

# Undead 1141

Chapter 1141: Mors, Serene Grace (1)

When Caxellac had said that he knew all about the Null Verse, at least its most important bits – which barred things like the Null Remnants – he had not been lying. This knowledge did not come with the package of his Authority.

It was something he had attained because of his search for power and niche skills over the millions of years he had been alive before rising to stand at the peak of the Null Verse.

Along with all this knowledge came the mastery of different forms of Null Life Essence.

There were nearly endless variations of Null Life Essence, and Replicus, even before reaching the Fourth Tier of power had been privy to some of them.

It seemed, as the Warmoth's Progeny discovered, that there was a great significance in simply knowing how to make your innate, basic Null Life change its traits to match those of some of these other odder forms of Essence.

Replicus' curved glowing eyes bulged as the Null Devil King uttered:

"Mors, Serene Grace... Erudite."

Immediately, the Warmoth's Progeny activated [Maximum Neutral], coating his body with it, and retrieved Beyrmir and his new host. They bled into him as though it were the most natural thing ever.

Replicus seemed to have done this in a very timely fashion because, all of a sudden, around Caxellac's badly damaged and transmuted body, an invisible sphere of influence exploded outward at a treacherously concerning speed.

Everything caught within it was turned... tranquil.

The splashing of the ebony sea's waves stopped and it, as a whole, rested. No sound came from it. Nothing within it made a sound.

The wind was made to turn silent and still as well; one would think it did not exist at all.

This shattering influence carried over to Edagon and drowned it all in silence and stillness – in serenity.

All moving figures on the continent lost their voices and even the finer, more complex details about them, the sparking of their nerves, the twitching of their muscles, and all was forced shut – forced to relax.

The bounding influence then rushed further and reached the boundary that Actuass had made using Brunt Divide; the evidence of his decision to split Aigas. This was where the shocking influence of tranquility stopped. If not for this, it would have expanded further to touch upon Opungale and perhaps even Feinheath.

Surprisingly, despite its uncompromising nature, this ovular influence failed to touch a certain, fourth continent on Aigas located to the far West – Amanas. Somehow, its influence was restricted from bounding further.

But this was of no concern to Caxellac.

The range of his Serene Grace had been established and that was all that mattered.

And thus... he began.

Replicus, feeling the immense strain on his mana reserves because of how much [Neutral Maximum] was clashing, rather losing, against Caxellac's influence, was smitten aghast when he saw a soul rise from Caxellac's body.

It was vast, wide and brilliant.

There was grace to it, a sharpness and regality that put Actuass' expanded and deformed soul to shame despite it, in its final state, having been larger.

'What is this...?' Replicus asked.

Despite Caxellac's soul leaving his body, it still stood firm and a myriad of different-coloured Null Life Essences exploded from it one by one in tremendous volumes.

As this occurred – within fractions of time even Replicus wasn't sure he could denote – what looked a twisted vortex of dark, slender tree branches crookedly formed behind Caxellac and started to widen and expand at a treacherous speed!

As soon it towered sixty meters above Caxellac's body and soul, Replicus felt himself start to float upward.

'This feeling...' he thought. He recognised it immediately, not because of what it was, but because of what it lacked.

Gravity had left the chat.

An odd sense of loss then smote Replicus. It was as though he existed nowhere fixed within reality; a truly uncomfortable feeling indeed.

Time had been erased within the whole of Caxellac's range.

And a moment later, the air, ambient mana, the strands that formed shapes and builds were also undone such that Replicus watched the foundation of Aigas get torn apart.

Maybe it was because he now knew how a Blessing felt and estimated how much more impactful a Rule would feel by comparison that he managed to tell that the Rules that kept Aigas afloat were being shredded one by one!

One of his phantoms, manifested as a copy of him beside the original, unseen by anyone other than Replicus, caught sight of the entirety of Edagon turning into a net of glowing, innumerable strings that unravelled and whipped out like some kind of severed, taut rubber bands!

With a poof, it was all gone!

Replicus didn't even know how to react to this.

What had happened to everyone on Edagon then?

Where they deconstructed, reduced to nothing but strands of vague, divine string?

Dark thoughts poured into Replicus' head, but they only got worse.

He soon realised that this was...

This was all just a prelude to the real attack!

A telling sign was the growing vortex of twisted, bark-like material. It started to change form, each individual branch of it – of which they were too many to count – adopted a meaningful shape that constantly contorted and twitched.

Replicus saw one that looked like a field of odd, thorny roses of red tartan.

He thought he saw one shift into a mass of figures that looked a lot like Caxellac – pale, pasty and dark-eyed – all of them knit together like some twisted doll.

He also saw...

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He also saw a figure that looked suspiciously familiar even though he was certain he had never seen it before. It was gigantic, or rather, it looked so, its size limited by its portrayal on the branch of the vortex. It looked like a vast, impressively chiselled humanoid rippling with gold and grey for its ceramic skin tone and vast volumes of fur respectively.

It had massive limbs, all latched with humongous, heavy-looking bracers that spilled torrents upon torrents of what looked liquid, lightning, shimmering in yellowish-red. Two tusks nearly twice as large as its whole body brutally tore from its wide maw, and in that moment, as Replicus gazed at it in a stupor, it gave a silent, but impactful roar.

This... This had to be the Colossus Warmoth, Replicus imagined!

It had to be it!

Well, he was only half-right.

None in the current time within Serenity's Treasure had met the Warmoth, but few pieced together records from old times and produced an image that suggested a portion of its full appearance. This was what Replicus saw emerge behind Caxellac.

This was to say, this was what Caxellac recalled and imprinted in his very being as an idoliser of the myth-like legend.

Everything manifested on the branches was all the things that made him, him.

As the set of branches continued to ripple out and grow, towering higher and higher... Serenity's voice suddenly came to Replicus.

"Brace yourself, Skullius," she said warningly. "This next part is what may erase you from this world, permanently."

Replicus didn't need telling.

He already felt it.

In the next instant, it was though he was squeezed into a ball by the immense pressure that followed. It hardly seemed as though the Warmoth's Progeny had enough mana to sustain his life through [Neutral Maximum], and this was all before he felt a litany of effects, too many to count at first, bombard him all at once!

Chapter 1142: Mors, Serene Grace (2)

The art of Mors, Serenity Grace required one to truly understand the nature of their existence beyond their race, Class, mutation and any extraneous powers born through weaving all sorts of artificial strengths.

It was actually more apt to say, one needed to understand the basis of their existence to an extent similar to how Serenity herself understood what Null Life to be.

Then, and only then, could a Null Lifeform learn to expel their soul and use its purity to both create a Serene Canvas – a bold expression of cohesive and intimate self-actualisation – and power their individual blend of Serene Grace.

Before all this, however, truly understanding what it meant to be a Null Lifeform, something that was just as far out of reach for the current Replicus as was what it meant to be a Deity, allowed the user to identify the full range of their attack, muting everything within it before the Serene Canvas held the effects of their attacks.

'You've got to be kidding me!!!' Replicus panicked.

The multi-coloured tangles of Null Life Essence that poured from Caxellac suddenly surged, changing in a manner that he recognised – unfortunately.

It was indeed because he had felt the nature of this change in his body before; like when Spatial Lightning had been forcefully evolved into Complete Omnipresent Registry or when Lambent Phosphor became Inexorable Unveilment!

This was it!

The Null Life Essence bobbing out of Caxellac... it was being empowered to its finest state rapidly!

As familiar as it was, it also turned Replicus' spine cold.

What followed...

It was indeed why Replicus felt a crashing, chilly sensation far more terrifying than that of Absolute Frost barrel towards him and start to freeze his struggling layer of [Maximum Neutral] so easily, one might have thought it wasn't there at all!

This was also why, before Replicus knew it, an insurmountable number of the same, crisp and sharp bursts of Null Life Essence he had tasted from Caxellac before, seemed to completely ignore [Maximum Neutral] and cut him into what felt like an infinite sum of pieces!

This was also why he felt a heat so great that it nearly drove him insane, melting him to the bone in... well, no time at all!

This was why Replicus felt twenty more effects attempt to reduce him to nothingness. Well, they did. Replicus and everything that was within range of the Mors, Serene Grace was simply... shocked into nonexistence by the well of unforgiving attacks.

However, the Warmoth's Progeny hadn't been so foolish as to stand still as all this happened. He had acted, and so did his phantoms.

As all this madness began, Replicus had had his Ju`wtta in position. At the first sign of trouble, they would knock into each other... and they did. It only seemed as though the activation of [Ju`wtta Resounding Restoration] and the furious attacks occurred at the same time.

Replicus was blessed with a triggering brilliance as Ju`wtte sparked from his Ju`wtta endlessly, wrapping him into a ball and continuing to heal him as he took damage.

No matter what happened, the Warmoth's Progeny wouldn't and couldn't let the Ju`wtta part from each other, otherwise, he would certainly meet his end.

Thankfully for him, the Ju`wtta were special.

As objects embedded into his very flesh and bones, they curated a skill that didn't have any cost requirements to cast in order to restore his body. Thus, the Warmoth could heal infinitely as long as he held the Ju`wtta together after the motion to bash them against each other.

However, even so, Replicus wasn't sure this was sustainable in the face of what was to come.

Amid the blurry, disentanglements of Rules, the flashing, whipping attacks of refined Null Life Essences soaring endless against him, he saw the soul of Caxellac started to shimmer brighter and brighter, the Serene Canvas behind it growing egregiously enormous!

"Skullius..." Serenity said calmly. Replicus reckoned she didn't want him to panic. "Serene Grace consists of five attacks that all storm at the enemy in sequence. The first and second have already occurred. Well, the latter does not end. Whatever refined Null Life Essences are building and bounding towards you will not stop and they will only increase in number.

Caxellac knows a lot about them, after all. Do not wait for the third, fourth and fifth attacks. We are lucky he doesn't have enough energy to increase the scale of his Serene Grace."

Replicus nodded.

He didn't feel like he could engage Serenity in a composed conversation right now.

Just thinking that Caxellac could have widened the potency and scale of his attacks even further than this thoroughly staggered him.

"The rest of the attacks – three in all – are called the Soul's Harmonising Tercet. All three attacks complement each other, and unless Divinity is employed, it is impossible to survive all three of them. Unfortunately, they also differ according to the user, much like Territories. If you are going to act, do it now."

Serenity said all this, but she already knew the Warmoth's Progeny was on it.

The first thing he did, his phantoms working in overdrive, was to summon the Fallen Reincarnator's Shadow into upper left hand closed against its opposite to maintain [Ju`wtta Resounding Restoration].

At the same time, a great, fantastical set of gorgeous, hooded robes, furiously rippling outward like a wide, ethereal veil of tiny diamonds and yellowish-red ash wrapped themselves around Replicus, accommodating each of his four arms well.

At once, the Warmoth's Progeny felt the embrace of the robes smother him in comfort and begin to rapidly analyse the incoming attacks.

Indeed, this set of robes belonged to the skill [Nullmancer's Royal Raiment of Acclimation]... which – quite like [Apostle Summon] and [Apostle Armament] – had been merged with [Epiphany] to create the Super skill [Unbridled Wisdom of the Ascended Nullmancer]!

Once this was done, Replicus called forth the Divine energy in the Fallen Reincarnator's Shadow and began creating Blessings one after the other.



First, a Blessing that created a fundamental link between his mana cores and Null core, propagating a defined sense of cohesion between them.

Second, a Blessing that allowed his linked cores to be able to convert Null Life Essence into mana and vice versa given a trade-off of making the conversion rate be 1:10.

Third, a Blessing that allowed Replicus to do something that would stun every Incandescent Stager and high-Tier beast!

Even Serenity was stumped when she saw Replicus close his eyes and clasp his bottom hands together, making a rather ominous symbol with his fingers.

He then mobilised [Maximum Catalyst], using Progression on the mana flooding into him and converting it into Nitros!

Then he expanded the [Maximum Neutral] around him and infused it with said Nitros... as well as Null Life Essence he had to spare, and muttered in a powerful, determined voice.

"Majestic Territory Expulsion."

Chapter 1143: Weathering The King's Wrath! (1)

It could not be overstated just how much of a role [Unbridled Wisdom of the Ascended Nullmancer] played in Replicus' plan to survive the onslaught. As a skill that had the effects of [Epiphany] imbued within it, and had been evolved thrice as well, as a consequence of Class Reinforcement, the level of inspiration, protection and enlightenment it gave the Progeny was astounding.

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[Unbridled Wisdom of the Ascended Nullmancer (Super) | Lv.1]

A brand of power that allows the user great purchase in understanding the nuances and infinitely minute details in every concept and every concept's application in order to form better, less vulnerable versions of these dissected powers; it then renders their obsolete counterparts useless against the Nullmancer.

-Passive-

-Without manifesting the Masterful Garb (which represents the commencement of the nullification of weaker and analysed powers), the user is capable of comprehending any application of an ability, weapon or concept at twenty-five times the norm as soon as an attack touches them. There is no charge for learning concepts below the Rule-Level.

For Rule-Level Concepts and beyond, a discounted price in Null Life Essence is required.

+10,500,000 Mana with Absolute Conversion

+3,250,000 Null Life Essence

+1,550% Penetration Damage against all learned concepts applied by enemies

-Active-

-As soon as the Nullmancer dons the Masterful Garb, all skills up to the high-level Super tier, even without being analysed, will deal minimal to no damage to the Nullmancer.

-All analysed and replicated skills and concepts will be emboldened and fed to the 'Access Cache'.

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The passive effects of this skill had been livid within the Warmoth's Progeny ever since he had set foot on Edagon. The high degree of meticulous comprehension offered by the skill was how Replicus was able to master using [Null Extraction], quite like Caxellac, even implementing it in order to save his life.

This was also how Replicus was able to figure out the limits of all the skills and abilities within the Transcendent Grade weapon, the Fallen Reincarnator's Shadow – the cap on how much a Divine Blessing he created could empower him, like he had just done along with many other stipulations the weapon had.

However, this was simply Replicus' most basic usage of the skill. He now started using it for something infinitely more complex.

The Warmoth's Progeny was not only attempting to use a Majestic Territory.

No. No, no, no, no.

The crazy son of a sockethole's socket was attempting to use three Majestic Territories all at once!

First, Replicus, after understanding what the last skill of the Fallen Reincarnator's Shadow was – Territory Reflection – had immediately activated it.

Territory Reflection was a skill that granted its user the ability to imprint a Territory on their body and use its basic effects without expelling it onto the outside world; it was essentially what Transcendent Stagers like Sause were capable of doing.

The same was happening to Replicus right now, and the Territory imprinted onto his body was, of course, Actuass' Deathward Maw!

On Replicus' ceramic, ebony skin, a dark green hue was suddenly slathered, the vague details of large, sharp, yellowing fangs visible from it. The images of large skeletons, looking as though they belonged to some fallen behemoths, showed as well and a crisp, overpowering sort of mist whipped out from the Warmoth's Progeny!

Replicus felt a surge of strength he had only felt once before; it was back when he had taken over the body of an Incandescent Stager back in the Labyrinth of the Yoke.

All his abilities and attributes, were bolstered extravagantly (which was especially wonderful because the effects of the Body-Soul Coalescence had ended) and this only made him even more confident about another process he was running at the same time in order to produce two more Territories!

The [Maximum Neutral] he had been using to shield himself against Caxellac's Serene Grace expanded out while being bathed in both Nitros and Null Life Essence. It then stripped itself from Replicus, however, and formed a large, thick, circular wall of neon purple-gold particles that had the texture of crystal and looked like one conjoined mass of thousands of them too!

Strange dark shapes yearned to grow within the field inside the purple gold livid with two different kinds of energies, like some kind of plants that photosynthesised just by draining the two energies.

But of course, this was incomplete.

This was simply, a Dormant Territory.

In the dark gap that Replicus existed in within this giant, neon construct, which was roughly around six meters in radius, the Warmoth's Progeny took a deep breath, partitioned a vast quantity of his mana and used Reversion on it – Maximum Reversion, to be precise.

A blackish-grey mass towered over Replicus and smothered him.

Once more, he had called upon Inverted Mana!

He had two of his mana cores completely switch to housing this odd energy, and then he ran large volumes of Inverted Mana into two particular skills engrained in his body as delicately as he could before using Reversion on them as well!

With such intricate usage of Maximum Catalyst, Replicus made [Resource Vault] and [Sorcery of Essence]'s effects cater not towards mana, but Inverted Mana instead! It was indeed a rather risky move!

But he wasn't done.

Replicus, nearly sweating, and his phantoms wrestling with the mountainous tasks he was carrying out, activated yet another one of his skills that had been empowered by his recent Class Reinforcement, [Mystic Macer]!

Formerly known as [Depths of the Core] before, a skill that allowed Replicus to improve the quality of his mana core, [Mystic Macer] was an atrocious upgrade that worked on all monoliths, storages of energy.

Unlike its previous capabilities, the skill was now able to improve the quality AND quantity of a core by a whole league with but a single usage, of which only two were allowed before the skill went on cooldown!

As though to demonstrate just what this meant, Replicus used [Mystic Macer] on his two dark cores, furiously bellowing with Inverted Mana and instantly, they became impressively dark, so much so that instead of issuing out a sombre light, they seemed to drain it, like black holes!

By Aigas standards, these cores had just been upgraded to the coveted gold quality, but since they now bore Inverted Mana...

The blackish-grey mana that exploded from the cores was also subjected to a ridiculous increase in quantity; it was roughly fifteen times as much as before per core, which was about 125,000,000 units each (between his six mana cores, Replicus had previously owned only 50 million units of mana altogether).

'Perfect,' Replicus thought as he looked at the distant figure of the Null Devil King's soul shining even brighter than before.

With his modified [Resource Vault] and [Inverted Sorcery of Essence], Replicus efficiently manipulated his huge pool of Inverted Mana into the gap within his hollow, Dormant Territory of Maximum Neutral...and it all coalesced to create a thick object, one akin to a shiny stone portrait of a huddled feminine figure with sharp details floating above Replicus' head!

This too was a Dormant Territory, yet to be imbued with a Primary, Secondary or Tertiary effect, but unlike the outer one, its effects would be expelled outward, quite like how the Ardent Curse Dander and the Sallow Face beast Beyrmir had possessed, had been able to do!

Right as he finished constructing these two Territories, Replicus felt that Caxellac's third attack was coming.

The dark space riddled with threads of Rules was suddenly inhabited by a huge grotesque spiral of fleshy thorns that burst out of Caxellac's Serene Canvas. It expanded wide and wider with each second, as though to occupy the open space Caxellac had created!

As soon as it appeared, Replicus knew he couldn't tarry any longer.

Thus, he grabbed the Fallen Reincarnator's Shadow and drew the string along its body with all his might!

#### Chapter 1144: Weathering The King's Wrath! (2)

The last Blessing Replicus used in conjunction with the first two – one to link his cores and the other to convert Null Life Essence into mana and vice versa – was geared towards granting his two new Territories specific effects for an effective offense.

Of course, this was only temporary, especially when considering the fact all the Blessings Replicus created through the Fallen Reincarnator's Shadow were not imbued into his body, but could only be used when he was wielding the weapon!

Thus, as Replicus drew the string on the Transcendent grade weapon to its fullest extent with his hands – one upper and one lower – Deathward Maw's Primary assault function, Ordained Reverent Machination, was anchored into his two Territories firmly, becoming, for a limited time, their Primary assault function as well!

This effect, when used by Actuass on the Herald Jerthrax, had completely subjugated his soul, turning him into the necromancer's minion. This power was so potent that even Sause hadn't been able to undo it, and with this knowledge in hand, Replicus decided that Ordained Reverent Machination's value was imperative to his victory.

HOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!

A great bellow in a shockingly deep voice suddenly echoed throughout the odd, staggered space!

Replicus discovered to his dismay that the massive spiral of fleshy thorns that had been formed by Caxellac, had developed an enormous face. This face looked rather sad, and the giant mouth on it seemed to be crying, resulting in the aggravating noise just now which Replicus saw crack his Territory of [Maximum Catalyst] a great deal!

"Whatever you are about to do, do it now, Skullius," Replicus heard Serenity say to him from within.

This was not an unwarranted warning.

If the explosive noise from the spiral thorn was already proving to be something vicious despite it not even being an attack, what came after it only proved to Replicus that indeed, he didn't stand a chance against the Soul's Harmonising Tercet – the Serene Grace's three main attacks.

Many, huge hands poured from the sides and face of the gigantic thorn – which kept expanding as though to fit into the dark space full of broken Rules – and for some reason, Replicus felt a cold chill run through his body when he looked at the palms of each and every one of them, their fingers looking particularly twitchy.

Perhaps it was an illusion, but an image flickered from each of them, looking like an especially malevolent face veiled in shadow.

The Warmoth's Progeny couldn't ascertain just what power was held in those hands. It wasn't Null Life Essence. It wasn't any kind of essence he was familiar with, actually.

A phantom of his rapidly attempted to dissect how such an attack was even possible. It seemed to be way too busted!

"This... Could it be that high level Null Lifeforms can casually do like we are doing? Making new essences and concepts, I mean! Think about it! This bastard refined different types of Null Life Essence without even needing the External Fragment of Realised Choices like we did!"

Replicus thought this was probably true, but he didn't have the luxury to sit down and write an essay about it.

He pulled forth more Null Life Essence – the billions he had extracted from Aigas and stored in Beyrmir – and converted more of it into mana.

A resplendent arrow formed on the Fallen Reincarnator's Shadow, nocked on it, ready for release. But Replicus didn't release it yet. He imbued the effect of Ordained Reverent Machination into it through the shiny, sculpted stone above him – his second Territory!

The arrow's brand of luminance intensified significantly, so much so that it was twice as bright as the sun at this point... but Replicus wasn't done yet!

For he needed to loosen this special soul arrow while it was bonded with yet another newly empowered skill of his!

"[Wanton Royal's Void-Biting Serpent]," the Warmoth's Progeny called out, and in an instant, Ju`wtte exploded madly from the Fallen Reincarnator's Shadow, towering above and beyond both of Replicus' Territories to tear upwards towards where the skies had been!

It splashed erratically, bolts as thick as Replicus' entire body flying every which way, but a majority of them formed a thick, pointed shape around the special soul arrow knocked on the Fallen Reincarnator's Shadow, masking its brilliance entirely!

The [Wanton Royal's Void-Biting Serpent] was the evolved version of the [Nullmancer's Unforgiving Lancet]. It worked quite the same, but was on a completely different league in terms of damage. All the concepts and abilities that Replicus learned through [Unbridled Wisdom of the Ascended Nullmancer] were recorded in what was called an Access Cache linked to the [Wanton Royal's Void-Biting Serpent].

The [Wanton Royal's Void-Biting Serpent] would strike its target with the Access Cache in calculating the prowess of the enemy. If said target had abilities even remotely similar to those that had been adapted through [Unbridled Wisdom of the Ascended Nullmancer] and recorded in the Access Cache, the snaking rod of Ju`wtte would be even more effective in its slaying duty!

While Replicus couldn't say that he had anything significant on Caxellac that the [Wanton Royal's Void-Biting Serpent] could use to be more effective, he wanted its power for another, separate reason.

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRRRRR!

The many hands that had whipped out from the gigantic thorn exploded outward and hurtled towards Replicus with shocking speed!

There were too many to count, and he was sure he wouldn't be able to avoid being touched by all of them!

This was it!

He had to act!



The Warmoth's Progeny infused every last bit of his Inverted Mana into his [Wanton Royal's Void-Biting Serpent], and it changed hue, going from yellowish-red to blackish-grey in no time at all!

It hissed ten times louder than before and wriggled twenty times more violently.

When Replicus had used an Inverted Mana-reinforced punch against Caxellac before, he hadn't been able to kill him at once because he wasn't a mana-based organism, but the Null Devil King had taken a massive bit of damage. He had even looked apprehensive before taking the hit.

But what about now?

What about under these circumstances?

Replicus loosened the treacherous arrow at once.

And right when he did...

[You have created a new, Reverse Supreme skill, 'True Nullmancer's Wretched Reaper of Ugly Divinity'!]

The arrow, crackling almost as loudly as the thorn's howl, sped ahead, but when it sank into Replicus' second Territory, its glow intensified!

The [Maximum Neutral] Territory amplified the effect of Ordained Reverent Machination before allowing to pass with even greater speed than it had been launched with on its way towards Caxellac!

There was a great, blinding flash.

Then there was an explosive crack.

The odd darkness shook as though to break, but this alone couldn't have exposed the result of the exchange.

Chapter 1145: Illusion of Silence

Immediately after launching the arrow, Replicus clashed the Ju`wta together to once again begin [Ju`wta Resounding Restoration] (He immediately stored the Fallen Reincarnator's Shadow at the same time.)

However, the sensation he felt when the bracers clashed, was the last self-imposed sensation he would feel from his body from that moment onward.

He heard harsh cracks explode from his first Territory and then a maelstrom of unfamiliar, but devastating sensations rushed all over his body.

Replicus couldn't even scream in agony.

He had assumed as much, but it was all but clear.

There were forms of damage his [Ju`wta Resounding Restoration] couldn't heal on a dime, and he was suffering through them at this moment!

He felt as though the organs responsible for the particular action of screeching and howling in pain were ripped apart the instant he felt the dark, Rule-tainted void around him tremble like some vast, tangible creature.

Speaking of ripping, he heard a great deal of it in the direction his arrow, apparently named the Reverse Supreme skill, [True Nullmancer's Wretched Reaper of Ugly Divinity], went flying at a speed he thought to be close to half that of [Neutral Acumen]!

The Warmoth's Progeny would have loved to be optimistic about this attack's result, but realising he was losing control of his entire body didn't quite give him any reassurance. While hoping his body was executing the instruction he gave, Replicus attempted to swivel the Warmoth's Spine in front of him as a defensive measure.

The spine was said to be resistant to all forms of concepts, so he hoped it could defend him to some degree.

Replicus had used up all his mana, and his [Mana Centurion] only worked once at a time before going into a twenty-minute cooldown, thus he was left without any meaningful defence apart from his active skills that didn't require mana to cast, like [Unbridled Wisdom of the Ascended Nullmancer].

Everything turned dark for Replicus.

He felt an unimaginable sense of panic.

Perhaps meeting his end at the hands of a stronger opponent wasn't too frightening. In his case, it might have been liberating, given how his relationship with Caxellac had been revealed to be – with Caxellac being a fan of the Colossus Warmoth who sought his own slice of odd glory.

But dying because of his Flaw was something Replicus wasn't sure he wanted.

He didn't want to die because his Ju`wttas were destroyed or because he lost possession of the Warmoth's Spine.

No.

Not like this!

If only he could feel anything but a rush of pain...

As though to answer his wish, Replicus suddenly felt a cruel grip, and his senses burst into a frenzy.

One of the large hands now held him!

And...

"ARRRRRRRRGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!"

Replicus could have sworn he had never felt like this before.

If there was something called extinction, this was what it had to feel like.

The torment was so great that Replicus couldn't even hear what his phantoms were screaming.

He could hardly hear himself think, or even try to think.

The great measure of pain seemed to last a lifetime.

In this timeless space, it seemed to the Warmoth's Progeny that time did indeed exist, and his mind had him think that several years passed with this agony rupturing all over his body.

Perhaps, by measures of time known, years had indeed passed, and at some point, a flicker of a thought crept in Replicus' mind.

Had his arrow not reached Caxellac then?

Had he lost?

But why was he still feeling this dreadful pain?

Was he not supposed to be dead by now, if he had indeed lost that last exchange which he so foolishly indulged Caxellac?

WHAT WAS THE FLESHING ANSWER?!

Total silence ensued in Replicus' mind.

It seemed to last for centuries.

No one spoke; his phantoms said nothing and even Serenity was silent.

Replicus himself entertained no noise.

Yet the pain persisted.

It did, however, seem to lessen with the passage of time calculated in his mind. Slowly but surely.

In the abundant quietness, Replicus felt himself grow accustomed to it, and then, after what felt like a millennia, he entertained his thoughts again.

'What is happening?' he thought almost meekly.

His eyes, which had inexplicably become blind long ago, when he first felt the raging agony, opened with a measure of difficulty.

The first thing that met his vision, was the glinting, yellowish-red Ju`wtte from [Ju`wtta Resounding Restoration], which, as it seemed, had stayed active all along.

A shuttle of pain continued to sting Replicus and he searched for its source.

To his dismay, most of his body was eaten through in a pattern that suggested that a large palm had plastered around it. Most of Replicus' legs were missing, most of his torso, even his arms were barely hanging on; his upper right arm looked to have been dissolved from the shoulder to the elbow.

The Ju`wtta around this arm was heavily damaged, and it sputtered; smaller sparks of Ju`wtte sprang forth haphazardly where a long crack traced along its length.

Replicus gulped with great difficulty, a cold feeling of fear shuttling through him. If this had happened to his other Ju`wtta...

'That... that could have ended really badly...' he thought before looking at his surroundings.

Before the Warmoth's Progeny stood the same dark void littered with strands of damaged, torn Rules.

That wasn't all there was, however.

Innumerable, giant limbs, torn and flayed littered it, floating in the endless black.

Some were rather close to the Warmoth's Progeny, but the rest were a distance away, creating some kind of twisted procession to the main object of interest far away.

Replicus gaped.

"You're finally awake," Replicus heard Serenity's voice in his head. "I didn't think I'd have to wait for long."

"Serenity..." Replicus said before discovering that his jaw and throat were skewed, broken and burnt. "What happened?"

"See for yourself. Up ahead," Serenity said.

Replicus narrowed his eyes and looked beyond the countless, battered hands blocking his vision.

He gasped.

The body of the Null Devil King floated in the dark space quite like his, only, it seemed limp and 'lifeless'. But of course, this had to be the case because a massive hole had been carved through its upper torso, most of it turned to a nasty shade of black from being heavily charred.

The armour the Null Devil King had worn had finally been defeated for good.

Caxellac's soul was visible just above his head, its luminance having lessened a great deal. It too was unmoving. It looked splintered, like glass, fragments of it freely floating in the darkness. As more of them poured out, it lost more of its luster.

Behind it, the Serene Canvas, along with the fleshy thorn had both shrivelled up like a dried plants – both gouged and burnt like their master – and it was all but clear that they would no longer pose a threat.

Replicus was too surprised to let out any celebration of victory. Thankfully, Serenity did it for him.

"You won, Skullius," she said.

Chapter 1146: Billions of What?!

It took a few moments for Replicus to register what victory Serenity was talking about. For him, while he was indeed looking at the fallen Null Devil King, before that, he had thought he was stuck in silence for millennia upon millennia. From his point of view, it was hardly feasible to celebrate a victory here and now.

"Skullius..." Serenity called to him.

Replicus had his Ju`wtta part, and the storming Ju`wtte around him faded at once.

"Arrrrghhh!!!" he suddenly found himself screaming in agony, as unbelievable pain raced through him from all the wounds on his body.

"Keep your bracers together, Skullius! Keep healing!" Serenity urged and at once, Replicus resumed the use of [Ju`wtta Resounding Restoration]. The surging pain diminished significantly, but he still felt it pulse from each and every spot on his body that was gouged out or dissolved.

He took heavy breaths, his curved yellow eyes shining dimly.

What in the world...? This pain...

He had thought it had lessened or perhaps that he had gotten used to it, but that wasn't the case.

Serenity explained his current circumstances with a sigh.

"The damage you took is rather severe. Caxellac's attack was designed to erase anything with a touch. And of course, there was not a lot of chances for him to miss. Luckily for you, your attack dismantled that growing thorn before most of those hands could touch you for much longer – that would have rendered your constant healing even less effective; it's the only reason you're still alive.

You're going to have to keep it up. The healing factor isn't strong enough to cause a full recovery in one go. It may take a while."

Replicus slowly nodded.

So that's why he felt the intense pain.

As soon as he stopped healing, the damage would worsen indeed. He could feel it.

"I see," he said as he looked at the Null Devil King. "How long was I out for?"

Serenity seemed to sigh again, this time exasperatedly.

"Not as long as you think," she said, much to Replicus' surprise. "When you faced Caxellac's attack, you felt so much pain that you blacked out. Unfortunately for you, blacking out in a place like this – where Caxellac invoked silence and tranquillity – made you sink so deeply into your consciousness that you could hardly hear anything, even though the pain radiated from both your body and soul."

Serenity had known Replicus would be stunned by this knowledge. She had sensed his confusion when he was drifting, after all. He had even unconsciously toggled off the assistance of his phantoms while drowning in the silence.

Replicus clutched his head with his remaining bottom hand which quivered.

"I felt like... like I was lost in that silence and pain for so many years," he said and then he realised something. "My Ju`wtta can heal damage to the soul too?"

"Indeed," confirmed Serenity. "If that weren't the case... Well... I'd say it's better not to discuss that."

This, Replicus thought, was a bonus he didn't expect. He hadn't considered such a boon, what with the fact that the Fallen Reincarnator's Shadow protected his soul tremendously too (passively). Come to think of it, the effects from his weapons were probably part of the greater reasons why he was still alive.

Replicus paid his entire attention to Caxellac. Knowing his thoughts, Serenity explained.

"Caxellac's armour, as I'm sure you know, had a lot of different defences, one of which was against soul attacks. The arrows from your Fallen Reincarnator's Shadow aren't supposed to interact with physical matter at all, but Caxellac's armour forced them to. You enhanced the properties of that last soul arrow with the [Wanton Royal's Void-Biting Serpent] and Inverted Mana.



Hence it hit Caxellac successfully. The result... You killed a Divine and tamed their soul."

...!

Replicus shook.

"What? A Divine?" he asked, flabbergasted.

"Of course. Caxellac was indeed Divine."

Replicus immediately looked at Caxellac's soul, but once again, sensing his intent Serenity quickly cleared his ambitious thoughts.

"I'm afraid it's impossible to claim his soul for any meaningful use. That attack of yours did significant damage. If it weren't for the fact that Caxellac's soul was in a higher league than a normal one, it would have been destroyed. But all the same, its refined fabrics must have been obliterated, which means you can't use it to forge a weapon as you did with the necromancer's."

Replicus frowned.

"What about the body?" he asked.

"You want to claim it as an Apostle? I'm afraid that's impossible as well. Caxellac might have lost his Dominion when he left the Null Verse, but he still possesses privileges that he carved into himself before that happened. He and the other Authorities are privy to powers that can enslave them, like Nullmancy, after all.

Because of the unique powers given to them because of their Dominion, they all have measures against that even in death."

Replicus frowned even harder.

It made sense, but he couldn't help but be irritated that there was nothing to gain from suffering through this ordeal at all.

Was there really nothing to gain but all the tricks he had learned from Caxellac's fighting style?

"I might add, you know that Divines can be killed, but are rather hard to erase, right? Caxellac may be dead, but part of him still exists in his body. Boldly and foolishly trying to wield it may be unwise. I'm certain you yourself have experience with that kind of thing."

It took only a moment for Replicus to recognise what Serenity meant.

"Fulgardt..." he said.

Indeed. Fulgardt was a Divine who died, but never perished. His will continued on in the Legacy he left behind and even his corpse which Sause fought all the way back then in the Labyrinth of the Yoke.

Knowing what was happening to Skullius right now, Replicus discarded all thoughts about trying to give Caxellac's body some use.

Full of fury and bitterness, he called upon Beyrmir who manifested his giant head from behind Replicus' back.

"MY LIEGE..." the Mercurian Long-Snout said reverently.

"Stow away the Null Devil King's body and soul," he commanded.

At once, Beyrmir conjured a large, scaly arm of mercury that reached past the blasted limbs of the thorn in the distance and did as his master decreed.

While he did so, Serenity said to Replicus:

"Why not check your guidance field?"

"What?" Replicus said, surprised.

"You've assumed you earned nothing from defeating Caxellac. That is not quite true. Check your guidance field."

Replicus did as he was told and sure enough...

[You have killed LV Caxellac, Null Devil King, former Authority of the Null Verse. 43,560,755,232 Null EXP]

"Huh?!" Replicus exclaimed.

What in the world...?

What was Null EXP?!

And he had 43 billion units of it?!

Goodness...

Replicus got annoyed when, for the umpteenth time, Serenity didn't even give him the chance to elaborately voice his confusion and shock. She was already answering his question.

"I'm not too sure either. Perhaps it has to do with the fact that Caxellac did not use mana and thus you couldn't get his experience that way. You now have a Null core, so you are legible for extracting his experience. Though perhaps this only applies here where such a method to increase strength applies."

"I see. That must be it. Caxellac did look down on the use of mana in general," Replicus said, his thoughts spiralling. He would have wanted to place his arms on his waist as he engaged with his thoughts, but alas...

He summoned his thought phantoms.

"Goodness! Why did you shut us out, Prime?"

"Nevermind that, he knows he can't work out the current mystery on his own. Null EXP, ey? What do we make of this?"

"I don't think we can use this EXP to level up. Not here on Aigas at least. Or can we? Perhaps its existence isn't as much of a mystery as is its use."

"I feel we should be paying a lot more attention to Caxellac's body and soul. There has to be a use for him. We just have to find it."

Replicus nearly got a migraine from the noise. He had almost started getting used to having silence in his mind.

As he listened to the theorising in his head, along with the phantoms gliding around him, he suddenly looked to where Edagon had been, a complex look on his face.

Right.

What had become of Yuyui and the others?

Chapter 1147: Replenishment!

Replicus recalled how the Rules of Aigas had unravelled when Caxellac had begun to use his Serene Grace. The land, the sea and even the sky had unravelled. It stood to reason that the living things in and on these forms of the world had also been unravelled, but Replicus didn't know what it could mean.

What would an unravelled human look like?

Would they still even be alive?

Such thoughts truly concerned Replicus. He hadn't wanted to think too deeply about them as he was fighting Caxellac but now that his mind was free to roam, he started to consider if truly Yuyui, Sause, Aurolio, Stylla – perhaps not the BoneTender – had been killed.

They were all born on Aigas, and Replicus imagined that the Rules of the world governed their continued existence as well alongside mana and Divine energy skewed into something so fundamentally mundane that it was hard to manipulate or define.

Replicus looked at the snipped and broken threads all around him.

Treachery is what this was.

The whole of this part of the world was riddled in these Rules.

"Can this be undone?" Replicus asked Serenity.

"Possibly," Serenity said with an even voice. "But you'd need to be a Deity at least to fix this mess. And even then, only the Deity that knows these strands can forge them back to precisely how they were before they were broken, forming back time, space and all the laws that apply to the world. I know what you are thinking. Caxellac couldn't have helped even if he was alive."

Replicus frowned.

"I assumed Caxellac was at least on the level of the Deities if he lived for millions of years," he said. "Perhaps there's a way to use his skills?"

Serenity sighed once again, noting where Replicus' confusion lied.

"Indeed. It would seem that way. But when I said Caxellac was a Divine, I meant that was all he was. He never transcended to become a Deity. He chose not to."

Replicus was perplexed.

"Chose not to?"

"Yes. In as much as the workings of reality are tweaked within the Null Verse, becoming a Deity mandatorily comes with certain... responsibilities. Those who can afford it, like Caxellac, preferred not to be bound by such responsibilities. Remaining within the modest bounds of the Divine realm was comfortable for him. Besides, a Dominion alone allowed Caxellac to match Deities easily."

Replicus couldn't believe it.

Responsibilities?

What responsibilities could...?

Wait.

The Warmoth's Progeny couldn't help but wonder...

Why was it that Deities created worlds anyway?

It seemed the only thing he ever heard associated with Deities – moreso than absurd power – was a world.

...!!!

When his thoughts reached this point, Replicus' curved eyes flickered with realisation, but something beat him to the punch.

There was a loud crack somewhere far into the distance. It was, as expected, a crack that had formed in the dark space – eerily similar to that of a Cluster – and it widened with each second that Replicus attempted to count in his head, trying to keep track of time. A mirky, bluish space was visible within the crack and from within it, dozens of individuals poured out.

They all wore long robes and drew large carts behind them, all of which seemed to be filled with a variety of mysterious tools.

At once, Replicus recognised these people. It was as he had thought he would have to do just now.

This group of people was the same whose existence he had struggled with over the last few months.

They were the same he had spotted that time when he floated above Inhone City in his Projected Form.

They were the same he had been chasing when he was with Bek, close to Harifrast.

They were the same he had seen signs of when he was in Evic, helping against bandits.

They were, of course, the same he had seen about an hour ago, when he and Actuass had entered the sacred demesne of the Deitess Suzamete!

'So, I was right. Thankfully, I didn't have to ask,' the Warmoth's Progeny thought.

He had wondered just under what circumstances Suzamete would interfere with the events of this world. As it stood, it seemed that Aigas needed to unravel like a coil for her to show some effort.

Replicus watched as the dozens of robed figures raced around, wielding tools whose grade he shuddered to even image. It was with these tools, some akin to hammers, others like looms, needles and scrolls, that these seemingly ordinary men and women began to grip the tangled, broken Rules and repair them!

It was quite sight. Replicus watched them work rather rapidly, as though they were on a tight schedule. Their hands whipped about with about as much speed as that which an Incandescent Stager could express within their Territory, but they didn't have a semblance of energy – mana, Aura, Nitros – at all!

'For flesh' sake...' Replicus thought.

The tools he saw these people use were one thing, but that power...

Where did it come from?

Well, come to think of it, if Suzamete was the reason they had all those strange, powerful tools, then it wasn't too shocking that these people were this strong.

Now that Replicus thought about it, he had once held a treasure that belonged to these people.

It was a certain scroll that could store and regurgitate attacks – the All-Eater scroll. It had been in Fulgardt's possession, in one of his chests, one of which Replicus was yet unable to open.

'Will they be able to fix Aigas back to normal?' Replicus asked himself as he looked at the bustling activity. He could only hope.

After giving himself some assurance that these people could probably undo what Caxellac had done, he had begun to wonder how the conflict with the BoneTender – which had not escaped his notice while he was still on Edagon – had gone, when a figure drifted towards him from the bunch ahead.

It was one of the robed figures, a female.

Replicus would have thought she was simply coming to make an enquiry about something, but then he saw her eyes.

...!!!

At once, Serenity drifted out of his body and stood beside him as the femininely-shaped, blue flame.

The approaching figure stopped, and an overly stern look appeared on its face.

<We meet again...>

Replicus recognised the voice that came. It was the same he had heard from Suzamete, a voice without one source; a voice that sounded like many.

It was indeed Suzamete before him. She seemed to be possessing the woman to whom this body belonged.

She gave Serenity a dark look and then turned to Replicus.

<Anomalous, you are. Anomalous indeed. Even as I foresaw that this would happen, I still find it hard to stomach. It is imprudent that I have to clean after your mess, Anomaly>

Chapter 1148: Don't Like Deities Very Much

The first thing to register in Replicus' mind at Suzamete's words was the shocking detail she and Actuass had glossed over before in their exchange.



The fact that Deities knew everything that would happen in the world they created had been quite surprising to the Warmoth's Progeny, but he had also felt that he was stupid to not have considered it. It only made sense.

He tied the nuances of this back to what the Emissary had told him and the other Faction Leaders of the Severed Union days ago – that Boron's return was inevitable. Maybe that wasn't the most prudent and sufficient way to describe that event.

Maybe Quintess, Listafelle and Suzamete had, on top of feeling obligated to release Boron from his shackles for reasons not too clear, had also foreseen it happening regardless of what they did, whatever measures they took.

Replicus scoffed.

The thought, instead of mystifying him, only made him see the Deities in a weaker light. Somehow, Quintess and Listafelle leaving Aigas to Suzamete felt like a couple of guilty cowards running away from a proper confrontation with an old friend to him.

It was this line of thinking that made Replicus less impressed when facing Suzamete in a mortal – seemingly – vessel.

She stared daggers at him.

The term she continued to use to address him – 'anomaly' – annoyed him. There was a note of blame in the tone with which it was delivered. It almost sounded, to Replicus, that even though Actuass had caused a lot more devastation to Aigas than he did, Suzamete saw him as the prime problem.

But how could Replicus be a problem?

If anything, he was a victim.

If anything, he was something of a hero.

It had long been established, even by Actuass, that the Deities had this sense of passivity – inaction, really – that allowed trouble to proliferate.

It showed now. Rather than treat the cause, Suzamete manifested to deal with the aftermath, and she dared to say she was cleaning up after the Warmoth's Progeny!

Replicus frowned.

"First I had to put down a menace you didn't have the guts to kill yourself – your own son – and now I just stopped another problem on your hands and you won't even acknowledge me by my name?" he said indignantly.

<As I said. You think like a mortal, quite like my son. Hmph, the irony of it all.> Suzamete said with a scoff. <I shudder to think how I, a Deity, can understand that there are rules and limitations in reality better than you who have only just now come into meaningful power. The irony. You are like an unenlightened version of that sordid Fulgardt.

At least he genuinely got a grasp of how the world worked; that he was merely a speck in a desert storm. If only his ideals weren't foolishly misguided. But here you stand. You are yet to apprise yourself with what motive your power is to be used for. Instead, you stare at me as though you were my equal. What an empty gaze.>

Replicus didn't know if there was anyone or anything on Aigas that ground his gears more than this Deity. Quite honestly, he was alarmed by just how much her words grated him.

He had opened his mouth to retort when...

"That's enough. I assume you descended with a purpose. Why waste your words on a mortal you loathe so, then?" Serenity said, gliding between Suzamete and Replicus.

The latter, however, refused to be sidelined.

He waded around Serenity and met Suzamete's eyes.

"Stop being so self-important. You speak of some rules that someone like me couldn't possibly understand, but all I hear are EXCUSES. Even your own son saw through your act.

I wonder... will all the people who died in the wake of your son's plans, or those that died because of the prelude to Boron's rising, see your high and mighty act as reassuring, as holy?" Replicus scoffed, "And right, when Boron finally shows up and does even greater, malevolent deeds to this world, perhaps rip it up like Caxellac did, will you also stand by and watch, chancing upon the fact that someone like me will stop him?"

Suzamete fumed.

But Replicus wasn't done talking.

He manifested the Fallen Reincarnator's Shadow.

"I had many thoughts and doubts, but you really don't seem to exist in a higher dimension of your own, Deitess. I wondered, you see..." Replicus said, his curved eyes turning sharp and narrow, "Why wouldn't you detain your son when he had brought himself to your doorstep? Why did you just allow us to leave? As prepared as that necromancer was, you are a Deity, and you knew he would come.

But then, the thought slithered into my head through my phantoms... You knew your son's death was necessary to beat Caxellac, didn't you? Even he was a pawn in a grand game you think mortals like me can't see."

Suzamete had no reaction to Replicus' words. The Warmoth's Progeny wasn't surprised. He supposed she had seen herself having this conversation already, but then doubted that fact immediately. Maybe Suzamete's knowledge of everything on Aigas wasn't as complete and fine as he imagined, after all, she seemed quite livid when she stared into him.

<Is that the extent of your reasoning then? What you are so proud of? Well, if I were you, I would do well to remember to tread lightly.>

Right as Suzamete said those vague words, Replicus felt his face get brushed by a whipping wind. The sound of waves crashing against each other became exceptionally obvious below him and as he looked down, he saw the ebony sea emerge once again. Gravity was restored, and Replicus was pulled down to stand over the waters, marvelling.

The transition from darkness to a vibrant world with a shattered sky, broad horizon, mana, time and a great landmass so many thousands of kilometers away, was quite pleasing to the Warmoth's Progeny's eye.

It was done.

The Rules had been fixed and Aigas was restored from the state Caxellac's Serene Grace had left it.

The powers of a Deity were indeed magnificent to behold, but Replicus soon returned a hard gaze towards Suzamete. She had turned, joining her followers back into the great crack in space.

She spared one last look at Replicus before walking in and vanishing like the rest.

Chapter 1149: Resolutions

The nerve...

Replicus was quite triggered.

One would have thought that seeing the picturesque view of Aigas' likeness activated again would have pleased the Nullmancer, but it did not, not after the verbal exchange he had had with Suzamete. While bathed in the replenishing Ju`wte of [Ju`wta Resounding Restoration], he gave out a deep sigh to relax himself.

It almost seemed repulsive to Replicus that he had considered talking to the Sky Deitess about repairing Aigas before she and her minions quickly appeared on the scene. In order to save Yuyui and the others, he had been willing to stomach Suzamete's arrogance.

"Thank goodness I didn't have to..." Replicus said aloud.

Serenity kept looking where the crack in space had been and she scoffed.

"Indeed," she said.

Ju`wte streaked from Replicus' Ju`wta and created a thick sled under his feet which whisked him away at tremendous speed towards Edagon. Serenity followed sharply after him. On the way, Replicus checked to make sure if everything was back to normal, and it seemed so.

All the Rules that gathered to ensure that Aigas wasn't some black space cordoned off from the real Void, had been repaired and the flow of time and all its other complements was freshly renewed.

This was reassuring, but Replicus didn't relax just yet.

He soon reached Edagon and his sights immediately hurtled towards where he had last seen the battle between Benzard, Yuyui and the BoneTender. There, he only noticed two figures above the mountain where the shrine Sause had used as a ruse was.

His eyes quickly scanned the nearby surroundings and then...

"There!"

Replicus instantly darted down as a thick, yellowish-red lightning bolt to the ground, landing a few dozen meters away from two figures... or perhaps three?

With shocking speed, and a blaze that consistently coated him – healing him – and assaulted the surroundings with so much violence that Replicus immediately leapt up to float back in the sky so as to not harm or kill the individuals he was looking towards, the Progeny approached.

"Master!" Yuyui screamed over the shrieking and cackling of Ju`wtte, looking at Replicus with a semi-pleased face. She motioned towards something in her arms.

Replicus looked at her intently and then stared at what she was holding.

It was a soul. It was Stylla's soul.

"Beyrmir."

At the call, the Mercurian Long-Snout, understanding its master's intent, manifested a massive section of its scaled, scorching torso. It drooped from Replicus like a large water droplet and sagged before Yuyui. A great scale on it opened, revealing a solemn, vast space beyond it. Serenity descended and floated beside Yuyui.

Yuyui couldn't see the femininely-shaped flame, and she also couldn't feel her reach in to touch her hands and softly scoop up Stylla's soul.

At first, Yuyui was alarmed, but she quickly relaxed after seeing – or rather noticing – that Replicus didn't react in a hostile fashion. This must have been his doing then.

Stylla's soul was ushered into Beyrmir's Storage Unit by Serenity and soon, the scale acting as a door to the space closed in on it.

It was strange how soul extraction worked in Aigas.

Once a soul lost a body, how long it took for it to dissipate depended on the strength and awareness of its user as well as outside factors influencing it.

However, there was also a Rule that dictated that all souls liberated after the destruction of their body – a common death – were to be sent to the Yormuness.

Curiously, what tied these two circumstances together, making them make sense in their relevant contexts, was a simple fact – possession.

Barring individuals like Actuass who didn't really belong to Aigas in the first place, and thus were exempt from a one-way trip to the Yormuness after death, those who did – even if they had no awareness of their soul whatsoever – could suspend their sentence to the Yormuness if they were cradled by another powerful individual with powers that could handle the soul.

Yuyui's knowledge and appreciation of the soul because of recent events, for instance, allowed for Stylla's soul to remain on Aigas for a short while.

Of course, this possession didn't last forever, but in this case, Serenity taking Stylla and giving her to Beyrmir changed the Bryne Family heiress' fate.

After safely stowing away Stylla's soul, Beyrmir returned to his master who then spoke to Yuyui.

"I'm glad I could count on you for this, Yuyui," Replicus said from the livid lightning.

Yuyui beamed.

It felt good for her to hear these words from Replicus. She had expressed her concern about allowing Stylla to be stolen from her by the BoneTender after all. Now, she felt as though as she had redeemed herself and the greatest reward she could get was receiving Replicus' reassurance and gratitude.

She nodded at her master, but her smile seemed to dim.

"Master!" she yelled over the noise. "That thing... the fake... I... I don't know where he is! He just disappeared out of nowhere!"

Replicus narrowed his eyes.

"I see," he said quietly.

It seemed to him that the shattering of Rules didn't quite register with Yuyui and Benzard. As he suspected, the BoneTender was not affected by the effects of Caxellac's Serene Grace, likely because he was not sustained by the Rules that made up Aigas like Replicus.

So, when the Rules were forcibly broken, he was not unravelled like the rest and when they were wound again into their original shapes, they found him gone.

The BoneTender had escaped.

However...

"Skullius," Serenity called out to the Warmoth's Progeny and she pointed in a certain direction.

At once, Replicus stormed where she pointed.

Serenity had just shown him towards where the BoneTender was. He didn't seem to have cast himself far.

Soon enough, Replicus was floating over the long, robed figure. He was slouched against a large rock, his glowing ball of a head facing the direction Replicus had come from after the Rules had been mended.

There was a sigh of resignation from the figure.

"You are here..." he said, and his head seemed to scroll around Replicus, "Yet she is not. I really mean very little to her, don't I?"

Indeed, Serenity had not followed after Replicus.

The Warmoth's Progeny said nothing to the BoneTender's sulking.

He instead focused on the long robes of the BoneTender. They were fragmenting, disappearing little by little.

"You prevailed even against the Null Devil King. Hmph. I would never have guessed. I truly believed you were nothing more than an unworthy replacement when we first met. You've gone out of your way to prove me wrong," the BoneTender said bitterly.

Again, Replicus said nothing.

As the robes of the BoneTender disappeared little by little, replaced by something else, he realised that the moment the BoneTender had been expelled from Caxellac's body, he had been finished.

The reason he had bothered to summon the Null Devil King to Aigas and take his body was so that he could delay his inevitable transformation back into what originally stood in his place.

And now, the great figure of the Null Terror vanished, and in its place, the body of Replicus' second Apostle showed itself; it had once again been returned to its master.

Chapter 1150: Also Interested

Ferex had returned.

He was in his humanoid form which gave the impression that he was a simple, tall man wearing a dark silver armour and wolf-shaped helmet – a rather realistic one. A coat of dark brown fur grew



from the shoulders of his armour, creating a cape that gave off a slightly barbaric feel, but it all fit the aesthetic the Apostle had chosen months ago.

As impressive as he looked, barely seeming as one who he had gone through the ordeal of turning into a Null Terror, Ferex was oddly silent.

He failed or rather refused to look up at Yuyui and Replicus.

The Warmoth's Progeny had brought him to the lime-haired girl and remained floating above like a miniature, malevolent sun.

"Ferex..." Yuyui said solemnly, drawing close to the Apostle.

The Apostle remained silent. He seemed to be livid with shame.

Replicus could understand. In a way, he was sure Yuyui was the last person Ferex would want to meet first. It was unclear whether he recalled what had happened during his period as the Null Terror, but at the very least, the Apostle seemed to realise how much time had passed and likely estimated how much damage had been done.

Recalling Yuyui's retelling of what had happened when Ferex had turned, it was clear to Replicus that Ferex blamed himself. His Flaw activated when it took him great effort to beat a host of enemies, and as it stood, it was, in a way, his fault that he had lost himself. He had been weak. Too weak.

Replicus didn't think he wanted to deal with this right now and neither did he think he could solve Ferex's emotional state with a quick pep talk. This could have been viewed as a downside to having Apostles rather than typical undead.

There were other matters that required Replicus' attention and as soon as Sause appeared, Aurolio trailing along, he knew now was the best time to address them.

"Congratulations,ahaha. I was rooting for you all the way and you certainly didn't disappoint," Sause said, a broad smile on his giant face.

Replicus nodded with a scoff from the brilliance of his Ju`wte and then he looked at Aurolio who scowled.

"You got something to say to me?" the pale man said scathingly.

"Eaniss left, you know? Perhaps you want to follow after her," Replicus said and Aurolio's temple throbbed with a thick vein.

The pale man hadn't accompanied Eaniss to further the objective of the Severed Union. Both he and Eaniss had understood that. Aurolio was sure that Replicus knew this as well and was just messing with him.

Well, it wasn't exactly unwarranted. Aurolio hadn't quite had the best day and this voyage hadn't been what he had hoped.

He had been humbled.

Despite holding himself to a higher standard because of his powers, he found that he was lacking. He had been outclassed by an Undeath user like Actuass and Null Life user like Replicus magnificently.

Even as he accepted that though, he had hoped to at least see with his own eyes what exactly made a world Rich, as he had read from his Book of Alignment – the book from which he received the call to Voided Death.

Now, even that seemed to be lost.

The word lost seemed to drive itself into him like a knife.

Aurolio's technique, Unbeatable Trigger, when active – which it mostly was – did not allow him to lose a battle. He had created it after learning his Mastered Voided Gate. In a way, it was a complement to his high-level, Voided Death abilities. Aurolio had yet to see this technique buckle.

Most of the times, it boosted his endurance up to a relevant point or reduced the effectiveness of incoming attacks in order to ensure he wouldn't lose. The pale man had never known the technique to fail him.

However, during this voyage to Edagon, he had seen it start to stretch the definition of lose. The technique, as it was fuelled by Voided Death Essence, did not subscribe to the normal rankings of Aigas. To some degree, it altered reality in order to ensure Aurolio emerged victorious. When Jerthrax burned the world in black fire, it was responsible for limiting the damage as best it could.

When the Herald cast the world in stone with a Rule, it had been partially responsible for how Replicus returned everything to normal with Reversion.

But now that he had exhausted his reserves of energy for the most part, Aurolio felt insignificant.

The image of his body bowing to Replicus earlier kept flashing in his vision.

"It seems we interrupted something," Sause said, breaking the tension while pointing at Yuyui and Ferex.

"It's nothing you should worry about," Replicus said, brushing off the topic. "I wonder, am I at the liberty of seeing—"

"Ah. Of course, of courseahaha," Sause cut the Progeny off. "I expected you wouldn't pass up the chance, quite like that freakish creature you just killed."

Replicus chuckled sniffily.

Sause recognised his intent.

Indeed, he wanted to see what made Aigas a Rich world too. He was just as curious as Aurolio.

"I'm not sure I can grant your request,ahaha. You and I might go way back, but I know for a fact you are under the charge of an authority equal to or above the Deities. I was taught that anomalies like you destroy the balance of the world and well, there is a bit too much proof of that. I'm not a stingy Giant by nature, but I have responsibilities, you see,ahaha" Sause said with a smirk.

Replicus sent a glance towards Serenity who was still manifested outside his body but unseen by no one. She seemed to gaze at him too.

They had yet to have the discussion about what it was exactly that Replicus, as a bearer of Null Life Essence was supposed to do for Serenity, but the Warmoth's Progeny had no reason to doubt that at least part of his objective, as hinted by the BoneTender and Caxellac, involved gathering resources for Serenity – ones like the what Replicus wanted to see right now.

Whatever it was that made Aigas Rich was somehow desirable by Void, Emmae and Serenity.

Replicus wasn't sure he wanted to take away something that precious from Aigas for Serenity's sake and he imagined that Serenity knew he wasn't as devoted to her as the BoneTender had been.

Even if Replicus didn't care about Aigas as much as someone who was born in it would, he shunned doing something similar to what Actuass had done, after all, he was pretty sure rooting out the Richness of Aigas would destroy it.

His gaze translated some of his intent to Serenity.

She said nothing.

"What if I promise not to do any harm towards it – the object of Aigas' richness. I am not as reverent to my benefactor as you might think. I am, for now, trying to learn as much as I can first before declaring any allegiance and I assure you, my decision most likely won't be swayed by what I see in the next few minutes," Replicus turned to Sause and said.

The Giant didn't look convinced. A fresh smirk remained on his face as he looked at the radiant Progeny.

Replicus sighed.

"If you are going to doubt where my allegiance lies, at least believe that I am not so devoid of pride that I would betray you after you offered to me the body of your respected elder. I know Jerthrax wasn't just some beast to you. He meant something and you gave him to me to honour the Tie of Exchange we made a long time ago. While I am the one who killed him, I—"

Sause raised his hand and Replicus stopped talking.

"I know why you killed him first. Indeed, he was already beyond saving, soul-wise, and if he fell into the necromancer's hands..." the Giant paused and a grave look appeared on his face. "You are right. The Scaled Elder was more than just some guardian beast. He was family.

He was yet to grow as old, as powerful and as wise as his brother, Jiggorrhax, but he was still a bastion of Edagon and Aigas as a whole. It's a shame his duty now falls onto me and my successor so soon."

The Giant looked at Benzard who grew incredibly self-aware when everyone else looked at him too.

At Sause's words, a thought was jolted in Replicus. He skimmed over adding on to his current argument and asked:

"By the way, are you really the last Giant?"