

Undead 1061

Chapter 1061: The Logic-Defying Clash Across Null Remnants! (2)

The Boring Mine Nova Star Course.

It shocked those who had already been dragged here once to find that they were destined to see the splendour of the dark void littered with stars again. It was also ironic that they weren't able to see it coming, just like the first time.

Unfortunately, they all failed to realise that this time, things were going to be much, much worse than the first.

It should have been apparent from the fact that while this was the Boring Mine Nova Star Course, they had all been summoned to a different area within it. Massive shards of bright, hot rock drifted through the Null space wantonly while spitting out huge volumes of fiercely scalding Null Life Essence.

There were thousands of them, not to mention the close starry bodies behind them, some of which came in a vibrant purple-blue hue.

The sight was certainly enough to put everyone on edge, and that included the masked man and the dragon, who had been the forerunners in the clash an instant ago.

Warding Pride, Eaniss and the Bishop hurried to use their Nitros to defend themselves against the deadly effect of the boundless well of Null Life Essence that supported the pitch-black space.

This was indeed wise.

However, when they felt the fabric of seemingly infinite space get ripped apart, hundreds of shards of stars piercing the darkness with furious speed towards their six targets, the chaos began, and it wasn't going to stop.

The remnants of the Severed Union were buried in the edged, scorching matter, quite like the Herald and the masked man, who found that their burden was doubly hefty, as two massive stellar bodies suddenly rammed into them each in addition to the flying debris!

...And then they exploded violently while maintaining their staggering speeds!

Disgusting explosions lividly rocked the dark void of space, but they could hardly be heard. The sheer heat they set loose was even more devastating than their acoustics. They were so unbearable that it was hard to imagine anyone escaping them alive.

Warding Pride had her teeth ground to their limit the whole time she endured the pieces of fiery space rock. She had managed to configure a barrier that looked like slim flower petals and wrap it around her before she was hit, but she was still in a dire situation.

The large pieces of partly molten debris pinned her in place while carrying on, as though intent on slamming her somewhere more lethal than themselves.

The Faction Leader could feel her body shaking from the velocity, despite her Nitros.

'Shit!' she cursed. 'I have to—'

BOOOM! BOOOM! BOOOM!

Warding Pride heard the stellar shards pinning her erupt into chunks one after another.

...And then the temperature rose dramatically!

It became so hot that her barrier melted within a millisecond and she groaned as she set to create another one.

Was a star hurtling her way?!

Warding Pride couldn't help but think so.

But that wasn't the case.

Right when her next barrier was about to manifest, a figure appeared before her that turned her blood cold.

A monstrous, dark creature with six arms and radiant warts on its body rushed her.

From the curved hole that was apparently its mouth, mocking and ridiculing her with a hoarse chuckle, liquid flames spilled like drool.

The creature was grinning as it pushed a furiously hot shard with raging Null Life Essence embodying intense heat, against her!

Warding Pride panicked, and she immediately screeched, "Majestic Territory...!" even though her voice was unlikely to travel through the Null space.

Her Nitros exploded forth to create a hard shell around her and the loathsome creature... but it all immediately collapsed inward.

...Because a vast star immediately came charging in like a freight train from behind the amalgam, and then it denoted, wrecking everything in sight with a devastating, blazing shockwave!

The Null space trembled. Heat reaching the millions of degrees coursed through the darkness while brilliant, radiant flares tried to light it up.

Warding Pride couldn't have conjured another barrier in time, but she managed to survive.

She had drown all the Nitros she wished to create a Territory with and covered her body with it, but even then, her pretty face only came out intact as an ugly, greyish black bump full of boils and burnt blood. Her legs and one of her arms had also failed to survive the impact, unfortunately.

As she drifted through the open space, amid the lights and sparks... the unharmed figure of the amalgam charged from the pit of the furnace she had managed to avoid and launched his assault!

Warding Pride couldn't see him, but she sensed him.

She was beyond mortified.

With all her effort, she cried out a Creed to restore her mana, but not before three fists plunged mercilessly into her chest and her gut!

...!!!

The Faction Leader felt agony like she had never felt before.

The first two blows she felt, rent her bones and busted her lungs and heart easily, but their impact also resounded through her mana channels. She felt each inch of the mana paths rupture and explode all the way up to her mana core!

She couldn't have known, but this was the effect of Dual Mana-sourcing Force!

The third fist, which reached her gut, tore her in two.

Warding Pride's eyes flickered. The torment was too much for her in that instant, and it was also mixed in with rage and hatred.

The amalgam saw these emotions on her. He brought his face close to hers.

"Hmm. I suppose your territory in the Severed Union belongs to a monster now. How ironic," he said.

When Warding Pride opened her mouth to voice a retort, the Penetrator pulled on her throat, relieving the woman of her voice box.

He then grabbed her head, and then the dark void around him lurched, allowing its master to appear where he pleased without needing to move.

The amalgam reached the Bishop, her illusory cathedral and her subordinates. The woman's head snapped in his direction immediately.

At the sight of Warding Pride, she didn't show a speck of sympathy, but her hollow sockets seemed to burn with fervour.

The amalgam grinned and threw his victim's torn body towards the Bishop, who kept her eyes on him.

The clothes the fading Warding Pride was wearing, began to light up and in the next moment, their owner's body exploded before letting loose a gigantic bolt of Levin with a single edge, straight and fierce like a lance!

...!!!

The Bishop had not seen that coming.

She couldn't have known that while in this place, where the amalgam could rule over with Araeyn's skill,[Dimensional Submission], he could imbue his skills on any inanimate object using [Wealth of Spoils]... without needing to touch them first. And thus, Vohnvolt Exonn had inscribed the [Nullmancer's Unforgiving Lancet] into Warding Pride's garb and activated it from there.

The Bishop and her cathedral were impaled and sent barrelling through the boundless darkness to an unknown fate!

Just like that.

Her subordinates, the built man that always sang the Collective song, found themselves being swallowed by a vast, bright cloth that extended from one of the amalgam's hands, and that was the last of them that would be seen.

The amalgam had the surrounding space cheat again, and in another nano-instant, he was right in front of Eaniss, who, quite like the Bishop spotted him at once.

The amalgam and the Head Faction leader stared each other down for a few seconds, and then both acted without a word.

However, the one to actually land a blow, was neither.

"| You're doing a better job with this! Keep going |!"

...!!!

At the words, the amalgam instantly realised who was he dealing with.

His body, affected by the subtle surge of energy in the assailant's voice, shot up through the dark void with uncontrollable speed!

Vohnvolt scoffed.

This Veneration art...

'I think I understand how it works now...' he thought, and then his socket flames suddenly dimmed. 'Ah, it's already time, huh?'

Right then, the distinct void of space disappeared, and what took its place was another dimension entirely.

Eaniss and her defender stood, rather, swam hundreds of meters above the amalgam who jeered at how stunned they were at the change in scenery.

They had no idea what they were in for.

Chapter 1062: The Logic-Defying Clash Across Null Remnants! (3)

[Consecutive Realm Transmission], derived from [Grandiose Manifestation], was a skill that allowed Prisma Vohnvolt Exonn to pre-set dimensions that he wanted himself and his selected targets to be transported to on a fixed timer.

Because Vohnvolt had the whole of Araeyn built into him, he also shared the memories of all the dimensions that the Astute Duke of Transversal learned about passively. These memories also came with some extremely vital knowledge.

The dimensions or regions that the Astute Duke could transpose, were remnants of places within the vast Null Verse that either perished or were abandoned for various reasons despite how some of them looked.

It seemed [Grandiose Manifestation] was set up like this on purpose so as to not encroach on the realms ruled by the four authorities in the Null Verse, something Replicus had learned after the birth of Araeyn.

As such, the Astute Duke, and in turn, Vohnvolt, were free to control and benefit from these remnants.

On that note, just as Replicus had experienced a boost from being on 'home ground' before, the same had happened now.

However, the difference was mind-boggling.

Previous, individually, Replicus had had a forceful 300% increase to his Null Life Essence reserves, 140% to his stats and 250% to all his Null Life related skills, while Araeyn had gotten double in all respects.

Yet now, the benefits he got stacked, considering him as three separate beings bunched together.

Thus, his Null Life Essence reserves were bolstered by 1,200%, his stats by 560% and the performance of all Null-Life related skills by 1,000%!

This was all on top of the fact that the Bringer of All was a literal god in the Null Remnants!

...

The next region [Consecutive Realm Transmission] took Vohnvolt and everyone else to, was a place called the Frigid Pools.

It was essentially like a vast ocean, but one that was saturated with Null Life Essence, giving it unusual properties.

Vohnvolt, with just a whim, made Eaniss and Aurolio plunge down at extreme speed towards the dark depths that couldn't be appraised quite well below his feet.

Eaniss gave him a strange look as she disappeared into the darkness while Aurolio...

Aurolio resisted.

The... man (?), placed his hand on his chest and said something that Prisma Vohnvolt felt pulse with the same feeling of Veneration.

His body rose rapidly, resisting the pull which the amalgam had commanded.

Soon, Aurolio was face to face with the Bringer of All.

Vohnvolt sized him up.

He had changed. At least appearance-wise.

The man still spotted his long, white hair, but it was no longer tied into a ponytail. Instead, it flowed like a river within the ocean, lengthier than before. Below it, Aurolio's face looked vastly different. Instead of eyes, he had what looked like a wide, slit across his face that barely exposed an intense, purple glow behind it.

His skin had grown paler, or perhaps it was the fact that he no longer had facial skin at all. Instead, what looked like hard, white ceramic texture covered his face. His lower jaw was covered by a segmented layer of purple-silver steel that clamped tight onto it, leaving only his upper lips visible.

This segmented steel layer drew down to Aurolio's neck and then to the rest of body, forming a sleek, but stylish armour that reflected something other the dark waters, as though it was in another place entirely. On its chest, the armour spotted a clear crystal that oozed of the same purple energy bubbling around Aurolio's body.

"You have no idea how long I've been waiting to use this again," he said, the purple light from the slit on his face radiantly sparking.

Vohnvolt scoffed.

"I sure hope you don't regret saying that," he said, and without waiting for a response, he acted. He appeared in front of Aurolio and grabbed both his arms tight.

He took a moment to appreciate how tough they appeared to be.

'Hmmm. Won't make much of a difference though.'

Then with three of his other arms, he sent three lethal blows supported by his raw strength, Red Rage's [That One Punch] and [That Other Punch] skills, several of his new mana-related skills and of course, super charged Levin!

The ocean cried.

The force set loose by the three punches was enough to make the water content so thin around the two that it almost seemed as though the ocean didn't exist!

Aurolio received each of the punches.

His body ached tremendously and each blow felt as though it erased a part of him, but his armour wasn't just for show.

As a relic that Aurolio received from the influence of his Voided Deathform powers, it had its own unique powers. One of them was to resist 80% of the supernatural effects in the attacks that hit him, and it served him well, despite, because of the raw power it tanked, looking as though it had tangoed with black holes!

It allowed Aurolio to find enough breath to cry out:

" | You're good, Mr. Demon! Almost too good |!"

...!!!

At once, Vohnvolt shot down like an arrow with immense speed into the void of treacherous Null waters.

'Interesting,' he thought in his descent. 'As I imagined. His Veneration art makes anything he speaks to condescendingly to rise up, and when he praises or speaks highly of it, it drops, like some huge weights suddenly sits on it.'

It was interesting indeed, but...

Vohnvolt merely made it so that up was down for himself, and thus, when he came soaring from above Aurolio with immense speed, he delivered a mean punch that caused the man's face to explode, Voided Death Essence leaking from it as he sped through the vast waters like a moist comet!

Vohnvolt followed and dragged his body deeper into the depths where the temperature continuously plummeted until it got so cold that it was a wonder why the water was even still liquid at all.

Cold, ice crystals with a faint glow could be spotted with each sharp descend, and Vohnvolt smashed Aurolio through every single one of them as they continued their plunge.

The strange pigment the water attained did make it more fitting though. The black tint of it made it seem more horrifying on top of its cruel properties that turned Aurolio into a black, ice-covered popsicle which Vohnvolt chucked even deeper into cold, and watched it disappear into the darkness.

'We are similar, I guess. That must be why he and Skullius had some kind of agreement between them. He doesn't seem to be anything like a Null Lifeform though,' the amalgam thought.

Because of the memories from Araeyn, he had already gotten some understanding about Aurolio's unusual abilities, but the transformation he just saw spelled a lot more information to him.

Just as he mulled this over, Vohnvolt felt a burst of heat approaching him rapidly as a gigantic beam that would have torched him whole without regard of the waters here.

The amalgam merely switched positions before the scorching beam could hit, travelling higher up to the less freezing part of the ocean.

The dragon.

Vohnvolt scoffed.

An attack from a super long range.

That wasn't enough to kill him despite how impressive it was.

'Hmmm?' Prisma Vohnvolt turned behind him.

To his surprise, Aurolio had risen once again to stand opposite him!

His body still had traces of dark ice, and his face looked deformed from the blow he had received, but was recovering rapidly.

"I guess the current version of you wouldn't know. You can't beat me. Not when my technique is active," Aurolio said with a deep grin over his steel jaw.

Right after Aurolio finished speaking, Vohnvolt gripped his throat.

"Yes, you do seem like a hard-to-kill bug," he said.

"You don't know the worst of it!" Aurolio cried... and something withdrew from his body.

It looked exactly like him, and was even as solid as he was, making it hard to argue that it wasn't anything other than a second body!

But that wasn't the case.

This projection of Aurolio grinned and swiped its hand over its face.

As it did, a shiny, yellow mask with pointed edges, as though to make it look like a bland caricature of the sun appeared over it, with no other details granted to its face; no spots for the eyes or the mouth.

The projection then uttered ominously:

"Mastered Void Gate."

And at once, the tide of the battle shifted.

Chapter 1063: The Logic-Defying Clash Across Null Remnants! (4)

Undeath, Null Life and Voided Death.

They all used different means to reach similar yet also different conclusions. Or perhaps it was more apt to reason that their progenitors had different philosophies when developing the powers that were the Existential Parallels.

Different forms of death. Different forms of extinction.

Undeath relied on enslaving the body, and then ultimately the soul over and over to create an empire of hollow soldiers.

Null Life thrived on the variety in Serenity's treasure; a jewel of a hidden paradise beyond inevitable extinction.

Voided Death was based on... emptiness.

Emptiness and the void were dark and terrifying; they were infinite and could be interpreted in an unlimited number of ways.

That was why, an accomplished Voided Deathform could find their own understanding in emptiness and awaken it.

Such an achievement was denoted by a plain mask of minimal design; a Bare Guise, which differed from Voided Deathform to Voided Deathform.

And only when such an achievement was acknowledged could a Deathform use their Void Gate; that is after understanding what the void could grant them – after understanding their own meaning of emptiness.

The additional Aurolio thoroughly vexed Vohnvolt. Before it, Voided Death Essence gushed out and created a set of large glass-like doors, sculpted to form intricate patterns of pairs of hands that performed dozens of different signs. A crisp highlight overlaid the doors, and it got a little intense when they opened wide.

...!!!

The amalgam rushed away from the real Aurolio whose neck he had been crushing. He sensed immense danger!

From the gates, sludgy, lumpy darkness poured out, embodying many different shapes that matched Aurolio's outline while in his true Voided form. They all had different stances and presences despite having the same hue and being bunched together like doilies.

They oozed into the Aurolio who had just been relieved from the amalgam's grip and he twitched like a mishandled marionette during the entire process. Over his face, the yellow, blank mask also appeared, and at once, Vohnvolt found that his presence changed.

It became... unfathomable. Impossible to discern.

The fact that the setting suddenly changed right in this moment, departing from the cold and boundless waters to an odd desert, made all the difference.

Vohnvolt barely paid attention to this. He already knew what this was, of course.

The sky was a desert and the ground was a desert as well, made from heaping dunes of gold dust. Both versions had large, immensely deep circular grooves running outward where flakes of what looked like pristine snow rose serenely or fell.

But the most astounding thing by far, was the fact that both deserts quaked nonstop, and the sand was constantly shifting downwards.

This wouldn't have affected Vohnvolt, but it also didn't affect Aurolio. He seemed to have stacked Voided Death Essence under his feet to keep from sinking. The pour of darkness into him had finally ceased, and the second clone of him vanished along with the glass gate.

"What are you waiting for? Did you really just leave me to finish my upgrade?" Aurolio said. His voice suddenly deeper with the mask on.

Vohnvolt didn't answer.

He merely analysed his changed opponent.

There was something his victims didn't know about his plans for their tenure here. Granted, there were risks, but...

'Oh well... I committed already.'

The amalgam sped to Aurolio in that instance, and plunged four of his hands forth with great force!

Aurolio plunged his hands to meet Vohnvolt's as well, and to the latter's surprise, when their limbs met, his were pushed out the way by some unknown influence, leaving his torso wide open!

BOOOOM!

A crushing force cascaded from Aurolio's fist and into the amalgam's chest, sending him skidding through the sands at breakneck speed.

...!!!

Vohnvolt shook, a little surprised.

'He got through my Inverted Boundaries?' he thought. 'And what's with that punch?'

Aurolio followed, zipping fast, but Vohnvolt was aware. He sent two arms swinging at him with his full might, but...

"| Sloppy! |" Aurolio yelled and the amalgam lost balance as his body began to shoot up.

Before he could soar far, however, Aurolio leapt, swung his feet and dished a lethal kick to Vohnvolt's face which gave him a ticket for a trip five miles deeper into the desert!

The amalgam regained his footing while thinking, 'Again?', but Aurolio was already there. He went low, clawing at the sand to duck another set of strikes from the six-armed creature, and then shot up to deliver a deadly uppercut. He weaved between Vohnvolt's dexterous punches and roared as he delivered another shattering blow that sent the amalgam taking off again!

However, this time, as the amalgam shot forth, he extended one of his hands and pulled Aurolio's body to him using the ambient Null Life Essence. He then gripped the Deathform's arm and flung him ahead of himself!

However, Aurolio had a similar idea. In his flight, he grabbed the amalgam's ankle and threw him as hard as could... only for Vohnvolt to pull him again and fling him away.

The two soared over large distances before coming to a halt and staring at each other.

A second later, Aurolio found himself falling into a pit of darkness.

The amalgam had willed the gold under the Deathform to give way, and as soon as he had dropped, the sand closed up to crush him within its vast embrace.

No more than an instant later, however, Aurolio exploded from the sand behind where Vohnvolt stood and sent his hand forth like a serpent to bite into him.

The amalgam caught it without needing to turn his head, and he pulled on the Deathform, first hurling him into the sky and then slamming him into the sand. He then immediately followed up by sending four fists that might have had enough power to turn Feinheath to dust speeding at Aurolio!

...

To his surprise, however, the amalgam saw a rapid figure ooze out of Aurolio.

No. He didn't see it. he vaguely caught its image before it disappeared from his senses, and a fraction of calculated time later, his entire side was blown to bits by a great blunt force not unlike that from a punch!

...!!!

The amalgam was perturbed.

What in the world was that?!

What hit him wasn't the Aurolio who had been at the mercy of his punches just now!

Just as he and the phantoms in his head took the chance to wonder, the Deathform in his grip acted.

"| I told you. You can't beat me. |" he said, and the amalgam shot into the sky... where a certain pasty, wrinkly looking creature was waiting with a redhead by its side.

Chapter 1064: The Logic-Defying Clash Across Null Remnants! (5)

As the figure of Vohnvolt soared, leaving a trail of white as it went, Aurolio grinned behind his mask.

His powers were finally being put to use in the way he had intended. Nothing he had had to fight against in Aigas had ever needed anything more than his basic human form. However, in this displaced haven, he had more than one enemy of interest. He could go all out and see if he truly couldn't be defeated.

The prospect delighted him to no end. This was the only way he could satisfy the interpretation of the void he had followed for the last few decades.

The enemy he had just borne a hole through wasn't as excited as he was, but he was definitely curious.

'How is he managing to deal so much damage to me without the Tie of Exchange activating, like before?'

It was indeed a contradiction that vexed the amalgam, but the council of debating phantoms in his head soon came to a conclusion.

'Right. We aren't in Aigas at the moment,' Vohnvolt thought. 'A Tie of Exchange, according to Sila manifests its purpose – and also the punishment after it is breached – from the body of the Deity Quintess; the land. Since we aren't in Aigas, it's not activating. He must have realised that he would be safe.'

It was unknown whether or not Aurolio had figured that out beforehand or if it had just been a lucky coincidence for him after he landed the first hit, but whatever the right answer didn't matter currently.

There was a more pressing issue.

How exactly did Aurolio's powers work?

The amalgam couldn't conceive a worthwhile hypothesis that could explain how the Voided Deathform was suddenly able to keep up and even damage him when he had been completely overwhelmed before. If it weren't for Aurolio's ridiculous healing factor, he would have died from the unholy punch Vohnvolt grafted into his face earlier.

There was also the question of how he could simply faze through his Inverted Boundaries and ignore his Deviant Trigger Build without consequence, and also that vague figure that he was sure dealt the damage to his side just now.

So many unknowns.

While all this was buzzing in his head, the amalgam realised that he was getting too close to the Null Devil King above through the large white chains of [Budget Tug-of-War] which were starting to grow faint.

He gave the creature and Stylla a sharp glance.

The King returned the same dose of attention, but it was hard to discern what it was thinking.

Vohnvolt spared a second to look more closely at Stylla's figure and then he changed his course, abruptly making his body pivot and shoot west.

Just as he did, a sun-shaped mask appeared in his sights without warning, along with the threatening force of a blow that the amalgam was determined to dodge. He managed to twist the world, moving himself to another location far away, closer to the sounds of menacing explosions and the rough beating of wings.

He had settled in the desert above, looking down at everything below; Aurolio, the Null Devil King and Stylla... when another shattering blow exploded straight into his chest, boring a giant hole in it!

...!!!

The amalgam's sockets blazed before furiously darting to and fro, hunting for the assailant.

Again, he only noticed a faint silhouette that rapidly disappeared from his vision, leaving him wondering:

'Seriously, what the hell is that?!' he thought.

But his opponent, who had been below, more than a few stones' throws away, flashed before him and decked him in the face with a strong kick. The amalgam blocked just in time with two arms, but another unseen, unpredictable blow crashed into his jaw, smashing it to dark bits and causing his head to turn lopsided!

"Ha!" Aurolio cackled before wrapping his legs around Vohnvolt's neck and placing his hand on the amalgam's face. "Either you are the shittiest user of Null Life there is, or I thoroughly underestimated my progress. Is this really all you can do?"

The amalgam hurried to grab Aurolio's hand, but it changed nothing about what came next.

"You are fucking lukewarm, Bright Storm. How about a taste of what a superior Parallel can do?"

At the Voided Deathform's words, purple Voided Death Essence erupted from his hand and ignited in a stellar purple explosion that coloured the golden lands both above and below in its image!

A shockwave worthy of the condensed energy released rolled out, causing the already trembling region to tremble even more.

However, even more curious than the power of the explosion, was the fact that where Aurolio had unleashed the attack, a massive, purple scar remained in the Null Remnant, shimmering in a stark purple light that persisted.

The scar ran along the dunes and the sky as though they were the same, and Aurolio was thoroughly pleased by it.

His Void Gate was based on his own interpretation of the void; strength. Ever since he opened his Book of Alignment, the strength he acquired because of the powers stowed within caused him to quickly grow stronger than anyone else in the small city he was raised in, which was much less significant in every aspect than Inhone.

At first, his journey was the typical psalm of a man with a tragic backstory who conveniently acquired the power to change his situation, but soon, as he grew to understand the scope of the story he had been plunged into because of the Book of Alignment, he dug deep into the meaning of his powers.

The void was boundless.

It was wise.

Its whole was all-encompassing.

Through it, he managed to find meaning in what strength was.

Strength was more than motive. Strength referred to a combatant's capabilities in the moment; style, technique, physique, mentality, form, energy, determination, numbers, stealth, distance, adaptability and more.

Strength was life itself, strength was drive, and it was constantly changing. It was volatile.

This was the idea that Aurolio unlocked. With his Mastered Void Gate, his body was able to embody strength in every way there was. If strength truly was an everchanging constant with nigh limitless components packed into it, then he was the strongest there was!

Because he understood what strength was, he kind of felt insulted that once he unleashed his Void Gate, the amalgam couldn't match him.

He turned his masked face towards the figure of Vohnvolt who had managed to escape him at the last second before being completely overwhelmed by the blast of Voided Death Essence right now.

"How long do you think you will last?" Aurolio sneered.

The amalgam, with a gouged side, a hole in his chest and half his limbs gone, their stumps aglow in a lilac hue, let out a breath.

Stars, nodes, really, of Levin appeared all around him and began shooting bolts of rejuvenating essence towards him. His side was healed in an instant, as was his chest... but his three arms and missing leg weren't.

'I see. What a bothersome ability. That condensed blast of Voided Death Essence is so potent it can't be scraped off once it hits. No wonder it's clinging to this world,' he thought with a sigh while gazing at the phenomenon Aurolio had created.

The amalgam was at a disadvantage.

Distance didn't seem to matter to his opponent.

His own strength didn't seem to matter, and neither did his skills to an extent.

This kind of strength, if it really was just a product of Voided Death Essence, eclipsed what he could pull off with Null Life Essence currently.

'Good.' the amalgam thought mysteriously.

"You are thoroughly disappointing for Serenity's Champion," the amalgam heard.

Behind him, the Null Devil King had appeared, Stylla by his side.

"I kept waiting to see what your intent was, but it seems this is just all you amount to. Flinging stars, twisting space, throwing punches. Are you sure you and I are of the same species?"

The amalgam and Aurolio both gazed at the majestic figure.

The former scoffed.

"I'm not sure," he said. "I bet you are no better than me, though. You have the body of such an esteemed figure in the Null Verse, but you still can't kill one measly dragon."

The Null Devil King didn't answer immediately. He seemed a little...triggered.

"Well, that's a thoroughly unpleasant way to address your King."

As the amalgam scoffed again, the [Nullmancer's Royal Raiment of Acclimation] appearing over him, his socket flames focused on Stylla.

Sneakily, a gap opened in space beside her, and two small hands jutted out to grab her!

Chapter 1065: The Logic-Defying Clash Across Null Remnants! (6)

Yuyui slapped her cheeks. Well, she tried. There was barely enough free space for such luxurious motion where she was; a tight, cupboard-like slot within the folds of who-knew-where.

"Any time now. Any time now. Oh, that could be a song!" the girl said, her voice echoing lonesomely within the dark space. "Any time now, any time now. I'm starving, but I can manage. If only I had a sandwich.

This wait's making me squeamish. Though the downtime is good for me to get some... much needed rest-ish? <Sigh>. I completely lost the rhythm."

Yuyui pouted.

She had been hyped to join her master in the battles, but he quickly called her out for how much she was sweating.

In the gap in time between when the masked man explained his uncanny ability to influence everyone's life energy – those who had it anyway – and when the amalgam transported everyone to the Null Remnants, the Null Lifeform had told her the plan.

Her role – her first role – was to get some rest in a small space created by a sub-ability from the deconstruction of [Grandiose Manifestation]; it was an independent pocket space between all the Null Remnants the caster decided for [Consecutive Realm Transmission].

Right when everyone had appeared in the Boring Mine Nova Star Course, Yuyui was placed in this pocket space where she was to wait.

Before this though, the girl had alerted the amalgam that she too felt her life energy bubbling up, granting her an excess of power as the masked man had explained.

In response to her wariness, Vohnvolt had simply said to her:

"Don't worry about it. Everything is under control."

While she trusted her Master, Yuyui didn't quite like this feeling. Yes, she felt her power increase rapidly from the initial 30% boost she had felt, but this was too ominous. What was the end result supposed to be?

Beyond that, the fact that her Master was likely fighting eight opponents at once, with one of them being the same friggin' dragon that had nearly unalived him and everyone else before, didn't sit right with her.

"Ugh! I can't take it anymore!" Yuyui pulled on her cheeks. It had barely been two minutes, but she was already getting restless. "Should I just use my Eye of Dispersal and make another surprise entrance?"

Just as she thought this, a small exit opened from the tight space she was packed into, blasting her with a fierce, purple light.

'Finally!' Yuyui thought and she looked keenly to see if her target was in reach, and thankfully, she was!

Stylla was barely two inches away from her!

Yuyui reached in, grabbed her by the waist and pulled.

"Gotcha!"

It went without a hitch.

Yuyui had secured her target within the cramped cupboard-like space amid, which, thankfully, got a little more spacious, but when she saw the sight of her Master, her heart skipped a bit.

"Master!" she cried in concern, almost driven to dive for him, but the look from his four sockets was the same one he had when he told her not to worry earlier. He didn't need to say it again. She was supposed to take Stylla and leave him.

The amalgam noticed Yuyui's hesitation.

He understood where she was coming from, but he couldn't allow her to join in. Not yet. That would ruin everything he had set in motion.

Unfortunately, Yuyui's desperate call alerted the Null Devil King, and he burst into action with frightening speed to stop her before it was too late.

The amalgam wouldn't allow it. He closed the opening to the space Yuyui had slipped from and threw a bolt of Levin that aimed at the false king's head.

With a dark scowl, the BoneTender, masquerading as the Null Devil King swatted the bolt away and glared at the amalgam.

"How sly," he said in a displeased tone.

Vohnvolt scoffed.

"Hey now! Don't tell me you're fighting amongst yourselves!" Aurolio yelled as he flashed between the two Null Lifeforms.

The amalgam instantly went on guard, and sure enough, he spotted a vague figure that swiftly disappeared and sent a heavy blow bashing into his gut, sending him soaring a great distance away.

'Ugh. There's simply no way to block that attack. It's like there's some other individual travelling through a parallel dimension or something,' he thought as he flew.

As he did, Vohnvolt was fortunate enough to glimpse another faint figure going after the Null Devil King.

To his surprise, the Null Lifeform expanded a huge blanket of Null Life Essence around himself in response to the oncoming attack.

The essence released had the same blue shade as his, but as it whooped outwards, it seemed to solidify, like ice, cradling the image of the Null Devil King like a photograph. The essence then turned faint, barely becoming noticeable.

The amalgam heard a loud crash resound against this wall of Null Life Essence. It struck like thunder, but the protective shield held! In fact, more than that, he heard a slippery squeak which seemed to announce that the attack from the unseen attacker affiliated with Aurolio... had failed to strike with full force. Some of its power was lost to the smooth texture of the Null Life Essence!

Vohnvolt's sockets gleamed, carrying a look similar to that which Red Rage had shown back in the Tremur Forest.

'I see...'

It was unusual to see, but very enlightening.

His horizons of Null Life Essence truly were limited.

At that moment, the world shook, and then it changed.

Instead of the purple-saturated double deck desert, what appeared around the combatants was a gigantic stone area bordered by huge, chipped and cracked pillars.

It truly was vast, so much so that it was almost impossible to discern where it ended. Only a few could see its boundary, and managing to see it meant being able to notice that this arena was within an even greater, ancient building!

The floor of the arena was anything but sturdy. It was broken, depressed, split and bloated. Most parts of it stood alone, drifting away from others and revealing the strange, paint-like strokes of colour below that seemed to belong to something none would want to find out.

On top each of the large pillars great distances away, a soft orange flame could be seen. The sum of all these lit up the arena perfectly.

Since they had no other duties – like supporting any roof – some of the pillars leaned at lazy angles, some freely breaking apart even now.

The amalgam didn't know the history of this arena, but he found it gravely ominous. He liked that his enemies felt a touch of the same.

Even the BoneTender seemed to look a bit disgruntled.

Unfortunately, the moment of appreciation and apprehension was struck down by the sudden emergence of the Herald, Jerthrax, the Vision of Mission. His immense size flew between Aurolio, the amalgam and the Null Devil King, his sheer force causing them to scatter.

A second behind him was the figure of the masked man who hurried after him on a winged undead horse.

The dragon had attained a few more cracks to his scales and the portion of its chest where the necromancer had used Brunt Divide through the Paladin Champion to remove its scales showed a few scrapes and scratches.

The Herald was livid. His blue eyes looked down at all these tiny opponents and roared.

As the amalgam had surmised, Jerthrax didn't only have a world-rending breath in his arsenal. He had so much more.

He hadn't used his full strength on the Null Devil King because he had known that the masked man was coming after him. The former had been an unexpected foe who came to Edagon for unclear reasons, but the latter... the latter was his prime object of hatred.

With his modest Divination, Jerthrax had known that someone who dared to besmirch the power of the Deities wanted to challenge him.

To this, he would exert his full power to cripple that hubris, destroy the hard-to-kill anomalies and grant them no graves.

Chapter 1066: The Logic-Defying Clash Across Null Remnants! (7)

Everyone felt the sudden change which began with the largest combatant among them.

Prisma Vohnvolt was the first to understand this change. The large mana chains from [Budget Tug-of-War] connected to Jerthrax shattered. Their primary effect had been to reduce the mana reserves of the target to no more than a tenth of their maximum capacity.

The amalgam had nerfed the dragon and the Null Devil King for a while, but the chain had started to turn faint as time passed, after all, [Budget Tug-of-War] had a time limit. Unlike what Vohnvolt used it for – to keep track of the Null Devil King and the dragon – its main purpose was to facilitate a drag and draw game where the amalgam could wrestle mana away from the people he was connected to.

Unfortunately, because of the calibre of the respective opponents, he had known this wasn't going to work. He wasn't sure he could steal Null Life Essence from the Null Devil King, and he knew for certain that taking even a sliver of Jerthrax's gold quality mana and infusing it into his cores wasn't the best idea.

And indeed, a gold mana core.

The fine mana core of the Herald had surprised the amalgam.

Now that it was free and freely in use, everything changed.

A fierce gust of wind with an overwhelming sense of dignity to it erupted within the fourth Null Remnant.

Jerthrax finally let loose, and as he did, his full presence seemed to warp everything nearby.

His mana in general, on top of the fact that it scaled higher than that of a purple core, and was in staggering quantities, was blessed by his Divine energy. As bits of it whipped out like the winds of autumn, everyone couldn't help but anticipate the worst.

Jerthrax's vast body... changed.

Even though it already looked thick and tough, it grew to be more so while also attaining a few dozens of meters in length...no, height.

The dragon was built like a quadruped, meaning his body's stature supported movement on his four limbs when he wasn't flying. However, the even distribution of mass creating this form was broken. Jerthrax's upper body grew a little bolder, his chest caving in slightly, switching from the need to support his former stance.

His forelimbs grew thicker and longer as he stood upright in the air, his wings getting broader.

Fire blazed from the nostrils of the dragon.

Vohnvolt was perplexed.

'This convinces me all the more that facing this thing is just pure insanity,' he thought, but the next change in Jerthrax made him gape in horror all the more.

Shadows that the amalgam recognised to have announced the approach of the dragon in the very beginning, rose from the tattered floor. They were as dark and as large as he remembered. They stripped themselves from the hard ground, seven in all, and wrapped around the body of their master!

Right as they did, bursts of smoke exploded from the dragon.

The smell of them was immensely agitating.

Everyone without exception was forced to cover their noses or at least hold their breaths.

'What now?' Vohnvolt thought. What were those shadows doing to the draconic monstrosity?

The amplified bellowing from the gusts that came from Jerthrax answered the amalgam's questions.

It became so hot all around the arena that every inch of space turned into a mirage.

Over the dragon, the shadows that had decked him like armour just now started to melt, rising up like puddles of black ink, and hissing of ebony smoke. They turned the image of Jerthrax even more fearsome than it had been, but even then... the Herald wasn't done.

It was hard to imagine, but the creature, as an individual combatant, was bound to the progression of power that any other creature on Aigas was; in particular, humanoids.

Jerthrax had a Class too, well, Classes.

As he raised his right hand, a mighty, ebony spear appeared in his grip, its head a spiral blade of glossy gold. It went without saying that the spear was huge.

In its left hand, a long, silver shaft with large, single-edged swords on both ends of it could be seen, emitting a presence that embodied the very idea of doom.

PFFFFFF.

Jerthrax emitted a scalding breath.

Then, from the dragon's head, a pulse of shrill noise exploded out and smote the minds of all his enemies!

The amalgam heard the chilling scream only for an instant and his mind turned blank.

He wasn't the only one.

Aurolio and even the masked man fell prey to this attack, but it couldn't have bombarded them for long, after all, Mind Casting wasn't the Herald's forte.

However, while they were stunned, Jerthrax raised his spear and swung it with so much force that the entire arena groaned, thousands of pieces of debris flying up and down from the abrupt disturbance!

The masked man was first in the trajectory that the spear intended to slice through, blasting its enemies apart!

Being confronted by the spiral-shaped head of the weapon was no different from watching a continent fall from the sky, intent on crushing you upon its landing!

The masked man felt that same way just as his mind was restored with the help of the winged horse he rode. Because it was connected with him using Undeath, he could interact with it mentally and vice versa.

The hazel glow of the necromancer's eye flashed bright from behind his mask, and Divine energy burst out of him like a flood, ripe with the effect of a Divine Blessing he had learned recently!

Brunt Divide!

As soon the large spearhead touched his coat of Divine energy, a sound akin to steel smacking hard against iron erupted, filling the hall with an explosive, chaotic vibration.

The impact was so impossibly loud that it awakened Aurolio and the amalgam from the mental attack a fraction of a moment ago, but it also dealt them significant damage; the shattering of a section of his body to the latter, and the cracking of his Bare Guise to the former.

The masked man had managed to stop the spear, but his horse was erased to something more miniscule than atoms. He couldn't save it.

With Brunt Divide, he managed to separate a majority of the momentum travelling with the spear from the spear itself, thus avoiding certain erasure!

However, the next attack had already come from his left. Jerthrax's blade's edge was singing while on its way to the masked man.

SHIIIIIIING!

The necromancer was swiftly cut across from his leg to his shoulder!

Quite frankly, because of the thickness of the swords, the damage could barely be attributed to the sharp edge of the sword at all. Their speed and toughness had just vaporised a portion of the masked man's body!

A luminous, thick line was drawn along the path Jerthrax cut.

BOOOOM.

The amalgam was horrified to hear the arena tremble.

A fifth of it swiftly slid off from the mass it was connected to and disappeared from sight.

Chapter 1067: The Logic-Defying Clash Across Null Remnants! (8)

The absolute ferocity of the dragon shocked everyone. Even the Null Devil King was impressed.

Aurolio showed signs of apprehension as he looked up at the beast through his cracked Bare Guise.

What monstrous power!

What strength!

However, the one to gleam the most from the Herald's sword slash just now, was the amalgam. He knew a thing or two about swordsmanship. Besides the fact that he had seen Alaris' skill, he also knew the extent of what a Swordmaster was capable of because of Pherdanta.

While the Unlimited was not exactly a Swordmaster yet, from her skill, he was able to estimate just how much power a true Swordmaster could wield.

Quite frankly, Jerthrax wasn't exactly at that level of skill either, but his weapon plus his raw physical strength was capable of bridging the gap somewhat. His display just now...

'How... how many classes does this thing have?' Vohnvolt thought in horror.

It was hard enough to constantly be bombarded by the dragon's strength, expelled as a ferocious wind by his molten shadows, but being forced to swallow the fact that the bastard was somehow able to use Mind Casting and Swordsmanship simultaneously was insane!

'The scale of this battle is quickly spiralling out of control...'

The first indicator of this, was, of course, the absolute demolition of the masked man. Half his body fell to the ground and splattered blood on the arena floor from his ripped robes.

It was no surprise that while the dragon's spear couldn't brute force its way past his shell of Divine energy, his double-sided sword was able to. Besides, both attacks were carried out at almost the same time. It wasn't unreasonable to consider that the masked man simply couldn't react in time, by perhaps strengthening his defences.

However... was he dead?

Could the ambitious necromancer have just perished so suddenly?

The answer acted as a turning point for the battle.

Before the amalgam knew it, the clash turned cataclysmic.

The masked man rose as though he hadn't been cut up from the leg to the shoulder just now, and in an instant, greenish-black flames of Undeath bellowed from the severed side to weave new flesh for him. They also erupted in vast quantities, condensed and formed a better robe and boots for him don when he suddenly leapt into the sky, hurtling towards the dragon fearlessly!

Aurolio sprang forth as well, as did the Null Devil King who kicked off the sky as though it were his sovereign platform.

"YOU ARE YET TO LEARN, ANTS."

The dragon declared with a haughty tone, and his spear smote down at the masked man and Aurolio!

The former extended his hand forward to receive the attack and another deafening impact resounded as the spear met his hand which was infused with Divine energy.

Swiftly, using Brunt Divide – whose applications were as broad as Yuyui's Eye of Moving – the masked man stripped the spear from the dragon's hand, and cast it away, but Jerthrax's sword blurred, cutting the world several times within finely divided instances!

All of a sudden, large, straight trails from the large sword filled the arena, hunting for targets to split!

The masked man used Brunt Divide on himself, dividing himself into three forms that juggled themselves in between the rapid slashes of the dragon's sword!

His body became a separate, autonomous entity, as did his strangely-coloured soul, as did a silhouette made from the purest of his greenish-black flames!

The soul and faint silhouette prevented the body from being hacked again!

Other fine traces of Jerthrax's sword assaulted the Null Devil King as well, but unlike the masked man, he didn't dodge. Instead, Null Life Essence hardened around him, rendering the immense carving power of the dragon moot! It simply slid off the hardened, smooth barrier of essence!

The Null Devil King then grinned and extended his hand forth before calling out:

"Null Extraction."

...!!!

The smoking body of the dragon lurched forth, drawn towards the royal Null Lifeform!

The amalgam sockets nearly burst from surprise.

'How is that possible?! [Null Extraction] is for extracting the Null Life Essence from dead targets! How is...?!' he thought. Then excitement filled his heart.

Right then, his body sank into a cupboard-like space, disappearing from view.

The Null Devil King's feat was extraordinary, but the dragon was stubborn. He growled and pulled himself back, resisting the forceful pull.

"CRASS!" he shouted, and from behind his smoking back, a vast serpent as broad as he was, as thickly protected by scales as he was, as well as the melting shadow, emerged and zoomed through the air towards the Null Devil King!

It bared its golden fangs at the armoured King without fear and the two got entangled in a fierce fight.

Such a thing was possible for the Herald because he had six Classes: Spearman, Swordsman, Mind Caster, Diviner, Warrior and Summoner!

The dragon hardly focused on some of his Classes, which was why they weren't so potent, like the Mind Casting and Warrior Classes, but still, his race made him formidable even with the basic knowledge of each. His meagre use of Mind Casting earlier would have eliminated an entire town, or worse, after all, but sadly he couldn't use it again.

Mind Casting at a basic level tended to be easier to avoid when the target was prepared.

...

The masked man had thrown himself towards the spear which he had separated from the dragon just as everything else happened.

He touched it and muttered:

"Cast Undead."

At once greenish-black flames bathed the weapon, turning it from its brilliance and grace to a darker, macabre affiliation.

Any weapon with a consciousness, and even those without, could be diluted by Undeath. This one, which fit the criteria for a Mythical+ grade was no exception.

The necromancer then sent the large spear hurtling at treacherous speed towards the spot on Jerthrax that wasn't protected by both shadows and scales!

Unfortunately for him, the dragon was aware.

As the spear approached, Jerthrax smote it with his free hand and it zoomed back towards the masked man who sent it flying back again at the dragon, aiming true with a powerful kick!

Right as it pierced forth once more, another great serpent emerged from Jerthrax's shoulder and caught the spear in its mouth!

At the same time, the floor to the arena rumbled as though something had detonated on it!

The other serpent the dragon released had been smacked with an atrocious force by the Null Devil King's sword. The creature hissed angrily and attempted to raise its head again, but the Null Lifeform fell on it like a comet and sent his fist flying into its head with cruel, crushing might!

On another portion of the battlefield, another figure approached the dragon. It was Aurolio.

The chaotic mess that was unfolding before him had him feeling as though he had found his rightful home.

"This is it! This is what I really needed!" he thought with immeasurable glee.

Right then, a massive, single-edged blade stormed towards him, intending to cleave him half, just like before, with the masked man.

Aurolio himself found it very hard to even perceive the speed of the attack, much less dodge it, but thankfully, because of his Void Gate's powers, he managed to stop it from killing him!

As Aurolio interpreted strength so broadly, he could manifest these individual examples of strength using himself as a base.

Two of these examples of strength could be superimposed on him at one time.

For instance, Aurolio could match the physical properties of an opponent with his body if he wished, though the extent depended on how far his mastery of the Void Gate had progressed. At the same time, with this same body, he could grant himself adaptability that rendered skills below a certain calibre meaningless. Such was what he was doing right now.

The Voided Deathform could also increase his 'numbers' by creating doubles, and grant them two aspects of strength as well, though, because these doubles were him, they were imbued with the two aspects Aurolio himself had also, meaning they possessed four at one time.

This was why he was able to sent forth clones that travelled through an unfamiliar version of reality which the amalgam hadn't been able to recognise, and deal blows that left him torn.

The Voided Deathform did the same in this moment, after having one of his unseen clones reduce the momentum of Jerthrax's blade so that he could dodge.

He sent another clone hurtling towards the spot where the dragon's scales had been removed to deal a fierce physical blow.

...!!!

Unfortunately, as soon as the hidden clone touched the rising shadows of the Herald, he was erased from existence despite not even existing in this plane!

Aurolio was shocked by this just as much as he was thrilled by the fact that it was even possible.

"Incredible!" he thought before racing along the blade of Jerthrax's sword which began to rise sharply, intent on hurtling towards another opponent.

'Let's see. Will this grab your attention?' he thought as he expelled something from his spatial storage.

At once, Jerthrax's vast blue eyes snapped in his direction.

"That's right! Look at me!" the Voided Deathform cried joyfully.

Chapter 1068: The Logic-Defying Clash Across Null Remnants! (9)

If Skullius had been here, he would have instantly recognised the object that appeared in Aurolio's hands. It was a large, curled, silver horn with quite an attention-seeking presence about it. From the moment Aurolio released it from special storage, it seemed to actively try to be seen and felt by everyone around.

However, the one to understand something beyond what the artefact displayed on the surface, was Jerthrax.

And of course, he had every reason to.

This Mythical grade object was called the Half-Dragonite's Bone. It was a treasure that Aurolio retrieved after clearing a Cluster that had a species of mystical creatures called half-dragonites. These creatures had a quarter of the essence that made up a true dragon and their appearances were even similar to that of the Herald.

The silver horn's basic effect was to summon a plethora of beasts once it was used by its wielder, but Aurolio had already considered that that probably wouldn't work, given where he was.

Thus, he banked on the other special effects and skills of the horn.

For instance...

The Voided Deathform raised the large horn in his hand and infused a vast amount of mana into it.

At once, pulses of a radiant, blurred energy whipped out of the larger end of the Half-Dragonite's Bone and rolled outward, saturating the air with their discordant rhythm. Of course, this recurring burst of power didn't register to any of the combatants here... except the Herald.

Jerthrax's head twitched and his eyes burned with a fiercer blue light. He gnashed his teeth and growled faintly, looking to be disturbed.

Because he was a full-fledged dragon, the effect was not at all as severe as it would have been on other lesser dragons. If he was such an inferior breed, he would have gotten down on all fours and started roaring manically, demoted to a common rabid animal.

Aurolio grinned.

While the result wasn't as potent, it was still something he could work with.

Unfortunately for him though, someone else took this prime chance – when Jerthrax was buffering – to deal a meaningful blow.

The masked man's eye's hazel glow sparked with a ferocious will.

His right hand shot into the air, as though to pierce it, and pointed at the large, serpent head that had caught the undead spear he had flung towards the Herald.

Right as the first of these giant serpents decked with the same manner of protection that Jerthrax was clad in had appeared, he had been able to deduce that they weren't products of the dragon, but separate entities; summoned creatures that he afforded his scales and shadows.

They were vastly weaker than the dragon, but they were useful.

Sadly for the dragon, he hadn't considered that their use might extend beyond the one who made a contract and employed them.

After all...

"This is my Creed..." the masked man declared quickly, and his hand, outstretched in the direction of the giant serpent, was enveloped by a jet of blackish-green flames that formed a straight, sharp blade!

The sharp end of this blade couldn't be seen, however. The masked man used a Creed to manifest it into the brain of the serpent, killing it at once!

Then...

"Cast Undeath."

The body of the serpent got wrapped in a blazing mass of greenish-black Undeath... and also a layer of radiant Divine energy!

A second later, the serpent's eyes turned from their original, cold, green hue, attaining a hazel one instead. Without another instant passing, the lengthy mass of the creature, rapidly coiled around the body of the stupefied Jerthrax, restraining him. It then bore its fangs against its former master, and bit his neck!

RAAAAAAR!

Jerthrax roared in fury and agony.

What caused him such pain, was not the fangs of snake, rather, it was what occurred when the fangs touched his scales!

Divine energy burst outward... and Brunt Divide was swiftly applied to his body once again, causing a few dozen more of his scales to be forcefully separated from his neck!

As unbelievable as this was, as inconceivable as it was, the masked man had shifted his soul into the undead serpent and used the Divine Blessing from there!

And just as this occurred, the world shook and changed.

No longer was it an arena placed inside an unending hall. It was now a field full of especially long grasses... and gigantic, jelly cubes of pink and white. They littered the entire space, which was highlighted rather well by a strong source of light bearing from the sky.

Oddly enough, this light source was also a gigantic, squishy cube, only, it somehow produced enough light to compare to the sun!

The combatants fell on one of the jelly cubes. As they did, the object bounced with a funny, pulpy reaction from its contours, and this somehow caused all the other cubes all around to leap upward, covering every inch of the discernible dimension.

How peculiar.

No one could afford to appreciate the surroundings, however, especially Jerthrax. The pain he felt restored his senses and he quickly beheaded the serpent that the masked had shifted his soul into.

Of course, by then the necromancer had already returned to his original body which bounced on the pink cube and dove upward.

Wrath saturated the Herald eyes, though it began to wane as Aurolio kept his silver horn active. The dragon found his movements and thoughts to get stunted again.

To this, he replied by doing something unexpected.

Mana and Divine energy raged from within him and were expelled in a bright flood that stood over him and created a luminous golden shape that was no different in size and design to that of its user!

A Genuine Incarnation!

Well, something like it.

Jerthrax had all the qualities of a humanoid combatant; Core, Class and Stage. He had a gold mana core, six Classes and as for his Stage, well, it didn't really matter. After all, whatever could be done by reaching a certain Stage, the Herald could do it using Divine energy!

His Incarnation – a living type – fuelled by both Aura and power from the Deities, wielded ethereal weapons of its own; a spear and a double-sided sword. In a blink, the Incarnation's sword smote down like lightning, shattering the Half-Dragonite's Bone and bashing in Aurolio's head!

The Voided Deathform had tried to intercept the sword but he failed. His body sank into the buoyant cube, making it tilt from his immense momentum!

Jerthrax soon found himself free from the adverse influence, and without wasting any time, he turned to the masked man and opened his mouth wide.

His breath gathered in his throat, but unlike before, it wasn't like dawn's light. It looked more like ash.

A vicious ebony tint dyed the new dimension in its hue, while a scalding, hellish heat began to melt the giant, cubical blobs in the vicinity!

The necromancer's eyes narrowed. With a flick of his finger, he called to himself the severed head of the undead serpent, and hid behind it right before a potent jet of dark heat was fired towards him... and everything else.

The blaze was wide and greedy.

It covered nearly 180 degrees of the dragon's field of vision and eradicated everything in sight.

It seemed that unlike the previous version of Jerthrax's breath, this variant did not just embody the very idea of burning. It also carried the very notion of stripping down the qualities of whatever it burned, be it resistances against pyromantic powers, endurance or even lesser forms of Divinity!

All of it was ground down!

The result, after the ebony flames began to die down, depicted the sheer power splendidly.

For over a thousand miles before the face the dragon, nothing remained.

Not the pink blobs.

Not the grass.

Not the ground.

Not the sky.

Only black remained.

However, two individuals did persist.

One was hidden behind a crumbling mass that was originally a large serpent decked with tough scales and mystical, liquid shadows.

The other, was a pasty-faced King decked in a black armour, a shroud of greenish-blue Null Life Essence that oozed of both steam and smoke around him.

Strangely, this mass of Null Life Essence was rotating around itself rapidly like a hamster wheel, distorting the image of the King inside it.

Of course, only one other individual could have noticed this, and that individual said the same thing he had said several times before while watching from his hiding place.

'I see...'

Chapter 1069: The Logic-Defying Clash Across Null Remnants! (10)

As the remnants of smoke rose from Jerthrax's open maw, his blue eyes couldn't help but narrow at the sight of the Null Devil King.

The dragon could understand how the masked man had survived. He was rather resourceful, so much so, in fact, that while Jerthrax could summon even more creatures and Mythical grade weapons, he was hesitating because he feared they might be converted, turned into tools that worked against him.

The dragon massaged his neck.

This was evidence of how dangerous the masked man was, and it pained him to admit that the human was a match for him. Because of him, he now had two vulnerable spots that could be used against him.

Unfortunately for the Herald, it took centuries to grow his scales. For a being like him, his scales were a measure of not just durability, but also wisdom and age. The lifetime a dragon had lived was their pride. It embodied a lot of their character.

To have so many of his scales stripped like this, was an insult.

However, even more of a spit in the face was finding an enemy who could take his flames without dodging or, better yet, employing a miracle to survive.

The Null Devil King, whom he had been fighting for four days before, had never taken his dragon breath before, or even shown to be confident that he could. Now, he was simply floating on empty, heated space after having tanked it whole as if it were nothing!

'WAS HE ALSO RESERVING HIS CARDS, LIKE ME?' Jerthrax wondered.

While he had been waiting for the masked man to arrive, an eventuality that he deduced with his general Divining abilities – which also weren't his forte – he had been saving his trump cards.

After spending days battling the pale enemy, Jerthrax had thought that there was nothing in false king's arsenal that could hurt him, and that if he waited for the masked man to arrive, he could go full throttle with his powers and kill both enemies at once.

Unfortunately, that idea became shaky.

As the dragon couldn't perceive Null Life Essence, he couldn't see the complex application of it around the Null Devil King who proceeded to sneer at him.

Jerthrax growled in fury.

"COCKROACHES. WHEN I FIRST HEARD ABOUT YOU AND YOUR PARTICULAR AFFINITY TOWARDS PERSISTING, I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE IT. EVEN WHEN I TAKE YOU SERIOUSLY, YOU STILL PROVE 'THEM' RIGHT. YOU TRULY ARE ANOMALIES. BOTH OF YOU," Jerthrax said as his body rose into the air, his wings casting a deep shadow on what was left of the lush greens, bubbly blobs and colourful space behind him.

His eyes then sharply pinned on the masked man.

"YOU STOLE WHAT IS NOT YOURS AND IT REBELS AGAINST YOU, DOES IT NOT? IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE YOU PERISH FOR YOUR GREED, MORTAL."

The necromancer narrowed his eyes.

How sharp.

He hadn't thought that Jerthrax would notice.

He had believed that only Replicus and his group were aware of his condition. Taking in Rayn's soul wasn't without consequences, despite the masked man performing all the steps so perfectly. At the end of the day, his body wasn't wired to hold Divine power that went beyond Primus or Nitros.

He had only managed it because he was suppressing his fluctuating, unstable soul by filling his body with all kinds of Undeath essence to balance everything out.

Replicus and his Unlimited had seen what this looked like when they presumed the masked man to be the Paladin Champion and brought him aboard their ship.

'I can hold on a little longer,' the masked man thought to himself.

Jerthrax scoffed.

His body once again expelled a vicious amount of Divine energy, and then he opened his mouth:

"I, JERTHRAX, SON OF SEONGSSAX THE IVY, CREATES A RULE!"

...!!!!

The masked man's eyes bulged.

No...

No way!

Was this bastard actually...?

Jerthrax stretched out his hands and the black around his body became a lucent white, as though cleansed of evil and filth.

The masked man, no, Actuass, couldn't believe it!

It was true that he lacked the knowledge for using Divine energy beyond basic things, and it was even more difficult for him to tame it, but to think... to think it could actually be used in this manner?!

"THIS WORLD, AND ALL WITHIN IT, SHALL BE CAST – FOR ETERNITY – IN BRIMSTONE!"

...And it happened as the dragon said.

A pulse of Divine energy moving at thrice the speed of light rolled outward and turned everything in sight into rough, cracked grey stone!

The masked man was transformed into a statue that fell into the ground.

Aurolio, who barely managed to survive the stream of ebony fire before, left only as a black, charred outline with a vaguely coloured mask, was not exempt either.

This effect – the petrification – was a simple Creed.

As explained before, everything that could be achieved with the Stages, could be achieved using Divine energy, and at a higher level.

Thus, to Jerthrax, the Vision of Misery, establishing a Creed, was similar to creating a Rule. The same type of Rules that kept a world stable, like the Rule that kept terrestrials away, the Rule that established death on mortals, the Rule that maintained the natural laws of a world, among others.

This power was in the hands of the Herald in the same degree of moderation as Creeds were in the hands of normal Incandescent Stagers.

However...

The Null Devil King persisted, much to Jerthrax's annoyance.

This time, he hadn't just applied a basic, yet complex application of a niche type of Null Life Essence. He was finally using the power of the rare Class deeply ingrained in the body he resided.

The Forcemancer, the Class of a King.

Right as the Herald and the Null Devil King stared at each other with rising animosity, two unexpected things happened in rapid succession.

The statue that was the masked man, cracked.

Fierce Divine energy then leaked from these cracks, and a moment later, it exploded, revealing the necromancer's thoroughly 'unstoned' image, livid with inspiration!

Such was shown from his one hazel eye visible through the mask!

A fraction of a moment later, another storm of familiar power erupting in spherical shockwaves flashed from above, travelling thorough everything that was transformed into stone... and restoring its properties back to the way they were!

Even the dark void where Jerthrax had obliterated everything in sight, was restored as though some calamitous incarnation of destruction had not just levelled it all into naught!

...!!!

Jerthrax, the Null Devil King and the masked man all looked up to the resource of such an absurd rejuvenating effect and saw the amalgam, falling towards them all with his Royal Raiment, missing limbs... and a spark of purple-gold particles furiously bubbling from one of his hands!

He too (the amalgam), like the masked man, showed a face full of inspiration, excitement and carelessness.

However, the necromancer, deciding that things were spiralling towards the epitome of complexity and unpredictability, decided to act first on his spark of creativity.

Behind him, a portal bred of greenish-black flames was ripped open as he extended his hand to empty space!

A corpse walked through this portal and brought itself to the masked man's palm which rapidly poured Divine energy into it.

The eroded corpse was immediately rejuvenated, its features becoming more pronounced.

Surprisingly, it was the amalgam who looked upon the face of the corpse and recognised it instantly.

He couldn't have known the promise that the masked man had made to this corpse a long time ago, the reason why he summoned it, but he knew enough to recognise its name.

'Eobald?'

Chapter 1070: The Logic-Defying Clash Across Null Remnants! (11)

Eobald blinked furiously as his soul was once again sleeved into his old body, which had been slayed by the Skullius back when he was a Discount Human. The former Ideal Ark Guild head had given his fading life willingly to Skullius before passing on with tumultuous emotions.

Several months ago, the masked man had summoned his soul for interrogation from the Outworld Attic, a mysterious space outside Aigas which the necromancer had been gifted with by the Arch-Lich Somanda.

Very little was known about this place; even Fulina and Cyne, the masked man's right-hand associates didn't know much, but many who were affiliated with the Green Neolists at least knew

that the Attic was where their souls would go after death, and the masked man would revive them if he desired.

It would have been an honour for Eobald to have been revived back then, but only a dark fate awaited him because of his ill-timed betrayal.

The masked man had told him at that time that he would be reanimated so that he could see what the world became as the necromancer carried out his plan.

"I know I said I'd only call on you to spectate, but there's been a change of plans. You will play a bigger role than that," Actuass said from behind his mask. Blood leaked from the bottom edge of it, and his eye looked to be bloodshot, but that didn't stop him, even for a moment.

From the portal which had just spat out Eobald, two sarcophagi floated out and settled behind the undead. An instant later, they opened up, revealing the mummified bodies of two individuals.

The masked man didn't think he would be using these right now, but he had no choice. The inspiration that was boiling in his blood made him a tad bit reckless. But then again, he was currently fighting the hardest battle of his life and he needed these. Right now, he couldn't help but be glad that he had Cyne retrieve them from Emeradis just in case.

Without wasting another moment, the necromancer used Brunt Divide on Eobald, and his skin, flesh and bones were peeled off his body in an instant, leaving behind only his soul. However, its glow was barely exposed for half of half of a second, as the masked man pulled one of the dried corpses in the sarcophagi and had it settle over Eobald's soul.

Then, by infusing his Divine energy into the corpse, it quickly regained a healthy, youthful fullness, its features getting defined perfectly.

This, along with the other corpse remaining in the other deathly container, were the corpses of Fulgardt's Chosen from the old days!

In the spirit of fairness, the conversations post the Second Grand War concluded with the corpses of Fulgardt's Chosen being assigned to Emeradis to keep as monuments that would aid to highlight the dark times Aigas had been through back then.

All except the body of the hero, Quilfor, who had betrayed Fulgardt in the end and saved the world a great deal of suffering were exhibited like common fossils in a highly secure facility in the great nation.

The masked man, had sunken his claws into these corpses.

They had use.

'And now...' the masked man thought.

Just as he had seen Jerthrax do, he was also going to declare and give them greater purpose.

"I, Actuass Seinold Fe'krel, son of a deluded mother, creates a perfect, harmony between two mismatched entities!"

The cry of the masked man evoked a tremor of Divine energy that spilled into Eobald and his new body. Suddenly, the dull lustre of Eobald's soul, who had died as a mere Advancement Stager, became five times as radiant!

Eobald's soul and the body of Minobu blended into each other perfectly; Eobald's soul expanded to fit its vessel while Minobu's body outlined it well. There was no imbalance. There was no rejection. It was though a new being had been created. One with the best parts of both formerly deceased individuals.

This was especially astonishing when considering that Actuass hadn't been able to do the same with Rayne and the body he had forced him into back then with his own abilities!

Now he could!

Yes.

It was indeed a feat.

A feat that had been carried in no more than three seconds after the strange pulse of power that came from the amalgam above, restoring the world.

Jerthrax had sensed the ridiculousness of what his prime enemy had just done, and he noticed the arrogant, proud look in his hazel eye.

In as much as he was displeased, he was greatly amazed.

This masked bastard learned how to invoke Rules with Divine energy just by seeing him do it once!

And what he had done was incredible. He had essentially created a perfect, new human being!

'HMMM..." Jerthrax hummed in displeasure. But unfortunately, he didn't have the luxury to spectate and appreciate.

Something even more vexing was coming from above.

The amalgam. The culprit behind the ever-changing environment.

While the dragon could explain what the masked man was doing, he had no idea what Vohnvolt had just done to reverse the effect brought on by his breathe just now.

To the Herald, this enemy, if he could help it, had to be dealt with immediately, especially now that he had shown himself.

Thus, the Genuine Incarnation above him moved at treacherous speeds most experts couldn't even comprehend and cast its sword against the Bringer of All!

As terrifying as it was to consider, living-type Incarnations bolstered offensive power specifically by up to 1,000% for Masters. This number, when applied to Jerthrax was more than doubled.

The power behind the dragon's swing was inferior to that of his Incarnation!

Even though the world full of wobbly cubes was restored, it shook at the power of the Herald which was directed against its master.

As it were, Prisma Vohnvolt was far from capable of reacting to Jerthrax's might.

...That was why, before the dragon even swung his double sword, he had manifested once again the chain from [Budget Tug-of-War] on the Herald's blazing core!

Like before, it shattered almost immediately, but it had done its job!

It allowed the amalgam one chance to react against the Herald's swing!

The amalgam's reaction wasn't anything fancy, but it was effective.

Null Life Essence gathered and hardened around his outline, turning him glossy, as though he had been encased in a glass!

When Jerthrax's sword's edge struck against him, it slid off while leaving only a superficial crack on the amalgam's coat of protection!

...!!!

Jerthrax was infuriated... while the Null Devil King frowned.

'Copycat,' he thought.

The six-armed bastard had copied his ability to defend himself against attacks by employing Null Life Essence in this manner after only seeing it twice!

He sneered at the arrogant and proud blue glow coming from the amalgam's socket. He must have reckoned he was genius now.

If only he knew...

Right then, the masked man patted Eobald-Minobu's shoulder, and the perfect lifeform, bathed in Divine energy, hurtled towards the dragon with the same brisk grace as that of a comet!

His presence was more demanding of attention, as he was a stage above the masked man.

He was Transcendent!

Jerthrax grumbled and placed his full focus on this incoming threat while his Genuine Incarnation remained on the amalgam. He still had to kill this fool. He had almost done it before, in fact. It would be much easier since his target was much weaker, and thus could simply be crushed under the might of his Rule!

Thus, the Incarnation opened its mouth and spoke:

"YOU SHALL CEASE TO EX—"

...But before he could finish speaking, a purple-gold light, much faster than the speed of its natural counterpart fell upon the dragon and his Incarnation, a crackling sound like that seven thunders resounding within the expansive space!

When it vanished, several fractions of time later, Jerthrax... had lost his armament of burning, rising shadows.

At this... all eyes, greedy and determined sparked.