

Brand New 1271

Chapter 1271: A Clash Between Demon Kings Is About To Begin!

Taking advantage of the time that mysterious fairy entered the nether gate to clear it, the Skeleton Dragon had sent his special units, the Bone Dragonoid that the Players had become towards the Forest of Beginning's Shield.

With their superior capabilities, flight speed and might, they flew over the entire army defending the forest and once more reached the magic shield, their empty eyes and expressionless faces glancing down at the forest protected beneath the semi-transparent magic shield.

It had been greatly reinforced with the power of the Blessing of Titania combined with the Great Spirit, whom she had become her temporary vessel to gain even more divine power. This made it perhaps a hundred times tougher than before, much stronger than when Gaston was attacking it.

CLASH! CLASH! CLASH!

CRASH!

They started attacking it with all their might, wielding enormous bony weapons and skills only players could learn to shatter that shield as much as possible. However, the more they attacked the tougher the magic shield seemed to be.

"Hmm, it is indeed as tough as I imagined."

FLUOSH!

A massive ghostly dragon emerged from the body of all the Players-turned-into-undead, taking the shape of the skeleton dragon, but larger and more muscular, spectral.

It was as if he could be in two different places at the same time! All because the reason why these Players changed was his own soul and curses, he had infused a piece of his phantasmal soul in all of their bodies.

Therefore, he lived through all of them, and could manifest as they were together, emerging in this form, and commanding their every moves.

"This form is sure convenient..." he smiled. "The power Master has granted to me after my resurrection as a True Undead is truly impeccable. I shall make good use of it... Now, all of you, I shall give you the key to break this barrier."

The phantasmal dragon quickly waved his giant claws, summoning another nether gate where he pulled out something from within.

RUMBLE!

Something so powerful it made the entire magic shield tremble, and the skies begin to darken, a huge black bone, a finger bone, but belonging to an absolute giant.

"The Finger of my Master... the Demon King of Death!"

The dragon laughed as he marveled over the massive bony finger, which rapidly began taking a new shape as he infused his powers into it.

"My King, my master... he has given me too many things, he expects me to not fail him! He trusts me... I shall not betray that trust," the dragon smiled obsessively. "I'll destroy this forest!"

FLUOSH!

The finger finally stopped transforming, taking the form of a massive black sword made of the same black bone component as the bone itself.

Overflowing with a phantasmal aura of shadows, and with several crimson eyes spread across its black, bony blade...

The very presence of the Demon King of Death could be felt from this weapon alone!

And the dragon knew it.

After all...

"My King, I'm happy you can accompany me as I conquer these lands!"

"Do your work."

The blade spoke with the tenebrous voice of the Demon King of Death himself!

Although he still couldn't manifest himself fully in the realm of the living, he has found many ways to circumvent this.

One example was by emerging only slightly, using a piece of himself.

Thus, he used a finger to become a weapon for his Death General, and therefore, he could be in the realm of the living.

Although his powers were very limited like this, a mere finger from him was enough to become a weapon powerful enough to easily break through most defenses...

And magic shields!

"Very well, your majesty." The dragon smiled, his crimson eyes glowing bright red. "I shall get to work then! Hahahaha!"

SLAAASH!

Through the combined power of all the Players summoning and manifesting his spectral soul here, and by using a weapon literally made from the finger of a demon king.

The Dragon Skeleton managed to do the impossible, slashing through the magic shield and through all of Titania's reinforcing blessings.

Crack, crack...!

CRACK!

Countless cracks spread through the huge slash wound over the magic shield. And the attack itself was even felt by Titania, who screamed in pain.

"Aaarrgh!"

Although she didn't suffer any physical damage, her divine powers, directly connected to her soul, were attacked with such tremendous, dark and dreadful power that she felt pain!

"Your majesty!"

"Queen Titania!"

Her knights panicked, running towards her as they saw her falling to her knees, gasping for air, in between consciousness and falling unconscious.

"Ugh... Hahhh... Hahhh... T-That monster! What is he doing?! How did he get here...!"

She looked into the skies as she saw the magic shield...

Crack, crack...!

Finally shatter.

CRAASH!

"Nooo!"

Titania screamed as she saw the enormous hole appear over the entire magic shield, as nether of the strongest type started festering and devouring the magic shield completely.

"Hahah... HAHHAHAH!"

The phantasmal dragon laughed as the Bone Dragonoid Players rushed down through the hole, entering the forest while the phantasmal dragon's manifestation swung the enormous blade everywhere.

"It doesn't matter where I swing it, all of this will be destroyed anyways, right? RIGHT?!"

With a vicious and malevolent laughter, the dragon swung the blade everywhere, all the forest inhabitants that had remained behind saw in despair as a storm of black colored slashing waves covered a large area of the entire forest!

SLASH! SLASH! SLASH! SLASH!

Huge trees started falling one after another, burning with phantasmal flames as nether spread everywhere like a vicious infestation, devouring all life they found and withering it away until nothing remained but barren land.

"We have to stop him!"

"Queen Titania, please remain in here!"

"We have to do something, those undead are somehow summoning that thing!"

"All units, defend the city!"

The fairies quickly went to battle, giant golems rushed into battle, spirit magicians summoned dozens of elemental spirits, spiritual knights rushed to battle with sword and spears, and more joined into the battle.

At the same time, Titania glanced from the distance, gritting her teeth in utter frustration... If only she had her sword, but she had gifted it to Planta, who had yet to even get here!

"The Demon King of Death... he's finally here..."

As despair filled her eyes, suddenly...

TRUUUM!

The netherworld gate above the skies shook, as a gigantic black fog materialized.

A presence even more vile than the Demon King of Death emerged.

But Titania, instead of despairing even more, smiled.

The one that once brought despair and destruction...

Was now bringing hope into her heart.

"My successor, this forest is mine to conquer! Begone from my territory!"

An adorable fairy with black and purple wings, crimson red eyes, horns, and short, yet messy black hair emerged.

And with them, they brought a huge army of infested, chimeric and chaotic beings, covered with miasmic tentacles and monstrous auras.

"Ooh? That's...!"

The Demon King of Death's voice echoed from the sword made from his finger, as the phantasmal dragon stopped wreaking havoc the moment he heard his king speak.

"My King, what is it- Ah!"

Even the arrogant dragon felt fear as he saw the small, crimson eyes of that fairy...

"Well, well, this is quite... the unique circumstance, don't you think, Erebus?"

His voice reverberated from the sword, facing his predecessor.

For the first time in history, two Demon Kings faced against one another!

Chapter 1272: Nether Against Miasma

(A Minute Ago...)

Erebus managed to quickly make the Giant Undead King of the Nether Gate yield to him, Hertfeltann, Unruly Bandit of the Sorrow Mountains.

How? Through more than just persuasion, but by telling him his true intentions, and what was within his very heart-

"This time... it'll be different, I will become a Hero, to make up for all the things I've done as a Demon King." Erebus said, his resolve was undying.

"Is that so..." the massive undead wondered.

"So? Will you follow me? My master, Planta... will surely forgive your king too, maybe even given him a second chance like me... but that'll depend on if we can defeat him first. So? Will you join me, live, and see that day with your eyes, or die right now? I know how you Undead work, I won't let your soul return, as I shall eat it."

He knew how soft Planta truly was, she wasn't someone that would happily slay the unfortunate people of this world, and she would definitely pity another Demon King. She was just like that.

"Hahaha! You don't leave me much of an option, don't you? I yield! And I swear loyalty to you... Demon King of Miasma."

After hearing this, Erebus smiled like a mischievous little gremlin and then nodded.

"Good."

The little demon king touched the skeleton's head, imbuing Miasma into his body, and evolving him into an even stronger, dark form. His bones became pitch black and his body gained red jewels across its entire being.

"Very well! Now rise, my new Knight," Erebus said. "I will try to be different now, I will create my own army."

From what he could recall, Erebus always worked on his own, or by using monsters he controlled, but this time, he was going to raise an actual army.

And become the first Demon King to be a Hero.

Yes, it was indeed a delusional dream, but something about the heroes he had faced ended getting stuck into him.

Maybe it was like a sickness or a disease, but he simply couldn't free himself from this feeling.

Of wanting to redeem himself, even if a little.

"You... Luminous..." Erebus thought. "Your sacrifice was not in vain; you have truly changed my heart."

Even when Planta was also the reason he became like this, he couldn't deny that Luminous had influenced him greatly. This ancient hero that sacrificed himself to defeat him and seal him away. He could still recall his eyes full of compassion.

So when he felt something going wrong outside, he rushed out of the nether gate before it was to close, and unleashed his powers fully, materializing a giant black fog made of miasma and chaos.

FLUOSH!

In that very moment, he noticed what was happening, and even noticed Titania glancing from the distance, gritting her teeth in utter frustration. She looked like she felt powerless.

"The Demon King of Death... he's finally here..." she cried.

Erebus sighed, that was the same face he had seen before, the pain he had brought to her, which he delighted so much from.

Now, he could only feel frustration and sadness. He didn't want her to feel this way anymore.

As despair filled Titania's eyes, suddenly...

TRUUUM!

The netherworld gate above the skies shook, as a gigantic black fog materialized, Erebus emerged.

A presence even more vile than the Demon King of Death emerged.

And this vile presence, was now bringing hope to Titania and the rest!

"My successor, this forest is mine to conquer! Begone from my territory!"

Erebus spoke with his childish new voice, although it held an air of royalty and regality that seemed to exude arrogance.

He was not alone though, with him, he brought a huge army of infested, chimeric and chaotic beings, covered with miasmic tentacles and monstrous auras.

All the Undead that he had recruited!

"Ooh? That's...!"

The Demon King of Death's voice echoed from the sword made from his finger, as the phantasmal dragon stopped wreaking havoc the moment he heard his king speak.

Erebus immediately knew what this voice was, and who this man was!

"My King, what is it- Ah!"

When this suddenly happened, even the arrogant dragon felt fear as he saw the small, crimson eyes of that fairy glancing directly into his phantasmal soul.

His small body held within an eldritch abomination beyond his wildest imagination contained within!

"Well, well, this is quite... the unique circumstance, don't you think, Erebus?"

His voice reverberated from the sword, facing his Erebus. For the first time in history, two Demon Kings faced against one another. The Demon King of Death kept his cool though, he wasn't going to go around cowering in fear before his predecessor.

"Yes, I believe the same thing," Erebus nodded, smiling lightly. "It seems the two of us are quite restrained. I have attained this... humiliating form. Meanwhile, you're just a finger."

"Hah, touché," the Demon King of Death laughed. "But so what? As my predecessor, you should already know this... You are inferior to me."

"Oh, am I?" Erebus eyes widened in anger.

"Everyone knows, throughout all of history, that every Demon King that was awakened was much stronger than the previous one!" laughed the Demon King of Death. "As intimidating as you're trying to be, you're nothing before me."

"How arrogant... Maybe I should teach that reckless and young heart of yours some manners when talking to your seniors," said Erebus waving his little hands. "I won't let you consume this forest, which I ate first... Its taste, I am the only one that shall have experienced it! {Miasmic Domain}!"

TRUUUM!

Suddenly, space itself darkened and twisted as endless miasma poured into the forest, covering everything! The skies became darker and even the sun seemed to lose its light.

"Miasma, huh?!" laughed the Demon King of Death. "Let us see which is stronger, Miasma or Nether?! The chaotic mud or the liquified form of pure death and decay?!"

Suddenly, two enormous waves of corrupted energies and substances clashed against one another.

Nether against Miasma!

SPLAAASH!

Titania's eyes seemed full of hope, but her face seemed a bit weirded out.

She grabbed her head as she screamed.

"W-Wait a second Erebus, you're going to make things worseeee!"

However, Erebus did not hear her, as the two waves of corrupted substances clashed, a strange chaotic eruption of phantasmal flames and chaotic energy erupted.

BOOOM!

The forest shook as a huge hole was left behind, and right after, the phantasmal dragon holding the blade clashed directly against Erebus, who covered his body with a cocoon made of crystalized miasma and chaos.

CLASH! CLASH! CLASH!

"Ngh?! It's hard!"

The dragon was completely shocked! He couldn't believe how hard Erebus cocoon was, although it was dealing some damage over time, it was hard enough to resist several blows.

"Hmph," Erebus smiled, suddenly touching the black sword as he glared at the phantasmal dragon. "It looks like the power of Miasma has been enhanced once my new body was formed... Although I am leagues weaker than before... I now possess the Spirit Power I sought so much when I invaded this forest! Observe!"

"Agh! Get away from me!" the dragon screamed as he suddenly saw sparkling white and golden light mix with black miasma, spiraling into something monstrous and spiritual!

"{Eldritch Spirit Summon}: {Void-Walking Aberration}!"

"GRYYYYEEHHHH!"

A monstrosity, a spirit made out of miasma, was born.

With its massive tentacles, it struck down the bone Dragonoids and the phantasmal dragon.

CLAAASH!

Chapter 1273: Trapped

Time within the Domain created by the Skeleton Dragon only became longer and longer, Acorn, Nieve, and Johanna had already been there for hours after hours.

And they quickly began to think that the dragon wasn't lying, and that he was right! The amount of time between this domain and the outside world...

Was of 1 hour inside equals 1 second outside.

Meaning that they would have to survive 60 hours for a mere minute to pass!

How many days, weeks, or months would they have to wait and fight, only for someone to come to their rescue?

"H-He has to be lying... this can't... this can't be true right?" Acorn muttered, his innocent eyes being rapidly turned bleaker in color, losing his hope and innocence. "No... No... Noo! I don't want to die!"

"Acorn calm down!" said Nieve, she was the only one that was slightly calm. "We have to keep calm and think properly, if you fall into despair-"

"Hahh... Granny..." Johanna started crying. "I'll die here... I'm sorry."

Even the brute Johanna was already beginning to cry. Nieve, someone much older than Acorn and Johanna's ages combined, realized how true were their hearts to their ages.

"They've given up to despair so soon?" Nieve thought. "I can't believe this... Is this because they're much younger than me? I've lived... for perhaps over two hundred years after all."

Nieve was definitely not the oldest fairy out there, but her cold mind was what allowed her to keep her cool even in this situation, but Acorn and Johanna, who were much younger than her and also more emotional, were already giving up to despair.

Seeing how things were, and how nothing had changed, what could Nieve do now?

She looked into the skies, noticing the giant dragon only watching over.

The strangest thing she found is that he never fought them.

He only watched.

"That damn dragon..." she muttered, gritting her teeth. "Acorn, Johanna... I think there's a sure way to get out of here! And I might have guessed some sort of weakness too... But if this theory proves to be wrong, we might end up risking our lives."

"Eh?"

"How?!"

Acorn and Johanna immediately awakened from their despair as they glanced at Nieve at the same time as they defended from the incoming skeleton wyverns and bone beasts attacking them.

"We have to hit that monster so hard that he deactivates the domain!" Nieve said, swinging her rapier and cutting through one of the bony abominations.

SLASH! SLASH! SLASH!

It exploded into pieces after being frozen solid, dying on the spot, and so did another ten more of them behind it.

The most frustrating this wasn't just this endless amount of monsters, but that they didn't even gave any EXP when they died!

"Hoh?" after hearing what Nieve said, the dragon smiled. "Come and give me your best try! Keep in mind that, I've not fought you because I feel amused with your despair..."

"Yeah, right..." Nieve nodded. "You might be sadistic, but waiting hours just to kill us? You either have too much patience you're a saint or... it doesn't work quite like we imagined, right?"

"..." The dragon's crimson eyes squinted. "Don't think you can get out of here... vermin! I will kill you no matter what! I shall see that woman, Planta, scream and cry in despair as I drop the dead bodies of her friends, and then I raise them as undead slaves! I must see it! I shall make it a reality!"

He swung his hands upwards, as all the bone monsters surging from the ground started coming out in larger and larger droves! Nieve realized that her words seemed to hold some truth as she was able to provoke him and make him... slightly desperate!

"So it worked!" she smiled. "{Divine Frost Spirit Aura}!"

RUMBLE!

As the bone beasts emerged, Nieve quickly unleashed a powerful Aura of Frost everywhere, encompassing herself and her friends, protecting them from the incoming monsters.

The moment the monsters tried to reach the Aura they would immediately fall frozen solid, and then her rapier would finish them off at lightning speed.

Indeed, she was already Level 300, and her stats, combined with her skills and her many buffs from blessings and such, were enough to make her incredibly formidable.

"We have to reach it in the sky, the coward is not coming down!" said Nieve. "Johanna, can you fly?!"

"I can!" Johanna sprouted a huge pair of black crow wings from her back.

"Acorn? Can you?" asked Nieve.

"I can try!" Acorn ate a small pill, suddenly his body started to transform. "T-This is an experimental pill, and it hurts a lot bug- Ugh...! I... {Divine Winged Beast Form}!"

FLUOSH!

In exchange for half his gigantic size, Acorn gained a huge pair of bat-like wings sprouting from his shoulders, enormous and big enough to help him fly!

"Amazing, you can modify your body almost the same as I can!" said Johanna. "How do you even do that?!"

"A-Ah! It's all about triggering the different fluctuations of my divine bloodline," said Acorn. "As it is connected to my morphology and my biology, by ingesting different drugs made using the blood and organs of mammals, I can try to assimilate them and-"

"Acorn! We don't got time for this! Let's go! Hurry!" Nieve screamed.

"Y-Yeah!"

Acorn and Johanna followed Nieve as they flew into the skies. The flying bone wyverns swarmed them the moment they did, only for Nieve's aura to easily freeze them upon contact.

And then Acorn and Johanna finished them off with their physical blows, shattering the frozen undead into pieces.

"We're almost there!" said Nieve, gathering her magic powers as she drank her last Elixir to regain her health, stamina, and mana. "Dragon! Stop evading us! Fight us if you're so arrogant!"

"Y-You really get on my fucking nerves!" the skeleton dragon screamed angrily. "Fine! I'll bring you the death you desire so badly!"

RUMBLE!

Suddenly, all the bone beasts below merged together, rapidly turning into aberrant, massive monstrosities made of bone and rotten flesh, a mass of endlessly growing rotting parts.

"GROOOHHHH!"

Its massive claws reached the sky, clashing against Nieve's aura and shattering it!

CRAAASH!

Chapter 1274: Intense Clash

Erebus clashed against the phantasmal dragon and the Demon King of Death's finger both of their armies also beginning to battle. Erebus' Miasmic Undead clashed aggressively against the possessed Players who had become Bone Dragonoids, large shockwaves of dark and phantasmal energies spreading everywhere, contaminating the forest.

Although Erebus had become a fairy with spiritual powers and a certain connection with nature now, his miasma had never changed, and a mere touch from it contaminated the forest and made plants mutate into horrendous cancerous masses of branches, leaves, and eyes, while tainting the rich soil black.

However, Erebus was now much more conscious of his powers and how they could affect his surroundings, he was letting the forest take some damage in exchange for fully repelling the Demon King of Death, which he believed was a necessary sacrifice.

CLASH! CLASH! CLASH!

As he clashed against the phantasmal dragon wielding the black bone sword made out of the Demon King of Death's finger, he defended easily using his crystalized miasmic cocoon, making the dragon realize the immense durability he possessed.

"Ugh?! It's tougher than my scales!"

With just a small exchange of blows, the dragon was completely shocked. He couldn't believe how hard Erebus cocoon was, although it was dealing some damage over time, generating several cracks that spread at a moderate pace, it was still hard enough to resist several blows using a weapon made by his master.

Even the Demon King of Death seemed slightly shocked, his many eyes across the blade squinting as they glanced at Erebus, his new and adorable appearance was nothing but a mask, within that small and cute fairy, there was the same old demon king that terrorized the world before him.

"Hmph," Erebus smiled, suddenly touching the black sword with his little fingers as he glared at the phantasmal dragon, his crimson eyes glowing brightly.

"It looks like the power of Miasma has been enhanced once my new body was formed... Although I am leagues weaker than before... I now possess the Spirit Power I sought so much when I invaded this forest! Observe!"

Indeed, back then when he invaded and destroyed the Forest of Beginnings, he stole the soul and spirit powers of the Tree of Beginnings, the direct son of the Ancient Yggdrasil.

Using that newly gained spiritual power, he was able to refine his Miasma into Spiritual Divine Miasma, and achieved a complete evolution, attaining a near god-like form, which he used to tear through the fabric of space and reach Earth.

Of course, he had no such body anymore, and he was being contained by his new body, which he had to adapt to even now...

But there were still some things that remained from back then, such as his ability to combine these elements.

FLUOSH!

"Agh! Get away from me!"

The dragon's eyes widened as he screamed the moment he saw sparkling white and golden light mix with black miasma, spiraling into something monstrous and spiritual.

TRUUUM!

Its very fabrication was so vile that even space itself was being torn apart as it was summoned into this world, an aberrant being that shouldn't exist!

"{Eldritch Spirit Summon}: {Void-Walking Aberration}!"

"GRYYYYEEHHHH!"

A monstrosity, a spirit made out of miasma, was born. A huge being of over thirty meters of height, with its head made out of countless tentacles shaped as branches with black and red, horrendous-looking fruits that resembled the desiccated heads of people.

Its legs were at least over a dozen, similar to the legs of goats, but completely black and covered on miasmatic goo, spreading it everywhere as it walked.

Even more, its mere steps distorted space around it...

This thing wasn't supposed to even be real!

"W-What is that thing?!"

The dragon, an ancient being that has served the Demon King of Death this entire time felt utter disbelief and fear as he saw the monstrosity approach.

"Dammit! So he has already evolved his Miasma?! This is not fair!"

The Demon King of Death seemed frustrated, completely ignoring the fact the spirit was right in front of them.

With its massive tentacles, the spirit struck down the bone Dragonoids and the phantasmal dragon with a single horizontal sweep!

CLAAASH!

The Bone Dragonoids were sent flying, covered with spiritual void miasma that began to consume their armors and then bodies. One after another, they began to scream as they were consumed by the void miasma, melting into puddles of flesh and black mud.

"Uuaagghh!"

"Gryyaaahhh!"

"Uuuggghh!"

"Aaaaggh!"

Erebus smiled sadistically as he glanced at the Players die, he even laughed a bit, his eyes glowing bright red. Despite having changed sides, his sadistic and evil tendencies remained.

"Haha... HAHahaha! Yes, suffer, you damn Players! I've wanted to do this for so long! Die! Die! DIE!"

With his childish yet malicious laughter, the little fairy started riding his eldritch abomination, smacking the players with its massive tentacles and crushing them into meat paste.

CRASH! CRASH! CRASH! CRASH!

As they died by droves, the power and manifestation of the dragon's phantasmal embodiment started to grow weaker and weaker.

"Dammit, don't die you useless bastards!"

The dragon unleashed several spells and swung the massive sword, devastating the forest around him while trying to push Erebus away as he chased him.

"At the very least I must reach the tree!"

"Throw me to the tree!"

"What?!"

"You must throw me into the tree. Once my blade pierces it, it'll become mine! Do it!"

The Demon King of Death had a terrifying plan, one that involved overtaking Yggdrasil herself and turning her into his new body.

"But master, we're too far, I lack the strength..."

"Then I'll grant you more power."

FLUOSH!

Phantasmal and nether energies encompassed the dragon as the surviving Bone Dragonoids rushed towards him, melting into flesh and bones as they screamed in pain and agony.

"{Demonic Death Vessel}!"

Through the combination of Demon Magic and his own Necromancy, the Demon King of Death created a second body for his loyal dragon general.

"Aahh! A second body! With this, surely...!"

"Hey, you took away all the Players? I was having fun, you know?"

However, to his surprise, Erebus was already behind them.

With a swipe of his hand, a massive tentacle made of spiritual void miasma slammed them even further away from their target.

CRAAASH!

"So far, you're pretty disappointing, Demon King of Death."

"This isn't all I have to offer, Demon King of Miasma!"

Chapter 1275: The Plan Of The Demon King Of Death

The Demon King of Death's plan was simple, to reach Yggdrasil and pierce it with a piece of his own body, therefore giving him the power to forcefully take over it.

However, Erebus proved this to be an extremely hard thing to achieve, even more with many of the players manifesting his servant holding his sword out of commission.

His finger alone could never get there, turning into any form wouldn't do, as it would be instantly crushed by Erebus.

He needed someone to wield him, therefore he simply decided to put to good use the knowledge he had stolen from that foolish demonic wizard.

"{Demonic Death Vessel}!"

FLUOSH!

Through the combination of Demon Magic and his own Necromancy, the Demon King of Death created a second body for his loyal dragon general. Their flesh and bones merged together.

It wasn't as monstrous as Erebus had imagined though, their appearance was that of a huge ten-meter-tall humanoid, resembling a much larger, muscular Bone Dragonoid with the pale white face of a human, but encased on the bony jaws of a dragon as if it were a helmet.

With his huge, muscular humanoid body covered on countless draconic bones made into an armor merged with their fleshy body, the dragon's new vessel granted him enough power to do as his master ordered.

"Aahh! A second body! With this, surely...!"

He gripped his claws tightly as he smiled, holding his master's sword was no problem now!

And the power he felt, it was no longer just phantasmal, but also demonic.

Yet...

FLASH!

"Hey, you took away all the Players? I was having fun, you know?"

To his surprise, Erebus was already behind them. His cute if not girlish, and childish face seemed to overflow with a calm anger.

He was really having fun slaughtering them!

"He's fast...!"

The dragon was about to swing his blade against him and try his new strength.

However...

"Don't touch me."

With a swipe of Erebus' hand, a massive tentacle made of spiritual void miasma slammed the dragon even further away from their target! Erebus knew he was aiming for the damn tree, and just like he once sought it too, he was going to protect it.

CRAAASH!

The dragon rolled over the grass, destroying several trees on his path as he landed near a small lake, several forest monsters rushed to attack him, instantly dying before its nether aura.

"Bastard..."

With an angered expression, the dragon quickly amassed all the dead monsters and turned them into a huge ball of flesh and bones, fusing it into his left arm and creating a massive arm made of giant bones and red, pulsating flesh.

"So far, you're pretty disappointing, Demon King of Death."

Erebus appeared above him, his eldritch spirit had been growing even larger since it was summoned, feeding off all the destruction Erebus miasma left behind.

Even more, smaller miasmatic spirits gathered around it, resembling little black octopuses with a big red eye in the middle of their bodies.

"This isn't all I have to offer, Demon King of Miasma!"

With a furious scream, the Demon King of Death and his dragon rushed towards Erebus! Although they wanted to destroy Yggdrasil, it was inevitable that they had to clash against him.

The plan was simple, to distract Erebus enough for them to get close enough to the forest and then, throw the sword as fast as possible while the dragon distracts the fairy.

SLASH! SLASH! SLASH! SLASH!

A barrage of countless slashing attacks made of shadows and phantasmal flames reached Erebus and his Spirit, as he unleashed a black fog to defend, rapidly absorbing the damage that was coming and also protecting the already destroyed nearby forest that still clung to life.

"{Miasmic Fog Cloud}"

FLUOSH!

The cloud of black fog gathered around the dragon and quickly began to absorb his energies, attempting to weaken him!

"Too weak!"

However, the Demon King of Death's voice roared as the massive black sword unleashed a powerful shockwave, destroying the entire spell and then rushing towards Erebus.

"Piece his chest! He is now made of flesh and bones, a living being that can die! Kill him!"

"Yes master!"

Erebus squinted his eyes as he suddenly turned into a mass of black miasma and merged with his spirit, surprising his opponents before the spirit roared, rushing towards them and charging against the dragon's secondary body.

CRAAASH!

With a body slam that shook space itself, the countless tentacles moved rapidly, their tips crystalizing into sharp spears made of the same crystal that made Erebus' tough cocoon.

"I've learned to offset the weakness of my small body in an imaginative way."

His voice echoed within the monstrous spirit as its dozens of spear-like tentacles attacked, piercing through the body of the dragon.

CLASH! CLASH! CLASH! CLASH!

"My merging with this spirit, I can somewhat regain the feeling of having my previous back, although it still is as if I was wearing a bodysuit rather than anything else..."

"SILENCE!"

The Dragon screamed, opening his jaws and the draconic jaws within his chest, unleashing a double phantasmal and nether breath.

Erebus quickly protected himself from the incoming damage as it crystalized a huge shield of miasma.

BOOOM! BOOOM!

The crystalized shield shattered but the spirit was far from having taken enough damage to disappear, Erebus smiled confidently.

"Hmph, weak as I thought, you're- Hm?!"

However, to his surprise, they were not in front of him, using his wings, the dragon flew into the skies and was already almost a kilometer away from him!

"Tricky bastards!"

Erebus swiftly flew into the skies as he attempted to reach them, harnessing his void miasma into his little hands and using the gravitational distortions produced by his powers to drag them towards him.

"{Miasmic Void Hand}"

A huge hand made of miasmic void materialized above his body, closing and conjuring enough gravitational pull to bring them back to him.

"Nooo! Dammit!"

The dragon screamed in frustration, as he was already being pulled back!

However...

"Throw me now!"

"Ah! Yes!"

Using the massive arm he created for this very purpose, the dragon grabbed the sword and threw it at lightning speed towards Yggdrasil!

At the same time, the dragon reached Erebus and laughed, greeting him with his claws.

"DAMMIT!"

Erebus screamed in frustration, punching the dragon in the face and throwing him down, rushing to catch the sword.

However, it was already too late, the sword would reach the tree!

CLASH!

"Haha.... HAHAHAHA! I DID IT... I DID IT!"

RUMBLE!

The moment the sword felt wood being pierced by its body, it immediately began to infect it with Nether, filling its life with death and destruction.

"You will become my new body, my new familiar, my new power! I shall name you Qliphoth, the Demonic Tree of Death!"

As Yggdrasil started turning pitch black and the forest was rapidly trembling, suddenly...

"As if!"

SLASH!

A huge blazing sword cut through the branch the sword had pierced, cutting its infection and stopping it altogether.

"W-What?!"

As the branch and the sword fell from the skies, the Demon King of Death saw a huge giant made of black metallic wood and flames rushing down.

"Burn to cinders, you bastard! {Phoenix Descent}!"

Swinging his massive blazing sword down, a gigantic phoenix made of flames manifested, engulfing the branch and the sword...

BOOOM!

Chapter 1276: Despair, Light

Nieve, Acorn, and Johanna flew into the skies as fast as possible, aiming to target the bone dragon holding the hellish domain in place.

"We're almost there!" said Nieve, gathering her magic powers as she drank her last Elixir to regain her health, stamina, and mana. "Dragon! Stop evading us! Fight us if you're so arrogant!"

"Coward! Just fight us already! If it so easy to kill us, why are you taking so damn long?!" Johanna asked angrily.

"We'll survive... and get out of here!" Acorn roared.

The skeleton dragon's bone face transformed, showing utter anger and wrath as he gritted his sharp fangs tightly together, his empty eye sockets glowing bright red and phantasmal blue.

"Y-You really get on my fucking nerves!" the skeleton dragon screamed angrily. "Fine! I'll bring you the death you desire so badly!"

However, instead of going down he simply conjured more of his magic, manipulating his domain to do something incredible.

RUMBLE!

Suddenly, all the bone beasts below merged together, rapidly turning into aberrant, massive monstrosities made of bone and rotten flesh, a mass of endlessly growing rotting parts that seemed never-ending.

Nieve, Acorn, and Johanna panicked at the mere sight, shocked by its grotesque form, the entity rapidly reached the skies and attempted to grab them.

"He made an Undead Chimera even larger than the one before and so easily?!" Acorn asked.

"This is not good!" Johanna screamed. "If it catches us, we're finished!"

"But this proves it! He can't move from his position!" Nieve said. "There's no way he would take it so slowly against us which he stated hated us so much... for no reason at all!"

"No reason at all? NO REASON AT ALL?!" The dragon angrily screamed. "There's a BIG reason why I HATE you to death! And I'll make sure you die! So stay quiet and accept your fate!"

"GROOOHHHH!"

The Giant Undead Chimera's massive claws reached the sky, clashing against Nieve's aura and shattering it! Its force was so strong it immediately overcame Nieve's freezing aura alone.

Crack, crack...!

CRAAASH!

As the barrier-shaped aura shattered into countless of pieces, the massive claws reached Nieve, who quickly tried to slash them away with her rapier.

"B-Begone!"

SLASH! SLASH! SLASH! SLASH!

She constantly attacked the giant claw with her rapier, slicing through the mass of bones and flesh as they came, only for more and more to continuously grow from where it was sliced.

"Hahaha! Be crushed, you punny bug!"

As the dragon laughed, Acorn gritted his teeth, rushing towards Nieve faster than he ever thought he could, infusing his own wings with lightning, and reaching her!

"NIEVEEE!"

He grabbed her with his huge hands and then, the claws reached him instead.

"Acorn?!"

CRASH! CRASH! CRASH!

"G-GUH...?!"

Nieve's eyes widened as she looked up, noticing Acorn's eyes widening in pain, the squirrel gritted his teeth as she saw blood coming from his mouth.

"Nieve... are you ok?"

"E-Eh?"

Nieve glanced into the giant squirrel's body, noticing dozens of bony spurs piercing his stomach, ribs, and chest, blood and guts coming out from enormous holes.

"ACORN!!!"

Nieve screamed in horror as he saw Acorn letting go of her while falling from the skies.

"Hahah... HAHAHahaha!"

The dragon laughed above the skies, as the giant squirrel fell from the skies into the mass of bones and flesh, they opened into a massive jaw, aiming to devour him while he was still clinging to life.

"One down."

CRUUUNCH!

Acorn's entire body was torn to shreds, his pieces exploding into the skies and the floor, as Nieve and Johanna fell into silence, their eyes contemplating the utterly despairing scene.

And his laughter continued, completely delighted by their agony.

"Hahaha... HAHAHAHAHAHAH!"

Crack, crack...!

Yet, as everything was happening, the skies began to gain countless cracks.

CRASH!

Nieve, Johanna, and the dragon glanced into the skies, as a woman with long silver colored hair and scales emerged.

Her eyes widened as tears fell from her eyes.

"No... I won't let that happen."

While crying, her Draconic Heart started beating faster and faster, all the energy within it was spent into this single spell.

"{Time Reversal}!!!"

"Eh?!"

TRUUUM!

Suddenly, everything became gray, space and time itself stopped for a split second, and then it began to go in reversal like a movie.

FLAAASH!

In front of everyone's eyes, Acorn's entire body rapidly reformed as if he had never died, and everything went back to the moment he shielded Nieve.

"[Heavenly Pinnacle]!"

And then she appeared before the bony claws, swinging both Gram and the Replica of Excalibur at once, unleashing a massive, upward slash that resembled a ray from the heavens.

SLAAASH!

The slashing attack pierced through all the monstrosity, then reached its body below and completely consumed it into an explosion of pure holy light.

BOOOM!

Crack, crack...!

And due to the enormous attack, the domain quickly came undone, shattering into countless pieces and revealing the dragon sitting in the ground, glaring in disbelief at the scene.

"It's you...! How... when... where did you get such power?!"

As he screamed in frustration, he saw a huge heart-shaped pink beam reaching him from above, bombarding him and pushing him down into the ground.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

"UUAAAGGGGHH!"

Florie flew towards her sister, Acorn and Johanna, at the same time as their savior.

"My liege!"

Nieve cried as she hugged Planta and Acorn at the same time, who had returned to his smaller, original form.

"I-I... I died... Lady Planta, I died...!"

Planta cried as well as she hugged them both.

"I'm so sorry for being so late! It's okay now... Everything will be okay now..." Planta said, caressing their heads.

"Y-You really came... but it has only been three... no, perhaps four seconds?" Johanna wondered.

"Seconds? Hardly!" Florie said. "Did he trick you into thinking that?! It has only been less than six minutes since you were encased there!"

"So the time dilation wasn't as extreme?!" asked Nieve. "S-Still, it was so much anyways...!"

"I came as quickly as possible, but even then, I was unable to save you from dying, Acorn," sighed Planta. "I reversed time, but the experiences you lived... they remain. I'm sorry for failing you."

"N-No, you saved me..." he sighed. "And there's no time for this Lady Planta, that monster... I think I know who he is!"

"RAAAHHHH!"

The dragon surged from the ground, rapidly growing larger and more monstrous, flesh and scales growing over his skeleton body, revealing a familiar appearance.

A pitch-black dragon!

"PLANTAAAA! ONCE AGAIN... ONCE AGAIN RUINING MY PLANS!"

Planta cleansed her tears as she nodded, facing the dragon as she walked towards him calmly, growing another pair of arms holding more weapons.

"You..."

"He's Fafnir!"

Acorn's voice echoed behind Planta, as she widened her eyes.

"So it's you... I see. I just didn't want to believe it. I was sure your soul was destroyed... But you... came back anyways, huh?"

"Heh... Hehehehe... HEHEHAHAHAHA!" Fafnir laughed. "Yes! My master's powers over Death, surpass what you can pitifully do to my soul! He managed to retrieve a few of its pieces, and made me whole anew, and stronger than ever before!"

"You're like a cockroach that simply never dies, hm?"

"You dare call me a cockroach?!" Fafnir roared angrily. "I am the Evil Dragon King! And my powers... now surpass yours!!!"

RUMBLE!

As Fafnir screamed, thousands of souls all around the battlefield gathered within his body, at the same time as tens of thousands of Undead.

As he absorbed them all, his body continued growing, and growing, and growing!

"I'LL CRUSH YOU LIKE A BUG!"

Chapter 1277: Not So Defenseless

The Demon King of Death laughed heartily as he managed to pierce through the spiritual tree, Yggdrasil, the "true body" of Planta thanks to the efforts of Fafnir, his loyal retainer.

"Haha.... HAHAAHAHA! I DID IT... I DID IT!"

FLUOSH!

In the very moment he felt his sword body slicing through hard wood, he immediately began to infect the origin of this wood, the tree, with all the Nether he could afford, filling the tree's essence of purity and spirit energies, and especially of life, with their total opposites.

Death, nether, phantasmal energies and even demonic energies filled the tree's interior, rapidly infecting its wood and transforming it into something aberrant.

"You will become my new body, my new familiar, my new power! I shall name you Qliphoth, the Demonic Tree of Death!"

The Demon King of Death already had a plan to go with and he would see it being fulfilled to the very end.

His ambition led him here, and now he was going to happily claim this territory as his own.

Yggdrasil... lost!

Planta lost!

Everyone within her faction lost!

The Gods themselves lost!

"I win...! I've done it! Nobody will ever be able to stop me now! With the essence of Life and Death within me I will...!"

As the Demon King of Death laughed and talked about his delusions while Yggdrasil started turning pitch black and the forest was rapidly trembling, suddenly...

"As if!"

SLAAASH!

Suddenly, a huge blazing sword cut through the branch the sword had pierced, cutting its infection and stopping it altogether from spreading into the rest of the tree!

The Demon King of Death was left utterly flabbergasted!

"W-What?!"

His dreams out of nowhere, completely shattered. Frustration, hatred, and disbelief filled his phantasmal soul as the branch and the sword fell from the skies.

"T-This can't...! Who...! WHO DARES?!"

The Demon King of Death saw a huge giant made of black metallic wood and flames rushing down, his countless eyes across his blade-like body widening due to the immense size and powerful aura it possessed.

"Burn to cinders, you bastard!"

As the giant roared, he spread out gigantic wings made of black metallic wood and flames, imbuing his entire sword with large quantities of spiritual flames.

And then, as if that wasn't enough, infusing divine spirit energy through becoming the vessel of a Great Spirit!

"{Phoenix Descent}!"

With all its strength, swinging his massive blazing sword down, a gigantic phoenix made of flames manifested, engulfing the branch and the sword completely!

BOOOM!

"Uuuuaagggghh!"

The Demon King of Death felt the pain despite being already dead, the purifying holy spiritual flames of a phoenix were one of the undead greatest weaknesses.

Maybe in his true form such damage wouldn't really matter, but right now he was so small that he was rapidly burning to cinders.

"This can't be happening! Dammit! It was a damn branch?! AAARRGHH!"

Above all else, the Demon King of Death felt utterly frustrated by the fact he had not sliced through the tree's main body but a mere branch, making everything even harder and more difficult than it should have been.

"If I had pierced the tree it wouldn't had been possible for them to slice it off so easily, fuck!"

As he fell and burned, he saw Fafnir quickly rushing towards him, half of his blade body was now reduced to ashes!

"Master!"

"Useless dragon, you aimed incorrectly!"

"I'm sorry! But there is something- Ah! He's here already!"

"Who's...?!"

The Demon King's sword was grabbed by Fafnir's secondary body a second before a massive miasmic hand materialized above them, attempting to grab the two of them forcefully.

"Erebus! Dammit!"

CRASH!

Both were embraced by the hand's tenebrous fingers and then tightly gripped by it as it rushed into the skies at lightning speed.

"Fafnir! Stop being so useless!"

The Demon King of Death was blaming why everything went wrong to Fafnir.

"Master, I'm doing everything I can! I'm currently fighting Planta as well!"

"Tch, it seems that everything is always something I must do myself! That vessel, I'll take it back!"

"Take it back- GUH?!"

Fafnir suddenly saw his secondary body being pierced in the chest by the sword, or what remained of it, filling him with nether and demonic flames, rapidly beginning to transform his body.

"Become the vessel of death, Fafnir!"

"Yes... your majesty!"

FLUOSH!

Although Fafnir had showed some surprise, he was not afraid, whatever his king desired, he would get it done. Despite despising everything, the only being he had any loyalty to was him!

BOOOM!

An explosion of impure and deadly energies erupted, destroying Erebus Miasmatic Hand and then suddenly darkening the skies right next to Yggdrasil.

"What's happening now?!"

Titania glanced from above the castle as she looked into the skies, while also using her magic to heal and protect her territory from hordes of Undead that were coming from the gates Fafnir opened once he fell into the forest.

"Just what... what is that?"

Titania gasped as she saw a massive monstrosity materialize, made of black and red wood, covered on countless poisonous mushrooms and withered plants, bones, rotten flesh, and phantasmal limbs.

With the head of a giant black skeleton and the rest of the body made of a corrupted type of spiritual and divine wood, the monstrosity that had almost the same size as Yggdrasil herself emerged.

"A giant?!"

Mark glanced from the skies as the massive entity emerged.

"But why is it made of wood?! Did that branch... it wasn't burned completely?"

Mark realized that the Demon King of Death might have not taken over the tree, but that giant branch he managed to take with him was enough of a catalyzer to create a monstrosity with his powers and manifest it right in front of Yggdrasil herself!

"Hahaha... HAHAHAAAAHA!"

The consciousness of the Demon King of Death surged through the titanic monstrosity as its massive arms made of countless wooden roots entangled against one another quickly prepared themselves to strike down Yggdrasil.

"If you won't let me absorb you, then I'll shatter you into pieces and crush you to smithereens, you useless, immobile tree! You will pay for everything you did to me! For what you did to my family! For what you did to my Kingdom! I SHALL HAVE MY REVENGE, YGGDRASIL!"

"STOP!"

Mark rushed to stop him, but the distance was already too far! Not even Erebus could reach him.

BOOOM!

The Demon King's vessel titanic claws reached Yggdrasil, attempting to tear through their bark and infect their wounds with nether and darkness.

Yet...

FLUOSH!

Suddenly, the massive tree had changed, becoming silver and gold in color.

"Huh?!"

No, to be more precise, it had gained silver and gold scales all over its entire body, branches and even roots.

Suddenly, the titanic tree started to move...

RUMBLE!

"Do you think I am just a defenseless tree, Demon King?!"

Yggdrasil's entire body started to shapeshift, rapidly growing giant arms, wings made of wood and metal, legs and claws, and even a long tail, and three draconic heads with crystalline crowns above each one of them.

"T-That's...! But you're...! Impossible!"

An absolutely enormous Yggdragon emerged, facing the Demon King of Death head-on.

"Don't you ever underestimate me... And don't you ever look down on me!"

With the furious voice of Planta echoing from within, the dragon's heads opened their jaws, firing three Rays of Destruction at once.

"Ungh?!"

BOOOM! BOOOM! BOOOM!

Chapter 1278: Fafnir's Revenge

Right after Planta managed to save Acorn, Nieve, and Johanna from death within the Domain of the dragon, she was revealed the true identity of this being.

"Lady Planta, he's Fafnir!"

Acorn's voice echoed behind Planta, as she widened her eyes.

Fafnir, the Evil Dragon of Greed that they fought in the Dwarf Mountains some time ago.

A powerful foe who was once an ancient dwarf king, corrupted by greed and power, he turned into a dragon and terrorized his people.

"So it's you... I see. I just didn't want to believe it. I was sure your soul was destroyed... But you... came back anyways, huh?"

Planta could remember his soul received a lot of damage from their fight, but right after he was defeated the Demon King of Death had appeared, so she wasn't completely sure because she could never check completely.

"HEHEHAHAHAHA!" Fafnir laughed after hearing her. "That's right! My master's powers over Death surpass what you can pitifully do to my soul!" Fafnir laughed.

He pointed his index finger at Planta with a cocky smile full of confidence, despite how he had just suffered by her attacks.

"He managed to retrieve a few of its pieces, and made me whole anew, and stronger than ever before!" he proclaimed. "And he'll help me kill you too! I'll have my revenge! In fact, I had it already! That damn squirrel died! I saw him die!"

"Hahh... But I revived him, end of the story," Planta sighed. "But I have to admit it, you're annoying, Fafnir. You're like a cockroach that simply never dies. But this time I think I have the means to kill you for good. Your soul will definitely no longer return."

"You dare call me a cockroach?!" Fafnir roared angrily, if he had veins they would be popping out of sheer anger and hatred. "GRRRH! I am the Evil Dragon King! And my powers now surpass yours!"

RUMBLE!

Filled of frustration and anger for being looked down at after having terrorized so many lives in his previous life, Fafnir screamed! And with his scream came thousands of souls all around the battlefield, gathering within his body, at the same time as tens of thousands of Undead.

The Undead and the phantasmal souls were being endlessly absorbed by his body, which quickly gave him a larger, aberrant new form made of bones and rotten flesh. As he absorbed them all, his body continued growing, and growing, and growing! His size already surpassing two hundred meters.

"I'LL CRUSH YOU LIKE A BUG!"

He was nothing like before, so huge he could even be referred as a damn Kaiju, Planta glanced at him from below, with Acorn, Nieve, and Johanna behind her, while Florie was glancing from afar, trying to destroy the last four Nether Gates while facing whatever undead army remained, with less than two hundred strong.

However, this was not the only battlefield Planta was in right now, as she was also within the Forest of Beginnings, having used one of her Avatars to merge with her main body, gaining complete control over the dormant tree "true body" she had, which she actually couldn't control as much by itself.

"This is getting a bit annoying, I have an appointment with the King and the Queen of the Luminous Kingdom in just a few more minutes, I can't afford to waste my time fighting you two!" she said angrily. "I'll go all out and show you that I am not someone you should look down into! I'm tired."

FLUOSH!

Acorn, Nieve, and Johanna stepped back as they sensed Planta's aura progressively grow more and more furious, becoming as red as blood!

Suddenly, a massive Oni-like demonic entity surged from this aura, a manifestation of her fury!

"Greeheh... GREHEHEHEHEHAHAHA!"

And it laughed loudly and monstrosly, suddenly beginning to sharpen gigantic cooking knives made out of gold that materialized with it.

Nieve and Acorn quickly realized that this being was somewhat part of Planta's newest abilities, they had seen it briefly when she battled ArthurPendragon.

This Aura was born from both of Planta's Specializations merged together, their power giving birth to this demon...

Its presence was so strong that even Fafnir felt somewhat... scared.

"W-What is that thing?"

And an old, fat panda within the Easter Continent opened one of his eyes while meditating, realizing what this was.

Although he wasn't present in this battle, there was no mistaking it, something like that entity could be sensed all the way there with his powers over Martial Gourmet Arts.

"A Culinary Demon?! My future disciple has already begun to manifest one?!"

As he gasped in disbelief looking everywhere to enhance his senses and feel its presence better, something behind him yawned.

A huge, blue-skinned creature...

"Hmm, what's the big fuss about, fat old man? Can't you meditate without thinking about food for five seconds?"

"Tch! Shut up you unruly Culinary Demon! I sure hope my future disciple's Culinary Demon is not an insolent brat like you are!"

"What did ya say?! Wanna go?!"

"Oh heavens above, please spare me from this monstrosity..."

Meanwhile, as Planta's fury was unleashed, and her "Culinary Demon" manifested, a sudden combination between her many powers and her two Specializations, she quickly prepared for battle.

"I'll cut you into pieces..."

Elayne's Aura exploded as it gained a silver and gold color, suddenly growing to resemble a giant dragon as well as the demon from before.

This was the power of the {Divine Heroic Dual Sword Goddess Aura}, enhancing all her stats and damage dealt to a completely new level.

And above all, giving her an insane ability too!

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

"Ungh?! What!"

Fafnir gasped in disbelief as he saw dozens of Plantas appear around him, this was the ability of that Aura, {Sword Goddess After-Images}!

And that wasn't all either, as Planta activated Gram's ability.

{Spiritual Heroic Sword Fusion Aura}!

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH! FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

Even more illusions appeared, all of them pointing their swords at Fafnir at the same time.

"G-Get away from me!"

Fafnir screamed as he attempted to shapeshift his body into countless of spikes to reject Planta's attacks.

But that didn't work anyways.

"{Fairy Queen's Magic Swordsmanship Arts}: {Fluttering Petals + Illusory Garden}!"

Stacking on Auras, Skills, and now combining these two techniques.

Planta went completely all-out.

Without any doubt.

"{Divine Illusory Garden of Fluttering Dreams}"

"W-WHAT?!"

SLASH! SLASH! SLASH! SLASH! SLASH! SLASH!

Fafnir had long ago been outclassed.

Chapter 1279: A Desperate Battle

"Dammit! The Undead are fewer but they had somewhat become even stronger!"

"What can we do now?! This is getting ridiculous!"

"We have to survive somehow, don't cower! We must make way for the princess to clear the gates! Or this hell will never end!"

"Lady Planta is fighting the dragon! Everything is going to be ok now!"

"But she's not coming to help!"

"S-She's trusting this to us?!"

"Don't be cowards, charge!"

In between of a huge battle between the people of the forest and the undead, soldiers of all types, forms, shapes, and sizes constantly screamed and talked while desperately fighting for their lives.

Although 90% of all Undead were suddenly absorbed by Fafnir to gain his current form, this was not without him putting another plan into motion.

His very Aura wasn't just for show, as Florie saw with her very eyes!

Ding!

[The [Resurrected Undead Evil Dragon of Greed Fafnir: Lv350] has activated his {Netherworld Dragon Aura of Abyssal Power}!]

[All of his allied Undead forces have gained a {Abyssal Draconic Forms}, transforming them into Dragon Undead and increasing their Stats and Skill and Magic Power by 300%!]

[Duration: Indefinite.]

All of the bone beasts, zombies, and specters that remained, which were no more than two hundred, suddenly became more than three times stronger, and gained enormous draconic forms, mutating in a matter of seconds.

"Chargeeeee!"

Sporegon roared as he charged forward with the Mushroom Brigade, the Gnome Chief, Rosetta, the Ent King and his strongest Ent Warriors, and even the Wild Monsters of the Forest, tamed by many of the Ent Druids.

The most Elite force rushed forward, tearing through their foes with enormous strength and power. Even the titanic dragons in front of them had their legs crushed and then their heads turned to smithereens.

"We won't let you disturb the Princess, you unruly beasts!"

The giant Ent King roared, swinging his wooden hammer and axe as he tore through everything. Once a peaceful King that only slept and meditated with Nature, he was forced to step into the battlefield by his foes.

And since then, his foes have feared his name, the Ent King has no foe that has beaten him yet, his power was unparalleled, and he only continued growing stronger with each battle!

BAAM! BAAM! BAAM! BAAM!

As he crushed two draconic undead in mere seconds, he pierced the ground with his foot, roots themselves, and suddenly channeled the power of the land, as most Ents were born as Druids.

"{Nature's Wrath}!"

He unleashed the wrath of nature for a couple of seconds, as thousands of plants surged like an endless wave of sharp wood and venomous spikes, engulfing three more draconic undead.

CRAAASH!

As this happened, however, more draconic undead surged from the skies, the ground, and from every angle, beginning to gnaw at his wooden body and tear small pieces with each bite.

"GRAH! You damned mutts!"

With anger and wrath he kicked them away and crushed their heads, but the more came, the weaker he grew as he took more and more damage.

Even as strong as he was, his kind was simply not made for battle.

"ENT KING!"

The other Ents panicked as they saw their King fighting all of them alone, roaring like a barbarian instead of his once calm and peaceful words of wisdom.

"We must protect the King!"

"But the Princess, she needs our protection as well!"

"B-But the King is our father! We can't abandon him!"

"No, stop!" Sporegon roared. "You must protect the princess! Do not go astray on the plan or everything will fall apart! Your King offered himself to fight and distract the undead alone! Come with us! Trust on his judgement!"

The Ents glanced at one another and then at their King fighting, they didn't want to betray his judgement, as they nodded, rushing right behind the mushrooms and fighting the undead in the way.

"I've got them!"

Florie pointed her wand into the distance, releasing a massive heart-shaped beam of her blessings, reaching the gate and then destroying it from inside.

BOOOM!

The gate instantly collapsed and exploded, everything inside was also utterly destroyed, and it quickly closed. There were now three gates left.

"She did it!"

The Ents celebrated as they glanced at the King whose arms had been torn apart!

"KING!"

As they ran for him, they quickly realized it was too late, as the beasts covered his entire body, constantly targeting him as the largest and the strongest.

"Run, my children... Don't look back!"

The Ent King groaned, as he began to gather his energies into his chest for one last goodbye, aiming to burst his own spirit core and explode, killing all the undead around him with himself.

"NOOO!"

As the Ents screamed for their King and father, suddenly, a huge black gate opened above the skies, ominously looking down from above as it broke the gate, a monstrosity emerged.

A being made entirely out of shadows and wailing souls. Most people believed it was yet another work of the demon king of death or Fafnir!

Yet...

The enormous, tenebrous shadow claws reached not them but the undead, crushing them with tremendous force and dragging them back into the gate one after another.

"Gryyaarrgh!"

"Rooaarrgh!"

"Uuaarrgh!"

As the Undead screamed while being dragged one after another by dozens of long, skinny arms and hands made out of darkness, the Ent King gasped as he realized he was given a chance to live a bit longer.

"W-What's happening?!"

They looked into another person that had appeared, floating right next to the gate, her appearance resembled a Dark Elf slightly, although her body was also covered by dark purple scales, she had dragon horns, wings, tail and claws.

"T-That's...! I know who she is! It's Achlys! Lady Planta's friend!"

Achlys crimson eyes glowed with draconic might, as she conjured a gigantic dragon out of her shadow aura, which opened its jaws and fired titanic beams of void and darkness everywhere.

BOOOM! BOOOM! BOOOM! BOOOM!

Dozens of Undead were eliminated in mere seconds, and more of them kept dying as they were being disintegrated!

The path for Florie to destroy the other gates was easily opened, allowing everyone to finally rescue the Ent King.

"UUUAAARRGGHH!"

At the same time, everyone heard Fafnir's agonizing scream as he was cut down to pieces.

Chapter 1280: The Dark Dragon's Downfall 1

Fafnir had just finished absorbing over five hundred Undead and souls, becoming a massive monstrosity that could easily make entire nations fall in seconds.

A titanic Level 350 Kaiju, for a lack of a better word!

Yet Planta had no fear, she didn't feel threatened either...

If anything, she was simply furious!

Time and time again, these foes of hers would keep underestimating her, thinking they could get away with everything they're doing.

But right now she was going to show Fafnir what true despair meant.

{Spiritual Heroic Sword Fusion Aura}!

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH! FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

By activating Gram's special Ability that unleashed a powerful Aura that combined both Gram's original powers and the Fairy Queen's Sword Freyja abilities, even more illusions appeared, all of them pointing their swords at Fafnir at the same time.

"You will not hurt me with mere sword attacks anymore! {Abyssal Bone Steel Armor}!"

Fafnir screamed as he attempted to shapeshift his body into countless of spikes to reject Planta's attacks, reinforcing the defenses of his bony armor to his limits until his white bones became of silver metallic color.

However, to Fafnir's dismay that didn't work anyways!

"{Fairy Queen's Magic Swordsmanship Arts}: {Fluttering Petals + Illusory Garden}!"

Planta unleashed her powers, stacking on Auras, Skills, and now combining these two techniques.

She went completely all-out, using the same technique she used against the demons that attacked the craftmanship competition.

"{Divine Illusory Garden of Fluttering Dreams}"

FLAAASH!

In a mere second, Fafnir found himself in the middle of a beautiful garden of pink colored flowers, a storm of petals surrounding his entire body.

From being in the battlefield to suddenly being thrown here, he couldn't help but feel utterly...

Flabbergasted!

"W-WHAAAAT?!"

While screaming, the petals reached his titanic body, slicing through his body. Each petal that hit him sometimes suddenly became an illusion of Planta, cutting through him.

SLASH! SLASH! SLASH!

"Unnggh?! W-What! What's going on?! T-This is a Domain?! No wait this isn't how Domain's work or are made! W-What am I seeing?!"

An illusion? But I should be immune to them!"

SLASH! SLASH! SLASH!

"Wait! There!"

As he was being cut down to pieces, he quickly harnessed his power and attacked Planta, only ending up destroying one of her many illusory bodies and afterimages.

POOF!

"She has to be somewhere within this domain! She has to... be somewhere!"

He kept trying to find her, but it was completely futile! Every time he attacked one of her illusions, it would simply disappear and more would come through petals, cutting through his entire body.

Eventually, he could only watch as he was being reduced to pieces endlessly!

SLASH! SLASH! SLASH!

"No...!"

SLASH! SLASH! SLASH!

"Wait...!"

SLASH! SLASH! SLASH!

"This is just..."

SLASH! SLASH! SLASH!

"I WANTED MY REVENGE! THIS IS NOT FAIR!"

SLASH! SLASH! SLASH! SLASH! SLASH! SLASH!

SLASH! SLASH! SLASH!

Fafnir suddenly began to see his entire life flashing through his eyes as he fell into pieces.

His regeneration powers were also simply gone, Planta had infused her attacks with holy light, cutting off his ability to regenerate as each of his pieces slowly turned into ashes.

The moment he was born, the moment he walked, the moment he was raised, the countless political battles for the throne.

The day his mother was assassinated by corrupt nobles that wanted him out of the throne, the day he found out his father had been poisoned.

The endless wrath, the endless rage, the frustration and the sorrow he felt.

"Remember, Fafnir... the only thing worth a damn in this world is money."

And the words of this father on his dying breath, as he passed away right in front of him.

At the end, because he lacked money he died, because he couldn't pay the others, because he couldn't buy them.

Money, money, money!

Material goods, people themselves.

Everything, he desired it all...

"I'll take everything from you... All of you..."

They took his family; he took their everything.

He plotted their deaths, one by one, since he was a child.

And raised to the throne through stealing, robbing, and killing.

When he lacked money he staged attacks on the roads against merchants by paying bandits.

"Your services are no longer required... die, trash."

Then he would kill the bandits so there wouldn't be left any proof he did any of this.

He did the same things over and over again, accumulating a massive amount of wealth.

He raised to the throne seeking nothing but wealth, because to him only wealth would save him from death!

Because to him only wealth... was everything!

"It's never enough... I need more, all of them will one day rebel, and I won't have enough wealth!"

He kept accumulating, increasing the taxes prices, robbing from his already poor people.

Until eventually, his own adoptive son faced him.

"Father! You're insane! Stop this! Stop robbing everyone from their money! This entire kingdom is in ruins! Everyone is starving!"

It was Sigurd.

"Ah, Sigurd... I knew one day you would do this to me..."

The ancient king, sitting over his throne, glared at him with anger.

"I should have never adopted you... I should have left you rotting on that battlefield... you bastard son!"

"You're crazy! You've gone crazy with greed!"

"So what?! Are you going to stop me somehow?!"

Sigurd then unsheathed his blade against him.

"If I must... I'll slay you!"

And pointed his blade against his father.

His aura of light and gold, Fafnir could still remember it.

The aura of a hero.

What a disgusting feeling...

"Bastard! With my wealth I am invincible!"

Father and son battled for one day and one night.

And ultimately...

Fafnir was defeated.

"No...! My wealth! My wealth! SIGURD! YOU TRAITOROUS SON! YOU BASTARD SON!

GIVE ME BACK MY WEALTH!!!"

"The Kingdom of Sorrow is made up of monsters! We will no longer ally with them!" Sigurd rallied the Kingdom of Dwarves even when he was a human. "Father has been vanquished, and he will never leave his jail until the day... until the day he dies!"

"OOOHHHH!!!"

Fafnir still remembered, how furious he was, how monstrously furious he was that they took away his wealth from him! The people cheering, it made him feel utter disgust.

"You pigs... I gave you everything, I protected you... I did everything for you, to keep this nation wealthy... and this is how you repay me?!"

"Then why don't you make them pay, Fafnir? With their blood and souls."

And the voice of the Fallen King of Sorrow echoed within his rotten heart.

"Ahah... Hahaha... Yes.... Yes my king! I shall... I shall make them all pay!"

BA DUM!

Fafnir grabbed his chest, feeling his heart beating faster and faster.

BA DUM!

He started spasming as he saw black scales suddenly tearing through his skin.

BA DUM!

He felt his soul grow darker and more corrupt...

BA DUM!

He felt his head being pierced by huge horns that grew out of his skull.

BA DUM!

And he felt his entire body mutate and transform.

"UUUUAAAARRRGHH!"

And his scream of agony and pain echoed through the entire mountain as he transformed, destroying the jail and then the castle!

RUMBLE!

"SIGURD! YOU TRAITOROUS SON!"

And then he appeared before Sigurd, now turned into a black dragon.

"I'LL TAKE IT BACK! MY KINGDOM... MY EVERYTHING IS MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE!"