

Guardian gods 251

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For a while, a huge motion of unease hung over the barracks. This intense emotion was felt by the realm consciousness of the spirit world.

The spirit consciousness, which was already adapting to the cursed spirit by having a part in the spirit realm grow for each arch curse to match their cursed spirits, looked over the arch curses. The realm consciousness presented the situation to them. Only the Despairing Virtuoso had a reaction, which the realm consciousness acknowledged with a nod as a portal appeared in Virtuoso's small realm space.

Virtuoso, holding his painting brush, walked through the portal. The sun was still up, so the soldiers were training when, all of a sudden, the space was torn open, and a giant, weird-looking painter walked out.

In the presence of the Virtuoso, an overwhelming sense of despair descended over the barracks and quickly spread out into the kingdom.

Erik, in his tent, shivered when the sensation came over him. Summoning his spear, Erik walked out of his tent, the spear covering him in an ethereal glow.

The soldiers, seeing Erik's appearance, immediately washed out the despair they were feeling. Erik didn't notice this, but Virtuoso did, and a smile came upon his face as he stared at Erik.

Erik felt each step he took closer to the giant was overwhelming. If not for the help of the spear, he wouldn't have made it close. Finally, walking to the giant, a giant phantom of Erik appeared, staring at Virtuoso, who smiled as he reigned in the despairing aura, causing everyone to take a deep breath they were holding as they all fell to the ground, breathing heavily.

Virtuoso looked at Erik. "Tell me your story." Erik looked at the unknown giant in front of him. Looking behind at his heavy-breathing soldiers, Erik motioned for the giant to follow him.

Erik walked into his tent with Virtuoso, who noticed how small the tent was before finally going in, only to be surprised as the tent adjusted with him in it.

Erik presented a seat for the arch curse, who this time had no hesitation as he sat in it, only for the seat to adjust itself.

"Who or what are you?" Erik finally asked after grabbing a jug to quench his dry throat.

"I am nothing of mystery, Your Majesty. I now go by the name 'The Despairing Virtuoso,' a servant and child of the god of nature and curses, Ikenga," Virtuoso said.

Erik's eyes widened. "You are one of those disgusting cursed beings?" Virtuoso's eyes narrowed at that, but he didn't mind.

Erik knew he had said something wrong, as this was no ordinary curse, especially after proclaiming to be the son of the god Ikenga. "I apologize, I have greatly misspoken."

Virtuoso smiled. "I don't mind. I know we have been quite a bother to the human race and its leaders, so your opinion, while offensive, is valid."

Erik nodded before looking seriously at the cursed being in front of him. "Why are you here?"

Virtuoso tilted his head in confusion. "You called for me to be here, so I came to hear your story."

Erik frowned as he looked doubtfully at Virtuoso, who shook his head. "Your Highness should know why the cursed spirits exist and why cursed beings are created after the calling of cursed spirits."

Erik nodded, as he too was troubled by the presence of the cursed beings. Thankfully, he noticed they weren't being born as much as they were in the beginning. After the good governance of his people, the birth of cursed beings was limited in his territory.

Looking around the tent, Virtuoso said, "There is a heavy scent of despair hanging over this whole barrack. You should be thankful for the creator and the advancement of the arch curses, else half of your current army would have been turned into the monsters you find so disgusting."

Erik, hearing that, almost stood up from his seat, but he soon calmed down when he remembered his situation. Virtuoso noticed the brewing despair that called out to him around Erik, so he asked once again, "Tell me your story, King, and I might be of help to you."

Erik hesitated, but having no other option, he began speaking. Virtuoso had a look of interest on his face hearing Erik's tale and was very much intrigued when he heard about the war.

When Erik began telling of the war, Virtuoso pulled out a paper for painting. In Erik's eyes, the paper was untouched and empty, with no drawing on it, but in Virtuoso's eyes, it had the picture he painted with his father and his siblings.

In Erik's eyes, the more he talked about the war, the more Virtuoso began painting. Soon the picture was perfect, depicting every moment in the elf war that Erik remembered.

The drawing paper was small, but the more Erik looked at it, the more scenes he saw, like he was taking a walk in his memory.

Standing up, Virtuoso said to Erik, "Come with me, Your Majesty."

Erik stood up, following Virtuoso as they walked out of the tent. The soldiers by this time were all clad in their armor, looking at the tent like they were waiting for something to happen, but they were soon taken aback when Erik walked out with Virtuoso.

In their eyes, Virtuoso the giant threw out the painting paper he was holding. As the paper left Virtuoso's hand, it began unfolding. Soon the whole sky of the barrack was covered by the huge painting.

The soldiers and the generals all looked up and immediately they were drawn into the picture. Erik's eyes widened when the elves drawn in the picture began moving and the picture came alive.

Roland and his fellow generals were confused as the last thing they remembered was looking at the giant and the unfolding drawing paper when all of a sudden they were pulled into war, fighting unknown monsters.

Erik watched as his soldiers were entranced by the living painting, their eyes wide with shock and confusion. The sounds of battle echoed around the barracks, blending the real and the surreal.

"Virtuoso, what is this?" Erik demanded, his voice tinged with awe and fear.

Virtuoso remained calm, his demeanor unchanged. "This, Your Majesty, is a memory come to life. I have captured the essence of your war and brought it forth."

Erik clenched his fists, feeling the weight of the situation. "Why? Why are you showing them this?"

Virtuoso's eyes met Erik's, filled with a deep, sorrowful understanding. "Despair is a powerful force, Your Majesty. It shapes, breaks, and sometimes, it forges strength. Strength you need at this moment."

Within the painting, the soldiers experienced the chaos and horror of the battlefield. The air was thick with the scent of blood and the cries of the wounded. The monstrous enemies were relentless, unending, their attacks fierce and unyielding. Fear gripped the soldiers' minds as they began retreating, some dropping their weapons to run away and hide.

Erik looked around, seeing his men struggling against the phantoms of his past. "What must I do?" Erik asked, his voice steady despite the turmoil around him.

Virtuoso gestured to the painting. "Lead them, Erik. In the past, you were a soldier like them, not a leader. Show them that they can conquer their despair, that they are stronger than the shadows that will haunt them."

Taking a deep breath, Erik nodded, letting go of his will and sinking into the picture.

In the picture, amidst the chaos, a figure moved with grace and purpose. It was Erik, his presence a beacon of hope. Coincidentally, Erik in the picture looked like he did when he walked out of his tent to confront Virtuoso. He fought alongside them, his spear glowing with ethereal light. Inspired by their king's bravery, the soldiers found strength within themselves.

In the real world, Virtuoso looked at Erik, who had a smile at the edge of his lips. His voice reached into the picture, to Erik's ear and said, "This is the time, Your Majesty."

Erik in the picture nodded as he shouted, "Formation!" The generals and soldiers who had been training for a long time followed Erik's command as they got into formation.

In the picture, runes for healing, speed boost, and toughness appeared. Each general represented a rune, and the runes worked perfectly with each other. The soldiers became faster, their skin tougher to penetrate, and even if injured, they were immediately healed.

In the outside world, Virtuoso noticed a change in the energy of despair around the barracks. Opposite the deep purple color of the curse, this energy was golden. This energy was small compared to the other despair energy around but it aroused something in him that he thought he had lost after becoming a cursed being "Hunger"

Taking a deep breath, the golden energy was absorbed into him, some part was shared with the realm consciousness, who absorbed the energy to grow the spirit realm.

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Virtuoso felt himself stronger after absorbing the energy, he wanted to see what had changed but considering where he was, it was no good idea so he looked at the camp one last time as the space once again tore open, which he walked through. The huge drawing paper with him being gone dissipated like it was never there.

Erik felt his consciousness pulled back into his body, he looked over to his side where Virtuoso was before, yet he saw no one.

The general and soldiers also were pulled back into their body, only that their situation was weird as they had a look of confusion on their face.

To them, it was like they were waking up from a weird hopeful dream, Erik took notice of that, before he looked up to the sky as he thought to himself "I truly know nothing of this world, the gods and wonderful creatures in it"

Looking at his soldiers once again, Erik had a smile on the edge of his lip "It might not be too late to start once I win this war"

To confirm that what happened in the picture was real, Erik spear hit the ground with a loud boom gathering everyone's attention. Training kicked in as they all stood straight.

Taking a deep breath Erik said "Formation" Immediately the soldiers and generals began moving, each taking their position orderly like it was instinct.

With a small hum, a rune blossomed above Roland and his team of soldiers, the same happened with the two other generals. The soldiers and general all stood wide eyed as they felt the power flowing in them with the formation.

"We did it!!" One soldier roared out loud in Joy and soon was immediately followed by the others. Erik's teeth were already showing themselves as he was tightly clenching the spear in his hand.

"If I win this war, I will have to carry out a very serious reform of the humanity outlook on gods and their religion. The gods of this world are very much different and with the increasing mystery of this world, it would be unwise not to be on good terms with the gods" ERik thought to himself.

He soon shook his head with "I am already getting ahead of myself with the formation working to start thinking of what comes after victory"

Looking a bit of into the distance, Erik thought to himself "Maybe if I had the help of that one then a win will be guaranteed"

As soon as the thought came up, Erik shook his head in denial "He is the last one that will ever offer to help but it doesn't hurt to try, besides it being a while since i have paid him a visit"

Erik looked at the happy army before walking away, night soon fell. Erik can be seen far away from his territory holding a magic lamp as he walks in the night forest.

A cave soon appeared in front of him which he had no hesitation in getting into, as Erik got deeper into the cave, the further down it went. Blessing himself with a floating spell, Erik jumped down the huge hole found deep in the cave.

Erik fell for a whole 3 minutes before slowly landing, contrary to expectation, he landed in what seemed to be a small field of dimly glowing grass.

Green fireflies seem to be disturbed with his presence as they begin leaving the grass flying around. The light from the fireflies brightened the cave to show a huge green sleeping giant creature of beauty.

This was the green dragon "Virigigon" who choose this place as his home after the dragons decided to distance themselves from humans and their doing.

Erik knew of the dragon making its lair here so he paid a visit out of respect as in his world dragons were a being of power and the elves due to their closeness to nature, bonded well with the green dragons.

Virigigon's nose twitched as he recognized the familiar scent, opening his eyes the size of a truck, he stared at Erik who calmly took off the clothing piece he had covering his body.

The Erik in this dark cave was different from the Erik seen and known by the humans and his family. This Erik had his whole Elf features out, especially his long ear.

A deep booming voice sounded in the cave "It seems the little elf finally decided to pay an old friend a visit" Virigigon opened his huge mouth as a scent of fresh grass came from it washing over Erik who smiled as he seemed to enjoy the smell.

Waving his hand, a huge wine barrel appeared. A look of joy flashed across Virigigon's eyes as he immediately changed, his giant form no longer there; only a humanoid dragon with green hair filled with leaves was floating mid air.

Waving his hand, woods grew out from the ground forming a table and seat. Virigigon is his humanoid form that looks very much like an elf. Eriks smiled as he sat in his seat.

Pushing the barrel over to the eager dragon he said "It's been a while friend"

Virigigon eagerly poured himself a drink from the barrel, the aroma of the wine mingling with the earthy scent of the cave. "Indeed, it has been too long, Erik," he said, his voice still carrying the deep, resonant timbre from his dragon form. "What brings you here after all this time?"

Erik leaned back in his chair, taking in the familiar surroundings. The glowing grass and fireflies created a serene, almost magical atmosphere that he had missed. "I find myself in need of guidance, Virigigon," he admitted. "The war is nearing its climax, and I believe the outcome could shape the future of humanity and its relationship with the gods."

Virigigon's eyes narrowed slightly as he studied Erik. "And you seek my counsel for this reason?" he asked, sipping his wine thoughtfully. "Or perhaps you need something more tangible?"

Erik chuckled softly. "A bit of both, I suppose. Your wisdom is invaluable, but your strength would be a decisive advantage. The formation worked, and my soldiers are empowered, but there's something more at play here. The gods and the mysteries of this world—I'm beginning to see just how little I understand."

Virigigon nodded slowly. "The gods are not to be underestimated, nor are they to be blindly worshiped, especially the origin gods. They have their own agendas, and their aid often comes with strings attached. But I sense you already know this."

"Yes," Erik said, his expression growing serious. "That's why I need to reform humanity's outlook on gods and religion. We can't afford to be pawns in their games. We need to forge our own path, with respect for their power but not subjugation to it."

"The whole thing with Silas showed me how arrogant I have been in underestimating this new world, especially the significance of the gods and their existence" Erik said.

Virigigon's eyes gleamed with approval. "Spoken like a true leader, but unfortunately Erik, I can't be of much help to you".

"We the dragons have stayed away for a reason especially in this moment where the gods have been showing a lot of interest in the mortal world and their doings"

Looking at Erik, Virigigon continued "Unlike the gods, we dragons have had much contact with the humans, which means in most cases our reputation exceed that of the gods and many human have much more reverence to us than the gods"

Taking a drink, Virigigon sighed "This is an unusual world where we have to be careful on our actions, if it were any other world, the gods opinion on us doesn't matter and we can be as unruly as we want, but sadly this world isn't that"

Erik listened intently, understanding the gravity of Virigigon's words. The respect humans had for dragons could become a liability in a world where gods were actively intervening. He could see the reluctance in Virigigon's eyes.

"I understand, Virigigon," Erik said after a moment. "Your caution is well-founded. The gods' influence is insidious, and their motives are often beyond our comprehension. However, your advice is invaluable, and perhaps there are other ways you can help."

Virigigon's eyes narrowed thoughtfully. "What do you propose, Erik?"

"If direct intervention isn't possible, then perhaps guidance and knowledge can be of help," Erik suggested. "Help me understand the what type of existence is Silas, my past world has no such knowledge of his race till we were attacked and even now in this new world, before I cared for nothing more than to take revenge on the demons action on my world but as i begin to accept this new world, it's become prevalent that my lacking knowledge of my enemy is detrimental."

Virigigon looked at Erik in silence before finally speaking out. "You have changed. The Elf I first met was driven by anger and revenge. Now, I see a leader seeking understanding and wisdom. This change is significant, Erik, and it will serve you well."

Erik nodded, feeling the weight of Virigigon's words. "The gods and their schemes, the mysteries of this world, Silas and his kind—all of these are challenges I cannot face with brute force alone. Knowledge is the one thing I can turn to."

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Virigigon nodded "For some reason, I can't go deep about the abyss and the demons but I can give you a basic outline of what they are"

Erik nodded and so for the next hours, it became a learning lesson between Erik and the dragon. Both looked up to the cave like they could see through it as Erik stood up.

"Thank you, Virigigon. This knowledge is more than I could have hoped for. It will make a difference."

Virigigon smiled "I hope it does, I don't want this continent and cave filled with the scent of abyss and it's demon, dor for my sake win this war."

Erik shook his head with a smile, at the same time waved his hand filling the field with barrels of wine, Virigigon began laughing loudly as he waved at Erik, a root grew from under Erik's foot lifting him up out of the deep cave.

Erik walk back to his territory was calm, with his eyes mostly looking lost in thought as he digest what he has learned, when he got to his castle, Erik began laughing "How arrogant have i been, I thought i would be doing countless world good by taking care of Silas only to find out that Silas is but one of the many of his type"

For the next few days, Erik and his men continued their training, the air was heavy with tension as everyone knew that war was close. A bird flew into Erik's tent who immediately took it, reading the letter sent though the bird. Erik took a deep breath as he walked out of his tent.

"Assemble" Erik, whose voice was infused with mana, shouted over the barrack.

The soldiers scrambled to their feet, their faces a mix of determination and apprehension. They quickly formed ranks, their disciplined movements reflecting the rigorous training they had undergone. Erik's presence commanded respect, and his men knew that whatever news he bore would shape the course of their impending conflict.

Erik stood before his assembled forces, his gaze sweeping over the rows of warriors who had sworn to follow him. "We have received intelligence," he began, his voice steady and clear, "that Silas and his

forces are on the move. They march towards our borders with an intent to crush us before we can strike at them."

A murmur ran through the ranks, but Erik raised a hand for silence. "This is not a moment for fear. This is a moment for resolve. We have trained for this, prepared for this. The knowledge we have gained, the alliances we have forged—these are our strengths. Virigigon the great dragon has provided us with invaluable insights, and it is now up to us to use them." As he said the dragon's name, Erik offered a silent apology but the dragon name achieved its effect as the soldiers had a look of amazement on their face.

Letting his words sink in. "We face a formidable enemy, Use what you have learned, apply your skills, and trust in each other. Together, we can turn the tide."

Silas sat on his parasitized horse, the size of a small car. Following behind him were his three generals, while flying above him was his new general, who commanded the aerial troops.

One of the generals riding on Silas's right was a burly figure covered in armor, with only his cold, unblinking eyes visible. He clutched a huge hammer and rode a parasitized boar comparable in size to Silas's horse.

On Silas's left was his female general, also riding a horse, though not as burly as Silas's but still larger than other horses. Instead of armor, she wore a robe with a book chained to her waist.

Falling behind the three was another general, his figure huge but hunched like a beast. A huge dark red sword was strapped to his back. Unlike the others, he had no mount and instead prowled like the beast he resembled, his nose occasionally twitching.

In the sky, covered by the parasitized soldiers, was the new general created by the ritual a few weeks back. Due to her exceptional aerial combat abilities and strategic use of her powers, she had quickly risen to her position.

Silas liked this, granting her the position of a general to lead his aerial army. He believed that with the parasites' communication, they would be exceptional.

The beast-like general suddenly halted, his nose twitching as he began growling, gripping his sword. The female general waved her hand, revealing an image of Erik with his army waiting a short distance from their position.

Erik had chosen a good location for combat: a large open plain, with the only notable feature being the cursed forest nearby.

Silas observed Erik's army. For some reason, the positioning of the army seemed familiar, but he couldn't pinpoint where the familiarity came from.

Scraping through his memory, he found nothing. With a frown, he sent out a silent command through the mother parasite. His army began moving in unison, adjusting themselves, ready to meet whatever Erik was planning.

Soon, both armies were close enough to see each other clearly. Erik's generals and soldiers, seeing the parasitized army for the first time, were taken aback.

The sight before them was creepy, even for Erik, who now frowned. It felt unnatural how Silas's army, despite their monstrous appearance, behaved in an unexpectedly disciplined manner.

Silas's army was too silent—no bloodlust or eagerness to tear apart the enemy before them. Instead, there was only a cold, observing look, as if they were studying their opponents.

Roland, who had faced them before with Erik, noticed this too. Even though the parasitized army had been organized before, there had been occasional growling and eagerness to feed on flesh, which matched their physical features and didn't seem absurd. But now, it was totally different.

A tense silence hung over the battlefield as both armies inched closer, each side waiting for the other to make the first move. The eerie calm of Silas's forces was unnerving, creating an oppressive atmosphere that weighed heavily on Erik's troops. The cursed forest loomed ominously in the distance, its dark presence adding to the sense of dread, especially with the creepy sensation of being watched emanating from the forest.

Silas raised a hand, signaling his army to halt. He could see the uncertainty in Erik's eyes and knew this was the moment to exploit. With a flick of his wrist, he sent a command to his aerial general. The sky above darkened as the parasitized aerial troops swooped down, their movements synchronized and precise.

Silas's plan was to test out what Erik was planning. As the aerial troops swooped in a kamikaze maneuver, Erik and his generals noticed the tiny bone armor growing from the bodies of the aerial troops for protection.

Erik's archers raised their bows, ready to unleash a volley of arrows, but seeing the bone armor made Erik change his plan. He roared, "Harden!"

Before they arrived at the battlefield, Erik had his generals and their troops each take a potion to activate their formation rune, preventing any surprises.

He also cautioned them to stay alert, as their positions might need to change depending on the situation. That was exactly what was happening now. The part of Erik's army attacked by the aerial troops was in the "healing" rune formation.

Facing Erik's new order, they had to act fast. "Assist!" Erik roared as the mages in his army divided themselves: some drew a fire breath spell, while others chose a wind spell to assist in movement.

Those with the fire breath spell aimed at the sky, momentarily halting the aerial troops, while those with the wind movement spell aimed at Erik's army, helping them move faster into their new positions.

The wall of fire was breached as the aerial troops adjusted, now led by units surrounded by wind that pushed the flames aside, allowing them to break through. Still, the firewall bought the needed time as the formation rune hummed, soon covering Erik's generals and soldiers in deep silver armor, protecting every part of their bodies.

When the aerial troops made contact with Erik's now-armored army, only the sound of steel clashing was heard as they attempted to break through. Some of the aerial troops, unable to turn back in time, met their end against the prepared soldiers.

Silas didn't flinch at the loss of his troops; his eyes were fixed on the formation displayed by Erik's army. "I see," he muttered, recalling everything. "It seems the little Elf doesn't plan on losing easily," he smirked, sending out a silent command.

In the sky, the female flying general with insect-like eyes received the command and hovered above, sharing the image with every parasitized soldier. Through her compound eyes, she focused on the general who was the focal point of the rune formation and captured the figures of the other generals.

Erik and his generals immediately noticed the change as the aerial troops now targeted the focal generals. Erik clenched his teeth, looking at Silas, who coincidentally smirked back at him. "I was hoping it would take him longer to figure it out," Erik thought to himself.

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Realizing they couldn't afford to stand still, Erik roared, "Attack!" He remained behind as his men surged forward, getting into formation as they clashed with Silas's parasitized soldiers. The eerie silence of Silas's army was replaced with the roar of battle—the clash of steel, the shouts of soldiers, and the roars of the parasitized creatures.

Silas observed the battle with keen interest. He knew Erik's strategy relied heavily on the runic formations and the coordination of his generals. By targeting them, Silas aimed to disrupt Erik's plans and create openings for his own forces to exploit.

The female flying general, high above the battlefield, directed the aerial troops with precision. They dived toward the generals, their bone armor glinting in the sunlight, intent on breaking the runic formations.

Erik's mages responded with blasts of fire and gusts of wind, trying to fend off the aerial assault. The generals, now aware of the threat, moved to protect themselves, their silver armor shining as they parried and struck at the incoming aerial troops.

On the ground, the beast-like general charged forward, swinging his massive sword with brutal force. His target was clear—one of Erik's key generals.

His massive sword, forged from dark steel and imbued with an eerie, otherworldly aura, swung with brutal force. Each swing cleaved through the air with a whistling sound, and any unfortunate soldier

who dared to stand in his path met a swift and gruesome end. Heads flew, and bodies crumpled as the Beast-like General advanced, a one-man hurricane of destruction.

His armor, dark and jagged, was adorned with sinister runes that glowed faintly, as if hungry for the blood of his enemies. His movements were a terrifying blend of speed and power, a predator on the hunt.

Erik's general, sensing the imminent threat, quickly ordered his men to make way while maintaining their formation. He knew that only he had the strength to confront this beast. With a roar that resembled a bear, he charged forward to meet the Beast-like General. His sword, equally massive and imposing, was a testament to his strength and skill. The blade, forged from the purest steel and etched with runes of the earth element, shimmered with a golden hue.

The general's breathing technique, inspired by a bear, granted him immense strength. Not just any bear, but one with a strong earth element talent. His current stage is the half way to the fifth stage making him a pseudo-demigod as he lacks a domain, but his power was formidable nonetheless. His armor was robust, with earthen tones and motifs of strength and endurance, symbolizing his connection to the earth.

The first clash of these titans was cataclysmic. As their swords met, a shockwave rippled out from the point of impact, sending dust and debris flying and forcing nearby soldiers to shield their eyes and ears. The ground beneath them trembled, and a fissure cracked open, a testament to the sheer power being unleashed.

The shockwave disrupted the battle lines of both armies, momentarily halting the fighting as soldiers on both sides stared in awe and terror at the two generals. The intensity of their duel was such that it became the focal point of the battlefield. Soldiers found themselves drawn into the vortex of their struggle, either retreating to avoid the collateral damage or rallying to support their respective champions.

The battlefield became a warzone within a warzone, with the ground splintering and churning under the force of their blows. Each swing of their swords sent ripples through the earth, creating mini-quakes that threw soldiers off balance.

The moment when both general clashed, it became clear to Erik's army the huge advantage they had because of the formation. The general once he clashed with Silas general no longer had the mind to become the focal point of the formation causing it to fall apart.

This led to them immediately being at the mercy of Silas army, they could hardly stand their ground from the mini earth quakes, it was the same for Silas army but because of the hive mind connection and effective communication, they adapted quickly.

Mage from Silas side, Immediately constructed a new road made by earth so as not to be shaken off by the quakes, which they immediately used as they began picking out Erik's soldiers.

Erik's soldier had no such one mind connection so for a while screams about getting in line could be heard, Erik took notice of what was happening, but he couldn't move as he was locked down by Silas so he immediately shouted out to Roland. He wasn't scared of moving but he knew once he moved and having battled Silas before, he wasn't ready to lose half his army just because he was impatient. Silas in the last battle to spite and throw off Erik will make deliberate move at his soldiers.

"Roland, take command and reform the lines! We must regain our footing!" Erik's voice boomed across the battlefield, cutting through the chaos like a knife. Roland, a seasoned warrior with a sharp mind for tactics, immediately sprang into action. His eyes scanned the disarray, and he quickly began barking orders to his men.

"Form up! Shields to the front! Archers, take positions on the flanks! Mages, stabilize the ground beneath us!" Roland's commands were precise, his experience evident in the way he orchestrated the reformation. Slowly but surely, Erik's soldiers began to regain their composure, rallying around their new leader.

The general soldier heard the order so they began falling back to quickly rejoin Roland's army but Silas army wasn't making it easy for them especially the aerial troops who swoops in to pick up a soldier whenever the chance appears.

Both generals collided with a thunderous crash, the force of the impact sending both generals skidding backward. Dust and debris filled the air as the ground trembled beneath their feet. Erik's general was the first to recover, charging forward with a powerful swing aimed at the Beast-like General's midsection.

The Beast-like General parried the blow with a snarl, red flames flaring around his blade as he retaliated with a vicious overhead strike. Erik's general barely managed to deflect it, the force of the blow driving him to one knee. Blood trickled from a shallow cut on his cheek.

The two generals circled each other, their eyes locked in a deadly stare. The Beast-like General lunged, his sword a blur of dark steel and flames aimed at Erik's general's throat. Erik's general sidestepped just in time, countering with a horizontal slash that sliced through the Beast-like General's armor, drawing a spray of dark blood.

Roaring in pain and fury, the Beast-like General swung wildly, his blade carving through the air with terrifying speed. Erik's general blocked and dodged, his movements precise and calculated. He felt the impact of each blow reverberate through his arms, the sheer power of the Beast-like General threatening to overwhelm him.

The fight grew more brutal with each passing moment. The Beast-like General's attacks were relentless, like a whirlwind of dark steel and malevolent energy. Erik's general fought back with all his strength, his bear-inspired breathing technique granting him the endurance and power he needed to stay in the fight.

At one point, the Beast-like General landed a glancing blow that sliced across Erik's general's chest, the dark blade leaving a deep, ragged wound. Blood poured from the gash, soaking his armor and the ground beneath him. Grimacing in pain, Erik's general retaliated with a powerful upward slash that caught the Beast-like General under the chin, sending him staggering backward.

Desperate to gain the upper hand, Erik's general tapped into his earthen element abilities. He stomped his foot, and the ground beneath the Beast-like General's feet erupted in jagged spikes of rock, forcing him to leap back. Seizing the opportunity, Erik's general summoned a wall of earth, which he slammed into the Beast-like General with a wave of his hand.

The Beast-like General snarled, his red flames intensifying. With a roar, he unleashed a torrent of fire, the flames coiling and twisting like serpents as they surged towards Erik's general. Erik's general raised his hand, and a barrier of stone erupted from the ground, the flames washing over it and dissipating in a cloud of smoke and steam.

The smoke cleared, revealing the Beast-like General's fiery eyes glowing with hatred. Erik's general steadied himself, his chest heaving with exertion. He knew he had to end this soon; dark blood loss was pooling around the Beast-like General but he showed no signs of weakening.

With a feral grin, the Beast-like General lunged again, his speed seemingly undiminished. Erik's general met his charge head-on, their swords clashing in a shower of sparks. The clang of metal on metal echoed through the battlefield as they exchanged blow after blow, each strike more ferocious than the last.

Summoning his last reserves of strength, Erik's general unleashed a flurry of attacks, his movements a blur. His blade found its mark, piercing through the gaps in the Beast-like General's armor, each strike drawing more dark blood. The Beast-like General struggled to keep up, his own movements growing slower and more erratic. In a desperate bid to turn the tide, he summoned a surge of dark energy, channeling it into a massive, two-handed strike aimed at Erik's general's head.

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Erik's general met the blow head-on, their swords clashing in a blinding flash of light and dark energy. The impact sent a shockwave through the ground, knocking both generals off their feet. They lay there for a moment, gasping for breath, blood pooling around them.

Slowly, painfully, Erik's general forced himself to his feet. His vision blurred, and his body screamed in agony, but he pushed forward. The Beast-like General was also rising, his eyes burning with hatred and desperation. With a roar, Erik's general charged, his sword raised high.

The Beast-like General swung his blade in a wide arc, red flames trailing behind it, but Erik's general ducked under the swing, closing the distance between them. In a desperate maneuver, Erik's general feigned a stumble, drawing the Beast-like General in. As the fiery blade descended towards him, Erik's general rolled to the side, coming up behind his opponent. With a roar, he drove his sword through the Beast-like General's back, the blade erupting out of his chest in a shower of sparks and flame.

The Beast-like General gasped, his eyes wide with shock and fury. He twisted around, his fiery blade lashing out one last time, Erik's general too slow to react watched as the sword sliced into his side.

With a final, determined push, Erik's general yanked his sword free and struck again, this time severing the Beast-like General's head from his body.

The headless body of the Beast-like General stood for a moment, flames still flickering around the gaping wound, before collapsing to the ground. Erik's general stumbled back, gasping for breath, his vision swimming. He dropped to one knee, clutching at the wound on his chest.

On Silas's side, the mages continued to support their troops, creating stable paths and launching elemental attacks at Erik's forces. The battlefield was a chaotic blend of steel, magic, and sheer willpower. Roland, noticing the mages' impact, called out to his own spellcasters.

"Mages, counter their magic! Disrupt their formations!" His voice was a rallying cry, and Erik's mages quickly began to weave their own spells, aiming to neutralize the advantage Silas's mages had created.

The end of the battle soon caught the attention of everyone, seeing the general on their side still standing, Roland immediately began pushing to get closer to the general and it so happens that the rune formation he was commanding was for healing.

As long as the general was thrown into the formation, he could heal and recover. Things didn't go as easily as Silas' army began moving towards the weakened general, for a while both armies had the same goal but different purposes.

It would have been an equal game if Silas didn't have his aerial troops, as they were the one that made it faster to the general as they dropped from the sky using their body to ensure that the general was weakened and broken down.

To delay Roland and his troops a huge earthwall was conjured up to limit Roland from reaching the general. The general was doing his best to stand up and battle but his battle with the beast general pushed him to his limit and the sword wound caused by the beast general was healing up quick to stop him bleeding out.

Up above the sky, the female general in charge of Silas aerial troop was hovering above the sky like a bird waiting for its target to show weakness, at the same time she was commanding her troops to throw themselves at the general.

Suddenly her eyes shrank, as an opportunity showed itself. In a moment of weakness the general couldn't move away in time to be impaled by a bone spear held by a flying parasitised soldier.

A loud shockwave heard over the cry of battle came from the sky, as the female general moved, Erik's eyes shrank as he followed the female general figure.

His spear appeared in his hand ready to be thrown by him, but the gloomy magical energy that appeared at the same time as his spear made him clench his spear till his hands turned white.

He could see the female general descending rapidly, her eyes locked on the weakened figure of his own general. Time seemed to slow as the distance between them closed, every second stretching into an eternity.

"Hold the line!" Erik bellowed to his men. "Protect the general at all costs!" His voice carried the weight of command and desperation, and his soldiers responded with fervor, redoubling their efforts to break through the earthwall and reach their beleaguered leader.

Roland, sensing the critical nature of the moment, pushed his men harder. "We must break through! For our general! For Erik!" He slashed at the wall with his own sword, his eyes burning with determination. The mages at his side chanted in unison, their combined magic battering the wall that stood between them and their goal.

In just this short moment, the female general already flew close to the general with her speed. Similar to a falcon punch, she delivered a fast heavy blow to the general head, as loud crack can be heard as the general head was twisted back like an owl.

With the quickness she came was the same quickness she left as she took to the sky once again.

A roar of anguish and fury erupted from Erik's forces. Roland, seeing the brutal attack, let out a primal scream and charged forward with renewed determination. "Push through! We can't let this stand!" His voice was hoarse with emotion, his sword blazing with a fierce light as he hacked at the earthwall with all his strength.

The combined magic of Erik's mages finally shattered the barrier, and Roland's troops surged through the breach. They reached their fallen general, who lay motionless on the ground. Roland's eyes widened in horror at the sight.

Erik, seeing the dire situation, felt a cold rage settle over him. His gaze shifted to the female general, who was now hovering above, a smug look on her face.

Erik looking at the sky in anger thought to himself "We need to do something about them, the battle was already hard as they were outnumbered, only the formation was keeping them strong and they can't have their attention divided in dealing with the aerial troops"

"Maybe the archers and mages can work together, but that will leave them vulnerable to the ground troops and Roland and his general can't taken on the roll of guarding as they are already occupied dealing with army"

A hard choice was placed in front of Erik, he either has to interfere or just hope for the best to happen while he stays back and commands the troops.

If he was the previous Erik who hasn't grown from his failure, he would no doubt choose to throw himself at Erik to attack, but after accepting his role in this new world, he no longer can be selfish.

Attacking Silas this very moment, will lead to him not playing at his full strength as he let go of his full strength both ally and foe is in equal danger which is what Silas wants.

Silas cares little for the soldiers he lost, but Erik doesn't have the heart to do the same so all he can do is wait and adjust his strategy so that his men will get the chance to see their family after this battle.

Erik's mind raced, formulating a new plan. "Archers and mages form a protective circle! Focus your fire on the aerial troops! We need to keep them at bay while maintaining our ground defense!" His voice carried the weight of authority and urgency.

The archers quickly repositioned, their bows aimed skyward, while the mages began to chant, conjuring shields and offensive spells to counter the airborne threat. They worked in unison, their combined efforts creating a dome of protective fire and magic around their forces.

Roland and his men saw the renewed efforts of their comrades and felt a surge of hope. They tightened their formation, creating a bulwark around the healing rune formation.

The female general above saw the shift in strategy and realized her advantage was slipping as she let out a furious screech.

Erik, standing at the forefront, kept his eyes on Silas. He could feel the Silas gaze upon him, a sinister anticipation in the air. "We hold this ground!" Erik shouted. "For our general! For our families! We will not falter!"

His words galvanized his troops, their resolve hardening like steel. The archers and mages, despite their initial vulnerability, adapted quickly, their volleys becoming more precise, more deadly.

The female general quickly adjusted her troops as they got up a bit higher from the range of the mage and archers. That gave Erik's army a moment to breathe as the aerial troops were no longer making moves on them.

Silas, seeing his plan to divide and conquer unravel, snarled in frustration. The general riding the huge boar, walked forward with the ground beneath him shaking but with Silas raising his hand, he stopped.

The female general in a horse similar to Silas bowed to him as she began moving towards the battlefield, behind here were the Plague bearers and the mind reavers.

The female general in the sky looking for ways to attack, received a command as she fell together with her troops above the Female mage general.

Chapter 256:

The mage general waved her hand as the chained book hanging on the waist floated up, with the chains breaking apart, A Murmur like chant left her mouth as blue light fell upon the plague bearers.

The flying female general waved her hand as troops evolved for flight quickly moved in grabbing hold of the plague bearers as they took to the sky.

The appearance of the aerial troop caught the attention of Erik and his army, they were surprised as they truly think they have driven the troops back but it seems like they haven't given up.

Erik meanwhile was frowning the whole time, he knew something bad was about to happen but what exactly, he didn't know so immediately he commanded "Raise your shield and be ready"

The aerial troops like a Jet bomber, quickly flew above the sky on Erik's army dropping the plague bearers. The mage and archers reacted quickly to take down whatever was flying down at them.

The plague bearers facing this attack all died mid air before they could even land, Erik's spear appeared in his hand buzzing, warning him of danger and covering him in a shield.

His premonition happened as the bodies of the plague bearers fell on the dome created by the mages before exploding into a heavy green gas.

If that was all, the mages wouldn't mind, but the gas was Magical in form as it ate away at the dome, as more bodies fell and exploded the more it wore away at the reserve of the mages.

The mage general seeing that, began glowing blue as she floated up from the horse she was sitting on, following behind her were the mind reavers who were also covered in a blue psychic aura.

An invisible wave of pure psychic energy shot out, guided by the female mage, impacting the minds of Erik's side.

Screams of pain echoed as the mages clutched their heads, the lack of concentration weakening the dome as the green plague broke through. The archers, though hit by the psychic attack, managed to move and quickly grabbed nearby mages, retreating from where the plague was spreading.

Some mages weren't so lucky. As the plague hit them, they fell to the ground, screaming in agony. Pus grew out from their skin, accompanied by a distinctive smell, soon followed by them spitting out blood.

Erik's heart pounded, as he saw the small advantage he had gained quickly disappearing. Looking at the mages, Erik clenched his spear, ready to throw it.

Suddenly, he stopped as he looked to the sky in disbelief. He almost couldn't believe the thought that sprang into his head, but the hot approaching aura made him believe that it might be real.

From the sky, a figure with wings of flame fell like a pillar of light at the center of where the plague was. Almost as if the plagues met their enemy, they quickly dispersed, allowing the mages who had been screaming in pain to relax before passing out.

The smoke covering the figure was slowly swept away as the figure unfolded their wings. Finally, the appearance of the intruder was revealed—a tall man clad in gold armor with long red hair flowing behind him.

The figure seemed to sense Erik looking at him, so he turned, his blazing eyes aflame, and smiled. "This is our first time meeting, King of Humanity."

Erik got down from his horse, taking a step forward and appearing in front of the figure with his hand stretched out for a handshake. "I wish we met in different circumstances, but it's great seeing you, King of the Sun Kingdom."

Edward looked at Erik before laughing and taking the handshake. "You seem to be having a hard time."

Sighing, Erik nodded. "Indeed we are. Silas's aerial troops are proving to be a significant problem."

Edward's wings unfolded behind him as he laughed out loud. "I can't leave my kingdom unguarded, but I have brought some backup with me, so you can leave the aerial troops to us."

Erik said nothing, a look of confusion on his face, which Edward picked up on. "You are wondering why we are willing to help, right?"

Erik nodded to Edward's question, who sighed before answering. "The daughter of our god and her children requested that we offer help to you. You have had a hard time with Silas, and Silas winning is a situation we don't currently want on the continent, especially with the upcoming wave of problems."

Erik's eyes widened in realization. "The daughter of the Sun God?"

Edward nodded. "Yes"

Erik felt a surge of hope. "Then we fight together."

Edward smiled, his fiery wings flaring out majestically. "Indeed. Let's show Silas that even in our darkest moments, we stand united."

With Edward's reinforcements, the battle took a turn. His flaming wings sent waves of heat and light across the battlefield, bolstering the morale of Erik's troops.

Edward's warriors, elite soldiers of the Sun Kingdom, descended from the sky. Edward, with a graceful yet powerful leap, took to the sky once more. His flaming wings spread wide as he targeted the female general who had been commanding the aerial troops.

Silas, meanwhile, had a frown on his face. He had entertained the possibility of the kingdoms working together to fight him, but the chances had seemed small. Yet he had still had the confidence of winning. But seeing the wings on Edward's back, he knew the advantage he had was gone.

Raising his hands, Silas's eyes glowed red as he spoke. "This was supposed to be a surprise gift for Erik, a gift that would bring him despair, but it seems many are eager to share this gift."

Silas's eyes met Erik's before he spat out, "Devour!" Hearing his command, all of Silas's troops began moving differently. The corpses of their fallen comrades were taken as meals, and the soldiers began eating, growing stronger.

Erik, Roland, and a few soldiers who had experienced this knew what was happening. Erik quickly barked out, "Don't let them get to the bodies!"

Too bad Erik's words were drowned out by the charging form of the general riding a boar. The general was quickly making his way to Roland.

Roland, surrounded with lightning, saw the figure and had no plan of letting the giant come close to his soldiers. He turned into lightning and shot out from the formation to meet the general.

In Roland's eyes, with his speed, everything was slow. As he got to the general, he swung his sword at the giant boar to cut it in half. Roland was met with surprise as the boar suddenly disappeared from its position.

Roland noticed a huge shadow covering him. Looking up, he saw the boar mid-air, and the general riding it, swinging a huge hammer at Roland.

Not planning on meeting that head-on, Roland quickly distanced himself as the hammer impacted the ground where he had been, followed by the huge sound of an explosion, like a bomb had been dropped.

The dust cleared, revealing a sight that almost made Roland squeal in surprise. At the position where he had been, a huge deep pit had formed.

"If that had fallen on me, I would have been nothing but a stain on the ground," Roland thought to himself as he gulped.

His attention was brought to the boar, huffing and glaring at him. "How did the boar move so fast that I couldn't see it jumping?"

Roland's lightning reflexes kicked in as he ducked, noticing the boar and the general once again casting a huge shadow above him. Even though he ducked, the turbulence caused by the swing of the giant threatened to knock Roland off his feet.

Erik's attention was drawn to the exchange once he heard the explosion sound. "The monster riding the boar has an unnatural level of strength, and the boar is very unusual," he thought to himself.

Just then, the boar disappeared, appearing close to Roland who ducked again. "Teleportation!" Erik realized. "The boar can teleport."

Looking at the giant, Erik found the combination of the two brilliant. The monster had immense strength but was hindered by a bulky body that limited movement and speed. However, with the boar's teleportation ability, that disadvantage was nullified.

Turning his attention to his other general, a female figure moving fast with her troop in formation like an assassin, Erik quickly formed a plan. Holding his ear, where a small magic circle bloomed, Erik immediately gave her an order, "Saga, break the formation. Roland will need your help dealing with the monster he is fighting."

Saga received the order and immediately spoke to her lieutenant, who took over the command. She was then covered with wind that quickly propelled her towards Roland.

Roland, still evading the giant's attacks, noticed Saga's approach. She moved with the grace and speed of a predator, her wind magic allowing her to maneuver effortlessly through the battlefield.

"Saga, perfect timing," Roland shouted, his voice filled with relief. "This boar can teleport, and the general's strength is overwhelming."

Chapter 257:

Saga landed gracefully beside Roland, her eyes narrowing as she assessed the situation. "We'll have to be quick and precise," she said, her voice calm and measured despite the chaos around them. "I can use my wind magic to create openings and disrupt their attacks."

Roland nodded, his lightning crackling around him. "I'll keep the general occupied. You focus on the boar. If we can separate them, we might have a chance."

With a shared look of determination, the two generals launched into action. Roland charged at the boar and its rider, his sword glowing with electric energy. Saga circled around, her movements a blur as she summoned gusts of wind to disorient the boar.

The boar snorted, its eyes glowing with an eerie light as it teleported again. This time, Saga anticipated the movement and aimed her wind magic to create turbulence, hoping to force the boar to miscalculate its reappearance. However, the boar's thick hide and unyielding resolve made it shrug off her wind gusts with ease.

The general, riding atop the boar, swung his hammer with brutal force at Saga. Roland seeing that had no choice but to meet him head-on, With a roar, a small gaint replica of Roland appeared behind him with a lightning construct sword to defend against the falling hammer . The impact sent shockwaves

through the ground, Roland held his ground but he knew his limit as he used his speed to pull and tried counterattacking at the boar with a swing of his sword.

The boar, undeterred by pain, teleported to Saga who distanced herself with relentless ferocity. She barely avoided its tusks, which grazed her side and drew blood. Ignoring the searing pain, she used her wind magic to propel herself away, creating some distance.

Roland with lightning speed moved over to the boar who was locked in a deadly dance with the general. His giant lightning construct holding its own against the giant. The construct enabled Roland avoiding using his own body to defend against the blow still the general's immense strength made every swing of his hammer a potential death blow. Roland noticed another problematic thing about the giant as his lightning-infused strikes broke through the giant armor but barely scratched the general's thick skin, which seemed impervious to conventional attacks.

Saga, meanwhile, was trying to outmaneuver the boar. Its teleportation ability made it nearly impossible to predict, and its thick hide resisted even her most powerful wind blades. The boar teleported behind her again, its tusks aimed at her back.

Reacting with lightning speed, Roland intercepted the boar, his blade slashing through its side. The boar squealed, its blood spraying across the battlefield. The general seized the opportunity this time not aiming at Saga as his hammer came crashing down towards Roland.

Roland barely dodged, the hammer grazing his shoulder and sending a shock of pain through his body. He gritted his teeth, lightning flaring around him as he retaliated with a furious barrage of strikes. The general's armor dented and cracked under the assault, but the general himself seemed unfazed, his thick skin absorbing most of the damage.

The general, roaring in fury, swung his hammer in a wide arc, catching Roland off guard and sending him sprawling to the ground. Roland coughed up blood, struggling to rise as the general loomed over him, ready to deliver a killing blow.

Saga, seeing Roland in dire straits, summoned a powerful gust of wind that barely knocked the general and boar off balance. She darted in, slashing at the boar to keep it at bay while Roland regained his footing. The boar's eyes glowed with malevolent fury as it teleported again, this time reappearing right in front of Saga and ramming her with its tusks.

Saga cried out in pain, blood pouring from the deep wounds in her abdomen. She staggered but managed to stay on her feet, her wind magic swirling around her like a protective barrier. The boar, relentless and unyielding, charged again, its eyes filled with a savage determination.

Roland, seeing Saga's predicament, forced himself to his feet despite the pain. Pointing at the clear sky which began cloudy out of nowhere, lightning fell from the sky striking him as he pointed his sword at the boar unleashing a massive bolt of lightning at the boar. The bolt struck true, sending the creature reeling and giving Saga a brief respite.

"Now, Saga!" Roland shouted, his voice hoarse but with a better vigor as the lightning that struck him with the help of his technique boosted his healing a bit.

Saga nodded, her eyes blazing with resolve. She focused her wind magic, creating a powerful cyclone that enveloped the boar and the general. The winds howled, lifting the massive creatures off the ground and disorienting them.

The general, sensing the danger, leaped from the boar's back and landed heavily on the ground. With the rider's weight removed, the boar struggled against the cyclone, its teleportation erratic and less controlled. It reappeared a few feet away, tumbling to the ground with a dazed look in its eyes.

The general, now on foot, roared in fury and charged at Roland with renewed vigor. Roland met him head-on, their weapons clashing in a deadly dance of lightning and brute force. Each swing of the general's hammer created shockwaves, while Roland's lightning construct continued to aid him in deflecting the powerful blows.

Saga, now focused entirely on the boar, saw it struggling to rise. She intensified her wind magic, creating sharp blades of air that sliced at the creature's hide. The boar, despite its resilience, was beginning to falter under the relentless assault. It teleported again, but this time, its movements were sluggish and imprecise.

As the boar reappeared, Saga unleashed a concentrated blast of wind, sending it crashing into a nearby boulder.

Pulling off the same tactic, she summoned a cyclone that fully raised the dizzy boar to the sky, with a loud clap the cyclone was dispersed as the Boar came falling down from the sky.

The impact was loud and severe, and the boar let out a final, pained squeal before collapsing, unable to continue the fight.

Roland and the general were locked in a fierce struggle. The general, without his mount, was more agile but also more exposed. Roland seized the opportunity, using his lightning speed to dodge a heavy swing and counter with a powerful thrust. His blade, infused with lightning, pierced the general's thick skin at a weak spot near the shoulder.

The general howled in fury, dropping his hammer as the electric shock coursed through his body. Saga saw this as her chance. She leapt forward, wind magic swirling around her, aiming to finish the general.

The general had a cunning look flash in its eyes unfazed by pain and shock of the lightning moved with terrifying speed. His massive hand shot out, grabbing Saga's face in a crushing grip. Roland the moment, saga was caught panicked as he tried pulling out his sword but the general flexed its hard muscle holding the sword in place. Erik seeing that had no choice but to pump more lightning into the giant body.

Saga's eyes widened in shock and horror as the general squeezed, the pressure increasing until her skull could no longer withstand it. With a sickening pop, Saga's head burst, blood and fragments of bone spraying in all directions.

Roland screamed in rage and anguish, his vision turning red. The lightning around him intensified, crackling with uncontrolled power. But the general who Erik was angry at was already dead as the lightning cooked it from the inside.

It's one goal was to kill Saga, Roland dropped to his knees beside Saga's lifeless body, tears streaming down his face. The battlefield was still going but for him at the moment it was silent, the cost of their victory weighing heavily on him. He knew that they had won this battle, but the price had been far too high.

As he cradled Saga's broken form, Roland vowed to continue the fight in her honor. Erik who has been paying attention the whole time stood with widened eyes as he was taken back by the result.

The giant general's last push while admirable should not have killed Saga with the amount of Lightning Roland was pouring inside of him after Saga was caught.

Looking at Silas and seeing him smirk, Erik knew he did something. The ground beneath Erik dented as he took to the sky as she roared out loud "Silas!!!"

Silas smirked seeing Erik angry, shaking his hand, the horse snorted as red flames left its mouth as it began sprinting towards Erik.

The horse feet soon left the ground as it began sprinting towards the sky to meet Erik halfway. Before both clashed, The figure of Edward and the flying female general can be seen falling from the sky with both throwing punches at each other.

Erik frowned seeing that, almost like Silas could read his mind, the horse direction changed as Silas led his horse toward Edward. Erik losing his momentum fell from the sky but not before throwing his spear at Silas.

Chapter 258:

As the spear flew towards Silas, it divided itself while enlarging, soon like pillars the spear blocked Silas path.

Out from the body of the spear came corporeal ghost-like figures that looked a lot like elves.

Seeing the sight caused Silas to frown, halting his horse. He made no further movement to interfere as both he and Erik watched Edward battle the flying general.

Edward and the general quickly distanced themselves. Edward's team was few, but they were doing a good job handling the aerial troops. Still, they were outnumbered, which the flying general was using to her advantage as she had a group of bone archers behind her to help tackle Edward.

Edward stood his ground, his flaming wings unfurled behind him, casting a radiant aura that distorted the air around him with heat waves. His eyes, burning with the intensity of the sun itself, locked onto the approaching threats.

With a swift motion, Edward raised his hand to the sky, invoking the power of Crepuscular. A searing beam of light shot from his palm, aiming for the nearest winged bone archer. The creature tried dodging with agility, but the beam took off part of its body and wings, causing it to screech in pain and lose altitude. Sensing an opportunity, Edward lunged forward, his flaming wings propelling him into the air with incredible speed.

As he moved, the bone archers sprang into action. Bones protruded from their arms, elongating and hardening into sharp projectiles. They took aim and fired with unparalleled accuracy. Edward twisted and turned in mid-air, his wings leaving trails of fire as he evaded the deadly projectiles. A few bones grazed his wings, but the heat of his aura melted them before they could cause significant harm.

Edward retaliated with a powerful burst of solar energy, creating a shockwave that sent the bone archers sprawling. As they distanced themselves from the searing heat, some weren't lucky and caught on fire.

The female general, seeing an opportunity, shot towards Edward, surrounded by wind that pushed away the searing heat as she aimed to drive her claw through Edward's back.

Edward felt the rush of wind behind him and instinctively veered to the left, narrowly avoiding the general's vicious strike. The force of her attack, amplified by the gusts surrounding her, sliced through the air with a deafening whoosh. Edward rolled mid-air, coming face-to-face with her, and their eyes locked in a moment of intense confrontation.

The female general's eyes glowed green, her clawed hand surrounded by gusts of wind as they took shape in her hand. She let out a fierce cry and launched herself at Edward, swiping her claw at him with the accumulated wind. With a quick sidestep, Edward evaded her strike and countered with a swing of his fiery sword, aiming for her exposed side. The general deflected the blow with a swift movement of her claw.

Edward's wings flared, and he darted forward, slashing with his sword in a rapid series of strikes. The general met each attack with astonishing speed, her claws clashing against his blade in a deadly dance of fire and wind.

In the exchange, Edward's wings tucked for a second, making him fall. The female general, seeing that, swooped in only for Edward to spin around, his wings propelling him upward in a sudden burst of speed. The general followed, her claws reaching out to tear through his defenses. Edward twisted in mid-air, his

fiery wings creating a vortex of heat that forced her back. He capitalized on the momentary distance, channeling his energy into a concentrated beam of solar light.

The beam shot towards the general, its intensity blinding. She raised her arms, and bones grew out of her hands as they formed a shield to block the attack. A flash of pain crossed the female general's eyes as the searing heat aimed to melt through the bony shield. With a screech of fury, she summoned winds that surrounded the shield, pushing back the heat from the beam. Edward poured more power into the beam, pushing the general back inch by inch.

The beam was suddenly cut off as Edward had to dodge a kamikaze maneuver from the bone archers as they threw themselves at him. With a quick swing of Edward's sword, they all caught on fire before they could get close to him.

The female general, having broken free, dispelled the remaining beam with a wave of her claw. She lunged at Edward, her movements a blur as she aimed for his heart. Edward parried with his sword, their faces inches apart as they struggled for dominance. The heat from his wings and the wind energy from her claws created a turbulent storm around them.

Edward shoved her back with a powerful kick, sending her spiraling through the air. The female general raised her hand in alarm, expecting Edward to fall upon her.

Yet the attack didn't come. Stabilizing herself, the female general stood wide-eyed as the flaming wings behind Edward turned into dots of firelight that accumulated at the top of his head.

Edward, losing the wings, could hardly stay airborne, but with his connection and the pull of the huge fireball hovering above his head, Edward managed to stay afloat.

Looking condescendingly at the female general, Edward pointed his sword at her.

A beam, faster than those Edward had been releasing before, shot towards the female general. Gusts of wind surrounded her as she quickly took off in an attempt to dodge the beam, but the beam, like a heat-seeking missile, changed its trajectory and pursued her.

The female general twisted and turned through the air, her wings beating furiously as she tried to outrun the relentless beam. Her eyes darted around in desperation, seeking any escape from the searing light that pursued her with unerring precision. She summoned powerful gusts of wind to divert the beam, but it cut through her defenses, drawing ever closer.

Edward, with the massive fireball still hovering above his head, focused his energy, his eyes locked onto his target. The beam was his will made manifest, a concentrated fury that would not be denied. He could see the fear in the general's eyes as she realized there was no escape.

In a last-ditch effort, the general dove towards the ground, hoping to use the terrain and battlefield to her advantage. She swooped low, skimming the battlefield combatants, both friends and foes. The beam following closely behind and with a will of its own, it through every enemy on its path and those who are friends are spared. Edward's fireball crackled with energy, ready to unleash its devastating power. He descended slowly, maintaining his focus, knowing he needed to end this now.

The female general, realizing she couldn't shake the beam, abruptly halted her flight and turned to face it. Her eyes glowed with a mix of fury and desperation as she raised both hands, summoning a massive shield of bone and wind. The beam collided with the shield, and for a moment, there was a blinding explosion of light and energy.

The shield held off the beam, which made the female general take a deep breath, but suddenly her eyes widened in terror as she saw two beams curving around the bone shield and moving towards her from both sides.

She tried to move up as the beams surrounded her left and right, but in an attempt to escape, another beam of light fell from above, engulfing her.

She screamed as the beam tore through her, her body engulfed in flames. The wind around her dissipated, her wings faltering as she plummeted to the ground, trailing smoke and fire. Edward watched her fall, his expression impassive.

The general crashed into the ground with a resounding thud, a cloud of dust and debris rising around her. Edward descended slowly, his fiery wings reforming as he landed softly a few feet away from her smoldering form.

He approached, his sword still glowing with residual energy. The general lay on the ground, her once fearsome form reduced to a charred and broken figure. Her eyes, still glowing faintly, looked up at Edward with a mixture of hatred and something else—perhaps acceptance.

"You fought well, creature," Edward said quietly, his voice filled with solemn respect. "But it's over."

The general's lips curled into a defiant sneer. "This...isn't the end," she rasped, her voice barely audible. "Others will come...stronger than me."

Edward nodded, acknowledging the truth of her words as he looked around the battlefield. Since Silas gave the order of devouring, his army had been growing stronger with each death. "Perhaps. But with the blessing of our god, we will stand victorious."

With that, he raised his sword and brought it down swiftly, ending her suffering. The flames around her flickered and died, leaving only the stillness of the aftermath.

Erik, seeing the result of the battle, began laughing as he looked at Silas. He knew that their battle was drawing near as Silas no longer had his smirk on his face instead was staring coldly at him.

Chapter 259:

Edward flew back to Erik's side, nodding at him while looking at Silas. "Go ahead, I will take command of your troops."

Erik felt no need for hypocrisy as he cast a grateful gaze at Edward. Opening his palm, he called his spear back to him. He almost struggled to hold the spear as he sensed its anticipation and excitement.

Erik shot up once again into the sky, casting a weightless spell on himself. A square mana platform appeared under him, which he stood on.

Face to face with Silas, Erik found he had nothing to say, so they both just coldly stared at each other. Half of Erik's mind was on the mage by Silas's side, who hadn't made a move yet. He had no idea what Silas planned for her.

Erik's eyes turned cold as he shot towards the mage. "I will start with her."

Silas, on his horse, saw Erik's plan. The horse under him turned into a pool of shadow that was absorbed into him. A scythe appeared in his hand as he shot forward, ready to cleave Erik in two.

Erik's spear thrummed with power, the souls of his fallen brethren in the spear crying out for vengeance. He thrust it forward, aiming for the mage, but Silas intercepted him with a wide, sweeping arc of his scythe. The two weapons met with a thunderous clash, sparks flying as light and darkness collided.

Silas pushed Erik back, his eyes gleaming with malice and mockery. "You think you can defeat me, elf? Your world fell once, and it will fall again!"

Erik's gaze remained steady. "Not while I draw breath."

Silas's shadows writhed, forming tendrils that lashed out at Erik. With swift reflexes, Erik spun his spear in intricate patterns, slicing through the dark appendages before they could ensnare him. He chanted an incantation, and a dome of radiant light erupted around him, repelling the encroaching darkness.

With a grunt, Erik launched himself at Silas, his spear a blur of motion. Silas parried each strike with his scythe, the clanging of metal on metal echoing through the battlefield. Silas retaliated, his scythe slashing through the air with deadly precision. Erik dodged and weaved, using the platform to keep his distance from Silas's scythe.

As they fought, Erik's mind raced. He summoned a gust of wind, propelling himself into the air and out of Silas's immediate reach. From his elevated position, he extended his hand, and bolts of lightning crackled down towards Silas. Silas snarled, summoning a barrier of shadows that absorbed the electric onslaught.

Erik descended rapidly, spear aimed at Silas's head. Silas's whole body turned into shadow that opened up as the spear went through, avoiding the strike. He countered with a sweep of his scythe. Erik narrowly avoided the blow, feeling the rush of air as the blade passed by.

Erik barely had time to recover from the near miss before Silas was upon him again, his scythe a whirlwind of death. Quickly distancing himself, Erik's heart pounded as he landed lightly on the mana

platform, his eyes never leaving Silas. The demon's ability to morph into shadows made him an elusive target.

Silas's sneer was visible even through the swirling shadows. "Your tricks won't save you, elf. I am the darkness itself!"

Erik responded with a determined glare, then launched into action once more. He extended his free hand, channeling mana into a powerful spell. "Burning Light!" he shouted, and a beam of concentrated light shot from his palm towards Silas. The beam seared through the shadows, forcing Silas to recoil.

Silas retaliated by summoning a storm of shadowy blades, each as sharp as his scythe. Erik spun his spear in a defensive arc, deflecting the dark projectiles. With a swift motion, Erik dodged and parried, but one strike slipped past his defenses, grazing his shoulder. Blood seeped from the wound, and Erik winced, but his resolve only hardened.

"You bleed, elf," Silas taunted, a cruel smile playing on his lips. "This is only the beginning."

Erik cast a spell to augment his speed, becoming a blur as he darted around the battlefield. Silas's scythe slashed through the air, but Erik was always a step ahead.

In a fluid motion, Erik created another mana platform above Silas. He jumped to it, gaining a height advantage, and thrust his spear downwards. Silas dissolved into shadows, evading the strike, and reappeared behind Erik, swinging his scythe in a vicious arc.

Erik spun mid-air, blocking the scythe with the haft of his spear. The force of the blow reverberated through his arms, but he held firm. He kicked off the platform, somersaulting over Silas. He lunged forward, his spear thrusting towards Silas with lightning speed. The demon parried, but Erik twisted the spear, slicing across Silas's chest. Black blood oozed from the wound, and Silas's eyes burned with rage.

Erik created a gust of wind, propelling himself backward and gaining some distance. He raised his hand, and a barrage of ice shards shot towards Silas. The demon twisted his form into shadows, avoiding most of the shards, but a few struck true, embedding in his flesh and drawing more dark blood.

Silas retaliated by summoning a storm of shadowy tendrils. Erik spun his spear, slicing through the dark appendages, but one managed to wrap around his leg, pulling him off balance. With a grunt, Erik used his mana to shatter the tendril and regain his footing, but the distraction allowed Silas to close in.

Silas's scythe came down in a brutal arc, aiming for Erik's head. Erik blocked with his spear, the force of the blow driving him to one knee. Silas pushed harder, the scythe inching closer to Erik's neck. Summoning his strength, Erik chanted a quick spell, and a burst of light exploded from his spear, blinding Silas momentarily.

As Erik fought, he stole a glance towards Edward, who was directing the troops with remarkable efficiency. Their combined forces were holding their ground, but Erik knew that the tide of battle could shift at any moment. Especially with the mage being present and Silas troop that is growing stronger.

Erik surged upwards, driving the butt of his spear into Silas's jaw with a resounding crack. Silas staggered back, spitting black blood and teeth.

Silas's eyes glowed with a sinister light. "Your resistance is futile, Erik. You will fall as your world did." Even with a broken jaw, Silas still spoke clearly.

Erik's eyes blazed with determination. "Not today."

With a roar, Erik summoned all his magical prowess. The air around him shimmered as he cast a powerful spell, a combination of fire and light. A blazing inferno erupted from his spear, engulfing Silas in searing flames.

Contrary to Erik's expectation, the flames did nothing to Silas. Erik's heart pounded as a gust of wind pushed him back. In his previous place appeared a huge worm-like mouth full of teeth, eating away the flames.

The flames, after being devoured, revealed the new appearance of Silas. Emerging from the shadows, the great demon exuded an aura of palpable dread. His form was a towering figure, cloaked in an ever-shifting mantle of bio-darkness that seemed to devour the very light around him. His skin was a deep, abyssal black, absorbing all light and reflecting none, making his exact contours difficult to discern.

His eyes were twin orbs of molten crimson, glowing malevolently with an inner fire that pierced through the darkness. Sharp, jagged horns curved menacingly from his forehead, their edges dripping with a viscous black ichor that sizzled as it met the air.

Wrapped around his form was a monstrous beast, its serpentine body coiled tightly like an insidious guardian. This beast was an abomination of fangs and scales, its skin a sickly, mottled gray-green that oozed with patches of necrotic decay. Rows upon rows of serrated teeth lined its gaping maw, each tooth seeming to writhe independently as if hungry for flesh. The creature's many eyes were scattered haphazardly across its body, each one glowing with a predatory yellow light, darting and twitching in all directions, ever-watchful.

The demon's presence was accompanied by a symphony of whispers and hisses, the beast's teeth gnashing and clacking together in a cacophony of malevolent hunger. Tendrils of darkness wove between the demon and the beast, forming a grotesque union of shadow and flesh, a horrifying dance of power and monstrosity.

Silas's new appearance brought a heavy, depressing atmosphere to the battlefield. The humans, even Edward and his soldiers, felt their hearts palpitate as they gazed at Silas, who was floating in the air.

An immediate, primal terror gripped the hearts of those who gazed upon him. This fear was paralyzing, reducing even the bravest souls to quivering husks. The bio-darkness emanating from the demon seeped into their minds, causing vivid and disturbing hallucinations. These visions were often grotesque distortions of reality, where the ground beneath them writhed with serpentine shadows and the air was filled with ghostly whispers that echoed their darkest thoughts.

Erik, who saw Silas, momentarily blanked out. Silas's appearance, while different, reminded him of the demon he had once fought before. The same disturbing, nauseating presence was very present.

Chapter 260:

Soul-like phantoms appear on the spear Erik was holding, they all hissed angrily at Silas while catering to Erik shielding him from Silas influence.

Erik got his bearings back as he began changing, his elf features becoming more apparent, his golden hair now shimmering in Energy, Erik's domain began unfolding around him as it began to suppress Silas effect on the soldiers on the battlefield.

A view of Erik domain shows enchanted forest filled with ethereal trees and glowing flora. The air is thick with magic, and the environment is both awe-inspiring and otherworldly, yet at the same time, scattered throughout the forest are the ruins of an ancient elven civilization, with broken pillars, crumbling statues, and remnants of once-great structures, adding a sense of history and loss.

Ghostly apparitions of fallen elves, semi-transparent and glowing, move through the domain, providing both a haunting and protective presence.

The effect of Silas presence wore away with the appearance of Erik's domain, Silas meanwhile was taking a look at Erik, as under his feet a pool of deep dark water began flowing out.

Silas also has his own domain as it manifests as an expanse of darkness, devoid of any natural light. The ground is uneven and treacherous, composed of a mix of shadowy rock and pulsating, fleshy masses.

Shadows within the domain are alive, whispering malevolently and moving with an eerie autonomy. They form indistinct shapes that seem to stare back at whoever stares at them. Scattered throughout the domain are patches of necrotic decay, where the ground seems to ooze and fester, exuding a foul stench.

With the appearance of both domains, the sky was no longer present as it was covered by the shadows of the two domains.

Erik launched the first attack, his spear glowing with the souls of his fallen brethren. He channels their power into an elemental blast, sending a wave of searing light and fire towards Silas.

Silas commanded the shadows around him to form a protective barrier. The bio-darkness absorbs much of the impact, but the force still pushes him back, causing the necrotic patches on the ground to sizzle and decay further.

Silas retaliates by summoning tendrils of darkness to ensnare Erik. The tendrils lash out, aiming to bind and crush him. Erik nimbly dodges the tendrils, his movements enhanced by the arcane energy of his domain. He uses the trees and ruins to his advantage, leaping and teleporting through the enchanted forest.

Drawing power from the arcane nexus, Erik summoned a chain lightning that went for the shadow tendrils that attacked him. After the lightning was done it gathered back together as it shot forward to Silas.

Silas merges with the shadows, becoming nearly invisible and evading the vines. He reappears behind Erik, his claws ready to strike. Erik spins around just in time, parrying Silas's clawed strike with his spear. The clash of their weapons sends shockwaves through the domain, disrupting the shadows and arcane energy.

The serpent beast wrapped around Silas struck, its maw open wide to devour Erik. Soul phantom appeared as they pulled back Erik as he barely escaped its deadly bite before teleporting a short distance away.

Erik's desperate teleportation made his step on the ground of Silas domain and in response to that, Shadows like arms grew from the ground holding Erik in place.

Erik struggled against the shadowy arms, feeling their icy grip tighten around his legs, their whispers gnawing at his mind. He focused his energy, channeling the light within him. The phantoms surrounding him hissed in unison, their ghostly forms brightening with ethereal energy. With a powerful surge, Erik unleashed a burst of radiant light that shattered the shadowy arms, freeing him.

Blood trickled from Erik's leg where the shadows had clawed at his flesh, but he barely registered the pain. His eyes were locked onto Silas, who was grinning maliciously, the darkness around him pulsating with malevolent intent.

Erik's spear, now glowing with the combined souls of his fallen brethren, pulsed with a blinding light. He hurled it towards Silas with all his might. The spear soared through the air, leaving a trail of shimmering energy. Silas raised his hand, commanding the shadows to form a wall of darkness in hope to stop the spear, but the spear pierced through, shattering the barrier.

The impact was brutal. The spear struck Silas in the chest, the souls within it screaming in vengeance. Silas roared in pain, dark ichor spilling from the wound. The shadows around him recoiled, writhing in agony as the light seared through them.

Erik pressed his advantage, calling forth the spirits of the fallen elves. Ghostly figures emerged from the ruins, their spectral forms moving towards Silas. They reached out with translucent hands, their touch burning away the shadows that protected him. Silas thrashed, his form flickering between solid and shadow as he struggled against the assault.

Erik charged at Silas whose eyes glowed with a deep dark light, and he let out a guttural snarl. From the necrotic patches of his domain, grotesque creatures began to emerge. Twisted abominations of flesh and shadow, they crawled towards Erik with horrifying speed. Erik called back the spear Impaling Silas as he met them head-on, his spear slicing through their corrupted forms. Each strike was accompanied by a burst of light, disintegrating the creatures upon contact.

Suddenly, Silas unleashed a wave of dark energy that spread across the battlefield. Erik had to hastily brace himself, but the force was overwhelming. The blast knocked him off his feet, sending him crashing into the ruins. Blood dripped from a gash on his forehead as he struggled to rise.

Silas advanced, his wounds healing rapidly as the darkness around him regenerated his form. "You cannot defeat me, elf," he hissed, his voice dripping with venom. "I am the void. I am death incarnate."

Erik wiped the blood from his eyes, a determined look on his face. "And I am the light that will banish you," he replied, his voice resolute. He raised his hand, summoning the full power of his domain. The enchanted forest responded, the trees and flora glowing with a brilliant light. The ghostly apparitions of the fallen elves gathered around him, their combined energy forming a radiant shield.

Silas snarled, his eyes narrowing as he prepared to strike again. The serpent beast at his side lunged towards Erik, its fangs bared. It shot forward with blinding speed as it grew in size before impacting the shield.

The shield held strong as Erik smiled but soon frowned as he saw the serpentine creature open its mouth filled with rows of teeth where a gray breath attack similar to that of the dragons came out.

The gray breath made the shield have a reaction as their breath began eating away at the shield. Erik behind the shield thrust his sword forward. The tip of the spear glowed with an intense light, piercing the serpent's maw and shattering its form into a million shards of darkness.

The shards can be seen floating mid air as they come together to rearrange itself. Erik's eyes widened as the shards of the serpent began to reassemble themselves, each piece snapping back into place with eerie precision. The creature reformed, its dark essence pulsating with renewed malevolence. Silas laughed, the sound echoing through the battlefield like a death knell.

"You see, elf? You cannot destroy what is eternal," Silas taunted, his eyes gleaming with malevolent glee. He raised his hand, and the serpent surged forward once more, its jaws snapping with relentless ferocity.

Erik sidestepped the attack, his spear moving in a blur as he struck at the serpent again and again, each blow infused with radiant energy. Despite his efforts, the serpent's form continued to regenerate, each strike only momentarily dispersing its shadowy mass.

Desperation flickered in Erik's eyes, but he pushed it aside, focusing on the fight. "I need to find the source of its power," he thought, scanning the battlefield for any clue that might reveal a weakness. His gaze locked onto Silas, who now stood at the heart of his necrotic domain, his form wreathed in darkness.

With a sudden burst of speed, Erik charged towards Silas, his spear aimed at the necromancer's heart. Silas raised his hand, and a wall of dark energy erupted from the ground, blocking Erik's path. Undeterred, Erik leapt over the barrier, his spear cutting through the air with blinding precision.

Silas met his attack with a sword of his own, their weapons clashing in a shower of sparks. The force of their blows sent shockwaves through the air, each strike shaking the ground beneath them. Erik's spear glowed brighter with each swing, its light pushing back the encroaching darkness.

Silas was relentless, his movements fueled by the dark energy of his domain. He parried Erik's strikes with ease, his own attacks growing more vicious with each passing second.

"You cannot win, elf," Silas sneered, his voice a venomous whisper. "Your light will fade, and darkness will consume all."