

Undead 121

Chapter 121: Paladin Champion! (1)

Undeath had many variations. Practitioners had once remained hinged towards the crude way of using Undeath, remaining far from its true essence. From its absolute truth.

Summoning weak skeletons to fight.

Having an army of thousands that didn't have much in the way of quality, the defense being that they did not tire.

It was pathetic!

So what?

These were all backward ways of using necromancy.

However, a certain group had risen, remaining in the shadows as they honed their craft.

The Green Neolists.

They were the pioneers of <Undeath Concepts>.

This group had been carried by multiple leaders in the past, committing to a game of cat and mouse with the Capital Knights while being thwarted at every turn but when it had been taken over by a rather ambitious man, things had changed.

His guidance led to the true formula for the effective use of Undeath.

He weeded out those that were rigid, disposing of them and grooming promising students that were willing to learn.

One of the students he had taught was the woman with copper shimmer hair and green eyes who overlooked the horrific scenes that she had caused within Eofel while standing atop the roof of a large building.

It didn't bring her any particular sense of joy as there wasn't much meaning to her in doing this. It was merely a strategy. A play.

A prologue to the horror that her master would bring on this world within the next few months.

This all came about because of her concept of Undeath.

<Faithful Message Undeath>.

After studying undeath energy for a long time she had finally created her own technique.

By weaving the energy of undeath intricately, one could give a coding to it. A very specific set of instructions that required tons of fuel.

It took an unbelievable amount of focus and time but she could do it with astonishing speed and accuracy now that she had studied it for a long time.

The coding she input into undeath was very concise. It would steal away the life from the victim and infect their soul, using it as fuel to strengthen itself.

To Infect a soul with Undeath was a very high level of control which depicted one's proximity to true Undeath. This showed the woman's level as a Necromancer also.

The undeath energy she input would then invade the core, preserving and consolidating after the death of her victim such that it could support the body, heightening all physical functions!

Severing the spine and disconnecting the brain stem was so that all physical functions occurring below the head wouldn't distract the brain from its purpose.

Having been an Energy Former before her induction into Undeath, this woman had been capable of manipulating sound and air to a marvellous degree.

She merged her understanding of both these elements and Undeath to create a way to transmit Undeath in the form of sound!

Of course, her first victims which had been readily prepared were the most efficient at spreading the 'word', the rest not being as efficient.

They were also far weaker than her original minions but she didn't need them to be otherwise.

"Looks like those with blue cores won't be affected," she said nonchalantly. "I didn't plan for them to anyway. I wonder how that woman from the Purity will fare against 'that'."

The woman didn't stay to watch some more as regardless of the outcome, she had done her part.

Skullius' body felt limb from being carried across a vast distance at an insane speed without him being able to say or do anything about it.

From his place of captivity up to this place, he couldn't even tell which route they had taken.

Perhaps there wasn't because he had flown instead maybe?

He couldn't tell.

Soon, his vision once again became clear and he saw another tragic scene before him.

Knights were battling each other, while some had red flames within their sockets, burning incessantly!

Some of the Capital Knights had already been killed, their halves lying on their ground along with their limbs!

Blood was everywhere, staining the stalls of various foods whose owners had either died or were running around spreading the message of undeath and fallen over clothing which had been bargained for by the various civilians that now had grotesque faces as they chanted without rhythm!

What had once been a loud and energetic marketplace had become a tragic scene where the energy was horrid and full of death.

Skullius took in this scene with narrowed eyes.

This was undeath.

"Crazy..." he mumbled.

He had once again found himself in the presence of this power which had once lorded over him.

He knew the feeling all too well.

But the way it was applied was...

Elita's eyes darted left and right as she identified all the threats within her surroundings.

Ever since she had come out of the Capital Knights building, she had clearly assessed the fullness of the situation within the entire city.

All the civilians were being overtaken by the stench of Undeath while all the Knights with white cores were also being taken over.

When that happened, they died within seconds and a strange phenomenon caused their bodies to change for the worse.

The Paladin Champion had chosen to leave the Capital Knights building as it already had plenty of Knights to defend it.

She had sensed this strange spread of Undeath like a plague happen all over the city and thus chose to respond to places where there wasn't much help or none at all.

On top of this, she had left Gin and the others to handle the mess at the Capital Knights building because there was something else she sensed somewhere within the city releasing a terrifying amount of energy but staying still.

'What's it waiting for?' She thought. If that thing attacked, she was the only one who could deal with it.

Her timely arrival with Skullius allowed her to intervene before everything went to shit.

And intervene she did.

Elita had her eyes on all the areas that needed her attention within Eofel and she planned to reach them all!

A godly flash of golden light like a river flushed out of Elita as she became like the sun, her image attracting the attention of everything around!

Chapter 122: Paladin Champion! (2)

Elita's figure shone with brilliance, becoming a beacon for both those that had turned and those that hadn't.

To those that had turned, she was someone who had to be killed as she did not receive the truth and joined their numbers, and to those that hadn't turned, the Knights still struggling for their lives, she was hope.

To realise that a Paladin Champion was in their midst brought them relief.

Paladin Champions were meant to be just that. The last resort of the Purity. The Peak fighting forces of the organisation.

Of the 12 Paladin Champions, Elita was ranked 10th. She was quite strong but was ultimately nothing compared to the higher ranked Paladin Champions.

Their dispatching was usually done to protect important personages of the Purity, though for a mere Grand Priest, the strongest Champions wouldn't be sent out.

The Champions were unique because of the fact that all of them had advanced classes.

Such classes were rare in Aigas as they not only depended on hard work, but also luck. At the moment within the entire city of Eofel, Elita was the only one with an advanced class.

On top of this, she had a divine blessing from one of the Deities which integrated with all her skills and techniques. This was also a prerequisite for someone to become a Paladin Champion.

As the dark-skinned beauty stood out like a torch in the dark, she took a step forward, the boundless golden light she produced eagerly storming outwards like a harsh wind!

Skullius gaped in awe.

The various men and women who had been carrying the word of Undeath rushed towards Elita, leaving behind those that they had been harassing!

They came in their thousands while chanting the same thing over and over again, reaching within a few meters of Elita in a flash!

Unfortunately...

As the golden light bathed them, the impure essence that caused them to become preaching corpses was overpowered and eradicated, along with their tainted flesh!

Skullius watched as the crowds turned to dust under the raging brilliance that continuously jutted out of Elita!

The words they yelled didn't reach him at all like how they pressed against everyone's bodies regardless of how strong they were.

For him, he never felt a thing and the same was the case for the Paladin Champion.

Elita continued to stroll around as the people rushing towards her were disintegrated.

When her light reached an injured Knight, it would encase them wholly and heal their wounds instantly with tangling wisps of greenish gold!

Even those that had their limbs lopped off watched as the greenish golden light reattached them seamlessly!

The Knights joyfully stood and grabbed their swords.

Whether they were Capital Knights or Purity Knights, they couldn't help but view this woman before them in a vastly more favourable light.

Once the area within a 200 meter radius was cleared, Elita turned into bright streak that darted in a zigzagging fashion as it went towards the different areas where these undeath ministers were clustered, killing those who hadn't been turned!

The civilians could only run a few steps before they were caught and transformed by the message!

The scrambling that occurred as violence of unimaginable proportions pervaded was hard to look at.

The golden image of Elita appeared within another area where this was happening and her light smothered every single aspect of the place, turning the undeath messengers into dust while saving and healing those that still held their lives!

Those that had been about to be trampled under the crusade cried in relief as they saw that they hadn't been sent to the afterlife yet they couldn't find their saviour as she had already flitted to another location!

'Whatever it is seems to be travelling through the air. Like a mix of sound and a disgusting yet complex energy. Is that why they keep chanting? To continuously spread it?' Elita analysed.

As she moved, reaching another location in moments, the culmination of her blessing and mana being what saved the masses, Elita saw a figure who stood firm, barely affected by her light!

It was a Knight with the same characteristics as the undeath messengers. He held his sword, his mouth constantly chanting while his body got into a charging stance.

Elita felt his white core which was surrounded by a red halo churn out mana in large portions as he deftly shot towards her and swung his sword murderously!

Elita didn't bother countering with her own as it wasn't necessary but she did note that this Knight was way stronger than the ones she had seen who had been turned.

The raw force of his swing made the air tremble in a way that wasn't befitting of a white core Knight!

It exceeded that level quite a bit!

The Paladin Champion swiped her hand, meeting the sword attack without much of a concern.

The sword shattered like glass upon clashing with Elita's hand and the woman grabbed the Knight's arm, applying a tremendous force that forced him to kneel!

She scrutinised his body, running her mana over it only to discover a gash behind his neck where a red flame was acting as the link from the brain to the spine!

'Such cruelty. This gathering of murderers must be found. I should report to the Purity about this,' she thought before disintegrating the Knight.

Within a minute, a vast portion of the city was cleared of the undeath messengers, Elita returning to Skullius as she grabbed him by the neck and shot forward to other areas where the Knights hadn't reached.

Skullius once again sulked as he was dragged around. This time, he heard Elita speak, trying to gain some Intel from him.

"With what you've seen so far, is there anything that you can tell me about this whole situation? Anything that could lead us to the culprit or something?"

'Huh?'

Skullius sighed in resignation. This woman was grossly mistaken about his circumstances.

However, as someone who had 'dealt with' Undeath before, he could give her some details.

"You really overestimate my knowledge. I barely know much but I also haven't seen this kind of undeath before, br-..." Skullius said, holding his tongue at the end.

The Discount Human couldn't help but wonder if Eobald also had some crazy undeath ability like this. Perhaps he would have used it on him if he wasn't so fleshed up back then.

Elita's sigh could be heard even as they moved at rapid speeds.

Once more, she stopped and set Skullius on the ground, the fake faced figure stumbling down.

Elita's light bathed the area, eradicating all the undeath messengers.

Unfortunately, there didn't seem to be any survivors in the vast distance which made Elita's heart sink. The bodies of a few Knights who had been stationed here to control the madness that had spawned from the ballad of Erlton the Reader could be seen, decked in armour but their bodies oozing of blood.

Tragic.

Just how quick was this thing in its spread?

Her response even though unbelievably fast was still too late.

She turned to Skullius and flicked her fingers.

A ring fell beside the Discount Human and he was shocked to find that it was his spatial ring!

"Why...?" he asked as he looked up at Elita.

"I took it after coming to the Capital Knight building. With all the commotion about the mysterious thing that had appeared, I figured it would be safe with me. I would have destroyed it along with you if you proved to be guilty. Or perhaps you'd open it for me if we actually had a normal interrogation. Peering into spatial storages tactlessly destroys them anyway. Even common ones like yours.

I assume you also don't know that, your Ignorance?" said Elita half-teasingly.

Skullius couldn't find the words to reply.

"I do not trust you nor is this is gesture to help you. But if you have anything that can help yourself to stay alive in there, you might as well take it out. I have assessed that you aren't a member of either groups I suspected but I have a feeling that you can help me in some way. At the end, perhaps I'll allow you get a less harsh sentence."

"I see..." Skullius voiced. This was the best he could get so it seemed.

He inserted his mana into the ring and found that everything was in place including Red Rage who was sulking. "I guess I could help..."

Elita nodded and was about to scour the area when...

"MEdDLer...!" a crooked voice that carried with it a shocking amount of undeath energy blasted against her and Skullius!

She felt something in her get stirred which terrified her!

Skullius on the other trembled from the deathly presence he felt. It was thick!

It was almost viscous!

"FoUL... MEdDLer! BEGONE!" the crooked voice echoed loudly once more as a large figure that oozed of death and reeked of truth charged against the two!

Chapter 123: Elita Vs. ???

A loud whistle sounded as a roaring of the wind followed after, a large sword flickering into existence as it swung against Elita whose eyes bulged in shock!

So fast!

So strong!

She barely managed to draw her sword and parry the attack but even as she did, her form was terrible!

Her legs left the ground, the loud ring that occurred when metal smacked metal coming before a devastating shockwave blew intensely, the Paladin Champion being launched off into the distance!

A certain Discount Human didn't even catch a single glimpse of what had happened as all he witnessed was a blotch of darkness and then...

FABOOOM!

His cosmetic skin felt like it was being shredded as the force which had taken place directly near him blew him away, pushing him against buildings and stalls!

Every structure in a fifty meter radius was pushed away violently, including the corpses, the buildings and the tough city ground!

The scene was mind boggling!

Elita flew so far in such a short time, being a dot that streaked across the city like lightning, demolishing everything she knocked against living and non-living alike!

Skullius who was buried under a lot of rubble after the shockwave, shook his head as his vision spun.

He was so glad he couldn't feel pain in this moment, as when he looked at himself, he saw many parts of his flesh torn in a goose bump inducing fashion!

His face also had scrapes and burns but he didn't feel the agony that he should have.

He pushed against the rubble with all his might and managed to free himself, crawling out to face the devastation.

He gulped hard as he was faced with the scene of the indented group and a clear space where a single, terrifying figure stood.

"Flesh you, atrocious luck..." Skullius mumbled to himself. "What the heck is that, bro?!"

Even the Death Knight nanny that always came for roll-call in Deadmanland didn't look as hideous or emit such a disgusting energy signature like the absolute abomination before his eyes!

Donning a spiky and reddish-black armour was a three meter tall monster that had now plunged its weapon into the ground while expelling a thick cloud of dark energy.

The armour looked custom made as several parts had distinctive features that where vastly different from the others. From the crescent-shaped visor on its helmet, two bright red beams could be seen within, looking into the distance.

Its right arm was rather bulky, the armour being modified to cover it perfectly while its left was disproportionately longer and even more unique; five more arms protruded from its under an upper sides, fully decked in fitting armour too!

An abomination with an arm that had five more shorter arms, twitching and wiggling to show that they functioned quite well.

The monster pulled out its sword which was like a Dadao, curved and thick at its end with a visibly sharpened edge on its bluish grey blade!

"ThE... MeDdLeR... sTiLL... liVeS...!" it spoke with its eerie voice before it took a few steps forward.

Skullius quickly backtracked, hiding behind the rubble.

His lack of knowledge forced him to not act rashly especially when he was this vulnerable in his Discount Human form.

This was intense and he didn't want anything to do with it!

Beside him was dead Knight who had been flung by the shockwave.

Seeing the armour he donned, Skullius quickly removed it and stored it within his spatial storage ring.

While inserting his mana, he gave Red Rage a precise instruction.

"Hey, Red bro! Put that armour on and be ready to carry me away when I let you out!"

He didn't know if Red Rage would hear him but the Pelvis Boar-Man had an ample amount of intelligence to process what he needed anyway.

He hoped at least.

Running around with a skeleton wouldn't look good for Skullius in any scenario after all.

SHAAAA!

A golden splash of light covered the entirety of the sky above Eofel as a dark spot of light rose and descended at lightning speed!

Elita whose figure could barely be seen under the glaring flare of gold had leapt from the over 800 meter distance she had been flung before and returned to where the abomination awaited her!

Her pure hazel eyes emitted a concentrated golden gleam as she descended with an incredible speed and hurled a fierce overhead punch at the monster's head with a loud battle cry!

The tall creature ate the attack as for a brief moment, its dark air was overshadowed by the gold which had hints of green!

BOOOM!

Its head jerked down as it received the punch, the ground indenting further down under its feet while a mushroom cloud of dust rose high up with a vibrant shockwave!

'That's it?!' Elita questioned as she felt her punch not do much damage to the creature!

Before the abomination could raise its head, Elita who was still airborne, drew her arming sword which shone with golden runes over its polished, light green surface and slashed precisely across its chest!

CRREEEENK!

A continuous shriek and spark announced itself when she slashed, the Paladin Champion feeling her sword digging into the thick armour... just a bit!

The abomination finally raised its head and with a nimble motion, it raised its Dadao sword high up and brought it down with a staggering force, billows of darkness spewing from it to wrestle the golden light!

Elita who was frustrated at not being able to lend any damaging blows, parried properly this time, the Dadao being forced off course while she launched a series of penetrative thrusts with her arming sword that finally bore through the abominations armour!

The tall creature drew back as seven holes opened on its armour, protruding from the back with dying bursts of golden light after Elita's ferocious attacks!

However...

"ImPuDEnT...!"

The monster roared as it launched a series of slashes that Elita met with her own without a problem!

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

The noise of metal against metal rang loudly while bursts of horrendous forces destroyed the surroundings, causing them to crumble!

During this clash, Elita's once hidden core finally showed its colour as she pulled out large portions of concentrated mana from it!

Purple!

Skullius watched the exchange from a distance while hiding behind rubble.

He was absolutely shocked!

The exchange was incredibly fierce as his eyes only saw flickers and sparks while the two stood still!

'When will I reach this level?!' he thought.

Strength so fierce it felt boundless!

From the terrifying fight, Elita suddenly drew back and pointed her finger at the monster, a three-pointed star appearing on her index finger!

"Glorious Purity!"

The star expanded and brightened up as it then ignited into a dark golden light that showered the monstrosity!

"ARRRRRGHHHH!" the monstrosity screamed as smoke rose from its body!

"MeDdLeR!"

A plume of smoke gushed from its body and swept over the brilliant light as well as Elita right after the abominations call!

The monster's retaliation caught Elita by surprise and for a few moments, her shining figure disappeared into the darkness!

...!

Skullius felt his non-existent heart sink!

He had obviously been routing for the individual who seemed to not have the intent to kill him!

From the pitch black darkness, a small flare sparked and then a figure streaked out in a quick motion and rushed a distance away.

Elita had managed to escape the darkness but...

Her face was pale and the light around her grew dimmer, the golden armour she wore showing.

She panted as she hurriedly held her sword firmly while facing the monstrosity.

'That darkness.... What is it? I suddenly... feel weaker...' she thought as strength seemed to be sapped from her.

The abomination rushed towards her, its voice loudly sounding again as this time...

"YoU CaNnOT coMPREheND, the TRuE beaUTY of uNDeATh. tHE oNly TrUE dIVInity aMonG MANY falseHOODS. The TrUESt rEALity in All ThE LaNDs....!"

Elita felt a painful sensation that tried to barrel its way into her as the abomination spoke!

"Nnnngh!" she gritted her teeth as she battled that powerful feeling but in doing so, her stance faltered and the Dadao that blitzed through the air came before she could raise her sword to defend...!

Chapter 124: Hero! (1)

...!

Elita gnashed her teeth as she tried to churn out more mana to block the incoming attack but the merciless Dadao sword rattled her entire body upon contact, her armour cracking from the dominant force!

The Paladin Champion spun while the invasive energy that stormed against her as the tall undead's chanting grew louder and more vibrant!

For a moment, Elita's mind became scrambled with pieces of her memories flooding her vision!

She saw the time she became a Paladin Knight, the Deity, Quintess granting her a blessing. A divine blessing which was only received by those favoured by the Deities.

<Peerless Spirit>!

It was a blessing that gave every one of her skills the golden light of enhancement which bolstered their effectiveness as well as power by more than triple its original on top of giving her a powerful regenerative essence that healed her and her targets with terrifying efficiency!

In addition to this, the fact it was a divine blessing guaranteed that it was capable of contesting against debuffs from foul sources.

With such a powerful tool in her arsenal, Elita couldn't image just why she was experiencing such a severe weakness from the Undead before her.

Undeath couldn't contend against the power of Deities!

Such a hazard was more likely when she was facing members of the Evenfall who followed Boron!

The shapely woman twisted her body and landed on her feet, stabilising herself as she pulled out her mana while preparing to use her heaviest hitters!

The huge undead that charged in her direction wasn't her equal in agility but its raw strength was definitely higher than hers

She saw the monster rush towards her while digging into the ground with its weight, its sword ready to slash with both hands, an image that spurred her fingers to clasp around each other as she held her arming sword!

Taking in a deep breath, she charged her sword with mana while intending to slash upwards and obliterate the creature's head in motion at the same time it attacked her.

This was the quickest sword move she could use.

Rising Star, Arching Glory!

Where else could an undead's weakness be other than its head?

As she set out to attack while the light around her kept dimming...

...!

'Huh?'

Elita was horrified when suddenly, her shoulder bulged, the flesh from it expanding in a grotesque way so quickly that she could hardly understand what was going on!

The rapid build up of the flesh as it turned from its natural chestnut colour to a flamey red, bumps and boils appearing as if a terrible infection was at play, broke her amour to accommodate this mass of flesh!

The pain was excruciating and Elita screamed as her mind almost broke down in that instance!

Ugly faces grew from the fleshy mass, bearing dog-like appearances that growled and lunged at Elita!

The Paladin Champion bit her lips that bled from the action to restore her mind even if a little bit, slashing at her own shoulder with the attack she had prepared for the still approaching monster!

The grotesque creatures that grew from her flesh out of nowhere were slashed off but the mass of swaying meat didn't seem to be going anywhere!

On the large undead, one of the arms on its long left one was extending towards Elita, its fingers pointing at her shoulder continuously while a soft smoky hue swirled within its palm!

It was casting a dreadful curse on her!

Once more, Elita was astonished by why she was susceptible to such attacks when her divine blessing was a natural counter but it was only a passing thought as she had too much to deal with!

"KekEkeKEkekeKEEEE!" the tall undead cackled as it reached her position and swung its Dadao down with a terrible might!

More dog-like heads grew on Elita's shoulder from the wriggling red flesh and even though it was a curse, the blood she lost was coming from own her body!

Her attempt to block the large sword that descended down at her head didn't work as she felt a severe state of weakness!

Whether she would turn to the truth from its chanting or not was not a concern to the undead as it still aimed to kill Elita!

The Champion made the split second decision to allow the attack to strike her other shoulder instead as that was the extend of movement she could afford before the impact!

FLLLLCHHH!

The sword tore through the armour and dug a few inches into her flesh which made Elita scream even more loudly in her pain as her hand grew numb!

The tall undead revelled in the anguish it jeered, cackling while it applied more pressure to the sword that had lost momentum!

"DiE! MeDdLeR...!" it roared as its sword caused blood to spray from Elita's shoulder all the more and...

MBING!!

...!

A loud noise resounded as shockingly, the large Dadao sword rose into the air from its initial position within Elita's flesh!

It had been knocked upwards unexpectedly!

Elita, with her red, pain-filled eyes couldn't believe it either.

'What...?' she thought.

A Knight had suddenly sped between the two and launched an uppercut at the sword from below that knocked it out of her shoulder!

This Knight was decked in the full silver armour stained in blood!

FWOOSH!

Elita found herself carried up and dashed away with a short distance while the tall undead roared in anger!

Or at least what sounded like anger!

"RaaaAAaaAr!"

Elita didn't waste this chance she had been given as she immediately healed her slashed shoulder enough to wield her sword properly.

She then obliterated the ravenous red coloured dog heads on her other shoulder!

Immediately after doing so, she bathed herself in a brilliant light to forcefully resist the growth of any more of the fiends.

Sure enough, her skin returned to normal under the light and she now took the time to look at her saviour.

Weirdly, this Knight stood in a strange pose, jutting his chest out while his hands were on his hips.

A faint golden light could be seen from his visor and chest as he looked forward.

"Who..." Elita wanted to ask who this personage was, but a thumbs up in the face halted her question.

The Knight in front of her heroically rejected her inquisition with a gesture she barely knew what connotation to attach to.

Chapter 125: Hero! (2)

A minute before...

"Okay Red bro. You must be done putting on the armour by now, right?" Skullius said to himself before injecting mana to expel Red Rage from the ring.

The armoured Red Rage swiftly appeared and stood in his ridiculous stance which made Skullius slap his face.

"We have to get away from this place as soon as possible. Come on, take me away," Skullius said.

Surely an addition of 50 favourability would make the Pelvis Boar-Man heed his words right?

Surprisingly or unsurprisingly, Red Rage didn't do as Skullius asked. He merely looked at the fantastical battle taking place over the cover of the rubble.

Skullius was about to start yelling bone expletives when Red Rage turned to him.

Red Rage's intent travelled to Skullius and the Discount Human couldn't believe what he heard.

"You want to help her?" he asked.

Red Rage nodded.

Skullius sighed.

Since when did his murderous Apostle become a saint. This sockethole was definitely influenced by his skills and race.

Now he was a hero of justice as advertised? Really?

"You'll get pounded into bone dust bro, it's not worth it. We might as well run away while the whole city has its hands full."

Red Rage didn't budge, his intent silently travelling to Skullius once more.

"What? We are the bane of evil and a just representative like the pelvi- oh shut up, you bonehead!" Skullius shook his head.

Given how powerful the influence of a race was on Red Rage, he couldn't imagine what would have happened if he had really chosen the False-Hope Bone Devil.

He should be grateful that it was only this much.

It might have been disastrous otherwise.

Red Rage slumped visibly.

Being denied of a chance to show his justice lessened the vigor in his bones.

Skullius found himself actually being touched by this.

"Woow bro, this really means a lot to you, huh?" he asked while looking up and down at Red Rage.

Should he do it?

What if his Apostle was razed through within seconds? Sure he was Tier 1 now and had some pretty cool abilities, but... was that enough?

Definitely not.

However...

Skullius peeked behind the rubble he hid under to see Elita being bodied!

If Red Rage could help her, perhaps they could team up and the Apostle wouldn't be in as much danger.

And if that really turned out to be the case...

'Right! I do have some good stuff, don't I?'

Skullius had a bright idea. He was in possession of something that could help tremendously.

It wouldn't work if he was alone though.

"Fine. But! If you find yourself in danger, be sure to run back here!"

Red Rage regained his stance as he stood heroically with his arms on his hips.

He then expressed his thoughts to Skullius once again, the Discount Human's eyes opening wide.

"Oh really? Well, how observant of you, Red bro."

.....

As Elita looked at this curious figure that had not answered her enquiry, she set to scan him with her mana but...

"RaaaAAaaAr! ANoThER MeDdLeR!!"

The tall undead raged as it stormed towards Red Rage and Elita!

Red Rage immediately ran up to meet the creature under the shocked expressions of both Elita and Skullius!

'What are you doing you SOCKETHOLE?!' Skullius barked internally with his eyes bulging!

Elita hadn't searched Red Rage but from the mana signature he emitted, she could tell that he was no more than a white core Knight!

Skullius knew his Apostle's stats and even though he hadn't yet viewed the skills he was sure this was a really bad decision!

To think that this privileged bone brat would do something so... so... reckless!

While he didn't know what Tier or Stage this monstrosity was at, as his guidance field couldn't tell with the difference in level, he was sure that a direct confrontation wasn't the answer.

What happened to sticking to the safe plan?!

Red Rage stormed forward, his speed much, much lower than his opponent's.

The Undead roared as it scoffed at the small and weak figure before it!

"You DaRE MeDdlE wHeN YoU aRe sO WeaK?! I wiLL shREd yOuR SoUl!"

The Undead swung its Dadao sword with such a speed that the weapon turned into a barely visible blur!

Red Rage remained within his charge against his foe and...

FUUWAAAH!

A brilliant golden light erupted right when the undead's Dadao sword struck against Red Rage!

A small circular shield appeared on the Apostle's arm with the burst of light, bearing a golden colour and rings of black along with the protruding design of a boar on its front!

[Brilliant Boar Balance Buckler]!

A racial skill had activated in response to the attack!

Even though it had happened so fast, when the buckler and the sword smashed against each other, tiny streams of energy connected the sword and shield for a fraction of a fraction of second!

The ground broke and Red Rage was flung away a short distance following the destruction of the buckler which became specks of light!

"..."

"..."

"..."

Skullius, Elita and the undead were all shocked by this development!

Where was the scene they expected, where Red Rage was cleaved cleanly?

The Pelvis Boar-Man merely anchored his feet on the ground and rushed back to the Undead as if nothing had happened!

Elita's mouth was agape.

Was she mistaken?

Her sweat was still trickling for crying out loud!

She had been putting her back into tanking every one of the attacks from the Undead!

How was this Knight able to do it?!

Skullius slapped his face as he wondered why he bothered!

Within his arsenal, only Red Rage was the honoured one!

The Pelvis Boar-Man rushed up to the undead which roared in rage at seeing the nonchalant return of its uninjured enemy!

"HoW DaRe YoU SurvIvE So CasuAlLY?!" the undead growled nonsense as the arm that had been cursing Elita before pointed at Red Rage and spurred a curse!

Yet...yet...

Nothing happened!

"WHAT?!"

There was no flesh to cause for the growth of its monstrous entities on this valiant Knight?!

Ridiculous!

Impossible!

Red Rage leapt forward as he activated a skill that caused everyone to marvel.

The golden light it emitted was different from Elita's. It wasn't as gorgeous and it didn't bear any overbearing presence!

It was serene!

The tall undead was dazed by this light that covered Red Rage as in the next moment, a new image appeared!

It all started with a long golden cape that swam in the air without a sound...

Chapter 126: Valiant!

"NO FLESHING WAY!" Skullius finally exclaimed loudly, throwing caution out the window when he saw the magnificence that bloomed from the golden brilliance!

A hero!

Even Elita gawked as she saw a golden brilliance less than her own spawn a somewhat corny yet... beautiful scene!

A long cape fluttered mystically from behind the Knight she was looking at, arm braces appearing with a smooth and beautiful effect on his arms as they held boar-like details of a ferocious face and protruding tusks.

Shoulder pads also appeared over the Knight's armour along with magnificent boots that reached his knees!

The light coming behind the visor grew brighter, becoming a cross-shaped golden flare that illuminated the surroundings!

The mix of gold and silver wasn't quite appealing, but the golden pieces of equipment that were spawned, their appearance looking like they were forged entirely from golden-white diamonds that constantly awed the onlookers, allowed for no one to see it as a concern.

A hazy star scape constantly shifted around Red Rage while the symbol on his chest reflected like a hologram on the breastplate of his armour.

A 'U' like shape with a 'T' in the middle.

The image obviously looked incomplete as a suit of this sort should cover the entire body but that didn't take away from its beauty.

Red Rage had leapt up before casting this skill just so he could land and look cool... it seemed.

To add more ridiculousness to this scene, the drip decked Pelvis Boar-Man suddenly rose a meter off the ground and gazed at the tall undead with his beaming eyes while actually adopting a cooler pose this time!

...!

The loud ramblings of the distant Discount Human who was screaming bone expletives in the distance did not tear away Elita and the undead away from the Null existence before them.

He could even levitate!

The Pelvis Boar-Man emitted no presence as if he wasn't even there.

No overbearing aura!

No imposing magic energy!

Just a serene appearance that caused different emotions.

This was the [Pelvis Boar-Man Majestic Attire]!

To top all this off...

"Foul creature. I judge you to be evil... and ugly! For that, I shall administer... Justice!"

A heroic voice came from behind the helmet that Red Rage donned!

Elita was surprised by the masculinity and devotion in the voice!

The undead was enraged by the insult!

Skullius collapsed and knocked his head against the ground!

Only he knew how ridiculous this was!

Red Rage could talk?!

What?! How?!

Flesh logic!

The tall undead roared in rage and once again raised its Dadao as a dark energy coiled around it, smothering its weapon!

"FOoL! YOu DArE CALl ME Ugly?! YoU ArE ATrOCiouS!"

Red Rage did not offer a reply, staying in his position as he actually descended from his floating altitude and touched the ground, waiting for the blade to come!

Elita couldn't believe this, she thought to take a step forward but the Pelvis Boar-Man merely reached out his hand without turning his head to her.

He gave a sideways thumbs up and spoke in a reassuring voice.

"Fear not, valiant female. This... sockethole, has nothing on me!"

Elita didn't know what to think. Where did this Knight come from?

She would have doubted him if she hadn't seen him actually survive an attack from the undead before despite his weak core but now...

"RAAAAAAAAAAR!"

The loud and defeating voice of the undead that still brought a powerful chill to Elita's core resounded as it smacked down with its Dadao, a ferocious wind blowing outwards as an added effect to the descending darkness!

As the sword dropped, many golden wisps like strings travelled from the Pelvis Boar-Man to the undead, connecting the two for a short moment!

Most of the wisps shattered in the middle, but a few remained, this whole occurrence happening within an extremely minute space of time!

However, Elita saw it!

BOOOOM!

There was no explosion of golden light this time as the ground ruptured to an unimaginable degree from the force, fifteen meters worth of hard land caving in as if to sink further into Aigas!

Skullius scrambled to look over again as he was worried about his Apostle after all was said and done.

Pushing the ridiculousness aside, he was very terrified for Red Rage. He had witnessed first hand the thunderous strength of the monster that his Apostle was battling against.

Even if he had survived once, it didn't mean he could continuously push his luck.

If only this brat would stick to the plan!

The dust cleared and the result was made clear!

The Dadao was still in place, emitting a tremendously thick darkness while in its striking position!

And...

A cape fluttered as if rustled by the wind.

An unscathed Red Rage grew visible in the vision of the spectators!

He was crouching while half of his body had sunken into the ground!

The Dadao sat on his shoulder but did not go any further, settling on a cracked golden shoulder pad that extended to the Pelvis Boar-Man's neck!

...!

The undead's beams of light under the visor flickered as it couldn't compute just what was going on!

Why was this weak fellow not sustaining any damage from its attacks?!

"Pathetic!"

Red Rage spoke as he lifted off from his pit, and floated two meters above ground!

He drew back in the air as he cocked his fist, the dust rolling on the ground under his suspended feet!

His armoured hand glowed with a distorted golden light as he then flew at a quick speed and punched the undead in the chest!

POW!

The distorted golden light in his fist made the undead's armour crack mildly while the undead's whole body lifted off slightly off the ground to settle half a meter away!

The result was underwhelming but the Pelvis Boar-Man looked on as if it was expected, backing away.

The Undead was enraged as another one of its arms on the longer left one pointed at Red Rage and released a continuous stream of hot red flames!

The attack was so fast that it took the Pelvis Boar-Man by surprise, knocking him away!

The Pelvis Boar-Man hurriedly changed his course of float, ridding himself of the constant bombardment!

He rushed over to Elita, his armour having already reddened from the heat!

He stopped floating and settled down on the ground.

"Valiant female," he addressed Elita who still couldn't get over the macho, exaggerated voice.

"Yes?"

"I currently lack the strength to deal damage to this fiend. Would you lend me your strength to cull this evil from the world?" the Pelvis Boar-Man asked.

Elita opened her mouth but closed it immediately after.

She held her sword and emitted a brilliant golden hue from her body.

Since they were being so formal about it, she might as well use the same tone.

"Gladly, sir Knight."

The Pelvis Boar-Man nodded and then, he pointed at the undead, then at his own head and his chest.

Elita was confused at first but then, she read in between the lines.

So that was the way.

She nodded as a smile bloomed on her face.

"Onward!" the Pelvis Boar-Man roared with a manly voice as he lifted up once more and shot forward!

Skullius who watched this from the safety of his cover shook his head without pause in disbelief, yet, he hadn't forgotten the goal at hand.

"At least you're smart now, Red bro," he remarked as he moved. His bro hadn't forgotten the plan after all.

Chapter 127: Bitter Effort

The Pelvis Boar-Man was a race geared towards defence above all else.

As the description had said, its selling point was the fact that it actualised the characteristics of a pelvis, especially when dealing with balance.

Above the natural toughness that a Pelvis Boar-Man had, it also had the ability to absorb shocks through its body and into the ground as established by the guidance field data.

This mainly worked for physical attacks which gave the Pelvis Boar-Man a hefty advantage when dealing with enemies that dished out physical damage but this was not true for other type of attacks as well as their corresponding damage.

However, all these characteristics were brought together by a bigger advantage that the Pelvis Boar-Man had.

During confrontations, it had the natural ability to balance out attacks and opponents' strengths with its own, this aspect better used in conjunction with the exclusive skills.

When Red Rage had first confronted the tall undead, using the [Brilliant Boar Balance Buckler], wisps of golden energy had connected the buckler and the undead's Dadao sword!

This was the effect of balance.

The [Brilliant Boar Balance Buckler] was a skill that conjured a buckler that could absorb 25% damage from attacks whilst also applying the concept of balance to the opponent's attack itself, limiting their power to a degree that the user could handle.

The same had happened when Red Rage had tanked the undead's most recent Dadao sword attack, streams of golden energy connecting to the two fighters as balance was in effect.

It was unfortunate, but the full scale of balance couldn't be applied as Red Rage was severely outmatched and he couldn't bring down the enemies level by much. However, he had managed to take the hit by absorbing most of the attack with his body and directing it into the ground as it was a physical attack.

This alone wouldn't have allowed Red Rage to survive as to top this all off, the skill that the Pelvis Boar-Man had been using at the time played a huge role.

~~~

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

The heroic attire of the Pelvis Boar-Man is summoned with the activation of the skill to further bolster the image and power of the hero!

-Effect-

- Limited Levitation

- +250 Defence

- +50 Strength

- Hero's Charisma: Voice of Hope

-The incomplete suit is summoned by default when no Null Life Essence is applied-

Mana Requirements: None, Null Essence required

Duration: 3 minutes

Cooldown: 24 hours

~~~

The uniqueness of the skill could not be denied as even its description display differed from others.

At this moment, Elita rushed after the Pelvis Boar-Man who seemed eager to put down the evil before them!

She was naturally faster than Red Rage as she overtook the floating Pelvis Boar-Man and charged up mana into her green-bladed arming sword!

Her dark hair fluttered as she tried to select which part she could effectively deal with.

She had been given important information.

How to deal with the undead before her!

Apparently, the head and the chest needed to be hit for this undead to be put down.

That was what Red Rage insinuated by pointing at his head and chest. Elita didn't know if it was true but she didn't have a reason not to believe this valiant Knight who could take a beating pretty well!

Skullius who had been told this before Red Rage had headed out to play hero, knew the reason why the Pelvis Boar-Man knew of this.

It was because of one of the gifts of the [Blessing of Serenity].

[Basic Murder Arts].

With this gift, Red Rags gained knowledge on how to kill any organisms he faced as advertised!

Even special cases like this undead!

Though the scope of what this gift covered was still vague, it was useful nonetheless!

Even Skullius had face palmed when he recalled that he had literally seen this a few hours ago.

Elita now understood why after tanking that ridiculous attack from the undead, the Knight, Red Rage, had tried punching the monster, only managing to crack its armour instead with that distorted golden light which was the grand flash of [Hero's Fist].

It was a Pelvis Boar-Man exclusive attack that was hinged on taking down an enemy's defences rather effectively.

Elita zoomed in at incredible speeds as she once again launched a terrifying volley of thrusts with her sword that aimed at the creature's chest!

"FIRst MeDdLeR! YoU HavE rEGaiNEd YouR MetTLe?! TasTE deSpaiR!"

The undead's arms suddenly crackled with a dark power as four of them released a terrifying stream of magical attacks at Elita!

Red hot fire, bright blue lightning, gushing winds and purple poison!

Elita who was showered with these attacks became covered with a bright sphere of golden light as her attacks were not hindered in the slightest!

Unlike the dreadful curse from the other arm that spawned demon dogs in her flesh, defending against elements wasn't a problem!

Her attacks broke through the creature's chest and she visibly felt the creature stagger as if it was suddenly aware of what she was trying to do!

'He's right!' Elita thought, wishing that she had actually aimed at this spot before.

It didn't seem like she actually managed to destroy whatever it was at its chest as when her attacks shattered the creature's armour, there was nothing but broken bones behind!

"RAAAAR!" The undead roared once more as a thick stream of darkness spewed from its body and threatened to devour Elita!

'This again!'

Elita quickly retreated but right then, the other hand of the undead pointed in her direction, issuing the curse!

Elita felt her flesh once again begin to squirm as the curse activated!

"GoOD!"

The Undead rushed her as it knew full well that unlike that floating Knight, this woman was not immune to her attacks!

Its blade descended onto Elita who was preparing to cut away the growing red dogs on her flesh but...

A valiant Knight had already foreseen the danger that the woman was in and begun rushing to her specific location before the undead even moved!

Due to the speed of the attack, Red Rage didn't have the time to be picky about how to receive it so he threw himself in front of Elita, the heavy blade smashing onto his caped back while the force pushed Elita a distance to safety!

A shockwave erupted but Red Rage was not harmed.

Instead, he quickly got up and grabbed the Dadao sword, pulling down with all his might!

"StoP MedDliNg!!" the undead roared as its other hands began unloading vicious magic attacks on Red Rage!

BOOOOM!

The lightning, fire and wind were particularly damaging as the silver armour that Red Rage donned couldn't take the punishment, beginning to tear away even as it was protected by the hazy gold of [Pelvis Boar-Man Majestic Attire]!

However...

"Valiant female!" Red Rage called.

Elita who had just sliced off the dogs on her shoulder again while bearing the unimaginable pain rushed forward as she weaved to and fro to try and avoid being targeted by the arm that delivered the curse!

'I don't know what exactly is at the chest of this monster. I can deal with that later. For now...' Elita thought while putting all her focus on her next attack, her body lowering as she zoomed at super speed up to the undead that still focused on Red Rage who pulled on its Dadao sword. '... I'll strike the head!'

Elita's sword brightened as she activated her fastest skill.

Rising Star, Arching Glory!

Her sword literally screeched as it blitzed through space while arching upwards in a beautiful slash!

The thick darkness that was still spewing from the undead made her struggle but her sword was relentless, flashing with a bright white light as it decimated the undead's head the moment it made contact!

The undead's head exploded under the attack, a neck stump being left behind where only charred bone could be seen yet...

The undead still struggled!

Its arms pulled on Red Rage who wanted to keep it in place while it suddenly went berserk and bombarded the entire area around it with terrifying magic attacks!

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

'Damn it!' Elita withdrew from the darkness and the raging elements as she felt herself get weaker again.

She couldn't push herself to use another attack immediately but... the valiant Knight who had saved her life was still holding on!

She couldn't waste the chance he had created!

She had to push forward!

Like a true Knight!

Like a Paladin Champion!

"NNNNGH!" Elita's growled as she tried to charge for another attack to pierce through the undead's armour where something was buried but the weakness was real.

It was too much..

She was worn out.

What could she do?

They were so close.

BZZZZT! BZZZZT!

The sound of lightning with a hair raising presence shook the air as a red glow came from a distance away, the solution making its way to the battlefield!

Chapter 128: Contrasting Victories

BZZT! BZZZZT!

A mini storm with tendrils of red lightning maddeningly flying everywhere appeared in the distance for only but a moment before it zipped its way towards Red Rage and the undead at a remarkable speed!

The thick bolts of lightning that seemed extremely condensed even when they held the thickness of well endowed trees razed through everything they came across while surrounding the speeding object they covered!

A sword!

Skullius stood a distance away while holding the cause of the spawn of this horrifying attack that dyed the entire half of the city in a blood red hue while making every living thing feel uncomfortable!

The All Eater scroll!

During Skullius' fight with Benzard, he had managed to store one of his attacks into the All Eater scroll, mitigating any damage he would have received if it had hit him.

The attack which was a sword bathed in vicious red lightning, travelling at ridiculous speeds, a product of the hidden class, Perpetual Colossus, contained a staggering amount of strength and mana!

However, this much wouldn't have been enough to generate this crazy scene as the effect of the All Eater scroll was the one that produced this monstrous attack.

~~~

[All Eater]

<Legendary>

A scroll created by an ancient group of mages who thought of cultivating their own magic to be a taboo towards their favoured Deity, Suzamete. They chose to master inscription of the highest order, in their years managing to create a sequence of runes that could store any form of attack at the Incandescent Stage and below.

-Special Effect-

Stored attacks are kept in Stagnant Space and released at the user's discretion at 10 times the power and speed with a 10% chance to incorporate any of the user's attributes and traits over said attack at the moment of release.

<Currently stored attacks - 1/2>

~~~

A ten times increase in speed and power of the stored attack with a 10% chance to incorporate any of the user's attributes and traits to it!

BZZZT!

The result of adding such a ridiculous boost to Benzard's attack was this barely visible streak with trailing tendrils that aimed directly at the creature's upper torso under the stupefied gaze of Elita who was sweating hard and....

No explosion occurred to give the undead an epic send off as the super charged sword plus lightning attack razed through the undead with a thunderous impact and continued on, causing catastrophic damage dozens of meters away!

Red Rage had long gotten out of the way, leaving the undead to face the erasure on its own.

TZZZBOOOM!

The far distance is where the menacing explosion occurred, causing for another splendiferous red light to bloom while a dust covered shockwave stormed against everyone!

Barely anything remained of the undead as only heated armour from its legs and portions of its arms remained, falling to the ground.

Red Rage had done his job, Elita hers and Skullius his.

It was their victory.

Skullius grinned as he saw the notification for the cumulative mana experience and couldn't help but kek at its amount.

Back at the silver Capital Knight buildings, Gin who was bathed in a bright white light was currently engaged in a tough fight with one of the original undeath messengers, a Knight with an enhanced core.

Even after using his Full Body Aura, he found it extremely hard to keep up with this individual as it wasn't a brainless undead he was up against, but a seasoned fighter with heightened powers and no will to retreat!

However, he wasn't alone.

From the moment that he had raised his sword up high and called for the other Knights to rise and fight valiantly, Beron had joined him in the fight against this fallen comrade while the rest of the remaining Knights were assigned to groups where they gritted their teeth and cut down the civilians affected by this strange plague as most thought it to be.

The flaming eyes of men and women made it hard for the warrior's fire in the Knights to be ignited because there was no victory in this fight.

Whether they cut down their comrades and loved ones or were cut down, it was a bitter end all the same as tears were going to shed over the lives lost without an ounce of merry.

Still....the Knights had to make the call, spreading themselves around the city to mitigate this problem.

Beron and Gin pincerd the undead Knight, one going high from behind while the other went low from the front!

The Knight moved quickly, evaluating Beron as the weak one as he then thrust his sword into the Knight's thigh with a dangerous striking power that ignored the armour, restricting the Capital Knight captain's movements instantly!

The Knight's sword got stuck as Beron screamed and twisted his leg having not expected such an attack and he watched the undead Knight with its bright flamed sockets leap to dodge Gin's sword which came low and kick so hard at him that its attack sounded like a whip through the air!

Gin turned into a blur as he vanished from his initial position and appeared behind the airborne Knight, slashing with all his might while infusing all his remaining Full Body Aura into the attack!

He solemnly watched his sword cleave the Knight in two from the head while Beron watched on in incredulity, gripping his thigh in pain.

The body of the undead Knight fell and it was finally over, after a bitter fight that lasted several minutes.

Yet, both captains didn't feel any good.

It was moreso true for Beron who had been outshined in the fight.

"You lack proper training and while it doesn't make your lack of skill excusable, it does give you the room to improve. Besides, without you, I wouldn't have defeated this... man," Gin said solemnly as he stretched out his hand and healed Beron's wound. "I may not be the biggest fan of you Capital Knights but I'm glad you stood up when it counted."

What Gin said was true. The Undead Knight was restricted to follow up with more sword attacks as its weapon had been lodged into Beron. Naturally it wasn't a conscious help on Beron's part but it gave Gin the opportunity he needed to use his skill [Blindspot] to appear behind the undead Knight and end him.

"Thanks..." said Beron as even though he heard this, he was still feeling down.

He stood and held his sword. The work was not yet done but the bulk had been taken care.

At this time, a bright flash of red from the distance graced their eyes.

Chapter 129: Leaving Behind A Trail Of Tragedy

Elita's shock from the last attack that finished the tall undead Knight had finally died and now she gazed at the duo curiously.

She couldn't tell what the relationship between Skullius and Red Rage was as she was currently watching a comedic scenario where Skullius was barking intensely at Red Rage, raving on and on about how he was reckless and about the fact that he got such insane moves at his disposal so suddenly.

The Paladin Champion finally interjected with a slight smile, posing a question.

"Excuse me... what relationship do you have with this man?" she asked Red Rage which further enraged Skullius who wanted to be seen as the senior authority.

As Red Rage was about to reply in a deep and firm voice, Skullius interfered.

"You should be asking me that question. This brat is barely a two days old and is now acting wise because he can fly!"

Elita's brow rose.

"Who is he to you?"

"He's my... subordinate," Skullius answered with a grin.

"Please pay no attention to this sockethole, valiant female. I am merely a friend who travels with him and chooses to tolerate his self-destructive behaviour," Red Rage said with a polite tone to his manly voice.

"Oh... how honourable," said Elita with a bright smile which somehow made Skullius angrier. This felt vaguely familiar!

'Self-destructive? Bro, language!'

Skullius gnashed his teeth as he began to wonder if he should ask the guidance on whether or not he could unsummon Red Rage.

Of course it was just a passing thought.

Elita had wanted to check out this Knight in front of her with mana but that would be rude as it would be essentially be invading the privacy of her saviour so openly.

Therefore, she opted for the safer method.

Using her guidance field!

As she looked at the Pelvis Boar-Man who was floating a meter above ground while still being decked in the incomplete [Pelvis Boar-Man Majestic Attire], a status appeared.

...!

'What in the world...'

What she saw was far from what she expected to see.

Unlike with Skullius where some details were hidden from her and she was oblivious to the fact, she could see Red Rage's class and race as well as other details that didn't seem... natural.

Elita squinted her eyes as she looked at Red Rage.

'Red Rage?' she thought. That wasn't so Knightly or even a name for that matter. Apostle Trait? Pelvis Boar-Man?

Was this Knight some kind of beast man?

Her curiosity grew for Red Rage all the more.

Skullius noticed this and he immediately realised what was happening.

This was not good.

If she discovered that Red Rage was a skeleton underneath...

"So... how about letting us go since we pretty much saved your life," said Skullius as he pulled on Red Rage who refused to budge.

Elita mulled over what she had just seen, making sure to digest it properly.

'This Knight appeared out of nowhere and seems to have a relation to this... Skullius. They are both odd but I wouldn't say they have any feel for undeath. This is the first time I've seen anyone with such strange traits in the three nations.'

Elita's gaze fell upon Red Rage again.

Once more she had the urge to scan Red Rage with her mana to see what he looked like but... it was improper.

It defied her honour as a Knight and a lady.

Indeed, her life had been saved and while she truly hadn't intended let Skullius go before, she was considering it.

The two really seemed to be aligned after all.

"So you truly are the oblivious wanderer who just so happens to be recognised by the Voice of Worlds?" she asked Skullius with a serious tone.

Skullius also wore a hard and serious expression as he answered.

"Yes... I am, for crying out loud."

Elita looked at the aftermath of her fight and couldn't help but sigh.

It would have been much worse.

"Very well... I owe you my life. My honour as a Knight... as a Champion, won't allow me to be harsh to you. Since you're still under suspicion of being aligned with the Green Neolists, you need to leave immediately. I'll cover for the rest," Elita said.

Skullius felt a wave of relief. This was the outcome he hoped for.

The Paladin Champion took out a spatial storage ring, inserted mana into and withdraw a map.

She handed it Skullius who readily took it.

"Since you're pretty much ignorant of everything, take this. I advise you to go to one of the major cities and lay low there. I doubt any of the Knights would travel such vast distances just to find you," she said. "This map will show lead you there."

Skullius unfurled the rolled up map and took a look at it with a big smile.

'Hehe... all's well that ends well...' Skullius thought.

Elita was about to address Red Rage when...

VWOOOSH!

A heavy presence suddenly set on Elita as she immediately knelt involuntarily, overpowered by the sheer force!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRGGGHH!"

The Paladin Champion screamed at the top of her lungs as she clutched her head, her voice resounding everywhere in the distance.

Her eyes reddened while blood trickled from them, staining her cheeks!

Thick veins bobbed on her face while getting a dark shade that eclipsed even her dark complexion!

Elita curled into a ball on the ground and threw up blood as an excruciating pain that felt like she was being shredded washed over her body!

She couldn't even think as all she could do was scream from the pain!

What was happening?!

Why all of a sudden...?

Had she been betrayed?!

She turned to look at Skullius and Red Rage with her shivering head and blurry vision only to find the Discount Human wearing an incredibly shocked expression as he was also bewildered!

"What's happ-"

The answer came before Skullius could finish his question as he realised... that he was the cause.

Red Rage rushed over to Elita but Skullius wore a serious face as he grabbed the Apostle by the shoulder.

The Apostle wanted to resist but the seriousness in his master's voice made him heed.

"Let's go. There's nothing we can do. Staying will not benefit us or her," Skullius said.

The curse that demanded him to walk alone had finally acted.

UNCoddled.

The moment that Elita had finally made a decision that helped Skullius, the curse set in, punishing her for it just as the Grinning Jester Fox had explained.

Skullius wasn't exactly sentimental but watching Elita violently crawl, twist, curl and scream while blood gushed out of her orifices didn't quite sit well with him.

In his very soul, the piece that remained at least, he knew this was wrong but nothing could be done.

Red Rage spared Elita one last glance before shuttling to Skullius, carrying him and bulleting in the direction that led out of the city.

The sound of clanking armour as other Knights approached had been the final piece that let Red Rage ultimately leave his concerns with Elita as his race conformed him.

Elita's mind was in disarray as many events played out in her mind in this moment.

She was really was going to die.

She saw flashing images of everything she had done instead of the bits that she had seen last time...

This was it.

It seemed like it.

Just like that.

The ground suddenly rumbled as if responding to her screams, a gust of dust wind revolving around Elita as she squirmed.

The dust hurriedly entered her nostrils, penetrating her body as it brought with it a faint golden brown light.

Continuous wisps poured into Elita and with time, her body stopped convulsing, her body on the ground becoming still.

Upon the bloody ground, the image of the Paladin Champion as she breathed steadily while her eyes remained closed, caused a much desired sigh of relief to be heard from the land beneath.

Chapter 130: Schemes and Accountability

A woman with copper shimmer hair walked into a well lit room where two men were conversing at a well furnished table while behind them stood mutual aggressive individuals that acted as their guards.

Any form of trust had yet to be established between the two parties and thus a thick wave of tension was roaming in the air.

A man with a green and white mask sat on the opposite side of the table donning a long, dark brown robe with a hood.

This was naturally, Actuass.

His relaxed air could be felt by everyone in the room despite the fact that everyone else was on edge.

This made the man and woman behind him feel a bit more relaxed as on top of their trust in him, they also believed that he could handle the situation if anything was to go wrong.

A conversation was ongoing as the new entrant found her way in.

"Our failure to retrieve the powers of Fulgardt was a shame but not unexpected. It was merely a possible route with its own cons. His legacy was the perfect power to go against such enemies though."

"Hmmm..."

The footsteps of the entrant brought about a silence to the atmosphere as it seemed that everyone was awaiting the news she had on her quest.

"Fulina?" Actuass said, prompting the woman with copper shimmer hair to give a report on her latest mission.

"It's done. Eofel was graced by a Paladin Champion as you said. The piece I left is sure to rattle her enough so that the Purity will take our organisation as a threat to be eliminated," the woman, whose name was finally revealed to be Fulina said.

Her spread of <Faithful Message Undeath> had indeed caused a devastating stir that would reach far and wide.

Actuass turned to the other man who had glossy dark hair that was combed back immaculately. He had a young looking face as well as bright yellow eyes that showed his emotions on the matter.

A long coat with soft fur covered his body, and his image as he sat down looked a bit more imposing than Actuass'.

"As you can see, involving yourself with us will grant you steady results. The Purity will view us, the Green Neolists as not only a problem that the nation must solve anymore and will involve more of their peak fighting force, Paladin Champions, to hunt us down. In that, you'll eventually find the individuals with close ties to the three Deities to use for the ritual."

The man in the dark hair frowned as he listened to Actuass' words. He was not convinced.

"In as much as you might not want to believe it, Undeath is much more effective at large scale operations than your Deity's current strength. You need us for the numbers and we need you for the damage. I'm sure Fulina can attest to this after having seen how effective the small help you gave before was with her custom Cursed Knight."

Fulina know that this was her cue to speak even when Actuass didn't say anything else.

"Indeed. Because of the link to undeath, I can see the memories of all my creations. The Champion was unable to deal with the Cursed Knight because of the aid you gave, handing us a smidgeon of Boron's raw power. Her divine blessing has the ability to resist my basic Undeath Concept but the addition of your aid managed to suppress her."

"Is that so?" the man with the dark hair finally said, his eyes staring deeply into Fulina who flinched slightly. "Then where is this... Cursed Knight now?"

"A third party intervened, helping her defeat it."

Fulina's response was careful as she didn't want to outright explain the oddity she saw through the Knight's eyes but from the looks of it, she didn't need to.

The man turned his head to Actuass whose hazel eyes peeked from the mask. He spent some time mulling things over without a word while his eyes remained glued to Actuass.

"I showed you some goodwill and you showed me some. At least you made an effort to. The Evenfall will consider it. However, at the end... bodies with their blood thick with the essence of the three Deities must be delivered at my feet. Are you willing to battle the entirety of Aigas with us just to break the seal to the Under?"

Actuass emitted a scoff as he stood.

"Do not mistake my need of your aid as incompetence on my part. Just because you are comfortable under the shade of the traitorous Deity doesn't mean my benefactor is any less powerful. Yours exists confined by the laws of this world while mine exists not in this foul reality altogether."

Eofel, City Lord's Palace.

"I'll send word to the Purity itself of your incompetence! Did you consider how many would be lost because of your foolish actions?! How much damage would be done?! The city lost a huge chunk of its livelihood because you lacked foresight?!" Yugefet bellowed as spots of saliva spilled from his mouth while his eyes almost looked like they would pop out of his sockets.

Within the Palace, the captain of the Capital Knights, Beron, the captain of the Purity Knights, Gin, the Grand Priest and a few nobles were in attendance to the meeting where the figure of Elita was being judged.

She had cleaned herself up of the blood after finding that she hadn't died as she had thought. She actually felt fresh and free after waking up, her mood being torn to pieces only when she had been brought before the fuming Yugefet who blamed her for every single thing that happened.

She stood with her hands behind her back, her head slightly lowered as she wore a blank expression, listening to every accusation.

Due to the structure of the city, the nobles that lived higher up hadn't been ravaged by the terror of the undeath messengers with only the common residences and business areas below seeing this chaos.

The Grand Priest who had merely seen the bright flash of light as well as the consecutive explosions had thought that he would have to answer for this but after a briefing from Gin about the whole circumstance, he found himself side-lined while Elita was being chewed out.

"What did that foolish mind of yours think would happen when you merely captured a member of that group of Necromancers and brought him into my city?! Where is he now? Did he escape after taking advantage of the chaos?!"

"Who cares if you fought off a majority of them? Do you know how many of our strong backers died in that bright red light?!"

Apparently, Skullius' attack had obliterated a lot of the normal people that lived in the reserved upper section of the city after it tore apart the undead whose official name was the Cursed Knight.

This too had been blamed on Elita.

Gin had been unhappy with Elita's decision to keep Skullius alive and though he was happy he was right, he was very devastated by the situation that unfolded.

He didn't know if it was linked to undeath exclusively as the grotesque image that had appeared earlier still roamed in his mind, giving him the impression that the Evenfall was also behind this.

Nevertheless, he felt that Elita was responsible for the situation as the fact that Skullius was gone spoke a lot about his involvement. Or at least it hinted it.

There was no way it wasn't linked. Elita's failure to take the matter of the attack more seriously had spawned this.

Elita hadn't bothered defending herself.

The Grand Priest didn't know what to say.

Blaming Elita wouldn't bring back the dead but he also felt that she was somewhat responsible thus chose to say nothing.

"The Purity sent you here because you were supposed to be the leader of this... communion or whatever! They judged wrong! You're unfit and all those lives are on YOU!"

Yugefet finished his barking session with an agitated heaving of air while his stout finger pointed at Elita.

When she heard that the man was done, Elita raised her head with a stern expression that showed no traces of flickering or wavering.

"I accept all your accusations. Indeed my foolish actions led to this and all the lives lost were as a result of my lack of foresight. As I stated before... I take full responsibility."

With her words, a deep silence reigned over the hall.