

Undead 111

Chapter 111: Captured

Skullius could only wear a bitter smile as he sensed the cores of the seventy Knights that surrounded his crater.

Frankly, his troubles hadn't only started here as he had had to struggle to pass through the immense resistance he faced when he activated the Arcane Teleportation Scroll.

It wasn't easy as he had to pour out all the mana he had left to pass through the thick, viscous form of space that he would be introduced after.

Stagnant Space!

That was the reason for his exclamation earlier.

Now one trouble was done and another awaited. Skullius faced the absolute monsters that held swords, spears, bows among other weapons, all aiming at him.

All of them had blue cores and seemed to be way stronger than the likes of Benzard and his crew.

Their sparkling armours under the dazzling sun brought a strange terror within Skullius.

However...

The gorgeous woman who stood before him with a sharp look in her eyes terrified him the most. He couldn't tell what her core was with [Basic Mana Manipulation] and the air she exuded reminded him of the sensation he had felt when he had invaded Eldris' body in the Labyrinth of the Yoke.

"You're quite bold," Elita said as she languidly gazed at Skullius. "To not only attack a convoy for a Grand Priest but to also try to probe my strength with such crude tact."

Skullius didn't know what to say.

It had become an instinct at this point for him to check what kind of core someone had. It boggled his mind how the first look he had towards the human world was going to possibly be death.

VOW bro wasn't lying when he told him to be careful of humans.

"He's a Green Neolist. A rather low ranked one though considering the Arcane scroll he used didn't pack that much punch," a Knight walked up to Elita's side and gazed at Skullius with a look of disgust.

He also exuded a different air from the rest of the Knights but not quite like Elita's.

"Those bastards are known for using scrolls that kill nearby individuals when they emerge so that they can have candidates for their undeath spells immediately."

"I see," Elita said, acknowledging what the man beside her had said even though she already knew all of it.

The man beside the Paladin Champion had slicked back honey coloured hair and blue eyes that shone with the light of arrogance.

This man was the captain of this squad of Knights and he owned it with every action of his he portrayed.

Skullius would have loved to object to the accusations but he was afraid of accidentally triggering someone and getting himself killed.

It was all just too darn convenient!

Elita had been gazing Skullius' face this whole time, pondering about something.

'What's with that face?'

Most of the Knights around also had the same question but they were on duty with a criminal and thus couldn't voice their thoughts.

This guy's face was strange!

Creepy!

Seeing as no one was progressing the plot issue, Skullius decided to see if he could reason his way out of this.

"This isn't what you thi-

"Be silent, you heathen!" the captain of the Knights cut off Skullius as he was about to speak. "Bind him and let's take him with us."

The Knights hurriedly approached Skullius and pinned him down, being ever so wary as Skullius didn't fight back or anything.

Skullius watched in horror as his ring was taken from him, and even though he tried to struggle, all his current points of strength didn't amount to jack under the individual strength of even one of the Knights.

'Dammit! Not my ring! There's too much valuable stuff in there!' Skullius thought. His Null Devil's Aegis of Damnation was there along with Red Rage and the other items!

What would happen if these guys found them?!

He let himself be bound as there was really nothing he could do about this. The Knights used a special type of rope woven with a dark material like hair with strips of gold which made Skullius feel extremely weak.

The captain of the Knights watched as the robed figure of Skullius was taken into one of the carriages and then spoke to Elita.

"Hmph! Those heathens are desperate. To think they'd attack a convoy with a Paladin Champion aboard. They must really be out of moves don't you think?" he asked.

"Hmm. It would seem so," Elita said, while her eyes still focused on Skullius, her other senses stretched to the limit as she sought for any signs of a follow-up around the area.

A brilliant cage of energy was revolving around the carriage that housed the Grand Priest and his son; a powerful technique Elita was using to protect them and to interfere with any spells or skills.

She didn't buy for a single second that the Green Neolists were desperate. Evil organisations had risen and fallen but this one had been at large for almost six years. They were clearly doing something right.

'I guess there is no follow-up,' Elita thought before she returned to the carriage where the Grand Priest was.

"What is it? What happened?!" the Grand Priest asked with a deep frown on his face.

"It's nothing to worry about Grand Priest. It has been solved. I will fill you in as we go," Elita replied with courteous smile while sitting down.

The boy beside her had calmed down as soon as she saw her return, his eyes beginning to sparkle.

Skullius was roughly flung into one of the carriages and seated between two Knights with their swords at the ready.

The Knights captain also boarded the carriage and sat opposite him before the journey continued.

Skullius was distressed at the loss of his ring and he knew that he was in quite the bit of trouble. Fighting right now was not an option and he didn't know what the other options were as he was in a new place.

"Listen here, you filth," the captain of the Knights said with his eyes oozing of the haughtiness he bore. "I'm going to put you through the most hellish 'inquiry session' until you're begging to tell me all you know. You're going to tell me everything about your little band of fools when I'm done with you."

Skullius didn't look fazed. He hated that expression on the Knight's face the most but he didn't let it rile him up. However...

'I really don't know anything though!' he screamed internally.

Chapter 112: Arriving In Eofel

The flood of carriages entered the city of Eofel with a steady momentum. This formation had been to ensure that the enemies didn't know where the Grand Priest was but the best outcome from the arrangement that everyone hoped for was to discourage ambushes entirely.

As the now relaxed horses galloped while pulling on the carriages that held tens of the Knights, the Grand Priest and a suspected Green Neolist member, they entered the establishment ahead.

The large city which was clustered with different structures all over was very much populated at this time, many people chattering as they walked on the side of the road but the topic of their conversations was mostly the same.

The swarm of carriages caused most to pause while others journeying on the block road gave way to the honourable Purity Knights, beginning to wonder what was the reason for this sudden visit.

Communing at the temple was not done systematically but at the discretion of the Priest or at least however it appeared to them, thus it was never known to the public. Not that many cared for it in the first place.

The main road branched out into many sub roads that led to different locations, running through commercial areas and geographically higher places where nobles lived above the common residences of the commons.

At the center most place was the Lord of city's Palace, the grand design being visually attractive for all those that entered the city for the first time; a tall piece broad building smothered by well kept greenery.

Eofel was a minor city without much of a set-up in comparison to the others but it was still a city where a few hundred thousand lived, which was a testament to how large the Feinheath continent was.

The masses chatted, theorising about what this current arrival could mean? Could it be linked to what had happened earlier?

Had word already spread about the Ballad that Erlton had left behind to such an extent that the Purity would come rushing?

Elita noticed the restlessness within the crowds and her curiosity was peaked. It was expected for there to be a light case of confusion from their sudden arrival, but there seemed to be a thick level of anxiety.

Something of concern.

However, the Paladin Champion couldn't afford to stray from her explanation of the situation to the Grand Priest who looked quite concerned.

"Why would they begin to attack the Purity all of a sudden? What do they have to gain by pursuing us?" the man asked with a frown.

"Please, Grand Priest. Do not trouble yourself too much. We will be handling this promptly."

"I would like to trust your words but the earlier event doesn't give me much comfort," the Priest said with a deep gaze on Elita who remained calm.

Once more Elita's eyes flashed as she warned the Priest to collect himself as his son was also beginning to fear what could happen from seeing his father's reaction. Elita's report on the matter had been coded in a way that he wouldn't understand but his father's face told him a lot about what was going on.

The Priest quickly gathered his frown and turned it into a warm smile as he reached out to ruffle his son's hair.

He discontinued this conversation with Elita and also noticed that the people were shaken by something, some areas having Knights trying to maintain the order.

"Has something happened?" the Grand Priest asked.

"It seems so. We'll inquire from the Palace. Stopping here to ask would be unsafe," said Elita with her usual composed self online.

The carriages all travelled to the city lord's Palace where only the one permitted to enter the gates was the one with the Grand Priest.

Knights came to receive the Grand Priest, donning different armour to Elita and the others.

Before the carriage moved onto the lord's domain, Elita opened the door to the carriage intending to leave.

"Where are you going?" The Grand Priest asked.

"I have to settle the matter with the man we just caught before anything else happens."

"No. You are to stay with me. Let someone else handle it," ordered the Grand Priest.

Elita could only sigh inwardly and nod, going up to the carriage that held Skullius and the others.

She found the captain of the Purity Knights already waiting for her outside the carriage and immediately gave her orders.

"Do not do anything rash with him," she motioned towards Skullius. "Have him locked up in a secure cell by the Capital Knights and I will deal with it when I return. Keep a close watch," Elita said strictly and turned away before the captain could respond.

The captain was not happy with this.

Why was this woman showing mercy to the man who had attacked them?

Was she just some soft cotton ball among the Paladin Champions who couldn't get the job done when it counted?

Due to the division in branches and overall service, this was essentially the first time this man had worked with Elita and thus he had been very enthusiastic at first but now...

He watched as the woman left, going into the compound of the Palace before he boarded back into the carriage and glared at Skullius who looked naturally indifferent because of his face.

That look on Skullius' face roused his rage and he suddenly slugged the Discount Human while holding back most of his strength!

Skullius' body jerked and he spat a mouthful of fizzy blood. His head spun and he felt himself get disoriented.

"You think you're getting off easy with what you did? Think again!"

The carriages rolled along, going in a different direction towards the west of the city where a proud building made specifically as the Capital Knights headquarters stood.

It has silver hue which oozed of authority and power that made it feel dependable to the public. Or it should have.

Upon reaching there, several Knights with silver armour walked up to receive their guests but behind their smiling facade, the bitter angst they held against their counterparts was so blatant that it easily made the atmosphere tense.

There were generally four types of Knights. Capital Knights, Purity Knights, Contract Knights and Strays.

Capital Knights were those in the service of their country as a whole, Purity Knights being devotees towards the doctrine of the three Deities while Contract Knights were those of the field that were hired for certain periods.

Strays were Knights that had did not devote themselves to any service but their own, yet they were recognised as a faction of their own.

Capital Knights had a lower standing than Purity Knights as the criteria for being conscripted into the Purity was extremely difficult. The Purity Knights always had this outspoken and proud air about them each time, which irked the other Knights.

At the same time, the Purity Knights didn't look too kindly to other Knights as they believed that all fighting forces would do a better job if they actually devoted themselves to the Deities rather than half-assing their respect and communion.

"We've brought a criminal waiting for his sentence," said the Purity Knights captain.

"What is he being accused of?" one of Knights with a thicker armour than the rest asked with his eyes narrowed.

"That's none of your business. We simply require a special holding cell for him."

The Capital Knight who had asked wanted to argue but unfortunately, this wasn't the time.

It was time for duty and thus he relented, leading Skullius and a few of the Purity Knights into the building.

The inside of the building had hard walls that held faint glows of magic, while being littered with Knights and authority figures that went about their business.

Skullius' tattered robes made it exceptionally difficult for many to not question what on earth was happening.

It wouldn't be hard to believe if it was announced that he was a cult member.

Especially with that face!

As he was escorted, Skullius faintly heard something that made his non-existent heart jump.

"Do you happen to have a skilled appraiser? We need to search this spatial ring."

Chapter 113: Fruit Of World Myths

BAM!

Skullius flew and knocked against the hard walls of a small cell before sliding down slowly.

'Jeez these guys really hate me! If only I'd known that wearing this robe and using that scroll would get me in trouble I... probably would have still used it I guess,' Skullius thought dispiritedly as he realised that it was still the option that he would have gone for still.

How else would he get here?

He looked before him where three Purity Knights were glaring at him with their mana surging as if they were ready to cut him down at any time.

Between them was the hateful Purity Knight captain, whose name Skullius had imprinted into his mind. Gin.

He was on the list for people Skullius really wanted to flesh up with the Chains of Damnation like he did with Denille but several issues discouraged him.

One was the fact that this guy was much stronger than the others. Even though Skullius barely knew what constituted strength other than core strength and skills, he could still instinctively sense that it was not possible to pull off a win against this guy in his current state.

The other issue was that all of Skullius' equipment was in the spatial storage ring that had been confiscated from him.

This matter caused him extreme worry.

If those guys were to somehow have access to the storage space within the ring, they would find... a pitifully hunched Red Rage in there!

'Gah! This isn't how it was supposed to be dammit! It was supposed to be a new adventure! A new world to explore, not this!' Skullius complained.

Now he only had more questions.

What was this strange order of swordsmen?

How would he be pulling off an escape this time?

"Make sure he doesn't do anything funny? I give you permission to cut him down if he does," said Gin while letting a grin show to Skullius for but a moment.

Was this guy some sort of fanatic?

Gin couldn't disobey a Paladin Champion even if he disagreed with their viewpoint but if it went against the safety of his men he would gladly do so.

Truth be told, he wished Skullius would do something that would incite his death.

Why wait?!

Skullius was still bound by the special rope and he felt weak still. The cell he had been dunked into looked old and dreary, some parts of it moist while its entirety was bathed in darkness.

It was essentially under this headquarters where a long stretch of cells could be seen, multiple voices calling and cursing from within them.

Prisoners of most kinds were kept here before their sentences were decided but Skullius had been taken to an even deeper place that had fewer of these barred cells and dimmer lighting.

Torches could be seen on the walls but this place wasn't designed to be visually appreciated.

The walls to Skullius' special cell also had a faint glow of intricate runes that were designed to disrupt mana control and cut off most forms of energy from getting in touch with the cell.

Even the bars which looked to be made with gleaming steel had an unnatural sheen that promised a rather uncomfortable experience if one touched them.

Skullius felt his control of mana cleanly being severed and he sighed.

Gin walked away to attend to the protocols required while leaving two guards standing watch to Skullius and others at the entrance that led to this place.

'What now?' Skill asked himself.

He was so glad that at the moment, he didn't have to deal with Doom Factor 1, otherwise he would have been on his way to Somanda.

Thinking of that possibility made him scrunch his face.

As he sat down, being looked down at by the Knights, something flashed within his vision, startling him a bit.

It was unlike the notifications that he knew of, being very different as this was the first time he had seen it.

The moment he focused on it, his own status appeared in his vision forcefully and the flash continued to show, coming from the golden text down in his skills panel.

[<Class Skills Pending>]

'Oh right!' Skullius thought as he remembered that he hadn't finished resolving everything with his new class, the Insurgent Magnus!

Everything else that followed had been cut off by the ending of [Flesh It Like You Mean It] which halted the progress.

Skullius immediately thanked his unlucky stars and gave the command in his mind for the commencement of whatever else followed.

This was another thing he had discovered on his journey with the Grinning Jester Fox. After evolution, he could simply command the guidance field to execute anything related to him and his skills.

[Commencing bestowal...]

[You have received the following...]

[Evil Darkness Production]

[Just Light Production]

[Binds of Fukal]

[Fruit of World Myths]

Skullius' body jerked as he felt something run across his skin multiple times!

Two tattoos in the form of chains appeared around his chest with black and white segments, squeezing on Skullius like actual bindings!

'What the hell is this?!' Skullius thought to himself while at the same time, he felt a burst of strength as something familiar appeared in his vision.

The dark flower like object he had seen back in the room behind the spiral grove doors appeared!

The bright golden cross in its middle and smoke like essence leaking from it caused Skullius to feel mesmerised once more but before he did anything else, he looked at the Knights standing guard and found that they couldn't see it!

'Phew. What is this thing though?'

Looking at the object that floated before him, Skullius couldn't help but check the texts of the new things he had gotten.

Of the four things he had received, the last seemed to refer to this thing.

Therefore Skullius started by checking the description for it.

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[Fruit of World Myths]

The masterpiece of an item made by Fulgardt which can neither be called a material object or a spiritual one. It is the perfect culmination between Evil Darkness and Just Light.

???

~~~

'That's it?' Skullius felt that this description was underwhelming and the fact that there were '???' meant that there was more information to be unlocked.

He was disappointed, but he knew there was definitely something about this thing that was special. His affinity to Evil Darkness allowed him to feel it.

He reached forward with his bound hands and poked his finger at the Fruit of World Myths and...

VWUUUM!

An expansive sensation gripped Skullius' senses and before he knew it...

'OH... MY...LICH...' Skullius said in utter shock.

Chapter 114: Crude World Projection!

There were a lot of things about Fulgardt that many didn't know. The Labyrinth of the Yoke was still a massively unexplored place as most only had access to its primary function.

Now that the legacy had been retrieved, it would be easier to access everything else.

At least for the one who held the legacy.

Skullius saw the colour in the world disappear as his senses shrieked while expanding immensely!

His vision took in the scene of everything pulsing with either black, white or grey in vastly different proportions.

He felt himself rise and panicked!

If those guards saw this they would definitely attack!

However, like before, they saw nothing!

They just stood silently on the other side of the cell.

'What's going on dammit?!' Skullius barked in his own mind as shockingly, he found his vision expanding further as it went on to penetrate the walls, images of moving humanoids with a black, white and grey moving above him!

Their colour and most of their features disappeared instantly, but Skullius could feel a something from these images trying to give him more information.

His ears picked up on the numerous conversations that were occurring tens of meters above behind walls floors as his body continued to rise.

Skullius looked down when he saw that he was beginning to rise through the ceiling and found...

His Discount Human body sitting down within the cell calmly!

'It's scary to think this, but this Insurgent Magnus thing is even more freaky than my Null Life, bro!'

His body was the only one that held colour out of anything else he saw.

Looking at his new form, he could barely see his own body as it was a very faint and transparent grey.

'Might as well go with it.'

Giving himself some courage, Skullius stopped resisting and tried to actively float higher and in the next moment, his body shot up!

Moving through the hard walls like they didn't exist at all was intriguing to say the least.

Appearing within the cell of another criminal and watching their black and white silhouette tossing and turning on the floor or cursing at the guards who passed through the corridor while they were completely oblivious to his existence made Skullius chuckle.

The Discount Human rose up to the very first floor where he had been taken through before. There, he saw the images of nobles and Knights interacting while some more offenders were taken into custody.

The whole place seemed chaotic with a lot of chatter as Skullius' senses were intensified.

Skullius then saw a familiar figure.

It was Gin.

Focusing his vision allowed him to see that Gin's image had more white than black which surprised him.

He had seen many variations of the colours but now he began to think more deeply into it.

'Right! When I entered the Labyrinth, the guidance field said something about being righteous and evil, right? Does this mean that white means righteous and black means evil? If that's the case then why is this sockethole more white than black?!'

The more Skullius thought deeply on this subject, the more he sought to understand more.

Gin walked purposefully towards a certain location and Skullius followed.

It took a few minutes before Gin entered a small space where the silhouette of an old man along with some of the Purity Knights were surrounding a certain object.

As Skullius looked at the object on a table, he found it to be his ring!

The spatial storage ring emitted a white light white having a fractured look to it that astonished him.

'Have they already looked into it?' Skullius panicked, however he soon calmed down as he heard the conversation that ensued.

"Any progress?" Gin asked the old man.

"No. Do you not have even the most basic appreciation of spatial concepts? Without the approval of the ring bearer, forcing my will upon the object could destroy the entire space within it," grumbled the old man.

...!

Before Skullius could get shocked by this detail, he felt the darkness that appeared within the old man churn and a voice pouring from it into his ears.

It was pretty much incomprehensible but Skullius understood what it conveyed.

Anger. Dissatisfaction. Jealousy.

Unlike Gin, this old man seemed to have more of the black than the white but not excessively.

When this unavoidable blast of information finally passed, Skullius bore the proper reaction to hearing that Red Rage could be lost forever if this old man fleshed up!

'IF THEY DARE...!' Skullius felt a rush of rage.

Unfortunately, everyone here wasn't a pushover. They seemed to all have something that he didn't besides the core.

Skullius was once again reminded of how he needed to gather information about all this. What made him lack the most basic of strength without the Insurgent Magnus class?

'Isn't there something I can do?!'

The old man laying his fingers on the ring jolted Skullius into action as he sought to do something. Anything that would buy time.

These people couldn't see him.

But then, could he use his skills?

Skullius tried to fling his simplest skill, [Mana Bolt].

Unfortunately, he found that he didn't have a core in this form!

'Then what can I do?!' Skullius thought.

Once more, the darkness that was around him called out, reaching his ears. From the old man, from the Knights, from the surroundings.

It all spoke in a voice that he could hear.

'Darkness... could this be..?'

Skullius focused on the darkness from around him, its voice becoming louder and louder in his ears but never overbearing.

He let himself sink into it, as a realisation dawned on him.

Soon, the other noises disappeared as the Discount Human felt smothered under the thick blanket of dark comfort.

Yet...

"Captain! Behind you! What the hell is that thing?!" one of the Knights withdrew his sword and pointed at Skullius.

Gin turned behind him instantly with a spark of light in his eyes as he swiped his sword with the precision of master swordsman!

Unfortunately, his sword hit nothing as what was before him wasn't something he could touch.

His face scrunched up when he saw the image that was forming from a thick darkness extending from all around, gathering up to form a large, grotesque face that had hollow sockets!

On the other hand, Skullius felt the surroundings change as a switch from the comfort occurred, his vision honing in on the figures of the Knights and the old man that gazed in his direction in shock and vigilance!

"Huh?" he blurted, finding the puzzlement he muttered to make the people in the room more anxious.

[You have successfully unlocked one of the 9 seeds of the 'Fruit of World Myths']

[Number 2, 'Crude World Projection']

['Evil Darkness' affinity has been promoted to 'C' rank]

Chapter 115: Causing A Stir!

Gin's first thought was that their meddling with the ring that was on Skullius had called upon the unholy image before him as he made up his mind to kill Skullius if the current circumstance was somehow averted.

This monstrosity before him should not be allowed in this world!

It looked like a wriggling mass of black flesh but ultimately it was simply the squirming darkness that formed the rough and unsettling image of a large face!

The monstrosity in question took a few seconds to understand what was going on.

From his perspective, all the darkness around was rising and coiling to lift him up constantly as he felt strength continue to surge into him like a storm!

The notifications he had just received cleared up what was happening quite a bit.

'So this is one of the uses of that thing,' Skullius analysed.

Crude World Projection.

His affinity to Evil Darkness had once again returned to him after it was taken by Fulgardt that time.

This brought a bubbly sense of joy to the Discount Human.

This experience also proved to him that he didn't need mana to fuel the Fruit of World Myths which was insane to him.

But now what?

The audience was looking warily at him, waiting for him to do something that would actually prompt an appropriate response as this wasn't an open space.

The reason why they didn't attack immediately was unknown to Skullius but he would soon know that he had steered the fate of many by simply appearing in this form.

Skullius decided to probe.

"Humans..."

Gin frowned even deeper when he heard the monstrosity speak.

That one word caused his thought process to become reversed. Perhaps he was wrong? Was this another separate event, after all?

Skullius grinned inwardly at seeing how disturbed everyone in the room was.

If it was like this, then it was time... to bullshit once more.

"You...are all doomed... W-"

It was unfortunate, but before Skullius could continue, an immense pulling force dragged his consciousness down to where his real body was, the Discount Human barely being able to see anything from the time he was pulled to the time he sank back into his body!

His physical body jerked as he returned to the cell where he was being held, the guards noticing this and focusing on him.

'WOOOW! That was insane bro!' Skullius thought as his cosmetic body took in large gusts of air.

He shifted his gaze to look in front of him where the Fruit of World Myths was and found it right there, serenely bobbing up and down.

A devastating sense of exhaustion bore down on him immediately and he collapsed on the ground, his body refusing to move.

Above, where Skullius left, there was a lot of commotion as Gin rushed to inform the other Knights, leaving the petty matter of Skullius' ring.

His suspicions led him to believe that something bigger was afoot.

This wasn't just about those heretics, the Green Neolists anymore.

It was about another group that the Purity sought to eradicate the most!

Inside the Palace, the light that came from the sun peeked through the windows and illuminated the figure of a heavily built man with long brown hair and sharp, hazel eyes who sat on a luxurious chair with plates of delicious food before him.

He sat at an elongated wooden table with two other figures present with him in the vast room where pieces of art adorned the walls with a marvellous mason-worked floor.

Of the other two, one was a man with greying hair donning a white robe while the other was a beautiful dark skinned woman who wore a sturdy, lean golden armour.

A conversation had been brewing while all three ate, though the aforementioned two did not take in much food.

As they had issues that bothered them, they merely accepted the Lord of the city's generosity out of courtesy.

"So, you tell me that you were attacked by a cultist from the Green Neolists and now he's in my city? Why haven't you disposed of him?" the city lord asked with a coldness seeping from his girthful body.

"I wanted to see if I can get extract soke intel from him before proceeding with his disposal?" Elita replied with a calm visage.

"That's reason enough to risk such a dangerous individual coming into my city?"

"He has been restrained and I aim to conclude that matter after this conversation."

"Would you say you take FULL responsibility then?"

"Naturally. That's why I'm here in the first place, city lord," said Elita without a shift in her tone, portraying her confidence.

The fat man munched on a large slab of meat while gazing unblinkingly at Elita for a few seconds and then he continuing to speak.

"You see, I drove away the Guilds and their supposed desire to create employment, and better my city because there were no threats that plagued this city. The Capital Knights were enough and I didn't want to be pumping out funds for no reason. However, even if its in the name of communion, I cannot accept you bringing trouble to my doorstep," the city lord said with a threatening tone.

The Grand Priest was appalled.

Enraged even.

He couldn't believe what he had just heard.

"Do you mean to tell me that even though there is a long line of men and women that seek the blessing of the Deities, you will deny those same Deities any form of respect?!"

The city lord's expression remained the same as he calmly offered his opinion.

"Grand Priest, I know the Purity truly believes that they are seers that have things revealed to them by the Deities and can somehow sway their decisions but my view is different. For thousands of years, there has been darkness in the hearts of man and their counterparts."

"All of them receive blessings all the same. There is no need for tribute or offerings. We don't see this divinity you speak of. I only allow you to enter my city because you bolster morale not because you make a goddamnn difference."

"You yourselves wonder why there is a another group that follows a Deity known as the Traitor but is not punished don't you? Isn't that the source of most of your headaches? In my opinion, the Deities prefer for us to solve our problems ourselves and don't give a damn about us at all."

The Grand Priest turned red with rage but Elita quickly intervened before he said something out of line.

"No one here can harass you for your opinion, city lord but please do allow me to handle this. I will make sure that there won't be any problems."

Seeing the confident and firm expression of Elita, the city lord did not go on and merely nodded which made Elita sigh in relief inwardly.

Right then, a Knight walked up to the Elita and whispered something in her ear.

Her expression didn't change from what she heard but she did take in a deep breath while in her mind, she officially confirmed that her inferences about the blank-faced criminal she had seen were true.

"If you would excuse me, I would like to deal with that problem I brought into your city," the Paladin Champion said.

Chapter 116: She Knows!

Skullius sighed as he saw the figure of Elita standing behind the bars of the cell and between the two Knights. He couldn't help but wonder what would go wrong now.

He had attempted to use his newfound ability to give the Knights the illusion that another enemy was at play here but unfortunately, he had been cut off before he could say much.

Apparently, using the new power within the Fruit of World Myths, [Crude World Projection] was extremely taxing on his 'stamina'. His body had immediately felt heavy after he returned it.

He had been excited to use it but after he collapsed, the Knights had immediately given word to Gin who promptly called Elita.

After some time of feeling invincible through his advancement on the Null Life side, Skullius wasn't yet accustomed to the severe weakness of his Discount Human form and the vast difference in strength between his two selves now.

He could only look up at Elita as he laid down motionlessly and possibly construct a few words after squeezing every bit of strength he could muster.

"Leave us," Elita said to the two Knights that stood before the cell.

The two looked at each other before leaving and closing the door behind them. Even though they were more in favour of Gin's opinion on how to handle Skullius, they couldn't possibly discount the judgement and strength of a Paladin Champion.

As soon as Elita confirmed that the two Knights were out, she let out a sigh of relief and showed more emotion on her face than what she would normally do.

Frankly, when she had received word of what had happened here earlier, she had been shocked but at the same time, she couldn't push away her thoughts any longer.

She had been surprised that Gin, whom she thought to be a shallow-minded fool had actually chosen to alert her instead of killing Skullius after suspecting him of being the cause of the odd creature that appeared.

Most people would have done that immediately but they would be very misguided.

"I'm surprised I managed to find someone like you, you know? You barely manage to find People like us in a lifetime. We are rare. There's always strange occurrences when we appear. I would have probably killed you before entering the city, but this one fact that I have confirmed is what is keeping you alive," Elita said as her pure hazel eyes stared at Skullius with a hint of emotion.

"Huh?" Skullius was confused.

'People like us? I'm not even a people,' the Discount Human thought.

He had a strangely biased perception of humans, coming out of a journey where he had been taken advantage of and all that.

He didn't look kindly to Elita despite her clear intention to not have him offed.

"You don't know anything about me," Skullius said with a frown.

Elita scoffed as she paced behind the cell.

"As I said. You and I are alike..." she said. "...as we are both acknowledged by the Voice of Worlds."

...!

Skullius' body jolted.

He couldn't believe what he had just heard.

How on earth did she know?!

She too was a...

His shocked face was ultimately his confirmation to Elita who smiled.

"I'm no- I'm... Gah! How did you know?!" Skullius barked, clearly being unable to bullshit his way out of this.

Elita paced once more.

"It's quite easy to recognise someone like us the stronger you grow. The more strength you gain, the more 'it' can do."

"I... see. So you also have the..."

"Guidance field? Yes..."

"And you can see my..."

"Also yes... Skullius..."

"Do you know VOW bro?"

"...Who?"

"Nevermind."

Skullius couldn't help but quiver. He was used to seeing all sorts of things about other creatures and items but not himself.

It felt like he was naked.

Well at least she didn't know about VOW bro, right? Right?!

"I must admit. Your name threw me off at first as it can easily be associated with Undeath. But... I choose to give those acknowledged by the Voice of Worlds the benefit of the doubt," said Elita as she peered into Skullius.

Skullius wholeheartedly wished he could see himself through this woman's eyes now.

How much did she know?

If she knew everything then...

"With that out of the way, I have questions. I'll consider letting you off if the answers are not what I hope they are. I believe that people like you and me are here for a reason. A good reason. It might not be grand but important nonetheless."

Skullius gulped.

'Oh bro... it feels like Azila all over again.'

"First of all, are you aligned with the Green Neolists?" Elita asked while her body gained a dim yet vibrantly saturated shade of gold.

Skullius looked at her figure dumbly and answered.

"No. It was just bad luck, I guess. I just happened to have a scroll that belonged to one of the Green Neolists."

Elita squinted her eyes.

She found it difficult to tell if this guy was lying or not as his face... his face was just so...

When she tried to listen to sound of his heartbeat, it just felt... it just felt so... off.

Unlike what Skullius feared, Elita could not see anything to do with his class or invasive status.

Even his race appeared as 'Human' not 'Discount Human'.

The class name and skills were not there on her guidance field which was strangely different from Skullius'.

From the very beginning, she hadn't bought that a level 1 like Skullius could just launch an attack on the Grand Priest with such a weak scroll.

Perhaps it really was a just a case of bad luck?

"Very well. Next question. Are you aligned with the Evenfall?"

Skullius raised his brow.

"What's that?" he asked.

Elita squinted her eyes again but really couldn't figure out if Skullius was lying or not. The completely clueless nature of Skullius' response was believable though.

She intended to show Skullius some basic courtesy and not treat him like a criminal when only he and her were around thus she refrained from using any skills that might be too invasive, which was the bulk of her arsenal.

"The Evenfall is a group of cultists that follows Boron, one of the four Deities who created this world. Surely you know them right?" Elita said sarcastically, intending to just throw it in there as she explained and perhaps get more of a reaction from Skullius.

"Actually..." Skullius said, grabbing onto the chance to learn of this world. "... I actually want to know about this. I don't exactly know about these...Deities are, br-..."

Skullius held himself as he had been about to say bro. It just didn't fit for some reason. This was a female. The second one he had seen since Denille.

Elita was dumbfounded. Once again, if Skullius really was acting, then he was pretty darn good at it.

He didn't know about the Deities?

Well... as she did a double take, she found that it wasn't really that surprising considering that most people didn't bother learning more about the Deities other than what they could gain from them.

It was possible that within the crevices of a small city like Eofel which was almost secluded from the other clusters in Pelian, some wouldn't know.

The whole city was so deluded and ignorant that it barely counted as a city among the rest of the more prominent ones out there.

That added to the fact that Pelian was the weakest country within Feinheath, marred by the most tragic of royal lineages made the point more convincing to Elita.

Her conversion with the Grand Priest had also referenced this subject.

If it was true that Skullius didn't know anything then perhaps the strange faced being before Elita was truly not aligned with the Evenfall or the Green Neolists.

"Strange. Let me explain then. It's my duty to enlighten before anything else after all," Elita said while her gaze locked onto Skullius, beginning to explain succinctly the grand world origin as she also tried to peer into Skullius for a flicker in what could be the best performance she had ever seen.

Chapter 117: The Shadow That Never Pales...

Four Deities created the world. That much was no secret at this point. But what was the world they created?

It was a vast world of water and rock that consisted of four continents and two oceans.

The largest continent was Edagon, the land of the giants in the North. It was vast and so were the creatures that lived upon it. It was believed that the giants were the legacy of the previous dwellers of Edagon, the dragons. These creatures were said to have been made by Quintess who loved to spawn unique entities. The same one that manifested as the lands.

The second largest was Feinheath in the South, the land of the humans. It was said that long years of peace after the Grand Wars had caused most of its power to fade, leading to a division into three countries of different beliefs and customs.

Quintess was said to have forged humans with the help of Listafelle who became the oceans, according to past records.

Opungale, the land of the Sif was the third, settling in the East of Aigas, bearing those that loved the taste of nature, choosing to halt their evolution and honing their connection to their mother, Listafelle who made them.

Amanas was the last, seen to be on the West side as no one knew much about it as a thick barrier was erected around it a few centuries after the other continents were formed.

Many had tried to force their way through after travelling the longest distance to arrive in Amanas' vicinity but to no avail.

No one could pass.

Of the four Deities, Suzamete did not have much records other than becoming the sky but was revered nonetheless.

Boron, the one known as the Traitor was left out of the creation process, denied a chance to join in the occasion. In his rage, he created a small world of his own and attached it to Aigas. His hatred for his fellow Deities manifested vile beings that were devoid of any good within them, their only purpose to revel in the darkness of pleasure.

Unfortunately for him, the other Deities created a huge gate that sealed this place from Aigas, not permitting the creatures of the Under from passing through using normal means.

...

"It seems the grace of the three Deities is not enough for some that have turned to Boron. They call themselves the Evenfall and are the prime enemies of the Purity," Elita explained.

Skullius had been listening attentively all this time. It was certainly intriguing to say the least and certain parts fit into some of the loose information he had.

'Giants, huh? So Sause...' Skullius thought. To think giant naked bastard belonged to such a terrifying continent.

He recalled the Grinning Jester Fox calling Sause by the term, Dragonsson before it let him go.

All this was fair and fine but he still wanted to know something that he felt was like a huge hole in the story.

"What happened before these Deities made themselves into Aigas? Why is this Boron bro called the Traitor?" he asked.

Elita narrowed her eyes. This man really didn't know anything!

She had confirmed it after watching his reactions as she narrated. It was all just unnatural. She planned to do a final check at the end, but so far, she was buying it.

"It's simple. We need not question what happened before the Deities created Aigas. It's not our right. There have been fools who have sought to tear apart the foundation that the Deities created for us already, asking that very question. It has brought them little glory before they ultimately fell down without grace."

"Really? Just by asking that?" Skullius was puzzled. To him it was quite the valid question to ask.

"Indeed. Even the infamous Fulgardt the Immoral of the First Grand Wars fell," said Elita.

Another bombshell dropkicked Skullius in the head and he couldn't help but open his mouth wide.

'Fulgardt?'

"You know him?" Elita asked sceptically. It wasn't exactly a surprise that the stories of evil men were exalted over the truth of benevolent Deities that gave people multiple chances.

"I've heard... some great stories," Skullius quickly replied, not wanting the conversation to steer into parts he would rather not answer.

"I see... Fulgardt believed that there was a greater force that made the four Deities themselves. He believed that it was the source of his world shaking power, this much I'm sure you're aware from your...stories. Ultimately, warriors blessed by the Deities killed him, disapproving his words."

'...'

This piece of information truly hooked Skullius and made a part of him angry for some reason.

Such a thing...

It was a grand concept. Deities and another above them?

This sparked a true desire within Skullius, a fascination for the Insurgent Magnus class that he hadn't had for a long time despite its incredible powers blooming at this moment.

A few thousand bodies laid on the ground, most donning normal clothing for the financially a'ight; shirts, dresses and crude leather shoes.

They were all corpses, many lives having been ended while the bodies were drawn from within the city of Eofel and dragged under one of the common houses at the edge of the city, clustered side by side while lying face down.

Every single one of them had a deep cut on the neck where the severed spine could be seen, a dull red flame flickering within the flesh.

A woman with copper shimmer hair and green eyes stood up as she had just severed the spine from the last corpse and finally took a breather from the arduous work.

"How tedious..." she said as she looked at the lined up bodies.

"Actuass said to cause a stir right? This much should be enough."

The woman was the same one who had been with Actuass, the man in the white and green mask before.

She clearly recalled what her objective was.

It wasn't to attain a victory or to wipe out the city.

It was just to rattle the peace.

The woman took in a deep breath as she drew in air into her lungs while an unsettling aura built up around her.

"Taking in the fresh air almost seems like the more unnatural thing to do. Is this what it feels like to comprehend the depths of death at a more intimate level?" she asked herself.

Over the course of seventy years (her face not supporting the age), she had graduated from being a common Necromancer to being someone who was close to being capable of using True Undeath.

Her current variation of the concept was very unique and after so long, she finally had her time to shine.

Her debut with <Faithful Message Undeath>.

As her mana ignited from her body, the flames within the necks of her thousands of victims blazed with an even grander fervour.

Soon, a certain woman in a plain linen dress stood, her body as pale as sheets. Her crooked motion was followed by several others from beside, before and behind her.

The eyeballs of all these corpses were set alight with a red flame as they were melted off in the next instance, the fire prevailing as the new replacement for vision.

Faint traces of red ran along the visible blood vessels of the corpses as they rose.

Some of them had darker shades than others, standing upright as their muscles tensed up.

From the first woman who stood up as a new entity to the old man who arose last, they all began to recite the same message over and over again as shockingly, what had been dying white and blue cores within their bodies became enveloped in a red halo!

"You cannot comprehend, the true beauty of death. The only true Divinity among many falsehoods. The truest reality in all the lands..." they all spoke in different tunes of voice.

The woman looked at this scene without emotion as she had seen it too many times. The cores of man that would crystallise and shatter into dust fragments upon death were preserved after she injected her concept of death.

Preserved, enhanced and empowered.

"And for good measure..." the woman said, turning to the ugly monstrosity that sat at the very end of the dark space.

One of the three masterpieces she had crafted in her time.

Chapter 118: Faithful Message Undeath! (1)

As stated before, Eofel was a small city without many advanced structures that most of the main cities enjoyed such as Guilds, Magic Academies and other institutions of note that bettered the welfare of the people and bolstered their strength.

There was a great diversity that came with all of this but frankly, the whole setup of the whole country was incredibly poor.

With the added disadvantage of where Eofel was positioned, away from most major settlements and checkpoints, the city lord barely found any restrictions put on him by the Royal family.

Naturally, he enjoyed such a thing.

This city was just one of the tens that didn't matter much in the eyes of the Royal family which gave free reign to the city lord.

It also existed outside the supernatural concepts that plagued other cities spawning continuous improvement within the residents, like Clusters.

The city lord, Yugefet Bonmaush had enjoyed the freedom he had as he established his own system that was closely tied to him in a range of ways.

Only the Purity was a nuisance that kept coming for communion and establishing a 'relationship with the Deities' as they called it, which he didn't buy.

All those 'wasted' resources towards the Temples gave him a thrombin vein on his forehead.

He didn't believe all those tales about the mysterious things that happened within the large cities. With less people migrating to Eofel, not much news passed with the exception of the burning topics like this deal with the Sif that the Royal family was considering.

That... he opposed.

As the heavily built man sat upon his thick chair while the sun began its descent from the highest rise, a wriggly frown could be seen etched above his brow.

"If that comes to pass I imagine those bastards would finally start becoming upstanding authority figures that actually care about us! Their lax attention to taxes in Eofel and the rest of us small cities has been the best grace they have shown us.

If they take that away and allow those long-eared fiends to live among us...!" Yugefet bellowed while looking across from him where a short man with an attentive visage stood.

"That is indeed... troublesome, my lord," the man said.

His immaculate suit brought out the professionalism that hailed from the blood of his family name.

He was the city lord's ears.

Literal ears to hear what the raging mass that lazily sat in comfort had to say.

"Worst of all is that bloody bard that goes about causing panic with his cryptic nonsense! Just what we needed after there have been many reports of missing people all over the city! Dammit! How did those so-called Knights fail to catch him when he was right in the city under the bloody sun?! And how on earth do so many people vanish under their watch?!"

The short man who was on the receiving end of this noise couldn't help but reply perfunctorily. He knew that his master didn't have much of an appreciation of the power that came with mana.

Surely, the man knew how to deal with people to a standard degree, evidenced by how he had managed to establish a fairly strong Capital Knight army for the city with funding and promises that he strategically delivered from time to time irregularly, to keep morale above the norm at the very most.

However, this man didn't know much about the concerns with core growth that these Knights needed. The connections needed to raise powerful units like Energy Formers to conscript into the Capital protection. Mages.

Knights could only do so much.

Yugefet didn't even believe in the tales about Edagon, the land of the giants and only acknowledged Opungale which had regular dealings with Feinheath.

He had been listening when the man had disrespected the Purity and their belief.

All he could do was shamefully agree with his master's misguided approach as it wasn't his place to speak against Yugefet.

He couldn't teach this 56 years old much considering the pride and arrogance he had accumulated over that course.

"They are truly incompetent, my lord. Perhaps it's time to have another gathering with the Capital Knight captain and review the performance derived from the funds you gave them," the man said with a low and respectful tone.

The city lord huffed and puffed.

"Hmm.. you're right! Accountability! I should hold them accountable. I pay them for nothing if they can't keep the peace and catch one crazy dolt!" Yugefet growled while nodding his head ferociously.

The short man could only sigh inwardly, hoping that the Deities wouldn't bear a grudge. Then again, they hadn't shown their wrath in a long time.

So perhaps...

"Berrie, come on now! Get inside and let me run you a bath," a woman called to her son who was busy playing with his friends. A delightful smile could be seen on his face as he chased his fellow eight year olds in the street.

The woman couldn't help but give a warm smile when she saw that the boy didn't reply, clearly ignoring her.

"This little rascal."

The community was quite close, clusters of similar families living in a very inclusive community that prompted for men, women and children to grow with healthy relationships, a fact that would make her appreciate her husband's decision to come to Eofel a few years ago regularly.

Things weren't all that bad.

Even though supremacy did exist, there was still enough to eat and happy faces about.

She couldn't ask for more.

As she opened her mouth to call to her son again, she heard a familiar voice coming from her left.

"You cannot comprehend, the true beauty of death. The only true Divinity among many falsehoods. The truest reality in all the lands... You cannot..."

A quick turn of her head lead her to see the figure of her husband walking in large strides and a sturdy step as he spoke in a loud voice the same statement over and over again.

The woman was about to greet him, but when she saw the bright flames burning from his sockets, she was greatly perturbed.

"Tom? What happened to yo-..."

Before she could continue, her husband's words caused something within her to stir. This message that he continued to speak over and over reached the very depths of her being.

Her body jerked and she trembled as her husband passed her and continued calling out.

Even behind the man, many were quivering and jerking with frightened expressions on their faces as their bodies moved on their own, breaking down!

"What's happening?! What's going on?! Tom!" the woman screamed as she couldn't tell what was happening to her body.

Soon, her eyes began to bleed as he voice faded, a bright red flame bursting from her sockets as she was introduced to profound death.

Chapter 119: Faithful Message Undeath! (2)

Capital Knights Headquarters.

A man in a thick, silver armour sat behind a desk as he settled his heart. As a Knight he had been taught discipline and justice which brought on self restraint. Or at least it was supposed to.

Unfortunately, that was not true for him and all the men under him.

His name was Beron and he was the Capital Knights captain but sadly, he didn't feel like one.

How could he feel proud of himself when he was only a blue core Knight? There was nothing that stood out about him among the masses of Knights around except a bit of seniority that came with his age.

The Capital Knight name was supposed to carry weight but that was only a reality in other big cities where being a Knight was valued quite well.

He could see the disdain he had received from the captain of the Purity Knights. Even though they had the same levelled core, he was grossly outmatched.

The term Capital Knight didn't have weight for someone who wasn't truly supported by the nation. The Royal family didn't reach out to cities like Eofel, promoting Capital Knights and actually giving a damn about their growth.

The gaze he had received from Gin had haunted him all day and all he had to do was suck it up. The pride he had as a Capital Knight captain waned each day.

The matter of the mysterious creature that had appeared within his own headquarters had been taken over by the Knights of the Purity without him having much of a say and even now, his Knights were pretty rattled.

They would look to him to do something but unfortunately, he couldn't.

He was probably going to have to face the wrath of the city lord for letting that ballad escape when he clearly didn't have strength to do so. The missing individuals had their loved ones causing problems in his station and yet, he was powerless to do anything.

"Would it have been the same if I was truly a Capital Knight? Would I have been looked down upon if I was ordained and raised by the nation as a fighting force to be reckoned with?" the man said to himself.

He pushed his blonde hair back and his brown eyes glistened with a hint of sorrow.

BANG!

The door to his secluded room was violently pushed open as one of his Knights hurriedly rushed in.

"Sir! We have problem! In multiple places around the city, something really bad is happening!" The Knight said with a pale face.

"What? What's happening?! Speak!" Beron inquired while grabbing his sword and rushing out.

"You might have to see it for yourself sir! I have never seen anything like this in my life!"

Right under the massive building which had a silver hue about it, Elita who had been discussing with Skullius, slowly evaluating how much truth this strangely ignorant man held, suddenly narrowed her eyes as her senses picked up a malevolent energy that came from the outside.

Skullius noticed the change in her and asked.

"What's wrong?"

Elita turned her gaze to the Discount Human as she quickly made a final evaluation by extending her hand and releasing a burst of golden light that bathed Skullius wholly!

Skullius had panicked at first but as he didn't feel any pain or discomfort from it, he relaxed somewhat.

Elita couldn't find a single trace of undeath energy or the familiar sensation that she had experienced when she encountered members of the Evenfall.

At this point she was trying to find if there was anything that could make her doubt Skullius. There didn't seem to be any of that though.

Could she trust this fellow?

The rush of light disappeared from Skullius.

It was still a surprise to him that the Fruit of World Myths was right in front of him but Elita couldn't perceive it, even at her level. Whatever it was.

At this point, some of his strength had returned or rather the heaviness had subsided quite a bit. He could move well but nothing too excessive.

After not finding anything of note, Elita decided she could at least not condemn this fellow as being part of the Green Neolists or the Evenfall.

However...

"I sense a thick energy of undeath from all around the city," she said to Skullius as he swiped the bars to his cell with her hand which broke them into tiny steel splints.

"You've had contact with the Green Neolists. I don't have much experience with their tactics but since you have some knowledge about them you'll be useful to me. You're coming along."

"Wait. What?!" Skullius pointed at himself with a shocked expression of face. His question wasn't answered as he was grabbed by neck collar of his robe and pulled out of the cell!

The Purity mainly dealt with religious issues. Bands that rose, opposing the faith like the Evenfall were their problem but the Green Neolists were mainly a problem for the nation, unless the amount of unrest they caused truly became excessive.

Therefore, the Purity didn't have much knowledge on the subject as they traced the group which came before.

Before Skullius could ask another question, his vision turned into a blur and within moments, he found himself outside the grand building that had many men and women running around, mobilising their numbers to deal with a threat.

As soon as Skullius' vision became focused again, he saw a rather terrifying scene.

Thousands of people of all ages were rushing from the distance while heading towards the silver high rise building!

They caused a stampede as they rushed, their faces smeared in blood while their sockets burned with a ferocious red flame!

Screaming and bewildered civilians rushed to the safety of the Capital Knight building in the hundreds, escaping from their homes, tents and marketplaces to be received by the Knights.

From the collective charge that came from the eerie group ahead, chanting could be heard as they bellowed loudly, their voices causing the innocents that fled from the frightful scene in other directions to jerk and scream as they changed too, joining this deathly parade!

Many of the Capital Knights had created a blockade already as they placed their shields before them while anchoring themselves on the ground.

Sweat and terror could be seen on their faces while others broke down as they saw their loved ones within the charging crowd only to be held down by those that kept their emotions at bay.

The hesitation was thick.

What was this?

What kind of nightmarish tale had this scene been torn from?!

Should they attack?!

Should they not?!

Beron was torn as he failed to give the order to the already assembled archers that didn't show enough resolve to let loose their arrows even if the order was given.

His flimsy education and training didn't cover this. How was he supposed to deal with this?!

At such a time, a replacement pulled through, pushing away Beron who had been behind the line and calling for his men to support.

Chapter 120: Gin

"Purity Knights! Assemble!" Gin called, the dozens of Knights under his command rushing around him after he had pushed away Beron.

The Capital Knight captain would have felt a strong sense of embarrassment and rage if he hadn't been in such a pinch but right now, a part of him amidst the overwhelming shame felt... glad that the responsibility had been taken away from his hands.

"Pillar 1, support the shields, Pillar 2, circle around and support the West, Pillar 3, support the East!" Gin bellowed as his body exploded with a vibrant burst of white coloured mana that travelled with his voice.

Gin's Knights were already grouped up into familiar squads called Pillars which improved efficiency when he needed to split up the forces for different tasks.

The Knights immediately rushed towards the places they were told to go, the first squad going on to support the Capital Knights that were bearing the shields hesitantly.

The other Knights rushed from the front of the building and disappeared into the infrastructures around as they headed to support other areas as Gin had commanded.

The oncoming charge of civilians didn't make them waver as they stood strong.

Gin had also sensed the thick and foul scent of undeath. It wasn't coming from this area alone, which is why he had deployed his Knights to different areas. He had confirmed it after seeing the flames glowing in the sockets of the chanting civilians that drew near with each second.

There didn't seem to be another choice but violence.

He scanned around, looking for the golden armoured Champion who was supposed to be leading and giving everyone a sense of comfort with her presence but she was nowhere to be seen.

'Champion, my ass! Can she not even liase with me before taking off? Is she still with that heathen?' he thought.

Unfortunately, Gin didn't have enough time to ponder this as the thousands finally arrived.

The many civilians who had managed to get to safety before the rampaging crowd reached them could only embrace each other or clutch onto the Knights right before the charging thousands collided with the shields.

"You cannot comprehend, the true beauty of death. The only true Divinity among many falsehoods. The truest reality in all the lands...!" the chanting of the huge crowd blared against the ears of the Knights and the civilians.

The bulging muscles of the civilians who seemed to carry faint traces of a red energy around them pulsed as they ran like athletes without a stagger!

The chant they roared caused everyone to feel an unsettling feeling within their bodies, some more than others!

Even Gin felt it!

'What is that?' he thought as he frowned deeply. It was a feeling that tried to ravage the very source of his being but failed each time he heard the chant!

Right before impact as the Knights shielded their bodies with mana, and prepared to tank the charge with their shields... it finally happened!

"EEEEEEEEAAAAAH!"

The civilians behind the wall of Knights that were about to block the incoming crowd screamed as their bodies jerked and twisted in unsightly ways!

They were only the first as next... came the Knights!

Some of them who were supposed to hold the line blocking the charge suddenly roared in pain and dropped their weapons, their bodies twisting in frightening styles as in the next moment, red flames fumed from their sockets with a terrifying howl!

The moment the flames sprang out their sockets, the civilians and some of the Knights immediately began chanting and turned to those that hadn't been reached by the profound truth!

Gin watched in shock as the crowds coming from the front bulldozed against the remains of the Knights that hadn't suddenly turned, trampling over most of the Capital Knights but being held back a bit by the Purity Knights who hurriedly tamed their terror!

Dust rose as the ground released a rumble of collision that boggled his mind!

Such a force!

He could vividly see blood rising from those that had been crushed under the charge!

The scene was chaotic and gorey.

From behind, all the civilians rushed towards those that hadn't turned and violently lashed out!

The Knights were worse, as the flames in their sockets were brighter, their bodies releasing a disgusting red stream of energy that steadily spewed upwards.

Some picked up the swords they had dropped while transitioning and immediately attacked without mercy!

However, their movements weren't unsteady and irregularly!

No, the might of Knight remained the same while the strength of a normal civilians was more that doubled.

Five Knights besieged Gin who quickly settled his mind and clutched the sheathed sword at his side. He breathed out a gust of hot air, his eyes becoming clear even amidst the terrifying scenery of Knights slaying other Knights!

He stomped on the ground, a low thrum echoing as the ground acknowledged his strength, a rough wind combined with his mana being expelled from his body in the form of an invisible sphere!

The five Knights that rushed towards him met the resistance that this sphere offered and temporarily halted in their positions as they attacked!

BAM!

The sphere stopped their advance successfully giving Gin a few moments before the continuation.

'They are pretty strong. Whatever happened to them somehow augmented their strength,' Gin thought as his sphere that barely lasted for a two seconds gave him details about his assailants and restrained them at the same time.

The moment the five Knights were able to move though, Gin unsheathed his blade and released a single slash while gracefully spinning with his entire body!

A soft glow traced the sword's path, five heads falling to the ground immediately after, following a spray of blood!

Unfortunately, this victory couldn't be celebrated as the thousands that came rushing before barrelled down towards him, threatening to bury him under their feet!

Beron could barely believe his eyes as he lay on the ground in a fright induced stupor.

He watched as the chanting civilians and Knights slew his men one after the other, their strength being strangely terrifying.

As they all chanted, he felt a chill that tried to invade his very core, but failed each time.

'Why?!' he thought in frustration as he gnashed his teeth.

The Purity Knights who struggled around him didn't give him the strength he needed to stand.

CLNK! CLNK!

The sound of armour emanated from behind him as a figure stood, overlooking his body from above.

Beron looked on to see as he lay down, a suffocating energy reaching him from the Knight that stood behind him!

Even though he couldn't see it, behind the neck of this Knight was a deep cut into his flesh, a red glow visible within it.

The Capital Knight captain watched as this Knight with flame sockets raised his hand which held onto one of the steel swords provided to the Capital Knights by the city, ready to kill him off.

His eyes bulged, and he reached for his sword but a sense of weakness gripped his heart, making him relax his muscles.

'What's the point? I was never meant to fight anyway. I'll only have to face the responsibility of letting all of this happen even if I do survive this somehow so... why not just... let it end here?' Beron thought.

He was never trained to be a nation quality Captain Knight. Why would he be expected to stand up to such a terrifying event anyway?

The sword from the Knight came down and Beron closed his eyes to receive death but...

WAAAP! BOOOM!

An intense shockwave rocked the area within a hundred meters, men and women flying in all directions as a ferocious pound of might settled around the entire area with a brilliant light!

Knights and civilians alike were flung everywhere at extreme speeds as the ground shuddered, the large silver base also feeling the impact but ultimately remaining intact!

A single man remained within the cleared area where the ground had been pressed down by his power which pervaded over a forty meter radius!

It was a vibrant Full Body Aura!

It was Gin, holding his double-edged silver sword with a golden hilt high up!

"Hear me!" he called in a loud voice. "To those that remain unaffected by this evil plague, gather around me and let us face it together! Assemble quickly and let us show our might as Knights! Come! Stand with me!"

The words he spoke reached everywhere!

The Knights who remained unaffected didn't waste time as they ran to Gin's position instinctively before they were assaulted once more!

Beron, who had been expecting death moments ago, found his heart pounding from the short speech!

He had been flung off as well by the might of Gin but saved in the process!

He had also seen the man raise his sword upwards and command for action in gallant fashion!

A true Knight!

His legs found the strength to stand and his hand grabbed the nearest sword.

'I'm still a Knight! I'm still a Knight,' he called within his mind as he joined the rest that rushed towards Gin's position.

Unfortunately, along with all these Knights, one who wasn't supposed to be among them gazed at Gin with his flaming sockets and rushed forward as well!