

Innkeeper 922

Chapter 922 Corruption

A baby riding a wolf pup stealthily made their way through the temple halls, following directions given by Cassandra's projection before she vanished. Even as a projection, she could not follow them, as projections contained some traces of energy which might be detected.

The carpeted, fragrant rooms they traversed through contained diluted traces of energy reminiscent of the one they experienced at the previous level, which allowed Lex to heal further. Although he had only used Space Warp for half a second, it had severely depleted his energy reserves. Fortunately, as they made their way to Ra, those reserves returned to full.

But, similarly, Ra would also be much more powerful now, as he had spent months on this level already. Lex thought back to their last exchange. At that time, stating that he was an atheist felt really cool, but he was sure that he would pay up for trying to look cool now.

But even so, Lex never doubted his ability to win.

Now that he himself could potentially be targeted by the temple's enemies should the temple be revealed, he was even willing to pull out desperate measures, such as the immortal level bombs he had in his spatial bangle.

But, more than likely, his Butter Knife would be more beneficial in this fight. Despite its short time existing, divine weapons were uniquely suited to be used against deities and races that relied on divine energy.

He steadied his breathing and narrowed his eyes as they neared Ra. Even before Lex could see him, he could sense him. The deity was not restraining his aura at all, and so its divine pressure was spread throughout the many rooms that surrounded it.

Maybe it was a way of keeping away enemies, as not everyone could ignore the pressure as easily as Lex and Fenrir. Maybe he was just too focused on restoring himself to worry about such things.

His instincts also began to act up. They were not warning of the grave danger ahead, as one would expect. Instead, they were blaring as loudly as they could that Lex needed to go handle business with Ra before it was too late! Oddly, that was reassuring.

Fenrir suddenly slowed down its pace drastically, and lowered its body to the ground. Although it did not growl audibly, Lex felt the vibrations in its body. Something about Ra was making the pup unusually aggressive.

Lex did not speak, not even through his spirit sense, but he pressed firmly on its back to remind it to stay calm.

After a few moments, they finally spotted Ra, and Lex was surprised by what he saw. He had expected that after so long, the deity would look restored to his former glory, radiating power and might.

Instead, Ra knelt amidst the crumbling stones of a wall he had demolished, his hand firmly pressed against a metal pipe passing through, his once majestic form now marred by a tapestry of wounds. His wings, once a symbol of divine majesty, hung limp and tattered at his sides, feathers singed and scorched from whatever damage he had sustained.

With each labored breath, the flicker of life within him threatened to wane, a testament to the severity of his condition. Despite the agony that threatened to consume him, Ra's expression burned with a fierce determination, fueled by the primal instinct for survival that pulsed through his veins. In the dim light of the desecrated temple hall, he seemed more a dying creature than a recovered deity!

He seemed to be absorbing energy from that metal pipe, but the process seemed more painful and labored than reinvigorating and restorative.

Up close, Lex could even tell that there was something wrong with the aura he was exuding as well.

It was not the pure and 'divine' energy he was expecting. Instead, it was sickly and polluted. It would be more apt to call it corrupted energy rather than divine.

What in the world had Ra gone through?

As Lex and Fenrir neared the once great Ra, Lex could hear an insidious voice grunting and grumbling in his mind. It was as if, in close proximity, the energy from Ra's body acted akin to spirit sense. That wasn't good, but fortunately, the deity was too focused on whatever he was doing to notice them.

Lex heard words, but even his universal translator failed to translate them. Or perhaps they meant nothing at all. He recognized Ra's voice, though, as well as the copious amount of fury packed into the voice.

The closer they stepped to the deity, the more strange things began to happen. It started to become darker, and the air smelled like... like the sensation of nausea. Lex felt something brush past his body, but he resisted it.

A curse... He knew what it was instinctive, but it could not latch onto him. Fenrir, too, seemed immune, though he was vibrating more and more.

Lex did not summon his sword yet, as the threat of a weapon could alert Ra, but he set his eyes on the deity's body. Their plan was set. They were already much closer than they had initially expected. Fenrir took one more step, and both of them saw an unnatural tremble pass through the deity's body.

He had sensed them at last!

But it was too late. Fenrir, having long suppressed the revulsion it felt deep in its bones, suppressed himself no longer and leaped at the battered body, his teeth digging deep into its neck.

Lex's tiny body had also leaped forward, the Butter Knife appearing in his hand, and plunged it into Ra's chest where his heart should have been. He was aiming to stab the core of Ra's body, the ceremonial item buried within this vessel. But instead of the ceremonial item, he found a distinct lack of anything. It was as if his hand had punctured into an empty shell.

"I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!" roared a broken, grating voice as Ra's body crumpled to the ground, clearly a distraction.