

## Undead 271

### Chapter 271: Quite The Deadly Start

A few hours earlier.

"Leader wants to bring forth the extravagant entry of our master into Aigas, right?"

"Obviously."

"Our master is restricted from having any hand in Aigas through a powerful and extravagant array beyond our understanding etched onto the surface of the world. Leader says it is called the Extreme Formula."

"I know all this."

"The thing is though, we need people with extravagant connections to the power of the three Deities. People with Divine blessings. With these, as master Boron demands, we can free him as well as let loose his children from The Under. Leader even says that master guarantees the three Deities will do nothing about it."

"Hey!"

"Unfortunately, we haven't been able to do this on our own as we are an extravagantly poor match to the Purity. Extravagantly so! A 3:1 basis even! Thus we need the Green Neolists to help us capture a sufficient number of Paladin Champions."

"Guissepo...!"

"What is it Tomin?" the younger of the two men who sat as they discussed spoke.

His brown eyes and wavy dark hair as well as extraordinarily ordinary face showed an incredibly annoyed visage.

"I know all of this dammit! What is your plan? Our current objective is to cause a disturbance with the Clusters, remember? You know, ensuring that the three nations don't catch on to what we're really up to. What else do we need to do other than that?" the young man whose name was Tomin said.

Guissepo sighed.

"Maybe we're thinking in too shallow of a way. Instead of offering a few powerful sacrifices like the Paladin Champions, why don't we offer up a large number of weaker sacrifices. Its safer and extravagantly easier that way," Guissepo said with a serious face that demanded to be taken seriously.

"What are you getting at?" Tomin said as he paid a bit more attention to Guissepo's words. There had to be more to it than that.

"All those mercenaries and Knights all possess small blessings granted by the Deities for when they reach the Foundation Stage. Even though they rarely grow to be significant until they have advanced far enough in strength or cleared higher level Clusters, they are still blessings. In theory, we could achieve the same result by sacrificing a tens or hundreds of these people."

Tomin wore a contemplative face as he mulled it over.

It made sense and it was a simple concept that probably many of the members in the Evenfall had thought about and perhaps even the Leader himself.

However, Leader seemed to be in a hurry.

"We'd have to make a connection circle to open a path to the Under, though," Tomin said with concern.

"We can have our Mage tweak the formation we are currently using for multi-purpose function. Simple fix," Guissepo said with excitement.

Tomin sighed.

"You're desperate for recognition. Aren't you getting too old for that?"

"Extravagantly so, but the older you get, the more you feel time racing by while your achievements count themselves in your ear. In my case, I hear nothing but an empty breeze. Can you blame me for being innovative?" Guissepo said with a half serious tone.

Tomin looked into the older man's eyes and saw the burning determination which he couldn't possibly stomp out. This man seemed to want to achieve something big and gain the acknowledgement of their master.

Quite a leap.

Go big or go home, they called it.

"Fine. Let's do it," he relented.

"How do we attract that many of those people without jeopardising our mission though? We could potentially get a powerful force on our tail."

"The most powerful city in this region is Inhone. Not many are a challenge there as far as I have seen. Even you could bash most of them into the ground, except for perhaps...one man, though. I've only heard descriptions of his strength but they are numerous enough that they seem true. The City's trump card. Oh well, a little bait will catch us some fish," Guissepo said.

"I hope that thing we're storing won't suddenly spy on us without our knowledge. Worse yet actually stand up and start walking around like it's on some kind of tour like last time," Tomin shuddered.

"Extravagantly so~."

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'What a troublesome duo,' Tulnas thought as he wrapped his body in a thick and solid layer of mana that lit the ground under him.

He reverse handled his short swords and prepared for a bitter fight with a grin as many thoughts, his and otherwise gushed through his mind.

The woman at the side was a Mage while the man who waved his hands under the robes was the Summoner.

These twos' presence stole Tulnas' attention and the same was true for his three ladies.

They recognised the twos' strength.

Tulnas glanced at Skullius and hoped the Discount Human would find his way to be useful without endangering his ladies as he himself had to be in the thick of the combat.

Tulnas' figure darted forward like a dark bolt of lightning, his blades at the ready!

Natalika also went all out, her body darting from side to side in an effort to confuse the enemy she headed for.

The Mage.

The same was true for Gertreld who knocked her gauntlets together and blasted forward at extreme speed!

Tomin who had been advancing slowly ahead raised a brow and emitted a short burst of hair from his nostrils.

OOOM!

The mana in his body exploded outwards like a bright and flashy bomb, barrelling towards the advancing three in a quickly moving sphere that smashed into the trio, pushing them all back where they had come from while grading through the hard ground like a charge of bulls!

...!

Tulnas squinted his eyes as he ordered Bradd to go all out.

As the strongest creature in his collection when it came to defence, he would exploit its advantage to the fullest.

Natalika and Gertreld skidded across the ground and prepared to counter Tomin's potential moves but the man still walked over slowly, his chin raised as he looked down at the three condescendingly.

"Who said you get to choose your own opponents?" he said before his posture changed in the next instance, his body becoming hidden under a cover of raging, bright mana in one moment, and disappearing in the next!

KWABOOM!

A horrendous noise resounded as the ground he had been standing upon couldn't handle the force of his take-off!

Gertreld sucked in a deep breath as she saw Tomin's figure cover her view not even a split second after he had turned into a shining star half a moment ago!

She hurriedly tried to bring her arms before her to defend, but two arched fingers sank into her chest, preceding a dangerously hostile punch that rocked her entire body while relieving the excess force through the ground!

"ACK!" she emitted a pained grunt.

Gertreld's short body couldn't handle the force as she wasn't rooted properly on the ground and she was about to fly off when a powerful grip crunched against the metallic armour to hold her in place, the force almost scratching her fair skin underneath!

"Where do you think you're going?" Tomin said as his knee bashed into Gertreld's chest twice, breaking a thing or two before he slammed his elbow into the hunched woman's back, mercilessly digging her against the ground where she sank almost two meters deep!

The ground screamed from the impact and a nasty shockwave blew in Tulnas' groups' face.

The Guild leader turned his head to the absolutely brutal manhandling of one of his women with a stern expression but...

"Unblockable Message," a feminine voice called and without delay, a sharp white light flashed with an electric thrum as it shot towards Tulnas at an absurd speed, the Guild leader being a far cry from being able to react because of his partly stolen attention!

The menacing melody of the air running away from this streak of light in a thunderous fashion only followed after the lightning had ripped through steel, flesh and bone, its simple path having already caused what seemed like a fatality.

"Urgh!" Tulnas spat blood as only after a split second did he realise that from his right chest to his right arm, everything was missing, a black and hot patch of charred skin being the only thing left...!

Chapter 272: Battle of Brawn! (1)

...!

Skullius' eyes opened wide.

He had barely been able to track the events which had just happened, from everyone being blown back from their initial advance, to Gertreld being bashed into a crusty oblivion to Tulnas... getting his chest blown away.

It was all...WAY TOO SOON!

Natalika and Ginie shot gazes to Tulnas but instead of losing their emotions, they bit their lips and sank deeper into focus.

It was an integral rule of the Guild concerning Tulnas, to not lend him a hand unless he asked for one.

The woman who had just conjured the bolt of lightning had a cold expression, her brown hair that cascaded down her shoulders pulsing with the power she possessed.

She faced Tulnas while the man at her side walked the other way, having chosen an opponent for himself whom he considered interesting.

"I expected more..." the woman said with an odd tone.

The Guild leader fell to his knees as his eyes turned blurry, his teeth gnashing against each other as he tried to stomach the aching pain that screeched at his nerves!

The man with the robe gazed at Natalika who lowered her stance and held the hilt to her sword tight, an encirclement of mana covering her figure.

The tension rose as the man, the Summoner, locked his gaze with the blind woman's figure.

"Hahahaha!" Tulnas suddenly burst into a fit of laughter even as his eyes turned bloodshot, his face deathly pale.

His eyes focused on the Mage before him and he wore a grin.

"You started off pretty strong. I'll admit, you'll probably be a handful," he said. "But believe me... you have a LOT to look forward to."

FLSHHHH!

A burst of golden light wrapped around Tulnas' grievous wound, flesh regrowing at an alarming fast rate – organs, limb and all!

Within two seconds he had recovered everything from his right chest to his arm, no longer having any form of protection as the black and green armour had done nothing to guard against the earlier attack.

'I hope you have a ton of stamina left. We might be needing THAT if things get too serious,' Tulnas thought as he rose, facing the female Mage who seemed to actually be relieved to see him rise up.

"Good," she said as she raised her hand.

The moment she did, Bradd dashed towards her while raising up a mini sandstorm that blocked Tulnas from the woman's view.

This exchange was about to begin as Tulnas shook his hand, trying to retain the optimal feeling in this new hand as he wielded his two shortswords while blitzing the distance under the cover of the Bradd's sand!

On the other side, Tomin had turned to the short exchanges happening around him after dealing the final rough blow to Gertreld.

His eyes were on Tulnas from whom he sensed a wild air.

The type of atmosphere only someone with various pathways to achieve victory had.

'Should I deal with him too?' he thought.

He then looked to Guissepo who had withdrawn back to the formation where only 10 of the robed figures remained, powering it.

Guissepo wore a slight smile as he watched the goings on.

'You must feel very proud,' Tomin thought as he shook his head, taking a few steps away from the depression behind him when...

"Hmm?"

A gauntleted hand popped up, handling the rough edge of the pit she had made, followed by a short figure that leapt out with a dented, crackled and slightly torn battle dress.

Blood stained her burgundy hair and her face, with scrapes and broken skin notable all over her exposed parts.

Despite this, Gertreld craned her neck and gave Tomin a dangerous look with her true sapphire eyes.

"I thought you'd be dead or dying. Looks like I need to put a bit more effort into the hurt," Tomin said as he turned.



"Pffft! Hihihihhi!" Gertreld giggled. "Don't flatter yourself. You definitely 'hurt' me way more than when Tulnas took me from behind in that dreaded forest in Maqi but... nothing enough to kill me."

Tomin emitted a carefree scoff as he took another set of slow steps towards Gertreld.

Gertreld took a stance, her hands under the gauntlets balled into fists before her as she immediately channelled the bulk of her strength over to her entire body.

'Judging by the strength of his punches, he's either a peak Advancement Stage warrior or a beginner Master Stage. The latter is particularly hopeless to try and fight against, but its highly unlikely.

Might as well whip everything out while I have the chance though,' Gertreld thought as her body exploded with power, a radiant Full Body Aura blooming to surround her body in a thick coating of a light red hue.

Strength bubbled furiously from her as the Full Body Aura enhanced Gertreld's abilities by an enormous degree - 290%!

The woman took deep breaths as she focused on her enemy who locked eyes with her.

BOOM!

The ground shuddered as out of nowhere, Tomin appeared with his knee once again digging deep into Gertreld's chest before she knew it, the dirt under their feet shattering from the force!

The short lady vomited blood, but this time, she quickly lifted her head and grinned at Tomin who raised an eye brow in light surprise and brought down his fist towards her face, its force like that of thick pillar in a mad descent!

The short lady suddenly weaved, her head turning to the side as the punch passed by the side of her face, her hand then going to lock Tomin's arm under her armpit!

"...?"

Gertreld pulled hard on Tomin whose body leaned forward and the moment he did, Gertreld let go of his arm and launched a right hook that brimmed with the full force of her Full Body Aura!

BOOM!

The punch hit the side of Tomin's chin, shockingly making him turn his head from its strength, which he hadn't expected!

'That punch was harder than I thought...' he thought.

The dark haired man quickly turned and smashed Gertreld with an uppercut in her chin, his two arched fingers leading in the deadly attack!

Gertreld flew upwards but as she rose, her head suddenly shook as she focused her gaze on Tomin again and launched a very fast straight punch at his face which he blocked!

BAM! BAM! BAM!

A flurry of punches rained towards Tomin who blocked or directed them all away before he sped forward, pressed his hand against Gertreld and released a terrifying force of raw mana that crackled like thunder when it met the woman's belly, flinging her towards the wall at an immense speed!

BOOM!

Gertreld got lodged into the expansive hardened dirt where she quickly looked up and saw Tomin's face right before hers as he then proceeded to smash her face deeper into the wall with his palm and then form his fingers into a blade gesture!

"You weren't too bad," he said as thrusting mercilessly with a catastrophic force that blew the entire wall as his erect hand bore through Gertreld easily!

The woman gritted her teeth as she held back the pools of blood that tried to flood from her mouth, staining her once pristine masticators!

Tomin looked at her with an apathetic expression, which turned solemn in the next moment.

GRIP!

"Hmm?"

His hand which had gone right through Gertreld was squeezed tight, her abdominal muscles tightening around the man's limb with an incredible grip.

"What's this supposed to—"

BAM!

The short lady flung a ruthless punch backed with all her might into Tomin's chest!

Rings of hazy force shredded from Tomin's back, his short robe fluttering intensely as he slid a few inches from the force!

Gertreld who gripped onto his arm with her insides followed along with the movement.

She heaved in deep breaths as she then grinned up at Tomin who turned to the side and spat a bit of blood.

"Some punch that was, short stuff..." he said with a condescending gaze.

The moment the word 'short' was uttered in reference to her diminutive size, Gertreld's grin faded.

Tomin scoffed.

BAAM!

Another shocking punch rocked the side of his face, the strength channelled perfectly through the hook punch being extraordinary!

Tomin once again spat blood with no real noticeable damage incurred to his body.

"You'll regret that," Gertreld said with sharp eyes.

Tomin was about to scoff again and pound Gertreld where it hurt when suddenly...

He stumbled a bit, feeling a little dizzy.

His body experienced a slight change that he noticed immediately still.

His stature...

Something had happened after this latest punch.

'Did I just grow...shorter?' he asked himself.

He forcefully pulled out his hand from Gertreld's belly, trickles of blood following this action as Gertreld had tightened her shredded muscles.

She winced as she staggered back, but then she took a deep breath and then...

Visibly, the flesh around behind her torn armour started to push against each other, mending itself seamlessly until only dried blood remained on perfect skin.

All the broken skin on Gertreld, as well as all external and internal injuries were healed as after the process, taking out the blood that was still present over her, she actually looked... more beautiful and taller?

Tomin noticed all these details.

"That's not just some technique. That's the effect of a blessing, isn't it?" he asked as unlike before, his eyes showed a deep set vivacity.

"So what if it is?" Gertreld said, her Full Body Aura which still radiated around her with a light red glow, changing to become sprinkled with pink swirls that constantly formed different shapes.

Tomin smiled as unlike before, he brought his hands before him in claw gestures, his legs spreading out for additional stability as he took a stance for the first time in this fight.

"Then I believe I mistakenly chose the best opponent to kill," he said.

#### Chapter 273: Battle of Brawn! (2)

As Guissepo had stated, blessings which were given to those who wanted to become combatants before they entered the Foundation Stage never truly became useful unless they advanced very far in their strength – core, class or stage – or cleared quite the amount of high level Clusters.

(A/N: For more clarity or if you've forgotten, refer to Chapter 158).

Gertreld was the only one in the Harem's Guild to have a blessing that had already become relevant to her fighting style.

This was because of her background.

She was from the Godrigold Family, a rather wealthy family that laid claim to a large region in the North of Pelian.

The Family Head had been 'cursed', in his own words, to only have daughters no matter how many women he bedded.

Thus, he decided to at least fashion these women to be both upright, smart and strong as he refused to pass his wealth to a bastard or worse.

The best way he could find to do this was to bring his girls when his private combatants entered high level Clusters, having the girls contribute in small ways so that when the Cluster was cleared, they too would have their blessings enhanced.

His daughters' Directions all seemed to gravitate towards them being future powerhouses which worked well for him too.

From when the girls reached the age of four, he had repeated this practise until they grew to be in their twenties, Gertreld's blessing finally blooming into something magnificent.

It even had a magnificent name, Grace-laden Beauty.

After a time, Gertreld left the Godrigold Family, claiming to want to explore more about what it meant to be a woman, instead of the rigorous exercises that her father planned for her, trying to make her tough and less, weak, as he called it.

She had been forged to embody a man which she didn't want as her friends were very different, enjoying things she never got to.

She had had enough.

Regardless of this though, she couldn't deny that all those years of training had allowed her to become capable of protecting herself and more - combining her combat technique with her blessing, which created some terrifying effects!

Gertreld once again held up her hands and balled them into fists, her skin which had nearly become shiny and smooth as it glowed from her face gleaming with health!

Tomin burst forward with another noise-ridden advance, his speed making him a warping figure that resisted much of the natural friction!

He was once more a figure that Gertreld couldn't clearly see as he swept his leg at a blinding speed, knocking the short lady off balance which caused her to spin, her stabilised stance demolished from the single move!

Gertreld's eyes turned sharp as she spun, seeing Tomin's claw-like hand which blurred her way to rupture her torso arrive!

Shockingly, her arms darted forward, successfully clutching it but failing to stop its momentum entirely!

BAM!

A staggering force blasted against her body, prompting her to cough blood again, but Gertreld ignored it as she stepped over Tomin's shoulder and bashed her elbow into his face!

This time, Tomin was visibly shaken by the force and before he could make a snarky comment, Gertreld brought down an overhead punch with a perfect form to exert as much power as was needed!

'De-beautifying Fist!'

A brilliant red glow thundered down onto Tomin's head with a few resounding halos!

The young man knelt down as his legs sank up to the knee into the ground!

The sensation from this punch was heavy, focusing solely on his body as it refused to tremor through the ground!

'Strange... I feel my body is being forcefully altered into a less efficient state...' Tomin thought as he looked down, blood flowing from his nose.

He looked up at Gertreld...

"I see..." he muttered in slight surprise.

What had once been a short lady in a long battle dress was now a gorgeous beauty of average height with her battle dress only reaching to her knees!

Furthermore...

Gertreld swiped away her burgundy way and grinned.

"Who's the short stuff now?" she scoffed before launching a quick punch that crackled like thunder towards Tomin who instantly sought to react but...

Shockingly, his height which had been quite a bit higher than Gertreld's had been reduced!

He had become shorter than her by a few inches!

...!

Tomin found his limbs to be shorter, which threw him off his regular form a bit.

Still though, he dodged the punch as he now realised, that this woman's blessing forcefully changed her opponent's physicality while also enhancing aspects of her body.

BAM!

Gertreld's greave bashed against Tomin's chest, pushing him a distance before she leapt up and punched down towards the man who skidded and rolled, dodging before he pushed forward his arm with a raging force and speed that sank right below Gertreld's throat before she could guard herself.

The woman spun before tumbling ten meters away.

Tomin breathed out as he full took in the state of his body which made him shake his head.

He looked younger solely based off of his height, but that wasn't all.

His face felt a little wrinkly and oddly dry.

What manner of a blessing was this?

'Tricky. I didn't think it would be this difficult...' he thought as his mana bubbled with a ferocious storm-like appeal around him.

He tore away the robes he wore, being left with what looked like a plain vest and tight pants.



Tomin was at the Peak of the Advancement Stage and unlike what he portrayed, he didn't have any specific Form Using technique.

Unlike Guissepo who had a clear goal and motivation, Tomin had joined the Evenfall to gain something of the sought.

He wanted to have a purpose and a goal, something that his trash life in the folds of the villages further away from cities and the non-existent care of the Royal Family had denied him.

As of now, he was pretty satisfied with following behind Guissepo who seemed to have a goal.

As long as he had someone with a clear course, he would follow and keep searching for a more solid reason to go on living.

"That's a pretty harsh blessing you have there," he said to Gertreld who coughed vehemently for a full five seconds from the latest attack to her throat before taking up her stance again.  
"Unfortunately for you, I also happen to have something like that..."

A dark energy started to ooze from Tomin as his muscles bulged.

He took his claw stance once more and angled his knees.

Gertreld immediately got ready to receive whatever was coming but...

WHOOSH!

Tomin's movement was... incredibly terrifying!

He leapt up as he cocked his fist, his body slanted in the air as his brown eyes focused on Gertreld who squinted as she felt the horrifying levels of power that were about to pour from the figure flying five meters away.

'Infinite Instance...' Tomin called inwardly as he let loose a single punch from this distance in Gertreld's direction!

This single punch carried with it a force that travelled even after it stopped, pulled back by the muscles on the shoulder!

BOOOM!

The raw force from the punch travelled and smashed into Gertreld, a massive explosion rocking the ground over a thirty meter distance!

And then...

VRUUUBOOMBOOMBOOMBOOM!

Tens! No! Dozens! No!

Hundreds of the same explosions as the last repeated themselves, shattering the same spot on the ground with the same amount of power as the first punch, the power generated from these seemingly endless forces ploughing through the hard crust easily!

After what seemed like an eternity, a fifteen meter deep crater, forty meters wide was left with vicious heat and dust rising incessantly from it!

Tomin reached the ground and took a short breath.

'That should have done some irreparable damage at the very least,' he thought without dropping his guard.

Everyone around was engaging in combat as well, this attack of his having pushed other fights a distance away.

Unlike with the three Deities, the members of the Evenfall received blessings from Boron.

However, because of the limited contact they had with the Deity, only a few of them who were in the Middle Circle and above could receive a blessing.

Distinctions such as these didn't have anything to do with initial strength or status, as even Tomin who had nothing at the beginning had climbed up to become a Middle Circle member.

His blessing was called Infinite Instance, a blessing that allowed him to create infinite instances of his actions... theoretically.

The blessing needed to grow to eventually reach this threshold as for now, it was very limited, but the young man had raised its initially sub standard effects to this point.

As he gazed at the billowing dust, a peculiar sensation suddenly held Tomin down with a mountainous force!

...!

He immediately knew what it was when he saw the quibbling waves around him in their transparent glory holding him in place!

Right then, with a powerful gust of moving air...

Tomin saw a glowing gauntlet preceding a bloody figure wrapped in a dangerously palpating glow with pink swirls shooting towards him, the fingers stretched stiff as they reached his throat!

Chapter 274: That?

...!

In that one instance when he was firmly held down, a certain individual took the chance to end him!

Gertreld.

Her image was far from being gorgeous at this moment as apart from her right arm, leg, neck and head, everything else was in no condition to move freely, her figure being mangled and full of torn flesh from her face and arms which leaked blood!

The lady from the Godrigold Family had tried her best to ensure that her arm and leg would be left for her to move and attack in one swift motion after the blows she received.

Her technique, which was moulded around her blessing, Classic Bombshell Beauty, was a Form Using technique that strived to keep her looking beautiful and even progress her beauty according to what she felt she lacked.

Of course, this effect was brought about when she dealt blows to enemies, debuffing them through different effects mostly leaning towards the ugly and her own perception of uncomfortable circumstance, for instance shortened height.

The term beauty according to the technique not only referred to her cosmetic appearance but to even factors like injuries and deadly wounds that impeded her beauty, thus the healing effect she could attain.

FSHHH!

Gertreld's gauntlet barrelled forward and ripped through the firmly held Tomin's throat, edging towards the flesh underneath!

The look on Gertreld's face was chilling as she looked so focused on this one moment that had been created by her fellow junior who was very proficient at creating such golden opportunities, that it seemed like nothing else mattered!

Tomin grit his teeth as he struggled in that split second before Gertreld ripped through her neck entirely with this sudden ridiculous burst of strength that seemed to stem from the gold and grey gauntlets that the not-so-short-anymore lady wore!

The gauntlet's glow was from its special effect as a Rare+ item which more than doubled attack power, with added penetration damage that could only be used twice in one day!

The gauntlet had thunked Tomin's Adam's apple when...

"RAAH!"

A wave of thick aura exploded from Tomin as he roared with an untamed might that chucked Gertreld away while also breaking apart the waves of energy that held him down!

Tomin had finally used his Full Body Aura which emitted a bright white glow as it surrounded over five inches of his body with a bold and firm appearance!

Tomin breathed out two streams of hot air from his nostrils as he watched Gertreld tumbled on the group in a familiar scene where she skidded, her body mending itself, skin, bones and all to perfection while edging through to become voluptuous on top of its current gorgeous look!

Her hair grew to have a beautiful unnatural lustre that wasn't present a few moments ago, her eyes twinkling with a clear light.

Tomin touched his throat, feeling the blood that had been dripping prior to his activation of Full Body Aura.

He turned his head, looking a distance away where a young lady with a serious expression was firmly holding her staff as her body generated visible waves of transparent energy.

She was supposed to be the support but so far, she was torn between the three battlefields where ridiculous fights were taken place.

This one, in truth, was the one she felt needed her focus the most but it had been quite difficult to follow Tomin's movements and create a proper opening for Gertreld until now.

Not that it amounted to much anyway.

"That was an unexpected intervention..." Tomin said.

Gertreld spat out a lump of blood as she craned her neck.

"Was it? I didn't notice," she responded with firm gaze.

"This is becoming increasingly problematic. Ack. I can only keep up my Full Body Aura for 9 more minutes if I keep applying it so heavily. But... the damage I'm doing is not too pronounced and neither is it slowing him down. I don't think I will accumulate enough strength before I run out of Aura.

Using Ginie to cover me might really put her in danger but I don't have another option...' she thought critically.

"Since you're proving to be stubborn, let me give me a bit more of a challenge," Tomin said as he wrecked the entire land over a radius of ten meters with a simple upwards ascent!

He streaked through the air with power that far exceeded what he had demonstrated just a couple of moments ago, reaching Gertreld in an instant before she could even take in his shadow, his hand which was in the form of a claw bearing down on Gertreld in a bear chop!

Gertreld was actually able to react though in the clumsiness movement possible, bringing her arms above her head and tanking the attack.

Her body sank halfway into the ground with a deafening explosion, but then, Tomin's hand blurred as his blessing, Infinite Instance took effect, multiple attacks of the same nature barrelling down on Gertreld!

BOOM! BOOM!

Gertreld sank entirely into the ground, Tomin remaining in the same stance he had taken in his attack for a brief moment before dropping down his aura covered fist at Gertreld's head as she descended down the hole!

The lady felt the enormous force which was packed in the strike as opposed to the lax one she had just received and her heart raced!

'I have to free myself...!' she thought as she kept getting hammered by the Infinite Instance from Tomin's earlier chop further into the ground!

Gertreld bit her teeth as her arms broke from the recurring force, her aura bursting to her arms to try and withstand the imminent force of a fist that seemed to carry the weight of a mountain, causing the air to whistle and burn before it even reached its target!

Surely...if this hit... she could die!

The bellow of shocking power descended and Gertreld bit her teeth!

...

Nothing.

"Huh?"

Gertreld didn't get pummelled into oblivion as she expected as the attack she thought would come, never came, prompting her to look up.

"Who do we have here?" Tomin's voice echoed, his face turning towards someone Gertreld couldn't see from inside the hole that only showed his image that that had been punching downwards.

Who?

Tomin held an arrow in his hand that had been aimed at his head just now which he quickly took a glance at and tossed aside.

Apparently, this object had caused him to halt his attack, him judging it as worth blocking which confused Gertreld who hurried to dig herself out of the ground after the barrage of attacks from Infinite Instance ended.

She emerged from the dirt and looked to see a figure donning blue and black armour, the unique looking bow he held suddenly vanishing from his hands.

'Festos' summon?' she thought as she breathed out.

"Hmmm? Only a white core?" Tomin said as he raised his brow.

Unbeknownst to him, the Apostle before him was evaluating how much of a threat he was and how much trouble he would be for his next moves.

After determining that this man was serious threat, a bright golden glow began to ooze from under the Apostle's armour, leaking out of the joints.

Gertreld looked at this scene quizzically as she wondered if this was the best backup she could have received while Tomin couldn't find it within himself to take this new individual seriously.

Genie turned her sights from Gertreld and Tomin as she looked to support Natalika in her battle which was heating up!

The Summoner she was up against wasn't afraid to get close as when he did, Natalika taking the chance to strike, a strange ghost-like image would appear, coiling around robed man for a second to defend before vanishing as if it didn't exist.

Away from this fight, a certain Discount Human was still trying to find which moves to make...

Chapter 275: Feathers In The Sharp Wind, Throes In The Dark

SWISH!

A blade slashed at an incredible speed, aiming at the man who wore the robes!

His gaze remained firm even when he couldn't clearly see the attack coming for his life, but that didn't matter!

A greyish, transparent hand darted from around his body and knocked the sword away, the vibration from the solid impact pushing away Natalika who launched the strike with her striped blade!

She skidded on the ground as she looked at the Summoner, trying to get a full feel of the appearance of the creature that protected him from her collective senses.

Once more, the creature that protected the Summoner who scoffed at Natalika's failed attempts vanished the moment it was done defending him.

It truly looked like a ghost.

Its body was like a curled cloud that wrapped around the man's image like a worm, having no head or face but an elongated eye on its midsection that produced a purple glow.



Two freakishly long arms would also be flailing around when it appeared, ready to block attacks thrown at the Summoner.

'That thing appears to only have the ability to interact with physical matter when it shows itself. Does it simply not exist until the time it appears to defend this man or is it merely invisible until then...?' Natalika questioned as she clicked her tongue.

Summoners were a troublesome bunch.

So much so that their existence had been outlawed.

All Summoners were to be caught and killed.

In Pelian at least.

The reason was a simple but terrifying matter.

Naturally there was a contrast between Summoners and Tamers.

Tamers captured known creatures, while for Summoners...

No one knew where the creatures they summoned came from. Not even the Summoners themselves.

There had been many conjectures about the possibilities, the Summoners themselves trying to defend their case by saying that summons probably came from the one continent on Aigas that no one could access.

Amanas.

However, the Royal Family, since old times refused this inference, their scholars and experts claiming that Summoners were in fact, summoning the creatures they could, from the 'The Under.'

Therefore, all Summoners were declared to be potential Evenfall cult members and to be killed on sight.

"I really thought fighting you would be interesting, heh. A blindfolded swordswoman. Very niche. So far you've disappointed, heh. Or is it because you lack the motivation to kill me? I can give you plenty," the man said as he stretched out his hand with a crooked smile.

Natalika rendered the man no answer.

She didn't make it a habit to answer her enemies in combat.

It was her self-imposed standard as she aimed to be strongest swordswoman of all.

Seeing that she wasn't going to receive any reply, the Summoner's hand became saturated with mana as he grunted with displeasure, flickers and sparks popping from the air before him as shortly after, a circular warp appeared with a dark blue tint!

It looked like a portal of some kind, swirling with an eerie and unstable element but it seemed functional, being the size of half a man's body!

"Let's start with this, heh," he said with a grunt and in the next moment, several dark figures flashed from the portal at rapid speeds, one after another!

They rushed towards Natalika who drew back a little, giving herself a second's worth of time to fully ascertain the incoming hostiles' shape, strength and potential energy.

These creatures, were ravens.

Or what looked like ravens.

They were as tall as an average human being with dark blue coloured furthers!

They zoomed with incredible speed towards Natalika, but she didn't impulsively swing her sword as she felt the raven's next move before they even executed it!

They suddenly accelerated, turning into dark blurs as they then went on to fly around Natalika in a circular formation!

The lone blind swordswoman felt the creatures swiftly dart around her so fast that a raging wind started to form, having the intensity of a hurricane that was infused with expert levels of sharpened mana that would start to rip apart her flesh as the birds continued to move at high speeds.

Her robe which reached her waist fluttered as she bend her body in a sturdy stance, feeling the accumulation of power from within the raven's charge.

'Crude...' she thought as she actually went on to leave her sword's hilt and extend her hand above her head in a chopping gesture.

She then brought down her hand in a slow descent, arcs of mana palpating from it!

FLSHH! FLSHHH! FLSHH!

Blood and pained bird calls resounded in the air as in an instant, all the ravens were slashed into pieces, feathers and flesh falling to the ground!

The hurricane they had formed vanished with a shudder of the air, their split corpses falling gracelessly to the ground!

"Oh..." the Summoner said as he nodded his head. "As dangerous as I thought..."

Natalika didn't bask in this small victory as she knew that the man before her was simply probing.

His portal was still open and Natalika could pretty much see that she was in for the long haul but she didn't intend to tolerate an enemy whose sole capability was to spam summoned creatures.

That was... boring in her tastes.

"Let's turn it up, heh!" the man said as more mana churned from him, the portal before him opening wider as larger ravens blasted from it, their size being double that of the average human being!

Their wings were rather large and their flight rather impactful and incredibly fast at the same time, their bodies shining with a solid cover of mana from white and blue cores!

Hundreds of these appeared, emitting loud calls that reverberated through the ground like tremors.

Natalika was unfazed as all this registered in her senses.

She grabbed her sword this time as the monstrosities approached in their hundreds, half of them going to start darting around her to create a catastrophically violent tornado, while the rest remained on stand by, flying stably at a distance as they awaited Natalika's next move.

Within the fierce winds, Natalika remained relatively unscathed as an encirclement of mana was around her, warding off the cruel winds.

Her earlier stunt of instantly dispatching the other ravens was proudly sponsored by the basic nature of her sword technique.

The ability to manipulate vectors of concentrated force that she created or otherwise!

Being around these vicious winds wasn't a threat to her in any way, though in her base, it could be overwhelming if all the ravens set out to attack at once with this wind attack.

As she grabbed her sword, ready to attack, she suddenly felt something odd outside the cage of wind.

"Hmmm?"

A ridiculously fast object darted from near Ginie's location, bolting forward in a straight line as it tore through thirty odd ravens instantly before reaching the Summoner who had noticed the build up and release of this object a little too late!

'What?!' the Summoner thought as his eyes bulged.

BOOOWOOOM!

The object flew at him so quickly that the only thing he remembered from the moment it reached him was an absurd shockwave that ruptured the ground, sending a chilling and painful vibration around his body as a clash had happened in that very moment without him seeing it!

The Summoner flew over three meters away and skidded on the ground with sweat dripping from his body.

Around him, the ghostly figure of his protector had appeared, reacting to the quick flying object that had launched towards him!

The Summoner turned his eyes this way and that in a panic, but saw nothing, feeling only faint wisps of something that was flying around erratically in an attempt to confuse his senses.

'What on Aigas is that?!' he thought before turning his head to the location where the thing had come from!

A long distance away, even further than where he had seen a short girl with a staff whom he deemed insignificant, a young man with auburn coloured hair could be seen, extending his hand while in a balanced stance that had his feet spread apart.

'Him?!' the Summoner thought. 'Is—'

Before he could continue his next thought, another explosion rocked the ground with his figure being sent flying forward, as this time whatever the thing was that assaulted him came from the back!

The creature around him appeared and tried to swat the dark object away but the result was a ridiculous explosion of force with the outcome being survival and not much else!

The Summoner leaned forward, his portal closing as he had lost focus, but he didn't mind that, instead bellowing angrily towards the ravens he had summoned.

"Kill him!"

The hundreds of ravens that weren't part of the attack on Natalika stormed towards Skullius with blitzful speed!

They flooded Skullius' view as they approached, creating a rather menacing scene!

'Good. With this, he probably won't be able to—'

Once more, the Summoner was interrupted, the dark object smashing into his side as it launched him a distance!

However, this wasn't all.

Not by a long shot!

He was silenced and perturbed by something else.

The reign of brutality he saw before him, over fifty of his ravens that had targeted Skullius getting blown to bloody bits that oozed of flesh and feather, as this young man with auburn hair became covered with a shallow layer of darkness, both his hands swinging quickly as he twiddled his fingers as well, as if he was the Herald of death, directing it to whom he pleased...!

Chapter 276: This Is It...!

The Summoner tumbled on the ground as he heard the flood of innards and blood from his summoned creatures crash onto the ground with splatters, his body regaining its balance a moment later, as he looked forward with bulging eyes.

What was this?!

As an Energy Former, it was both a disgrace and a unneeded fear to have objects approach without him being privy to them!

Wasn't he supposed to sense such things with clarity?!

Would he only be reduced to defence, eternally doomed to look to his back like a dog?!

Ridiculous!

Skullius who was a distance away was giving his all into focusing on the objects he had created.

[Beads of Malevolence]!

~~~

[Bead of Malevolence | Lv.3]

A high performance orb created by compressing Evil Darkness and sustaining it in a spherical shape. Its primary use is for high speed attacks and its integrity cannot be broken by means that do not scale up to its quality and strength.

Mana Requirements: 350 Mana Points

Duration: Five minutes.

Cooldown: None

~~~

The product of his hellish routine with [Crude World Projection]!

Skullius had taken the opportunity to smack the Summoner off his game after seeing that he was focusing on the attacks he was throwing at Natalika.

Potent attacks, that he admitted would be difficult to deal with for him as even now, the mighty gust of wind from the large ravens reached even his position, rustling his armour and hair.

The [Bead of Malevolence] possessed incredible speed that he exploited to the max, but it was unfortunate that the ghost around the Summoner could react nomatter how fast he made the bead travel.

When the Summoner had launched the ravens at him, Skullius had instantly summoned more darkness to cover his body, as this, just as he had done before when fighting the Obscene Stalker

Ghouls, could partially increase his physical attributes as a watered down version of the effect from [Perfect Night Domain].

He had went on to create a second [Bead of Malevolence] twiddling his fingers as he manipulated both beads faster, culling the ravens that were on their way with one, while smacking the Summoner with other!

The dark bead darted around the clustered ravens at immense speed, shredding them mercilessly!

[You have killed (IV) LV41 Wind Wraith Raven. 689,000 Exp awarded]

[You have killed (IV) LV23 Wind Wraith Raven. 567, 000 Exp awarded]

...

Many notifications of the deaths of ravens appeared in his view but Skullius didn't pay them any mind.

This wasn't the time as he was straining himself to keep up with speed of flight of the ravens, which was impossible to deal with entirely as the over half that remained finally reached him in the next moment, squawking with seemingly angry calls as they sought to pierce him with their mana covered beaks!

Skullius immediately activated [Bolt Through] as the creatures approached, the skill from his armour saving his null-ish life as it turned him permeable with a transparent look to him!

The basis of the effect was that his armour would be moving at rapid speeds to allow him to avoid danger, the effect lasting roughly five seconds.

Skullius used those seconds accordingly!

He moved the [Bead of Malevolence] at shocking speed, the object bursting to work at his fingers' call as it shredded quite a bit more of the tens of ravens, which netted Skullius more experience!



The raging winds from the ravens that bombarded the ground with their masses as they sought to impale him would have definitely fleshed Skullius up if not for [Bolt Through], but he didn't focus on this!

As the effect of [Bolt Through] faded, Skullius had completely wiped out these ravens which seemed to only depend on a singular attack with limited intelligence of their own.

For Tier 4s, Skullius found them to be very weak. Or rather, they were easy to fight against.

However, when he thought about it, it seemed to make a bit of sense.

These creatures seemed to be summoned from an odd space where they lived only among themselves.

Would they be wise enough to attack with anything outside of their expertise?

It also seemed to be an effect of the environment, as stats and attributes could be affected by where one lived.

Furthermore...

'Is this guy the one responsible for all those creatures we've been encountering?' Skullius thought as he steadied himself, gazing at the rattled Summoner.

The Summoner himself had been watching Skullius' entire massacre with a creased set of brows.

He only now discovered that his perception had been poor.

'I assumed there was some kind of specialist in the group, heh. Probably either the Tamer over there or the other woman fighting Tomin. However, this man with a white core I saw as insignificant seems to be the specialist who broke apart Gwendelina's formation up top. Is he also a Mage?' the Summoner thought as he scrutinised Skullius and his gear.

'Did he wear that armour to hide his true class?'

Indeed Skullius' clothing didn't exactly scream Mage and would lead many to believe that he was a Swordsman or an Assassin instead but the Summoner was thinking outside the box.

SHHHHING!

A prolonged resounding blade's call whistling against the wind sounded, its appearance accompanied by a stretch of madly tangling lines that glowed with a white lustre!

It came from the literal storm quaking from where the ravens flew around Natalika!

And then...

Like the parting of a dark sea, the raging winds split open, their murky surge being tinted with a blood red hue that exploded into heavy chunks that fell all around!

The ravens were slaughtered instantly, Natalika walking out of the rain of blood with her hand on her katana.

She then bolted forward, her figure looking like a warped image that extended over to the Summoner instantly!

'Demented Blindsword Technique: Sharp Step Kill!'

Natalika sword swung down madly over the Summoner whose loyal defender instantly reacted, slapping away at Natalika's sword!

This time though, even as her attack was struck away, Natalika's figure warped again, curving around the Summoner like an elongated, multi-coloured rubber band and launching another sword strike!

The Summoner gritted his teeth as he stretched out his hand, using the time when his ghostly associate blocked this attack once again to focus his mana and summon another portal.

Natalika noticed his movement, her blade becoming quicker and quicker as sparks flew with each and every one of her omnidirectional attacks where she turned into a warped figure and delivered an attack mercilessly!

The ghostly remained visible, its hands blurring as it sought to defend against all the attacks from Natalika!

The sparks that flew with these countless exchanges almost seems to ignite a fire around the three figures, and with the prolonged attacks from a relentless Natalika, came an opening!

The ghost-like figure of the creature around the Summoner started to turn dull with its extended exposure, its grey colour turning darker as the stretched out eye with the purple hue on its mass started to close, as if wiry!

'Right there!' Natalika thought as she sensed the creature's energy wane, its weakness exposed!

Her blade tasted the flesh of the Summoner for the first time, slashing from his shoulder to his abdomen in a cruel diagonal cut as the Discount Casper finally failed to dodge a strike!

The Summoner grunted as the portal he had been about to form behind him, crackled and started to break apart!

The ghostly figure around his body suddenly juttred forward with a quick dash, wrapping its arms around Natalika before pushing away in a last attempt at protecting its Summoner!

...!

The swordswoman was surprised by this sudden move and with this little opening, the Summoner gained more conviction, ignoring his pain from the bloody gash on his torso as he pumped more mana into the red portal behind him!

OOOM!

A red glow shone from behind him as the portal opened!

Space trembled as the portal stabilised, something darting from the gateway which led to another plane entirely!

"Kill them all!" the Summoner said with his sweaty appearance, showing desperation as he gnashed his teeth!

The figure that dashed out of the portal headed straight for Natalika who noticed its overwhelming intensity and its... atrocious speed in foggy detail!

The ghostly creature that had pushed her away from the Summoner vanished, making way for five claws that ripped through Natalika before she could even gasp!

The swordswoman saw and felt nothing as the sensation of having five deep gashes that cut from the side of her right eye to her right arm only registered after she heard the loud thumps of a heavy creature landing from its atrociously fast movement four meters behind her!

Blood dripped from her wounds as she staggered, supporting herself with her sword as she knelt, taking deep breaths!

Fast!

That was the word that roamed in her mind as her blindfold which had been cut by the claws of the creature fell off!

Her robe was also torn off on the right side and it became stained in her blood.

Behind her, a large wolf with thick furs of red and black appeared!

It had a height of nearly two and a half meters, its body radiated an energy that warped the space around it right after it settled its feet on the ground from the extreme speed dash!

It had a ferocious face with glowing red eyes, a ghastly long scar parading across its face, constantly changing shape as the creature growled!

What looked like curved brown horns protruded from its shoulders, a long tail with a steel-like shine swinging from the creature's end!

The Summoner grinned while on the other side, Skullius froze.

Not from fear.

But because two things struck his mind in the following seconds.

He sucked in a deep breath.

First...

Holy crap!

He hadn't even seen the creature exit the portal and attack Natalika!

All he had seen was its appearance a distance from the woman, blood spattering a moment after it landed!

'Its too fast...' was Skullius' verbal reaction as he swallowed hard in one moment, his visage full with shock and apprehension.

Then...

'Fast...?'

Skullius looked at the large wolf and it suddenly clicked in his mind.

Yes!

Yes it was!

It truly was fast!

This was it!

Finally!

It was here!

Unconsciously, he performed an action he hadn't done before in all his Null life.

He licked his lips... in greed!

Hell yeah!

It would be a difficult task but who cared?!

Fortune favoured those who fought for it through bitter circumstances!

This... was going to be his next Apostle!

Skullius' eyes burned with passion as his arms prepared to swing the flesh out of the [Beads of Malevolence] until he got a corpse from this powerful creature!

However, a bright flash of golden light interrupted his thoughts from the distance.

The Discount Human didn't need to turn to it like everyone else as he already knew what it was.

'This sockethole of justice really loves rescuing females, doesn't he..?'

Chapter 277: Prisma Avaris OverMould!

A golden light made the figure of a certain individual known as it rose from the ground to the sky!

Everyone momentarily had their eyes stolen by this image that refused to let them ignore its existence, yet the glimmering light that everyone except Skullius expected to hold a unique power they could feel, didn't have anything of the sort.

Instead, it only served to show that Red Rage, had activated his skill...

[Incandescent Attire of the Omnipotent Pelvis-Hegemon]!

Quite the mouthful.

A large cape draped from behind Red Rage, fluttering as if it was blown by the wind.

It exceeded his height in length, and along with its appearance came two thick bracers and greaves that even with their semi-corporeal look, seemed heavy, a majestic chest plate resting over Red Rage's chest.

The chest plate had two shoulder pads that formed the designs of creatures like hybrids of lions and foxes at the centre of the chest plate and not the 'U' and 'T' as it was when the skill was still [Pelvis Boar-Man Majestic Attire]!

Instead now there was a trident-like symbol that reached to the end of the chestplate, the same design being over the greaves and bracers.

All these parts, still forming an incomplete Attire that lacked a helm and other pieces to complete the set, held a beauty as if they were made by neatly arranged golden diamonds with bits of multiple colours swirling within each.

Particles like gold-coloured glitter constantly rose in droves from Red Rage, rising upwards as they appeared while a flare-like halo surrounded this profound hero.

(A/N: Really needed to make the design clear).

Gertreld and Tomin who were closest to Red Rage who floated at least ten meters above ground were stunned, especially Tomin who threw away his belittling of this new figure.

In the next moment, Red Rage looked down with his blue and black helm that was blasted on the sides with golden highlights from his new armament.

He pointed his finger at Tomin accusingly, a surprisingly authoritative voice leaking from behind the helm as it declared with power...!

With rebuke!

"Petty fool with no regard for honour or respect. Even in a battle against a female, you fail to hold back and maintain the sanctity of her figure even in her defeat! For shame, fellow male, for shame!"

'The hell?' Tomin raised his brow. His figure which had been shortened and altered by Gertreld's attacks shrunk a little from the declaration.

He had already gotten into a stance preparing for a brutal fight but was met with poking words instead.

Gertreld cocked her head at Red Rage's bold statement, confused.

"For the crime of failing to keep the sanctity of the breast and curve of my benefactor's beloved, I, Prisma Avaris OverMould, shall deliver Magisterial Justice without pardon!  
I'llalsoaccountforyourevilschemeoverthisworldandpunishyouaccordingly RHAAAAA!" another declaration was made, the stellar light around Red Rage firing all around as he cocked back to charge!

Gertreld held her chest, feeling strangely touched by Red Rage's words.

Tomin frowned as he held his hands up in claw like gestures, while in his mind, he sought justice for himself.

'Seriously? This is a battle of ideals here. How can I not attack with the intent to kill even if its a woman? Wait, I don't have to justify my actions!' he thought.

Skullius who was a distance away, about to begin with his plan twitched as he heard Red Rage's declaration.



This wasn't his first time hearing the new name and the new personality that Red Rage would acquire when he used this skill, but he shuddered when he found this sockethole to truly be eerily like Tulnas.

VUUM!

A bright flare of gold shuttled down as Red Rage, no, Prisma shot towards Tomin below!

The Evenfall Middle Circle member roared as mana churned from him in droves, his Full Body Aura, much like everyone else's which could only be used once a day, firing up with excessive strength!

The golden figure of Prisma which emitted flakes of gold was incredibly fast, reaching him with two outstretched fists that Tomin firmly held onto in a grapple!

SHABOOM!

A ringy shockwave blew out, the ground pounding inwards in perfect circle, then again and again and again as the two descended with their staggering force hammering against the hard crust!

Tomin opened his eyes wide!

'This man... his physical strength is immense! Or is it his weight?!' he thought as he actually found himself arching back, his figure being overpowered by the flying Prisma whose velocity seemed to support him in this situation!

Prisma's eyes which flared with a blue light from behind the helm twinkled with a confident light and when Tomin noticed this, he couldn't help but feel belittled.

This being was still a white core existence!

How could he be overpowered so casually?!

'Infinite Instance...!' Tomin thought as he used his blessing to turn the grapple contest on its head!

While his blessing could be said to be overpowered, it was very limited when it came to situations where he tried to create complex instances that broke basic universal laws.

For example, right now!

Tomin's figure blurred as shockingly, he instantly overpowered Prisma, pushing the golden-caped figure into the dirt underneath with a staggering amount of force!

Tomin had created multiple instances when he used the full burst of his strength to push back against Prisma!

The effect was akin to multiplying his strength in an instant, or when one used the combination of a quick downward force and full burst of strength at once to win in a game of arm wrestling!

The thing was, he could only perform less than ten instances at once with things like this, as it was vastly different from creating multiple instances where he just punched like before.

Tomin scoffed at Prisma's figure he had locked in an arm grapple under him, and prepared to finish this fight when...

"Petty fool. You think the star of a play would die in the first act? Think again!" Prisma said with a voice that utterly irritated Tomin who ground his teeth.

Yet, Prisma's words were not baseless.

The lengthy and beautifully designed trident on his chestplate which emitted endless golden flakes shone with splendour, lighting up Tomin's face!

No sound came, but a gush of blinding white light poured from the trident, maintaining its shape as it proceeded to blast Tomin up at breakneck speed!

The body of Prisma sank further into the ground while Tomin flew up, his clothes being ignited by the bright light of this attack!

Prisma squinted the socket flames behind his helm as when Tomin smashed into the ceiling of this cavernous space, he found that the man's body had not taken any damage to fulfill the requirement for his flashy skill, [Foolmaker]!

'A shame... It seems his strength is a bit more than I thought...' Prisma thought.

This was to be expected from a Peak Advancement Stage Form User.

Only Tomin's clothes had been completely burnt away, his figure left naked as the man didn't seem fazed at all, pushing against the tough ceiling and landing on the ground where Prisma also floated from the hole the two had made and stood a short distance away from this opponent.

Gertreld couldn't help but size up Tomin's body and proportions silently, comparing them to Tulnas'.

She silently snickered as she gushed over Tulnas being far better than this man but then shook her head, her mind turning to plan over how she could exploit the current situation.

Prisma on the other hand didn't keep his opinion to himself.

"Hmph! Petty fool! You are so foolish that all your brawn goes to your muscle and none to your feeble mortal serpent? Your lack respect for your third leg as well?! I shall add that to your punishment!"

Tomin got really annoyed at these words.

As someone who had little sense of purpose other than to be a follower, he didn't care for much else other than getting important things done.

Tomin's body flared with a milky white light as he dashed forward with a hook punch prepared, the ground exploding from his self-launch!

Prisma bolted ahead, using a short burst of flight to accelerate his movement towards his enemy, a hook also prepared at his right hand!

OOOM!

Even though it was clear that Tomin had a massive advantage in strength, anyone watching the scene would be shocked to find that the golden figure emitting ever-rising flakes of the same hue seemed equally powerful!

A shockwave of raw power exploded right before the exchange of two full power hook punches ensued!

Suddenly, Prisma changed his posture at the last second switching from his offensive posture to using his cape which seemed to influence his flight heavily, to barely dodge the cataclysmic fist coming his way as he stepped to the side!

...!

Tomin frowned.

Prisma then turned, grabbing Tomin's hand from the shoulder while simultaneously kicking up his right leg to throw him off balance!

Tomin found himself in the air from these two short moves that were executed with expert precision, his body being slammed into the ground thereafter!

'That's...a genuine technique...!' he thought, but his thoughts were interrupted by a heavy knee that sat over his arm, a weighty punch descending on his face with strange glint of power.

A skill!

BOOOM!

The punch rocked the ground underneath as Tomin's face sank further in, a golden pulse of energy glowing over the ground!

Hero's Fist!

Chapter 278: Unlimited Hands!

~~~

[Incandescent Attire of the Omnipotent Pelvis-Hegemon | Lv.2]

The Majestic attire of the very First Pelvis Man variant, a true pillar of Dictatorial Justice in the '^%#%!' is summoned with the activation of the skill to further bolster the image and power of the Pelvis Boar-Man's figure.

-Effects-

- Greatest Defense
- Greatest Physical Damage Refraction
- +500 Strength
- Limited Flight
- Descent of 'Prisma Avaris OverMould'

---

[Skill: Weight of the Hegemon]

The attire carries the same weight as that of the Hegemon's words, making carry corresponding weight and power, while being incredibly light for the Pelvis-Hegemon.

---

[Skill: Foolmaker]

....

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

Mana Requirements: None, Null Essence required

Duration: 5 minutes

Cooldown: 12 hours

~~~

A skill that had reached the very peak!

The aspects of this skill, which were labelled as effects, reflected the fact that this skill was in its last stretch of strength and when it reached level 10, it would be unable to grow any further within the white core category.

It had to ascend into a Special one!

[Hero's Fist] which was more geared towards taking down enemy defences pounded into Tomin's face, wrestling against his Full Body Aura which did its best to resist any damage!

And surely, it did well to avoid much of the damage that would have been caused by Prisma's punch, the golden blow that pulsed on the ground from the attack not amounting to much!

Tomin pushed himself from the ground, grabbing Prisma's armoured thigh which had been pressing on his arm to keep him still so he could swallow the punch.

He swung Prisma as he locked his arm to firmly hold the limb, bashing his elbow with a crisp impact into Prisma's helm which got dented from the force!

He then raised the Pelvis Boar-Man's Body, gripping both of Prisma's thighs before slamming the golden figure into the ground!

Plumes of dust and dirt rose, but the naked figure of Tomin didn't stop there, cocking his arm as he then flung a powerful straight punch at Prisma's chest!

BOOOM!

Prisma's chest plate cracked like glass, more bursts of golden flakes rising up into the air from the damage!

Tomin's increased strength from his Aura was too much for the armour to handle!

Ripples of shock ran through the ground but Tomin creased his brow as he noticed a strange phenomenon from the feedback in his fist!

'That's strange... the power from my punch seemed to just—'

Right then, Prisma landed a hooked blow at Tomin's chest with a resounding clap of metal against flesh bellowing into the air!

BAM!

Tomin was sent flying before he could figure out what had happened, his figure pitifully spinning through the air!

This time, a bruise could be seen over his chest, blood gushing from his mouth as his eyes opened wide!

...!

Tomin slammed into the cavern wall, as this battle had finally been driven to the edge!

The naked man's confusion and pain was rudely interrupted by a golden glow that leaked even when he closed his eyes, approaching at an immense speed!

Prisma had already flown to his position, his fist arching to abuse the crap out of him!

"Petty fool, you cannot comprehend the sturdiness of the pelvis nor the unwavering will of my being!"

POW!

Another [Hero's Fist] was sprung into Tomin, but he didn't feel much from the attack that landed on his face.

'Huh? His punches don't carry much power... Then what was that earlier one?!' Tomin thought as he launched a jab at Prisma, smashing it where his golden armour was already cracking!

The moment the punch connected though, a visible ripple travelling through Prisma's body as he chestplate crackled some more, the Apostle flung his own fist simultaneously!

BOOM!

A horrendous force flew into Tomin, the man feeling once more that he was taking immense damage as his muscles reddened and bruised!

'Is this....Is this bastard reflecting the force of my punches?!' Tomin thought as he bled.

Indeed it was true.

This was the effect of an aspect of Prisma's skill, [Greatest Physical Damage Refraction] which exploited Red Rage's racial abilities as the Pelvis Boar-Man!

Before Tomin knew it, Prisma flung him from the wall and to the ground, but before he could taste the dirt again, a figure darted towards him with a red and pink overlapping hue surrounding it!

"Hihihi! I've really lucked out! De-beautifying Fist!" Gertreld came flying in with a cruel knee jab into Tomin's face, the man shooting away as he grunted only to meet the flying figure of Prisma who tackled him into the ground!

Tomin's height reduced further, his face turning a bit older as his skin lost its youth glow!



The two slammed into the ground, Prisma quickly flying away to give way to Gertreld's figure that dropped from above a chance at the abuse, both the ladies knees digging into Tomin's naked body from her descent!

Her gauntlet glowed as she activated its special effect, pounding it into Tomin's face!

The shortened man coughed blood as he felt his body grow immensely weak but he grunted as his eyes flared, his Aura roaring with desperate intensity!

Tomin saw Prisma on his way down in flight while Gertreld cocked her fist once more!

'She's good. Her blessing might be... just what we need...' Tomin thought as his face which was bloodied and bruised twitched.

His eye darted to Guissepo who was merely watching with a calm visage as he was bashed mercilessly like this.

'You're still waiting, huh...'

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Natalika stood with the five deep wounds that traced from her temples to her arms.

Her eyelids were closed as she had now stood, throwing away her torn robes leaving only a short, dark purple dress that reached her thighs, the rest of the way to her knees being left to bandages.

She breathed out and held her sword up.

"I really loathe Summoners..." she said to herself as she faced the large wolf that growled as it circled around her.

The Summoner who had been slashed by Natalika's sword cackled manically as the red portal gleamed behind him.

"Heheheheheh! There we go! Your confidence can't save you from me and my beasts blind girl! Let's make it even more of a challenge shall we?!" the Summoner yelled as multiple creatures poured from portal behind him, bearing appearances like the giant wolf but with humanoid structures.

They seemed a bit weaker than the giant wolf that seemed amused by playing around with Natalika, knowing full well that she couldn't react to its movement.

Natalika sighed.

To the Summoner's surprise, she knelt on the ground and placed her sword across her lap.

She then spoke in a rather chilling voice, an overwhelmingly sharp energy gushing from her.

"Full Body Aura."

Chapter 279: Play After Play!

A light blue Aura rose from Natalika as she knelt.

She seemed at peace as she took steady breaths while the wavy energy around her mimicked the rhythm of her breaths.

Her Aura was vastly different from that of others, not having a violent appearance that expressed extravagant power. Instead it possessed a silent and serene flow that was the personification of her as an individual.

The Summoner looked apprehensively at this woman and frowned.

'She has some peculiar abilities that seem to not even involve her sword. I should be careful, heh,' he thought as he caressed the area before his chest. 'My Moonlight Apparition exposed itself for far too long. I don't think I can summon it again. Ah! To think I'd lose it so soon!'

Summoners had quite the unique ability when it came to their summoning.

They would go into a deep sleep and be transported into some kind of hyperdream that led into different dimensions where they would see a variety of monsters.

It was said that a Summoner could only ever visit one dimension, once, and thus never be able to return there again.

While they were there, they possessed only a consciousness wandering through the endless different lands, the process of which took some time to master how to prolong one's stay in said places.

The next step would be to send one's consciousness into the mind of the creature one wanted to summon and once successful, the Summoner class allowed one to have a chance at having a discussion with the beast to form a contract based on mutual benefit.

The creature had the right to refuse and expel the consciousness of the Summoner as well as make demands that the Summoner would have to abide by otherwise, when they left the dimension, they would never get the chance again.

On top of this, a time frame had to be established for the contract and once it was signed, the Summoner could call upon the creature at any time through a portal, a construct which required immense knowledge on how to form one's energy into the appropriate gateway for the summon.

While these conditions did seem tedious, the best thing about being a Summoner was that they did NOT have a cap on the amount of contracts they could make, which was an advantage over Tamers.

A hefty advantage indeed.

'Still! If I keep my distance and have my Devouring Lantern Wolves keep her distracted while the alpha deals her a fatal blow, I'll be fine, heh!'

Behind the Summoner, nine wolves that stood on their hind feet growled.

They had the same coloured fur as the large alpha wolf which had led the way out of the red portal, short horns growing on their shoulders as they howled and intimidatingly walked forward.

Natalika was between the large wolf that scaled up to 2.4 meters and these nine that spread to not give her chance to escape.

The blind swordswoman still didn't seem fazed as her enemies approached.

In fact, her next action surprised the Summoner and his beasts!

Her Full Body Aura expanded immensely, reaching a diameter of nearly two meters as it still maintained its serene and silent image with a sky blue hue tinting the ground.

..!

The wolves grew vigilant and took steps back, their snouts creasing up in rage and anxiety.

Even the alpha took a few steps back as it sensed danger while the Summoner frowned.

'What kind of Aura is this? It seems too...calm!'

At the moment when all the focus had returned to Natalika, a dark sphere bolted at breakneck speed towards the large wolf which had also been dazed!

It shot from above, its barely perceptible speed showing nothing but the intent to kill!

The moment the sphere reached within an inch of the giant wolf...

WHOOSH.

A soft breeze blew, dust being the only thing that remained as the creature vanished in its entirety, appearing a distance from the dark sphere which landed with a timid shockwave!

Skullius who had prompted the attack furrowed his brow as he moved his hands to direct the another one of the [Beads of Malevolence] he had summoned to shoot towards the wolf which once again vanished as if teleporting, evading the attack!

The Summoner saw this and sneered.

'He thinks he can act as some kind of support by taking out my Devouring Lantern Alpha Wolf? Heh, fat chance!' the Summoner thought as he willed the wolf to quickly kill off Skullius.

'He's careless. He was a threat before I summoned my wolves, but now, he should have hidden and waited for me to lose track of his presence while fighting the blind girl! Foolish!'

The alpha wolf's gleaming red eyes turned to Skullius who gave all his focus as he madly swung his arms and fingers.

The dark orbs rapidly spun in the air as they darted towards the alpha wolf which vanished and reappeared each time it was about to be struck by the orbs!

'It's fast... Too fast even for my beads...' Skullius thought as he swung his arms viciously while a layer of [Evil Darkness] coated him.

Unfortunately, Skullius couldn't control the [Beads of Malevolence] without using his hands when it came to complicated routes that included complex patterns.

He had to actively cause the orbs to manoeuvre in said paths, especially when it came to tricky opponents like this.

The Devouring Lantern Alpha Wolf suddenly bolted towards Skullius, its body vanishing as it moved at an immense speed that was beyond Skullius' comprehension!

The Discount Human only expected this.

It was obvious that he would retain its aggro.

The problem was that he didn't have a sure-fire countermeasure because after seeing its stats, he knew that even his next move wasn't 100% guaranteed to work.

A vicious breeze blew from behind Skullius as he was in the middle of trying to figure out where this creature would pop up and...

....

Fizzy blood flew as Skullius found himself and his armour torn with thick claws having literally cut through his body like sharp swords!

Ginie who had sensed the precarious situation occurring behind her panicked as she turned, seeing the large wolf appear with its claws sticking in the Discount Human after clawing him halfway through his abdomen!

There was no small amount of blood leaking from Skullius' torso, and even though his limbs were intact, he wasn't in a state one would call, fine.

Ginie held herself back from helping as she had been told she would be as good as dead if she tried but...

She gritted her teeth and focused on the task that she herself needed to take care of which laid beyond the invisible barrier where the hooded figures were huddled.

Skullius bled as the large wolf stood on its hind legs while its powerful front leg's claws slowly sawed through him!

It looked to relish in this cruel act as it drooled, its maw opening unnaturally wide to reveal not the conventional tongue and gums, but an unnaturally dark space where three profound lights of different colours flashed like torches, illuminating Skullius' face.

Skullius who had seemed to grow limb suddenly looked up at the wolf's face with an unbothered grin as he clapped his bloody hands together loudly!

"You're about to get the fleshing of your miserable life! Perfect Night Domain!" he crazily yelled as an abundant storm of [Evil Darkness] flooded from the his torn body and created an expansive cube that perfectly hid the two...!

Chapter 280: Kill The Wolf! (1)

As the large cube appeared, the [Perfect Night Domain], its presence demanded for all eyes to at least give it a glance.

One particular party was especially interested in this new development, the Mage who was battling Tulnas, flashes of lightning bursting from around her without her making any gestures turned to the scene.

The arching loud bolts she emitted sought out Tulnas who dashed to and fro while being covered by Bradd's waves of sand.

'So that's the Mage. He didn't seem like much before. What is that? A shadow element affinity? No, this feels different. Less...

boring...' the Mage, whose name had been said to be Gwendelina said as she gazed at the [Perfect Night Domain] in the distance.

She was slowly losing interest in the game that Tulnas was playing as he had simply been wasting time while monitoring everyone's battles, making sure everyone was 'fine'.

He was buying time in a way, but then again, Gwendelina wouldn't stop him either as she was too lazy to engage seriously with him if this was all he had to offer.

Now, both Tulnas and her turned to the cube, the Guild leader wondering what Skullius would do next.

Gwendelina lifted her hand from under the gold and black robes, its slender appearance looking particularly beautiful as its movement became traced by an arc of white lightning that she then directed towards the [Perfect Night Domain]!

The arc flew unhindered, with its appearance lightning up the area as it reached the large, dark construct in an instant!

BZZTT! BZzzz...

The lightning bolt smashed into the [Perfect Night Domain] but shockingly, it fizzled out, sparks being the only thing that remained until even those little embers died down.

"Fascinating..." the Mage's eyes lit up as she smiled lightly.

A pillar of sand shot towards Gwendelina, however, a magic formation sprung before her and warded away the sand.

"It's not a good habit to divert your attention from your opponent Miss Mage..." Tulnas said from a distance with his taunting smile online over his facial network.

"You've been playing a boring game. Why don't you try to make me take you seriously?" Gwendelina retorted with an apathetic expression.

"Sure..." Tulnas gave a succinct answer as he started fighting seriously.

\*

Darkness.

This was all the that alpha wolf saw.

A pitch black darkness from which nothing could be seen, nothing could be heard and nothing could be smelt.

It felt a powerful suppression that sought to trample over its might, limiting its speed and power but it persisted to fight against this, running around the darkness as it tried to somehow find a way to escape.

Skullius who was still in a torn state watched from the distance, his vision having much clarity to spare.

"[Luminous Healing]."

A surge of energy ravaged Skullius' body, beginning to heal his wounds as a vast amount of strength almost overwhelmed his being as he was now in the [Perfect Night Domain].

He was empowered by the darkness and he enjoyed the feeling of overwhelming power with a satisfied sigh.



Given the circumstances, Skullius immediately rushed to attack the wolf which was not privy to his position as it darted around.

He hurried to attack because while his [Perfect Night Domain] was a great trap that dismantled one's senses, rendering their ability to navigate and perceive danger useless, he was unable to move it.

It's limited size culled his ability to make it an infinitely more perfect trap that would loop an enemies movements.

Additionally, the skill wasn't geared towards holding things within and thus, if the wolf just started to bolt in one direction, even with its suppressed speed, it could eventually reach the outside of the darkness!

To all this off...

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[ Name : None ]

[ Tier : 5 ]

[ Level : 76 ]

[ Race : Devouring Lantern Alpha Wolf ]

[ Inv. Status : Confused ]

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[ Stats ]

[ Strength (I) : 60 (Empowered) ]

[Agility (I) : 170 (Empowered) ]

[ Intelligence (I) : 55 (Empowered) ]

[ Endurance (I) : 42 (Empowered) ]

[ Luck : 58 ]

-----

[ Health : 12,000/12,000 ]

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[ Mana (I) : 1511/1511 ]

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A Tier 5 creature!

This was Skullius' first time seeing something like this!

It was a powerful monster too!

This creature's stats were simply insane and it also had the <Empowered> tag much like the other creatures he had faced, possessing similar enhancements.

All this accounted for, Skullius had to take care of the wolf quickly!

But first...

'Radiant Awakening!'

Skullius entire body turned bright, waves of light emitting from it like a miniature sun, the darkness around not quelling its brilliance!

He had activated the cluster of skills that he eventually wanted to turn into a singular skill, his body crackling with power that was further bolstered by the fact that he already had an 80% increase in his physicality!

His figure darted like a shooting star towards the blackish-red furred wolf that didn't sense his speedy approach at all!

Skullius leapt up and brought down his fist onto the head of the wolf, the creature grunting in pain as it plummeted to the ground without any additional effects supporting this in the domain!

He leapt up once again, launching up high as a red glow bubbled in his palm as he cast a skill that summoned an incredibly dangerous heat!

The moment a ball of vicious flame fully manifested, he flung it down at the wolf which had been about to stand up!

In silence, tongues of fire roared as they covered a large area, madly flowing as they leapt and roiled with their red hue, encasing the wolf at the very centre as for the first time, the creature tasted the [Revenant Flames of Ecstasy]!

The image below the Discount Human truly looked like hell!

Skullius saw the wolf burn in the cruel flames but he wasn't done yet.

He fell into the flames that didn't have any effect on him and dashed forward with his radiant figure!

He grabbed the hilt to [Demion's Dance] and slashed at the wolf that was burning with a basic upward slash that went from the creature's chest to the shoulder!

Once again Skullius felt the sensation of death screaming from the sword as he slashed with its green blade, his hair rising as all his physical strength was used for the singular slash that seamlessly cut the beast's defences, its frontal leg almost being completely lopped off by the sharp edge!

Blood poured and instantly burned from the roaring fire that was already devouring the wolf, burning away its fur without mercy as they left only charred flesh!

Skullius felt a wave of weakness like before, but the sensation was mostly held back by the fact that he was supported by the domain.

The Swindling Death Dance really took a lot out of him but he still felt like he wasn't using it the fullest.

He drew back from the flames and watched as the wolf bled and screamed silently, its visage making strange expressions as the flame took effect.

'That's it?' he thought as he felt something wrong.

Skullius didn't think he would ever say something like this, but...

'That was too easy...'

As the flame's scope was limited by the darkness within the domain, Skullius waited, looking intently at the scene before him.

Then...

'Of course you wouldn't die just like that,' he said as he saw from the large wolf's head, a purple eye opening up as it went on to look directly at him!