

## The Fall 413

### Chapter 413: Concordat

Cosmic Energy streamed through MacKenzie's body at unprecedented speeds, and Mental Energy was rapidly getting drained as her mind formed thin strands of her Daos and ingeniously wove them into her Cosmic Energy to create a facsimile of true skill.

Jeeves used roughly 30% fire, 10% wind, and 60% water to cause a reflective mist that formed an amazingly real illusion of herself and Ilvere falling while covering their real bodies in a thick mist. Her arm reached out to grab Ilvere's shoulder as a rapid succession of bursts of Cosmic Energy mixed with the Seed of Gust unpredictably moved them until they landed some distance away.

Balls of acrid sludge shot through the mist like bullets, but Kenzie's body floated around like an unbound pixie with the help of Jeeves, effortlessly avoiding all the projectiles. They finally reached the ground that silently opened up to swallow the demon inside.

"Stay here," Kenzie whispered with a monotonous voice as she flitted away.

A dozen emergency drones emerged from her Cosmos Sack and instantly fired at four specific spots that made no sense to Kenzie, but it caused an enraged screech to echo across the area. The newly erected pillar had been destroyed as well, and a scorch-marked woman emerged from the smoke where it had once stood.

It was some sort of the corporeal undead, and no doubt also the source of the attacks earlier as it looked like she stood in a pool of oil that bubbled and churned. She was slim had long grey hair that fell down to her shoulders, and she wore a well-fitting dress that looked suited for a summer stroll. The woman would have been quite beautiful in an austere way if it wasn't for her enraged and scarred face, or the grisly half-meter talons she had instead of normal fingers.

Unfortunately it looked like Jeeves illusions had failed as the woman looked straight at them through the mist. Kenzie could only see the undead leader's shape through the haze thanks to Jeeves, so the woman must have some sort of skill to do the same.

[Target level 85 – Low-Medium talent. Chance of victory through traditional battle <5%. Permission to activate 'Pretty Pretty Mecha Kenzie' Protocol?]

'Granted.'

"Get ready to flee," Kenzie whispered, taking control of her voice. "I'll unleash something my brother left for me in case things became desperate."

"Just run, lass," Ilvere said with a shake of his head. "I might be able to hold her for a bit at least."

"Don't worry," Kenzie said. "I won't risk my life against some E-Grade powerhouse."

The next moment a massive robot appeared in front of her, reaching over ten meters in the air. It radiated danger as its various weapon system went online one after another due to Jeeve's instructions.

"Wha-" Ilvere said, but Kenzie indicated for him to be silent as they were once again shrouded by an altered illusion technique that hopefully would be able to trick the undead general.

The robot shot a wild array of thin laser beams toward the woman, forcing her to start dodging to avoid getting scorched again. This was what Jeeves aimed for, and the AI helped Kenzie silently sink underground with Ilvere in tow. Simultaneously a fake Kenzie rose into the cockpit of the stationary robot, and the cockpit closed behind her.

The mecha generally required a direct neural connection to control due to its high complexity, but Jeeves had circumvented that somehow, allowing it to be controlled just like the drones. However, even Jeeves' abilities were limited and such a thing would only be possible in close proximity.

But the Undead Woman was not ready to simply eat the beams without fighting back, and Jeeves continuously reported new sources of damage to her precious machine. Only 30 seconds of intense battle passed before Jeeves warned Kenzie that systems were critical.

'Blow her up' Kenzie instructed with some heartache as she soundlessly moved through the earth while the shockwaves of battle became more and more muted.

[Affirmative.]

A few seconds later a massive explosion rocked the very foundations of the area, making it feel like they were swept up in an earthquake.

[Self-Destruct initiated within 10 meters of the target, connection cut. Likelihood survival: <5%]

Unfortunately, there was no surge of cosmic energy to tell her whether the sacrifice was successful or not, as not even Jeeves was able to circumvent the ironclad rule that kills by technology wouldn't award levels.

But even if that crazed banshee survived the blast she would no doubt be taken out of commission for a prolonged duration, which would hopefully help her brother when he returned. As far as she knew there were only a few Undead Generals still around. She guessed that trading her prized mecha for one of them was a worthy exchange.

Thirty minutes later it became clear that they had evaded pursuit, and the two quickly made their way toward the closest Teleportation Array. It was time to return to Port Atwood. Her mission had been a success, but who knew what countermeasures the Undead would have at the next infusion pillar now that even one of their generals had fallen.

With her mecha destroyed and drones exhausted she was unable to keep destroying the pillars in either case.

She could use a rest.

-----

"Wake up sailor!" Sap Trang grunted as he kicked the sailor who was supposed to keep a lookout. "This is no time to daydream!"

"I'm sorry!" the young man said with a start, forcefully dragged out of his daydreams. "But captain, is there really any need for us to patrol these waters? We haven't seen a single boat for months, and no beasts that Lord Bau can't handle."

"Would you rather head to the front-lines, changing the open seas for a sea of zombies?" Sap said with a glare.

"No! Please don't make me fight the undead! I'll keep watch!"

"Good," Sap Trang said with a nod as his eyes scanned the endless ocean. "Remember, we sail with the flag of Lord Atwood, the champion of Earth. If there is one place that the invaders would want to hit, wouldn't it be our kingdom? Our soldiers are fighting tooth and nail to protect our world, the least we can do is keep watch over our waters to keep their families safe from ambush."

Seeing that the young man took his task more seriously after the lecture Sap nodded in satisfaction as he kept making rounds. He didn't know why, but he had found it hard to stay calm all day, and he needed to keep himself busy.

Perhaps it was because he would soon be back home, which would allow him to meet his grandson again. Who would have known that little Bao was as charming as his grandpa was back in the day, and had already found a little lass for himself?

Even more shocking, the lass was with child! He would be a great grandfather. It was an amazing source of joy in these bleak times, and it was reason enough for him to exhaust his old bones to make sure that the waters were safe.

There was only so much to inspect on these Cosmic Energy Ships that their navy employed though, and most of it went over his head. He would be able to take apart a two-stroke engine and put it back together without breaking a sweat, but these squiggly lines that pushed the boats forward were far beyond his understanding.

The only thing he could do was make sure that no one damaged the lines, and that everything else was kept clean and tidy.

He finally returned to his captain's quarters and observed the sea charts against to confirm that they hadn't veered off course, and that the nagging feeling was his subconscious trying to warn him of that. But a sharp stab in his mind suddenly made him stand up in shock and look toward the south. The pain came from his connection to Little Bau. Was his friend wounded?

They were too far away though, and he only got a few indistinct impressions through the connection, the foremost being danger. But Sap unhesitantly ran toward the youngster in control of the Arrays on the vessel. Anything that could wound Little Bau in these waters could be a threat to Port Atwood as well.

"Change course, immediately," Sap said with a frown.

"Where to?" the helmsman asked with confusion.

Soon enough the vessel, along with its two sister ships, had changed course and were once again heading toward Pangea. Little Bau was an hour or so away in that direction, but a mist on the water blocked any sight of what it might be that wounded him.

Worry gnawed on Sap as he stood at the fore, trying to glean any signs about what was going on. The bad feeling in his chest was only getting worse as they approached the vast shroud. The mist itself was a

cause for concern as the sky was clear as day, meaning there was no reason for such a haze to form in the middle of the ocean.

There was a distinct possibility that this was a smokescreen to hide whatever lurked inside, but Sap still ordered his crew to maintain the course. If the mist was man-made, then all the more reason for them to see what was going on. The two facts that there was both an unnatural cover hours away from Port Atwood and Little Bau being wounded pointed to one grim reality.

Invaders.

Sap shuddered as his vessel cut into the mist and it immediately felt like the temperatures had dropped to almost freezing degrees.

"This is miasma!" one of the demon warriors stationed on the ship exclaimed.

The warrior wasn't talking out of turn either, since he had actually been part of the army that heroically fought their way out of the Dead Zone, running and fighting without rest for two weeks.

"All to your stations, keep communication at a minimum," Sap immediately ordered, and the sailors worldlessly took their positions with worry in their eyes.

The same order was transferred to the other ships as well, along with an order to stay extremely close. They could barely see 50 meters through the miasmic clouds, and Sap didn't want them to get picked off one by one.

The minutes passed without anything happening but Sap's nerves only got more and more frayed as they approached Little Bau's location. A massive red wall suddenly appeared just in front of them, reaching over twenty meters into the air. If it wasn't for the fact that Sap spotted worked wood he would have thought it was a cliff-wall, but he realized it was actually a massive ship they had encountered.

"Hard left!" Sap roared, no longer caring about subterfuge, and the helmsman immediately complied.

A sharp tug almost threw Sap off his feet as the three vessels turned and sped away with agility that would be completely impossible without the help of magic. With the help of a burst of Cosmic Energy, they opened up a distance of hundreds of meters in an instant. But that also meant that they lost sight of whatever that massive thing was.

"Fire the Array!" Sap ordered. "Blast away this damn mist!"

Sap didn't worry about whether there were allied forces on the other side. The fact that the mist was created with miasma was all Sap needed to know.

The array lit up and a massive ray of light ripped through the mists, aimed straight at whatever ship they had just encountered. Sap had to close his eyes from the radiant light and it sounded like the air itself was burning. The laser beam had pushed aside all the miasmic mist in the area, creating a wide tunnel that ran across the water until the attack slammed into a golden array on the other side.

The ocean frothed and churned from the clash, but the enemies' array held steady until the beam winked out of existence. But the attack did at least allow Sap to see what they were dealing with.

Only part of the massive ship could be seen, but judging from the displayed section the whole vessel would have to be well over a hundred meters. It was a massive monstrosity wrought with a reddish wood and inlaid with what appeared to be gold. It was a beautiful creation, but Sap couldn't feel any appreciation of the craftsmanship involved as his eyes were drawn to the massive ball hanging down from the bowsprit.

The ball did at least have a diameter of five or six meters, and it was completely made from gold. But it didn't seem to be either an anchor or a wrecking ball, as it was made with extremely fine details. It actually looked like a sun, and as Sap looked at the thing it started to burn with golden flames, pushing all miasma in the area even further away.

"It's those lunatics again!"

-----

"Where did the native heathens get this kind of technology? Almost ripped straight through our shield," Bishop Kyhv-Elerad swore while his eyes moved back and forth through the waters for any sign of the massive beast that had almost managed to sink one of their holy vessels a while earlier.

"Still looking for that Cephalopod?" a raspy voice snickered from the side.

Fury ignited in Kyhv-Elerad's chest when he heard the voice of the cursed being, and he wasn't alone in his disdain either. The crusaders in the vicinity were either looking at the newly arrived vessels as they pointedly ignored the group of hooded undead, whereas others blatantly glared at their mortal enemies with bloodshot eyes and burgeoning killing intent.

There was nothing that the Bishop would like to do more than ordering a thorough cleanse of their deck, unleashing a storm of steel and fire, but he knew he couldn't. He could only tighten the grip on his consecrated mace in impotence as his eyes turned back to the ocean. The hooded beings clearly noticed his struggle, but they only snickered in disdain.

Kyhv-Elerad had never heard of the Holy Church co-operating with The Undead Empire before, but it was impossible that the writ the high Vicar received a week ago was fake. It had clearly told them to temporarily co-operate with their eternal enemies until this world's native heathens were firmly under control.

Of course, he understood the reason. Almost twenty Incursions annihilated without a trace in less than a month's time. Reports of sightings of the terrifying contraptions from the cursed Technocrat heretics.

Things had turned extremely precarious, and they needed to deal with this Human Lord so that they could focus on the Mystic Realm. The fact that doing so would allow him to avenge Brother Orsiccas and the 3rd battalion, then all the better.

So he would endure standing next to these accursed clones. He would endure being surrounded by the tainted mists that existed in defiance of The Boundless Heavens. He would endure the vermin staying below deck.

For sooner or later the fire of the Boundless Heavens would cleanse all impurities.