

Undead 1081

Chapter 1081: First To The Kill!

It had all happened so fast.

Even the masked man had not seen it coming. His hazel eyes glared daggers at the assailant, but before he could do anything, a foot landed in his chest and sent him flying into the ceiling of Deathward Maw!

At once, Soul Yield's effect began to desist, or rather, instead of worsening as the maw was still continuing to open up, letting more of the dark red light pour in, its effective power remained constant.

The suddenly appeared assailant did not let up. He rushed towards the masked man, murderous intent burning around him.

He was rather quick. Too quick.

Vohnvolt, who was just as stunned as everyone else on what was going on, was baffled by the fact that someone could move so fast that they could overwhelm the necromancer in his own Territory, where his physical abilities were bolstered outrageously.

But beyond all that, when this mysterious assailant reached the masked man and stopped only for splits of time to deliver another goosebump-inducing attack, the amalgam shook.

Once again... he saw a familiar face.

It was a face closely tied to that of Eobald, whom he had been stunned to see just earlier.

It was a man with Havana brown hair and red marks on the side of his face like tattoos. His eyes shone bright red as he mustered thick bolts of crimson lightning around his body and sent them swimming through his jian sword which he used to stab into the masked man's chest without mercy!

Vohnvolt froze.

He hadn't seen this man since the Labyrinth of the Yoke.

This was the same man who had led the members of the Ideal Ark – Denille, Irlen and Reon – to go after Eobald; the man who had exposed the fact that he was, in fact, colluding with the Green Neolists.

'Benzard...' the amalgam thought.

He couldn't believe his eyes.

Why was he here?

But then... No, wait.

Vohnvolt's sockets turned to where Benzard had spawned from.

There was no way Benzard would be here alone. After all, the last time Vohnvolt saw him, he had been carried away by...

'I knew it!'

There, scaling Jerthrax's body hurriedly, was a familiar Giant.

It was Sause!

He had Nitros bubbling over him, including a membrane, or rather, a translucent blanket right beneath said Nitros which was rapidly flaking away. Now that the amalgam saw clearly, Benzard had the same combination protecting him too.

Sause leaped and soared towards Jerthrax's head where he hurriedly slammed his hand, an extremely stern look of focus on his face.

At once, the flood of soul energy leaving the dragon's body ceased, but Jerthrax grunted in pain and began falling to the ground.

'The Herald had a contingency too?' Vohnvolt thought. He couldn't believe that he hadn't considered it that closely.

Of course, Sause had to be tied to the dragon! He was a Giant.

Before his mind could start racing with all these thoughts distracting it, though, Vohnvolt looked closely at the Nitros issuing from Eaniss. It was no longer getting eaten away at a stupidly fast rate. But then again, because Soul Yield was still active, it was likely to last just a second or two longer.

Eaniss was sweating bullets as was the Mad Bishop. Both were too preoccupied with tending to the pain in their souls.

'I can't count on them now,' the amalgam thought rapidly.

But be that as it may. He had been afforded a chance to live here. He wasn't going to waste it.

Because he had stopped using his mana to constantly keep [Neutral Maximum] active, his mana cores got the chance to replenish their mana quite a bit through [Mana Centurion].

The amalgam had a chance. Perhaps one last chance to pull off something critical.

But he wasn't the only one making decisive moves.

The armless masked man barely managed to dodge Benzard's sword and got his shoulder sawed through by freakishly potent crimson lightning. Despite the enhancements from his Genuine Incarnation, not to mention his Territory, the lightning bore through him easily!

"DO IT NOW!" Benzard screamed after he sent the masked man flying again with a vicious, lightning-kissed kick.

"I know," Sause, who was over the Herald's head said.

He and Benzard had managed to convince the Herald that it was necessary to have backup when the number of enemies headed towards Jerthrax proved to be more than anticipated; the masked man and the Null Devil King.

The dragon had agreed, opting to carry them behind one of his scales, but he had told them only to interfere if they felt that he was truly in danger. In the Herald's eyes, losing the two in addition to himself would be a terrible blow for Edagon... and its secrets.

Benzard and Sause hadn't been able to tell what was happening outside save for a few details because of how thick Jerthrax's scale was, but when the dragon's soul started to rapidly lose its vibrance, Sause had felt it, after all, like the masked man, he had a great appreciation of souls.

And greater than that, Sause was knowledgeable in all facets of strength; Stages, Classes, Souls... and crafting artefacts of unimaginable power!

As such...

Sause manifested what looked like a large, violet bull's skull fitted with golden bangles, and held it by the horns; one in each hand.

The skull's empty sockets issued out dark, neon lights that shot like lasers towards the masked man and sank deep into his body!

Right as they did, his Territory... immediately began to break!

The skull was a powerful artefact that Sause had made using the Herald's Divine energy to define the potency of its effect. Its purpose was to identify any attack's source and used it to empower its ability to dismantle said attack, whatever form it took. In this case, once the skull's light identified the masked man, its power to destroy his Territory was strengthened.

Of course, this was only possible because Sause was protecting the artefact from being neutralised by the Territory with both his Nitros and another tool he had created to temporarily increase his output of energy; the translucent blanket he and Benzard wore.

The masked man saw the cracks spreading around his Territory, and the face behind his mask turned ugly with rage.

"EOBALD!" he cried.

...!!!

Benzard, who had been about to launch another critical attack on the masked man froze when he heard the name that was called.

Eobald?

Because he was stunned for that instant, he failed to react to the figure that bolted past him on its way towards the dragon!

Eobald-Minobu, unlike Benzard, was not hindered by the sentiments of his old life.

He headed straight towards the spot devoid of scales on the dragon; where the masked man had first used Brunt Divide through the Paladin Champion.

On his way, he muttered:

"Summon Undeath."

Right in that instant, a massive double-sided sword whose handle could only fit in the hand of a behemoth emerged. Its entirety was burning with potent Undeath energy.

It was the same sword that Eobald-Minobu had wrestled from Jerthrax and anointed with Undeath before!

Before a fraction of an instant could pass, Eobald-Minobu hurled it with his monstrous strength, and it sped towards the dragon at thrice the speed of light.

Sause was caught off guard, but he might have been able to respond adequately if both his hands weren't too busy cradling the bull's skull!

The Giant gnashed his teeth.

By the time he threw himself into the sword's trajectory and sent a burst of energy to smack Eobald-Minobu away, the sword the undead had flung was already inches from the dragon's rough flesh!

It was too late!

Or perhaps, it might have been.

After all, an attack fifty times faster than light managed to come from a different direction, its purple-gold intensity as it adopted a thick, straight spear-like form, shattering the double-sided sword and piercing through the dragon first!

Chapter 1082: Loss and Gain

The attack that came barely registered in the eyes of all the experts who had been paying attention.

All said experts, were united by a mutual feeling of terror, as the straight beam did not simply penetrate Jerthrax's skin. Rather, because it was moving far faster than was imaginable, it ripped through the dragon's unguarded body, burning his skin and organs from the friction that occurred upon contact.

Once inside, the straight stream, incapable of being forced to change, carried forward its treacherous force and blew up the dragon's heart and everything remotely close to it in a devastating bang!

And it didn't stop there.

It shot upwards, travelled through the dragon's throat, destroying everything in its path and then fizzled out before it eradicated the brain!

Vohnvolt, who had his hands clapped together, the concentrated glow of closely-knit purple-gold crystal particles shooting from them, felt this rupturing of the Herald's insides.

Because of that peculiar experience he shared with the masked man, the lingering effects of somehow feeling like he knew the man like a friend, albeit one he had never met, had spawned him to act in a way that allowed him to create a timely interception.

He had understood that the masked man aimed to steal the dragon's powers through the effect of Soul Yield initially.

But then what?

Would he just leave the carcass of the dragon as is?

Of course not!

The amalgam had figured that the necromancer was sure to turn the dragon's corpse into his Undead. However, that would probably be a secondary goal he wasn't too focused on executing.

But then, this would only be true, IF the masked man actually managed to reap the Herald's entire soul.

Since the masked man had failed to do so, only extracting roughly 35% of it before he was interrupted, claiming the Herald as an Undead creature became a much more integral affair.

Vohnvolt had understood this without needing to see the masked man commanding Eobald-Minobu to hurry on, kill the dragon and use 'Cast Undeath' on its corpse.

This was the secret to his timely interception.

In all honesty, the amalgam hadn't desired to kill Jerthrax at all, but doing so just so happened to become the perfect way to foil the masked man's plans.

To stop the masked man from acquiring the dragon as an Undead, he had to kill it himself and secure it as his Apostle!

His crazy phantoms made countless suggestions about how to go about this until one of them gave him a viable idea.

Maximum Catalyst was composed of Reversion, Progression and Neutral.

[Neutral Maximum] had the highest cost of mana, as far as the amalgam could tell, but he had forgone a little bit of the reasoning behind this. When he first used it, he only considered its utility on himself; protection, but his phantoms had forced him to broaden his understanding.

What about using [Neutral Maximum] for offense?

Wouldn't it work as a projectile?

The only thing better than a reinforced beam of energy capable of moving at fifty times the speed of light, was if said beam was also impossible to disrupt, dilute or dent!

[Neutral Maximum] resisted all forms change!

And when funnelled with enough power, reinforcing it, it could be wielded as an actual attack, albeit one with only one trick; its indestructability.

Thus came the beam the amalgam had used from Eaniss' Nitros.

It had been so fast that by the time the crumbling Territory set to neutralise it, the damage had already been done. And after it was done, the amalgam raced forward.

The masked man was livid.

Benzard clicked his tongue.

Sause gave a heavy sigh and paused the activation of his skull artefact.

The Herald had toppled to the ground by now and the Giant had never seen his Elder look so helpless.

If he wasn't under the influence of the Ordained Reverent Machination, perhaps he could have reinforced his insides with all the Divine energy he had, stopping the attack, but...

Sause extracted something else from his storage, some kind of rejuvenating artefact to give to the dragon, but he stopped when he met the look in the dragon's colossal eye.

There was barely any life in those eyes, at least not the kind that he recognised.

Worse than the Herald's body, was the Herald's soul.

It had been tempered with... permanently. The masked man had scarred it so completely that it was sad to see.

Sause could feel dwindling hostility in the great blue eye he was faced with.

Even if there was a chance to save the Herald, once healed, he would rush to the aid of the masked man before Sause even had a chance to try and heal his soul. That was how his soul had been programmed by Ordained Reverent Machination.

The Giant sorrowfully stared into the Herald's eye.

"Perhaps we should have insisted to fight by your side from the beginning, but you always were stubborn, as a dragon should be," he said in a low voice that could only have reached the dragon, if he was even willing to listen. "But rest assured. Edagon was meant to be protected by the Giants in this modern time and I shall take up that task till my dying breath."

A last hoarse, scorching breath fled from the dragon's mouth and along with it came a mighty burst of light that was received by Sause who carefully held it in his hands, a small smile blooming on his face.

'Ah. So, your will wasn't entirely dead after all...' he thought. 'I will nestle the remnants of your soul among the remains of your ancestors, though, they might be disappointed that you died so young.'

The masked man did not miss the death of the dragon.

Seeing as Eobald-Minobu had been flung away, and Benzard had been distracted twofold, he streaked past him and headed towards the Herald's corpse.

However, right at that moment...

[You have killed LV Herald Jerthrax, Vision of Misery. Calculating EXP gain...]

[You have levelled up!]

[Your prey emits the Essence of Null Life. Would you like to extract it? Remaining time 59 seconds]

[You have broken past many hurdles and reached LV80. You are now able to evolve into the Fourth Tier of Power. Do you accept?]

By the time these notifications appeared in the amalgam's sight, he had already reached the corpse of dragon, [Neutral Maximum] outlining him gently.

He caught the eye of the Giant who didn't deign to stop him at all, much to his surprise.

In an instant, the dragon's corpse disappeared, vanishing into his storage.

The necromancer burned with rage.

He had nearly reached it.

He had almost been within range to use Cast Undeath!

Now all he could see was the triumphant amalgam and the Giant who turned to face him as he stowed away a precious portion of Jerthrax's soul.

So many enemies.

So many variables.

Right then, Deathward Maw, which had already sustained a lot of damage, crumbled and burst apart.

Chapter 1083: Different Agendas

On the other side of the world...

A man with light auburn hair that spotted two bold strands of black mixed in, suddenly jerked violently, his body nearly collapsing and doing away with the lotus position he had been assuming as he sat in the luxurious mud hut.

His blank white eyes narrowed as he reached into his flowing dark robes and touched his chest.

He scoffed.

Four pairs of malicious eyes immediately glared at him, suspicion livid within them because of his sudden movement.

If it were anyone else who was to be guarded by the four, tall and muscular women dressed in sparse, yet clean hides, they might have enjoyed the view, but Skullius was indifferent.

He gave a reassuring smile to the women.

If they deemed him too... unstable, for his scheduled meeting with the Ode, that wouldn't bode well for him and his plans.

Thankfully, what happened next wasn't something anyone but him could sense.

A torrent of intense blue energy stormed out of him and phased through the wonderfully thatched roof without disturbing its neat and sturdy integrity. It soared into the sky and then shot north, accelerating rapidly as it went.

Skullius readjusted his sitting position on the thick mat he had been granted and supported his chin with his hand.

'As I expected. You must have achieved something profound for Serenity to dash your way so desperately. Good for you.' he thought.

The nigh microscopic droplet of blood directly above him churned at his thoughts, its owner, far up into skies, pondering the meaning behind the Hybrid Luman's thoughts.

Deathward Maw shattered like a particularly large vase, its shards flying in all directions.

The sheer lack of grace in the manner in which the Majestic Territory was destroyed seemed to mirror the profound failure the masked man had faced in retrieving what he had come for. Well, at least it did for most except the masked man himself.

He hadn't truly failed, but for the last hurdle he had to face before he achieved his goal to be so treacherous...

It left a terrible taste in the masked man's mouth.

Yet, he could do nothing but accept the new reality.

That said, there was no way he wouldn't bare his fangs against the Giant, the human he came with, and of course, the amalgam.

Vohnvolt also kept a keen eye on the masked man as they all fell.

At some point, when everyone – the Null Devil King, Vohnvolt, Jerthrax, Eobald-Minobu, and the masked man – was trapped within Deathward Maw, the world that the late Herald had cast in absolute cold had expired, replaced by a new one as a result of the ongoing [Consecutive Realm Transmission].

This one, unlike the last, was a barren land filled with thousands of furious hurricanes. Some raced along the ground below, and some spun while being suspended in mid-air, where chunks of dry islands floated lazily.

It was through this dimension that the Mad Bishop and Eaniss had been released. The amalgam – after making a deal with the two that involved him allowing them to take the battered body of the

masked man if they helped him defeat the bastard – had set a timer for when they would automatically be released from their independent spatial pockets.

From there, they would launch a surprise attack on the masked man.

The masked man had automated this process because he feared he might become unable to do it manually because of how the pace of the battle kept ramping up.

This option of striking at the masked man was still viable though.

The necromancer was yet to recover his mana from the use of his Territory and he was heavily outnumbered by combatants who wanted to see him dead.

Vohnvolt made the first move.

With full reign over the surroundings again...

'Alright then. Let's—' he began when...

...!!!

Unexpectedly, a flash of deep purple emanated from the ground and poured onto everything in sight!

It caught everyone by surprise, and in the worst way possible for the amalgam in particular!

A charred figure with a mask that seemed to ooze of gold stood at the centre of the radiance, which kept growing and spreading, thickening and compounding.

It was Aurolio.

He had been knocked out of the battle rather early on after Jerthrax had slammed him down with his sword, and when he had fallen victim to the dragon's black breath, and then the Rule he had exercised to turn everything to stone.

Strange as it was, Vohnvolt's use of Reversion to reverse the effect of that Rule had been what stopped Aurolio from forever being cast into a statue... but that was not necessarily a feat against him. After all, even that came to be because of the effects of his Mastered Void Gate and his technique, which was based off of that.

Voided Death Essence swelled from the Deathform and as Vohnvolt clicked his tongue, already anticipating what Aurolio intended to do... everything around the living beings and anomalies in this unusual world of hurricanes and tornadoes, burst into sand-like particles after an intense detonation of purple!

Before anyone knew it, they were back in Aigas, the expansive ebony sea littered with undead below them, and the cracked, cloudy skies above.

All were stunned.

Even Yuyui and Stylla were released from the dimensional pocket they had been forced to tussle in.

'Damn it. I hadn't thought he actually had enough Essence to break through my skill,' Vohnvolt thought.

Aurolio had shown that he was capable of disturbing the integrity of the dimensions Vohnvolt dragged everyone through early on. He had left a large purple crack on space itself after releasing a concentrated blast of Voided Death Essence in his attempt to kill Vohnvolt early into the battle!

And now that everyone wasn't bound to the boundaries the amalgam dictated...

Vohnvolt scowled.

As he did, several things happened in rapid succession.

The millions of undead which had turned docile before Vohnvolt dragged everyone into the Null Remnants instantly pounced at every enemy of the masked man!

At the same time, an individual who had been passive all along, grinned.

"Finally," the Null Devil King said and his figure shuttled through the sky towards Yuyui and Stylla.

Yuyui had barely managed to glimpse a dark shadow heading towards her before her head was smashed open. The Null Devil King spared one fatal attack on her before grabbing Stylla and storming further north!

BOOOM!

The air shrieked as he zoomed through it, heading towards Edagon!

Roughly a split moment after his figure disappeared, Aurolio removed his mask, which quickly vanished into thin air and bolted after the Null Lifeform as fast he could!

A moment after he charged on, Sause wore a deep frown at the sight and then turned to Benzard who also looked furious.

"Help him, and make sure that necromancer doesn't escape," he instructed.

Benzard gave the Giant a nod. He then watched as Sause glanced at the amalgam for a second before streaking after the trio heading towards the land of the Giants.

Vohnvolt gave a curious eye to the departing group.

He couldn't understand what was going on.

A part of him wanted to rush after the Null Devil King and Stylla too, but he stopped. Now wasn't the time to entertain impulse without fair reason.

His eyes turned back to the masked man.

The necromancer didn't express the slightest interest in following after the others.

He quickly sank into the crowds of undead as he dropped to the ocean, his arms beginning to heal.

However... just when he thought he could get a chance to adjust his mind, body and his pulsing, inflated and unstable soul, several presences registered from within his wall of his undead!

Then...

"Majestic Territory, Reign of the Unending Exigencies!"

Chapter 1084: Perfect Offense, Vengeful Target

It hadn't been Vohnvolt's plan to adopt the supernatural equivalent of the famous phrase, 'On Sight'.

In truth, being told that they were to rest easy and stay out of the fight, had left the Unlimited and Baddan feeling inadequate and inconsequential.

That was why, while still holding fast to the faith that their leader could handle the battle that was taking place, they all prepared a plan, just in case.

In case the masked man wasn't vanquished when the amalgam returned, the Unlimited would launch a vicious offensive of their own, using the element of surprise as their main weapon.

Their preparations did not disappoint.

Baddan immediately cast his Territory, and the masked man found himself in a place full of distorted, dark blue clouds forming trees and shrubs. Only he and the patch of dark blue 'grasses' illuminated by some form of faint light coming from above remained far removed from the twisted, cloudy figures all around.

However, an instant later, the masked man became unable to scrutinise the creepy designs around him.

A horrendous mental attack smashed into him like a boulder following the shrill scream that came from a hidden Allora!

"ARRGHH..."

The masked man buckled and dropped on one knee. His brain felt like it was being squeezed by an unfathomable pressure that threatened to turn it into a pancake.

His thoughts became jumbled and even his ability to mobilise any strength failed him.

This was what the others had been hoping for.

The masked man was no doubt formidable, but even he needed his mind intact to be considered a threat.

The necromancer suddenly trembled, his body being weighed on by a tremendous weight.

A large beast with shaggy, maroon fur had pounced on him and sunk its determined teeth into his shoulder!

At the same time, the fleeting figure of a woman with black and green hair tied into a ponytail flashed to the masked man's right from in front of him, and hacked at his neck with a large, red sword!

...!!!

Pherdanta was stunned.

Her sword only dug an inch into the man's neck despite the fact that she poured her all into her swing!

The same was true for Grim. His teeth failed to penetrate too deeply into the masked man's flesh.

Pherdanta grit her teeth, pulled back her sword and swung again with her all her might, aiming precisely for where she had last cut, but she barely made any progress.

That didn't stop her from swinging five more times, though, until she finally managed to cut halfway through the masked man's neck!

As she slashed, the necromancer's blood spraying on her face, she noticed that it started changing colour.

'It's working!' she thought.

The extreme poison in Grim's teeth was affecting the necromancer, albeit much slower than when it had acted upon the body of one of Em-Sul's subordinates earlier.

"Retreat!" a voice suddenly called from the mounds of misshapen cloud vegetation in the Territory, and the two Unlimited backed away in an instant.

The masked man was too dazed by the potent mental attack to feel anything at the moment, but Allora could tell that he was fighting back. The moment she felt his resistance to her Mind Casting, she had alerted Baddan immediately, and that signalled his cue.

The skies above churned and something truly enormous fell while coiling like a spring!

It was an ash-coloured centipede with hundreds of sharp legs protruding from the sides of its body!

It was one of the six summons Baddan could call upon with his technique.

While in Reign of the Unending Exigencies, Baddan had the option of summoning more than one of his beasts – which was usually a limit of the standard usage of his ability – and he could apply two effects on them at the same time.

This was why he had two metallic balls above his Forechance Deemers while in his Territory instead of one.

The effects applied to the large centipede dropping from the sky were Magnification, which tripled the size of a summoned beast and doubled their power, and Duplication.

BOOOOM!

The ash-coloured centipede, which was fittingly named Crushing World Cerullan, caused the Territory to tremor and crack when it dropped onto the masked man!

Its weight was immense, but the sheer might released from its drop accounted for far more than just its weight in addition to the pull of gravity.

The creature's power was purely physical. Any of its attacks carried nearly four times as much power as that which it could muster with its weight.

A simple swipe of one of its legs could effectively level even the largest cities in Aigas, leaving nothing but a wasteland.

What its whole body dropping on someone could do...

Baddan did his best to hold the Territory together. After all, his attack wasn't done. Crushing World Cerullan had been duplicated!

BOOOOOM!

A second centipede dropped onto the first and the Territory shuddered vehemently from the atrocious force!

The potency of the centipede's power justified why Baddan incorporated it in his Primary assault.

What was better than its attack power, was the fact that as long as he used it or any other of his summoned creatures in the Territory, was that they would never be killed. They were effectively immortal.

"Don't let him get a chance to breathe!" Baddan cried.

He didn't believe for a second that the masked man was done for, even though he hoped that would prove to be the case.

His fellow teammates didn't allow themselves to relax either.

They streaked towards the squirming centipedes, which began to scatter, each preparing their strongest attacks.

Allora maintained her devastating mental attack while Pherdanta pointed three fingers at the spot the centipedes had just left.

She charged the Threefold Aggrante, something her master had told her never to use until absolutely necessary.

This was it!

However...

"I see why your leader cares for you all so much," the masked man's voice came as time seemed to slow down. "You're all determined, far beyond reason and logic. Loyalty is such a powerful thing..."

...!!!

Everyone in the Territory turned tense as they saw the figure of the masked man rise from the ground, intensely bloody: a ghastly, bleeding wound at his shoulder, one at his chest, one at the neck.

His arms were only half healed, his robe of Undeath energy struggling to cover his bare, battered torso.

His mask was gone, revealing his medium-length, cherry-coloured hair, curved nose and thin lips. His hazel eyes shone as bright as the Divine energy that coated him, growing in vibrance with each passing second.

"...but death is much more powerful and noble."

Right when the masked man finished his sentence, the Territory was split apart into many, even portions, as though tens of large hands had torn it apart piece by piece from the outside!

None of the four who had confidently launched an offense could have understood how the masked man did what he did.

They couldn't have known, unlike their master, who learned while striking against Jerthrax with his Nitros, that Nitros couldn't negate genuine Divine energy and that the opposite was somewhat true.

And thus, the masked man had used Brunt Divide fuelled by Divine energy, on Baddan's Territory.

When everyone emerged outside, the amalgam immediately snapped in the splitting Territory's direction from his clash against countless undead attempting to get in his way.

The next thing he saw, wrung out his soul.

The masked man, no, Actuass glared at him right after he flashed behind Pherdanta and clutched her neck.

"Since it seems that all Direction has in store for the two of us, is to use what we now know about each other to ruin each other's agendas, I'll play along, as you have done first," he said...and he used Brunt Divide to peel Pherdanta's skin, flesh and bone from her body as she screamed bitterly.

As her bits fell into the ebony waters below, Pherdanta's soul was revealed... only to be pulled apart like paper by Actuass' hands.

The amalgam's sockets burst with such intense flame that his face cracked.

Before a fraction of an infinitesimally miniscule moment could pass, hundreds of thousands of undead were blasted apart as the amalgam carelessly fuelled Spatial Lightning to warp towards Allora, whom Actuass had gone for next.

However, the necromancer's whip, spawning into existence at his will, streaked through Allora's heart and soul faster than Vohnvolt could emerge behind her and blanket her with [Neutral Maximum].

The amalgam felt Allora's body turn limb and lean against his.

She faded rapidly as her soul disintegrated.

Allora looked up at Vohnvolt's face and smiled a final time.

"I... I did earn my place, didn't... I?" she asked in a faint voice.

Vohnvolt opened his mouth to reply, but Allora could no longer perceive his sincerity.

Chapter 1085: Right To Grieve

The amalgam had expected to see burning sorrow or pain or rage in Allora's eyes.

No, he had hoped to see that kind of brimming emotion.

When he saw Actuass' whip soar across the distance between him and Allora, his faith in making it in time had plummeted despite the desperation he showed in trying to reach her and cover her with [Neutral Maximum] first.

Vohnvolt had seen how deadly this whip was.

Without even touching its targets physically, it was capable of killing.

A mere graze from the portion of Actuass' soul projected from it was enough to darken the light of life in living things despite their defences.

And yet Allora had met the worst of it.

Because of how much hope he lost after he saw Allora get pierced in the heart, Vohnvolt hoped that Allora's throes would spark rage in him.

He hoped that the last visage she would ever wear would tell him to light the world on fire in her name, that she wanted him to explode into reckless fury for her sake!

Unfortunately, all he got from her face as she passed, was enlightenment:

"I... I did earn my place, didn't... I?"

Allora, in her last words, said something similar to what Grim and Pherdanta had answered with to his question: how they felt about their current lives when compared to their former ones.

Allora's answer as she leaned and looked at him for support one last time... was fulfilment.

Even at death's door, she delighted in the fact that he had been proud of her; how he had been impressed by her sacrifice to get the Harmonic Ember from Em-Sul earlier.

Allora... had no regrets.

The amalgam didn't know what to feel in this moment.

His soul, well, the replica of it in him, churned.

Multiple images that he had seen before attempted to mirror themselves with what he was currently looking at. They were jolted by how similar this circumstance was to something else that Vohnvolt, Replicus, didn't truly remember.

A certain girl's outline was superimposed on Allora's corpse, but the amalgam shook his head.

His grief was great, but he would not allow it to cripple him. Not now!

Not now, dammit!

After all, Actuass didn't stop at Allora.

The necromancer had already set his sights on Grim a moment earlier, when the amalgam's phantoms processed his grief rapidly!

However, the Unlimited was wise enough to retreat. He took to the skies in his Paradon Parody form, with Baddan climbing onto him on the way!

When Actuass adjusted his aim to attack still, he suddenly felt a sharp pull from behind him.

...!

A large, dark orb with an immense gravitational pull had appeared just a meter behind him.

The amalgam had conjured it with his free hands.

His sockets burned fiercely, but he reined in his uncontrollable fury.

Instead...

"YUYUI!" he cried aloud.

"Yes, Master!" the lime-haired girl in the skies yelled with the same degree of intensity as her master.

Barely a minute had passed since Yuyui had had her head smashed in by the Null Devil King up to the point where Baddan's Territory was shattered by Actuass.

Right when she revived, swarms of Undead had rushed her way, attempting to rip her to pieces, and for a few moments, they had almost done exactly that. Her mind was still recovering from the sudden blow and the fact that Stylla, whom she had been tasked with keeping detained, had been taken.

When she gathered her wits, she had fought off the crowding enemies while hurrying to where Vohnvolt was, only to see the ghastly scene of Pherdanta and Allora being murdered.

She gnashed her teeth at the latter's death. After all, she knew... she had warned...

At the amalgam's call, Yuyui knew to use the Eye of Moving to dive into the sea where bits of Granted Armament, blood and torn organs could be seen.

...

Actuass was thrown off by the amalgam's actions a little, but the gravity wasn't enough to hold him for long.

He exerted tremendous strength while keeping an eye on Baddan and Grim.

Yet, the moment he gathered strength to fling the whip their way, his arm was clasped by Bassbion, who flitted into existence suddenly.

Actuass' neck was also slung by Yagrina's powerful arm and squeezed to heck!

A micro-moment later, red lightning fell on Actuass, its warping, sparking integrity wrapping around a sword!

Benzard's weapon carved through the necromancer from his head to his chest, three inches of it having sunken through his flesh and bone... but that wasn't before Actuass used his remaining free hand to touch his neck and split his body, soul and his well of Undeath Essence into three separate entities with Brunt Divide!

...!!!

This stunned his three assailants who had in no way planned to attack him tandem.

Their moment of hesitation allowed the necromancer to use his soul to touch his body and...

"This is my Creed, shift me to the skies," Actuass' body, heavily damaged as it was said hollowly.

A blink later, the necromancer had warped into the skies with millions of undead rushing to bury him protectively.

Benzard clicked his tongue, especially when he saw the figure of Eobald joining the monstrous necromancer.

'No wonder that bastard was actually able to corner the Scaled Elder...' he thought.

He didn't know through what means Actuass had used to split himself into three parts, but he understood why he did it.

Benzard had cut his brain just now and that would have hindered his ability to think clearly – obviously.

Thus, while split, he used his soul to force his body into acting; using a Creed to warp away from the Yagrina, Bassbion and Benzard.

The two Spirit Guardians were also unnerved by how quick-witted the necromancer was.

"Looks like that man has many enemies," Yagrina said as she looked to Benzard.

The latter didn't say anything back. He merely turned behind him and walked to where the amalgam stood.

Vohnvolt's gaze remained on Allora's corpse.

After he had confirmed that Baddan and Grim were safe, he had returned to giving Allora the amount of attention he felt she deserved.

It tore at Vohnvolt that he couldn't use Reversion to simply restore her soul.

Now that they were both back in Aigas, he and Actuass realized a crucial difference between the lordless Null Remnants and this world.

It wasn't as easy for Actuass to bail himself out with Rules now that he was back in a world that had entities which lorded over it with a firm system.

The same applied to Vohnvolt. The established Rules of Aigas lorded even over souls, especially ones born in Aigas.

He had known this. After all, back then, the contingency he had made with Sila against the possibility of Somanda getting his soul if he died, was to make sure his soul was branded as one belonging to Aigas, which would mean after death, he would be delivered to the Yormuness instead.

Such a thing, couldn't be circumvented by just using a powerful concept, especially if said concept was in the hands of a mortal.

Worse yet, Allora's soul hadn't been dragged to the Yormuness after death. It had been obliterated.

Vohnvolt drew Allora close.

"I'm sorry for your loss," Benzard, who appeared beside him, said.

The amalgam remained silent for a few dozen seconds, the ripples of the ocean water he stood on being the only thing to resound.

"You would say that to me? I—"

"I know who you are and what you did," Benzard interrupted the amalgam. "Sause helped me understand. We were at odds back then. We were enemies. Denille, Reon and Irlen... I share just as much blame for their deaths as the obnoxiously foul manner in which we treated you. It's called consequence." He then looked at Allora.

"From the looks of it, I don't think she deserved the same."

The amalgam was surprised.

He hadn't thought Benzard knew. He turned to the man.

"Sause told you everything?" he asked.

"Yes. He recognized you. That's why he allowed you to keep the Scaled Elder's corpse. You and him are bound by a Tie of Exchange, right? He has to help you defeat an Arch-Lich. The Elder's corpse, however, you use it, is going to be vital in that goal."

"...I see."

So that's how it was.

Benzard then looked at Vohnvolt.

"For now though, we need to kill that man," he said.

The amalgam looked at the pooling undead in the sky.

"...Yeah."

Right when Vohnvolt expressed his murderous intent, a stark blue light only he and Actuass could see barrelled down before him and condensed into a feminine shape!

Chapter 1086: You Need To Evolve!

The amalgam was stunned. This was the last thing he had been expecting to see.

He instantly recognised this form of Serenity's from when she had emerged to stand against the newly evolved High Lich Somanda back then, before he had split himself in two.

Her appearance first filled him with dread as he wondered what could have happened for her to leave Skullius and rush to him. She hadn't shown up when he achieved his third evolution, which had convinced him that in addition to the merits of Patronage Ranks in the guidance field, she too was limited to the original body, Skullius.

But now...

Serenity's flame-like body hovered over the ebony waters and drew closer to the amalgam.

Benzard couldn't see her, but he did notice the odd rippling of the ocean's surface.

Serenity appraised the amalgam's form.

Of course, she understood just how it was formed.

It was astounding just how much innovation and inspiration Replicus had drawn to achieve this. After all, it wasn't a simple mesh of him and his Apostles.

She then looked at the corpse Vohnvolt was holding and though Vohnvolt couldn't see it, a smile bloomed on her 'face'. A wave of relief pushed her concerns away.

As Skullius was the one she had chosen to bear her powers, she could feel everything about him, even the fluctuations of his soul.

Right now, Serenity couldn't help but be pleased at the tremors of sorrow running through the amalgam.

He was grieving for this woman in his hands, and it wasn't because Somanda's curse triggered his lost memories, transposing his sentiment onto a ghost of someone who didn't exist anymore.

No.

The amalgam was truly grieving a loss.

He felt sorry.

He felt sad.

'Thank goodness...'

Seeing this assured Serenity that she had been right.

Skullius and Replicus were two different individuals right now.

The former, in his current state, would never have been so depressed about the death of someone who held no real value to him. He wouldn't even mourn the death of a useful asset for that matter.

But Replicus, evidently, could and would.

He was the truest expression of the man Serenity had charged with her powers months ago. This was who he was at his core.

He could save himself.

Serenity stared into the amalgam's sockets for a little while before turning her head to the pulsing force of Undeath in the sky.

'So that's who Somanda meant back then?' she thought.

She sensed fierce power from the necromancer in the sky, and from the looks of the collection of people here, it was evident that said fierce power wasn't easy to break.

Serenity scowled.

'He is quite powerful, but I sense a decline in his powers. He must be heavily injured. At his current level, he is probably weaker than Skullius is currently, but the gap is likely to widen in Skullius' favour given what he is currently doing.'

It pained Serenity to admit it, but Skullius had only continued to grow stronger after leaving Opungale.

This especially didn't bode well when considering that she needed Replicus to save him. Yet...

Quickly, she turned back to the amalgam.

"You have to evolve right now," she said simply.

Vohnvolt looked at her.

It didn't take a critical analysis to understand her intent and worse yet, the subtle desperation in her voice.

"He's that much stronger, huh?" he said.

Serenity's body floated lower.

"You knew?" she asked.

"I've known for a while."

Benzard was confused by what Vohnvolt said and had been about to ask what he was talking about, when he noticed that it had nothing to do with him.

Serenity's hands cradled the sides of Vohnvolt's face.

"Yes. The influence driving him is rather strong, as is the ambition that guides him. He is preparing for you," she said to him. "I was able to escape from him as soon as you reached the requirement for evolution to the Fourth Tier. This is it. This is what I promised.

You need to evolve. The power you will obtain will turn the tables drastically. It will be much different from the previous evolutions."

Vohnvolt remained silent for a moment before storing Allora's corpse.

He looked up at the whirling Undead.

He was wary that he and everyone else were giving Actuass time to recover, but at the moment, it was certain that no one possessed the ability to kill him.

It was a collective effort that would take him down, but given how estranged the combatants left on this battlefield were, it might as well be suicide if they leapt in without proper coordination.

Vohnvolt summoned the guidance field.

[You have broken past many hurdles and reached LV80. You are now able to evolve into the Fourth Tier of Power. Do you accept?]

"Yes," he said.

However...

[Unable to evolve. Please deactivate 'Bringer of All']

[Unable to evolve. Please deactivate 'Bringer of All']

'What?'

The amalgam's socket flame burned bright with frustration.

Serenity shared the same sentiment.

What was with this?

Was it because the process would be too complex with three bodies mixed in one?

But then, why was this notification pertaining to Replicus' progression specifically?

Serenity scoffed and looked up into the sky.

She didn't do it to take a gander at the broken ceiling of Aigas, however.

She looked past the mended blue and into the void that existed around Aigas. She then proceeded to look further past it until her vision stabbed irritatingly at a certain entity who was forced to look back at her.

No words were spoken between the two, but a conversation was held nonetheless.

'Why are you being difficult now of all times, Wyrrim?' Serenity said.

'What are you talking about? He just needs to disentangle himself and he can evolve,' the other entity said.

'Why not just allow him to evolve without the extra conditions? Don't tell me you are finding it difficult to manage how strong he should become if he evolves while being merged with his Apostles. When did the Voice of Worlds become so lazy? Isn't this in your job specification?'

'Lazy? Lazy?! Have you any idea how many entities I am currently dealing with? How many calculations I have to do every day? Spare me, Serenity!'

Serenity frowned.

Just as she was about to continue haggling, however...

"It's alright. I can wait a bit longer," Vohnvolt suddenly said, drawing back Serenity's focus.

He didn't know that Serenity had just had a short exchange with a being he was familiar with right now, but he had probed himself, wondering if he should deactivate [Bringer of All] as the guidance field dictated.

He decided against it.

"I can't give up the benefits Red Rage's [Blessing of Serenity] is giving me right now. There are multiple things I am in the process of learning from the slew of abilities I received in this form. If I can learn to utilise them without needing to assume the [Bringer of All] form, it would be a win," he said, surprising Serenity.

"Really?"

She was skeptical... until she looked deeper into his body.

Indeed, the amalgam was doing a lot at the moment, thanks to his thought phantoms. He was abusing Red Rage's ability to learn things quickly.

But how much would this add on to his strength, really?

Serenity wasn't sure.

The amalgam stepped forward.

"Don't worry. I know what I'm doing," he said after noticing Serenity's silence.

"Very well," the entity said and she rapidly filtered into his body.

In the sky, Actuass' hazel eye had been paying close attention to the figure of Serenity.

As a trickle of pale, lilac blood fell from its corner, he instantly realised that this whole conflict was going to end in the next few minutes.

No, he had to end it then, while he still could.

'The last hurdle ended being much steeper than I had expected,' Actuass thought with a dull chuckle.

Chapter 1087: To Kill Him

The amalgam let out a sigh.

Benzard had been about to say something to him – mostly concerning who he had been talking to – when the ebony waters splashed, revealing two figures, both of whom had pungent-smelling steam rising from their bodies.

Pherdanta and Yuyui rose to stand over the ebony waters.

The former had been fully revived, flesh and all, armour and all.

Her survival staggered Benzard. He could have sworn he had seen her get ripped to shreds minutes ago.

Yuyui helped the Unlimited up and was soon joined by Vohnvolt on the task. Pherdanta was still in shock. Unlike Yuyui, she wasn't used to dying, and the manner in which she had been killed had

scarred her for life. Having her soul get ripped apart like a roll of paper, was a truly agonising experience and it would not leave her anytime soon.

"Master?" Pherdanta said with a distant gaze.

"You're alright," Vohnvolt said as he looked into her eyes.

She did the same and her eyes widened. She gleaned something from his sockets and turned paler than she already was.

Pherdanta gripped the amalgam's hand shakily.

"It... it was my idea! I really thought we could pull it off if we worked together! I thought we could prove ourselves! I... I... even hoped that the fact that we could die once without having to worry would further add to our advantage, but...!" she cried.

Vohnvolt held her tight.

"Calm down," he said, but she refused.

"I can't, Master! I know! I know she died!" Pherdanta seemed to bleed out all her fervour as she said this, her eyes not leaving the amalgam's sockets.

Vohnvolt sighed flame.

Pherdanta was rather attentive. Out of all the Unlimited, she was able to discern his thoughts and feelings through the behaviour socket flames best. She took her duty as the hidden sword of her Master seriously and now, it paid off in a manner Vohnvolt hadn't expected.

The female Unlimited had noticed with a simple stare into Vohnvolt's eyes that someone died. Someone who couldn't come back.

Yuyui had warned before that she could use her Eye of Moving to place the Inhumane Eye on someone else, reviving them from death. However, this could only be done once.

Allora had been revived once already.

"It's alright," the amalgam said as he patted her back. "She didn't suffer and she died without regrets. She did a lot for me. For all of us. But this isn't the time to have a break down, Pherdanta. Own up to your decision and bear with it.

It wasn't without merit."

At that moment, the Bishop and Eaniss fell right where the trio were.

The effects acting upon them still made them wear grimaces of pain, but unlike before, it seemed they were adapting to it.

The amalgam turned to them.

"You look terrible," he said to them.

Eaniss glanced at Pherdanta who looked to be close to adopting a foetal position.

"Yes, well, I didn't come on this trip expecting to die of a power overdose," she said as a bead of sweat fell from her temple.

The Bishop turned her gaze to Benzard instead.

"You were with that Giant," she said.

Benzard didn't reply. Instead, he asked a question of his own.

"Who are you people? Were you chasing after the necromancer?"

"Yes," the amalgam answered in the two's stead. "We were warned by a Herald – I think – about what the masked man wanted to do and were assigned to catch him before then. Unfortunately, we were only half successful. If even that."

Actuass might have lost the chance to earn Jerthrax as an Undead, but he still managed to acquire 35% of the dragon's soul. He was probably trying to assimilate it right now.

Eaniss appraised Benzard before turning back to the amalgam. She then conjured an artefact that encased everyone in a very blurry bubble.

"Are you able to use the ability you used before? Can you warp us all to those strange worlds? Especially the one with the stars," she said.

Vohnvolt handed Pherdanta to Yuyui. The lime-haired girl opened her mouth to speak, but no words left her mouth. It was evident that she had her piece to say to the amalgam but she could only wait.

"I could, but there's a problem. In as much as that will give us an advantage, it will also grant the necromancer one," he said sombrely. "Here in Aigas, he can't use his Divine energy freely – using Rules, I mean. Yes, the type of Rules you are thinking. Aigas is governed by the Deities. Even in their absence, it is a world that has strict collections of laws.

If we drag him somewhere without such a restriction..."

Eaniss immediately understood what the amalgam was talking about, though she was stunned that Actuass could create Rules. She hadn't seen him do such a thing, after all, same as the Bishop.

Benzard, on the other hand, was surprised by this in addition to the fact that everyone here seemed to know that the most of the Deities weren't present in Aigas.

"Well then, if we can help it, how about we use the original plan I suggested," Eaniss said. "We force this damn necromancer into a struggle of Territories. If we use that one bestial subordinate of yours who was able to clash Territories with multiple Faction Leaders at once, we could hit him where it hurts."

Indeed, Eaniss had suggested this before.

She was thinking that now incorporating Baddan into the plan would work in their favour.

"What about the finishing blow? This man is hard to kill. Not to mention, he has a lot of help," Benzard said with an uncertain frown.

Eaniss looked at him.

"Either you or I could deal the final blow. You were able to casually overwhelm the masked man in his Territory when it came to close quarters combat. I doubt even ten million undead could stop you on your way to dealing him a fatal blow," she said before wincing lightly at the pain from her inflated soul. "If that doesn't work, I will have to step in.

While my way is more surefire in terms of killing, it is a lot more... niche. If I can get close to him, he's as good as dead."

Vohnvolt looked at Eaniss quizzically.

Really?

While he didn't know much about Eaniss' powers except the multiple, dark humanoid figures she could conjure, he wasn't sure killing Actuass was as simple as she made it seem.

"If that is the case, then fine," he said. "I promised something in exchange for your help. If all you need is to get close, Yuyui can assist with that. Whichever of you wants to take the final shot, you can, you can take a crack at it. However, just in case, I'll be preparing something of my own."

A dark presence suffused from the amalgam, his sockets lividly flaring.

"I have a score to settle, and if things go well, I might just beat you all to the punch."

As he spoke, Yagrina and Bassbion approached, as did Baddan and Grim.

The sizable number of experts would all have a role to play in the final stretch.

Chapter 1088: Detonation! (1)

Two minutes passed and Actuass watched as the group of assailants started to part. The bubble they had buried themselves in had shattered and immediately, they seemed to move into different position dictated by an elaborate plan they had made.

Some walked along the sea while other flew up, but not in his direction.

'Hmmm.'

Actuass knew full well that his inactivity might have just given away the fact that he wasn't all too equipped to wipe them all out in one fell swoop like before. It might have also admitted that he wasn't finished processing the potent soul of the Herald, Jerthrax.

That was a massive undertaking after all.

Even the portion of Jerthrax's soul he had stolen was much greater than Rayn's.

However, whatever the enemy gleamed about Actuass didn't matter as far as he was concerned. He had greater problems.

A drop of pale lilac oozed from the necromancer's lips and he wiped it away.

Things weren't looking good for him. He had hoped that by now, he would have been enacting his plan without opposition. He had been on a time crunch ever since absorbing Rayn's soul.

From that moment, this disequilibrium between the integrity of his body and the brilliance of his soul had acted as a plague that he couldn't simply cast away. He had attempted to curb the imminent collapse of his body by battling the immense Divine energy he held with a similarly massive amount of Undeath, but that had only bought him so much time.

His body was failing.

Actuass couldn't empower himself to get a body like Rayn's which had been able to host the consciousness of the Deity Quintess in the Second Grand War because his current power would shatter even a vessel that strong. Going beyond that kind of perfection for a mortal body was impossible. It would be akin to reaching Divinity and even a Rule couldn't grant someone that kind of a shortcut.

Actuass couldn't switch vessels because of a similar reason. There was no body on Aigas that could hold a soul as powerful as the one he currently had. Well, there was Jerthrax's corpse, but it was lost to the six-armed anomaly he had to face.

To make matters worse, it was growing harder and harder for Actuass to heal himself because of the continued conflict between his powers. The more he healed, the more his body he resisted. He only did so when absolutely necessary, like when Jerthrax cut him in half and when Benzard beat him up at a crucial moment in his Territory.

Because of this, Actuass was especially ravaged by the mental assault he got hit with minutes ago and the venom injected by the shaggy, maroon beast that had bit him in the shoulder.

He felt the lingering effect of these powers vividly, but he couldn't take a chance and heal from them. His body was already rebelling all the more from how Benzard had sliced through his brain when Yagrina and Bassbion had bound him.

'They are ready for an offense. I should prepare mine too,' he thought.

On the sea's surface, Vohnvolt, Eaniss, Benzard, the Mad Bishop, Yagrina, Yuyui and Pherdanta moved into the formation they had discussed.

They were all moving apart from each other in order to not give away the gist of their strategy.

Pherdanta had regained her wits and she had begged Vohnvolt not to discard her yet. Vohnvolt had ended up giving her a minor role.

The Unlimited gave a deep, sombre sigh before looking into the skies.

She told herself to swallow the damage her decision had made. Wallowing in the fact that it had resulted in Allora's death would accomplish nothing, after all.

Glaring at the massive monstrous wave of Undead minions in the skies, Pherdanta pointed three fingers at it, steadied her body and called:

"Aggrante."

At once, a vicious highlight ignited the already bright surroundings and Pherdanta gritted her teeth from the force that bellowed from her Granted Armament.

A Threefold Aggrante was the strongest Aggrante an Unlimited could conjure.

It was much stronger than the Twofold version, which had been able to casually flay an Incandescent Stager!

Pherdanta was sent barrelling through the sea below, but not before a thick beam of power shot from her fingers, travelling extremely fast upwards!

It was a mix of condensed mana and Null Life Essence with explosive penetrative power and a highly potent corrosive effect!

When it approached the mass of Undead, it nearly blinded every single one of them with how radiant it was, and on contact with its first batch of enemies...

BOOOOOM!

A shockwave that seemed to intensify the gravity ensued, bringing about a vicious light while conjuring an unprecedented, violent storm!

In an instant, a half a million Undead were reduced to ash, and the number kept going up as the beam travelled forth greedily.

As it did though, Eaniss, the Bishop and Baddan rushed to stand in a triangular formation around the mass of Undead on the sea and chanted at the same time:

"Majestic Territory...!"

Nitros bellowed out like an animal from three different positions.

Baddan gritted his teeth.

This was his third time using a Territory today.

Thankfully for him, as a beast, the unreasonable requirements that applied to humans for using their Territories didn't apply to him.

Humans had to con their way into learning how to use Majestic Territories, but for beasts, it was natural.

There was no outlandish requirement for mana, and thus, as long as Baddan had enough, he could cast it multiple times.

However, his reserves had been depleted significantly, so when the bulbs of Nitros from the Bishop, Eaniss and himself exploded out, his wasn't even a third of their sizes.

Still, the unformed Territories swelled and expanded towards the deflating numbers of Undead in the sky, rapidly approaching the necromancer's position among them!

At the same time, though, crimson lightning burst through the gap between Eaniss' and Baddan's Nitros.

Benzard raced through as a menacing streak, his powers flourishing the more lightning wrapped around him!

Benzard had received a Hidden Class from Sause months ago in the Labyrinth of the Yoke.

It was a relatively simple class as far as Hidden Classes went. It permanently increased his Strength, Agility, Health, Endurance, Stamina, Skill efficiency, Skill explosiveness, recovery, mana integrity and mana reserves by 3% every day. The increase was individualised to the specific aspects, stacking into a monstrous effect!

In just a few months, the power he received in addition to Sause's guidance had allowed him to reach the Incandescent Stage from the Advancement Stage!

The red tattoos on Benzard's face depicted that the powers of his Class were in effect, but at the moment, they had turned black.

Benzard could temporarily increase the power he received at one time by sacrificing the benefits of the next few days. His power would instantly increase by 15% percent in an instant, and that was demarcated by his black tattoos.

In a flash, Benzard cut down millions of Undead on his way to the necromancer.

Just as Eaniss had said, no amount of Undead hostiles could stand in his way, especially right now!

Benzard quickly pinpointed Actuass' position.

He was sitting on top of a bundle of Undead creatures in a lotus position with Eobald-Minobu by his side.

Unlike before, Benzard didn't let Eobald's figure distract him.

There was a time when Benzard had looked up to Eobald, when he being in the Ideal Ark with Eobald leading it had been his pride and joy.

He had admired the man.

He had been a little jealous too.

However, that time had passed.

There nothing he wanted to say to Eobald and evidently the opposite was true, as Eobald-Minobu immediately adopted an offensive stance.

This was it!

This was Benzard's chance to cut down his past and embrace the future Sause had given him!

However... Actuass interjected with a mere two words.

"Ignite Undeath."

All of a sudden, ear-splitting booms rocked the world.

Chapter 1089: Detonation! (2)

From the moment the two bursts of Nitros exploded while Pherdanta's Aggrante blinded and demolished the Undead, Actuass had realised what his enemies were trying to do.

It was a viable strategy really.

While he was sure they didn't know it, Actuass had more than enough power to counter them, but he was quickly approaching his limit. A struggle of Territories was sure to push his already breaking body to the brink.

What was the saying again?

'All the power, but no ability to use it.'

Even though the odds were against the necromancer, however, with his body now no different to a bomb rigged to explode after a certain threshold of force was introduced to it, he decided indulge, or rather, tease his enemies.

He grinned inwardly.

'Might as well enjoy the process while it lasts!' he thought.

But before then, he had to do something to slow the momentum of his opponents.

A surefire to do so was...

"Ignite Undeath." the necromancer said.

The Undeath energy flowing through his thralls began to explode outward, the intensity of each varying. However, even the weakest was capable of rendering the surrounding space unstable, causing a mirage-like effect on the intangible surface of the world!

Benzard was caught off guard.

The first and second explosions sent him spinning in the air from the sheer force of their detonation while a third pushed him down towards the sea!

As this occurred, Actuass rose from where he had been sitting and clasped his hands together.

"Majestic Territory Expulsion, Deathward Maw," he called.

At once, his Nitros burst outward with power exceeding that of Eaniss, the Bishop and Baddan combined.

Then, hundreds of Undead began exploding at a time, the sounds their eruptive demises made sounding a lot like cannon-fire!

The necromancer commanded his undead to rush towards his opponents' Territories and bomb them. The incoming Territories would be blasted to heck and the Nitros attempting to form them would be forced to scatter. In the end, there would likely not be a struggle as the assailants hoped.

It happened as the necromancer thought.

The constant explosions were vicious. Worse yet, just like Nitros couldn't stop Null Life Essence whether in a Territory or otherwise, the same was true for Undeath energy. It could hardly rebel against the fierce power of an Existential Parallel!

Baddan's Nitros was the first to fall only ten seconds after it was exposed to the determined, glorified suicide bombers.

The Sky Watcher felt thoroughly exhausted after his energy was bombarded in such a way.

However, his role hadn't been so one note.

Because he was so exhausted, Vohnvolt had anticipated that his reserves might just give out. Thus...

A billowing dark blue cloud appeared below the Sky Watcher's feet. It expanded and expanded some more before a large, familiar creature emerged from it.

The creature had long dark hair sandwiching its face, which was covered wholly by talismans. It also had fifty ivory arms spreading out from the black mass that was its torso, sagging dark breasts and curves visible from it.

Indeed, it was the Masked Façade, Lipptis.

Unlike before though, it wasn't exceedingly large. It merely stood at a height of four meters, with its arms having similar lengths.

After a silent command from Baddan, the creature sped from him and rushed towards the falling Benzard who had been expecting its appearance. The sight of the creature stunned him though, as he hadn't seen it before now, but he stomached its hideousness and allowed it to scoop him up before shooting back up with him towards Actuass' growing Nitros!

A single disk appeared above Benzard.

As Baddan said when they were planning the masked man's takedown, he could temporarily grant his powers to another individual, but the benefits of the second Forechance Deemer – which added benefits like Magnification and Duplication – wouldn't apply in that case.

Still...

Benzard was then coated by a dark purple coat, a piece of cloth masking his face.

A small dagger then appeared in his hand. He had been told how to use it.

All of sudden, the crazy explosions threatening to rip open the fabric of space no longer bothered the Perpetual Colossus because his new clothing was made with Null Life Essence.

'Handy,' he thought.

To think he was now using powers similar to those Skullius had used to defeat him back in the Labyrinth of the Yoke.

The arms of Lipptis whooshed like whips and grabbed undead creatures left and right. Once fifty were captured in its hands, Benzard immediately threw the dagger in his hand and it vanished. It instead became a mark on the heads of the Undead, and on appearing on them, they were all forced to stop moving.

Actuass frowned at this.

His link to the fifty undead Lipptis had grabbed was completely severed!

However, that turned out to not be his only problem.

His and the incoming enemies' Nitros was only a few seconds away from clashing.

And with the gaps between their powers in mind, a man with white hair and red eyes suddenly flew in between said gaps, a vicious expression on his face.

What met him first, were countless Undead, some of which turned to explode in his face.

However, Grim's body changed.

He turned into a massive wolven head – Avhanar the Voracious – and devoured a majority of them into the deep abyss that was his maw.

His one move depleted a third of Actuass' remaining undead!

But just this also wasn't the fullest extent of the enemies' assault on the formerly masked man.

After all, the Bishop also had a card.

While simultaneously keeping her Nitros steady, she called for a creature that she had 'won' in a certain Cluster.

The Cluster General Hope, an Ardent Curse with six arms and five wands bared its powers against the exploding undead meant to save the necromancer from the imminent struggle of Territories!

Its wands spat heat and cold, obliterating the many enemies and even freezing them even as they exploded!

They caused their targets to spin too, confusing them. A majority of the undead minions were instantly taken out.

Actuass frowned all the more deeply.

His enemies were shrewd. They had really planned things out.

But all this still wasn't the thickest of it.

Eaniss also had a trick up her sleeve and it had required her to be part of the chaotic events occurring at this moment.

And that was just it.

Chaos.

The Faction Leader's powers revolved around that very concept.

She had a Hidden Class that allowed her to harness the power of disorder, discord and dysfunction and either abuse its traits or transfigure them into something else entirely.

This worked especially well for her when there were a lot of people, all of them in some kind of conflict that either led to a fight or anything that could remotely be called chaos. Arguments, insults and all, worked to give Eaniss power, and the longer they lasted, the more she charged up.

Right now, time was of the essence, and thus, when Eaniss felt like she had charged up enough power for one of her more potent, yet basic abilities, she immediately used it.

Her eyes turned black, as though a murky, dark cloud had covered them from within.

She then pointed at the masked man from the distance.

Thankfully for her, her powers had a wide range. Better yet, Nitros couldn't defend from them simply because unlike most Classes, this application of her power did not exhaust her mana!

It instead made use of her blood and stamina as fuel!

This was why the Head Faction leader had such an interest for abilities that didn't use mana, like Veneration art type abilities.

With her target selected...

...!!!

The masked suddenly felt a surge of anxiety wreck his mind.

Paranoia set in.

He looked to the left where a vast wolf head was devouring his undead.

He looked below where Hope was blasting his undead with all manner of attacks from his wands.

He looked at the approaching figures of Benzard and Lipptis.

No.

No.

Everything began bleeding together.

Soon, Actuass' couldn't tell which attack was coming from where and who was what!

Darkness seemed to creep in from his peripheral vision, clouding his ability to see and sense.

What was this?!

And right then... right when the formerly masked man's senses turned chaotic, an elongated arrow made of purple gold crystal-like particles gleamed as it emerged from a port created by the amalgam's Spatial Lightning above Actuass!

It moved as quickly as always – at fifty times the speed of light – and shot down straight through Actuass' head, obliterating it before either he or Eobald-Minobu could react!

Chapter 1090: Intertwined

There was no mistaking it!

Actuass' head had exploded into a mass of scorching heat when the [Neutral Acumen] – as the guidance field decided to call it just now, when Vohnvolt used it for a second time – crashed into it. The necromancer's body followed, quickly getting disintegrated with barely any parts to it left!

It was all but certain. The necromancer had lost.

But no one relaxed.

Benzard continued his way towards where the masked man had been – the platform of conjoined undead.

Grim devoured his way towards the same target.

It was all but certain... and yet no one was going to take any chances. Even if the necromancer was permanently dead, they still had to take care of his main thrall – Eobald Minobu.

However, this thought was stifled by a very concerning fact.

The undead... were not disappearing.

Was this supposed to happen?

Would the undead linger for a little while even after their summoner's death?

Uncertainly immediately set in.

Perhaps Actuass had not perished when everyone else expected him to!

His body had been obliterated but...

The only ones to realise what was happening clearly, was the bundle of three individuals who were hidden from common, mortal sight; Yagrina, Bassbion and Vohnvolt.

The two Spirits were very adept at hiding their presences. They were spirits after all. They were a lot like souls, only a lot more intricate and harder to perceive unless certain measures were used to bypass their innate invisibility and intangibility.

Once freed, the mechanism used by the cult of women who had captured them, binding them to Aigas and not the Yormuness, where they belonged, was removed. The two Spirits could toggle their innate properties as they wished while under Yuyui's service, and they were capable of masking their presence even from Actuass as they had done when they restrained him several minutes ago.

Their role this time, however, had been to make sure that Actuass didn't manage to react to Vohnvolt's [Neutral Acumen].

As fast as it was once launched, it took a second or two to prepare it, and the necromancer would notice and prepare some countermeasure in that time.

Thus, the two Spirits had helped mask Vohnvolt's presence, and the amalgam, to make doubly sure Actuass couldn't dodge, had used his Spatial Lightning to alter the trajectory of [Neutral Acumen] after he shot it!

It had been a great strategy.

First to confuse the formerly masked necromancer, then to hit him with an attack he couldn't perceive.

However, the three hidden assailants discovered the missing link.

Actuass' body was destroyed... but his soul wasn't.

But that wasn't the problem.

After having their bodies destroyed, most experts would be drawn to the Yormuness.

But Actuass' vibrant soul remained. It seemed death steered away from him.

Vohnvolt noticed this unexpected situation with his newly acquired [Soul Sense] while the two Spirits could innately see and sense all souls – as was part of their task as Spirits in the Yormuness.

The two Spirits hurried towards Actuass' soul. Unlike everyone here, they could actually do something about it as long as it wasn't protected by a vessel.

However, they soon discovered that they were too late.

Beside the necromancer's soul, a familiar undead creature appeared.

...!

Vohnvolt scowled.

The Definer of Causality!

The moment it appeared, Actuass' soul glowed bright and a bloody mist appeared around it, beginning to form blood, flesh and bone!

In less than a second, the battered body of the necromancer was reformed... but he looked worse than before.

His blood, poisoned by Grim before, poured from his orifices and he wretched. The cut on his neck and chest remained, as did a shadow of the cleaving he had received from the head to the centre of his torso by Benzard.

However, Actuass' eyes remained focused!

What he had just done could not be repeated.

The Definer of Causality was a creature that allowed him to modestly manipulate cause and effect in his favour.

This time around, the thing to go in his favour was the fact that he managed to heal once more without his body completely collapsing immediately after!

One chance.

It was one chance to ward off a certain loss.

But it was enough.

Even though his undead were being devoured and slaughtered by the millions every second, Actuass could feel it. He was so close.

When a stunned Benzard finally reached him and attempted to hurl a small dagger in his face, Eobald-Minobu came to the necromancer's rescue. Crimson lightning attempted to smash into him but he simply warded it off with his nigh unbreakable body!

Benzard grit his teeth.

He had vastly underestimated how powerful Eobald was!

'It's really not that simple to kill this bastard, huh?' he thought. But that was fine. He wasn't the only one who wanted a shot at this.

With Eobald preoccupied, the severely weakened Actuass was left on his own.

Right before him, two figures flashed at high speed.

Yuyui appeared while riding Eaniss' back.

Actuass was stunned to see a face suddenly touch his. He and the Head Faction Leader were so close.

Eaniss wore a grin.

She and everyone else had considered that a struggle of Territories might end up being a bust one way or another because of the unpredictability of their enemy. They had to think that way.

Of course, they were right. The constant explosions rendered their plan uncertain.

In the end, the Territory plan worked as a ruse for a series of contingency plans to kill the necromancer, one of which had already failed.

Eaniss' body bubbled.

Her eyes had turned dark like before, and she hurled a fist at Actuass.

..!!!!!!

The necromancer didn't know why, but he felt that there was something rather sinister about this woman's blow.

If it touched him...

Actuass hands moved quickly.

At the slightest micro-touch with Eaniss' wrist, he attempted to unravel her hand into nothingness with Brunt Divide, but...

An icy blue eye on Yuyui's forehead shattered the effects of the blessing at once, allowing Eaniss' fist to continue making its way to Actuass' chest without a hitch!

But... there was a hitch.

At that moment, Actuass felt the portion of Jerthrax's soul he had taken in fully assimilate with his!

With this came not just immense strength, but knowledge about the Herald's powers!

And with this at his finger tips...

Terribly fast shadows exploded out of the masked man in all directions!

They were the dragon, Jerthrax's shadows, which he had decked himself with throughout the battle in the Null Remnants!

They dyed everything black and pushed Yuyui and Eaniss away in the nick of time!

Actuass groaned. His body tensed. He was approaching terrifying limits.

'I have to do it now!' he thought.

His shadows died down, clearing the world, and then he pointed at the sky. Actuass then fuelled all the power he could amass from his soul... into the Brunt Divide.

All of it.

At once, a fierce volley of energy cast itself on the world and then tore the sky like paper, revealing some place behind it.

Some place that wasn't the darkness outside Aigas.

'Finally...' Actuass thought with a sigh of relief.

Past the sky he knew, was another sky that was revealed in the irregular tear above.

This was it!

He had achieved it. His goal for the last four centuries!

Actuass instantly made to rush towards it when... something stabbed through his body!

He turned his head with a scowl.

Vohnvolt stood behind him, decked in [Neutral Maximum], his hand boring through the necromancer's chest!

"Where do you think you're going?!" he said with a wrath-filled voice.

Actuass spat blood, but then adopted a chilling grin.

"Let's find out together! After all, we are intertwined by more than just our powers!" he yelled.

And in the next instant, Vohnvolt felt himself get pulled as Actuass had them fly rapidly through the tear in the sky... and then they were gone.