

Undead 1051

Chapter 1051: Nullmancer's Trump Card! (1)

Skullius' second mana core, the Nature-Bound Malleable Form Core, was quite unique. Back when Replicus first acquired it, by using [Unbound] on his mana, he had discovered that the core's Refinery did not have a fixed pattern, but was adaptable. It was constantly changing, reacting to its surroundings as best as it could.

As for what a Refinery was...

It was the complex pattern currently revealed from Replicus' mana core.

In essence, what the Penetrator had just done to this second, less vibrant mana core, was to remove its Shell, revealing the layer beneath.

A mana core was like an egg. It was comprised of three parts; the Centre in the innermost part, the Refinery in the middle, and the Shell as the outermost layer.

The Refinery was what determined whether or not someone could use complex powers by powering them with their mana. The pattern within the Refinery, could normally not be changed, meaning one's fate was set. Only extremely high-level Mages and Hidden Classes could perhaps change this, but of course, both were hard to get access to for an ordinary expert.

This detail made it clearer how impressive the Nature-Bound Malleable Form Core was. Replicus had only used it for basic attacks till now, having it fuel basic to rare elements, and sometimes his Distorted Gravity which he couldn't make work well with just his ordinary core.

In truth, Replicus hadn't really known what to use this core for. Or rather, he hadn't known how to maximise its unique composition.

Now he did.

Without thinking much about it, he had the weak pulse of the essence of Maximum Catalyst rush towards his shell-less mana core.

The essence... was beautiful, to say the least.

As the fangs of the External Fragment receded from him, Replicus saw purple-gold particles rush from his bones, and invade the ever-changing Refinery to his Form Core. They moved very swiftly. A little too swiftly.

Whatever this trail of particles was capable of, Replicus wanted it to register within the Form Core, the characteristics lodged into the pattern of the Refinery.

The Penetrator doubted that Maximum Catalyst had portions of mana packed into it, like Distorted Gravity, but that didn't make a difference. His goal was to make the Form Core extremely compatible with Maximum Catalyst, which he hoped would reduce the cost of using the concept while also boosting his control of this newly acquired power.

As soon as the two were exposed to each other, Replicus saw the patterns in the Refinery instantly start to mirror the hue of the particles of Maximum Catalyst. Then... a moment later, the mana core suddenly changed colour.

Because of the influence of [Sage Strain] and [Sage Save], the core was currently blue (though the mana from it and every other type of core would still look white). However, the shade began to change to a gorgeous, mesmerising purple-gold that was particularly flashy, and flaky.

Replicus didn't know if this had anything to do with the quality of mana changing as well. He doubted it. But it seemed what he wanted was starting to bear fruit somewhat.

For now, Replicus left it at that.

Since he hadn't completely destroyed his mana core, he didn't feel any disturbances in his soul, which was good sign.

'And now...' he thought as he turned back to the External Fragment of Realised Choices. 'I have decided what else I want refined.'

"Do tell," the Fragment said.

Replicus told the entity of his choice, and its eyes flashed. Its heads instantly shot out to bite into Replicus once again, and the Penetrator felt his body being invaded by the fangs once more.

This time, instead of feeling an injection of what felt like cold venom, Replicus felt what he had told the serpent-themed entity to bless – as it called it – get grasped by an indecipherable swath of essence. Whatever flowed from the Fragment wasn't something he could discern.

'There it is. Hopefully its most refined and unique state isn't too different,' Replicus thought.

He had chosen a skill this time.

What he assumed would happen, was that this skill would simply reach its penultimate state.

The guidance field appeared to notify Replicus of the progress, but...

The sea leapt up!

Jerthrax and the Null Devil King dove down and smote the ebony sea with excess might!

The former's unusual shadows dyed the world in darkness at that very moment, and everything turned chaotic.

Replicus hurried to look at Yuyui. The girl was wearing a very strained face, but it seemed her powers were still active. However, her Eye of Dispersal wasn't able to disrupt the raging waves, as they were not in themselves supernatural. It also wasn't able to dispel the darkness cast by the shadows, but the reason for this wasn't the same.

'She can't dispel two phenomena at the same time!' Replicus thought in anguish.

This discovery... the Penetrator held it close.

Yuyui raised her hand to make everyone move again.

"Don't," Replicus said to her, and everyone looked at him, surprised.

"Why not?" Yuyui asked with urgency.

The waters rippled and boiled. The battle was happening under everyone's feet now, and was likely to resurface at any moment.

"There's going to be a division from here on out," Replicus said. "Pherdanta. Baddan, Grim, Allora. You have earned a bit of a break. Leave what follows to me Yuyui and me."

Pherdanta was the first to revolt.

"But Master, we can still..." she began when the words began dying on her tongue.

"I'm not arguing that you can't still fight. I know you can. But against those monstrosities, you will be giving your lives for nothing. It's not your time to die yet."

Allora was next to try and prove that she wasn't worthless.

"I can support you, Master. I haven't only improved in Mind Casting. If I push myself I can be of use!" she said with a deep, heavy frown.

"I know. But not this time. You have already procured the Harmonic Ember for me. All of you. This next part only requires you all to live. That's your directive for now.

Besides, there's still some small fry left for you to nip. I'll make sure you won't be disturbed when you handle them," Replicus said with an encouraging, assuring tone.

Allora hung her head.

Grim gave a long, audible sigh.

"I hope you won't be dying in our stead then, boss," he said. His red eyes hid his own version of rebellion.

"Not at chance."

Yuyui was the one to speak with a strained smile because of the effort she was exerting against Jerthrax's influence.

"Maybe once, but that's it. Besides, if it gets too tough, I'll tag you all in against Master's wishes."

The green-haired girl's words sparked a little lightness to the air, but the exploding of the sea once again cut it all short.

The massive maw of a dragon rushed out from the waters barely fifty meters away from the group.

Replicus took that as his cue.

What he was waiting for, was already done. It all happened while he was conversing with his subordinates.

With the same spirit of urgency as before, Replicus quickly activated the newly refined skill.

Well, the skill might have been new, but its name remained the same.

[*'Bringer of All'* has been activated]

Chapter 1052: Nullmancer's Trump Card! (2)

The Bryne Estate was even livelier than before. The two Chieftain Screens that Skullius had created were proving to be way more useful than previously thought.

The two barriers had proven their integrity against harrowing terrors several times in the last three days especially, as no small amount of Carven had appeared in order to rob the lives that Theurien and Red Rage had saved from within the Bryne territory and beyond.

All throughout the vast space covered by the Screens, great fires and lights could be seen amidst a staggering number of large tents, shacks, and divisions made using large, uneven blocks or wooden boards.

The separations were a necessity. The Bryne Family Estate was starting to look like a city, and the 'refugees' had made it more apparent by demarcating the areas deemed as residential spaces, and where essential services could be found.

Truly concerning lapses in order had yet to happen since many were just happy to have found a place to stay, a place away from the horrors happening all around Pelian. Fresh gratitude was livid within their hearts. Rebelling so soon wasn't an option yet, even for those with the ficklest mindsets.

However, the main reason chaos was yet to show its feet, was because there was no lack of food.

Silrat was just as shocked with this as anyone else would have been. As he looked at the tens of thousands on either side of the trail of the trees that led the way to the mansions from the entryway into the estate, he was stunned.

"So, that one man made all this possible to maintain?" he asked.

"Yes," Theurien, who was at his side answered with hints of pride. "I thought you might have had an idea of who the man was. After all, he vouched for him."

The 'he' Theurien meant, was Red Rage who was flying a few meters away from where they stood. His extra-long cape and radiant visage emphasised by the day's sun, was also a major reason why peace had prevailed for so long where there was so many.

"No. I don't think Festos had allies like that. Those that I know of, at least," Silrat said.

A man with a blue, white and silver armour? He didn't know anyone like that who was allied to Festos.

Apparently, before this man mysterious man left, he told Theurien to gather all the iron, steel and wood he had. After that was done, he then proceeded to transform all these materials into food and grain that could last for years.

What kind of power was that?

It sounded like something only a Mage would be able to pull off.

After what Silrat had seen – at the Reacher Academy – before he was brought here by Arch-Mage Wyatt hours ago, he was convinced that was what this supposed ally of Festos was.

'Did he have that many secrets he never shared with me? Well, I suppose so. I even thought it was better to keep it that way,' Silrat thought.

As he mulled this over, the figure of Red Rage serenely floating above suddenly shook.

There appeared to be something wrong with the Apostle.

His figure glitched and then plummeted to the ground unceremoniously.

Silrat and Theurien were alarmed.

They rushed towards the Apostle.

"What wrong?" Theurien asked with a grave look.

Red Rage shook again and his armour clanked as he tried to stand.

"I...I am being called," he said with a strained voice through his helmet.

Neither Silrat nor Theurien understood what this meant, and could not assign an appropriate emotion to feel about it.

Who was calling?

A moment later, Red Rage groaned, and his figure became a stream of light that bolted upward, piercing through the Chieftains Screens like an apparition and towards a destination unknown.

Silrat and Theurien were stunned.

What... what even was this?

What were they to make of it?

Unfortunately for them, the odd happenings of the day had yet to end, because a few seconds after Red Rage disappeared, something appeared right before them; right before Theurien, to be specific.

It looked like a coiled green serpent with three heads, and a band over its head with the same serpentine theme. A halo was grafted around it, giving it a sacred look.

Theurien and Silrat looked dazedly at the object, only to become terrified when it spoke through their minds.

"In a short time, I will become yours again, Theurien. Be thankful. A friend of yours returned me to you and your Family. He would have wanted me to give his regards. To both of you."

Over the restless seas, the Penetrator had activated the refined form of [Bringer of All] which retained its name. He did so as he leapt up, his sockets flaring madly while they fixated on the rising figure of the Vision of Misery.

As the skill activated, he had turned to the External Fragment of Realised Choices and asked it for a favour, which it agreed to and vanished from sight.

'Thankfully, that's solved. Now, come to me!' Replicus thought.

The first of his Apostles to come rushing towards him was the Astute Duke of Transversal who emerged from the distance, flying with incredible speed.

He didn't slow down until his body struck the Penetrator's in mid-air, and started to bleed into it like a pale, wrinkly wax, armour and all. The Empyrean Ribbon was not exempt from this either.

The figure of Replicus with the starry armour became uncertain, undefined.

It lost its definitive outline and began twisting and contorting in the same manner the Harmonic Ember had when he used [Unbound] on it. Yuyui's figure followed closely after the Penetrator, sneaking a glance at him. A silk cloth was in the girl's hand.

Moments later, a ray of light rushed towards the struggling amalgam and mixed into it as well, lingering cape and all, making the shape of what was about to be born all the more unclear.

Null Life Essence raged about, and on the surface of the hideous mass, three symbols that looked as complex, and distinct as those of skills, flashed.

...

A sinister form then finally started to take shape.

It was taller.

It was creepier.

It was much, much stronger than what the fused individuals were individually, and even with the sum of them brought together.

A frightening sense of unpredictability spilled from it, and that wasn't just because it looked like it could do ANYTHING its foes thought it could.

Said foes could no longer afford to ignore or look at this thing as though it was a pest to be crushed so easily.

Jerthrax's eyes snapped towards the amalgam, as did those of the Null Devil King. Even another third party hidden from the sights of the major players looked curiously at this monstrosity.

Another potent variable had been added to the already severe chaos ahead...

Chapter 1053: Amalgam

[Bringer of All] was a skill that allowed Replicus to merge with one of his Apostles. Replicus would also be allowed to take one of his skills – a non-Null Life skill – and throw it into the mix, with said

skills being deconstructed, bettered, multiplied into many, unique variants, and used as a further amplifier of the resultant creature from the merge.

This, was what [Bringer of All] had been.

Skullius had used it only twice. Once in Inhone City and once more on the night he split himself.

Replicus hadn't used this skill since he hadn't had an Apostle to merge with after the incident with Ferex, and before that, he hadn't had a real need to use it. Because of its 15-day cooldown and 5-minute duration, he preferred to save it as a trump card.

The current [Bringer of All], was different.

After it was refined by the External Fragment of Realised Choices, the skill became the best version of itself; what Replicus assumed to be its fixed limit within the Nullmancer Class' scope.

The skill now allowed Replicus to merge with all available Apostles, that is, all the Apostles he had acquired and was allowed with the current level of [Apostle Summon]. Thus, even the Pelvic Arbiter, Red Rage had been dragged to this location.

Better yet, the skill now allowed Replicus to include as many skills as the number of Apostles he had at his disposal.

At this current point, the Penetrator had three, but the third, Ferex, unfortunately was currently unavailable for merging because he was bonded to the Null Devil King's body as the BoneTender. However, a third slot for the skill was still open to Replicus, and he used it without hesitation.

Even better than the aforementioned was the fact that each of the skills used in the merge did not have any restrictions anymore; they didn't need to be limited to non-Null Life skills, which meant...

...

The figure born out of [Bringer of All] was magisterial.

While maintaining a regal aesthetic, it also managed to look abominable, and unbeatable.

It took on a dark blue hue over its whole, vaguely mixed in with splashes and trails of red and yellow. This dark layer, which was rather glossy and wrinkled, was covered to the extreme by large, bright stars that could be described to be like stellar warts. Indeed, like warts, because this amalgam did not look quite like a skeleton. On the contrary, it looked like a tall, muscular beast of flesh.

A tall muscular beast with six, powerful arms!

The starry layer of darkness was its flesh just as much as it was its armour.

Its head featured tall horns growing over it, a small thundercloud above them. Below the horns were four large holes dug in its face, wild, golden-white flames as fierce as those from a bonfire issuing from each.

Below them in turn, a large, flexible jagged set of lips could be seen, opened wide to reveal a maw that exposed a furnace of the same fire burning in the amalgam's sockets.

The ungodly figure held, in one of its hands, an extremely long, thick cloth of a stark white fabric. In another, it held a golden, double-edged short sword without much distinct design, and in another, it had not an item, but a dreadful flare of purple-gold particles that scared the space around the abomination.

Flames fired from the creature's mouth and fell into the sea.

They were not extinguished. It showed as they fell on and on below.

'Not bad,' the creature thought.

[Bringer of All] had allowed the Nullmancer more control over all the components – other than the skills – used to create this new form. How flexible.

All this was achieved using no more than 45,000 Null Life Essence units as the cost, a price the Nullmancer had paid through Araeyn's vast well of resources which, thankfully, weren't exhausted after his battle with Aurolio.

'Twenty minutes. I will end this in twenty minutes. I must,' the creature said.

This was the limit of this skill, it seemed. The External Fragment of Realised Choices could do much less when dealing with Null Life components. They already had limits to them that not even it could bypass, unfortunately.

But this wasn't anything to scoff at all. Not at all.

"Yuyui..." the creature spoke, its vibrant voice akin to three bursts of thunder weaved into a harmonic rhythm, travelling far.

The green-haired girl was a little frightened of her master's new form, but she quickly gained her composure.

"Yes, master." she said.

The monstrosity walked forward towards Yuyui. It moved slowly, seeming to get a grasp over its new strength. A long red ribbon had been woven into the form of a beautiful kilt-like piece of clothing that covered its waist to its knees. It swayed like the finest linen when the knees of monstrosity beat against it.

The silk cloth the two stood accommodated them alone. Yuyui had instructed Yagrina and Bassbion to protect the Unlimited lot when they heeded Replicus' words and got out of the way with haste.

"You better be able to keep up," the amalgam said.

"Don't look down on me, master. Didn't you hear Bassbion? I might be stronger than you now," Yuyui said with a grin.

A hoarse, horrific chuckle leaked from the amalgam.

"Good."

Then it moved.

A sharp spike of Null Life Essence was felt only by four others on this side of the world, and the dark, magisterial monstrosity was suddenly high in the sky... Yuyui by its side, drops of sweat issuing from her temples.

Then...

"[Budget Tug-of-War]," the creature said, and giant chains of wild, fiery mana burst from its body, powered by six mana cores hidden behind its dark skin.

The chains snaked their way – at atrocious speeds – towards the Null Devil King, and Jerthrax.

The former did not move as the chains dug into him and clanked, but the latter vanished from where he had been with such alacrity that one would think his size was fake.

The Vision of Misery had dodged.

Of course, he had. He was that fast... and cautious.

However...

"Yuyui," the amalgam called.

...And where Jerthrax had vanished to, up in the skies, the great mana chains followed and bore into his chest without having to contend with his scales.

Yuyui, sweating even more, had moved her hand onto which the Eye of Moving was fixed, and it had been as her master desired.

"HMMMM..." a great hum issued from Jerthrax.

What were these chains? And how come they reached him? They didn't seem to do him any harm.

In the next moment, however...

Jerthrax's pool of mana, contained in a great golden mana core, drastically drained away until it was only two-tenths of what it had been!

The dragon looked at the Null amalgam with spite, as did the Null Devil King who found that his reserves of Null Life Essences had plummeted also.

"Bold," he said.

"FOUL," Jerthrax said.

And the amalgam cackled.

But then...

The sea exploded below.

An enormous creature forced itself out of the waters and rose rapidly. It looked as though it was made of stone, its form like that of a lizard and a mantis mixed together. In its broad hands, it carried a great vessel that the monstrosity floating above Jerthrax and the Null Devil King recognised very well.

Too well.

It was its stolen vessel.

Beyond the umbrella-shaped barrier covering the ship's deck, two men could be seen. One with a mask, and a dark robe... and another with a dark robe and no mask.

Whichever was which, it didn't matter.

After all, it was all but clear.

The masked man had entered the battlefield.

Chapter 1054: The Major Players

The masked man had entered the battlefield.

When he did, a significant portion of the attention of all the players involved honed in towards him and the massive Carven that he had subjugated with his Undeath before beginning his journey.

'So, he's here...' the amalgam thought, the blaze in its large sockets growing all the fiercer.

Jerthrax's reaction was even intense, however. It looked as though the dragon had been waiting had been waiting for this moment exact moment.

The Herald had by no means been ignorant of the scum that had been coming for his life, after all.

His huge blue eyes narrowed... and the world screamed as he moved at speeds beyond light toward the masked man!

The chain that the amalgam had pinned on his chest did not stop him, and luckily for the amalgam, the chain could grow as needed, otherwise he might have been pulled along at the super brisk pace.

The Herald's dive at hyper speed was admittedly a bit too much for the amalgam. That was why he had gone out of his way to use his newly acquired skill [Budget Tug-of-War] before the real battle began. The chains that spawned from it latched onto nothing but the main supply of energy in his target.

[Budget Tug-of-Tag]'s basic use, was to allow its user to discern the intent of his enemies through whatever energy they used. The fuel an expert used was tied to their soul and body after all, one or another.

When an enemy's intent was discerned, the skill allowed the user a single instance per minute to react to the enemy's future movements adequately.

Thus, with his thought phantoms facilitating tens of thousands of thoughts in less than several instants combined, one of the amalgam's hands, the one holding the length piece of cloth – quite like a very long cape – whipped out with as much speed as Jerthrax's dive.

The cloth it held appeared to be even larger than it looked before when it was sent ripping forth!

It widened and cut off the dragon's path just in time, unfurling even further as the miniscule bits of time ticked by.

Then... the massive snout of the Herald sank into the face of the cloth as if it were another dimension!

...!!!

Jerthrax's momentum fell significantly.

For a time, he was stumped by what just happened. His nostrils, which were in another plane smelled a vast body water.

What...

In the next micro-instant, the amalgam didn't let up.

With a vicious tug at the lengthy cloth, he exercised unbelievable physical might, pulling the dragon's whole head such that it faced up, its eyes looking at him.

Space trembled, right then.

The rage of the Herald was felt vibrantly.

It was frightening.

It was bone chilling.

But the amalgam only found it amusing.

"Don't you dare ignore me," its hoarse voice came from its flaming mouth as it drew back the long piece of cloth, raised the hand which siphoned the purple-gold particles within it, and grabbed ahold of the large mana chain that linked to the dragon's chest with another.

The amalgam was thoroughly focused. Extremely focused, even.

Despite its arrogant declaration, it knew that both the dragon and the Null Devil King possessed power enough to wipe it out in an instant.

If it played its cards right, however, that instant would never come, especially with the arsenal it had.

The sheer variety of options from the three skills that had been selected for [Bringer of All] – [Sorcery of Essence], [Grandiose Manifestation] and [Greatest Null Weaver] – was unfathomable.

Right then, as Jerthrax and the amalgam stared each other down, someone else took over the job of instantly lunging at the emerged masked man.

Two explosive presences shot out from somewhere over the sea and hurtled with dark intent towards the masked man's vessel.

The amalgam recognized both of them immediately.

Warding Pride and the Bishop!

They stormed up rapidly, and acted just as quickly.

The Bishop shrieked as she balled her hand into a fist, pulled back her arm and punched the living madness out of the giant lizard-mantis Carven!

The entire thing roared in pain as it whipped back after a crisp impact, its hold on the vessel in its hands almost failing.

Warding Pride, with a determined face took advantage of that lapse, and extended her hand towards the great ship while in midair, and a great force of mana stirred from her mana core before being expelled to create her greatest seal yet.

Four enormous hands that seemed to be made from some granite-like stone appeared around the ship from four directions and enclosed it within their grasp before a written seal plastered where their fingers met!

The Carven, which had been holding the ship, cried as its arms were crushed in the process.

The seal was complete!

The look on Warding Pride's face told that much.

However...

The four sets of hands rumbled and cracked.

A micro-moment later, they opened up while trembling violently, revealing the undamaged image of the great vessel the masked man rode.

Warding Pride frowned. She and the others had been waiting for this moment calmly, and she still wasn't rewarded.

The Faction Leader then watched as her summoned stone seals were swiftly dismantled into finely cut, even blocks of stone that flew away rapidly in four directions.

The masked man's ship, suddenly left to fall from high up in the sky, was caught by the winding body of the Carven which seemed to struggle significantly.

The umbrella-shaped barrier on the man's vessel receded, revealing him and his 'partner', the Paladin Champion.

This time, the masked man truly was the masked man. He wore his green and white mask, as well as a set of humble robes with a distinct sense of style.

Through the hole in his mask, the hazel glow of his eye was revealed looking up at the three that were far above and disregarding the Bishop and Warding Pride.

And just as the caricature of a typical evil spirit spawned beside him, making the amalgam ways above reel in recognition, the masked man spoke:

"And here we are. Finally."

Without warning, the large undead Carven he rode exploded into millions of fragments.

However, what was even more impressive than the endless, flying portions of the creature, were the tens of millions of undead creatures of varying strengths, sizes and ages that stormed out of the fallen behemoth's body, diving in all directions; sky high, sea's low, far left and far right to encompass everything.

Everything.

The masked man was then hidden behind the immense numbers, the last of the glow of his hazel eye vanishing behind a growing shadow of Undeath that seemed so potent, it might have been divine.

Chapter 1055: Under His Protection

The great shadow of undeath minions, staggering in their numbers rose even up to the heights where the amalgam, Jerthrax and the Null Devil King were soaring.

It was tall, it was wide, and it was potent.

No one and nothing that was alive within the vicinity had been able to avoid being engulfed by this surprise of active monstrosities that immediately pounced eagerly, viciously, as though some mad directive they absolutely couldn't ignore was blaring in their heads!

They drowned the sea, the devoured the width of space, and they leapt up to scare the skies.

It was pandemonium. They were pandemonium.

What was even more staggering than their numbers, was the fact that at least half of the fifty million undead creatures, were formidable while a fifth were truly dangerous to face.

They all brimmed with vibrant undeath essence, never fearing, never tiring and never giving a rat's ass.

The amalgam reacted rather quickly. Right when the faces of hundreds of these creatures tried to crash into him, he dragged Yuyui behind him with an unseen from one of his hands.

Then the incredible collision occurred.

Thousands of undead creatures hammered into him all at once, wishing for nothing more than to tear him apart.

Unfortunately, they all perished.

The amalgam was way beyond their reach.

Because within his merged Null fibres was the full arsenal of the Astute Duke, including his two invisible barriers that constantly protected him from any and all threats.

[Inverted Boundary] transported anything that came into contact with the amalgam elsewhere, while [Accelerated Inverted Boundary] – under the former – shredded anything that bypassed [Inverted Boundary] by creating a space which acted in opposition with the speed, rotation and composition of whatever approached it.

Better yet, the amalgam was capable of expanding the influence of these barriers, and this resulted in countless undead disappearing – seemingly – from the plain open space they headed into without a trace!

What was on the other side of the [Inverted Boundary], even the amalgam wasn't sure. However...

[You have killed (VI) LV56 Horned Ilk. 900 EXP awarded]

[You have killed (IX) LV191 Pit Humanoid. 2,070 EXP awarded gained]

[You have killed LV47 Human. 4,332 EXP awarded]

...It was more than certain that wherever it led to, was an instant death sentence given form.

The amalgam's socket flames flashed bright.

'That bastard sure made a good smokescreen. It's impossible to sense where he is in this field of undead,' he thought. 'He is probably aiming to attack the dragon from somewhere hidden. Will he be able to though?'

Just as the amalgam wondered, he felt a tug at the mana chains he had formed to link to his enemies.

Jerthrax was agitated.

He was buried within the mass of undead, but of course, none of them were able to so much as scratch his thick, foggy grey scales. Even the Null Devil King had only been able to scratch and crack them slightly after three days of fighting.

The Herald drew back his head from the sea of vile, pungent monstrosities, some of which were livid with rot.

"CAST A SHADOW ALL YOU LIKE. YOU CANNOT HIDE FROM ME..." Jerthrax said menacingly, and as if on cue, all the undead grew stiff, frightened by the glow building up in his mouth, its trail visible even from his long, thick neck.

'It's coming,' the amalgam thought, and prepared.

An instant later, the world was once again died in an exaggerated hue of dawn. The darkness that had swarmed the world, strangling the daylight, parted instantly, as did the cold, nauseating feeling of undeath.

Vibrant, careless heat that disrupted the foundation of the world blasted down, erasing the undead with ease, and without mercy.

The smell of burnt flesh coursed through the air in excess.

It signalled an end.

The amalgam was once again impressed.

He had nearly been devoured by an attack like this minutes ago, and he was certain, even now, he wouldn't be able to survive it at point blank range.

Momentarily, he was disoriented, as it became hard to navigate with the treacherous exposure.

Had all the undead been wiped out just like that?

Was the masked man's plan foiled?

It was yet to be seen.

The nasty highlight started to die down, as did the incredible heat. And...

'What?' the amalgam was stunned.

He was finally able to see and sense something other than Jerthrax's overwhelming power.

What he saw... was undead. Lots and lots and lots of undead.

There had barely been a dent made in the creatures' vast numbers. They rose again. Wilder than ever. Braver than ever.

Without a doubt, Jerthrax's breath should have destroyed all of them, leaving behind no traces, but only a little less than a hundred thousand of the creatures had been vanquished!

Even the mighty Herald was shocked by this.

How could this be?

Well, the answer soon became clear to both him and the amalgam.

The undead... were coated in layers of divine energy!

They were protected!

The masked man was applying his newly acquired divine powers to shield them from attacks, and this worked especially well against attacks that also held divine power!

'He was prepared. Thoroughly prepared,' the amalgam thought.

Once again. The sky was suddenly engulfed by the endless undead, but Jerthrax, with his unnatural speed and power zoomed upward, escaping the clutches of the abominations with a devastating impact that killed off tens of thousands more of them.

His escape caused the enemies that saw him grow too far to reach, to turn to the next prey in sight; the amalgam.

The undead rushed the Null Lifeform.

They stepped over each other, kicked each other and leapt up to reach him; humans, monsters of different statures.

They were relentless.

Many were devoured by the [Inverted Boundary], but many also weren't.

Because the barrier could only process so much information at a time, some of the undead went through, reaching the [Accelerated Inverted Boundary] which ground them into nothing.

However, even this barrier was quickly overwhelmed by the numbers as well. It couldn't possibly deal with all these monsters of varying strengths and abilities at once.

"Master!" Yuyui who peeked from behind the amalgam cried.

"Don't worry," the Null Lifeform reassured her. "This much is child's play."

It was true. What this called for, was active action. This was far from enough to overwhelm the amalgam.

The great, dark creature balled the hands to his trio of hands into fists.

They gleamed, the stellar warts of them becoming even more bright, while the pulsing, thick builds of their arms flexed.

A truly astounding amount of physical strength was contained within these arms. It was difficult to quantify accurately, especially when considering just how many skills were amplifying the amalgam's powers as well.

It only became apparent how treacherous the amalgam was when he sent all three fists he prepared zooming towards his enemies... who all understood immediately, that their reanimated lives were forfeit.

Chapter 1056: Vohnvolt Exonn

The amalgam had a name.

Previously, when Skullius used the [Bringer of All] skill, the being he would become, was known as Ogwulf the Limitless. However, that name no longer served the current form of the Bringer of All he had undertaken.

After all, it was no longer the merging of two individuals, but three, all of which were individually stronger than the previous versions of the amalgam.

The current amalgam was also mixed in with a component that was rather unique, and far from maturing, but the benefits from it were apparent, showing in its name.

~~~

[ Name : Prisma Vohnvolt Exonn]



[ Tier : ??? ]

[ Level : ??? ]

[ Core(s) : Blue ]

[ Race : Bringer of All ]

[ Inv. Status : Doomed x2, Cursed ]

-----

[ Stats ]

[ DUAL MANA-SOURCING FORCE + STRENGTH : 95,940 + Dependent of Null Life Essence ]

[ ASTRAL BLIZZARD MOTION + AGILITY : 78,000 + Dependent on Null Life Essence ]

[ SUBJECTIVE PHANTOM INFERENCE + INTELLIGENCE : 4 + On perpetual rise ]

[ TRIGGER DEVIANT BUILD + ENDURANCE : 7x + Dependent on Null Life Essence ]

[ Luck : Atrocious (Still hasn't changed, bud) ]

-----

[ PRIME PERPETUATION + HEALTH : 60,750 + Dependent on Null Life Essence ]

-----

[ MANA (II) x5 : 5 (742,023) ]

-----

[ MANA (1) ^ : 2,204,755 ]

-----

[ Null Life Essence (Core) : 457,900/457,900 ]

~~~

Prisma Vohnvolt's fists gushed with an immense force of raw strength. Because he was also made up of Red Rage and Araeyn, the strength stat showed on the guidance field, in addition to Replicus' Dual mana-sourcing force, which stood in place of his physical strength. However, where the Apostles' input was concerned, only Araeyn's traits flourished.

The rebellious Apostle's ability to increase his physical attributes with as much Null Life Essence as he muster, was added to Replicus' variations of attributes.

It then went without saying that Prisma Vohnvolt Exonn possessed not just a stat for mana, but a core for Null Life Essence, as Replicus had been hoping to learn eventually!

A great amount of Null Life Essence was stored within it, and it was this amount that was siphoned to bolster Prisma's already bountiful strength to an atrocious degree!

However, this wasn't all. Several skills, old and new within Prisma Vohnvolt's arsenal bolstered this even further, doubling, and tripling the might passively!

Yet, this still wasn't all.

The amalgam opened his mouth, and spoke the name of a skill which was activated along with all these boosts, it itself also drowning in their effects.

"That One Punch."

The three fists of the amalgam lit up for splits of time before turning dark.

Then a loud crack and a deafening boom crushed thousands of weak eardrums.

An unthinkable force that moved like hundreds of illusory, cylinders of compressed air and mana, eviscerated the bodies of mighty creatures enslaved under the alternate variant of death known as Undeath.

It liberated them by turning their protective hides and armour into something finer than ash, the skills that might have risen to defend their users being rendered meaningless, as what they sought to protect was eradicated quicker than they could activate.

While Prisma Vohnvolt's attack wasn't as flashy as that of the Herald, it was far more effective.

The properties of the Null Life Essence used for it made the biggest difference, as did the Dual mana-sourcing force, whose effect laid in injuring the mana network of an opponent, and adjusting the effective range of impact the amalgam dealt with his fist; Prisma could decrease and increase it at will!

More than double the undead were dealt with than when Jerthrax furiously delivered his scalding breath.

Their remains rained into the sea without grace. They had been cleansed, their fuel used to add to the Bringer of All's EXP requirement.

Of course, the numbers that remained were still immense, but...

'That was a great starter,' the amalgam said as he looked at the free space he had created, which was rapidly devoured by the masses of undead. 'And now...'

Without Null Life Essence, it was practically impossible to harm these undead because of the divine energy protecting them. All mana attacks would be fended off by the divine energy unless they could be assisted by something else. Something invasive. Something notorious for ignoring concepts inscribed by the Deities themselves.

That was why...

"[Null Life Demesne]" Prisma Vohnvolt called, and Null Life Essence exploded from him to create a massive, spiked sphere that encompassed a great hoard of undead, all of whom were none the wiser.

While they did have a Undeath coursing through them, they couldn't use it. It also didn't qualify them as Undead by race.

The undeath essence in these creatures was used through the masked man... who could perceive the dome of Null Life Essence from his hiding spot among them.

[Null Life Demesne], was a skill born when Replicus chose to use [Greatest Null Weaver] for the merge. Many variants of it were made, including this, which was just a greater version of [Null Life Aura].

In this demesne, the undead were vulnerable.

Whatever attack the amalgam used, would simply ignore their divine protection, at least for the most part.

Thus, Prisma dug into his many skills forged after using [Sorcery of Essence] in the merge for a series of cruel attacks.

[Greatest Manamation]!

[Reserve Exchange]!

[Budget Tug-of-War]!

[Offender's Vacuum]!

[Mana's Whores]!

[Core demolition]!

[Essence Deconstruction]!

[Manastanding]!

[Manalarity]!

[Manamorphosis]!

First, a tide of great, chains burning with furious mana linked to a few thousand carefully chosen experts and monsters, and tore down their reserves of mana to pathetic standards, [Budget Tug-of-War].

As that occurred, a merciless, brilliant void opened itself among the legions, and sucked in nothing but a great amount of mana from those who had no means to resist. [Manalarity].

As that happened, an invisible blanket that could only be felt, its texture like that of damp cotton balls exploded outward, engulfing tens of thousands. A penalty was imposed on those who used mana within this blanket, where there wouldn't be able to use their mana cores for a minute. [Offender's Vacuum]!

A few hundred within the amalgam's vicinity... simply had their mana cores explode unceremoniously with such force that they pulverised the bodies that held them. [Core demolition].

Several thousands more witnessed, to their dismay, that the mana running through their mana channels suddenly mutated, changed shape, and began rebelling, dictating the motions of their bodies. It was not pleasant. Mana channels had similar paths around the body to blood vessels, after all.

As a result, arms twisted, cells were displaced and organs were damaged; much of this led to the victims getting paralysed or wringing themselves like towels. [Manamorphosis].

Others had their mana transmute, changing its properties to fire, to Grand Fire. [Essence Deconstruction].

Others suddenly had their mana cores attract to one another like magnets, and they were stuck as one great bundle that couldn't be dismantled without drastic measures. [Mana's Whores].

Only five seconds were elapsed after the activation of all these skills in the [Null Life Demesne], but ten million undead were destroyed!

The amalgam, Prisma Vohnvolt Exonn, couldn't have cared less though, he had already gone by the time the number of confirmed 'dead' victims was fully realised.

Chapter 1057: License To Spam

The amalgam burst through the countless legions of undead like a war god, his loyal companion safely cradled in his grasp.

He was unstoppable.

No creature among the endless variety had been enough to make him stop and take it seriously yet.

The power of his fists smashed through thousands at a time, the Null Life Essence within them refusing to allow any monster to resist their message of cessation. As for the enemies that weren't in the amalgam's line of sight, they were swiftly dealt with using the many offensive essence-related skills that [Bringer of All] manufactured.

Those that could be used more than once at a time were spammed to hell and back, their efficacy proving to be staggering as long as the [Null Life Demesne] was active. Their combined effects were also absurd, especially when considering how the enemies flocked together because of their numbers.

Thousands of cores exploded, thousands of enemies were immobilised, and even more were eviscerated.

'The efficiency is greater than I thought,' Prisma Vohnvolt said to himself.

This was the means he had thought about earlier to solve his lack of mana following his scuffle with the Mad Bishop and Warding Pride.

By using [Sorcery of Essence] in the merge, he had known that he was going to receive at least one variant of mana or essence-related skill that specialised in restoring his mana.

What he received, was even better. The amalgam gained two skills that aided him relevantly.

[Resource Vault] and [Mana Centurion].

While they weren't directly geared towards offense, they were the reason why he didn't show any restraint when casting skills.

[Resource Vault] increased Prisma Vohnvolt's efficiency when using all manner of energies, even against the requirements dictated by most skills. Now, only 30% of the resource requirement for casting each skill was needed per activation, though there were few exceptions.

[Mana Centurion] multiplied the amalgam's mana reserves, or rather, it quintupled his reserves of mana and accelerated mana production and regeneration in all of them by 700%. Thus, now, Replacus had five other mana cores like his main one; 6 purple mana cores!

The Nature Bound Malleable Form Core couldn't be duplicated, unfortunately. Not when it was still in a state of incompleteness after Replacus destroyed its shell. However, it was open to the other effects of both [Resource Vault] and [Mana Centurion].

The two new skills added to the other ten the amalgam received following the selection of [Sorcery of Essence] and completed the collection of 12. This same held true for the skills created with [Grandiose Manifestation] and [Greatest Null Weaver].

As Prisma Vohnvolt executed the unending hoards, he saw a flash of dawn's light to his right, and the world shook vehemently.

Jerthrax was at it again.

His breath leaked fierce bursts of light through the small gaps between the crowds of enemies the amalgam was surrounded by.

'It still won't work. Why doesn't it use other means of attack?' the creature wondered.

It was obvious that the Herald had other powers, perhaps ones that didn't have the taint of divine energy. Why not use them? Was he being a lot more careful than the amalgam thought? Was he anticipating a prolonged battle and thus wanted to save energy?

Who knew?

The fierce beam circled around the crowd of undead, killing some and failing most.

Was Jerthrax looking for where the masked man was hiding? Maybe, but that would be difficult to accomplish.

The area covered by the undead was immense after all, making it hard to see or sense the necromancer's presence.

The amalgam also turned and searched through mounds of undead, his eyes beaming with focus.

He didn't see any traces of the masked man, but he did catch a glimpse of the Null Devil King who was still connected to him through [Budget Tug-of-War].

The creature was sitting in the air with an empty look, as if in thought.

Before him stood the figure of Stylla.

The amalgam's socket flames narrowed.

The redhead was killing all the undead that tried to get close with ease and shocking speed.

'Hmmm.'

Sentiments had begun to grow in Vohnvolt's head when he noticed a surge of mana that changed into pristine Nitros.

A fierce beast that looked like a mix between a lion and bear, roared and activated its Majestic Territory.

The amalgam would have acted, but he saw Yuyui bursting to respond first.

She pointed at the beast, and Prisma Vohnvolt spotted, on her forefinger, the Eye of Moving.

An instant later, the beast ahead of them was gone, though the boundary of its Territory could be seen elsewhere, engulfing its fellow undead.

"Good job," the amalgam said to Yuyui who climbed on its shoulder.

"I can handle some of these guys too," the girl said with determination.

"That's right. You can."

Vohnvolt nodded, deciding on something in his head.

He raised one of his hands up to Yuyui.

It was the one which held the double-edged golden short sword with a minimalistic design.

Yuyui held in with shining eyes.

"Use that. But be careful, its very sharp and very... effective," the amalgam said. "It's made from Red Rage's armour."

Yuyui's eyes sparkled all the more.

Indeed, the sword was made with Red Rage's armour. All the components – which weren't skills – that were used in the merge had their properties enhanced. Better yet, the result of the merge, the resultant species of Bringer of All, could manipulate them as he wished, hence the sword.

The hoard of undead creatures poured more fiercely. More and more stronger ones began to emerge.

Yuyui immediately set to hack at them.

The amalgam was a little worried that since Yuyui hadn't really improved in her Stages or mana core, she might have been two underpowered physically against the enemies. The girl had even said so herself.

He had hoped to give her an additional means to protect herself; the sword.

A moment later, Vohnvolt discovered that he may have underestimated the green-haired girl a bit.

He saw her Eye of Dispersal suddenly appear on the golden sword, and her Eye of Moving opened up on the arm which held said weapon.

Then, in a fraction of a moment, Yuyui's hand blurred as it cut upwards. The blade in her hand bit into a large, ugly monstrosity of the eleventh Tier with ease, slipped through its flesh as though it was a mere apparition, and exited from the top of the creature's head.

Another fraction later, the sword was piercing through a torrent of blue flames spat by a boar-like undead, making them die out instantly. Yuyui then made the sword dig into the creature's brain and then she had it tear through the side of the beast's head, where it exited while barely noticeable smears of blood.

The amalgam was stunned.

Such speed!

Yuyui was using her Eye of Moving to make her strikes so fast that her victims didn't even realise they were dead until a second later.

How ridiculously overpowered!

The Penetrator imagined that while Yuyui wasn't that strong, she could kill any creature she could see. After all, she was making her arm move fast enough to kill all targets visible to her. Worse, with the Eye of Dispersal placed on her sword, it seemed than in addition to the sword's own properties, it was enchanted with the ability to dispel the powers of its victims!

'You really have grown,' the amalgam thought with pride.

Indeed, his Yuyui had grown. Again, he did wonder just how she awakened her third eye, but now was not the time to ask.

Despite her prowess, the amalgam noticed how winded the Eye of Moving quickly made Yuyui. That was to be expected. She had been sweating for a while now.

He couldn't let her go on the offensive for too long.

His intent for giving Yuyui the sword, had also been for something else.

He wanted her to take the pressure off him for a few moments.

After all, he was about to finalise the ordeal with the newly acquired Maximum Catalyst and test it out!

Chapter 1058: Disinfected!

The moment Yuyui noticed all of Vohnvolt's arms desist from constantly sending out flurries of attacks, she knew she had to step up her game.

The amalgam's active offense had been what had allowed her to be able to relax for a while, but now, she understood that her master was leaving her with the task of handling the endless streams of attacks.

Without even stopping to consider that the task might have been too monumental for her, she set one foot on either of the amalgam's shoulders, and took a quick deep breath, her strange dark cloak billowing wildly.

Then, with a fierce look she rarely wore, the girl's hand swiped like the wind in all directions while leaving a trail of plain gold which quickly turned red with blood!

It seemed that for the girl, who had finally earned the title of Pinnacle Occuluthon, her Eye of Dispersal was enough to make the shield of divine energy around the undead monsters irrelevant, their own powers more so. This was on top of the sword's own properties.

Not only was it sharp, as Vohnvolt had said, it was imbued with Red Rage's ability to persuade people into making things easier for him; one extracted from one of his skills and extended through his radiant armour.

When applied to the sword, however, this ability became one that tricked various forms of defence – armour and skills – into letting it cut through them with ease; a truly astounding ability for a mere sword!

Yuyui's eyes darted this way and that so ferociously that her irises barely registered in the whites.

She might not have met the optimal standard to stand on this battlefield physically, but she still possessed a decent blue core, and had grown to become an early Advancement Stager. If she needed it, she could bolster her prowess by an upwards of 400% with Full Body Aura.

'Not yet!' Yuyui thought.

As she cleaved the heads of a 101 beasts at once, leaving some of their corpses to disappear into the amalgam's [Inverted Boundary], the girl convinced herself that she didn't need to use this trump card yet.

She was still feeling good right now. She was far from wiry.

Her grin held the pride and joy of meeting the expectations of her master. Better yet, the constant notifications that the guidance field gave her, added to her esteem.

...

The amalgam employed his mastery over essence to fully close the mana core he had opened up, the Nature Bound Malleable Form Core. It gleamed purple-gold from its original hue of blue, showing that it had adapted to the new concept that the amalgam had learned.

As Vohnvolt had hoped, he felt that the mana core was so closely bonded with the concept that it would take a miniscule amount of the mana from this core to manipulate the new concept and produce it in large volumes.

On of this, just as the amalgam had hoped...

~~~

[Maximum Catalyst : S]

~~~

His affinity with the Rule-Level concept was already very high from the jump!

This was a tremendous win!

All that remained now, was to figure out what this concept was capable of exactly.

It was forged out of the concepts All-Encompassing Transubstantiation, which was formerly Disruption, Inexorable Unveilment, formerly Lambent Phosphor, and Complete Omnipresent Registry, which had been Spatial Lightning.

The goal had originally been to devise an ability that allowed Replicus to disrupt techniques, but what was born seemed to be way beyond that.

'Let's test it out,' Vohnvolt thought as he raised the hand that had already spotted purple-gold particles of Maximum Catalyst.

These particles bubbled up wildly as the mana poured into them increased.

The sockets of the amalgam flared bright.

...!!!

Something clicked in his mind, and when it did, the purple gold brilliance in his hand got agitated, and it exploded out in a beautiful flash, encompassing everything around him with its glow... at a speed that eclipsed the whopping gallop of light!

IT had in an instant, and very, very few even managed to register that IT had happened when it did.

The amalgam... was so mortified that he hurried to extinguish the glow in his hand.

A great silence ensued.

The hemming and hawing of the undead in Prisma Vohnvolt's vicinity ceased entirely.

It was only natural.

After all, over eighteen million undead... had been relieved of the air of undeath within and around them!

'Crazy...' the amalgam thought in disbelief.

He gawked at the creatures around him, and all of them looked towards him as well.

The undeath energy that had been siphoned within them by the masked man was gone, instead, weakly blazing within their assorted husks... was life energy.

So much of it wafted in all directions that it caused discord.

Those that had been reanimated by undeath, were now corpses fuelled with the very essence that gave them life in the very beginning!

Aged faces, decaying skin, crushed arms, disembowelled organs.

The undead all still featured the remnants of their battles before they ultimately died at the hands of the masked, but now, their connection him... was severed completely.

And then...

The light of consciousness vanished from the affected victims, and they all fell down lifelessly to the sea as the brimming life energy within them, fizzled out.

They finally died permanently.

As their corpses rained down, bumping into the genuine undead left on the battlefield, Vohnvolt shook.

He was truly and wholly overwhelmed by what had just occurred despite starting to understand the nature of it.

And he wasn't the only one.

Jerthrax had sensed what had happened, and so had the Null Devil King.

One other party was also as deeply taken aback by this... and he set to move while everyone else was still reeling from the shock.

Vohnvolt noticed his action.

He immediately extricated himself from his stupor and flashed away with Yuyui from where he had been floating.

His timing was impeccable.

After all, a micro-second after he moved, something dark and quick bore through the field of undead, easily tearing them apart as it went.

Belatedly, when Vohnvolt appeared elsewhere, he discovered that he hadn't been the target of whatever slammed the undead obstacles into bits as it swiftly exploded into the distance.

ROOOOOOOOAAAAAR!

A furious roar of agony told him that the real target had been struck successfully.

It was Jerthrax, of course.

But what could have possibly caused the dragon to feel so much pain?

The amalgam abandoned his focus on his newly acquired concept and sent his sights pinning on the body of the Herald.

He was alarmed at what he saw.

There, by the dragon's chest, it was easy to see.

A man wearing cloak was could be seen, bathed in complex stream of mana that entangled with some kind of divine energy.

Where he had placed his hand on the Herald, a small section of the dragon's scales had been removed. No, it looked as though they had been cleanly pried off, separated from the tough, but more vulnerable flesh underneath!

And just when this 'soft' spot was revealed, so was the overwhelming presence of the masked man from within the shadow of his millions of minions which overshadowed them all effortlessly!

Chapter 1059: The Masked Man's Conviction

Actuass had made a lot of preparations.

He had patiently waited for centuries and meticulously used all the resources he could find in Aigas, and that was all after a lot of research. The masked man was almost convinced that he knew more about this world than 99% of the living things here.

Was his goal and hunger just that much deeper than that of anyone else?

Had the Ashing of Time not only distorted time but in the perception of the denizens of Aigas, but their fervour as well?

No matter.

It didn't matter.

All Actuass cared about was that finally, everything had fallen into place, and he did his best to make sure that it would all go according to plan.

That said, as he did all this, rage burned his heart.

All this work that he was proud of, no, all this work that he began while tasting nothing but bitterness only to grow to be proud of it as the centuries passed, had still gone unnoticed? Or was it indeed perceived but not appreciated by the one he was doing all of it for?

Either way, bitter words nestled in his heart for centuries. He would get to say them all and cast away the mask that had almost become a second face for him soon.

Very soon.

Well... that was what Actuass had thought.

Before embarking on this journey, he had made sure to bring a creature he had captured a long time ago.

The Definer of Causality.

Because even after drowning it in undeath, its powers still worked the same despite its loyalty, Actuass rarely used this creature. He also didn't want to develop a habit of depending on it. That would be very bad for his long-crafted plans and ideal mentality. He hadn't reached this point by simply relying on forecasting. That was just a part of it.

The Definer of Causality was able to define cause and effect. In a way, it was able to give accurate predictions of the future, since it directly linked an action to its eventual result.

However, there were two shortcomings.

The Definer of Causality's very identity was hinged on being impartial. It would advise anyone it met, or was forced to meet.

The creature was also limited in its scope of advice. It wasn't a councillor. It only gave vague warnings and at its own time.

Thankfully, the Definer did offer perks to its master. Once Actuass enslaved it using his necromancy, it was able to empower his actions passively as long as he kept it close to him. This had the benefit of increasing the likelihood of the consequence that the masked man desired.

So far, all the benefits that the creature could offer were working in his favour... for the most part.

...

At the start, Actuass had released all the undead he had stocked up until now in order to mask his presence and what he was going to be doing next.

Jerthrax, the Vision of Misery – a Herald – was not just a creature given the powers of the Deities, but a combatant in his own right. His awareness was likely to be ungodly. His power was also supposed to be equal to Rayn's or even stronger.

Against this, the old Actuass would have died very quickly, even while knowing the future to a degree.

However, after absorbing the divine energy in Rayn's soul, he had increased his chances of not just survival, but also victory.

He had earned the power to resist the ferocity of divine power and to even use it very well.

Thus, he had used it to protect his undead from being erased in an instant by the vicious dragon.

Things were going perfectly.

...Until an anomaly started to unravel his plan.

Actuass wasn't ignorant of this being. In fact, while the Definer of Causality couldn't read his actions clearly, the masked man was very well aware of what this anomaly was.

He had found that there were two of them acting against him on this journey. No, three.

He had taken note of this particular one when he managed to snag his ship thanks to the Definer, but now, he regretted that he hadn't done something final about him.

As his undead were somehow stripped of the Undeath essence keeping them tethered to life, to him, Actuass had been forced to act before things took a worse turn.

The divine energy he wielded emboldened him, his undead cloaking it.

Actuass then proceeded to launch the Paladin Champion he had bested and enthralled from the mask of millions of undead, and at a speed enough to catch Jerthrax off guard.

The Paladin Champion landed squarely on Jerthrax's chest and without delay, used his Divine Blessing, Brunt Divide.

The first ranked Paladin Champion had a monstrous Divine Blessing which allowed him to separate, split and divide two or more entities of any kind from each other!

The applications of the Blessing were as broad as one would think. The only limit was the amount of energy used and the user's understanding of what they were doing.

Once Actuass discovered that the Paladin Champion had this kind of a Blessing, he had decided to learn it himself by temporarily moving his soul into the body of the Champion, allowing the man's body to teach his soul how to use this Blessing through the divine energy he could now use.

And indeed, once the masked man learned Brunt Divide, he used his hefty volumes of energy to split the world in a ration of three parts to one; the latter was where he was, where he intended to be.

Brunt Divide was also the power used to remove a few of Jerthrax's scales, which was the utmost the Paladin Champion could do after channelling all his reserves of energy, and within a short amount of time.

Once that was done...

Actuass' greenish black undeath essence burned like malevolent light from his body.

He finally revealed his location from the swath of undead after his scheme had born fruit.

Just that spot of vulnerable flesh from Jerthrax was enough.

Actuass lunged.

He barrelled through the undead, all of which made way for him.

However, on his path, he sensed the rapid approach of four individuals towards his location. Two of them he was slightly wary of.

One was another anomaly, like him, and the other, was a most strange woman, one whom he deduced was heading the group that was after him.

Unfortunately, Actuass was much faster than them in reaching his goal. He travelled at a speed that burned his enchanted dark robes and warped his figure into an elongated dot.

His hand flared with an unbelievable torrent of greenish black undeath energy as he zoomed and then thrust it where Jerthrax's scales had been removed.

Unfortunately, while the dragon was only a split of a split of a second late in reacting, someone else wasn't.

MBIIIIIIING!

...!!!

Actuass grimaced as he bounced off something that suddenly got in his way, and sped into the sky.

The hazel glow of his eye showed hints of displeasure.

The one to block his strike just now... had been the Null Devil King.

The creature held a large sword that was bathed in a staggering amount of Null Life Essence.

It had defended Jerthrax, who growled in fury and swatted the enthralled Paladin Champion on his chest away.

The dragon then drew back so fast that the weather seemed to change, becoming violently stormy.

"YOU ALL SEE ME AS A MERE PRIZE TO BE WON, DO YOU?" he said in a furious tone, his blue eyes looking at the masked man who had saddled a flying undead creature high up in the sky.

Actuass let out a sigh.

He failed.

That had been a decent strategy to end this centuries' old strife, but no.

'I suppose my final hurdle has to at least be this difficult, hmm?'

Chapter 1060: The Logic-Defying Clash Across Null Remnants!

The swarms of undead began to withdraw suddenly, either falling into the ebony sea below or drawing away to make room where they had initially created a literal cloud of darkness as per their master's command. Despite the clearing, the battlefield still looked crowded from the skies to the surface of the sea, not in a matter of numbers per se, but instead, because of the powerhouses involved.

The masked stood above all others while riding his undead winged horse.

Jerthrax, even without flapping his wings floated a few hundred meters below him, his eyes cast in a raging blue.

Opposite the Herald, nearly half a kilometre away, the Null Devil King stood in the air, his large sword out and Stylla by his side.

A bit below these two, floated the figure of the amalgam with Yuyui perked atop his shoulders. What kept him in the air, was the Empyrean Ribbon, which had been fashioned into a wrapping around his waist. It pulled his weight up easily.

Last but not least, were the remnants of the top brass of the Severed Union.

After failing to get in the masked man's way quickly enough, they had dropped to stand on the surface of the sea, the undead strangely giving them room.

In truth, the fact that everything suddenly came to a halt like this was even stranger.

Warding Pride looked as determined and as salty as ever. Her subordinates were nowhere to be seen, but one would think they were safely hidden somewhere. She couldn't afford to have them out and about right now, after all.

The Bishop, on the other hand, had her subordinates flying around her and the illusory form of a large cathedral. In her hollow sockets was the craze from before burning even brighter, perhaps motivated by the terrifying and unpredictable nature of the imminent future.

Eaniss stood with Aurolio by her side. The latter oddly didn't look as beat up as he had looked before. His eyes were staring up at the figure of the amalgam with really intense interest, perhaps discerning that this was where his opponent had gone.

His eyes flashed dangerously.

Eaniss was now decked in her flaming armour, her eyes also looking up without showing whatever her emotions about all this were.

She was deep in thought.

'I still can't believe we were so wrong in our predictions. To think the damn dragon would come here all on his own and with an unknown enemy to boot,' she thought. There was a little bit of a ridiculing tone in the narrative voice speaking in her head. 'Hmm. Perhaps Em-Sul's suggestion

could have helped us respond a little better, but then again, there was Bright Storm with his own antics.

I wonder if the current form he has adopted has anything to do with why he was so intent on getting to Em-Sul.'

The Head Faction leader sized up the new form of the Penetrator. It was rather curious. It certainly made Bright Storm look less... human.

'Speaking of Em-Sul, has he abandoned the assignment? <Sigh>. I wonder if this finally got a little too crazy even for him.'

Indeed, the Shifter was nowhere to be seen among the remaining heavy-hitters of the Severed Union. Eaniss was sure he hadn't perished at the hands of Bright Storm's subordinates.

She and the others still saw the possibility of completing the assignment the Emissary had given. They had intended to catch the masked man right when he tried to land what looked like a finishing blow to the Herald, but they had severely underestimated just how fast the accursed necromancer could move.

The bastard annoyingly seemed to see things far ahead of anyone else.

Eaniss thought of the theory the Bishop had produced; that the masked man had already known everything that would happen. That he had seen the future.

It seemed more like a fact now.

The necromancer, after breaking the world, had warned the Factions not to pursue him or else.

Of course, they did the opposite and now all but a few had perished.

Eaniss chuckled.

'T'd rather die than be told to sit on my hands by odds,' she thought. If she was all about staying safe and living a long life, she would have chosen to be farmer elsewhere on the damned continent of Feinheath.

...!!!

Right then, the Head Faction leader as well as Warding Pride, the Mad Bishop, Stylla, Yuyui and Jerthrax felt a strange sensation bubble within them.

This sensation then turned into something deeply concerning.

Without warning, life started to leak out of their bodies, weakly at first, and then furiously!

...!!!

What in the world was happening?

How did one suddenly start losing the very essence that gave them life?

Even the Vision of Misery was not exempt from this, though, his vast pool of life essence seemed as though it would take days to be exhausted at the pace the leakage went.

Jerthrax's eyes narrowed as he glared at the masked man.

"THIS IS YOUR DOING?" he asked in dangerous tone. His boisterous voice caused everyone else to turn their attention towards the masked man.

The necromancer took a few seconds to respond.

He glanced at the amalgam, the Null Devil King and Aurolio.

'As I thought...'

"It finally kicked in, did it? Indeed, it's my doing, but believe me, it's just a passive quirk. Anyone who fights against me will start to lose their life energy as the seconds tick by," the masked man explained. "But don't be afraid. Your bodies are quick to learn to curb this. Besides, this works against me more than it works against all of you."

As though to validate his cryptic words, the six who experienced this strange drain of life, felt it suddenly stop, as if stoppers had been plugged wherever they were leaking energy!

Then... something even more unexpected happened.

All six of them felt their strength sky-rocket!

Their overall ability was bolstered by a little more than 30%!

Their attributes, their techniques...

What in the world?

Was the masked man giving them a buff?

Even Jerthrax noticed that his power had increased considerably. He also seemed to be the only one who understood what was happening. He, a Herald would understand how the body and soul worked.

The masked man realised that the dragon caught on.

"You get it, don't you? All living things leak out life energy over time. My powers caused your bodies to quickly learn how to shut in all that leakage from before, and that which is supposed to happen naturally. As a result, you got a fancy boost to your strength – simply speaking," he said while bringing his hands together to form a complex sign with his fingers.

"Fortunately for you, and less so for me, your powers will only continue to get stronger... to a point."

This revelation was alarming.

It was no mystery that there was a point to this.

It was also clear that this ability of the masked man probably had a lot of Creeds behind it, which was why it even affected Jerthrax.

There was probably some dangerous conclusion after the constant explosion of power the man mentioned.

None could have taken the time to appreciate how knowledgeable the masked man was with anything relating to the body and the soul; that he had even incorporated this knowledge into his Advanced Necromancy Class, which was the source of this uncanny ability that got everyone on edge.

As such, because of the burden of urgency, the short-lived stillness ended.

Everyone moved.

Jerthrax was the first to soar towards the masked man, then all the remaining Faction Leaders and the Null Devil King.

Of course, the dragon far eclipsed everyone else in speed, and was the one to reach the masked man first, intent on killing him off before whatever his abilities led to came to pass.

Even if he failed to crush the masked man, several others were ready to get rid of the necromancer in an instant.

Warding Pride was prepared to open her Territory, as was the Bishop.

Eaniss had something up her sleeve, and following after her, Aurolio was beginning to shed his skin, revealing what manner of monstrosity he truly was.

One way or the other, the masked man was going to be overwhelmed.

But would it be that easy?

Would it be that simple?

Of course not!

The one to make it oh so difficult and complicated wasn't the masked man himself, as it turned out.

The great mana chains connected to the Jerthrax's mana core jiggled suddenly, and a dark creature with six arms, and a small human riding on its shoulders came between him and the masked man!

...!!!

Without a word, he broke the obvious battle narrative everyone else had been going for. With a simple wave of his hand, he put everyone in the palm of his hand, and changed the very nature of the battlefield!

A skill of his was activated right then, derived from [Grandiose Manifestation].

[Consecutive Realm Transmission]!