

Undead 611

Chapter 611: Revia's Decision

Six weeks later.

A set of footsteps trampled over the grass and small quantities of dry leaves.

A certain feminine figure walked up to a large fire away from the house. She was wary. Four silhouettes sat around this fire, Their voices echoing around the open space freely.

It looked like a casual gathering of friends to warm themselves as the sun sank from the distance, but the reality was quite different.

Revia knew.

She felt uncomfortable walking towards this group but she had made a choice. An uncertain choice that she had decided to follow through with.

Or rather, she had finally made a concrete decision.

When she reached closer to the four, they all turned to her.

"You are free to join in," Actuass said, the flames and sparks illuminating his green and white mask vividly, the image of which still haunted Revia to this day.

Fulina patted the open spot on a tree trunk that she sat on, a gesture for Revia to come sit.

The former Paladin Champion did so.

Revia looked around.

She was more familiar with three people here; Actuass, Cyne and Fulina, but the third person, an old geezer with white hair and one functioning red eye, she didn't know quite well.

She knew his affiliation and his powers but she nothing else as they had met only on a few occasions.

"Something on your mind?" Actuass asked.

Revia turned to the man, scrounging up enough of a resistance to his intimidating hazel eyes behind the mask. She would need to start working on that, given what she had decided.

"Yes, I do," she said. "Why have we been lounging around for the past weeks? Don't you have a grand plan to enact?"

Actuass was amused.

"I do. But your question begs another question rather than an answer," he said as he poked the burning wood in the fire. "Are you prepared to kill without mercy, should this plan of mine succeed?"

Revia sucked in a deep breath, her expression shifting several fold.

Fulina at her side shook her head.

"She's not ready," she spoke.

"I thought as much. You are merely going with the flow. Half-swayed," Actuass said. "To answer your question though, every plan has a waiting period. Sometimes it's years, sometimes it's micro seconds. The results are determined at the end of the wait."

The old geezer in the group chimed in at this moment, expressing his concerns.

"I agree with your words but I'm not sure I can trust your sense of time. With how much time has passed, the Extreme Formula should have absorbed quite a lot of power, shouldn't it?" he asked.

"It's not about absorbing power. I was certain Guissepo told you about this. The Extreme Formula requires the powers of the Deities to open.

The most efficient way to do that is to use the small blessings that reside within common folk and combatants alike, different from how the previous Evenfall leader used to do it; hunting down Paladin Champions to feed their Divine Blessings to it," Actuass explained.

The Extreme Formula was a mark on the crust of Aigas. For unknown reasons, the Purity had no knowledge of it but the Evenfall had known of it from old times, its whereabouts supposedly leaked by Boron, the Traitorous Deity.

This is where Revia's Divine blessing had been fed to weeks ago, but to no avail.

"Guissepo already explained these specifics of course. But, as he said, the Extreme Formula needs to be dipped in a large well of blessings first. Kind of like soaking it to remove the rigidity. It then needs to be hit by an enormous amount of the same energy when it has been soaked enough in order to open a doorway into the Under. I'd say the Formula has seen enough... soaking, no?" the old man said.

Actuass sighed.

"No. If it were, Guissepo would feel it and he would have told you. However, he and I structured the duration of the Premium Age Royale with the estimations he was 'given' so I encourage you to trust your own leader."

"Trust? In what way does what we have here even resemble trust?"

Indeed. It was a bit of stretch to call this relationship one based on trust.

It was more like a transaction.

Guissepo had entered into talks with this old man a while ago to recruit the him and the people he gathered for protection.

Summoners.

People with this class were practically regarded as their own race and shunned in Pelian and sadly, in this age, no one would even consider choosing the class anymore.

Guissepo had asked the Summoners for help and actually managed to attain their promise to assist because he offered them a chance at being free to live anywhere they desired should he succeed.

(A/N: Refer to Ch.438).

For the Summoners it was possibly their own choice to live like this; at least this group of Summoners. There were other channels to make a living here in Pelian but they shunned them, choosing to hide.

Until now.

For Guissepo, his goal was something he was willing to stay locked up in the venue for the Premium Age Royale for, making it something he was wholeheartedly giving himself to.

However...

The old geezer was under the impression that only Actuass wasn't staking everything on this, which sparked a lit cord in the masked man.

Actuass have a stern gaze towards the man.

"You are right. It is not something hung on trust. It is built from necessity. I have allied with Guissepo because there is value added here and a greater chance at success. Something I yearn for," the masked man said with a harsh breath coming from his mask. "I have spent 490 years preparing for this.

I have accumulated hundreds of thousands of Creeds in that time, which I have used up to ensure that nothing short of Divine stops me."

"I have made tens of thousands of immortals and stocked up on a pool of undeath energy enough to overwhelm the whole of Aigas, all in that time span. So do not speak to me of trust and I warn that you keep your doubts behind your tongue. I have stakes in this as well. Our conflict begins AFTER our cooperation ends."

The old geezer made a face and grunted, turning away from the topic.

Revia on the other hand almost choked on something Actuass said.

Thousands of immortals?

Did he mean there were more just like her?

Seeing Revia's reaction, Actuass answered to her thoughts.

"You're fortunate that I saw value in you, Revia. Otherwise, I would have added you to my collection of unconscious dolls waiting to be awakened at the right time."

...!

Revia couldn't continue to make eye contact with Actuass anymore. For now.

She felt herself grow smaller and smaller whenever she faced him, which infuriated her. However, today was the start of something different.

She was usually given freedom to wander about since the day she accepted the chance to join, which gave her free time to think and settle her thoughts.

Would she really abandon everything just because she had become... this?

Was there no good she could do?

Good? Perhaps not. But there were evils that many were blind to in Aigas. Ones that only she and the other Paladin Champions knew.

Now that she was no longer tied up to duty, she was free to act.

Her conclusion?

"You are right. I am undecided. On one hand I feel like I'm too broken to continue to live a normal life and on the other, I feel like I can make a difference even while fallen," she said, her eyes shakily looking to Actuass. "My choices are either to come to your side or become a... 'doll' that you keep shackled till you need it, right?"

Actuass didn't respond as the answer was all but clear.

"In that case, I'll kill and I'll fight but only those enemies that you and I have in common. After I'm done, I'll stay true to my word. I will kill you."

The declaration Revia made was not new but it was more serious this time around.

The former Paladin Champion had found 'her place' and her role.

She too had enemies. Enemies that Actuass and Guissepo both shared.

Enemies disguised as saviours.

Enemies she had only tolerated because for a time, she had been blinded by Elita's love, care and world view.

Chapter 612: Ongoing Detention, Flayed Delusion

Harifrast Town.

The door swung open to reveal a charming young lady dressed up in the bombastic inn's special attire. She smiled warmly at the person standing opposite her, a man wearing a shirt that looked to be made of mithril, his hair so long it touched his waist.

The man had instantly donned a smile as well, reciprocating the cheerfulness offered to him for a hefty price of six gold coins a night, however fake it was.

"I've brought your complimentary dinner for the week, dear sir. Surely you haven't forgotten," the young lady said.

The man tried to grimace but that would ruin his image. He had to power through this while pretending he was unfazed.

On a moving wooden trolley that the young woman before him had with her was an extra special assortment of foods. A commoner would call this a high class buffet.

What was the occasion?

Celebrating that the man had spent so much money needlessly and was still, regrettably far from bottoming his pocket?

At this point, going bankrupt seemed like the only way to get out of this damned room!

"Of course I haven't forgotten. It's only been a little over a month and a half, hasn't it?" the man said sarcastically to which the young woman giggled, the so-called warmth in her smile turning out to be a cold lust that saw opportunity in this man who supposedly had no problem with the term 'price'.

The young woman was about to say something else, something suggestive, when the man swiped everything on the trolley and placed it on two well crafted stools close to the door within his room with an inhuman speed.

"Thank you for the service. I look forward to the next special meal," he said before slamming the door in the young woman's face.

He sighed exasperatedly and turned to the 'guest' sitting comfortably in his room.

The blonde youngster tilted his head and strummed the lute in his hands.

"If you play another song, so help me I will—"

"I know," the guest said with a chuckle as instead of composing another musical tune, he hugged his lute and gave a steady gaze towards the man.

The man with the mithril shirt raised an eyebrow in surprise.

"So you can speak without making everything a stream of lyric?" he mocked.

"I'm still human, aren't I?" the blonde man, Erlton the Reader, said.

The man with the long hair scoffed as he shook his head and took a seat.

"Now that you're actually talking, how about making it clear to me why you have imprisoned me in this room for the past six weeks. I don't mind forking out coin if there is a good reason behind it, but this is absurd."

"Absurd? Ignorance is the only absurdity in this world. Hmm. Perhaps ignorance, reluctance... and laziness," Erlton threw a teasing look to the man with the long hair.

The man didn't look too happy about this. He was obviously being called lazy!

Well... he was.

At the moment he possessed all three of these things that Erlton had mentioned. So was he the very definition of absurd then?

"You know, if you had headed to your destination the same day you smelt that familiar scent, I probably would not have been able to stop you or the direction that you would have set in motion. However, you tend to take your time with all things, both important or not," Erlton said as he squirmed in his seat, looking for the perfect spot.

The man with the long hair clicked his tongue.

"Easy for you to say. Being human is new to me. How else can you enjoy it other than giving in to every single impulse?"

"Hmmm," Erlton hummed and strummed his lute, causing the man with the long hair to grit his teeth in annoyance.

"Do not worry, I will release you soon. Then you can follow that one and do as you please."

The man with the long hair narrowed his eyes and folded his arms.

"Given your position, I'm sure you know who it is that I'm trailing. He hasn't been in this world for long and he has the stench of an Arch-Lich. A curse or maybe more than that. Actually, it got worse back then. I can still smell its split scent. Are you protecting him?"

"Not at all. We have decided to stay away from him. All of us. As we do with others like him. There are linings of direction that even a Deity sees fit to let pass instead of intervening in. I would advise you to do the same but nothing you do will be of adverse consequence to Aigas.

At least from now."

"That is incredibly vague," the man with the long hair pointed out with a frown.

What did this singing idiot even mean?

Erlton's gaze fell behind the man in the mithril shirt.

"Now, can I have some of that food? As a price for answering your burning curiosity, that is," he said without shame.

Somewhere a short distance from Genhuis City...

"I see... say that again, would you?"

The messenger panted, his eyes bulging to the point where it seemed like they would burst from his sockets violently.

With fresh desperation and a deep fear for his life that showed through the wrinkled skin on his face, he cried.

"Please! Don't kill me! I.. I was just sent to tell you that they want to speak to you! I swear, I have no other reason for being here! Please!"

Gabel's eyes showed no concern for anything other than the message being told. He had to get emphasis, because after this point, this man HAD NOT been able to spew anything that made sense.

"Hmph."

A long glaive, its end looking like a butcher's knife dropped from his shoulder where it had been perched.

Gabel held his little notebook and began writing in it as the messenger heaved in heavy breaths with a terrified look on his face. He laid on the ground, his body pressed down by nothing except the sheer murderous pressure from the recipient of his message, where he laid a pool of blood visible even though he was unharmed.

"I told them I'd gone to the wasteland, away from the breeze of human stink,

I'd rather get dazed by the fragrance of the woman with the veil,

They pursue me still, ignorant of my origin,

Claiming that I am theirs, when it was the wastelands that spat me to their doorstep..."

Gabel recited as he wrote down.

As he did....

"ARRRRRRRGHHHHHHHHHH!"

Slowly, the messenger's skin began to peel off, perfect, invisible incisions making their way through his skin delicately, as if a master in the art of flaying was carefully working on this new piece to ensure that the 'hide' would remain intact.

A guttural scream came from the messenger's mouth, his eyes rolling as he nearly lost consciousness when half his arm was done.

Sadly, the vicious intent radiating from Gabel kept him awake and he could not squirm or roll around as that would ruin the process. Thus he was held still.

Gabel paid little attention to what was happening to the messenger. He only took notes and gave his attention to the cruel scene before him here and there.

After a full hour, when only a twitching, skinless, bloody, gorey mess remained....

"Hmm? Ah, I forgot what you said. You had a message, didn't you? Let's hear it," Gabel said, pulling himself from the folds of the book where his attention had gotten lost.

In the next instance...

The messenger panted, his eyes bulging to the point where it seemed like they would burst violently from his sockets.

With fresh desperation and a deep fear for his life that showed through the wrinkling of the skin on his face, he cried.

"Please! Don't kill me! I.. I was just sent to tell you that they want to speak to you! I swear, I have no other reason for being here! Please!"

"Hmmm. I see," Gabel said as he started scribbling into his book again.

Chapter 613: Great Celestial Counterfeit! (1)

[Your flesh and bones are augmented. A factor of 9 applies]

[Your flesh and bones are augmented. A factor of 5 applies]

[Your flesh and bones are augmented. A factor of 9 applies]

....

[High Cosmetic Body' levelled up!]

[High Cosmetic Body' has reached LV20. Would you like to evolve it into its next form?]

Skullius breathed out while dropping the last of the Enriching gems he had been absorbing; red ones with hints of green and pure green ones.

His body was close to saturation for the former and at least halfway through for the later. Still, given that it required 10,000 Enriching gems with the red and green hue within them and about 25,000 for the pure green ones to reach saturation, Skullius had covered quite some ground.

He had absorbed roughly 9,000 of the mixed gems and close to 12,000 of the pure green gems which gave a lot to his stats – the red green Enriching gems gave 5 points of constitution a piece and when a factor of 100 constitution points were reached, 45 stats points were allotted to his five stats namely Strength, Agility, Endurance, Health and Mana, while the green gems gave 9 points of constitution a piece and 60 stat points when a factor of 100 was reached.

Over the past weeks, Skullius had gotten a total of 14,850 stat points for each of his stats, which caused a very generous reaction from his Supreme skill, [High Cosmetic Body].

With these values in mind, Skullius could understand why some of the Master Stage experts he had seen had such absurd values in stats and in truth, even with this, he was not quite on the highest tier of physical power yet.

Mankind was definitely cheating. Enriching gems had Absolute Conversion properties to cater to all despite the differences in cores, which made this a heavy advantage for humans.

Not that beasts could really protest anyway.

Yet even with all this, Skullius wasn't really concerned about figures. This was but a secondary issue. If physical strength was all it took to rule the world, then there was no real benefit to diversity.

"Yes. Let's evolve this thing," Skullius gave a response to the guidance field's enquiry.

Red Rage was silently watching from the skies while also monitoring the surroundings to ensure that no one would crash the party.

After all, he and his master had a mission to finish.

The large blue-purple Cluster a distance from them wasn't going to clear itself. If not for Skullius insisting to get some skill of his evolved before they entered, they would have been halfway through by now.

That was a lie.

"Oh, something interesting is happening!" Red Rage said as he watched Skullius' flesh body wriggle madly as if the flesh was restructuring, the bones doing a rhumba dance within!

'Here we go again,' Skullius thought as he closed his eyes and gave himself up to the process. Last time he had evolved this skill from [Flesh It Like You Mean It], he had ballooned up before being reshaped into a more beautiful version of himself with additions to stats and skills like [Hyped] which had been forcibly evolved to [Beyond the Hype] and [Null Life Aura].

The latter was attained because [High Cosmetic Body] allowed Skullius to obtain skills from his Penetrator form whenever he evolved and Skullius was very much looking forward to what he would get next.

Sadly, racial and class skills probably couldn't be attained easily but the Hybrid Luman would take whatever he could get.

Surprisingly, his body didn't inflate like before.

Qualitative changes appeared over him subtly.

His height grew a bit. Only a bit and this turned out to be the most tame change.

His light auburn hair turned a bit lighter while its edges as it was slicked back got a deep orange shade that stylized the Hybrid Luman's look a lot.

His skin became lighter, different from the beauty of turning pale, gaining a smooth caramel sheen and a fuller look to it that hid the more pronounced masculine features Skullius had before. Right now, one could tell that he was male but his beauty and handsomeness struck quite a fine balance that made him easy on the eyes.

A bit too easy on the eyes.

Factoring in how his shoulders became broader, his muscles becoming a bit thicker and several degrees harder, the Hybrid Luman wouldn't look like someone who was still in the Advancement Stage at all.

One would overestimate the stage he was at.

"Is that...?"

Following the minute changes to his appearance, the most pronounced features within Skullius loaded within his interior.

['High Cosmetic Body' has evolved into 'Great Celestial Counterfeit']

[Your body is has begun the initial process of ascendant modification, morphing your suppressed aspects into their optimal forms]

[Please be patient...]

Skullius' body twitched.

"Ascendant modification, huh?" he wondered.

The Hybrid Luman felt everything within him whirring and burning, these sensations that he felt inside humming delighted tunes as if pleased with the process currently ongoing.

Then...

[Your <CURSED HEART> grows stronger. Your <MORTAL RUIN> production increases!]

[Your <CURSED BLOOD> grows stronger! Your <MORTAL RUIN> grows tremendously sharper!]

[Your <HEAVY PILLAR FRAME> grows stronger! Your <MORTAL RUIN> grows sturdier!]

[+8,000 to all Stats]

[The hidden embers of a powerful race hidden in your blood burn slightly brighter, awaiting further release]

[+28,000 to Mana]

[+12,000 to Health]

[Your 'Wing of the Just' grows vastly stronger]

'Hmmm? Hidden embers?' Skullius thought.

Because of his interactions with a certain Sif Princess, he worked out what this was within a moment as the additions to his stats made sense when he thought about it.

'That's my Luminant race, I guess. Does this mean it can undergo some kind of awakening if it's pushed far enough?' Skullius thought.

Frankly, Skullius got the impression that this new skill [Great Celestial Counterfeit] was merely a preparation.

Heck, it even said that.

If he was a Luminant in the same way Darwel described, then he should be vastly stronger and that was without tying in [Son of Luserus].

"Tsk!" Skullius couldn't help but click his tongue when thinking about that damned skill.

The prompts from the guidance field were yet to end though, as while the Hybrid Luman thought about all this, several rather shocking notifications that gave Skullius a true impression as to what [Great Celestial Counterfeit] was, appeared.

[You have awakened the organ 'Omniscient Thought Cracker']

[You have awakened the natural skill 'Celestial Hack']

Chapter 614: Great Celestial Counterfeit! (2)

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[Omniscient Thought Cracker]

You have developed a 'brain' with a maximum of three structural compartments that can manage your thoughts more efficiently, dividing each segmented idea into a separate space where it can be fully explored without interrupting thought threads.

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[Celestial Hack | Lv. None]

With the Omniscient Thought Cracker as a prerequisite, send your awareness beyond the folds of worlds, of certain Rules and ethereal barriers to visit spaces within the SAME TIME junction, provided a sturdy image as a reference.

Mana Requirements: None.

Duration: 2 minutes

Cooldown: 10 days

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"What the hell..?" Skullius thought as his body went through the final calibrations of this initial modification.

A brain and a skill that could... look through worlds?!

This was cracked!

Insane!

Skullius could feel the [Omniscient Thought Cracker] forming in his head, though it wasn't what he had expected. He understood what a brain was because of the information he retained through [Basic Evil Sanction] but the mass of bulged, worm-like flesh he expected to sprout inside his brain wasn't what he got.

Instead, a tiny sparkling object the size of a grain of sand, hardly what one would call an organ, nested in his noggin instead.

This was his brain.

The [Omniscient Thought Cracker].

With a closer look, one would find that it had rough, white edges like a white stone, as well as three clear demarcations of the compartments that the skill description expressed.

When the [Omniscient Thought Cracker] appeared, a steady ease fell on Skullius' mind and he felt his thoughts become exceedingly clearer and... free.

Furthermore, there seemed to be a buff on how on he thought and strangely, he could decide to place a thought in this brain of his or leave it empty.

Like this, it would simply be maximising his mind's ability to think!

"Woow. Who knew thoughts could feel so... light..." Skullius voiced with a refreshed breath, one that felt real.

It really didn't seem like he was an imitation or a discount of something anymore. It was like he was becoming something... Celestial!

Yes.

Not only was he no longer something fake, certain limits that had existed in him were lifted and with this came another notification!

[+15,000 to Intelligence]

This was incredible.

If Intelligence meant smartness, Skullius would have been a professor by now, or at least the equivalent of one.

Getting this weird brain gave Skullius a lot to think about for sure but what he couldn't get off his mind was the skill [Celestial Hack].

This skill was like [Beyond the Hype]. It couldn't be levelled up. There needed to be a special catalyst to make it evolve like the Luminant Seed or something similar.

Its effects...

'That's ridiculous. Can I really look into another world?' Skullius asked himself, hung up on this idea specifically.

Even if it was for 2 minutes, this was insane!

As long as he had a vivid image of what he wanted to focus on, he could see it apparently.

'The more this skill levels up, the crazier it becomes...' Skullius thought.

When he thought about the evolution of [High Cosmetic Body] he shook his head.

Truly, given its name which had the word 'Celestial' in it, something as absurd as this was possible.

No.

Rather, given the fact that this skill was a Supreme level skill, this shouldn't be surprising at all.

What was a Supreme skill?

Sure, it was the highest form of skill one could attain, its power being above normal, Special and Super skills. But what else was a Supreme skill capable of? Was it only power?

Skullius checked the description of [Great Celestial Counterfeit]. It didn't change much from the original when it was still [Flesh It Like You Mean It] besides a few relevant switches in terminology as the skill fundamentally served the same basic purpose.

In fact..

"It's effects still last for 24 hours, huh?" Skullius said, his new brain helping him process his thoughts.

So... given what his body was capable of so far and the limits this Supreme skill had...

Skullius cranked his mind and his brain.

"Does this mean that a Supreme Skill is a skill able to perfectly ignore some Rules of a world or worlds but has to be bound by one specific condition?" he thought with narrowed eyes.

That seemed like the logical route to think through.

Otherwise, why wouldn't the time limit for his transformation increase?

You could be walking around as a Hybrid Luman for days on end by now!

As he recalled, VOW stated that [Flesh It Like You Mean It] was a complementary skill to the [Lifeless Evolution Package], its main use being to allow Skullius to blend among the humans.

If that was case...

"Then I'm definitely right," Skullius said with a chuckle.

This subject was one with tonnes to explore so he pushed it to the back of his mind for now as he had a Cluster to deal with right now.

Still, several more notifications flew in.

[The basic effect <WEIGHT> applied to your mana grows stronger]

[The skill 'Primal Caution' reacts favourably to your strengthened internal musculature]

"Oh," Skullius expressed surprise.

His WEIGHT property actually grew some more?

Hehehehehehehehehe!

Dear skies!

The Hybrid Luman grinned maliciously.

Quickly following these notifications that made him wonder how much stronger his mana would grow...

[A random skill from your 'Eternal Storm Veil Penetrator' form will now be selected for your permanent use in the 'Hybrid Luman' form]

"This is it!" Skullius resisted the evil thoughts from just now and voiced expectantly, his body finally settled down. Thankfully, since he was wearing the VergeRider armour, he could have expanded to be the size of a small hill and it still wouldn't have been torn or damaged. Even if it was, it would recover with his supply of Null Life Essence.

However, Skullius' thoughts ran to what was about to come.

A skill from his real body into this one.

[The skill 'Static Limbo' has been selected]

...

Skullius' mood instantly became sour.

Seriously?

"Ugh," Skullius voiced in disappointment.

[Static Limbo].

This was one of the most basic Null Life skills there was. It could freeze only a SINGLE opponent in place, the success and duration of this skill depending heavily on the overall difference in strength between Skullius and his opponent.

The worst part was that unlike [Unbound], which had an <Upgradeable> tag, this skill apparently couldn't be evolved.

This was why Skullius rarely used it.

"You know what? It doesn't matter. I should be grateful for what I got," the Hybrid Luman spat the negatives and instead focused on his body.

He was several times stronger than before physically and with the new organ, his brain, he could process a lot more information at once. That was benefit enough for one day.

'Maybe it's like a pattern...'

This thread of strength, mental strength, made sense if he took the time to think about it.

With [Beyond the Hype] to help him process information faster and now [Omniscient Thought Cracker] to compartmentalise said thoughts...

It seemed [Great Celestial Counterfeit] was leading him somewhere.

Somewhere grand.

His mentality and awareness seemed to be the general focus of this skill.

"Interesting," Skullius said with a charming smile while brushing his hair back.

"Are you done sulking and chuckling to yourself, Master?" Red Rage asked from above.

"You bet," Skullius said as he held the hilt to the sheathed sword at his waist.

The sheath was dark, with a golden red mouth, the golden hilt to a modified and bettered Demion's Dance which had several new points of decoration lit up a beautiful sheen, proudly giving an elegant glimpse at its fullness.

Honestly, the advancement of [High Cosmetic Body] only accounted for extras to Skullius. Save for [Celestial Hack], the powers he got added quite a bit to his arsenal but in his mind, they could not compare to the strenuous amounts of work he had dedicated himself to in the last month and a half.

The skills he had generated from his hard work mattered more to him than this and they were strategically produced to form Skullius' perfect combat style as the Hybrid Luman, something only those he had killed in the past chunk of time knew.

The world was yet to know just how monstrous Skullius was, skill-wise as he had also been keeping a low profile. At least by limiting his public presence.

His long list of unused skills was gone and the confidence he exuded right now was well earned.

A third of that was something he owed to Silrat and he could say the man was very happy with results he had seen so far.

"Let's go, Red bro," Skullius said, taking steps towards the large, arching blue crack hanging in the air above the large field of green grass. Purple bits thrummed around it like the rhythm to an audio spectrum, making it seem alive.

The large volumes of mana hissing from the Cluster made Skullius excited and they did the same for Red Rage as well who decreased his altitude, his long cape billowing in the wind.

"Finally!" the Juvenile Pelvic Arbiter said as he and his master walked into a massive space filled to the brim with familiar monsters.

Chapter 615: Familiar Enemies

Blue-purple Clusters.

Among Clusters, they were considered to house beasts that were more often than not harder to deal with for your average mercenary, even if they bunched up to form large teams of highly relevant powers.

It just so happened that when Clusters crossed into the purple threshold, the worlds within them became extraordinarily large and complex, some even spotting absurd features like suns and incredibly abstract concepts like powerful religious beliefs that were very real as well as unusual Rules.

As for the creatures that were housed within and the Cluster Generals whose mana kept the entire Cluster stable...

Well, that went without saying. They were powerful.

"Why is it so dark?" Red Rage asked while looking to and fro.

The gleam from his body could not overtake the darkness that he and his master had spawned into. This was the second time his light had failed to shine over the surroundings.

Quite disappointing.

"We're in a tunnel," Skullius said.

His awareness was incredibly sharp.

A thin pulse rushed outwards from his feet and coursed through the limited space they had appeared in, giving him an extremely detailed image of the enclosed space they were in.

The range of this ability capped at seven miles and it was very intricate, incorporating every sense Skullius had, any available environmental factors as well as his mana to finely craft a picture of everything.

This was a shallow description no doubt, as the most unique function which made it more than just a handy tool weren't about Skullius alone..

Everywhere the pulses from the activation of the skill ran to, all living and non-living matter would be forced to react to them, prompting for more information to be introduced in a rather strange fashion.

With non-living matter, the residuals of temperature, mana and even air over or within them were incorporated by the skill to widen the search and divulge more information while for living things the same applied but the skill could also temporarily borrow the victim's senses to enhance its own!

The Hybrid Luman had combined four high level skills, [Koten Machi] included to craft this Special skill which went by the name, [Graceless Hunter].

"Hah..." Skullius voiced with a look of surprise on his face. "You wouldn't believe what's up ahead."

He took steps forward, leading the way out of this enclosure while Red Rage followed behind him by tracing his mana signature.

The tunnel went on for roughly twenty meters before it ended abruptly, introducing those it housed within it up to this point to a ginormous space, as far as Cluster worlds were concerned.

There was light, finally, though dull.

The sky was overcast, actually hiding a sun that was high up.

It wasn't clouds smeared over the sky.

It was...smoke?

Still, the sky was the least attractive detail to the two as there was something much more prominent before them.

"Well... THAT is shocking," Red Rage said but without the pitch of actual shock. "Are we still in a Cluster?"

"Apparently."

A massive wall cast a dark shadow on the two, its height being close to 400 meters. Its rough cast exterior was certainly menacing, with the cracks and gouges of age and perhaps war decorating its thick mass that was probably old enough to tell some cities in Aigas bedtime stories.

A giant set of black, wooden doors could be seen at its face, though they did seem a bit too small to be considered a 'front entrance.'

Given where they were located, this was probably the back entrance and Skullius had a feeling that this was actually designated as a response to people like him.

Outsiders.

Additionally...

"Are those... runes?" Skullius frowned.

"Yes they are, master," Red Rage replied.

Another detail on the face of this wall, was the pairs of runes drawn over it with equal spacing, their simplistic designs aglow with a gold, intimidating light.

Yes.

They WERE runes.

Skullius could tell.

Some brimmed with a ferocious howl of mana while some seemingly masked a variety of things, including their enemies.

This got Skullius a bit excited.

Something here was proficient in certain types of runes?

From the blue, thousands of objects suddenly shot down towards Skullius and Red Rage from high up the wall, their speeds challenging the winds as they sailed towards the two mercilessly!

'So there really are enemies?' Skullius thought.

Long, black arrows stormed at them, and they certainly didn't look typical enough to ignore, so much so that Red Rage chose to dart before Skullius and float with chest pushed out in defence!

The ground screamed at the assault, most of the arrows actually sinking deep to the tails within it!

That was how much speed they had!

As for those that managed to accurately aim for the two...

TING! TING!

Their momentum rapidly slowed as they reached the Juvenile Pelvic Arbiter and as if they were steel spoons knocking lightly against glass, the only thing these arrows served to do was to produce a dull, pitiable symphony.

"I often forget you're actually a loyal summon, you know?" Skullius said with a smirk.

"I grew out my phase, Master," Red Rage responded a bit embarrassedly with the shadow of sweat hanging on his helmet. He then floated up when the hail of arrows passed, going towards the wall.

OOOOM!

"Oh?" the Apostle tilted his head and stretched out his hand. "It seems there's a barrier protecting the wall itself."

His hand tried pass to touch the wall but an invisible force resisted his entry.

"I see. That must be another function of the runes," Skullius hypothesised while following the Arbiter. "That said, these runes do look a little too...weak. They must be a weaker type of rune. Plus, I can sense mana constantly being funnelled into them from somewhere."

The Apostle nodded in understanding.

"What do you want to do then?"

Skullius gave a short laugh before extending his hand forward and mentioning the name of a skill.

[Greatest Mana Attraction].

...!

From the blue, the wall rumbled, almost as if it was shockingly pulled towards Skullius, its integrity lessening a great deal!

Faintly, panicked voiced sounded from the wall but they did not know the thick of it!

An outrageous amount of mana started to flow from glowing runes on the wall, rushing past the invisible barrier and coiling into the hand of the Hybrid Luman!

The suction was ridiculous!

The draw was atrocious!

The process didn't even take three seconds to show results as with a glowing ball of white that rapidly grew in size within Skullius' hand, the runes flickered and the barrier faded in and out of existence!

Audio.

Visual.

These were exposed to the Hybrid Luman and his Apostle more clearly with this.

When the runes finally turned dark, the supply of mana being exceeded by the rate of consumption from the Hybrid Luman, a swarm of enemies standing in neat rows about the wall appeared, some showing confidence while others showed utter shock.

Both Skullius and his Apostle were blasted with nostalgia at the sight of the creatures before them.

"Brings back memories, doesn't it?" Skullius said with a smile.

"It sure does, Master," Red Rage choked.

"Haaaauuuuu Kaka!" the undisputed leader of these troops, judging by his extravagant adornment howled, seemingly uttering a war cry to prepare for the fight.

He was tall and thick, garbed in a fitting thick black, clunky armour, none of whose edges were smooth or crafted with attention to beauty.

A heavy sword could be seen behind his back, his thick hand cradling the long hilt tightly as he roared.

His dark green skin contorted as he howled continuously and his black beady eyes showed a malicious light, as did those of the troops behind him readying their weapons.

Goblins.

They were goblins.

Unlike the ones Skullius and Red Rage had last faced in the Tremur, these ones were vastly stronger given that they were Cluster beasts and from a high level Cluster at that.

"Wow. The smaller ones are Tier 6 or 7 and that thick one is Tier 8. We have our work cut out for us, Red bro. Not to mention these are just the ones stationed at the wall," Skullius said as he took slow steps forward.

"I for one am excited, Master. My children get to play some more."

"Your killing intent was passed down to your beasts then?"

"...In a way."

BOOOM!

The thick goblin suddenly dropped from the wall and landed on the ground before Skullius and Red Rage.

A massive amount of mana raged from its body, causing a massive storm that grew within an instant and made a grand display as the creature drew its sword and got into a very barbaric stance, its eyes locking onto the one it viewed as the greatest threat.

Skullius.

Red Rage flew up to deal with the others, leaving the two below staring at each other, one more than the other.

The thick goblin sucked in a deep breath, his giant sword ringing loudly as prepared to charge!

He was strong.

Very strong.

Skullius could tell but...

He scoffed.

"Sorry, but I don't have time to deal with the likes of you," he said before extending his hand and his index finger forward as he softly called the name of another skill.

A Special skill.

[Undaunted Calamity.

Chapter 616: Juvenile Calamities!

There was a long forgotten skill which Skullius had. Even he had forgotten about it at some point because it had been formed under very strenuous conditions and its use was limited to very strict conditions at the time.

[Wrath of the False god].

He had created it back when he was demolishing the Fire Breeder cities, though at that time, the skill was in the form of an arrow fused with huge amounts of mana and the flames from [Ungodly Flames of Debauchery].

It was a powerful skill, but the Hybrid Luman had discovered that it was way too unrefined and had thus fused it with other high damage skills he had retrieved from the Association treasury as well as other extracted ones.

He removed its reliance on the ungodly flames and had it become more mana-centric.

The result...

A sharp glaring light that partially pervaded even through the rough walls to shine on the city behind them ensued, its bluish white hue preceding the advent of a highly pressurised beam of mana that razed through the thick goblin Skullius had been facing.

The awesome display of power the goblin was about to show was rendered meaningless and far less spectacular as the narrow beam that streaked from the Hybrid Luman's finger eviscerated his opponent and the wall behind him with a catastrophic explosion blew that outwards exaggeratedly, clearing a path into the city!

When it invaded, the ground trembled as if an earthquake had suddenly begun, a shuddering pulse of destruction running through to knock back against the walls on all sides of the massive city!

Recurring highly pressurised explosions from air and condensed mana rigged to 'relax' when it met a target, its function as both a laser and bomb being top of the line...

This was the power of [Undaunted Calamity]!

Skullius felt it all.

There were close to a million goblins within the city and his sudden attack killed a third of them!

Since there was now a wide open gap in the wall, Skullius swiftly entered the city while from the extraordinary awareness given by [Graceless Hunter], he felt the runes on the wall start to flicker again, as if to reignite the runes.

'Where is it coming from?' he questioned himself while trying to pinpoint the source of the mana. With what he could detect with [Graceless Hunter], it seemed to come from outside the city. From one source, apparently.

Curious.

How very curious.

What did this imply exactly, hmm?

A dashing glow of gold as well as the pulse of mana fiercely raged above, blood and chunks of goblin flesh falling to the ground all around.

The figure of the Juvenile Pelvic Arbiter descended to float by Skullius while wiping away the blood from his armour.

"That was easier than I thought," Red Rage said. Clearing thousands of Tier 6s and 7s hadn't taken him more than a minute, which was terrifying considering the disparity in stats.

"I've always wondered. Doesn't you killing Cluster beasts qualify as breaking your Flaw? Aren't you supposed to protect innocents?" Skullius asked out of miniscule interest, admittedly embarrassed at asking such a question after he and the Apostle had obliterated millions of Cluster beasts at this point.

"According to this world, Clusters are bad things. Cluster beasts will always kill the innocent when they escape the Cluster. So in context, they are actually not innocent. Speaking of which..." Red Rage said as his focus turned to the scene ahead.

Roughly two fifths of this city, which was larger than what he and Skullius thought, remained after the Hybrid Luman's attack.

[Undaunted Calamity]'s capacity as laser exceeded its capacity as a bomb, thus it had razed through to the other side of the city but without demolishing it all.

That said, such a feat was terrifying considering that this city was as big as Inhone with a large quantity of mud houses that rose up like skyscrapers, definitely sturdy in their build.

It was built on a height that sloped down as it reached the wall, which was strange.

The 'why' behind this slope became clear soon though, as the commotion within the city suddenly shifted in the next moment, when from the sky, drizzle began to drop.

...!

Skullius' senses flared madly.

"Master, the smoke in the sky... Rain is coming from it," Red Rage informed.

"It's not any ordinary rain," Skullius warned before he quickly produced a stream of golden white [Just Light] that formed a transparent barrier around Red Rage and another around himself.

The drizzle slid off the barriers but it suddenly turned up, becoming heavy rain that swamped the entire city in moments.

Skullius noticed the shifts in the movement within the city. At first, there had been panic but now, every single goblin within range of his sensory capacity was making calm movements to different stations, the combatants among them coming this way.

'So that's why the city is built this way...' Skullius said as he lifted his head towards where the descent began.

GWIISSHHH!

A large contraption with wheels suddenly dropped and raced down at tremendous speed!

It looked like a carriage but was fitted with scaled wooden ramps where a dozen or so bulky goblins adorned with sturdy armour could stand or hang while they dish attacks at the enemy!

"Haaaaauuuuu Kaka!" the goblins screamed, a strangle blue glow burning in their beady eyes depicting their fervour!

Curious.

Several more of these contraptions appeared, descending towards the two invaders, their numbers being close to a hundred with many passengers aboard.

"Lively souls," Red Rage commented as a hail of attacks poured from the goblins, bombarding him and his master – from spears, arrows as well as even flames from a couple of Mages shooting from their staves!

"Not for long," Skullius said, hints of a grin showing on his face as he took steps forward, his left hand touching the hilt to his sword.

As the roars of attacks exploded all around, though inconsequentially against master and servant, the rolling contraptions reaching very close to Skullius, he pushed the golden hilt of Demion's Dance slightly, revealing only a mere inch of the sleeping shiny green blade.

...

The air seemed to turn stiff at that moment.

For the blade within the dark sheath let out a barely perceptible cry that caused every goblin in sight to feel a shiver run down their spine.

Ah, that's right.

The old and wise always said that death was cold.

That when it is close, your life flashed before your eyes.

That death was an agonising experience.

They were wrong.

As the image of the Hybrid Luman taking steps forward with his loyal blade crying for joy at being released, a blackish red assassin so thin it could barely be seen, so fast it could barely be noticed and so precise that it could hardly miss, rushed from Demion's Dance.

It drew a zigzagging disorderly line over everything before Skullius, the trails it made that barely lasted for half an instance of an instance making an obscure picture as it travelled past.

For those who could perceive that moment, they would say it was the most beautiful thing they had ever seen.

But then those designated as the canvas for this blackish red assassin, they found that death was a warm embrace of blood.

That it wasn't their lives that flashed in front of their eyes but the illusion of death painting a sorrowful picture of what they would miss after they passed.

That death was... not always painful.

Only after a second passed in real time did the shattering of wood, the crashing of thousands of heavy bodies against the ground, dismembered as they were and the spilling of blood, erupt.

Thousands of cleaved bodies fell to the moist ground while a ferocious wave of cumulative mana funnelled into the Hybrid Luman.

[You have killed (VII) LV120 Hau Kaka Hobgoblin. 90 EXP awarded]

[You have killed (VI) LV87 Hau Kaka Hobgoblin. 64 EXP awarded]

[You have killed...]

...

The notifications flooded in but Skullius swiped them away as he felt more of the goblins rushing in from the height. He extracted the Null Life Essence, refuelling his tank which had been empty before he came in and took more languid steps while waiting for his enemies to get closer.

The darting line that had slaughtered the goblins just now was MORTAL RUIN.

Before Skullius had gained the loyalty of Demion's Dance, he had called it death energy. And it was but he didn't truly understand how he could harness such a thing. Frankly, he understood undeath energy more than just death energy even now.

It was only after the Hybrid Luman had found the many perks of having Demion's Dance acknowledge him through the guidance field that he understood that this energy actually had a more astute name.

With practise he had managed to harness the power onto a more effective usage as demonstrated right now, though the sword was the key to better flexing the Mortal Ruin as he pleased.

'Should I just destroy it all at once?' Skullius debated on whether or not he should just destroy everything instead of taking his time as he had intended.

That would be pretty selfish. After all, Red Rage had agendas in mind.

As he closed in on his enemies, Skullius' head suddenly turned to his right, his senses flaring automatically again in warning.

Red Rage who had been leisurely watching also turned in the same direction.

A gigantic mass of yellow and red flame flew with a curve towards them from somewhere within the city, its figure hissing from the rain!

It sped terribly, reaching the two assailants in a heartbeat before crashing right in front of Skullius!

A massive wall of fire burned madly, surrounding the entire height where the city was built with a nigh mile tall body of flame that persisted against the atmospheric moisture proudly!

Yes.

A powerful enemy had arrived.

"Hoo.. " Skullius voiced with a smirk, having noticed something peculiar.

This flame... it wasn't an attack or a skill. At least not exactly.

As he assumed, tongues of fire burned from the wall and sculpted a giant figure of six meters that produced immense heat that dried up the vicinity completely and shut away the rain!

It was a goblin made of fire, its open mouth actually producing a cold vapour that squirmed with its breath.

A suit of armour made from melting rock could be seen over its body and the breath of a gust of wind fettered from the heated mass.

"Hau Kaka..." this giant goblin declared with an earth shattering voice.

Skullius was so intrigued by this thing that he checked its status and the results didn't disappoint!

~~

[Name : Hobbu Gobbu]

[Tier : 9]

[Level : 389]

[Core : Blue]

[Class : Imperial Elemental]

[Race : Hau Kaka Hobgoblin]

...

Chapter 617: A Special Enemy!

A Tier 9 Hobgoblin with a Advanced Class, one that Skullius had never seen before even as a normal one.

Elemental.

The ability to exist in the form of elements and have the natural capability to wield them at an extremely refined level!

This was shocking on so many levels, especially when considering...

Skullius grinned.

"This bastard isn't even the Cluster General!"

That's right!

This monstrous goblin wasn't the Cluster General!

As Skullius could sense its mana core very well, he found the creature to have an absurd amount of mana but it was relative to some of the stronger Generals from weaker Clusters he had seen.

For a Cluster like this, the General had to be terribly stacked in terms of mana and the Hybrid Luman expected a purple core as well.

Furthermore, Skullius already had a good idea about where the general was. With a glimpse through Crude Vision, he had seen a rising pillar of smoke hundreds of miles away. This pillar was the same one that masked the sky, meaning that it was caused by something far ahead.

That had to be where the General was.

"Master, beware. This creature might have a Territory. It's unlikely for creatures less talented to manifest one before Tier 10 but since Killin Max can do it..." Red Rage warned as he flew up.

"Got it," Skullius nodded.

The giant goblin hissed another humid breath, its eyes glowing bright as it focused on Skullius whose grin grew more and more wide.

"Red Rage. How about taking this one in? Surely with time you can tame him, right?" Skullius proposed.

The floating Apostle perked up with a giddy quiver.

"You honour my fetish, Master! I thought you would never ask!"

Right then, the giant goblin's hand, with a searing heat that started to melt the wall behind Skullius and Red Rage, swung fiercely towards its enemies with a terrible downward hook!

Skullius and Red Rage's figures zipped out of existence, both using Special skills that enhanced their capabilities to evade danger!

BOOOM!

When the hot fist pounded down, the ground shattered and leapt up, lava spewing hundreds of meters into the air only to rain down while a vile shockwave that was only deterred by the wall of flame erupted outward violently!

'That's some serious raw strength!' Skullius commented while flashing in the air.

The Imperial Elemental, with staggering speed, turned its head, locating him immediately!

Skullius had yet to land on the ground, a testament to the reaction of Elemental, but a happy smile, one that was expectant, could be seen on his face. He wanted to see what this monstrosity could do.

His mind and brain, the [Omniscient Thought Cracker], helped him think of various possibilities.

Given how large this Cluster was, were there actually bigger cities?

With how strong this opponent, Hobbu Gobbu, was compared to the other goblins in the city, did it mean he was some kind of City lord?

If that was the case, did every single city have a special goblin stationed there with similar powers?!

Ohohohohohoho!

Skullius laughed within!

He and Red Rage could harvest more combatants without relying on him summoning Apostles. After all, he still hadn't discovered a way to increase [Apostle Summon]'s level except for evolving. Right now, he only had one opportunity to summon another Apostle because of his evolution and he would save it for something unique.

Then again, with the experience he had accumulated, he and Red Rage were close to reaching Tier 3. Close was the wrong word though.

In the split of a split second Skullius took to think of all of this, Hobbu Gobbu formed a brilliant white chain made of crackling lightning which constantly wriggled and flung it at Skullius!

The lesser bolts this chain released streaked throughout the entire city woefully, destroying everything they touched with a shocking burst of mana!

Terrifying!

...!

The level of elemental power was powerful and fast!

The chain traced through the air immaculately to reach the Hybrid Luman whose white eyes showed awe and joy!

"Show me more!" Skullius exclaimed as instead of dodging, his hand whizzed with an even faster speed and extended forward as if to meet the chain!

Then...

[Undaunted Calamity]!

Another massively bright glow completely hid the surroundings in its glow before a stream of hyper condensed bluish energy erupted in a clear line, shattering the chains effortlessly before knocking point blank into the Elemental goblin!

Hobbu Gobbu was shocked by the display but then horrified when the force that exploded from this beam that reached him sent him flying, obliterating the wall and carrying him four miles away from the city!

Everywhere he passed, the dull surroundings fitted with poor vegetation and brown soils burnt and melted but he found his footing rather quickly.

The attack didn't harm him much as his Elemental body was very resistant to attacks like this but it certainly did give him a scare.

"Hey. I said show me more."

...!

Hobbu Gobbu's giant flame body turned behind him to find the figure of the Hybrid Luman looking at him with an unimpressed and impatient face.

How...

The Elemental struggled with the logic.

How the hell he get here so quickly?!

"Well. Don't just stand there!" Skullius barked while tapping his foot on the ground continuously.

"HAAAAAU KAKAAAAAA!!" Hobbu Gobbu roared angrily before his body turned into a stream of fire that exploded into the sky and circled above Skullius!

Then it came.

A literal hailstorm of fire!

Streams of quick rapid fire... fire, tore through the air and bombarded the ground without end!

To make them especially powerful, a howling wind assisted, adding whirling flame tornados that hungered for disaster!

The scale of destruction was daunting!

The noise, the scalding heat wave that blasted all the way to the city, further melting its walls and harming the remaining goblins, turning solid ground into a mile's long and deep crater full of boiling molten earth...!

An attack like this would have levelled Genhuis City in a few seconds, provided no one intervened that is!

It was awe inspiring!

Even Red Rage watching from a distance nodded his head, taking notes. He wanted this one. The first order of business would be to teach him tact.

Back at the scene of molten catastrophe, the streams of fire didn't seem to be coming to an end at all.

The Imperial Elemental was relentless.

He was definitely venting some frustration.

It felt good.

With this kind of attack, that invader would surely-

"Show me more! Try something else!"

...!

That voice again!

An unscathed Skullius called.

His figure couldn't be seen by the giant Elemental.

In his shock as to how his opponent was still alive, he found no comfort in the fact that he couldn't spot him also!

"RRAAAAAARRR!" Hobbu Gobbu roared in his floating flame state once more, his figure turning into a vapour instantly that released a shuddering blast of wind and then...

Without any transition, from this battle ground up to the city, everything froze in a ginormous block of ice!

Just like that!

Silence ensued.

The lava beneath bubbled but it could not lick the ice away instantly, especially while it battled against the heavy rain.

Surely...

This ridiculous show of power was enough!

Right?

The figure of a panting Hobgoblin, his form sculpted in ice but without the large frame could be seen over this 500 meter block.

Wisps of chill flirted with the air from above it, partially blocking the visibility.

Good. This should have definitely worked.

Seriously, this enemy had made him come up with radical solutions instead of carefully checking his options.

But for now Hobbu Gobbu could be assured that-

"Great diversity but you burn out quickly with moves like this, huh?"

....!!!

Hobbu Gobbu found Skullius standing behind him with a somewhat intrigued face.

...!

"Hau Ka...kak...?"

Seriously?!!!!

The Elemental was about to expend more of his burning mana to attack but the Hybrid Luman had seen enough.

"[Greatest Mana Crafter]," he called while pointing at Hobbu Gobbu.

DOOOOM!

It was as if all the mana in the world rushed over to the Elemental and squished his form so tightly that he crackled, trapping him in an invisible prison!

At the same time, Hobbu Gobbu felt his blue mana core being invaded and resisted by a callous force that refused to allow any of his mana into his mana channels nomatter how hard he struggled!

What on earth?!

A look of terror appeared on the icicle's face. This opponent...!

He was ridiculous!

None of his attacks touched him!

His speed was absurd!

He even commanded the mana to do his bidding, something that only his king and queen could do!

Who was this man?!

"Red bro," Skullius called to his Apostle whose brisk escape with altitude had saved him the trouble of being frozen up.

As he reached Skullius, he expressed his enthusiasm.

"His attacks are intense! Each one may actually breach my armour if he uses enough mana!" he chattered before tapping his foot on the ice. "This ice is laced in mana! Even you would have been restricted in it if it caught you right, Master?"

"That's true," Skullius said with a smirk.

This was a strong bugger, even though right now he looked pitiful while kneeling down with his icy form squished.

The Hybrid Luman pulled something his storage ring.

It was a glass box.

A seemingly ordinary one the size of two palms.

It was a Legendary grade object used to capture oddities such as these. With Skullius' missions for the past month, he had learnt to get as many of these as he could. They were excellent at containment, as they used the captive's mana to strengthen themselves against various means of escape.

In the case of Hobbu Gobbu, Skullius was sure the goblin didn't have any inventive ways of using his powers. He was... simple-minded.

He was muscle brain.

"Capture," Skullius gave a command to the object which drew on his target, fitting him inside as a miniscule exhibition that sorrowfully looked outside with a sullen face.

A Tier 9 creature was captured just like that.

The Hybrid Luman then flung the box to Red Rage.

"You can try taming him later. For now, let's split up. You go and explore the other cities while I head for the Generals. They are probably very strong so I will take a while," Skullius instructed.

"Yes, Master," Red Rage said in delight before chucking the glass box into the storage within his cape, extending the item to his side afterwards.

Hundreds of creatures started pouring from the cape, all of them looking moist but refreshed and excited, though only Red Rage could tell.

"Leave it all to us!"

Skullius manifested thin barriers made of [Just Light] for all of Red Rage's 'children' to shield them from the worsening rain.

"You better be careful. There are definitely worse monsters than that Elemental," Skullius said before he jumped down the block of ice, splitting up from his Apostle who went in another direction with his army.

The creeping of power made Skullius a bit anxious but he was sure he could power through.

His hopes tingled as he thought that this place had a lot of opportunity.

The runes.

The special creatures.

The artefacts.

Who knew what kind of natural treasures he would find?

However, what was the cost to get them?

"I guess we'll see," Skullius said as he darted towards the trail of smoke hundreds of miles away.

Chapter 618: The Convolved Beast Army! (1)

Red Rage and his entourage went northeast from the giant ice block, their steps being surprisingly quick as well as fairly silent given the fact that they were a large group.

The level of synchronicity in their movement, as they were directed by Red Rage to the next destination was unparalleled, making it seem like the Apostle had tamed these hundreds of beasts in the magical sense which wasn't actually the case. At least not in the conventional sense.

Red Rage's class and race had nothing to do with this. Or rather not entirely.

As mentioned before, Red Rage's armour was now a part of his regular form even though in the past, it had been part of the skill called [Incandescent Attire of the Omnipotent Pelvis Hegemon].

The skill offered him the ability to speak, fly, gave him great defence, damage refraction and incorporated the aspect of Balance the Pelvic series had – the ability to ensure that he could handle powerful attacks and powerful enemies.

There was another aspect of this armour he had and had attempted to use against Tomin back when he and Skullius fought the Evenfall cultists but failed because of the large gap in power.

(A/N: Refer to Ch.277).

It was the sub skill known as [Foolmaker].

At the time, its function was to temporarily claim the mind of people the Pelvis Boar-Man deemed as unjust, criminals even, but as the Apostle grew in strength during his retreat, evolving into this new form, the armour he wore grew vastly stronger and this skill became a sort of rehabilitation type ability.

[Second Chance].

That was its new name.

For most powerful skills, sub skills that enhanced their main effects weren't uncommon, and this skill latched onto Red Rage's armoured body, allowing him to do the 'taming' he was doing now.

~~~

[Second Chance]

With the revelation of golden light, the Pelvic Arbiter is able to reform weak minds, bringing them under his charge with better morality, mind-set and general reasoning.

The efficiency of the skill has greater chances of increasing when used multiple times against a target and as soon as said target's mind so much as eases up to Pelvic Arbiter, their mind, body and soul will be bound to them wholly, breaking all barrier forms between the two. Usable 5 times a day.



~~~

Over the past month, Red Rage had been abusing this skill whenever he and his master entered a Cluster. He would collect unique monsters and use [Second Chance], which qualified as a high level Special skill, on them until they were loyal beasts under his command. Granted, he did take care of them really well.

At this moment, behind the flying Red Rage, a charge of powerful monsters followed, most of them decked in Unique to Legendary grade armours!

Killin Max was at the forefront, a custom made silver armour, bulky and quite beautifully designed over its dark body. A helm to go with its thick face that spotted tentacles could be seen while a large spear was in his hand as he jogged forward.

The fact that in the seven days Red Rage was absent, he had managed to bring this creature up to Tier 9 was a miracle. To be fair though, the Apostle had run through more than 12 blue Clusters and exploited the Gale Fiend's ability to absorb cumulative mana just by inhaling sharply.

Behind Killin Max were four other creatures like him, their red bodies more lean and their tentacles longer with a purple hue over their sharp-tipped ends. These were Killin 0 to 3, poison type monsters called Venom Terrors. They were also adorned with sleek armour, but helms were absent from their heads.

Following these were twenty others with taller, thicker bodies than the Killin Max and the Venom Terrors. Their builds were extremely bulky, clearly build for overwhelming raw strength and endurance – the Boulder Terrors, Killin 4 and beyond. They wielded thick, Unique grade hammers and large swords – great swords, bastards swords, Dadaos and cutlasses – most taken from Clusters and bandit groups.

The rest were hundreds of common Terrors in the fourth Tier and below while several other monsters other than the Terrors looted from other Clusters followed from the flanks in the back.

One of the most unique looking ones was a giant white fly with colourful wings that flapped silently, its bulging eyes that saw from every angle constantly reflecting a plethora of scenes. Red Rage had named this one Buzz 0 and preferred not to let him out too often since he was still only Tier 3. However his ability was extremely useful.

He could see close set future possibilities of whatever he was looking at and react accordingly.

A very powerful ability!

For this reason, more of creatures like Buzz 0 were still stored within Red Rage's mysterious cape storage.

The other of note was a large brown ram with big, thick ivory horns. From a different angle, it looked like a bison given its shape but its head was telling of what it truly was. The Infinity Charging Ram named Bull 1 by the Pelvic Arbiter.

Though it was yet to reach its full potential, when it lowered its body and went for a charge with its oversized horns, it could generate greater speed, strength, stamina and durability with each gallop! The cap was unknown and maybe non-existent.

There were more creatures in this group but other than the aforementioned, the rest were too weak to fully manifest their abilities and thus only followed to gain experience.

"There really are a lot of cities," Red Rage noted while looking ahead.

The weak vegetation and running stagnant streams didn't give this Cluster a very lively feel but the large number of civilisations, including the absolutely massive one hundreds of miles away, so great in size that even without advanced sight it could be viewed clearly, told of how the Hau Kaka goblins were actually thriving.

The 'how' was beyond Red Rage's comprehension. Not that he cared. All he could focus on was how much his children were going to level up with so many monsters around here.

The very thought got him all giddy inside.

Hopefully Skullius wouldn't kill the Cluster General too quickly.

Hmmm.

Hopefully he could kill it without his help.

Right now, the group of monsters had drawn closer to a city a bit larger than the previous one.

Their approach had long been spotted and the enemy had taken the initiative. Though they could have stuck within their walls which were powered by runes also, they couldn't ignore the glow of gold covered enemies marching in unison towards their abode.

An army of goblins was already flooding out from the city gates.

The same contraptions that had been used in the previous city were employed by the goblins here too, seemingly racing forward on flat ground because of some...

"More runes?" Red Rage asked himself while floating over his army of beasts. "Interesting."

Roughly sixty of these wheeled locomotives with battle ready passengers barrelled forward, runes on their behinds that spat fuming flames to propel them forward glowing incessantly!

"Hau Kaka!!!!" the goblins that acted as the vanguard screamed as they launched their attacks, tinges of blue burning in their beady eyes!

From the rain that empowered them and weakened their enemy – it was supposed to – they felt their caution and fear dissipate, their might rising by close to two fold!

As they neared, Red Rage stopped, prompting his group to come to a halt.

"Killin Max, you charge first. Killin 0 to Killin 3 follow after him. Killin 11, 14, 16 and 19 assist from the flanks and make sure Killin 0 and Killin 3 don't get swarmed. The rest of you will kill the wounded and take on the weaker enemies close to the Killin Max and the rest so that in case of danger, they'll protect you, got it?" the Apostle instructed.

He was answered with a hundreds of nods of understanding.

The Pelvic Arbiter was satisfied with this.

"Charge!" he cried, prompting his orders to be followed to the letter.

Chapter 619: The Convolved Beast Army! (2)

Killin Max's charge caused his enemies to tremble. His master had been teaching him and his brethren intelligent ways to fight and interact with enemies rather than attacking without tact – on pure instinct.

The most basic form of offense he knew was to let loose the presence he had learnt to hide abruptly, causing his enemies to be smitten with surprise at how powerful he was!

A Tier 9 was not to be trifled, especially by small fry like this.

After he had inflicted the momentary shock, he would charge at full speed with his trusty Unique grade spear that was closer to a trident in design and kill enemies that were more trigger happy with their attacks than the others. This served as the best means to deter further damage to the others on his side.

With his charge and the mighty swing of his spear, the pressure carried forward was enough to flatten three of the barrelling vehicles as well as their passengers with a wallowing intensive gravity-like force before physical contact was even made!

Killin Max knew how powerful he was, thus before his spear needlessly fell to dead prey, he anchored his body and swung it at another group of goblins flinging their spears and throwing vials full of what he assumed were poisons!

Luckily, since he was decked in the golden barrier created by his master's master, he did not concern himself with things such as these and jabbed with his spear tens of times before a fraction of a second to pass!

Dozens of the riding contraptions blew up utterly violently from the points of impact, their passengers being pierced and torn from even thirty meters away from the actual spear wielding Gale Fiend!

"Hau Kakaaaaa!" the goblins screamed as some of the more frantic ones resisted the allure of needless death and fled while the braver ones leapt at Killin Max who proudly spun his spear and jabbed it into the ground before sucking in a deep breath!

SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

...!

As he did, monsters at the sixth Tier and below felt a terrible clutch over insides that drew away their mana from their orifices!

All of sudden, the concentrated mana formed white trails that rushed through the air and disappeared under Killin Max's tentacles!

The Gale Fiend growled in satisfaction while hundreds of goblin bodies fell lifelessly to the ground, his thick, black hand pulling back up his spear, charging it with much of the mana he had stolen and swinging it wildly ahead of himself!

Who knew green, brown and grey would look so profound when melded together in a gorey mess that flew up for tens of meters?!

The scene of carnage that erupted when Killin Max took advantage of the special effect of his spear, dispelling essences it was charged with in a more precise fashion, was beautiful!

The goblins cried helplessly!

The quality of a Tier among beasts mattered a lot and even the goblins knew.

But this was too much!

Unfortunately, Killin Max wasn't the only one doing the attacking!

While the remaining wheeled vehicles started to turn around, the main groups of goblins rushing in to support, Killin 0 to 3 stepped up, their long tentacles standing erect to spray fountains of a dark purple poison that mixed in with rain!

At the angle they shot this poison from, much of it ended up falling over goblin skins and orifices, something most of these enemies couldn't do anything against.

They spread it out in different directions, making sure to take advantages of the rain and as their enemies drew near. At the same time, the lean Terrors grabbed their smaller weapons and rushed into battle as well!

The results of their work didn't long.

From the blue, some among the thousands of goblins approaching, suddenly dropped dead. Their bodies simply turned stiff and they died on the spot for no decipherable reasons!

The fact that this happened over a wide range brought anxiety to the goblins, especially those approaching a clash with the enemy and this was a fatal mistake as tens of yellow skinned Terrors grunted as they charged fiercely, swatting away goblins left and right from the Venom Terrors!

"Raaar!" Killin 11 brought his thick hands down and smashed apart four goblins with ease as the ground under hummed in pain while caving into itself!

The combination of a ridiculously powerful vanguard, four poison flingers and a charge of burly bulldozers that crushed whatever met their fists was excellent!

Red Rage in the air felt emotional.

His team was far from perfect but for now, he could appreciate the growth.

His children were learning quickly and as soon as the newer ones grew stronger, he could create perfect army that worked harmoniously.

Offense.

Defense.

Support.

He was working on how to balance it all out.

From the rear of the enemy side, the Apostle saw goblins nocking their black arrows and sending them flying towards his group.

Though they were many, Red Rage merely scoffed.

The arrows bounced off of every single one of his monsters because of the barriers of [Just Light] Skullius had created for everyone. They could defend against such trivial attacks after all.

This got the Pelvic Arbiter thinking though...

"I should teach some of them archery. Direct confrontations are the Terrors' strong suit but not so much for some of the others creatures I've found," he said to himself while folding his arms.

"Hmmm, that said. The goblins here are a bit too many for my children to tackle on their own, aside from Killin Max."

Red Rage zoomed past the wide space he intended in a flash and landed heroically right in the middle of the goblin charge, blowing up some of them into a gooey mess in the process!

His arrival caused confusion but by the time the goblins to even decided to split their forces and apportion some of themselves to handle him, the Apostle had already cocked his fist and initiated a sequence fitted with three Special punching skills.

Only one of them was needed though.

[That One Punch]!

The punch itself didn't make sense.

As the name implied, there was an emphasis on how this particular punch was simply different. And it was.

It was fuelled by what the Arbiter intended instead of how much power he could release, thus making its nonsensical capability impossible to discern through normal means!

Before the goblins knew it, a horrendous mass blew out from Red Rage's fist and decimated everything within the Apostle's view whether he hit or not!

The muddy ground burst at the force that cascaded like sandstorm before it knocked hard against the rune powered barrier to the city with a shuddering howl!

"..."

Close to half of the goblins, Tiers 6, 7 and even a few at Tier 8 had been either killed or grievously injured by the attack.

The goblins fighting the Terrors heard the commotion and turned to find a bloody wasteland behind them much to their horror but Red Rage had already moved on this battlefield.

He was floating towards the city, thinking of ways to infiltrate it that didn't expend too much of his mana or utilise some of his more devastating skills.

As he flew high...

"Hmmm?" Red Rage voiced as movement coming from the wide open gates to the city attracted his attention.

A nude goblin walked out of the city, passing through the barrier seamlessly to stand among the corpses of his kin.

Red Rage grimaced.

The goblin was well-built, his height roughly 2.4 meters and his green skin marred with deep scars. His eyes, unlike the others, were white and with them he looked up into the sky, locking sights with Red Rage.

"Another Tier 9, it seems," Red Rage noted. "I hope you're something special."

As if to prove that he was, the goblin wore a fierce visage and crouched down, both hands and feet touching the ground. His spine contended against the skin on his back, jutting in and out as it grew in size, bursting from the creature's back after a nasty Knight with his flesh!

The goblin shrieked... ingoblinly, the bones from his entire body multiplying in size just the same and this time, his skin grew feathers – dark green feathers that were laced with a cool sheen of mana!

Soon, the shape of a massive bird was formed, beak and all, long talons as well as hazel eyes baked with cruelty within them highlighting what had been a goblin before!

It was an eagle.

One seven meters tall, with a thirteen meter wing span and whose impact was expressed rightfully by the first flap of his wings, which made the world seem like it was about to whirl in a disorientating fashion!

"Well..." Red Rage was lost for words, seeing this enemy taking flight towards him with its body blazing with mana from a bright, sun flare-like mana core!

How could he not be taken aback?

This was his first time meeting this very rare class.

A Unlimited Shifter!

Chapter 620: An Extra Special Enemy!

Skullius trekked through the damp lands, his speedy steps leading him towards the gigantic city hundreds of miles away on a high ground from which this settlement could be viewed with ease.

Between himself and this location which he surmised to be where the Cluster General was, the Hybrid Luman could spot at least three smaller cities with large stretches of space between each other.

In one of the three – the one closest to him – he could see some of the goblins assembling, a vanguard being sent to deal with him.

The glowing barrier around him certainly wasn't only doing him the favour of warding off the rain, it seemed. Then again, none of these goblins, even the special ones that he had hypothesised to be in each city were a real threat for him so this might as well be a welcome benefit.

Skullius tore his attention from the cities and applied [Graceless Hunter] around him. He deactivated Crude Vision, deciding to focus on the finer properties of this Cluster.

There was more to worlds than the sentient inhabitants they housed. After running through many Clusters, Skullius understood this. There was also vegetation and geological features that could be used in the outside world.

That had been a growing thought of his prior to this month and a half of exploration actually.

Yet sadly, the reality was different from what he assumed.

If Clusters were gold mines for special herbs and all that functioned well in Aigas, they would have been swarmed and studied religiously.

Most of the time, mercenaries didn't have the luxury of exploring such details because seven out of ten times, said details, unless they were natural treasures, were either dangerous to their well-being or useless unless they found from the natives, Cluster beasts, how to utilise them.

There were several individuals across the world who studied such things, beasts and all but it wasn't a commonality.

Skullius could be said to be committing to this as a hobby though.

He crouched down and touched the damp ground.

'Strange...' he thought.

The closer he got to the enormous city ahead, he found the lands around him to start spotting streams of water as well as peculiar plants.

The Hybrid Luman took steps forward, crossing a great distance to find this sparse vegetation becoming more abundant. It seemed to randomly grow at points naturally instead of being tended to by the goblins.

The streams became small rivers that ran in rhythmic patterns close to the cities, the water within them actually proving to be...clear.

The tainted rain and mud did not affect its purity.

"Of course. It's this..." Skullius remarked.

Within the clear waters, he felt a series of runes that gave a sharp glow after definite intervals of time.

The same was true for the lands.

Now that Skullius saw this possibility, a wide search with his [Greatest Mana Crafter], an evolved version of his [Greater Mana Crafter], showed him spaced runes giving off a dark glow over the five miles he could 'see' with [Graceless Hunter].

'The Cluster General is definitely proficient in runes. Simple runes it seems. This is nothing like the runes I've seen Mages use,' Skullius thought as he reached in to touch one of the constructs.

Once again, he felt a network of mana within the dirt running from the rune and in the direction of the great city.

Some General this was.

For research purposes, Skullius started to pick off the plants he saw, storing them in his ring. If he was lucky enough, he could make use of them through the Cluster General.

The variety present here was astonishing. One could even go as far as calling the plants he came across hybrids of the ones he had seen in Aigas.

There were tall brown stalks with small green seeds on their branching stems. Skullius also saw ones that looked like corn, but instead of the regular pale cob, they had a bluish hue over them. Some looked more like weeds but given the fact that they actually grew here, the Hybrid Luman reaped them anyway. They had to count for something.

Sigh.

Such a relaxed time before his assailants arrived.

This was almost beginning to feel like a vacation for Skullius.

He only drew his attention from the temporary farming duty when he felt a spike in energy a distance away. It was a golden flare that eclipsed the masked luminance of the sun in this world.

It seemed like Red Rage was facing some pretty powerful goblins if he was forced to use anything in his arsenal that exuded that amount of golden shine.

Skullius chuckled and continued his work.

He had collected dozens of these plants when the goblins finally reached him, marching with caution.

These particular ones didn't ride the strange locomotives for some reason. Perhaps they weren't as overzealous or overconfident. The Hybrid Luman wagered that it must be because they found him being able to reach this far... uncanny.

Rightfully so.

After all, the giant ice block in this distance told that one of the stronger goblins hadn't been enough to stop his advance.

Skullius placed his hand on Demion's Dance's hilt.

Red Rage probably wanted more time with his exploration, but the Hybrid Luman couldn't bring himself to play with small fry. If he was going to idle a bit before fighting the Cluster General, it might as well be with a strong opponent.

A thin string of Mortal Ruin swam its way from Demion's Dance's concealed blade, its intent directed towards the armed goblins, all with able bodies and profound levels of courage.

Kek.

As if that would do them any good.

...!

Before Skullius could send the crimson assassin to slaughter the fodder, his senses blared wildly within his body, an internal grip forcing him to stop and expanding his awareness further than what [Graceless Hunter] could do alone!

A support skill the Hybrid Luman had cultivated acted at this moment!

[Primal Caution].

His nerves, his flesh, his blood and his new brain...

All of these told him of certain danger ahead and made an effort to show him where it was coming from!

Involuntarily, Crude Vision spawned within Skullius sockets, allowing him to see the grey, white and black shapes ahead.

[Primal Caution] forced him to observe past the weak goblins, past the cities between him and his target.

Just tens of miles shy of the enormous stronghold that he thought housed the Cluster General, a large figure had settled on the muddy ground, sitting with its legs crossed as its frame faced this direction.

Skullius frowned.

'When did that thing get there?' he asked himself this.

While the range of [Graceless Hunter] couldn't cover hundreds of miles even after exploiting the living things within reach, unique movements were still targets to Skullius' senses.

Something so large.

Something so intimidating.

There was no way he could have missed it.

...!!

Skullius emitted a groan.

[Primal Caution] gave him a scare.

This large humanoid creature in the distance, presumably a goblin, had something in its hand.

It was a weapon. A sword?

The end of it was stuck in the ground while the large creature held the weapon by its hilt.

The Hybrid Luman held his own sword's handle tight.

[Primal Caution] had never failed to warn him of excessive dangers. If it was reacting so violently, then he might really be in trouble.

Was this the Cluster General?

...!!!!

Skullius' eyes went wide.

It was subtle but he felt and saw it!

Something cascaded down briskly from the large creature seated quietly like a hill hundreds of miles away.

Skullius only saw it as a slight disturbance in the air that bloated objects in his view for a split of a split of a second but by the time he had noticed this, whatever it is that gushed this way was already a simple fifty meters away from him!

The goblin vanguard was oblivious to this.

The army awaiting to commence its attack at the gates of one of the cities wasn't privy to this.

Only Skullius, through his Special support skill felt this coming!

Without waiting for a moment more, Skullius focused his strength into his legs and leapt hundreds of meters into the air!

He made it just in time!

His <CURSED HEART> unconsciously beat fast but he kept his focus on what was happening on the ground!

The goblins he had been about to face vanished right when he left the ground!

It was as if with the arrival of this unseen force, the air had suddenly swallowed them, integrating them into the surroundings!

That's what it looked like.

This distortion passed and travelled fast to even reach the first city Skullius and Red Rage had seen but it did no damage to anything else.

It silent disappeared as if it was never there in the first place.

'What did bro just do?' Skullius thought, regaining his composure as he dropped. His three coloured vision was sent towards the giant enemy again and he found it still seated calmly without moving an inch, the same hundreds of miles distance in between it and him.

'If that is the Cluster General...'

Skullius grinned.

Before him in the air, a set footprints appeared, their entirety made with a dazzling silver hue and flakes of brilliant sparkles.

The Hybrid Luman set his feet on these footprints and his figure stopped falling.

Instead, he shot forward, his figure flashing ahead!

At first he couldn't be seen.

One couldn't tell if the Hybrid Luman was flying, or running or gliding.

But then, an elongated mass of darkness replaced the blur that had been his speeding figure above ground!

It was very long, spotting tangling ribbons that were darker than a starless night, mingling messily in a wriggling pitch black mist, all of it riding the wind in the direction of the enemy!

If a passer-by could stop time for a moment, this was what they would see.

For everyone else – the goblins – by the time they blinked, this black entity had already covered the distance between it and the large goblin seated a distance away!

The goblin did not show any reaction at first, even when this strange phantom of darkness reached within three meters of it in an instant, untangling just as fast from the mass of dark ribbons and mist into a particularly excited Hybrid Luman who wore a sick grin while propelling his thickened arm and fist forward!

The wind parted.

The air turned hollow and exploded.

The might contained within the punch wasn't simply from flesh and mana!

....

The Cluster trembled vehemently, its entirety grumbling with a bass while above, the smoke that covered the sky, playing the part of rainclouds was forced to part, revealing the brilliant yellow sun above!

A deafening shriek and mumble of the earth as it was obliterated resounded throughout the entire Cluster, garnering the attention of everything alive!

A cloud of dirt and liquid rose up high in the distance from within the shocked sights of those who looked on.

Not only were multiple rings of shockwaves and roars from the ground bellowing from this location, the same was true for the rain, the mana and the air!

All of it was expelled wherever a sudden calamitous force had spawned.

Close to eight hundred meters of land was borne into, a wide and deep crater made where the hiss of moisture, the light from the sun and falling of mud acted as the audience.

Roughly two hundred meters deep, the figure of Skullius was still carrying devastating momentum, his fist still erected ahead.

This was the damage that the full force of his mana, strength and momentum could cause, including the current value of WEIGHT he could apply to himself.

155,000 tonnes!

'I packed all I had into that...' he thought while locking his senses onto his enemy who had casually blocked his punch with the blade of his large sword!

The giant goblin close to eighteen meters tall sat down while holding his sword at an angle, its blunt side meeting Skullius' attack without shifting even an inch.

The goblin hadn't moved.

He hadn't even opened his eyes since he appeared and this encounter wasn't even enough for him to look at his opponent still.

This got Skullius pretty excited.

Right now, it was just him and this proud goblin in a vast ditch lit up by the sun above.

Poetic and intriguing.

Skullius turned into a mass of black ribbons and darkness once again, his figure shooting past the goblin to land on the ground behind the creature.

His humanoid form was restored by the time he touched the ground. He then turned to set his eyes on this weapon his opponent had with Crude Vision, keen on ascertaining how powerful it was.

But...

...!!!!

[Primal Caution] warned Skullius again!

Unfortunately, it was too late this time.

He had only managed to catch the weapon's name and grade when...

A sharp reckoning tore through him from the left side of his head to his left knee violently and with such an immense speed that the Hybrid Luman didn't know he had been hit until he felt his flesh hang, his body smashing to the ground from the force!

'Huh...?'

This...!

It was as if there was another enemy who had cut down Skullius with an invisible, ragged edged sword!

As <CURSED BLOOD> flew from the Hybrid Luman, the only thing he could process was two pieces of information.

~~~

[Bashful Abomination]

<Pseudo-Mythical>

....