the banner of the conquering king, so the demihumans present were the strongest of each race and acted as their representatives and champions, all of whom were in more advanced stages of evolution than their peers.

Representatives of almost every race were here, with the exception of two of them who were busy working under direct orders from the conquering king, so none of the other representatives dared to criticize them for it.

They had all been summoned to the hump of Atlas to discuss the outcome of the first invasion, but not a word had been spoken since they arrived and the conquering king was too busy enjoying his wine and combing his prodigious beard to worry about them.

They had no means of confirming the outcome of the battle themselves and they were all eager to find out how the conquering king can confirm the outcome from a continent away, but they were all looking at each other and urging others to step forward and speak out.

"My liege, all representatives of all races are already gathered here, with the exception of those who are carrying out your orders elsewhere. I believe that your majesty can already share with us the results of the battle so that we can send the next wave of soldiers." One of the evolved demihumans finally ran out of patience and boldly stepped forward.

He was a Solar, a species of demihuman that existed exclusively on the continent of Doravon. Its original appearance was that of a five meter humanoid with red skin and flaming hair.

After agreeing to join the Conquering King though, his body grew to nearly 15 meters and his entire body glowed like embers, the air around him looking distorted by his body heat.

Flames generated by his own body molded into a flaming kimono, but he left the top open and displayed his bulging muscles proudly.

Their racial ability ancient flame allowed them to control flame and shape it as if it were physical, even giving substance to fire. Flames afflicted by this skill would not extinguish while in contact with a solar and could sustain for some time after moving away from the solar.

The conquering king stopped scratching his beard, and with him the entire throne room. No one dared to take a step or make any move that might draw the king's attention.

The king's gaze fell on the solar evolved, making the latter shudder in fear. There was no mana or murderous intent in the king's gaze, but the sheer contempt the solar evolved could sense was enough to paralyze him.

"I've called you all here to be informed of the battle's outcome, not to ask your opinions, so stay still and silent until I order otherwise." The conquering king spoke as low as a whisper, but the throne room began to shake as the demihumans broke out in a cold sweat.

Once again there was no mana or any kind of malicious intent in his voice, but the demihumans still felt pressured for some reason they couldn't understand.

The solar evolved knelt in submission without saying a word, sure he would be killed if he moved even a step. The invisible pressure disappeared as suddenly as it had appeared, allowing the demihumans to breathe normally again.

The conquering king went back to absentmindedly scratching his beard, heedless of the evolved demihumans around him, and no one else had the courage to step forward and speak.

Minutes that felt like hours passed while the evolved demihumans just stared at each other nervously, until a sudden knock on the door caught everyone's attention.

"Don't just stand there and go inside." The conquering king spoke as he looked at the door, more precisely at the demihumans standing behind it.

The door opened without making a single sound and a dozen evolved demihumans walked in, their eyes sparkling with excitement.

The demihumans that entered the room were 4 meter humanoids, being one of the shortest demihumans in the throne room, second only to the evolved goblins.

His appearance, however, was anything but human. Its skin was light green while blue scales covered it, giving demihumans a blue-green tint. Its head was shaped like an octopus, its nostrils and ears being just holes in the skull while its eyes were blood red and short tentacles grew where its mouth should have been.

Even though it wasn't visible because of the tentacles covering part of its face, it had a mouth with four rows of sharp fangs and no tongue, the species was unable to speak.

His body had none of the usual muscles of demihumans, some appearing obese and others oddly thin, in stark contrast to most demihumans' muscular, lush bodies.

They were aberrations, an extremely unique race of evolved demi-humans exclusive to Caprio. They were different from most demihumans, possessing high intellect and bodies not suited for battle, though still strong in their own way.

If most demihumans were warriors, aberrations were excellent strategists and commanders.

When the evolved demihumans adopted the conquering king's ideal of supremacy of the strong, the aberrations were the first to be targeted by the stronger races, but quickly proved that they were not as weak as they appeared.

They only had a telepathy ability before they started to evolve, as their specific race was not able to speak and it was their only way of communicating.

After starting the process of evolution, on the other hand, their mental abilities evolved and they were now able to use various skills using only their mind, their effects bordering on magic. They were the demihumans with the most diverse abilities.

Among his mental abilities was sensory sharing. They could "mark" other beings and feel whatever they felt through any of their senses.

The aberrations used this on all the generals and tracked the performance of the entire army, so they knew everything that happened in the different battles and came to report now that all the evolved demihumans died or settled on the continent.

'I salute you, my king. The battles on the continent of Caprio mostly ended in defeat at the hands of humans, but several ships further south managed to set up camp.' The aberration in front was twice the size of the others and spoke through telepathy, its strange excitement contrasting with its words and confusing the other representatives.

"And why are you laughing at our defeat, you wretched aberration? Do you think that's funny?" The representative of the evolved orcs roared in annoyance, just the mention of having his people defeated enough to trigger negative karma and pump mana through his body.

They were just rejects who had been expelled, more so they were orcs and it pissed him off to the core.

'Because all the battles were extremely interesting! Although most humans are extremely weak, there are some exceptional individuals among them who are capable of killing demi-humans like ants.' The aberration representative ignored the orc's irritation and spoke excitedly, the tentacles on his face twitching in what should have been a smile.

"You dare call my orcs ants?!" The orc representative yelled and took a step forward to intimidate the aberration representative, but his body suddenly levitated for a second before being blasted against the wall.

## Chapter 256 Telekinesis

The orc's body sank into a crater generated by its own impact and the entire throne room shook.

'Stop yelling so loud, muscle brain. Your voice is as annoying as it is loud, so shut up for a moment.' The freak representative spoke in everyone's mind with irritation, pointing his hand at the orc.

He had pushed the orc away using only telekinesis, one of the aberrations' many psychic abilities. The strength of his telekinesis depended on his mental clarity and the amount of mana he put into each thought, only the inability to access world energy and the versatility of telekinesis differed his ability from an ordinary spell.



“You bastard octopus, I’m going to kill you!!” The orc champion roared as every vein in his body stood out as anger and indignation surrounded his mind and pumped mana throughout his entire body.

He kicked the wall with all his might as he braced his body to break free of the telekinesis effect, but the freak just let him go, knowing it would just be stupid to try and compete against an orc.

The orc champion wasn’t expecting the lack of resistance and fell forward, before quickly recovering and run at the freak. He charged forward in an instant, swinging his sword in a vertical slash to slice it in half in one fell swoop.

‘Only an idiot just attacks from the front without thinking.’ The freak wasn’t startled by his movements though, chuckling gleefully in the orc champion’s mind as he used telekinesis on the orc’s lead foot, pinning him to the ground at the last second.

The orc champion was unable to stop his advance and stumbled forward before he could reach the aberration, rolling several times to try and mitigate the impact, but the aberration took a step to the side as he accelerated the orc champion with telekinesis, forcing the latter to continue until you hit the wall on the opposite side.

‘kekeke, you looked so happy rolling that I thought I’d help out.’ the aberration chuckled in everyone’s minds, causing all of the evolved demihumans to laugh with him and the orc champion to turn even redder with rage.

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All the representatives had walked away so as not to get caught up in the fight, but mostly so as not to interrupt them by accident and ruin the show. The conquering king also didn’t say anything and just watched, not caring that his throne room was being destroyed.

“Keuk...You weakling, using cheap tricks instead of fighting straight!” the orc champion spat out dirt and rose, charging like a raging bull again.

‘He is definitely an idiot for trying the same thing twice and expecting a different result.’ The aberration sneered and used the same method to halt the orc champion’s advance, but the latter was prepared.

The orc champion had activated mana vision and just waited for the enemy to move. The moment he saw the skill’s mana suddenly surround his leg, he kicked the ground with the heavy blow skill, opening a crater in the ground and getting rid of the telekinesis with the shock wave.

An abomination’s mental abilities were just thoughts until it fed it mana, so it could surround its enemies and they would only realize it when it was too late.

There were few beings that could sense their abilities before they were charged with mana, making them a nightmare to face.

‘If you wanted so much to sink into the earth, all you had to do was ask.’ The aberration spoke and pointed his finger at the ground, pressing the orc’s body against the ground and making the crater even bigger.

“You-” A red aura started to appear on the orc champion’s body as he roared like an angry beast, but the aberration stopped him.

He pointed upwards with a flick of his wrist and the orc slammed into the ceiling before falling down just as fast.

The aberration waved its hand up and down, the orc champion's body following the same motion and striking the floor and ceiling several times in succession.

Every time the champion released some ability to free himself, the aberration released telekinesis for an instant and dropped him in the air, before grabbing him and doing it all over again.

"Enough!!" The orc champion fully released his red aura after being knocked to the ground for the fifteenth time and now kept the aura active.

Aura was one of the worst skills for an orc, because it consumed a lot of energy and unlike an ordinary skill, it would require them to keep continuously feeding the aura to keep it active.

The orc champion's body was covered in bruises from multiple falls, but he got to his feet without a care, his wounded pride hurting more than any wound.

'You won't last more than a few seconds with that aura active, but it wouldn't be humiliating enough for you.' The aberration used telepathy to speak exclusively to the orc and the tentacles on its face lifted, revealing the lipless, fanged mouth below.

"Cover your ears now!" The champions who until now had only watched and mocked the orc's performance suddenly panicked and covered their ears.

The champion aberration let out a guttural scream, causing a horrible headache to anyone who heard it. Her scream attacked the minds of all of them, causing the weakest in the room to faint.

Aberrations were unable to speak due to the lack of a tongue and having underdeveloped vocal chords, but they were still able to emit sound and by mixing their psychic waves with mana, they could create a powerful mental attack.

"ARGHH!!!" The orc champion dropped to his knees, feeling like his head was going to split. He was unable to keep the aura active and lost control of the rest of the abilities.

The aberration used the orc's moment of weakness to infiltrate his mind with telepathy and deliver the final blow to his mind and knock him unconscious.

'Someone take the orc champion and the other champions who passed out to one of the rooms in the mountain. I ended up being a little cruel to him and he must be unconscious for a few days before he regains consciousness.' The freak stopped screaming and turned to one of his assistants, who levitated the demihuman body and carried it away.

'Your Majesty, I beg your pardon for interrupting my report, but that irritating orc needed a lesson.' The aberration knelt to the conquering king, who remained unfazed throughout the fight.

"Don't bother. It's always fun to watch your kind fight, even when you're this weak. Now that the trash has been removed, share the battles on Caprio with us." The conquering king ordered and the aberrations nodded, sharing with all the evolved demihumans around the battle scenes.

Even for the champion of aberrations, it was impossible for him to keep up with all the battles at the same time, so he shared the burden with his assistants, using them as extra brains to process all incoming information.

The conquering king closed his eyes as he absorbed the information gathered, focusing mainly on the church's forces. He saw the order mages and recognized that some elite individuals and groups were indeed powerful, but it was the church members that interested him.

He recognized the symbol that paladins and crusaders wore as the symbol of Eishin's holy army during the era of chaos, but was confused by the absence of angels during battles.

The conquering king recognized that the saints seemed close to angels, but the complete lack of angels made him uncomfortable. He expected the armies of angels to invade the continent as soon as he attacked the first human islands, remembering Eishin's grudge and hatred for the giants, but there was nothing until now.

He still wasn't strong enough to face a God head on, but he wouldn't cower in front of his enemy and he was waiting for his chance to face him.

'I can clearly see Eishin's influence on the army of soldiers of light, but the absence of angels and other species confuses me. I remember that damn angel believed in human supremacy, but it's strange that we haven't seen elves, dragons or undead.' He thought doubtfully.

During the age of chaos, all species were at risk from the threat of the raging giants, so they were forced to put their differences aside and band together for survival.

It was the only time in all of Elbon's history that all species fought together for one purpose and Elbon's first world war. Angels, undead, humans, dragons, elves, beastmen and all other species have come together in a single alliance in order to survive.

Unfortunately, their alliance was as rare as it was fragile and was broken the moment the giants were defeated and the species remembered their hatred for each other and returned to war.

The conquering king had no memory of what happened after the fall of the giants, but he realized that something had happened that divided the species.

'How fun. Knowing that these idiots stayed at war even after our downfall almost makes me forget why I hate them.' The king thought in amusement, but his thoughts quickly returned to the present.

## Chapter 257 Past enemies

'But speculating like that won't change anything. I sent some aberrations along with the second wave of soldiers, so I'll be able to get all the information on what happened since our fall.' He thought as he straightened his posture on the throne and drummed his fingers, shocking all evolved demihumans.

They were absolutely silent even after they finished digesting the information the aberrations had shared, but only because they didn't want to interrupt their king while he was thinking. Seeing him sit up and tense up, however, shocked them so much that several exclaimed in surprise.

Showing tension to an enemy was the same as recognizing him as a threat, something none of the evolved demihumans understood why. Everyone saw that the humans were relatively strong, but nothing they couldn't handle.

The evolved demi-humans lived in isolation on the Doravon continent and had no knowledge of outside the continent, so they had no idea of the enemy's strength and thought that the power they demonstrated in the last battle was the maximum power of the enemies.

The conquering king also hadn't shared any information about the enemy gods, making the surrounding demi-humans mistakenly think that their king was the apex of the world.

"We're going to send the next wave of demihumans now, but this time sending real warriors, not rejected trash. I want them to focus on human territory, where there's a greater threat. Let the weaker ones explore the south, which does not appear to be under human influence." The conquering king ordered after thinking for some time, making the demihumans around him smile crazily.

All of them were excited to go to war and test their new bodies and power in a real war, but the conquering king forbade all clans to send their powerful warriors, wanting to first assess how the situation on the continent of Caprio was.

According to what he remembered, the continent of Caprio was an almost completely destroyed war zone, so he wanted to investigate how much was left and which species dominated before deciding how many soldiers to send.

He also wanted to keep as many soldiers as possible in case the angels decided to invade, but it turned out to be an unnecessary concern.

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"Looks like we're finally going to war for real!" The solar champion spoke as the temperature around him rose by several degrees to match his excitement.

"I really want to face one of these warriors wearing white armor." The champion minotaur spoke as he licked his fangs in anticipation, but the king's next words poured cold water over them.

"You will not go on the attack, only a few thousand soldiers from your respective clans will." He spoke solemnly and silenced any words of objection with a glare.

"Your bodies have already become accustomed to your evolved state and we can continue to progress to the next stage of your evolution. You are the closest to reaching the true lineage of giants, so you must stay here until you finish your evolution." With those words, any thoughts of objection disappeared from the demihumans' minds.

Many demihumans had joined him out of fear, but after experiencing the power that came with evolution, they swore allegiance. Everyone was eager to reach the true power of a giant, so they readily agreed to give up the fight.

All the demi-humans who joined the banner of the conquering king most wanted was to evolve at once, but he himself had limited the process, for the safety of the demi-humans.

The process of evolution was divided into three different stages and would require a break of several years between processes, much to the annoyance of demihumans eager to get stronger.

Furthermore, time was not the only limitation for demihumans who pursued evolution. It took a minimum level of power and strong willpower to resist the painful process of evolution.

The evolution process would take days and the bodies of demihumans would be broken and rebuilt several times, so only those with a strong will would resist.

The first stage of evolution was something any demihuman could do and survive just by clenching their teeth, but the second stage was almost impossible for demihumans who hadn't yet passed the first barrier of progression.

The death rate was incredibly high for anyone who was in the fifth layer or below, 99% of demihumans who tried it would die horribly.

In the third stage it would be the same thing, except that the limit would be the second barrier of progression in the tenth layer of life. Until now, the only one who had refined his bloodline to reach true giants was the conquering king himself.

There were several demihumans who were already above the tenth layer on the Doravon continent, but everyone who had undergone the process had died.

After demihumans went through the process of evolution, their bodies grew and evolved, but their cores remained unchanged and unsuited for their new bodies.

They would need to spend years training to develop every layer of their core, only to go through the next stage of evolution and spend even more time training again.

Only a few dozen demihumans had achieved this feat and most of them were present in the throne room.

"Then we can finally reach the full power of a giant! When we become as powerful as our ancestors, we will be invincible!" The troll champion roared in excitement and the conquering king inwardly chuckled at his excitement.

'I shouldn't remind you that even after finishing the evolution, you'll still spend almost a decade training, at best. Each progression takes longer than the last, so they won't see real action for a long time.' He thought, but kept the thought to himself.

"You can now return to your respective territories and select the evolved demihumans who will participate in the next invasion. Also select your replacements while you and those powerful enough will be busy evolving." The conquering king ordered.

The demihumans walked out of the throne room while chatting animatedly, getting more and more excited. In their minds, they all thought that when they completed their evolution and trained their cores to suit their body, they would be as powerful as the conquering king or at least approach him.

They didn't know that the conquering king was already almost reaching the level of a demigod and the other demihumans would still be ants compared to him even after becoming giants.

Left alone in the throne room, the conquering king silently closed his eyes as he watched the evolved demihumans walk away. Once he was sure there was no one else for half a mile, he spoke apparently to no one.

“What do you think of this situation, Kulul?” The conquering king spoke as he looked at the empty space in one of the corners of the room.

‘It’s weird, but we can’t draw any conclusions right now. The world seems to have changed a lot since the age of glory of the giants. There are a lot of things that didn’t exist during that time, like these teleportation crystals, for example.’ The creature standing in the corner replied as it looked excitedly at a teleportation crystal in its hands.

It was similar in appearance to the freaks, but its size made the champion look like a child in comparison. He was 10 meters tall, with a deep blue color like the ocean instead of blue-green, and a pair of membranous wings were folded over his back like a cloak.

He was Kulul, an eldritch, the giant who spawned the aberrations. He had been inside the throne room the entire time, observing all of the Conqueror King’s interactions with the demihumans, even watching the battles the aberrations shared through the demihumans.

Kulul had used mind manipulation to get everyone in the throne room to ignore him. Even aberrations who could feel the mindwaves were unable to realize they were being manipulated, thanks to Kulul’s control over their abilities.

“This thing is really new, but it’s incredibly useful. Being able to cross huge distances in an instant and consuming only mana is an amazing resource. Too bad the purple spheres these things create are so small.” The conquering king agreed with a sigh.

“Most crystals are too small for the ever-growing demihumans and it’s very difficult to find crystals big enough for giants. I had to share the teleportation crystals with the weak goblins because they were the only ones small enough to use it.” He spoke irritably, but Kulul just laughed.

‘Stop being bitter. We couldn’t use them anyway, so no use complaining, Atlas.’ Kulul scolded him.

“Let’s stop joking around here, Kulul. How is the situation around the world?” Atlas, the ancient champion and god of strength asked.

‘From what I could see, a lot has changed. I couldn’t stray too far from the mainland to avoid being discovered by the yggdrasil, so I had to manipulate birds to share senses with them.’ Kulul shared all the information he obtained during the last few months of the investigation.

Information from three continents flowed into his mind, with the exception of Nytrer, sharing information from all different realms and species. He had detailed information on different countries, even human empires.

“I see, so they really are at war with each other. It’s strange that the Gods aren’t as active as before and it seems like a new human god has been born, but something must have happened for them to avoid getting directly involved.” Atlas muttered after he finished assimilating the different information Kulul shared.

'I'm also curious about this, but I haven't been able to find out much. I also couldn't send birds to Nytrer because the continent is surrounded by leviathan fog.' Kulul agreed with him.

'I will continue to gather information discreetly to try to find out what happened to the Gods. I suggest you do the same and don't reveal yourself until you recover all your power, there's very little left to reach our glory days, so wait a little longer.' Kulul spoke as he left the throne room.

'I don't know why the gods aren't more active, but I couldn't care less. Soon I will reach my power again and I won't need to continue hiding here.' Atlas thought in anticipation, a bloodlust taking over his mind.

'I really hope you enjoyed your life while it lasted, Eishin. It will make your despair even greater when I destroy everything you love.' he thought with savage fury, his lips pulling up in a cruel smile.

He got up and left the throne room, planning on training to vent all the fury he had built up in anticipation of their battle.

#### Chapter 258 Adapted strategies

A month passed in the blink of an eye, time passing almost unnoticed by everyone who was busy recovering from Doravon's attempted invasion and preparing for the next.

Many lives were lost and the order and church could not easily replace them. Even if they did, it was clear that just sending hundreds of mages to the different strongholds wasn't enough to resist even the simplest of enemies, so they would need a new plan to face them.

Some suggested simple ideas, like just increasing the number of barriers or increasing the number of mages, as demihumans were incapable of attacking from a distance and their only way to attack was physically.

Others would suggest giving out even more magic items or sending out mages and priests with magic items that would allow flight to cast magic beyond the reach of demihumans.

One of the ideas that the order decided to implement was to face the demihumans before they reached the mainland, when they were in the middle of the sea and unable to fight back.

If the mages attacked the demihuman ships from the air while the ships were halfway between the nearest island and the mainland, the evolved demihumans would have nowhere to swim and would be at the mercy of the mages.

Even if the evolved demihumans tried to defend themselves using aura abilities, the mages would just need to keep raining magic down on them until they destroyed them.

There was a limit to the range of aura abilities and even if the small evolved goblins tried to teleport to reach it, the mages would only have to be aware and dodge the initial blow and the goblins would fall helplessly.

Various ideas and plans emerged in both organizations and the realms realized the danger that the evolved demihumans represented and the fact that they would be powerless if they had to fend for themselves.

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The armies that participated in the battle were slaughtered and even the court mages were unable to display a destructive power equal to the order mages or church priests.

Court mages were unable to use large-scale spells of different elements like order mages and lacked light spells developed like church, so their spells paled in comparison.

Furthermore, the difference in power between their magic items and wands was also like heaven and earth. Not only was the technique used by the order and church far superior to the three realms, they also had much more diverse resources, so their magic items had more diverse enchantments.

The magic items created by the order were made specifically for mages of certain elements or for specific situations, while the kingdoms only had generic items for the most part, only the leaders of their respective armies had custom-made items and even those would not be as good.

It also didn't help that most of his army was made up of ordinary people, most of them incapable of fighting ordinary monsters, let alone evolved demi-humans capable of knocking down a great wall with a single blow.

All kingdoms accepted that they would be unable to fend for themselves and decided to fully cooperate with the order and the church. Until the invasion battle, they still tried to impose themselves so as not to leave all authority to the order and church.

After the battles, however, they completely gave up any attempt at resistance and actively cooperated.

On the Adula continent, the war was intensifying, forcing both empires to concentrate most of their resources on their borders. Despite this, the Fae alliance was managing to recover its lost territory little by little in extremely violent battles.

Their mixed armies of beastmen and elves possessed physical and magical power, as well as being equipped with weapons and magical items created by the dwarves, their technology on par with the Makima empire.

Beastmen were physically superior while elves were magically superior to humans of the same level. The Makima empire had several powerful champions and mages, some Canan's direct subordinates reaching even the power of a demigod, but the elders of the Fae alliance also had their own demigod champions.

There was no God on the Setlan continent, but there were more than four demigods from different races in the Fae alliance. The fights between demigods were enough to cause destruction capable of changing the surrounding environment and forcing the empires and the alliance to redraw their maps, but most of the battles ended in favor of the alliance.

Normally, both empires would fight together or invade the south and north at the same time, forcing the Fae alliance to split their efforts or sacrifice a battle to successfully defend themselves, but all of the Caria empire's war efforts were focused on undead invade.

The undead attacked with unprecedented violence and numbers, forcing the legions of angels to camp in coastal cities and different frontiers of the Carian empire.



Tens of thousands of different species of undead attacked almost daily, engaging in bloody battles with the angels and holy warriors of the empire.

The angels had the aerial advantage over the undead and could use holy magic which were the weakness of the undead, but the battle was still extremely close.

Several of the undead had racial abilities of their original species and those obtained after becoming undead, their multiple abilities balancing the game.

Unlike angels who had an attack pattern using their racial abilities and holy magic, the undead had unique abilities, making their movements difficult to predict in large-scale battles.

There were thousands killed in both armies every battle, but the battles continued everyday as if both armies were endless.

The Caria empire had selected priests and warriors for millennia and raised them to angels, making them immortal over time and adding them to its legion.

Kalesi had done the same, offering mages and warriors the opportunity to become undead, but unlike Eishin, she had done so across an entire continent millennia ago, so her legion had already numbered into the millions of undead.

The entire world was going to war, making every God or ancient being remember the time after the era of chaos when all species went to war.

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On the continent Caprio, on the border between the desert and the savannas at the same time.

As the whole world went to war and prepared in case of a new all-out world war, the black skeletons were also preparing in their own way, albeit on a much smaller scale.

The dwarf skeletons had finished building all three walls, the skeletons' number one priority and the best defensive measure the undead would have after most of the undead army left.

The foundations of the fortress were also ready and the skeletons were building the first floor and pillars of the fortress. Even if the fortress was only made of stone bricks created by the earth mages themselves and strengthened by the dwarves, they would still take time to finish.

Thanks to the effects of earth magic and stone being strengthened and partially fused by the dwarves' skills, the fortress would withstand even if it was mediocely done, but the goal was not just to maintain the fortress, but to make it as sturdy as possible in case of attacks.

Furthermore, the dwarves and human runesmiths also began to enchant the walls, starting with the innermost wall.

The skeletons that were monsters or not fit for work didn't stop during that time and split into several groups to hunt, making the region around the fortress completely empty for tens of kilometers and expanding further

Their numbers increased by a few thousand, but they were mostly weak monsters or monsters that relied on numbers to survive, so the army's overall power didn't increase that much.

All monsters that were even slightly intelligent or had instincts had already left their territories behind and fled as far away as they could.

The hive hawks were also busy creating the storm cloud with the help of the water and wind mages, the size of the cloud reaching almost 5 kilometers in length.

It was possible to increase their size even more, but the limited number of hive hawks made it impossible to control the clouds if they grew even more than that.

Skeleton mages with an affinity for water also had to control the weather and make sure it didn't rain on the fortress under construction while the wind mages electrically charged the clouds.

Athos was also busy in the meantime, not only with his training, but also doing some experiments that he intended to do since when they were in the platinum fist fortress.

Neither his personal laboratory nor the general laboratory that would be built for the other mages was ready, so he spent his time on experiments that he could do outdoors and would not require magical resources.

His experiments mainly revolved around the bone abominations, which have been neglected until now. Athos was training them and trying to teach them skills and magic, discovering that the abominations had an affinity for darkness and had a talent for magic just like human skeletons.

#### Chapter 259 Sudden inspiration

They could use dark magic while using corrupted wooden wands, so Athos planned to add them to the mass magic training that would begin once the construction of the fortress was complete.

The bone abominations' magic was also extremely powerful, their effects similar to large-scale spells cast by first-tier mages. Bone abominations used mana from their multiple cores whenever they drew darkness or circulated mana through their bodies.

The bone abominations had an incredible learning capacity that surprised Athos and all skeletons. The multiple minds of the abominations worked together and shared their learnings with each other in ways that reminded Athos of what he was capable of doing with his magic organ, but on a much grander scale.

Other experiments Athos did with the abominations was whether they would be able to absorb bones from species other than humans. Athos had created them using exclusively human corpses and if they were able to merge with new undead, they could grow to new heights.

The result, however, was a complete failure. The bone abominations were able to merge with undead monsters created purely by Athos's mana, but the bone abominations themselves became confused and were unable to adapt to the mind of the monster that joined the hive mind.

A monster's thought process was very different from an ordinary person's and they often followed their basic instincts rather than using logical reasoning.

But it was their cores that rejected the merger. The main core tried to form a bond with the foreigner to try and absorb its energy, but a monster's core was different from a human core and they weren't able to connect, even though they had the same energy signature.

The main core and the auxiliary cores tried to expel it after failing to connect, but they were unable to because they had the same signature, so the foreigner was just isolated in the body.

The hive minds also did the same and attacked the new mind in an attempt to expel it, causing the foreigner immense pain. In the end, the bone abomination physically attacked the skeleton monster, destroying the body of the saber-toothed tiger that Athos used in the fusion.

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The skeleton was destroyed and its core dispersed, its mana spreading through the bone abomination's body and temporarily empowering it, before all the mana was consumed and disappeared.

The bones were still fused into his body, but they didn't add anything other than extra weight, even his ability to vibrate fangs was lost and Athos ended up pulling out the newly added bones so as not to upset the balance of the abominations.

Athos continued to experiment further with the abominations, while also trying anything that came to mind.

While Athos was busy with his experiments, Treevor was seriously working as the commander for the first time.

He was responsible for commanding the different groups that went out hunting, in addition to making sure to send groups of flying monsters with human skeletons to map the route they should take when they left and the enemies they would face on the way.

Most of his decisions, however, were given after taking advice from the generals. He might be a general, but he had even less experience with people than Athos, despite having more than a century to live.

He lived most of his life as a solitary nomad, so the idea of giving orders and commanding thousands was foreign to him.

Lastly, the gold mine base discovered by Ruy and Astrus was also under construction, albeit at a much slower pace than the main fortress.

There were only two hundred dwarven skeletons among them and even after sending an elite team to try to raid the nearest mountains, all the dwarven villages they found were empty.

Somehow the dwarves had discovered their presence, be it the dwarf patrols that spotted them setting up camp or perhaps some magic item, the important thing is that they were unable to get their hands on even a single dwarf corpse.

The basilisk insisted that they go deeper into the mountain range and follow the tracks left by the fugitives, refusing to accept the failure in the mission, but Astrus and Ruy were against it.

The story of the church and order's defeat in the mountains is still fresh in their memories, so they refused to fall into the obvious trap.

In the end, the basilisk only gave up on the idea of chasing the dwarves when Astrus threatened to contact Athos, causing the snake to cower in surrender.

The black skeletons were slowly but surely developing, though it was uncertain if they would be able to withstand the oncoming storm.

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Within the walls of the Black Skeletons' Fortress, in one of the chariots they brought from the Platinum fist Fortress.

Athos was standing inside the empty carriage, completely silent as he worked on brewing a new type of potion. He wasn't used to working on creating new potions, preferring to create alchemical items for their destructive power.

There weren't any completed buildings at the moment, so inside the carriages was the only place where he could have privacy. Athos had abandoned bone abomination training and hidden inside the carriage for the last three days after having a sudden flash of inspiration.

Unlike alchemical items, there was no risk of explosion or great danger when creating potions, so he could work in an inappropriate place like that with minimal risks. The maximum danger that could happen was losing the contents of the potions when they were vaporized if the bottles were not perfectly sealed.

None of the skeletons were allowed in the carriage in question, so Treevor just ordered them to stand guard around the carriage in case Athos needed anything.

'How could I have been so blind as not to have thought of this until now? It was so obvious this whole time and I was an idiot for not realizing it until now.' Athos thought irritably to himself as he worked seriously.

'Hmm, I think I overdid it a bit with the amount of potions before testing the result in the field, but the materials are easily obtainable, so I guess it doesn't matter much.' Athos thought as he finished his work.

'Hey y'all come here, I have something I need to show everyone!' Athos spoke through the mind link, calling Treevor and all the generals present in the stronghold.

"What is the master up to now?" Treevor wondered as he approached the carriage Athos was in.

"No idea, but it must be as absurd as ever. Our master has a taste for strange things and from his excitement, it looks like it's going to turn out to be something big." Emilia who was following right behind him replied.

"Hey, how long are you going to keep hiding there, master? I have my hands full thanks to someone dumping all their responsibility on me. Just come out at once and explain why you called us." Treevor shouted after reaching the carriage.

"No need to be grumpy, I'm on my way." Athos got out of the carriage with a bright smile on his face, several glass bottles floating behind him thanks to air magic.

The bottles contained a grayish-black liquid that the skeletons were unable to identify, leaving them alarmed and uneasy. Athos more unknown items was never a good thing.

"You'll understand once you drink it." Athos responded cryptically as he offered one of the potions to Treevor, but the latter took a cautious step back, refusing to drink the unidentified liquid.

Even Emilia took a step back, hiding behind Treevor, using her massive tree body to hide.

"Hey, that's offensive, you know! I worked really hard to create these potions and I'm sure you'll be quite surprised by the effects!" Athos spoke indignantly at the slight of his work, but the two undead moved further away after hearing the word surprise.

All of Athos' surprises and sudden inspirations so far always ended in death and suffering, so his hesitation was well founded.

"Master, I was busy teaching archery to the demihumans, did something important happen for you to call us here?" Malti asked as he approached, with the other generals arriving soon after.

Interestingly, the former ogre patriarch was among them, being chosen to fill one of the empty positions among the generals. The ogre had made the same heartfelt request to Treevor, who had readily agreed to accept him as a general, glad to have one less task to worry about.

"Hey rookie, come here a sec." Athos noticed that the generals were apprehensive about the unknown potions and called the ogre to break the stalemate. The ogre hadn't known Athos long enough to know about his personality, so he didn't understand the hesitation of the others and proudly stepped forward.

It was his first and perhaps last chance to prove himself to Athos and he intended to take it.

"It's a pleasure to see you, patriarch. I couldn't introduce myself last time, but my name is-" The ogre patriarch tried to introduce himself, but Athos cut him off angrily.

## Chapter 260 Big surprise

"Yeah, yeah, whatever. I won't mind remembering your name anyway, so just shut up and drink this down." Athos grumbled as he offered one of the potions to the ogre, who promptly opened it and poured the liquid into his jaws.

Skeletons had no throats and were unable to drink or consume food, but the darkness in their bones absorbed the liquid from the potions as if the ogre had consumed it.

Normal potions would have no effect on black skeletons or have their effects reduced by darkness, but the potions were made with corrupted materials and worked properly on black skeletons.

The skeletons all waited anxiously for any visible effects on the ogre's body, but there was no apparent effect.

"Did not work?" Wylver, the male wyvern, asked as he craned his neck in confusion and used death vision to analyze him, but to no avail.

"Must take a while to kick in... I guess." Athos said as confused as the others, but a cry of pain coming from the ogre cut him off.

The ogre skeleton fell to the ground as it writhed like an insect with its head crushed, a gray mass growing from the ribs and spreading to the rest of the bones.

The gray mass formed a desiccated skin that covered his entire body, before inflating like a balloon as the muscles below grew soon after.

"Is this what I'm thinking it is?" Emilia asked hopefully, looking greedily at the gray mass covering the ogre's body.

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"Yes, it's my magic organ." Athos answered her question with undisguised pride, while inwardly sighing with relief that the potion was working.

He realized that the ogre was still writhing in pain, so the process would still take a while. From what he remembered, creating the skin and muscles was a quick task, but his internal organs took almost 10 minutes to finish.

"I thought it would take a lot longer to figure out a way to get our bodies back. How did you do it?" Emilia asked unable to control her excitement.

"It's quite simple actually. I simply used black water conjured by a water mage and used parts of my body as alchemy material." Athos spoke as he removed the necroscale's helmet and breastplate, revealing that his body was extremely thin and several parts appeared to be missing.

"Isn't it painful or uncomfortable to be in that state?" Treevor asked as he felt a shiver as he saw all the flesh on the side of the ribs was gone, leaving the skin glued against the bones.

"I don't feel pain and my real body is the skeleton, so it's not a problem. I just need to devour some corpses to recover the lost energy." Athos responded as he mentally ordered some of the skeletons that went hunting to bring the corpses to him instead of taking them to the mages and being transformed into new undead.

"How did you think to develop the magic organ in other skeletons using potions?"

"You seem to forget that I am a gifted alchemist with over five years experience in creating potions and alchemical items. I've been thinking all this time of a way to share the magic organ with you, until I remembered some of the things my father taught me the secret to creating special potions."

"It's almost impossible to create special-grade alchemical items or potions as they require extremely expensive and rare resources, so alchemists mix magic stone dust to forcibly strengthen the effects of cheaper and more readily available materials." Athos grew more and more proud as he spoke, happy to be able to brag about his trade for the first time.

"I figured it was the same trick runesmiths use with mithril to enchant cheap materials, so I thought the same might apply to us. I know many of you are stronger than I am, but as an undead, I am the original and superior to all of you." He finished explaining his idea, surprising the other skeletons.

"I can understand the logic behind it, but the idea is so absurd that it seems inconceivable to me." Malti spoke with an ironic smile that confused Athos.

“The idea is very simple, what do you not understand?” Athos asked.

“We understand your idea, master, but it’s the kind of thing almost nobody would think of. I mean, who would think of using their own body parts as materials?” Treevor asked incredulously, momentarily forgetting that he did the same to possess the corrupted willow and unlike Athos, he had been doing this since before he became an undead.

“Ack!” The ogre finally regained enough consciousness to scream in pain, interrupting the conversation and drawing attention to itself. The gray matter had finished forming most of the organs and was just finishing forming the brain.

The ogre finished the transformation and stood up while holding his head, feeling his brain throb with pain. Unlike Athos who formed the magic organ naturally, the ogre should have been unable to do the same, suffering agonizing pain as the darkness turned into a mass of energy.

The darkness also drained some of the nutrients from its bones to form the mass of the magic organ, so the ogre desperately needed to devour a corpse to recover the lost nutrients.

“How do you feel?” Athos asked, wanting to confirm the potion’s effects and see if there were any side effects. In his excitement, he ended up forgetting to test it on a weaker skeleton first.

He was sure it would work, but that wasn’t enough for his subordinates and they would definitely complain until their ears bleed if they found out, so he decided to keep it a secret.

“I feel like a giant has crushed a mountain on my head.” The ogre responded as he massaged his temples, belatedly realizing he had muscles he could massage.

He looked down at his gray body with surprise, feeling a mixture of confusion and joy. The headache and muscle pain began to disappear over time as the ogre got used to the new magic organ.

“The feeling is strange, but it’s not bad. It’s like recovering something that I had lost some time ago.” The ogre smiled as he pinched his own face and smiled at the sensation.

“I want to do some more tests with you, okay? This magical organ is capable of storing energy and helping to activate spells and abilities. Can you do the same?” Athos asked as skeletons brought fresh corpses for him and the ogre to recover back to their prime.

“It doesn’t seem to have any kind of energy or mana.” The ogre responded as he devoured the leg of a desert wildebeest.

“Hmm...I really can’t feel energy in your magic organ. I can recharge my magic organ thanks to mana body, but I have no idea how you’re supposed to recharge it naturally.” Athos started scratching his chin as he thought of a solution, but Treevor offered a solution.

“It’s impossible to charge the magic organ with corrupted mana, so try to flow corrupted world energy into it.” Treevor suggested and Athos flowed world energy into the ogre for a few seconds, confirming that it really was possible to carry him, as long as he didn’t mix his mana together.

“It really works, but what is he supposed to do to recharge on his own?” Emilia asked doubtfully. She was most interested in getting her body back, but she wanted to make sure there were no troublesome side effects.

"I really have no idea. Demihumans aren't able to access the world's energy, with the exception of those who are born with a mana body and the organ is made to support mages, so it's not something suitable for species like demihumans or monsters." Athos spoke with a shrug.

"I am a species of lich and my abilities are related to magic, so I believe that only mages or species capable of using magic will be able to exploit my magic organ's full potential."

"It's a shame, patriarch, but having my body back is enough for me. It's not like I've gotten any weaker or anything." The ogre thought with a shrug, glad he at least had a body.

"Well, I'm definitely a wizard, so I'll be the next one to take this potion." Treevor moved forward to get one of the potions, but Athos slapped his hand away irritably.

"After so much complaining about my potions, now do you want to drink?" Athos spoke in an arrogant tone of voice. He was still irritated at having his work questioned and wouldn't give in easily.

"Okay, I apologize for badmouthing your work and questioning the effectiveness of potions." Treevor raised his arms in surrender, knowing it would only be a waste of time to argue with Athos if he was stubborn about something.

'If I insist and point out that none of us ever thought highly of his alchemical items he'll probably freak out and give the potions to random skeletons only for us not to consume them, so I better save you the headache and apologize on behalf of everyone.' Treevor thought annoyed with Athos' childishness.

The other generals also nodded in agreement and Athos relented. He was still irritated at having his work belittled, but the best way to win was to prove them wrong.