

Undead 101

Chapter 101: One More Thing

What was this request that Skullius had?

How grand could it possibly be?

Sause waited for Skullius to speak, the Penetrator he faced not being so considerate as to not waste time.

Skullius debated over how exactly he would help Sause leave the Labyrinth.

There was the option of using the Voiding Key which he wasn't exactly sure would work to allow him to leave. The Key was stated to only work to take the user to places within the Labyrinth after after. If it did work somehow, Skullius didn't know if it would support an additional person.

The other sure fire option was to use the Keys. Skullius knew that the Keys were definitely the way out but the problem was how exactly to do it.

The last time he had checked the Key with his guidance field, it hadn't given him any details.

Therefore, he decided to try it now.

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[Universal Gate Key: First Piece]

A high level item with the ability to access magically restricted spaces and exit them at will. It must be used with the Second Piece in order to function.

Bringing the two pieces together will allow for the wielders' desire to be enacted; exiting or entering said restricted places unless a more powerful force prohibits such.

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'Ah its finally showing me something useful. Great!' Skullius thought.

His increase in power had definitely unlocked a lot of things.

Keys were rare items. The sheer difficulty of finding them was proof enough of their rarity.

Skullius turned to Benzard who was peacefully lying down with signs of life still detectable in him.

He was still alive and well enough to use the Key. Probably.

With that out of the way Skullius turned to Sause who was waiting for him to deliver his request.

"I was once an undead under an Arch-Lich named Somanda. He owns part of my soul through Undeath. I need you to help me get it back. Bro," Skullius said.

"BWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!" Sause began to laugh raucously as he heard Skullius' request.

At first, Skullius was confused, the boisterous laughter making him put his guard up but in the next moment, he found the giant to look at him after his jovial outburst, puzzled.

"Wait. You are serious?"

"Uh... yeah bro."

"You want me to help you battle an Arch-Lich for your soul?! Do you even know what an Arch-Lich is?!" Sause wore a ferocious expression.

'Kind of. I guess,' Skullius replied inwardly. He truly didn't know.

What was with this little thing?

Everytime...

Every time he was on the scene, Sause's life somehow became harder while for Skullius, things seemed to turn to his favour.

Fighting against an Arch-Lich was one of the most dangerous things one could do.

Sause couldn't believe he thought this skeleton would ask for something simple. Had the overwhelming excitement for his release clouded his mind?

Definitely.

Now, he couldn't refuse.

He could only glare at the skeleton before him with a wrathful face. The worst thing about a Tie of Exchange was the fact that time periods were not exactly accounted for.

In Sause's case, he knew that exiting the Labyrinth without him would for Skullius likely mean that he would be breaching the agreement as there was probably no way for him to return alone if he left the giant here.

Therefore, he had been confident that he wouldn't get left behind.

Now however, what was he to do with this situation?

"I am not at my full strength. I have been out of contact with the outside world for millenia. I cannot even dream to assist with this before taking some time to recuperate," Sause said with an ugly frown as he looked down at Skullius.

"That's fine. I can always summon you with this, right large bro?" Skullius asked, waving around the nail he had been given.

Sause ground his teeth.

What a troublesome situation he had gotten himself into.

He couldn't imagine being summoned in a human infested area and starting all kinds of trouble.

"Indeed. I shall take my time healing myself then," Sause said.

Skullius once more waved the nail, hinting that he would bother the heck out of Sause if the giant became too relaxed.

"Now. Your end of the deal?"

Skullius nodded.

Before doing anything else, he walked over to the corpse of Reon. The bones were intact while the flesh and organs and were jumbled.

He began rummaging through the fleshy remains until he found what he was looking for.

A ring.

The same ring Reon had used to store the core of Onumbassssss as well as those of all the creatures he they had slain along the way.

He didn't take the time to look at it, storing it within the storage of the Null Devil's Aegis of Damnation immediately.

He then gazed at Sause.

"I just have to do one more thing. Would you mind accompanying me for it?" he asked. The distress on Sause's face made him feel much more comfortable around the giant.

Sause raised a brow and gazed at the remnants of Fulgardt that had been stationary all this time, waiting for his next move.

It didn't seem like he would be able to move freely and thus, he opted for the next best alternative.

He was still an unwelcome guest in this place as the pressure that had been trying to rid him from this room never ceased trying to do so.

"Very well. Do follow me along with that boy," Sause said before he stopped struggling against the force in the room.

His large frame rose and was pulled away through where had come from, the giant finding himself quite distance from the room in a matter of moments.

As soon as his body vanished, the remains of Fulgardt turned their gaze towards Skullius who almost leapt in panic.

Was this guy going to attack him now?

To his surprise, Fulgardt didn't spare him anymore glances and walked up the where the stairs had been.

He sat on the rubble, his large claymore in hand and remained still like a statue.

Skullius was dumbfounded.

'Why is he still guarding those doors? I took the legacy right and even the two chests. Though I can't open one of them. But still...' Skullius pondered as he looked at the figure of the powerful skeleton whose presence still warped the space in his immediate surroundings.

The Penetrator washed his hands of the matter and went to grab Benzard.

"I wasted cool words on you bro. I can't believe I'm helping you now," Skullius said as he heaved Benzard and ran with him to Sause.

A woman with red hair leaned against the wall in the darkness. She was injured all over with wounds and scrapes oozing of blood.

She was breathing slowly while wearing an expression of despair as she gazed at the stationary figure of the creature with an odachi on its shoulder.

It was waiting for her to make even the most minute of offensive movements but she didn't have it in her anymore.

Her mana had been depleted and the fatigue from having used her Full Body Aura was still lingering in her bones and flesh.

The constant beatings she had received afterwards had done a A+ job in getting her to this sorry state.

The darkness and silence was driving her insane and she couldn't help but sob silently.

Why did it end up like this?

It had all been blissful when she had to follow in the footsteps of one man whom she loved.

Eobald.

She did everything he asked without question despite her prideful nature that was cultured by her pampered life as the daughter of a nobleman.

Even when she learned of his intent and who she was, the tragic events that he and his group wished to allow to befall on Aigas, she still loved him.

Yet... he had been hunted by the same reckless brute who had brought her to this dreadful place.

He had been killed without mercy by a lowlife who didn't deserve to stand near such a great man.

This was the reality she was living in now.

'Curse you! Both of you! If I die here... I'll haunt you like a ghost! I swear you'll never know peace!' she thought while grinding her teeth.

She was at death's door with her weapons destroyed and not a soul to comfort her.

How could things get any worse?

THRUUUM!

Space vibrated as a portal opened several meters behind the creature with the odachi.

From it, Denille saw a tall figure walk out, decked in a dark armour with thick, long chains wrapping around it.

The figure walked gracefully, the ever moving blue trails on its helmet which weren't fully visible to Denille sending a chill down her spine.

She couldn't sense anything from this figure. No evil. No mana.

This made her subconsciously view this figure as her last hope. Maybe this was her one chance to get help. To leave this place.

She just had to take it!

"Please.... please... help.. help... me... I will do anything..." she spoke, raising her voice as high as she could despite her injuries.

The creature with an odachi turned to Skullius and waited, Skullius knowing exactly what it would do if he moved against it.

At this moment, however, he focused on Denille's plea.

He gazed at her who was looking at him with hopeful eyes and removed his helmet.

Four sockets burning with a bright blue flame illuminated the skull face that they belonged to.

...!

Denille was alarmed, subconsciously backing away further against the wall in shock and fright.

This brought Skullius an unbridled satisfaction sense of satisfaction.

"Hehehehehehe..."

Chapter 102: Exit The Labyrinth!

Denille wore a terrified expression. She was deeply terrified by the unexpected face she had seen under the helmet which brought not hope, but an eerie sense of impending doom!

She could have checked the individual's mana core with her advanced senses but the thought slipped her mind as she was in a fear induced stupor.

'An undead?!' she thought as she tried to scurry for anything to use to defend herself but alas, her bow was broken and she had exhausted her arrow supply.

All she could think of right now was the abundant lore on the deadly undead as she sweat buckets.

She trembled and almost broke down as she struggled to stand up.

Skullius was having a kick out of this, the image of the portal still open behind him like a dancing colourful void.

"Can you deal with something for me over here, bro? And hurry up!" Skullius barked.

Suddenly, a large head popped through the portal which instantly expanded to accommodate the large figure!

As soon as the giant's eyes met the creature with the odachi, it thrust its arm and grabbed the creature before it could even react!

"Don't address me so casually," Sause warned Skullius with a deadly glare. "I'm not your guard."

Skullius didn't respond but the jump in the flames in his sockets spoke volumes about how he felt.

"EEEEK!" Denille screamed upon seeing the figure of Sause who finally pulled his entire body through the portal, his frame not being able to fit in the corridor.

He held the creature with the odachi in one hand firmly, squishing it to its demise and a healthier looking Benzard without the grave burns in the other, unconscious.

"Pretty human girl, sit still and shut up," Sause commanded with a false sense of sincerity which manifested as a light smile.

Denille who had been about to push her broken leg to make an attempt at running away found herself stuck, unable to move or speak!

...!

This horrified her beyond belief.

A giant and an undead!

Plus... there was Benzard whose head was peeking from Sause's hand.

'Benzard! What happened?! Where are others?! What will happen to me?! Somebody please save me! Benzard!

Benzard! Wake up and fix this! I swear I'll haunt you for eternity if I die!' she thought.

Tears streamed from Denille's eyes.

"Is this the other thing you wanted to do?" Sause asked Skullius.

"Yeah, large bro. You made it even easier for me actually," replied the Penetrator as he walked towards Denille and crouched down before her.

He searched with his armoured hands around her body and found her to also have a spatial storage ring like the one Reon had.

'I assume it's in here but..' Skullius thought. 'How does this thing work?'

Skullius felt the intertwining of many pathways like when he had used his Null Life Essence to trace along the goblin staves.

His first thought was to use the same method to see if he could extract a skill like how he had gotten [Mana Bolt] and [Flame Shot] but he decided against it as it would take too much time and wasn't his current objective.

Unlike with Reon's ring which he had decided to check out later, he needed to confirm if what he was looking for was here or not.

Therefore Skullius checked with his guidance field.

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[Spatial Storage Ring]

<Uncommon>

An object with a fairly expansive storage forged within it through a specific interweaving of mana runes.

-Ownership can be prompted by injecting mana. A different individual can become the owner provided that the previous user dies-

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"I see," Skullius said before his gaze fell upon Denille. She had nothing on her person which meant that all her valuables were in the ring. "So you need to die?"

Denille trembled nonstop as she couldn't do a thing.

In her mind, this was a transcendent being with a giant as a pet which was extremely uncharacteristic of the race but believable if a high ranked undead was in the picture.

"You should have been a bit kinder to that lowly shitface," Skullius said with an eerily deep voice, watching as Denille's eyes opened wide in shock.

What?

How..?

Why...?

Denille's vision blurred as the shock set in.

Before she knew it, she was bound by thick, dark chains that wrapped around her tightly!

An extreme and excruciating sensation of pain washed over her the instant the chains touched her body and she... couldn't scream aloud.

Her feet wiggled and violently knocked against the ground while her eyes reddened to a frightening degree.

Sause raised a brow.

'What kind of a grudge does he have towards her?'

"Hehe..." Skullius laughed before he activated a skill from the Chains of Damnation!

[Damnation!]

CHTNK!CHTNK!

The chains around Denille started quivering violently and before she even realised how screwed she was, the chains heaved her upwards and pulled her hard towards the ground!

On the floor, a bright blue tint appeared, the floor parting to release a sky blue radiance in the form of an edgy sphere that had flame-like wisps protruding!

Denille could only watch in horror as she was pulled into the blue, disappearing from the corridor.

"..."

Sause was utterly speechless.

He began to re-evaluate his thoughts on Skullius. He didn't know what kind of skill that was, but it definitely wasn't something he was familiar with.

There was no overwhelming intent when the skill was cast.

It was just like Skullius...

A presence less event.

In Skullius' vision, he saw a hazy image of a dumb Denille sink into an unfamiliar space where white faces filled with dread were constantly screaming while being burnt by shimmering blue flames!

This vision barely lasted for a second as Skullius watched Denille sink into the flames with her eyes showing utter terror and pain while she burned.

The chains rose from the blue depression, the ground returning to normal while Skullius received notifications of another death by his hands.

[You have killed Higher level existence LV11 Human. You have gained experience]

[85,000 Exp awarded]

Unfortunately, it didn't seem like he would be able to extract the Null Life Essence from Denille which was a bummer.

"Right..." Skullius said putting the matter asides as he began injecting his mana into the spatial storage ring.

At first it rejected his mana but after a few seconds, streams of his power were readily accepted.

Skullius felt a link to the ring and its contents were revealed to him.

There were a lot of things in the ring, but Skullius didn't look for anything else other what he needed... and he found it!

The Arcane Teleportation Scroll!

This was the scroll he had been given by Eobald as a means to escape back then.

Skullius distinctly remembered Reon asking Denille if she still had it before they had entered the Majestic Territory of the fox to which she had answered with affirmation.

Skullius intended to use it to leave the Tremur Forest and explore Aigas just like Serenity had said.

With that secured, Skullius could finally get to escaping from this place.

He turned to Sause who was still thinking deeply while being extremely uncomfortable in the cramped space and nodded.

He took out his Key, the silvery round object he had kept safe throughout the journey surfacing again.

Sause dropped Benzard who was unconscious on the ground and his eyes flared with a deeper red than their usual hue.

Benzard's body suddenly stood, its eyes glowing with a deep red glow.

He was being controlled by Sause, the giant using his connection through the class to manipulate Benzard's body. The giant felt a massive strain just from having him stand. The lack of his strength limited him greatly as this was the reason he had been unable to use this trick before.

From Benzard's ring, a Universal Gate Key like Skullius' appeared in his hand.

He walked up to Skullius, bringing his Key in close proximity to the Penetrator's.

A low rumbling erupted from the Labyrinth as from the dark corridor, the same double gate that Skullius had seen when he first entered appeared!

It was much smaller but the images carved on its surface were nonetheless magnificent.

'This is it,' Skullius thought.

Sause was anticipating the grand view of a lush forest, the sun and beautiful horizon behind this gate but he couldn't help but be apprehensive.

Both he and Skullius placed their Keys on the door and in the next moment, the doors rumbled as they opened with a weighty vibrance!

A bright light overtook the three and before they knew it, the view of the Labyrinth was no more.

Skullius' four flames became subdued as he saw a familiar scenery.

This scenery was technically good news but he couldn't help but be pessimistic.

A familiar dark sky could be seen above with white clouds, hazy figures of what looked like a forest in the distance.

Sause looked around, immediately knowing where he was, to which he cursed.

"Intriguing. To think after all these years, someone would return, with such circumstances in tow as well..."

A regal voice spoke to the three.

A giant white fox appeared behind them, its eye glowing with an orange light as a strange symbol appeared within it while it gazed below at Skullius, Sause and Benzard.

'A Territory... Fulgardt you bastard...' Sause grumbled as he gazed at the fox.

He had managed to come out of the Labyrinth after so long only to face a powerful projection of a Majestic Territory.

Skullius didn't know what to do in this situation. He expected aggression because of his appearance which he had hidden immediately after realising where he was behind his helmet.

"Not much can remain hidden before my eye. Tell me. What are you...little thing?" the fox asked as its gaze focused solely on Skullius.

Chapter 103: Interesting Development, Dash Of Bullshit

A question had been posed to Skullius that drew upon his brain power to think of a fitting answer. There was no escaping as he was within a Majestic Territory.

All he could do was fess up.

Sause was drawn to the fox's question as well, as he knew nothing about this creature he had made a Tie of Exchange with.

This didn't allow him to let down his guard though, as he was well aware of the fact that the fox was very much knowledgeable of his presence.

Question after question roiled within his mind because of the appearance of the fox outside the Labyrinth.

'Did Fulgardt make a deal with this thing? Why would it even agree?'

From the looks of it, it was very well above the tenth Tier which was a very terrifying thing to face.

Unfortunately, he didn't get his answers by simply thinking about them in his dome.

Skullius' socket flames flared behind the helmet and he almost sighed out in resignation, the sensation having become something he had been getting used to as a Discount Human.

Naturally, the fox's statement made him realise that hiding behind a helmet wouldn't hinder its advanced perception.

'Did this thing know that I was... this, from the beginning? In that case why would it let me go?' Skullius thought. 'Well... since its come to this, there's only one thing I can do...'

Indeed.

There was only one option left.

One he hadn't used in a while.

The option left was to tell the truth... with a dash of bullshit.

Skullius stored his helmet and stood aloof.

"I understand that my appearance may cause some problems but I am not what you think. I am not an undead," Skullius said with a deep voice, his stature not showing any fumbling like when he had been bullshitting before Azila last time.

The fox grinned, but the action didn't seem to stem from amusement. It was simply an action that was dictated by its race.

The Grinning Jester Fox.

"That much I'm aware of. Had I sensed that you were an undead from the beginning, you wouldn't be standing here. I'm interested in what you are. I see fleeting wisps of gold and black from you that are struggling to escape my vision," the fox said. "I am confident that you have nabbed the legacy of the Immoral..."

...!

Skullius wasn't really surprised by this as the fact that there were beings with a stronger perception than his had been made abundantly clear by his constant encounters with established powerhouses.

If this fox had seen through [Flesh It Like You Mean It] then it probably would be able to tell such a thing.

Therefore the Penetrator wasn't surprised.

The one who received the shock in his place was Sause.

'WHAT?! How did this creature obtain the legacy? ! Isn't it only for humans?' he thought, a mash of conflicting emotions pounding against his being.

Even with this thought, he didn't dare interrupt the conversation between the two in front of him by beginning to bombard Skullius with questions.

'Is that why Fulgardt let him go?!' he wondered. His eyes opened wide as a somewhat expected yet chilling realisation struck him. 'Could it be that Fulgardt had seen through whatever disguise this creature wore and decided to protect and let him pass anyway?! That bastard wasn't exactly conventional to begin with!'

This conjecture made Sause slap his forehead.

It was very much possible that even Fulgardt's corpse would choose to allow such an eccentric character to pass without fighting him like the rest of the humans who were supposed to be the designated race of challengers.

Fulgardt has a strong code when it came to race. He was extremely racist but he was also a being who loved thinking outside the box.

Boredom could very well strike him even after death to the point of allowing a different character a chance at his legacy.

Sause realised that perhaps that was the reason why Fulgardt had protected Skullius from his compulsion. However, there was nothing much to decipher from a corpse.

Still, the fact that legacy needed to be wielded was abundantly clear.

[Flesh It Like You Mean It] had been what ultimately let Skullius gain the Insurgent Magnus class.

Sause focused on Skullius and the Grinning Jester Fox once more.

"Ahem... I am but the lowly servant of the Great Emperor Bonet. I was on a secret mission until I was captured by those brutes and led here. That much is all I can divulge as my Emperor keeps me from spilling too much. I know the truth in my words is questionable but I have already spoken to the Great Mountain Ape, Azila about this," Skullius said with confidence.

The fox narrowed its eyes as it heard Skullius' account.

"Is that so?"

"It is."

The fox's orange eye remained fixated on Skullius.

Unfortunately, it was an eye in the end. It couldn't judge Skullius' words as that wasn't part of its ocular jurisdiction as a transcendent ability.

'He met up with Azila and lived? Could it really be true?' the fox thought. 'Interesting. The power to disguise as a human is a rather troublesome one considering that even I needed some time to see through it.'

"I assume that your mention of this... Emperor Bonet, acted a deterrent for further action against you from Azila?"

"Yes."

"Dumb Ape," scoffed the fox before it turned to Sause. "I didn't expect a fine warrior such as you to get ensnared by Fulgardt too. I assume you have this creature to thank."

Sause smiled sheepishly.

"That's what we're going with."

The fox grinned.

Suddenly, the Majestic Territory space popped like a balloon, space becoming warped as the black was distorted and dissolved to form the image of the valley once more!

The bright sun shone over all things and the image was especially good to see after the long journey in the dark.

Sause took in deep breaths and appreciated the sun on his naked body.

"Ah..."

He felt bits of his strength return and smiled.

"While you too may very well be evils that must be thwarted here and now, I'm not so benevolent as to help the world. You, Dragonsson, I permit you to leave," the fox said.

The term referred to Sause as it referenced the terrifying history behind his lineage. A title all giants carried from times of old.

'What?' Skullius questioned himself dumbly. 'That's it?'

Sause was also sceptical but he didn't have the luxury to doubt and dilly-dally.

He simply nodded with a light smile and picked up Benzard. He gazed at Skullius for what would be the last time in a very long while.

"I wouldn't mind if you died soon. It would make things a lot easier for me."

"I'm already dead, large bro. Sort of," Skullius said before he pulled Sause's nail that was stored in his armour's storage and waved it.

The giant shook its head in annoyance and disappeared after a powerful burst of speed.

Skullius watched the giant leave and then refocused on the fox.

"I cannot do you harm even if I wanted to. I was tasked with being a guardian for this Labyrinth and all its treasures until someone managed to take up Fulgardt's legacy. You are who I have been waiting for. I must reward you by mandate. You have released me from my promise and therefore I shall give you a bit of aid," the fox said.

The moment the fox said that, it smelt a nasty stench of death and felt an overbearing force try to stomp it into the ground!

The fox frowned, its eyes picking up an ominous energy that coiled around Skullius and stretched up to its large body.

The environment turned dark for a split second before returning to normal.

The feeling didn't last long as when the fox exerted its own power, the lingering effects of this force disappeared.

Skullius had barely noticed something amiss, as all he saw was the fox shuddering for but a second.

"What happened?" he asked cautiously.

"You have a rather frightening curse upon you. Apparently, it responds to anything that has the overall intent to benefit you. Or rather specifically, anyone with the intent to assist you. This is quite troublesome," the fox said with its frown becoming deeper. "You are tied to the Undead?"

'Oh crap!' Skullius panicked. That curse that he had been wondering what it truly did had finally manifested, showing its true colours.

UNCoddled!

It was trouble!

Before he delved into this, he had to save himself first.

He had to tell more bullshit sprinkled lies!

"That should actually add more truth to my words. I am an enemy to the Undead. They can't reach me and thus they cursed me. The Great Emperor Bonet helped me to become free from their grasp," Skullius said giving respectful lows when mentioning Bonet.

The fox narrowed its eyes.

It didn't buy it, but to be cursed in this manner did give the notion that this fellow was not buddy buddy with the Undead. At least with a particularly powerful undead.

Nevertheless, the fox didn't read too much into it. He wasn't a guardian of the Tremur Forest like Azila who needed to pay attention to details such as these that may cause potential tragedies outside of the Undead.

It was merely an excuse to not overthink actually.

He didn't need to think too much about collective benefit. He had been freed and that was all that mattered.

"It seems I won't be able to give a specific gift as your reward. Do tell me. What do you wish for?"

Skullius' socket flames turned serene.

'Seems like a dodged a bullet. Wait! What's a bullet?! Gah, whatever! This thing is pretty generous, asking me for anything I want! Well...

I guess I should use my head a bit more for this,' Skullius thought.

He didn't ask for anything grand. He gave it some thought and after a brief moment, his mind churned out the most reasonable thing to ask for.

Considering that he had this troublesome curse on his non-existent ass, he thought this request would be easier to get as well.

The answer he had come to had been reached after the image of a particularly murderous Bone Boar appeared in Skullius' mind...

Chapter 104: Counting The Boons

A tall, armoured Skullius ran at full speed within the thick forest.

He had long left the abrupt setting of the valley in the middle of the Tremur Forest and was on his way to retrieve the beloved Red Rage.

His figure zipped through the trees as his speed after evolution was vastly superior to its prior state.

As he dashed without a shred of fatigue being found anywhere within him, another figure that ran a short distance ahead of him giving the Penetrator a delightful sense of security that he carried with each step.

It was an ethereal fox with half Skullius' height.

It had a beautiful mix of white and orange on its ethereal body like tendrils of smoke, dark eyes making the look more artistic to say the least.

This was what Skullius had asked for and it turned out that it was indeed easy for the Grinning Jester Fox to grant it.

Skullius had requested for safe passage to the location he had been in before he was 'abducted' by Benzard and his group.

The UNCoddled curse, according to a more detailed deduction by the fox seemed to affect an individual based on their contribution and level of strength.

It was just an assumption.

If the curse was a threat to a creature as powerful as the fox then it was extremely deadly to everyone else under its level.

Also, any personal or close form of help to Skullius would incite danger on the helper.

Thus, to assist Skullius, the fox had created this ethereal form that shared a small portion of its power to protect him so that he wouldn't be besieged by powerful beasts until he reached his destination.

Skullius couldn't quite remember the way he and the others had come from but since he had mentioned that he had an encounter with Azila, the fox told him that he would probably find where exactly he was looking for if it left him around the Ape's general territory.

This development had lead to the current one where Skullius was journeying with the ethereal fox.

"Are you not interested in returning to the Labyrinth?" the fox asked.

Skullius turned to the creature mildly surprised at its sudden words.

After exiting the Labyrinth, he truly hadn't wanted to think anymore about it for a while, not to mention, he had to face this fox right after, distracting him from the matter entirely.

On top of that, why would he return?

"Even if I can go back why would I? Besides, I didn't see the gate. How would I even go back in?"

"If it was advertised so openly how would it be the secret location of a powerful expert who existed many years ago? As the one with the power of Fulgardt's class, you have the natural right to enter and leave as you please," the fox said. "Hmm. Besides, there is more to that place than you'd expect."

"Oh..." Skullius said.

Was there really anything other than a bunch of imprisoned warriors in there?

The fox's response also made Skullius remember how he had used the Keys along with Sause to open a way out of the Labyrinth.

Was that unnecessary?

No.

'Right. I can't access the new class in my Penetrator form. I probably wouldn't be recognised.'

"I'll probably return in the future. I don't have the strength nor the basic knowledge to understand some of the things in that place," he said.

The fox turned its head towards him and grinned, this time in actual amusement.

"If that's the only reason you could have asked me to help you kill all the pathetic weaklings in this place. You'd gain a substantial amount of strength within the day through all the cumulative mana. What's more, I have vast amounts of knowledge myself," it said.

"That true, but I feel its more attractive to learn it all on my own outside this place, bro," Skullius said, withholding the real reason why he wanted to get the flesh out of here.

He preferred to learn the way Serenity told him to.

With the situation having drifted its way towards his strength, Skullius scrutinised his status now that he wasn't in a tense battle or a serious negotiation, either of the two which had proven to be extremely stressful.

He immediately noticed that the skill for his [Vehement Bone Nullmancer] class that had been hidden had finally been unlocked!

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[Bringer of All | Lv.1]

As a powerful existence that lords over his apostles and digests the concepts of mana, draw yourself and your Apostles together using a single non-Null Life Skill as a base to create a unique variation of a 'Bringer of All'.

<Current combination limit – 1 Apostle>

Mana Requirements: 5000 Mana Points, 5000 Null Life Essence Points

Duration: 5 minutes

Cooldown: 15 days

~~~

'BRO! What's with that cost?!' Skullius thought. He barely even understood what the skill could do.

He had gotten a shit ton of skills in the past 30 minutes and was still trying to process them all.

Seeing as he couldn't use this [Bringer of All] skill yet, Skullius decided to check in with his other skills which had all levelled up after his evolution.

This only applied to the skills that he had received after he became a Null Lifeform and pretty much confirmed that evolution was a free ticket to levelling up his skills. Those that had the capability to evolve anyway.

[Unbound] had its duration of effect increased for Basic Random Upgrades from 5 to 6 minutes, which really wasn't much of a thing to be excited about really. Skullius wasn't into those basic upgrades anymore anyway. The permanent ones were the way to go though he would see in the future that he was heavily mistaken.

[Apostle Summon] had a significant change. The limit for the Apostles Skullius could summon had increased to 2!

This meant that with each level, he would gain a slot for another summon!

This would have made Skullius really happy but how to evolve these skills was still up in the wind.

'Couldn't I have used the corpse of that thing with the large sword? Oh, right! The skill says I can only summon from those I killed myself.'

Nevertheless, he couldn't wait to summon another Apostle when he found a worthy candidate.

[Apostle Armament] also had the number of skills Skullius could grant to his Apostles increase by 1 which was actually pretty good.

[Depths of Core] didn't change at all. At least there didn't seem to be a change. Apparently, the limit was still a blue core and Skullius was interested in trying this out now that he had sufficient mana for it.

What was the difference between cores?

The Penetrator chose not to use the skill while the fox was around as he was afraid of what it would do. Skullius got the feeling that this skill was a pretty big deal.

'Nice. I wonder if this will be enough for me to survive out there. Oh... I also have that stuff,' Skullius thought.

Within his armour storage was a myriad of items.

The Voiding Key, the All Eater scroll, Sause's nail, the chest he had taken from the room behind the spiral grove door, two spatial storages rings and some other treasures.

After Skullius had evolved, he checked the two chests within the room. He was able to open the first one immediately, finding the All Eater scroll and some other artefacts that he decided to sit down and check later as their descriptions were too intricate.

The second one however, didn't budge nomatter how much strength he used when trying to open it.

It was only after he used the guidance field that he found out that he had to use [Evil Darkness] and [Just Light] to open it which was frustrating as [Flesh It Like You Mean It] was on cooldown!

The spatial storage rings were from Reon and Denille.

Skullius took out Reon's and claimed ownership of it after injecting mana into it.

When he felt the familiar feeling of himself being connected to it, his consciousness picked up the contents of the space within the ring.

There were 13 cores of different quality from the beasts that Benzard and his group had killed along with some coins, food in the form of meats and bread as well as parts of the various beasts.

Denille's ring had 2 cores and a few coins, the crest that Eobald had given him along with the Arcane Teleportation Scroll.

The other item worthy of note within Skullius' armour was a particular sword he had taken from the Labyrinth.

A blueish curved blade with a golden hilt.

Demion's Dance!

Skullius had taken the sword before opening a portal to Denille's position with Sause.

He had wanted to use [Unbound] on it but he was afraid of finding the sword to lose its skills which he wanted the most.

His fight with Benzard had solidified the fact that he needed to learn how to fight instead of just throwing his skills around like a sockethole.

He felt that Demion's Dance which allowed him to use the fighting style of this Demion guy who seemed to be pretty famous, could get him a good start in the art of fighting.

Skullius stored the sword. Perhaps he could find someone who could restore it to its peak.

After taking in all this while sprinting, Skullius noticed the fox slowing down its pace.

He looked ahead to find out what had made it decelerate and he saw that the terrain was changing a few meters ahead.

There was a meadow in the distance, populated by strange creatures which noticed the approach of Skullius and the fox from the distance.

Skullius' senses flared as his expansive [Basic Mana Manipulation] skill sensed the powerful presences these creatures exuded.

They had established a community just like the goblins but they were in no way as weak...

Chapter 105: Smooth Passage

In the vast meadowland, tall humanoid creatures turned their heads towards Skullius and the Grinning Jester Fox while prowling within the long grasses.

Dozens of these creatures could be seen within the immediate surrounding portion of the place, their bodies being made up of roots, vines and grasses of different colours that were joined so firmly that if one saw them without giving much attention they would think that these creatures were humans.

The limbs and other body parts were very human-like which further sold the idea; legs, arms, eyes, nose, mouth, but the two who were looking on were not fooled.

"What are these things?" Skullius asked the fox.

"Vine Prowlers. This is their spawning habitat. It's here that they are formed, woven from the finest greens that have been nurtured by the high concentration of mana. The ones you can use are still young," the fox explained.

Skullius took out the Baleful Gale Reaper, preparing to engage just in case any of the creatures managed to reach him despite his hired protection.

They hadn't come across any creatures since their departure from the valley and Skullius didn't know how strong this ethereal version of the Grinning Jester Fox was.

"They are... pretty creepy..." Skullius remarked.

"Indeed. They are usually born strong unlike the beasts in other spawn areas on the outer parts of the forest and they chose to stay in these meadowlands. Hmm. Taking humanoid forms prevents them from reaching their true potential. What a waste."

SCHREEEEEEEEEE!

One of the Vine Prowlers screeched and bolted towards Skullius and the fox!

Its speed was incredible as it raced through the grasses and flowers while its face contorted to become a maw with wriggling grasses and roots that dripped with a potent looking poison!

With the Prowler's charge came the arousal of the others that also rushed forward and screeched as they attacked the intruders to their habitat without a shred of hesitation.

With the use of [Basic Mana Manipulation], Skullius could tell that these guys were way stronger than the Darewolves and the fox had said that there were still young ones?

These things were near the level of Onumbassssss, except without blue cores!

As the Prowlers approached, Skullius' body producing streaks of Silentburn Levin, the fox suddenly stepped forward languidly.

"You don't need to interfere. I was quite happy with your request to me as it is actually quite beneficial to me too," the fox said before opening its mouth wide.

DUUM!

Skullius along with all the Prowlers felt an powerful grip that pulled on the atmosphere!

'Wh...'

Before Skullius could express his thought, he saw the surroundings within a 300 meter radius before him and the fox warp and be drawn towards the ethereal creature that opened its mouth wide!

The Prowlers, the grasses and all vegetation within the area was violently pulled into the mouth of the fox, Skullius seeing the human-like creatures wear distorted expressions of shock as they were devoured!

As this vacuuming took place, the body of the fox didn't change at all and even if what it devoured was larger than its maw, that didn't stop it from being taken in without a hitch.

After a full minute, the process finally ended with the fox having a content look on its face.

"..."

Skullius had no words.

He looked at the aftermath, seeing the clear ground devoid of any living thing, ditches and holes marring its surface after deep roots had been dug out within a large area.

"Don't mind me. I've been guarding a Labyrinth for thousands of years without having the opportunity to feed on anything other than my own mana. I think I deserve a snack," the fox said as it turned to Skullius.

"I.... see," Skullius said, his flames dancing timidly. He tore himself out of his stupor when the fox started to move on.

Such a show of strength was terrifying!

Even now, his [Basic Mana Manipulation] was picking up a very faint signature of mana, most of it having been devoured too!

What an appetite!

Skullius followed the fox.

He became apprehensive but also curious.

"How did you sustain yourself for all these years br- I mean Great Fox? You're not an undead who doesn't need to feed," Skullius asked with a heavy sense of respect detectable in his voice.

The fox was amused.

"A beast at my level doesn't need to run around the forest looking for food voraciously like a common wolf. I can sustain myself by staying within my Majestic Territory in its passive state," the fox said while linking its teeth.

"A Majestic Territory..." Skullius mumbled as he thought to himself.

He had been one of the few to enter two Majestic Territories and come out unscathed despite his weaker level.

Heck, he even had the privilege of being able to experience the wonderful feeling of projecting one through Eldris and that was a power he longed to get in the future.

The more it was mentioned, the more Skullius really wanted to have one of his own.

Unfortunately, he didn't know much about Territories but this was probably a good opportunity to ask.

Politely that is.

"What exactly is a Majestic Territory? How do I obtain it, great and powerful fox who promised to help me reach my destination safely?" he asked with his four sockets flames dancing excitedly.

"Hmm," the fox shook its head. "I presume you have experience with a Territory for you to have such a bland reaction. It is hard to explain such a concept as it is far above you. Furthermore, it is much easier for beasts to obtain it as it is a concept that humans mastered from us."

"Oh..." Skullius jerked a little.

"Indeed. To us, a Territory is sacred. It is not only for offense. It is a haven that we can use to sustain ourselves. Beasts such as guardians, like Azila, use it as a method to preserve the environment from their overwhelming power. Hiding their existence while only watching from a hidden space," said the beast.

Skullius looked at the land the two had left behind which was broken and dilapidated.

"You don't seem to care for the environment," Skullius commented.

"Of course not. I'm only interested in appealing to my instinct instead of conforming to human-like nature. I'm a beast after all. However, those conformists outnumber beasts like me. Therefore, I'll have to limit how much I eat before they show up with their preservation nonsense."

The fox picked up its speed, prompting Skullius to do the same.

The two resumed running at full speed while Skullius mulled over what the fox had said. He already knew but the fact that he had barely seen anything yet was hammered home.

He witnessed more instances of the Prowlers being devoured by the ethereal fox multiple times before they eventually left the spawning ground, returning to the thick forestry.

The two met beast after beast, the fox devouring them all which denied Skullius the chance to take in their Null Life Essence.

The Penetrator could only scowl.

There were instances where the fox killed its prey first and Skullius took the chance to absorb the Null Life Essence, but they were rare and the Penetrator only netted a few hundred points.

It was also hard to reach far places without the staff to increase his range but it was what it was.

Skullius felt like asking the fox to save some for him would be problematic and raise the curiosity of the fox.

What he didn't know was that the fox was already deeply curious about him too.

An un-undead that looked like an undead?

A nonhuman that had inherited a legacy for humans?

This was a formula for something new to be birthed in the world.

The fox hadn't ignored the streams of Silentburn Levin that Skullius had released before.

Its advanced vision had caused it to see that it wasn't the usual lightning it was used to seeing.

Why hadn't the fox inquired about all of this?

Well, it was simple.

The Penetrator had to pass through grand ordeals to prove his existence.

What good was gaining interest in this stack of bones if it couldn't withstand the test of time?

Aigas was large and there were many powerhouses and mysteries that exceeded even Skullius in the eyes of the fox.

If this un-undead could rise to be a part of them, then the fox would be intrigued enough to follow up.

The two journeyed for some hours before leaving the thick and entering the sparsely vegetated and less extravagant areas near the edge of the Tremur Forest.

This journey had taken Skullius and the humans plenty of hours because they had to avoid dangerous places but it had taken less now.

Skullius realised through this journey that the long expedition to the Labyrinth of the Yoke had only led them closer to the middle of the Tremur Forest!

That valley they had entered was a few miles from the middle of the forest and hundreds away from the deepest parts!

'How big is this place?' Skullius questioned.

Soon, he and the fox stood on a cliff while overlooking the scenery below.

"This should be fine. I'm sure you can handle the beasts in this area on your own."

"Gotcha, br- great fox bro. I guess I should say... thanks?" Skullius said while titling his head.

"Hmm. That is not necessary. This is where we part," the fox said as it turned. "Be sure to remember that the next time we meet, it might not be as peace ridden as this. However, I do expect much from you, successor of Fulgardt."

The fox vanished from Skullius' view leaving him with a lot to think about. He had obtained a lot of information on the way here but he put it all to the back of his skull and jumped down from the cliff without hesitation.

The view from up had given him a better appreciation of the land and through this he had noticed certain hints to where he needed to go.

One of them was a river that divided a portion of the forest and Skullius reckoned that it was the same one he had seen along the goblins' settlement.

While this didn't exactly narrow down his search significantly, it was definitely a good start, especially when Skullius considered that he and the fox hadn't deviated that much from the course he and Benzard's group had taken.

The Penetrator rushed through the forest while following the river.

He made sure to keep his flames peeled in order to notice even the finest details.

As he rushed along, he came across a few creatures that where a cross between men and dogs.

They looked to be hunting as they donned rags and wielded crude weapons.

Upon noticing Skullius, they pounced on him.

"This whole presence less thing is really problematic," Skullius said before willing the Chains of Damnation to take care of these fodder.

The ravenous beasts that attacked him with greed and hunger in their reddened eyes barely saw a dark flash that swiped across, turning their group of fifteen into mince while splitting apart a few trees!

Skullius didn't feel anything from such an exchange, the aftermath leaving him without much of a stimulation.

Even as notifications popped in his vision of how he had gained experience, Skullius wasn't excited.

It was... boring.

He sighed and moved on, picking up his speed as he turned into a blur that none of the creatures he came across could react to.

The measly amount of points they would give were nothing compared to his current objective anyway.

Skullius was eager to get his bro back.

That eagerness was soon fulfilled as Skullius, after an hour of searching, finally saw a familiar spot.

Chapter 106: Reviving The Bro!

Skullius saw dead Darewolves sprinkled over a somewhat moist ground and knew that he was close.

He dashed forward and covered the distance from this place and to the site where he had buried Red Rage in five minutes.

This was it. He was almost there. The anticipation he felt was intense.

The loneliness had been real.

He had to be strong all this time while being surrounded by enemies without any form of backup.

Now, it would be different.

Upon reaching the familiar spot, he felt strange.

It seemed like forever ago when all the events he remembered had happened and yet...

He looked around, his vision seeing further than he had been able to the last time he was here.

From here, he could see the goblin settlement that was roughly a hundred meters away with better clarity, the burnt remains making me feel like this could have been him in another reality.

Trampled by the strong while he could do nothing to resist.

He was in this same boat actually. The Doom Factors and his tie to a power that he didn't fully understand was proof of this.

As Skullius looked at the charred remains, he saw a surprisingly sight.

Or rather, the sight was surprising because he was familiar with what it contained.

Even though it wasn't exactly clear because of the distance, he saw a goblin that wasn't burnt to a crisp like the rest.

It was kneeling beside two unrecognisable and burnt stumps while a sword impaled his chest, protruding from the back.

The sword's end supported its body from the back, allowing for the goblin's body to stay steady in its kneeling posture.

This goblin had undoubtedly committed suicide and Skullius knew this creature.

It was Shirota.

'To think this is where I started but where some met their end...' Skullius thought before turning his gaze away.

He didn't care about the dead, only the Null living.

He looked at the bulge on the ground where Red Rage was buried and crouched down. He used his armoured hands and began digging away the dirt.

Soon, the image of the tusked boar skeleton with a fur hood appear and Skullius pulled it out.

He looked at Red Rage and couldn't help but acknowledge that he had definitely faced too much without this bloodthirsty, disobedient yet lovable sidekick.

He laid Red Rage on the ground.

"Wait... how do I wake him up?" Skullius asked himself.

He stored his helmet in the armour storage and began scratching his skull as he brainstormed.

"Maybe if I inject mana...?"

A stream of mana poured from Skullius' finger releasing a bright tint on the ground and flowed into Red Rage but nothing happened even after a full ten seconds of injection.

Skullius shook his head.

No. This wasn't it.

"I guess mana won't do. What about Null Life Essence then?"

This hadn't been his first option because manipulating Null Life Essence wasn't something he could do like he did with mana. Aside from igniting it on his body and using it for skills, he couldn't really do much with it. At least without the staff.

Skullius grabbed Red Rage by the skull and focused on the energy that he stole from dead bodies within him.

A blue flame-like construct bloomed from his hand and shrouded Red Rage's skull. The sensation of Null Life Essence had been clear to Skullius after he had used it take the skills from the two staves back then hence doing something like this wasn't hard.

[Apostle 'Red Rage' is currently resting in the embrace of Serenity. Would you like to wake him up?]

"Yes, wake that bastard up!" Skullius bellowed.

A flash of light coursed through Red Rage's eyes as soon as Skullius gave his affirmation to the notification that had popped up in his vision.

Red Rage's sockets flared with a blue light like bright torches and soon, the Bone Boar was awakened, his body quivering with Null Life!

Skullius removed his hand after seeing the successful return of his bro.

He wanted to smile but unfortunately, his form didn't support such an action.

He stood and watched as the now vastly shorter figure of his Apostle lifted himself up and looked up at him.

"Red bro..." Skullius said affectionately, his arms subconsciously opening wide.

Red Rage's sockets beamed with a brighter light as the Apostle suddenly walked forward and opened its arms wide too.

Skullius crouched down to accommodate his follower, not stopping to wonder about this instinctive action he was performing.

When the two were merely four inches from each other, Skullius expecting the Bone Boar to also be pleased to see him just like he was...

"Huh?"

Red Rage had halted his advance midway and turned back to his grave.

"What the..."

The Apostle pushed away the weapons that Skullius had buried along with it in the grave and comfortably laid down, pulling in dirt to cover itself.

Skullius.... was enraged.

Red Rage didn't pay him any mind. In a matter of seconds, he was once again covered up, sinking deeper into the hole.

"YOU SOCKETHOLE!!!" Skullius yelled as he dug his arm into the covered grave, pulled Red Rage out and kicked the short figure away!

Red Rage smashed against a tree and cracked many of his bones!

He fell and lay down motionlessly.

Skullius rushed over and began giving the insolent bastard an 'earful'.

"Have you any idea what I had to go through to get back here you idiot?! You want to go back to rest after I worked my pelvis off to survive and get back here to find you?! If you weren't my Apostle I would use [Damnation] and send you down to wherever the flesh they take you! Are you even listening you sockethole?!"

Red Rage stood up and patted away the dirt on his bones before giving a vicious nod to Skullius who didn't buy the response at all.

If he had been in his Discount Human form, there would no doubt be a throbbing vein on the side of his head right now.

Still, his bright and magnified flames which depicted his wrath dimmed as he calmed down.

He was really disappointed.

After showing his vulnerable side, this sockethole had just...

"Listen up! We are getting out of this place and entering into the human world. We need to learn more about how everything works. When we do go to these places, I want you on your best behaviour. No senseless killing and no disobeying my orders. You'll get us erased and I don't want that.

You hear me bro?"

Red Rage nodded.

Skullius could have just send this order to Red Rage telepathically but being vocal really helped him settle his fury.

Seeing and feeling Red Rage's nonchalant really made him bitter and he found himself questioning why this ungrateful bastard was so privileged with all that ridiculous... talent, if that was the correct term to call it.

"Right! That blessing of Serenity. I should be able to see what it's about now, right?"

Skullius summoned Red Rage's status panel.

~~~

[Blessing of Serenity]

A blessed package given to the first named Apostle of the Nullmancer. It is a congratulatory and supplementary package that serves to support the Nullmancer to boost the long range preference of this class holder. The blessing is manifested through the Apostle of the Nullmancer.

It comprises of two gifts given to the summoned Apostle.

-

[Basic Murder Arts | Lv.3]

<Passive>

The summoned Apostle becomes very adept at killing all creatures, living or dead instinctively either through quick and merciful or slow and cruel means. Knowledge on how to kill any organisms is granted and refined with an increase in the level.

---

[Prodigy]

An aspect of the Blessing of Serenity that allows the summoned Apostle to quickly learn skills, movements or concepts it has seen and experienced at 250% the normal speed.

~~~

"Wow... and here I thought I was cheating..." Skullius said.. dumbfounded. What a reveal. It effectively made him feel bad about himself.

No wonder this bastard was able to learn skills so quickly!

No wonder he was so murderous!

No wonder he was so full of himself!

Such a blessing given to this rebellious bastard.

"This is definitely not undeath," Skullius said, looking at the unreasonable Bone Boar. Perhaps if he had known that being a Nullmancer was so much work he would have chosen differently.

Unfortunately for him, he recalled clearly how the guidance field had strickly warned that he wouldn't be able to change his class.

Sigh.

Now that he learned of this and desensitised himself to the ridiculousness, it was time to make his follower stronger.

What was the use of an Apostle if it couldn't even help its master? It was literally the followers purpose and Skullius aimed to make it count.

"You should be grateful, I'm about to bless you with a ton of experience!" Skullius said grandly while his dark blue skull released tiny bursts of Levin.

Chapter 107: Bolstering The Nullmancer's Apostle (1)

It had become a thing after Skullius had gained his other self in the Discount Human form, that the guidance field would ask him where he would like allocate his Exp.

However, after his hours' long journey with the Grinning Jester Fox, Skullius had discovered that he was free to use his Exp however he liked, as long as it pertained to him.

The issue of levelling up Red Rage after reviving him had been something he was really looking forward to and he had searched for a way to make it possible.

Luckily for him, it wasn't too hard as the guidance field had showed him that his class, [Vehement Bone Nullmancer], took the issue of him and his Apostles being very closely linked seriously.

Therefore, sharing his Exp was possible, especially when it was all pooled up, ready for him to use.

As for his current amount of Exp...

~~~

[ Exp : 3,758,480 ]

~~~

This seemed like a lot, but only Skullius knew better.

Three times the amount of experience required for each subsequent level was a pain in the pelvis.

Spending this Exp on himself would be a complete waste as for him, it wouldn't even net him more than a single level.

Once again, Skullius wondered just how far did this experience thing go?

Red Rage jumped up and down in excitement.

Levelling up and reaching its master's level?

That was incredibly exciting.

"Now you want to be active, you sockethole?" Skullius said with unveiled rage. "Let's get this over with."

For him and Red Rage, a total of 983,740 cumulative mana experience points was required to level up from Level 1 to Level 10.

Since Red Rage was not starting from scratch, it wouldn't take that much but a lot would still be drawn from the pool.

"Transfer enough Exp to Red Rage to reach Level 10," Skullius commanded the guidance field.

A burst of mana exploded from Red Rage creating a mini storm that blasted outwards, roaring against the atmosphere.

Red Rage's sockets flickered before they released a bright luminesce which light up Skullius' armour.

Skullius looked at all this unimpressed, waiting for it to end so that he could get on to the important stuff.

[Apostle 'Red Rage' has broken past many hurdles and reached LV10. Apostle 'Red Rage' is now able to evolve into the First Tier of power. Do you accept?]

"Yep, let's do this," Skullius affirmed.

[Loading possible evolution options for 'Null Lifeform (Bone Boar)'...]

[Possible evolution options for Tier 1:]

"Skip those creepy details!" Skullius immediately yelled before the marketing information appeared instead of the actual useful stuff.

~~~

[Abominable Pelvis Boar-Man]

A powerful Bone variant whose main strength lies in sturdiness. The Pelvis Boar-Man has a powerful body that cannot be easily damaged. However, the bulk of its uniqueness lies in the fact that it has the traits of the pelvis actualised into attributes and qualities. All forms of damage are transmitted through its body and down to the ground, nullifying much of their effect.

It can naturally expand its bones as well as toughen them to protect itself. Its most unique trait is the ability to 'Balance'. The Pelvis Boar-Man can equalise an exchange with most opponents, bringing a fight to a more or less equal match up.

(Due to its unique powers, the Abominable Pelvis Boar-Man has inherited a flaw to balance its existence among the natives of different worlds.

The Abominable Pelvis Boar-Man **MUST NOT** punish those who do not deserve it and only deliver justice to those that are in the wrong. Failure to adhere to this will call upon The Anchor from "%#\$!" for judgement.)

—

<Stats>

+1400 Mana

+300 Strength

+130 Agility

+1000 Health

+50 Intelligence

<Skills>

-Tusks of Justice

-Brilliant Boar Balance Buckler

-Pelvis Boar-Man Majestic Attire

-Hero's Fist

-Hero's Hero

—

If you choose this race, you will have multiple evolution choices within this series all the way up to "&#x2191".

-Possibility of gaining a Supreme Skill in the next evolutions.

---

[False-Hope Bone Devil]

An evil bone variant that revels in destruction and excessive cruelty. The False-Hope Bone Devil has the natural ability to manipulate and assimilate all bones as well as obtain features of the creature that the bones belong to. It is also closely linked to "%@#%!" unlike most species, being able to summon its two most vile servants 'Giratosh' and 'Levatis' in accordance to its level.

The False-Hope Bone Devil has a good balance of power and speed being mostly great at offense.

(Due to its unique powers, the False-Hope Bone Devil has inherited a flaw to balance its existence among the natives of different worlds.

The False-Hope Bone Devil MUST devour 1,000 souls every three days. Failure to do so will cause the Bone Devil to turn transform into the Hope-Ridden Useless Saint for a full day.)

-

<Stats>

+2000 Mana

+175 Strength

+200 Agility

+500 Health

+100 Intelligence

<Skills>

-True Malevolent Ascendance

-False Bone Amalgamation

-Summon: Null Devil

-Bitter-Sweet Hell's Inferno

-Hellscape Creation

-

If you choose this race, you will have multiple evolution choices within this series all the way up to "&#x2191".

-Possibility of gaining a Veneration art in the next evolutions.

---

[Anonymous Deity Avatar]

A very special bone variant with the sole ability of forcing any Deity into making itself the Deity's Avatar. An Avatar is a representative, a voice, a follower. When the Anonymous Deity Avatar becomes the Avatar of a Deity, it gains all the core of their powers and traits, gaining strength that exceeds its level by leaps and bounds. The Deity Avatar can become an Avatar to a maximum of two Deities.

Prior to finding a Deity to force into a contract, the Anonymous Deity Avatar has no special qualities that taints it before it eventually receives the boons from its target.

(Due to its unique powers, Anonymous Deity Avatar has inherited a flaw to balance its existence among the natives of different worlds.

The Anonymous Deity Avatar CANNOT inherit any new skills or unique powers other than its class and Avatar attributes.)

-



If you choose this race, you will have multiple evolution choices within this series all the way up to "&#x2191;".

-Possibility of gaining advanced powers from Deities.

~~~

"Wait! Wait! Wait! BRO! How did this bastard gain much more interesting evolutions than me?!" Skullius blurted as he alternated his gaze between his guidance field screen and Red Rage.

"Aren't I the master?! Is this another hidden advantage of that [Blessing of Serenity]?!"

The evolutions that had popped up for Red Rage seemed more insane than his own.

They were extraordinarily unique!

However...

"Hmmm... I have a choice to make and it's pretty hard," Skullius quit complaining and relaxed his mind. This was tricky.

First of all, the Pelvis Man evolution had returned and it was slightly different, no doubt to accommodate Red Rage who was a boar.

This made Skullius wonder what was so unique about. Its flaw was a bit different too.

While it was cool to see, Skullius was more interested in the other two.

The False-Hope Bone Devil and the Anonymous Deity Avatar.

The False-Hope Bone Devil's ability to assimilate any bones and even gain the creature's traits was really interesting, to say the least. It could also summon minions that seemed to be overpowered too.

Skullius couldn't help but smile bitterly.

Unfortunately there were a lot of downsides to this evolution, especially if Skullius linked it to Red Rage.

As far as he knew, Red Rage's personality was shaped by his skills and the [Blessing of Serenity].

His gift as an expert killer was probably the one that made the little sockethole a murderous fool.

If he gifted that Boar this evolution with loved destruction and excessive cruelty...

Skullius turned to Red Rage who gave him a big thumbs and shivered.

"I can't... he'll kill everything that he sees..." Skullius mumbled.

This bro was already hard to control. There's no one he could choose that for him.

"I can't believe this evolution offers my Bitter-Sweet Hell's Inferno though. That's unexpected. So that skill belongs to the False-Hope Bone Devil? Also, with this evolution you can summon the Null Devil? Gah! There's too much I don't know!"

These two skills had shocked Skullius. Perhaps this answered his question on where the skills and armour from [Unbound] came from, but that was all he could figure out at the moment.

Still though, Skullius brought his thoughts back to the objective.

The other downside of the False-Hope Bone Devil was its flaw.

Where on earth would he find 1,000 souls?!

What was this Hope-Ridden Useless Saint anyway? It sounded like a trash creature without a single redeeming quality.

The Anonymous Deity Avatar was another cool evolution. Skullius didn't know much about Deities except for the crumbs he had heard from powerful existence that hailed them as absurdly strong beings.

Benzard had once said something about them too.

If Red Rage could forcibly make a Deity give him his powers that would insane. What more if he succeeded with 2 of them!

However...

"Before that... this sockethole will be useless to me! He'll be deadweight! At that point he might as well roll over in a grave and sleep!" Skullius bellowed once more.

Red Rage wouldn't even be able to learn any other skills until he found a Deity to contract, as the status said.

These bloody flaws were too much.

With all these things considered, Skullius really wanted to choose between these two evolutions. Any one of these would allow him to have a powerful helper at his side but...

Skullius was about to venture into unknown territory. He didn't need a murderous skeleton as his backup or a trash stack of bones that couldn't assist him in a tough fight until he figured out what a Deity truly was.

Besides, he had the chance to gain more Apostles in the future. He would risk having one with one of these evolutions someday but for now, the rational choice was to choose an evolution that balanced out Red Rage.

"You need to chill the flesh out, bro. This is for your own good. Besides, you're always going to overpowered with that blessing of yours," Skullius said before he ultimately made his choice for the Boar that was still extending its hand in a thumbs up.

"Let's go with the Abominable Pelvis Boar-Man."

Chapter 108: Bolstering The Nullmancer's Apostle (2)

The air crackled as a magnificent air began to overtake Red Rage, his frame growing larger and taller in stark contrast to his previous smaller form.

Now Skullius looked on in anticipation to see just what the Pelvis Boar-Man would look like.

The crude and torn leather armours that Red Rage wore were ripped apart as the newly forming Abominable Pelvis Boar-Man emerged!

Red Rage's shade of colour turned into a dark grey one that gleamed like a stainless steel, almost reflecting its surroundings like a mirror!

The fur hood that Red Rage had on fell off and its figure became more humanoid, its elongated snout receding quite a bit but ultimately still having its tusks that gained a golden colour.

A thick chin appeared on Red Rage's face with a deep division, prompting for the growth of a sharp jawline.

Red Rage's arms and legs got longer, its hands and feet no longer looking like those of a child.

From its sockets that became skewed upwards, the blue glow was replaced by a golden one, Red Rage jutting its chest outwards where a peculiar symbol appeared, traced along the ribs; a 'U' like shape with a 'T' across it.

This symbol glowed with incessant golden wisps that swayed smoothly, drawing most of Skullius' attention.

He was dumbfounded when he saw the sheen, the glow and sturdy appearance of Red Rage as he brought his balled, bony hands to his pelvis, which looked strangely cool, and stood in a heroic stance while his chin was lifted high.

"The... the True Boneman of Steel!" Skullius exclaimed almost wishing he could bow and show reverence to those bones.

He quickly caught himself however and pretended to cough awkwardly.

[Congratulations! Apostle 'Red Rage' has evolved into Tier 1, becoming an 'Abominable Pelvis Boar-Man]

[Apostle 'Red Rage' has gained 1400 Mana]

[... has gained 1000 Health]

[... has gained 300 Strength]

[... has gained 130 Agility]

[... has gained 50 Intelligence]

[Apostle 'Red Rage' has gained 'Abominable Pelvis Boar-Man' exclusive skills]

[Apostle 'Red Rage' gains the skill 'Null Extraction']

[All standard Lifeform skills have levelled up]

"Woow... that's a lot of stuff for one Bone Boa- I mean Pelvis Boar-Man," said Skullius with a nod.
"You look pretty cool."

Red Rage looked to Skullius and gave him a heroic thumbs up, a notification that Skullius hadn't seen in a while appearing in his vision.

[Apostle 'Red Rage' approves of your compliment and your decision. +50 Favourability]

"... Uhhh... okay, bro. I guess I can't stay made at you if you start behaving well like this," Skullius said with a nod of approval before pulling up the Pelvis Boar-Man's status.

~~~

[ Name : Red Rage ]

[ Tier : 1 ]

[ Apostle Trait : None ]

[ Rank : None ]

[ Class : None ]

[ Level : 1 ]

[ Race : Abominable Pelvis Boar-Man ]

[ Inv. Status : Seeks to dish out Justice ]

-----

[ Stats ]

[ Strength : 355 ]

[Agility : 185 ]

[ Intelligence : 96 ]

[ Endurance : Infinite ]

[ Luck : 5 ]

-----

[ Health : 1100/1100 ]

-----

[ Mana : 1510/1510 ]

-----

[ Skills ]

[ Null Life Aura | Lv. 2 ]

[ Storming Charge | Lv. 1 ]

[ Dead End | Lv. 1 ]

[ Flash Throw | Lv. 2 ]

[ Swift Stab | Lv. 1 ]

[ Dash in Dust | Lv. 2 ]

[ Climb | Lv. 1 ]

[ Basic Bow Mastery | Lv.3 ]

[ Blessing of Serenity ]

<Racial>

[ Tusks of Justice | Lv.1 ]

[ Brilliant Boar Balance Buckler | Lv.1 ]

[ Pelvis Boar-Man Majestic Attire | Lv.1 ]

[ Hero's Fist | Lv.1 ]

[ Hero's Hero | Lv.1 ]

~~~

"Ohhh... You have some new features too? Apostle Trait and Rank? I guess we're far from discovering everything about our abilities Red bro," Skullius said with a deep sigh.

The Pelvis Boar-Man that looked up at him seemed proud.

His frame was still taller than Red Rage's, but at least they looked relative now with the Abominable Pelvis Boar-Man having a height of approximately 1.8 meters.

"You even got [Null Extraction] which is insane. What will use Null Essence for though? Makes me remember that there is a skill I haven't used on you that I feel I should start paying attention to."

Skullius was referring to [Apostle Armament].

Another notification appeared in his vision.

[Apostle 'Red Rage' is now legible to obtain a class. Do you accept?]

"Oh right! I almost forgot! I guess that makes sense. Show us the stuff!"

~~~

[Available classes for 'Abominable Pelvis Boar-Man']



-

[Valiant BoneKnight]

The one who walks the path of honour and the sword, mastering its taste, feel and makeup to the point of making it an extension of the self. With Null Life in tow, one who walks this path will not fail to cut everything apart after he gains:

<Stats>

+50 Strength

+100 Mana

+50 Agility

<Skills>

-Brave Bone Sword Art

-Threefold Quick

-BoneKnight Code

-Call to Duty

---

[Temper Skull Hegemon]

True power lies in the bone, not the flesh. Transcend the limits of mortal strength with your body and enter the realms of power where a single fist can demolish mountains. Armies will cower at

your individual strength which warps space and severs limits. He who chooses this path will be feared after attaining:

<Stats>

+250 Strength

+70 Mana

+40 Agility

<Skills>

-Tempered Armament of the Hegemon

-Tempered Ascension

-Forged Steel Bones

-Glorious Rebirth of the Berserk Hegemon

---

[Spirit Walker]

To be a Null Lifeform means to be closer to the edge of Non-existence. A fleeting presence that can barely be perceived even by the strongest experts. The greatest enemies are ones that strike without anyone knowing of their presence. He who chooses this path will become a legend that has never been seen after attaining:

<Stats>

+150 Agility

+40 Strength

+80 Mana

<Skills>

-Shadow Assimilation

-Border of Death

-Spirit Touch

-Tranquil Messenger of Death

~~~

"Interesting. These are some interesting choices. I wonder why classes give weaker stats though. Maybe it's because we're still too weak? Anyway, the Hegemon has returned again along with the Spirit Walker which are both cool. The first one is new though," Skullius said.

All three of these matched Red Rage's style. Strength, finesse and hidden attacks.

Frankly, he was utterly stumped over which one to choose.

Given that Red Rage now had an extremely high defence, it was better to focus more on its offense, thus Skullius leaned more towards getting Red Rage one of the first two.

What was the point of becoming an assassin when you had a powerful defence and high strength but subpar speed?

Shouldn't that strength be used in frontal assaults?

Then again it was perfectly fine nomatter which class Skullius chose but, it was a hard decision.

Seeing that the choice was too hard for him, Skullius turned to Red Rage and attempted something he hadn't before.

"Can you see this?" he asked, motioning towards the guidance field status.

Red Rage nodded.

"Oh... can you understand it then?"

Red Rage shook his head.

"Damn it!" Skullius cursed.

He really didn't want to make this choice right now.

So, he simply didn't. Why force it?

"I have to see your preferences in this new form of yours before choosing a class for you. You can't change it, after all."

Red Rage nodded and gave Skullius a thumbs up.

"Great! Now we have to get out of here," Skullius said as he took out the Arcane Teleportation Scroll. He was done with the Tremur Forest, at least for now and was eager to follow Serenity's advice.

~~~

[Arcane Teleportation Scroll: Scorch]

<Rare>

An offensive and supportive item used to cross vast distances through <Stagnant Space> in a matter of seconds while simultaneously dealing fire damage to opponents.

Multiple coordinates are etched into the enchantment, allowing for one to transport themselves to any of the locations or near them depending on the amount of mana used.

Enchantment will become inactive if the user is too far away from the etched locations.

[Eofel – 300 Mana Points]

[Dihjhal – 500 Mana Points]

[Benegogue – 450 Mana Points]

~~~

Another choice awaited Skullius over which place to go to but there was no information on any of the choices thus he had to choose at random.

"Wait... actually, I can't! I can't travel in my skeleton form, which means I'm going to have to use [Flesh It Like You Mean It]. Damn it! In that Discount Human form I don't have much mana for all this," Skullius thought.

He had to go into that ridiculous form again to swiftly merge into the human society. Now that his enthusiasm over Red Rage's revival was over, he could think clearer about this.

In the Discount Human form, given the boosts he had gotten after getting Fulgardt's legacy, Skullius had roughly 400 Mana Points which was only enough to travel to Eofel.

"I guess I have no other choice. It's better to be safe. While my luck has been good so far, I don't know when it will choose to be atrocious again," Skullius said trying to bolster his desire to even go through with this.

'What's the worst that could happen?'

"Don't get freaked out okay, Red bro?"

The Abominable Pelvis Boar-Man at Skullius' side tilted its head as it looked at Skullius who removed the Null Devil's Aegis of Damnation.

He took out Denille's spatial storage ring and stored the armour within it.

"It should be safe in there."

He had noticed the robes he had worn before he had met Eobald, still where he had left them after he changed into the Green Neolist Regalia back then.

He grabbed the dirty robes as they were the one piece of clothing he had if he were to change into the Discount Human again.

"Uhm... what about Red bro? He won't be put to slumber again, will he?" Skullius asked himself.

Unexpectedly, he received a direct answer from the guidance field in the form of a notification.

[Apostle 'Red Rage' can now sustain himself even when the Nullmancer is in slumber]

"Oh...that's good," Skullius was relieved. "I wish you'd answer more of my questions just like you did just now though."

No other notification popped up.

"<Sigh>. Here goes then," Skullius said before he activated [Flesh It Like You Mean It] which had come off its 3 hour cooldown a few hours before.

['Flesh It Like You Mean It' has been activated]

Bubbles of flesh appeared on Skullius' dark blue skeletal frame and covered him in an instant, being a bit faster than when he had used the skill for the first time.

Skullius realised something as this process went on, his body becoming bathed in an invigorating energy while he received his flesh.

Soon, a generic face devoid of any detail other than a pair of grey eyes, a nose and a mouth appeared.

Short auburn hair appeared from the cosmetic flesh and sprang over his head, a standard yet weak looking naked body which was shorter than Red Rage also replacing the Penetrator.

"Urgh... this again," Skullius said with a frown but as he Red Rage's figure which was still active, he was pretty much able to stomach the rest. Mid cast he had remembered that his Discont Human body had been in a terrible state and had thus used [Luminous Healing].

He had gotten to know that using [Flesh It Like You Mean It] wouldn't heal either of his bodies when his Boneman body returned with an missing still. However, it wasn't a problem now as he focused on what was ahead.

He wouldn't be alone now.

Red Rage was confused.

He walked around Skullius a few times taking in the view with his golden sockets before giving his master... a thumbs down.

"I know bro. Flesh is the worst. That much we can both agree on, but I have no choice," Skullius said as he wore the dark crude robes.

He then gazed at Red Rage and wore a devilish grin.

"You know... I can't walk around with a buff skeleton like you Red bro... not until we can find some armour for you at least. I wonder if you can fit in here," Skullius wiggled the spatial storage ring.

He didn't know if it would work but it was his only choice as it would be very hard to conceal Red Rage especially when there was no armour to use [Unbound] on.

Red Rage didn't understand and Skullius didn't want him to.

The Discount Human actually found pleasure in Red Rage's confused face as he did what he had to do.

He injected his mana into the ring which registered as the same he exuded in his Penetrator form, causing the ring to suck in Red Rage.

Skullius didn't know the intricacies of spatial storage rings, some of which prohibited live things from being stored within.

Lucky for him, Red Rage was neither living or dead.

The unfortunate Apostle appeared in a cramped space with cores and a few other items, being forced to sit in a terrible position to barely fit in this space.

"I'll pull you out soon, bro. Don't worry, hehehe," Skullius said with a short laugh. "Alright, let's see where this thing takes us."

He opened the Arcane Teleportation Scroll and injected mana, focusing on Eofel.

These items were created in such a way that allowed one to construct a connection with them through the mind.

Skullius' thoughts were guided to where he desired by the intricate item which was the scroll as the words Eofel lit up with a brilliant stream of energy.

Soon, the entire scroll ignited and so did the entire area as a tremendous amount of fire roared outwards from Skullius' position, while the Discount Human disappeared.

A new adventure was about to begin, away from the Tremur Forest and into the hearts of human civilization.

End of Volume 1.

Thanks for reading. Please leave your comments and reviews, nomatter how long and how you feel. Let's be professional.

Chapter 109: The Brood, The Bard and The Bad

Eofel, Feinheath.

The continent where humans populated, Feinheath, was in a time of tension as a huge change was about to occur. At least it was in the works, still being deliberated.

All three of its nations, Emeradis, Pelian and Maqui, were greatly unsettled by the potential chaos that would ensue.

A collusion of different races was premature.

This was what everyone thought.

Mumbles could be heard among the nobles about the Royal family and their notice on how they would be considering integrating Feinheath and the great land of Opungale to its East, the land of the Sif, into one solid and powerful nation.

The specifics were rather ominous as most of the general public did not know the plays that were happening in the shadows which prompted this decision. It was not a decision to be taken lightly.

An official meeting was scheduled to happen in a few days with an important personage from the long-eared race and the people waited with bated breaths for the result.

Their societies were unprepared for this change.

Amidst all this turmoil and anxiety, a certain man was sitting cross-legged on a rug in a vastly crowded marketplace where merchants were dealing openly and stealthily with interested parties, coaxing and lying through their teeth about 'sweet deals' that grant grand fortune.

Middle and high class individuals travelled past the dusty roads within carriages and on foot, passing ordinary folk as well as beggars that barely wore anything upon their fly ridden bodies while begging for alms.

Loud chatter, the smell of food and scent of perfumes as well as body odour diffused within the air amid the clapping steps yet the aforementioned man who sat merely grabbed his lute and took a deep breath.

He had long, sunflower blonde hair and brown eyes, sunken cheeks and a face with a gaze unbecoming of his supposed age.

Clearing his throat as he sat among a few hawkers almost inconspicuously, caught the attention of a few passers-by who gawked in surprise at seeing his face.

"Hey! Isn't that Erlton the Reader?" one person said while pulling on the individual at his side.

"What?! Where?!" the person who had been made known this shocking fact hurried to look in the direction the other person was pointing.

Soon, a cluster of people gathered while pointing at the man with the lute as if he was some mystical wonder. In some ways, he was and among the looks of surprise and respect, looks of rage, disgust and indifference could also be seen directed at him.

The man, whose name was Erlton raised his hand, the air changing as a deep silence invited itself, pushing away the noise.

Erlton strummed the lute slowly, producing a sweet musical tune that caught the attention of everyone around regardless of their personal opinion of him.

Whenever this mysterious bard appeared, he would sing a ballad that usually held a message for the people.

It was never guaranteed that he would spew blessing or curse but the people sought to hear him anyway.

To hear vague messages open to interpretation.

However, this time around...

"This is a tale,

A humble bard details,

To enlighten the masses,

Before the memory so passes~"

Everyone held their breathes, paying keen attention to the ballad.

Perhaps this man would address the current issue that had everyone in an inflated tiff.

"And so I shall sing and shout,

About a single league about,

Four hegemons of old,

Their story now retold,

Tracing ages, years before,

And from my speech now comes the lore~,

So lend your ears and hear,

Which four you ought to fear,

Turn not your head over yonder,

Of these gods you are to ponder,

Suzamete the Deitess,

So beautiful, so peerless,

The wind, the skies she maketh,

So bright, so blue, I seeth,

The land that lies beneath my feet,

Quite hard, so firm, from brown I eat,

Very good, he says Quintess the great,

When he sees the crops I cultivate,

The waters and sees, abound and rain,

Sly Listafelle she floods my brain,

We can all agree she is insane,

Still I drink and dance to cheer her name,

To the Depths below I wonder,

What evil rides the 'Under',

That Boron made, a terror,

I sprint and run in horror~,

And so I shall sing and shout,

About a single league about,

Let not your faith be quelled,

For it all shall stand upheld,

Drink wine and serve the ales,

Yet, beware..."

Erlton suddenly broke the rhythm and tune as he raised his head to deliver the last part of the ballad in a hollow tone that caused a chill among the masses.

"... of a shadow that never pales..."

The crowds gasped and sweated as in the next moment, the same bard they locked their gazes on suddenly vanished before a few men decked in thick heavy armours, pushing away the crowd as they moved with shocking bursts of speed could reach him.

A single candle was lit atop a crude looking table that creaked with the slightest movement from the man who sat with his arms upon it.

The light from the melting construct barely drove away the darkness in the small room where nothing but the aforementioned piece of furniture and a chair could be seen.

The sun was bright outside but it failed to penetrate this room that seemed detached from the outside clamour and chatter, instead being smothered by an eerie silence.

The figure who sat at the small table wore a dark hood that looked to be made of sack cloth, attached to a pitiful looking robe tied at the waist by a string.

On his face was a peculiar wooden mask, half of it poorly painted green and the other half white. Two skewed eye holes were carved upon it allowing him to see but barely showing his eyes in this darkness.

Aside from merely shifts and shudders, the man never made another movement as he waited.

Soon, a door creaked from somewhere within, footsteps being heard as two figures appeared before him, one male, the other female.

The young female had a shoulder length copper shimmer coloured hair and green eyes that gleamed even in the darkness while the middle aged male had a short tufts of leather black hair and dull, ocean blue eyes.

"We confirmed it, Actuass. Eobald is dead. His link to undeath was severed roughly a day ago. The same is the case for the boy with the Imagining Sword Technique. He died too," the young woman reported with a calm expression.

The man with the mask whose name was revealed to be Actuass fidgeted and raised his head to gaze at the woman, from his right eye which peaked from the mask, a bright hazel leaking out.

"Cause?" he asked curtly.

"That's still unknown, unfortunately," the middle aged man replied, continuing to speak as he voiced his opinion in a rather edgy tone. "Eobald was too rash. He should have paid more attention to who he revealed his identity to. He was too eager to rise up the ranks in the organisation, spreading his presence so crudely with that bunch of clowns, the Idea Ark, or whatever."

"No," Actuass said. "He had the right idea. Although, I do agree that he was racing towards a false light at the end of a fake tunnel. He needed more time to solidify trust. What has become of this charade enactment of his?"

"They perished somewhere in the Tremur. I'll give him credit for cleaning up his mess somehow though," the woman said, her expression not changing at all. "What do we do now?"

Actuass did not respond for a while as he sank into his thoughts. Neither of the two bothered him as this was a habit of his when he contemplated at a deeper level.

At a level that transcended life.

After a few minutes, his voice emerged, bearing a sound strategy.

"Eobald has faded but that should not affect us. Our roots and seeds have already been set even though the Purity is closely watching and hunting us. First, call for a meeting with House EverSword and tell them of their boy's demise. Demand the next one in line and tell them to indoctrinate him properly. That's not our duty, its theirs."

"Understood. I heard that unlike the predecessor, the younger EverSword boy is much more talented in the Imagining Technique and is attending a local academy. Perhaps the House is trying to avoid having this new heir stray from the house too?" the young woman said.

"Perhaps."

"Next, make a call to all our branches in the three nations. Tell them to enact the first phase."

The man and woman before Actuass showed expressions of surprise.

"We're already doing it, huh?" the middle aged man wore a bitter smile for a second before nodding.

The woman at his side took a deep breath and also nodded.

Actuass saw their expressions but ignored this flicker in their resolve.

"Yes. Death is an ordained fate with a purity of its own. None of them understand, but they will soon."

Chapter 110: Unintended!

"...and in the void of Stagnant Space, the four Deities made the selfless decision to create a world. Aigas. A host of different races that would make it prosper and flourish."

"All four of the Deities sacrificed their physical forms to create this plane. Suzamete became the sky, Quintess became the land, Listafelle became the seas and Boron... who was termed the 'Traitor', created the Under, a place where vile monsters thrive as they are not permitted to live in this plane."

"We as the Purity are the representatives of the Suzamete, Quintess and Listafelle. We keep the memory of their existence alive and demonstrate their greatness to all living creatures. Is there anything else I missed?"

A gorgeous woman spoke as she gazed tenderly at the figure of a 14 year old boy who was listening to her patiently next to her on the speeding carriage.

Spotless chestnut coloured skin could be seen over the woman with thick, curly, black hair that reached her shoulder complementing it. Her pure hazel eyes had a certain vivaciousness to them, her heart-warming smile formed over red, oval shaped lips being something that all men who saw would gulp at.

She donned a sturdy yet slender golden armour with a three-pointed star sculpted on the chest, her figure exuding a presence befitting her rank.

"No, that was good enough, but you didn't tell me what came before the Deities, Paladin Champion Elita," the young boy at her side said while grinning happily which prompted the woman to give a short laugh.

"The Deities lived their lives, just like we do. Only a Deity can share with you what they did before the creation," the woman said before turning to the figure opposite.

It was a rather slim man with greying hair and sharp brown eyes donning a white robe with the same three pointed star. He wore a light smile as he watched his son try to act like an all knowing priest.

"He's well informed. I didn't expect my knowledge of the doctrine to be scrutinised and judged to be mediocre by such a young boy, Grand Priest," the woman, whose name was revealed to be Elita. "He is the splitting image of you in both ways."

"Hahaha! That's solely his own achievement I'm afraid. He studies the doctrine critically on his own and often argues with me on certain subjects. Our household is very lively as a result," the slim man said.

Elita merely smiled back without a response and ruffled the hair of the boy beside her. The boy couldn't help but feel belittled, his brown eyes alternating between Elita and his father.

The carriage that these three rode in was surrounded by a dozen others that looked exactly the same; thick and polished wood with steel ornaments that were riddled with protective runes.

Proud horses pulled the carriages with the drivers giving their utmost attention to the road.

Today, the 89th, 2nd Order Grand Priest of the Purity was being escorted to the city of Eofel in Pelian to commune in the temple.

His position was one of the highest above all else within the Purity, the single recognised organisation that taught about the four Deities.

One of the 12 Paladin Champions of the Purity along with seventy elite knights had even been dispatched to ensure that the Grand Priest would reach the city safely.

As they journeyed, the image of the city was already visible in the distance.

"How goes the situation with apprehending those fanatics? The Green Neolists," the Grand Priest asked Elita.

The dark skinned woman gave a sigh before delivering an answer.

"We've been close to capturing them but I had to order our search parties to withdraw. It felt like we were being led on. Our current strategy needs some revision but we have them cornered, which makes me even more nervous about the potential threat they could cause in that situation."

"Hmm. I see. A cornered mouse can be a frightening foe in the end. Have you been able to dig out their actual goals?" the Grand Priest asked.

Elita's eyes flashed a bit in response as she gazed at the Grand Priest to which he understood exactly what she meant. Because his son was in the carriage, the Paladin Champion couldn't outright talk about the multiple villages where half of the population had been turned into undead and made to prey on the rest.

This was the current development.

"It's still anyone's guess at this point," Elita said.

The Grand Priest sighed and looked out the window. This procession of multiple carriages had been something he was against. He wanted to believe that he didn't need but then again...

"Why do you think it has become so hard for people to believe in the Deities? To devote their faith. Only those who feel a pull in their strength congregate in the temples to get blessings and enter the Foundation Stage but they never return to pay respects. That is not the devotion we teach," he said.

"It is not indeed." Elita said. "I feel the truth is—"

Elita stopped mid-sentence, her gaze turning serious as she sensed fluctuations in the mana within a mile's worth of distance!

It was pulse. A weak one that most wouldn't be able to perceived at all.

Her pure hazel coloured eyes turned sharp and ignited with refulgent light that torched the Grand Priest!

In the next moment, a ball of fire appeared amidst the racing carriages, exploding outwards with a fierce roar that covered over 50 meters!

The bright orange flames consumed most of the carriages in an instant as space was distorted for a short while!

However, in that exact same moment, Elita who sensed everything that occurred with the appearance of the ball of fire didn't panic like the boy beside her or show a shocked expression like the Grand Priest.

She casually pointed downwards with her armoured index finger, a magnificent brilliance gushing out to counter the flames that spontaneously roared into existence!

The flames were instantly extinguished, no horses or coachmen being so much as licked by the flames!

It was like watching a snowy avalanche overwhelm a pillar of fire, as the result was a reassuring calm.

The carriages came to a halt, Elita nodding to the Grand Priest as she then disembarked and flashed to where she had sensed the nucleus of the attack.

Tens of Knights decked in shining silver and white armour barrelled out of carriages and followed after the Paladin Champion, surrounding a point where a crater was smoking, yet to reveal the figure behind this unexpected event.

"Woow!" a loud voice spoke. "Oh crap!"

The figure of a young man with short auburn hair appeared within the crater, donning dirty robes and on his face, a shocked expression.

This young man couldn't help but internally sigh as he knew just how much he was in for a high jump.

'Glad to have you back, atrocious luck.'