

Master 1811

Chapter 1811 1811. Scout It Out

"That was... intense." Su looked down at the cracking glass that had been sand. She also looked at the ruins which had changed their form in just a short time. She could also feel the elemental manas around them. It was still chaotic, but the dramatic changes brought out her sensitivity to her surroundings.

This alone would not have been worth mentioning. However, through her teamwork training with Midnight and Walker recently, she had learned to open herself up more to the mana sensitivity that she had gained through properly bonding with Midnight. Just because her body changed in certain ways did not mean that she could forget the other ways it changed. The sensitivity to all elemental manas was very important.

"Su, we are going to start a mark in to make a set of barriers. Then we will let everyone else go on their own missions." Walker made sure that they could begin to work better. He had said this to Su since he knew that she would be helping Alice directly. She was the best person to keep defenses set up while the healers and other light affinity soldiers made their moves.

Just because the healers were healers didn't mean that they lacked skills that could be used here. Many of them had some form of purification skills. This was just important for them to have when it came to battling certain poisons or illnesses. However, the purification skills could be used for undead as well. Most undead had rotting and disease like things within them. Even the dried out and wrapped up mummified worshippers would have something that would be affected by the weakest of purification skills.

These were things that everyone was thinking about as they neared the top of the dunes to begin moving downward. They had to prepare things so that there would not be a single chance that the undead could break out. This was a focus because everyone could see the dark shadowy areas that had been broken open.

While the flame tornado change had made the area more accessible, it had also made it more dangerous. There were more places for the undead to escape and attack. If the thousands of undead were anywhere near waking up, then they could flood the entire desert and reduce the Fel empire to shrinking borders in just a few weeks. A fear that was more than fair for the Fel empire angels that were here for reasons beyond research. They too had families.

"The water is going to end now, send in the scouts." Current showed the weakness a little he had been feeling since he and any water affinity being had entered the desert. Their complexions were poor while their actions were very much slower than usual. This sluggish action made them less useful in battle but still ensured that they would be watched by the others. The weak, even in this army, would be protected by the strong. That was why the light, wind, and fire dragonkin were acting much more than usual.

"Mordant, I will leave it to you and your team. Good luck." Walker didn't really need to wish anyone good luck. But Mordant, his dragonkin, Midnight, Onyx, and the Fel empire angels joining them needed to know that they were trusted. The simple words would be enough for them to lean on if the worst began to happen and they found themselves retreating from a horde of undead. They knew that there were people waiting on them outside. That they were not forgotten at all.

"We will be back brother." Onyx slowly slithered in to a nearby shadow. It was almost unnerving how good he had gotten at balancing the higher amount so light elemental mana and the darkness mana in his body. The dual elemental strength that he now had would make anyone believe that he was not just an abyssal serpent but a balance of both abyssal and heavenly. Not that they were actually different species. But many would still believe they were since the information about them was not well known still.

A short huff was all Walker got from Midnight as she used the shadow wrapping skill to blend in to the ruins shadows just a few feet from where Walker was comfortable traveling for the moment. He knew that she didn't say anything because she didn't find it important to do so. He could also sense that she was ready to prove her skills here to the Fel and Rize empire angels that still were ignorant of Genesis's strength. It was a small goal of hers to represent Genesis to the highest of standards. That was the dragon's pride though.

"Walker, you can help us, there are some light affinity angels from the Fel empire that you should work with. They can inscribe purifying light runes too." Gil had separated from Ventus after some time and was sure that he could help out here and there while his partner rested. Remey was more or less the same when it came to this and had already handed out some light affinity potions to help everyone in the smallest of ways since the potions had been watered down to spread them to everyone.

As the shadows had wrapped Midnight and hid her from most things, she had slipped forward toward the ruins. The glassy surface of where the sand had melted and hardened was easily crackable, but with the natural instincts and skills Midnight possessed, she was able to sneak by. This was an added benefit of having skills like shadow wrapping and the highly sensitive draconic instincts. She could move more silently than others.

Adding in the fact that Midnight had been able to get closer to her darkness affinity over time by using the shadow wrapping skill, she was able to sneak quickly toward the larger of the open spots in the ruins.

She looked around and witnessed many worn away runes, they had no use to anyone since the ruins were damaged even more than before. That meant the undead were pushed back much more if they had the intelligence to use the left behind runes of their species. It also showed off the fact that their building was amazing.

Midnight saw the stone surfaces and bricks that fit together like puzzle pieces. She understood that destroying them with her claws would be much harder. Some even seemed to have been fashioned with heat resistant materials. The slight glints of a crystal like substance in them made her understand just how much tougher this was than the bricks used in Genesis for roads and buildings. It would be worth mentioning to Walker since the method to make them might be found. But that was for later, after she had found better information.

The hole she found was not a hole at all. It was a large stairwell that had been uncovered in the sand tornado. Small piles of sand remained on the worn staircase. There were also spots where the sand had melted in to sand glass and melted with the stairs. It made it more challenging to traverse, but not at all an issue for Midnight.

The darkness of the underground ruins was a drastic change, but since the light affinity soldiers were making their moves above ground, Midnight had not wasted any time with above ground. She had gone right for the underground since that was what her mission was. She had even noticed the slight sound of the system starting a quest. Not that she focused on that, she had to focus on the task at hand.

The darkness was easily seen through with her dragon eyes. This showed Midnight the many runes and foreign writing on the walls. To her eyes, they were a lot of mix matched things. Nothing that made a single bit of sense. That was until she noticed some of the ancient draconic language written here and there. That made her spine shiver. The cold feeling that made her understand that Mordant and the other royal dragons might have their fears come true here. The fear that a dragon ruins might be here somewhere.

What struck Midnight the most were the slight blue and gold colorations here and there. The blue and gold colorations that she could also sense mana moving through. Here and there would also be a shiny red inlay as well. They were artistic to a degree, but Midnight's senses told her that the gold, blue, and

red colors had been added to specific carvings in the stone to draw mana to something. It was an ancient design that had survived. The important fact would be what they were doing and where they were going.

With this, Midnight steeled herself to continue down the stairs. Her senses told her that nothing good existed here. That she had to be sure that she was moving safely. That she needed to use every single small part of her instincts to ensure her safety.

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Chapter 1812 1812. Disgusting Undead Forms

"This is not good." Onyx had mumbled this in his own mind as he slithered along. His mind had gone the same way as Midnights. He had figured that the others would handle exploring the surface and that he should find the nearest place to go under the ground.

This had brought Onyx to the smallest of cracks in a pile of stones. They had clearly been some sort of structure. However, the storm, heat, and sudden cooling had opened up a small hole. This was enough for him to shrink his body and slither in to while maintaining his ability to hide within the shadows.

While hiding his body limited his strength and the ability to see everything, it had not limited what he had found. Unfortunately, he hated what he found. It was nothing that brought any joy or happiness. Instead, he believed he had found a true horror hidden just below the surface. A place that should be cleansed and buried forever.

The room Onyx was in was some sort of medical room. It seemed that way since it was very similar to the healer's and the dwarven medical system user set ups. However, the tools were ghastly.

There were stone tables with many runes carved in to them. Furthermore, the stone and rusted metal tools were made to cause damage in very specific ways. There were even carvings on the stone walls that depicted exactly how things were used. It was as if it was some form of guide for how to cause terrible pain to a living being.

What Onyx also noticed was the similarities to lizardmen and dragonkin in the figures carved on to the wall. It appeared that these mummified worshippers would alter their bodies to a dramatic degree. Some willing and others unwilling.

They would cleave off their tails and make the bones in to odd rune carved necklaces. A strange and clearly painful ritual. Then there were some that would carve holes through their scaly skin to allow the addition of herbs, mana crystals, and even other tools. A dramatic and horrifying practice. Yet, with what Onyx already knew of this race, it was clear that their madness had caused many of these things.

Surprisingly, Onyx also found that there were some dusty and dry rotted books. They were on some form of animal skins but they were books nonetheless. They would be invaluable to those with the skills to properly save them and ensure that they were read. After they were cataloged, then the information about this fallen and insane race could be kept to avoid the same things happening ever again. This was a good reason to memorize the location he was in for later.

When the sounds of something scraping slightly on stone made their way to Onyx's ears, he made sure to hide himself well in the shadows. It was clear that his invasion of this area had somehow attracted an undead over to him.

As the protruding bones from pale and dusty wrappings made their way on to Onyx's vision, he was able to understand what some of these tools had done. The undead that appeared before him had a rusted metal blade fused to the bones of its hand. Something that has been done while it was alive and so that it could awaken more powerful. Clearly a terrible thing to do to any living being. It made Onyx was to summon the large amounts of light mana he had stored for battle and end this undead.

Unfortunately, that was not possible. He could not completely eradicate this undead without discovering the source of this evil. The source of the undead. It just caused Onyx's resolve to strengthen. Especially as he saw the limping undead leave to return to whatever it had been doing before. It just left Onyx to slither deeper ahead in to the passageways that he could sense more movement from.

Meanwhile, Midnight had pushed down the stairs and found herself in a much larger hallway. It appeared to be a main passageway toward whatever places had been built here. But upon seeing it this way, she could relate it to how a castle was. Or how a large mansion was. The large main hallways that would lead toward a grand open chamber or hall that allowed meetings to happen.

This idea made it seem that the entire ruins were still buried quite a bit in the sand. While they were all technically under the sands, or underground now, the ruins might not have actually been built

underground at all and were just covered over time by sands. This would make more sense to how they were built and how the ancient race had managed to make something so large.

But that wasn't what Midnight had on her mind. An odd and moldy smell had just come to her nose. The flow of air through the ruins had changed when the attacks on the surface of the ruins had happened. There were many places that had air getting to them that had not in many years. That alone would cause things to change, but this scent was different.

Whereas the undead she had smelled before were rotting and pungent, this dry and moldy smell stood as a brand new disgusting scent that Midnight would not easily forget. The scent was something for her to chase though. If she could look for it and discover it, then she could explain what she found and what dangers there might be hidden in the dark.

The side passageway that midnight was taken down was fairly large. Enough for more than ten of her sized young dragons to walk down. That was saying something since she had grown a great deal compared to how large she had been when she first found Walker. The side passageway was also reinforced with clear stone structures making it able to withstand a greater force over the years. A sign that this was built in intentionally to outlast the forces of nature.

When Midnight found the scent getting too powerful, she used her dragon eyes to re-adjust in the darkness of the underground. When she noticed the large stone coffins, she understood this was a resting place for the undead. But the next thing she saw proved that it wasn't just one kind of undead. Some of the stone coffins were larger and others smaller. But the proof of this was right out in the open.

From what Midnight could see, some had been opened in preparation for the undead to awaken. One such larger stone coffin had what appeared to be an undead reinforced with roasted golden, red, and blue inlay armors. Almost like it was an undead knight of sorts. Yet, it was off. There were parts of bones protruding from the armor as if it had melted on to the undead when it was alive. This sent shivers through Midnight's spine. The idea was too painful to imagine.

Furthermore, even some of the thinner undead with opened stone coffins had parts of armor or weapons as their body. Drastic and terrible experiments that had clearly been done for them to be able to kill more. This entire undead area was filled with what anyone could understand were undead soldiers waiting to be awakened. And the small amounts of mana traveling through damaged runes were feeding them.

The smell of iron made her realize that it wasn't just the scent of undead. There had been blood brought in. The scent brought her to a row of rooms made for storage. But inside were various parts of monsters. Even worse were the angel wings that she glimpsed. It was a sight that she had not expected and had not wanted to see.

The sight filled Midnight with disgust. However, she also felt the burning of rage. These undead had hunted and dragged back these soldiers and monsters to tear them apart and use them as fuel to bring back more of their cursed undead. It was a stain on the natural flow of the world. Undead should exist but not in this twisted way. Undead formed naturally, that was just a fact of life. But undead should not be forcefully made and awakened at the cost of those living. That was a tragedy.

With the determination becoming clear and the fact that Midnight had discovered a route to a place of sleeping undead, she knew she had to return to where she had come. Should could lead soldiers here to eradicate the undead that were attempting to be awakened before they had the ability to reform their bodies. That would greatly protect and help the soldiers and the entire effort. The only issue were the sounds of approaching undead that she could hear when she turned to leave the many stone coffins she had found.

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Chapter 1813 1813. Colder Rage

Just as Midnight felt the undead were going to enter the room she had made her way in to, she felt a shake that made every ruin appear to be in torment. The unique darkness mana that was flowing around was only from one place. One being. Specifically, one royal dragon in anguish. Mordant.

As Onyx and Midnight had felt this, so had the undead. Those that were moving through the ruins as they were guided by the unseen forces of the controlling undead began to follow the source to attack. Likewise, Midnight and Onyx used that distraction to weave through smaller passageways, cracks, broken walls, and many odd rooms. They ignored the things on walls and the ghastly sights within the rooms.

Every bit of their effort brought them further from the slower undead. The undead were slower due to their weaker state. The daytime was still able to affect them to some degree since the light elemental mana was in the air. It might not touch them, but natural weakness was still weakness.

The large hallway that reminded Midnight of a grand hall or show room for kings or queens was where the two managed to sense one another through their bond. The larger side passageways that the two followed from the largest on the met in brought the two to another massive room. One that had a clear purpose. One that was not for creating, but for awakening undead.

When they saw the shattered bodies of undead trying to reform and that Mordant was barely able to control the rage and overflowing darkness mana, they understood why. The room may seem simple since they were distracted by the darkness mana, but it was not.

There were multiple draconic runes in use on the walls. Some had connecting veins dyed with blue, peoples, and reds. These weren't an issues though. The inlay of a dragon skeleton was the issue. The walls were written in some draconic along with other runes and symbols that were more or less unreadable. That didn't mean that the two couldn't read what Mordant had read.

The wall had the tale of the undead high priest of death gathering their fellow high priests. Finding the largest desert cave containing the barely alive remains of a single dragon. A dragon that they had found directly as it had sealed its legacies behind impenetrable walls of flames that created tougher stones than they could even scratch. A dragon that they had rejoiced and celebrated over after ending its life.

The weakness was clearly ignored in the drawings. Instead, it was celebrated as a sign that the dragons had failed to remain while they had managed to remain instead. That their race was better than dragons. The flesh and blood was used to create many powerful undead. These dragon wrapped undead were known as the death dragon guardians.

The bones were unable to be brought back as a skeleton undead dragon. That left the high priests to fuse the bones in to a wall display that they would return to when they had enough strength. When their ruler had properly understood all of the death god's powers. The death god they worshiped could certainly force a pathetic dragon to rise again and become its pawn.

These words were the clear and blunt insults toward the entire dragon race. The fact that Mordant had found it greatly pushed him toward a breaking point he didn't even know he had. The instinctual pride of dragons was more than spit on right in front of Mordant's eyes.

As he witnessed the display of bones. Bones from a great dragon ancestor that had used the last of his life to protect a legacy for the next dragon. But in the last breath to be brutally murdered and desiccated. It made Mordant want to tear away at all he could. He could care less about the fact that the rune carvings appeared to reference flames. How could he care? A dragon was a dragon!

"Mordant, my sister and I will be bringing all of this back. It's nearly time to drag these undead to their final demise." Onyx's voice rang in Mordant's mind. But before Mordant could react, Midnight had spoken up.

"Destroy all of them. Bring out true justice." Midnight more than understood Mordant's feelings. She felt her heart falling in to turmoil. However, a greater feeling arose. Not one of rage, but a feeling that she always felt through Walker and the others. A feeling that made her and all of them what they were. The desire to right this great wrong. To erase any chance that this would be done to another being, let alone dragon or other race. The hero title appeared to be resonating with exactly who Midnight was at the core of her being.

This clear intention in both Onyx and Midnight's voice was what snapped Mordant to attention. Which made him instantly alter his mana and change the way he looked. His potential shift to his full dragon form halted while all those scouting the ruins with them had made their way toward him.

The other darkness affinity beings halted away from Mordant, stepped forward. They pledged their own desires to stand with him after leading their fellow soldiers. Whether they were dragonkin or otherwise, didn't matter. The angels that were able to scout had found their brothers and sisters as well. They had seen the remains torn apart that were used to raise the undead from slumber. They seethed for justice as well.

"Then we all leave together." Mordant's voice rumbled as he drew everyone in to his shadow and brought them all out through his usage of shadows. It was nearly instant compared to what anyone had expected, but Mordant had done so to seal their promises. To accept their feelings with his own hands.

The appearance of every scout that had left at once made all the soldiers halt. They had already retreated due to the sudden release of darkness mana from Mordant. They had sensed it and believed battle was coming. Yet, when they saw the current state of every scout, they knew it was bad.

"What is going on?" Ignus growled out. He knew if something had angered Mordant then it was an incredibly serious situation. One that warranted his immediate intervention. It wasn't like the other royal dragon hadn't stepped forward either. They all knew what depths something had to reach to cause Mordant to lose his control on such a level.

"We discovered the atrocities committed by the rave here. We discovered the display of the great flame dominator dragon and found evidence that there is a completely sealed legacy below this ruin. We discovered the images painted and carved of these monsters killing the great flame dominator dragon while it was at its last breath of life then using the body to make more undead things."

The cold tone made every single soldier that heard it clearly fall in to their own cold and disgusted state. While the words were enough to share one specific detail, the looks of the angels and Genesis soldiers proved that there were more than just one set of horrible sights to be seen.

The angels slowly reported in monotone and cold tones about their brethren left to become shreds of what they had once been. For the monsters caught and torn apart viciously to awaken undead. For the depictions of terrible tortures used to make undead with weapons fused on the bones. How the undead were using ghastly tools to make this all happen.

While everyone could feel their own emotions growing, there was a coldness that was taking it over. A cold anger, a cold sense of emotions that should never need to be shown. While most of the time, a dragon, or anyone would let their anger show, this was not a case.

The situation had a true sense of disgust and horror to it that trumped all other action. That brought about a deepest desires to erase the chance of any other torrid thing happening. This snuffed out the potential flames of rage that Ignus would have by hearing this. That Any of the dragons had. Instead, steeling auras took over. The auras of the royal dragons ready to lay down judgment on those that had wronged the entire dragon race.

Similarly, the angels appeared to unite. The Rize angels could sense more than they ever had the feeling of the Fel angels. In battle, their fellow soldiers were family. Closer than that, they were their left and right hands. The Fel angels had lost them. And so had the world. Revenge, but more importantly, justice would be served by the hands of an angel. Regardless of what they needed to do, they were here to persevere and make the lands safe from this threat.

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Chapter 1814 1814. The Odd Feelings

The retelling of what the scouting teams had seen made every one of the soldiers feel as if they were becoming one with nightmares. They were the witnesses to terrible things that definitely should not be. Especially when they heard about how the undead found any living thing to tear apart and use as fuel for their evil.

It wasn't that they felt bad for monsters, yet, it was the principle of respecting life. When the undead hunted monsters, it was for causing even more death for the sake of death. When a hunter or a soldier hunted, it was for safety, food, and the materials that would improve life for many. These reasons justified the cycle of life.

The descriptions of the different undead made many want to come up with new battle staples. So far, the only undead that had left were the mummified worshippers. The lowest of the undead that didn't really carry weapons. The Fel angels had seen these undead moving sand, repairing stone structures, and also wandering around in patrol. They were vicious since they could rebuild their body. That was clear. However, they were also dangerous because they used their bodies as weapons.

The mummified worshippers were an undead that didn't mind the extra destruction of their bodies. Therefore, they would cut their own hand bones and dig in to living flesh even more. It was a brutal fighting style that caused brutal death. More than a few of the Fel angels had been victims of these attacks or even witnessed their fellow angels dying by these attacks. Now they knew what happened to the bodies dragged away.

The undead described as larger than the mummified worshippers were definitely the soldiers. The fact that they had rusted metal weapons meant that they were able to cause more damage while following the same brutal battle styles too. But since Mordant had found that there were even more powerful undead within the ruins that had parts of a dragon as their bodies had made things very tense.

This meant that anyone or anything that tried to get within the ruins could be defeated by them or would cause a massive scene when fighting. Even if the dragon attacked, they would find themselves battling against an undead with armor that is made from a dragon's body. From a dragon that was much more powerful than them. The fact that it was from a fire dragon just meant that Ignus had lost all chances of burning up those very powerful undead as well.

This brought the tension among the entire army much higher. They could feel the threat looming over them. Whether it was one of these super powerful undead or just a few didn't matter. They were unsure of what level the strength they had was. They were unsure how the undead controlling them all was able to boost them when it came to the skills it had.

These were the many questions that arose as the sun had started to set. The news that there were worse things than they had realized just below the sands had taken their time. The light runes, light skills, and many other methods used by those with light affinity had been set to a small degree. There were a lot of lingering runes and manas that had stopped them from going too far. This fact left a weakening area for the undead but not as great as desired.

If the sun was to set, then there would be many undead leaving the ruins. They would even have the chance to come out and battle at a higher strength. Therefore, it was time to take all the emotions the soldiers had and begin their entrance. Because of Midnight, they had a pathway toward some of the undead resting within their eternal slumber. Or soon to be eternal. Especially since they had no means of awakening if they didn't have the proper unknown rituals.

What a few of the other scouts had reported revolved around the maze of passageways. It appeared that there were many ritual rooms to create undead along with a few to awaken them. However, those awakened undead had been guarding the rooms with greater scents and signs of blood. These ritual rooms were the places that had to be destroyed no matter what.

"You feel it too?" Gil looked at the rest of the party. He had been fairly silent for the time as he listened to the scouting reports. He looked around carefully. As if he was waiting for some sudden attack out of nowhere.

"You're right. I feel it too. It's not the stress in the air but a lingering weight. Like we only saw the surface and that we are missing something." Su also had the same sense as Gil when it came to this. She couldn't put her finger on it yet though.

"I know. You are all forgetting that slime breeder demon. We didn't see a single bit of him anywhere. No signs of demons. Nothing from any of the roaming scouts in the Fel and Rize territories. Nothing. That's worse than finding them." Remey was blunt but she knew exactly where her stress was coming from.

"I hope they don't make it here..." Alice spoke softly. She was less speaking to them and more speaking to the world. She didn't want to run in to two different enemies right now. She would be using all of her mana against vicious undead that she couldn't completely purify because of their annoying existence.

"Bad." Midnight and Onyx echoed one another with this. Their opinions were short, sweet, and showed exactly their instinctual feelings with the entire situation.

"Just focus on one thing first. We are drilling through these undead to make our way to the core of these issues. We will break through to the slumbering undead, erase them, then push through the ritual rooms. We have an army of angels. Those left behind will be enough to send out warnings if another enemy appears." Walker could feel this weight on them too. He didn't want to add any other pressure though. He knew that the dragons were already fully focused on the fact that dragons were involved here.

Ignus had spoken with the other dragons as well. There was a ruin here from the flame dominator dragon. A sealed palace that nothing could get in to. If the undead were awakened and there was a powerful controlling undead here with intelligence, he had his own theories to its goals.

They had been trying in life to get to the ruins of the flame dominator dragon. Therefore, it made sense that in death they would be after it as well. That alone was enough to ensure that they would find the powerful undead and the flame dominator legacy together.

"We will be unable to take our full forms. The ruins are built around the ruins of our ancestors. But the passageways are too small. Know that if we must take our full forms, that everyone is to retreat. We can bury the undead and start another attack exposing the ruins to the sun more and more over some time. It is better to survive than to fail and attack again." Mordant made sure to put some force in to this little speech. Everyone had to understand that if the dragons used their full forms then things were going to be rough.

It wasn't just the dangers of collapsing ruins and dragons forcing their ways back to the top of the sands and stones. It was the fact that the soldiers behind or in front of them could be trapped. If the dragons had to face a foe at full power, then it wasn't what any slider could handle anyways.

"We will be sending groups of healers, dragons, and soldiers to the five discovered resting chambers. We will clear them and converge on the largest hallways discovered. We will need to move with speed. The undead have been riled up by the trouble before." Rise gave warning but also showed off a slight glow of light around her. She was clearly ready to step in to this battle and put her trust in the light affinity soldiers, healers, and dragonkin. She knew they were ready to follow her orders and would be certain to weaken the undead at every single turn.

What was left were the actual movements. These split groups weren't so much split since it was only small passageways dividing them. The mapped out sections followed by the scouts were enough to give them all a start to their battle. Especially since they would not be allowing the undead to separate them.

There had also been no traps seen yet which meant that for the time being, they were able to focus on the known areas. It was time to start the quest.

Chapter 1815 1815. Just The Top

The level of stress that everyone was under clearly made it certain that they were taking extra precaution as well. The groups that had split off from one another to head toward multiple entrances were all led by the healers and light affinity soldiers necessary to get the undead properly purified and would cease their abilities to awaken.

The plan for them would be to keep laying down the same light runes, purification skills, and any other light skill that would disrupt any attempts to be able to awaken the undead that slumbered. When it came to this, Alice had naturally stayed with Walker's group. The royal dragons had also gone their own way since Rise would be able to handle many things on her own.

The fact that this was the case had actually improved morale. The soldiers that knew of the party and the royal dragon's strength had been very invigorated knowing that even if they lost their missions, then they would be able to see two large sections of slumbering undead destroyed. It was a guarantee in their minds that this would be the case.

Naturally, this was a brilliant red flag for fate to mess with them. Therefore, those with some common sense had squashed the foreshadowing and ensured that everyone went over every detail of their gear, skills, and plans. That way, there really would be less worry. That had managed to straighten out any foolish people that were not ready to face a potentially gruesome death or those that were unable to properly focus because of the opposite.

"We are going directly to the area that Midnight scouted, right?" Gil knew that he could not fire arrows in the ruins unless he managed to get them in to the open and long passageways that he been described to them. It would limit his ability when fights happened.

"Yes, Midnight is already checking the forward area right now. I wanted to see what Onyx had found too, but he is leading a small group of the Rize empire angels through the space that the earth mages broke open. Apparently, they are going to be using some of the light elemental crystals to force light mana to flow in to the underground better." Walker had wanted Onyx to stay with them. Yet, when he had tried to argue it, Onyx had stood up to him.

From what Onyx had said, he was certain that he could stand alone here. That he would be showing off the strength he had been gathering. That he was going to be the one that erased these undead from the face of the world. The sudden resolve was nothing unexpected, but it did worry Walker.

There was always extra pressure on Onyx since Midnight had always been right here to show off her higher strength as a dragon. Furthermore, Onyx was always a little self conscious as he didn't have the hero title that the others had. It was even worse when it came to their growth. Onyx had the goal to make the abyssal and heavenly serpents become their own race properly. He wanted to lead that which meant he had to be stronger and stronger.

How could he do that if he wasn't even strong enough to show the world the value they had as a race though. He had been working with the young hatchlings and left them a good base to grow in Genesis. But what had he done lately to make them proud. To follow his path and become strong and upright serpents that protected instead of becoming monsters? What had he done lately that showed every other race that they were able to be put aside from what monsters were?

These things had hit Onyx hard and he decided that he was living in a shadow. Especially when he saw the pain of the dragons and the angels when they found the truth of what these undead had done. This left Onyx with one single question. Would he stay with the party and only act in a small manner? Or, would he separate himself and prove to be a leader among the soldiers? Would he show the undead the true justice of light purification and save this desert? Save many lives?

While Walker had felt these emotions within Onyx, he had trust. He knew that Onyx was able to stand well above others. He cared and was smart enough to learn many things. That eased any worries that Walker naturally had. Especially since Walker knew that Onyx was going to fight for the best of the best and not let himself be blinded by any troubles he had. He knew and understood that Onyx had the resolve to make the righteous decisions.

"Hey, Onyx will be fine. Midnight already said that before too." Su saw right through Walker just as Midnight had when Onyx had split from them. It was too easy for them to catch on to what Walker thought about. Especially since Walker kept reaching up to his shoulder where Onyx would be curled up.

"Just stick to the plan, Midnight already brought us down these stairs and the entire place feels like it wants to jump out and bite us." Remey was the most on edge. When it came to battle instinct, Remey was a natural.

It made sense that a battle instinct from fighting with siblings and fist on face style fights would be different from Walker or Su who had some dragon instinct. For them, they could sense the mana and the general unsettling aura. For Remey, she could feel the drip of what some would call bloodlust. The desire to kill things. That was the difference between those with instincts and those with a battle instinct that developed over a longer time.

"I think there will be traps deeper when we push past these first floor areas. I just wonder what the shape of this palace will be. I wanted to get more all around appraisals since it is hard to tell from the ruined surface area." Walker knew that knowing more about the structures of these runs would only go to help them. But he also understood that it was way too limited. There just wasn't enough uncovered surface area.

"We already know that the sands covered it. You said that this was going to be above the ground if the sands weren't here, right? Then we are probably on some top floor instead of on some bottom floor. That means we managed to come from the roof, right?" Gil felt that this was the best theory. They had to just imagine that this was a massive roof to a large building. A giant mansion roof and they had broken in from the sky.

"Won't that be bad? One big roof covering the entire city?" Alice had been more or less silent. She had been dropping the small light elemental crystals around behind them so that she had a trail to follow and there was more light mana to draw from. It was a good idea she really liked that the Rize angels used. She had gladly joined in using it too.

"Oh... you're right." Su stopped for a half step before she fully understood what Alice had gained from the theory that Gil gave. "Walker, Alice is saying that we aren't actually in the real ruins yet. This is just some protective layer they built up to block the sun more. That this is just a layer of protection. The real city might be deeper..." Everyone felt that this was correct the instant that Su said it.

"Since that's the case, we need to get moving faster. We are all meeting in that large hall that was found. Since that's the case, we can explain it to the other commanders. We are marching in to many more undead then. If these are just some of the forces..." no one needed Walker to finish that though.

The fact that a city had survived in a desert in the first place when they first had believed in a goddess of nature and growth had been odd. But what if they had a source for that? What if they had built a city around that before they had their famine and fell to some insanity? What if before they worshiped a death god they had built something around a place they could naturally live? Then because of their actions the desert tried to bury them?

Everyone had this theory growing in their minds. It was an unwelcome distraction the group pushed down the side passageway and had begun hearing the actions of moving undead. Of creaking bones as they scraped the stones. Nothing was making any of them feel better about where they were or what number of awakened undead may be below their very feet still.

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Chapter 1816 1816. More False Things

"It's another mummified worshiper. Then the one behind it is an undead mummified tomb guard." Walker was looking with the all around appraisal skill. He was not liking what he saw when it came to the undead with the blade where one hand should be.

'Undead mummified tomb guard

This is an mummified worshiper was used as an experiment when in creation. The result was an undead with a blade attached to its bones. This allowed it to become a more powerful mummified undead that can battle with more brutality. It is slower than an undead mummified worshiper but it is stronger.

It can take more hits and will be able to deal more damage. Unfortunately, the blade is not truly part of its body and can not be reclaimed if it is broken. This was considered a partial failure to the one that created this undead. Yet, it is able to use the blade as part of the awakening ceremony that the mummified worshippers assist in as well.

There are many of...'

While Walker kept reading, the information that he saw after the last paragraph was just things he already knew. He understood there were many undead just like this undead mummified tomb guard. It even seemed that this was one of the weakest tomb guards.

What struck everyone when he said it though, was that this was just a tomb guard. "That means there should be different levels of guards, right? If this is the weaker one that was just considered a failed

experiment..." Remey trailed off as she watched the two undead from their hiding place. She knew that fighting these would be annoying but the slumbering undead were just a few passageways ahead.

"I would bet on it, and they are going to be annoying. But we can probably trap those one with some earth ?" Gil looked at Walker and Su who were slowly observing the undead.

"I want to see what they are doing, that mummified worshiper and guard are both touching the wall here and there." Su made sure to hold Walker back. While he wasn't about to rush ahead, he also saw that the two were doing something.

As the two undead touched the walls, they saw that runes were starting to flow with more mana. The colored manas were related to what kind of runes they were. These undead were both patrolling but also checking the flow of mana. This was much more intelligent than they had expected from the lowest undead. But their actions were too stiff. More like they were following strings. Like they were puppets and not just shambling around.

"I think they are trying to follow and repair runes. I think there might be more control that the boss of these undead have on them." Walker knew that everyone thought it, but he had to say it out loud to accept it. If he didn't then he would not be mentally prepared for undead with sneaky tricks.

"And yes, I can seal them in rocks or sand. It should give us time to handle them. Remey can take the guard while Midnight can take the worshiper. Between the two we can break them and I will force the sand on the ground to trap them for a while." Walker watched as Midnight slinked forward wrapped in shadows.

The two undead were not able to sense her in the least, but they did sense when Remey burst forward with flames on her fists. The crack of bones as the guard's arm shattered was enough to make the two undead turn to attack Remey. But again, they found that their bones were shattering. Midnight had leaped out of the shadows slashing her claws four times in succession to break away the dried and weaker bones.

Without any hesitation, Su joined the attacks and used her shields to slam the two undead against the wall. Since Remey and Midnight had easily stopped their arms from any attacks, Su used her shields to

stop them from moving. This left Walker to manipulate the earth mana and create a large mound of sand. He just had to add some extra force to it and the sand on the outside was able to become much more solid and dense. While it was not a permanent solution and the broken undead could still move around inside, it would drastically slow their ability to repair their bodies.

"That was pretty good. We can keep doing that for the one or two undead we face. But what about those ones?" Gil looked over and saw that the passageways that midnight was taking them had multiple stone coffins with slumbering undead in them. It was nothing good to look at since they would definitely be larger in number to face.

"We start using light elemental mana. Alice, Midnight, and I will begin." Walker sighed as he looked at midnight who had not used much of her light elemental breath attack lately. But that would be the best way to remove any chance that the undead would be awakened in their stone coffins.

"What's with the runes here? They don't even look like runes but I kind of know they are. It's like they feel like runes but are off somehow." Remey had dropped the battle after they had so easily won in just a few seconds. Especially since she knew that these weaker undead would be able to be held for a while. She wanted to save her prowess for when they found a tougher undead.

'False Death rune

These are the death runes, or what the worshippers believed were death runes. Due to their beliefs in death, they followed a false death god that shared false knowledge on how to attract death mana. The death mana attracted by these runes is not the same as real death mana.

These runes allow the control over undead but also drive the living that are influenced by them mad. In this, the false death god is able to steal away life mana to use as their own. These are considered part of a rune group called cursed runes that should not be used. These runes are often bombarded by the will of the world to resolve curses, that is one reason why they are often forgotten in time.'

"That's nothing good." Su thought that they had just opened another can of worms. A much worse can of worms than before.

"There might not be some false death god any more. It could be dead and the undead here are just controlled by whatever ruler they had that made themselves an undead." Remey tried to be positive,

but they all knew that some system users would have god systems. They had all heard the one about the moon goddess and a few others.

"At least we know that if there is some god system user, then they will be extremely limited. They couldn't take things from people, right? They had to use another ruler and corrupt others to get strength. That itself proves that they can't do much." Walker revered to the moon goddess that was a statue during the day and only moved under the light of the moon. Many other stories were similar about the god system users. They were powerful, immortal, and many other things, but they were bound by rules. Strict rules.

"Forget all that, we have to break these runes instead of breaking the undead. Basically, Midnight can beat them all with one claw." Gil gave Midnight a nod and Midnight used a claw to scratch the rune. In an instant, the undead in the stone coffin wall looked like it had aged even more. The wrappings and bones crumbled slightly proving their point.

"And I can use my daggers to do that too. Especially with the light elf style of dagger techniques. It doesn't bring much light elemental mana, but..." Gil slashed out and cut three runes off the coffins. He watched his handiwork and smirked a little.

"That does make it easier. The mana is what links them. The runes move through the runes on the walls, then to these false death runes or curse runes, whatever we want to call them. Then we have to handle the undead. But if they are also brought back with rituals, then I assume they aren't really controlled yet until they are brought back." Walker figured that there was so much aging damage that things wouldn't work perfectly.

"I will use a communication crystal to alert everyone. Let's start." Su looked over but Remey had already taken out her light affinity knuckles and began punching any rune she saw. It was brutal and barbarian like, but it worked. She also knew that it was best that every single group leader knew the identity of these cursed runes. There might be more to them if the group left them be.

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Chapter 1817 1817. Chained Undead

'Chain quest: The mummified curse

There has been a sudden spike in resurrection ceremonies done by the mummified worshippers trying to bring about their false god. They are cursed by the world for their damage to the natural flow of mana and encouraging the incursion of certain putter elemental forces.

Requirement: disrupt the large scale ceremony to tribute bodies to awaken the mummified wall guards

Reward: 1000 experience ritual rune formation broken, 10 heroic points per ritual rune broken, second link.'

The errands for the quest looked small but for the amount of heroic points that the party would get and the experience with their multiplier, it was incredible. There was a guarantee that they would level up and be able to grow significantly. However, knowing that the rewards were so large hit them hard.

The fact that the world was pushing a chain quest on them meant that the party was now acting in the world's interest. They were certain that the curse here finally had become too bad for the world to allow flow naturally any longer. With the heroes here, it was going to give them the incentive to act on its behalf. That was why the rewards were so good.

As well as that, there was the fact that the angels had been facing this for some time. If the curse here had appeared because of more than the world's disapproval because of the actions of the undead, then it meant that the undead had somehow become cursed in another way.

Walker and the others had already learned through si all around appraisal that the false death god they worshiped played a part in this. If he had cursed them in a way to steal their energy or mana then this made sense. They were first cursed by their false god and now were cursed by the world. It wasn't that the land was cursed, but them that caused the lands to be cursed.

Furthermore, the hero titles were the perfect way to clean up this place in many ways. The party could work together and use their abilities to destroy the undead trying to rise and cause a worse disaster. This was now more than just protecting the Sigil continent from becoming a massive desert in years of abuse from these undead. It was rising above just the Fel empire angels too.

The system and the world was warning them that the sun had set and that the undead were becoming more active. The fact that the party had already stopped two undead that were being controlled to

move through the passageways to check runes just proved things were gearing up to become worse and worse. Not to mention the runes on the stone coffins that were all connected. The party could only slash so many of them while they would be better off stopping the entire act of raising them.

"Stop them all." Midnight's growl was enough to make everyone want to put in more speed. She was already forced on the passageway ahead that led to the large room with plenty of undead slumbering in stone coffins. She also knew that there would be an undead soldier of some form there. One that looked different than all the others. Not to mention the body parts and a connection to one of the ritual rooms she had not even bothered going in to because she had felt Mordant reacting to his discoveries.

"Everyone should have this quest, It's time for us to get our butts moving. I will see what else I can do to cut these up as we move." Gil did his best to slash faster using the light elf dagger style. His speedy and straightforward dagger attacks on the false death runes were something that many would envy.

This additional action pushed the party to follow behind Midnight's speedy guidance. They didn't sense or hear another undead ahead of them, further showing that something major was happening. If there was a ritual of any kind, the controlled undead would be there. They weren't mindless in the sense that they shambled around looking for things to attack. They were guided. Therefore, they would be brought to the room that needed the most protection.

While this speed would have surprised many, it was Gil's movements that shocked the party. He had trained his different elven dagger styles more and more. But what they all saw was his footwork.

Gil had ensured that he had studied the movements from every potential book, elf, and old records he could find from every variation of the elven race. This was just part of his promise to return the high elven dagger style to a whole instead of being divided. It would be a major historical accomplishment that properly brought the elves back together for once and for all.

The reason his footwork stood out was because Gil had begun to move in the dagger styles' footworks constantly. He wasn't just walking like he would when he snuck to scout or when he was in the forest hunting. He had been moving like an elf in battle. The steps wouldn't be noticed if he had been making more of a show of it. Now though, the party could see that his movements were larger and held more force. They were the same but with meaning and structure to them throughout his entire body.

The speed of footwork also let Gil more than catch up and pass Midnight while he focused on his slashing of any false death runes he saw. While the party knew they could manage these things as well, they had not been able to use the same efficient motions as Gil. It was a clear show of what his training

had done for him and what the dagger styles were beginning to meld in to. The only thing that stopped him was the sudden pressure of a nearby undead.

The pressure was partially darkness mana but not to the strength that would make it a major threat. However, it was enough of one for Gil to hold himself back from attacking and entering the room that Midnight had been leading them to. It was even further warned by Alice that showed the light elemental mana crystals seemingly dimmer because of this.

'Dark tomb guardian

The dark tomb guardian is an altered mummified guard that was forced to have multiple darkness elemental runes carved on this very bones. this has caused it to absorb and radiate darkness mana that will increase with the time of day. It is able to make it harder for those that attempt to invade the area to do so. This is a moving trap.

Unfortunately, the result weakened the ability to battle and use any form of mana. It was deemed another failure and fixed to certain structures. It will awaken when the proper amount of mana is filtered through the chains on its body. If it is released, the runes cause it to go to the densest area of darkness. It will then absorb darkness mana until its body breaks down. It will be unable to reform because of this mana overload.'

"Break the chains on it!" Walker gave the order the moment he saw the stretched chains. The reason that Midnight had not noticed it when she had scouted the area was simple. The undead had not gained a single bit of mana while the sun was so powerful outside the ruins. Now that the sun had set, this undead had awakened and was working on the forced instincts it had.

"Just let it leave this palace. It will end its own suffering." Walker knew that this undead was in no way evil. It was a clear victim of what had been done to all of the undead here. There was no way that the undead slumbering here had all been on board with what was done to them. Especially since it was hard to believe that an entire race could fall to a false god from a different, kinder goddess.

Remey and Gil jumped forward. Together, Remey grabbed the chains and stretched them while Gil slashed down with all his might. The older chains shattered under the new stress which was not a weaker undead constantly pulling at them. When the undead was let free, the sounds of metal echoed through the ruins. The echo made the entire party worry about what might be tipped off.

However, they were very glad to free this undead from constant torment. It would have been absorbing and losing mana constantly for years and years. Now it could finally rest forever. "There are more here." Alice's whisper brought attention to another sound of chains. Multiple pillars that Midnight had seen before now had undead on them. They had been hidden before but now were very active.

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Chapter 1818 1818. Break The Rituals

"So, the willing undead became some sort of messed up worshippers, soldiers, and priests? Then the experiments became messed up undead like these that are always in pain..." The first was somewhat a question but the second was angry as Remey trailed off. No one bothered to answer. They knew that she was saying it out loud so that she could hold it closer to her resolve as she fought more undead later.

"We just managed to free these ones so they can live out their lives. Midnight, don't be angry that you didn't see them. I can feel it. There was no way you would discern darkness rune carved bones in the darkness while you used shadow wrapping. As much as you knew, there were just littered bones until the night fell." Walker made sure to keep Midnight out of her own head.

Since they had discovered and Walker had shared the all around appraisal with them, Midnight hadn't even made a soft growl. She had just moved to begin cutting every rusted and semi broken chain that he could. Her efforts were clear to the entire group.

One positive thing though, was that the more they freed the dark tomb guardians from their fate as Being literal moving attractions for darkness, Alice managed to set up more light elemental crystals around. They were also able to brighten the room more. In turn, the party managed to discover more runes and the fact that the pillars were also carved with the faintest of false death runes.

"If these runes are here, then I bet anything they go deeper too. Everything needs to be supported somehow. A treehouse won't stand without a tree." Gil used a common elven analogy. It stood for the structure that holds something. Most often used when someone is talking about training. But it did fit here very well.

"Then we can follow them below floors and crush things more easily." Remey grover her fist in her hands and even Alice appeared to be more motivated by this discovery. It was odd to see her mirroring Remey a little, but since Alice and Remey could work together with the light mana, it made sense. Reney's light affinity knuckles could be greatly boosted by Alice's songs.

"That's good. We can try to see where the main structures are. These pillars might be like keys that lock everything together. Walker, you already said that all the stone work holds each piece together based on how it was carved and assembled. That's how it lasted for so long, right?" Su was analyzing it in her own way. She knew if this was the case then they wouldn't be able to just collapse this entire place. They would need to break multiple parts to collapse it.

"I don't think we should break it. There is a dragon ruin sealed somewhere here. And we might want to go through all the ruins later and destroy any chance that the knowledge here could be found. Yes, some things are important but other stuff should be lost to time." Gil looked at the room he had just seen for the first time. The small parts of bodies made him feel that this shouldn't be.

Yet, Midnight's sudden angered growl proved that there was something very wrong. "Gone! All gone!" the growling dragon voice was filled with rage. Midnight had seen multiple body parts from other monsters and even the lost angels here. Now though, there was almost nothing. Just bloody remnants and the odd piece of a sand worm.

"Calm down, you already showed us the passageway to the ritual chamber you found before. We are about to put those monsters and angels to rest. The undead that dragged and used them are going to be gone soon enough. Especially when Alice starts singing in their precious cursed room." Walker felt every bit of anger from Midnight.

In the time that the scouts had been inside to the point that the groups were moving inside the ruins, the undead had begun to act. This was certainly because of the timing of day changing to night, but it was definitely worth the anger. This meant that the bodies of angels and monsters were about to be used to awaken worse undead. These abominations could rise and battle immediately. That would be terrible, the system even proved that with the chain quest starting.

The entire party had already made their efforts to scrape off the false death runes. Gil had not let a single one escape his sharp eyesight. His goal here was to make sure that he used his daggers to slice through each one without anyone needed to work harder. The closeness of these ruins made it harder to use his bow, therefore, he had to put in different effort. But that was fine, he knew that he was still acting above and beyond what he was expected to do. Especially by using the elven skills to break this tragedy.

As the party oriented themselves in front of a new passageway, everyone sensed the changes in the air. It wasn't just the fact that there were multiple different manas radiating from it. There was also the fact that there was just a general feeling of dread from it. The sounds of undead moving and bones breaking also ensured that things were not going well inside.

"We are going to wrap everyone in darkness. Alice, keep the crystals ready. When we enter and you get the signal, throw the light mana crystals in the air to make things harder for the undead." Walker and Midnight worked together to use the shadow wrapping skill. But Walker manipulated it more as Midnight let him take control of it. The shadows expanded and wrapped everyone in the party, easily hiding their walk in to the passageway.

More undead came in to sight very quickly. The open space was the cleanest yet, to a degree. The space had been cleared and the party could tell that some stone coffins had been moved in. They sat in perfect formations with cleaned runes leading to them. Some of the coffins even had new rune carvings on them.

It was the undead that caught Walker's attention though. Many mummified worshippers moved around here and there cleaning, moving parts of bodies, specifically blood and organs, here and there. But a group of three undead stood out most because they had bone staffs with different monster skulls at the top. Beside them were also two very large undead that appeared to only follow their orders whenever they would point at something with their bone staffs.

'Lesser mummified priest

The lesser mummified priests were the weakest followers of the false death god. They were more than willing to trade their lives and flesh for the chance to worship their god for eternity. In doing so, they used their own bones to create staffs by fusing them with monster bones. This caused them to be able to absorb more mana from around them. At the same time, it caused them to become physically weaker.

They will often use their control of death mana, darkness mana, and ritual runes to raise the slumbering undead. Each can only control the mummified worshippers and the mummified amalgamations to work with them in raising the other undead. They will send many undead at any attacker and will try to weaken enemies with debuffs. These undead were never able to become necromancers in life like some higher mummified priests.'

'Mummified amalgamation

Similar to the undead amalgamations, these mummified amalgamations were the flesh and bones left over from those that betrayed the faith of the false death god. They were forcefully mummified and stuck together with unique threads made of darkness beast furs.

They are without minds and can not be controlled due to their odd anatomy. Instead, mana must be used in close proximity to make them follow orders. They are very strong and can be beaten many times without being defeated. However, they are slow to recover, some even take a week to reclaim an arm. They are strictly for meat shields and lifting heavy things.

While they are slow and strong, they are also used as materials. Some of the experimentations that do not stop need materials. The mummified parts of these mummified amalgamations can still be used and are torn from them. It is a blessing that the mind is not present in this undead.'

Realizing that the mummified amalgamations didn't have a mind hit Walker hard. That meant that some of the trapped undead had minds trapped within them. Some willingly, and others unwillingly. It brought him more and more anger the more he thought of it. The horrifying fact that some experimented beings might be trapped in their own hell for too many years to count.

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Chapter 1819 1819. Crush The Lesser Priest

"Alice, start singing. Midnight, you are going to use the light elemental breath attack with Alice's boost to hit as many of the stone coffins as possible. Those undead are dripping blood on everything and trying to awaken them. They are adding it to the runes. We have to break this ritual. There are too many set up to happen all at once." Walker understood some of what they were watching.

Instead of doing one small ceremony to awaken an undead, it appeared that the lesser mummified priests were doing at least fifty at once. It was a terrible thing to know was happening since it required so many parts of living things and blood. It was also clear that the undead involved were about to more

than gain a few allies. They would have powerful allies that could battle against the party here for a long time.

"That means I will take the outer edges while Su heads to handle the mummified amalgamations? She should be able to hold them both off since she is much faster than them." Gil knew exactly what Walker had in mind.

"And I get to go crush that mummified lesser priest thing. Makes sense to let the strongest here break it apart while you try and break all the rune formations here." Remey nodded as she stood up and stretched her arm. Alice had already started singing and making the light elemental mana with her and the elemental crystals they had brought resound with strength. The undead had sensed them the moment that Alice had begun.

The light elemental mana that also formed around Remey's fist was enough for the weaker undead worshippers to immediately feel the difference. Walker saw this out of the corner of his eye while Midnight was gathering some of the light elemental mana to use for herself.

The mummified worshippers tried their best to rush toward Remey as she moved but she was faster. With a single jab, she easily broke through the bones and wrappings on their bodies. The three mummified worshippers tried to repair the shattered bones but the light elemental mana was interrupting it. Especially since Alice had brought the sensed light mana in to the air to be used.

Before Midnight could attack, however, the lesser mummified priest had gathered a small ball of darkness and whipped it at Alice. What it hadn't realized was that Su had also made her move. Without even having to look at the attack the mummified priest had begun to send at Alice, she had already started charging forward.

The clang of her shield locking together then slamming in to a mummified amalgamation caused the entire chamber to become louder. But it also showed off the sheer power that Remey had when the large mummified amalgamation was sent flying right in to the path of the ball of darkness shot toward Alice.

The ball of darkness landed on the mummified amalgamation causing the random parts that had been forced on its body to rot and decay. The off curses and skills that allowed the undead to rebuild itself appeared not to work since the same powers that kept it moving were breaking it down. Whether Walker could use this or not wasn't even a question.

To be able to use such skills and the mana that kept these undead moving would mean that he was also one of them or somehow connected. He didn't want that. If it happened, then things would get infinitely worse since he would also be controlled by something. There was also the fact that the mummified amalgamations were made to be taken apart if parts of its body were needed. Therefore, it made sense that certain parts could be torn apart and destroyed to a degree.

When the lesser mummified priest noticed that its attack had done nothing, it screeched out in anger. It had enough intelligence to know that it was going to fail the mission it is being controlled to do. Unfortunately, the undead that it called and controlled to attack ran right in to Midnight as she released her attack.

Blinding white light was emitted from Midnight's maw. She had gathered a large amount of light elemental mana in to her chest as she would any breath attack. But this time, she had Alice backing her up. It allowed Midnight to use more mana at once and even increase the spread when she exhaled.

The force of light hitting many of the stone coffins was enough to make the stones crack. Some of the false death runes were cracked and broken immediately while others were damaged to the point that they would not be able to work at all. Both situations were great. Even better though, were the dormant undead that had crumbled away. They had been released from the slumber and sent to rest for eternity.

The result was another rage filled screech. Not that it mattered. The other mummified amalgamation was already under attack. The mummified priest tried to control it and force it to move faster while also waving its staff across the room to cast a debuffing spell.

The skill rolled through with an eerie sense of dread. But none of the party felt it take effect. It was easy for anyone to guess that the lesser mummified priest had attempted to use a skill that induced fear. Unfortunately for it, it was facing a very tough party that rarely let their fear overtake them.

So many different emotions took control of the fear that could be there. Worry for the safety of others. The desire to make the world right for those that worked hard. Even the simplest desire to help others to a happy life was enough to trump the attempt to make them feel more fear.

"You tried your last attempt and now you can break for me!" Remey jumped in the air and clasped her hands together so that the light affinity knuckles would land with double the force. The hammer punch

was rarely used lately, but seeing how Remey felt about the actions of these undead, she wanted to put as much strength in to incapacitating them as possible.

The result was a massive hit that spread light elemental mana all over the crushed lesser mummified priest. It couldn't reform at all and it had already been too weak to resist the brute force that Remey used. The additional light elemental mana was perfect for keeping it down.

The mummified amalgamations instantly stopped their attempts to battle and remained still. The mummified worshippers were quickly taken down as Walker helped Alice shoot light elemental mana swords towards them. Her change in singing with Walker's added light manipulation was ideal to send more powerful and less mana wasting attacks at them.

By the time that they were able to see the bones and broken bandages from their wraps, the undead were already starting to reform in the smallest of ways. Walker immediately began rushing around while Gil slashed any of the remaining false death runes. The entire ceremony that had been made to bring about multiple undead had been halted. Each individual coffin had been set up on its own rune formation.

The rune formations were where these rituals had begun. Some of the undead had begun to awaken slightly but began to crumble when the runes were broken. It was faster because of a backless from broken rune formations hitting them. The flow of mana in the room had also been disrupted because of the opposing light elemental mana coming to a palace that had been kept away from the light for a long time.

While the rewards from the system were high due to the multiple coffins on their own ritual platforms, the party could sense that this was not over. This large room had been set up for everything. Su knew that she could hear more undead down the connecting passageways along with sense battling in one of them. "Walker, there is another group ahead. I will move to them while you seal the undead here."

Knowing that there were soldiers fighting a tough battle was just a gut feeling that Su had. The party had been involved in enough battles to know what it sounded like when someone was stuck in a stalemate. "Remey is going with you too. Just make sure they are safe. We will be behind you. I don't sense any darkness mana or undead down the side passageways and the forward one has no airflow so we are ignoring them. Midnight, scout the other passageway while Su and Remey assist things. Gil will finish off these runes here." Walker knew that everyone had a part to play. It was the best move from here on out. They were not stopping yet.

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Chapter 1820 1820. Much Larger

Hearing that the two other passageways were most likely dead ends and one was being scouted allowed Su and Remey to push themselves away from their previous battle with more ease. They didn't worry about their party since they could tell the battle ahead of them was harsh. Especially since the soldiers that were fighting most likely were injured as well.

When they managed to get in to the passageways and started to be able to see the light skills being used to brighten the area ahead, they noticed a healer was already injured.

The injured healer had cast many skills to make light radiate around him and the soldiers with him. What was different though were the little balls of light that also radiated buffs. The unique skill that was being used was one that only came with specific system users.

Due to the fact that Su had spent a lot of time in the cathedral, she had learned a lot about these skills. Therefore, when she saw it, she immediately identified it as a blessed light ball. A skill that would help allies heal when in range of the light and also purify an area. It was a valuable skill when someone went toward an area with pistons and undead present. Or even when there was a small group of injured that needed slower healing over time.

The healer appeared to have been speared with a piece of bone, this brought Su's eyes to another undead that was tearing bone from its own body to throw. Unlike the other undead, the wrappings that were around it appeared to have been cut away peacefully. It was using its own body to attack since it could easily repair itself with time. A disgusting strategy that showed intelligence.

There were also two lesser mummified priests to go along with the spear throwing undead during its own bones as spears. "Remey, you crush the priests, I will defend the healer." Su dashed ahead while Remey split off of their running route. Remey was noticed by the demi-human soldiers with the healer and the Fel angel that had been with them. They instantly started to renew their battle with a group of ten mummified worshippers. They were certainly using everything they had, but the mummified worshippers had just been shields while the lesser priests and the spear throwing undead attacked. It had been enough to halt their advancement and put them in a poor position.

The sound of Su's shields slamming down as a barrier and the following sounds of breaking bones made it certain that she would easily be able to block more attacks. The healer looked up and recognized her. This allowed the healer to ignore the battle around and started to pull the bone from their stomach.

Self healing skills and the light ball were enough to help the healer stop the wound from bleeding. While the healer needed time to recover, Su knew that she was also the key to this. She had managed to easily grab bandages and start to wrap the healer's wound so that nothing could get in to it before the healer was able to properly heal themselves enough to move around.

While Su and the healer were working under their own pressure, Remey had easily dodged through the undead worshippers and managed to make it toward the undead that was throwing its bones like spears. It was ready to stab at Remey but it was much slower than Remey was.

Three jabs flew at it before the spear throwing undead could even grab another bone to use as a weapon. It was broken in to a pile on the floor while the two lesser priests worked together to pull stones and darkness toward themselves to use as weapons. It seemed that one was able to use earth and another could easily use darkness to attack. While it was weaker, it was still an attack.

Remey had a lot of skill when it came to movement. She had brawled a lot but she had also developed more and more as she was thrown in to new fights. Therefore, she had this boxer's bounce that allowed her to easily duck and jump the side letting the two attacks miss her. The smirk that grew on her face would have made anyone tremble. But the undead were not fazed. They attempted to create more attacks without any success. Mostly because Remey threw right hooks at them, easily smashing their skulls and breaking them apart as well.

In another few breaths, Remey had jumped back toward the undead worshippers that had now been massively overpowered by the soldiers. Without the additional ranged attacks, the soldiers were able to battle much more easily. "Why is your group so small? Where are the Rize angels that should be with you?" Remey made sure to ask this the moment that last undead fell to its injuries. She needed answers before she started anything else.

"They are dealing with a group of undead behind us. There were twenty of them marching down the passageways and they saw us. We rushed to this room and began battling so that we could use it as a base. But we did not realize that this was a ritual chamber as well. The rest of our forces are still holding the back passageway and will be fine with the other healer there. We can not stop the undead reforming though." the demi-human soldier immediately reported without even hesitating. He knew that it was best to do so without wasting precious time.

"Su, I am heading to get them. You stay here. Walker will seal the undead in a minute." Remey could already hear Walker running toward them. He would seal the undead to slow their regeneration. It was just a matter of time.

Once Remey had dashed away toward the back passageway, the soldiers returned to the job of cutting the runes as they had been told to do. They only halted for a moment when Walker caught up. He saw that Su was helping the healer but also noticed the odd bones of a different undead. He immediately used the all around appraisal to see it.

'Mummified spearman.

The mummified spearman is a soldier made from an undead while using additional bones. It can both use its bones as throwing spears and regular spears. The sharpened rib bones are often used to do so, but it was done while the undead was alive to force the undead to take this unique form.

It is slower due to the fact that it carries extra bones on its body. However, when it uses all of them, it will be able to recombine them faster. This is harder to face since those that are attacked with its bones will suffer more damage as the bones are taken back from their wounds.

They are able..."

Walker could visibly see the bone reforming much faster and understood the additional danger to this undead. These mummified undead were created in dastardly ways but were incredibly deadly. Having such a variation caused many injuries, especially to the healer that he had seen Su helping.

With so many undead to seal away for the time being, Walker needed to keep himself focused. He was just left wondering what might be connected to the other passageway that he sent Midnight down. Especially since Gil had just followed her that way and Alice was remaining to lay some purification skills she had learned in the previous room.

The passageway that Midnight found herself in smelled worse than the others. Not because it was rotting undead, but because there was the scent of blood around more. The ritual chambers had been the source of many dangerous things so far, it also seemed that many of them were being used right now. Therefore, Midnight had the feeling that another was being used just ahead.

The shadow wrapping skill gave her the advantage as she snuck in to the room and was greeted with a ritual chamber easily four times the size of the one she came from. She heard Gil coming behind her and his sharp intake of breath when he noticed six mummified amalgamations moving large pieces of monster bodies and stone coffins.

They also saw ten of the lesser mummified priests with fifty undead worshippers around. Gil had managed to catch up fast enough, but he and Midnight both shared their worries without even saying a word. They knew this chamber had over a hundred slumbering undead that could be awakened and were about to be so. If they didn't get the groups behind them to move soon, they would be facing much harder battles. Especially because the mummified worshippers could block and overcome them alone if they managed to rush in to a passageway.

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