

Darkness 221

Chapter 221: The Entertainment

At one of the secluded corners of the city where only open fields for agricultural land and mills for harvesting the produce were situated, a mage donned in black robes walked at a steady pace.

[You better have it ready. Or I'm killing you all instead.] spoke Loki in his mind.

Winds howled as the midnight darkness had encapsulated this entire area. Only the tall crops and bushes were noticeable if one looked closely.

Loki was walking on a paved soil road leisurely.

But at this very moment, there were 20 assassins and archers tailing him from just a kilometer away to stay undetected by the peak grandmaster mage.

If not for the fellow subordinates given to him by Kahn, he would've failed to detect these people and mistakenly lead them to their mansion.

But since the owner was learning from his little mistake, so were the generals. Ronin had already told this strategy to all the other generals and Omega so they don't get mixed up in unnecessary trouble or reveal their identities to the enemy.

In his case, what Ceril liked the most was killing people and experimenting with their bodies to create more undead. And he wasn't in the mood of changing his obsession for the sake of being cautious.

Besides, sending these people to tail him also meant that Odin was snooping his nose where he shouldn't have. And that part angered him the most, so there was a need to send a warning.

When he reached the center of this open settlement, his figure suddenly disappeared from the spot.

Tap! Tap! Step! Step!

2 minutes later, numbers of black shadows appeared from various directions and gathered at the place where the mage previously stood.

Some appeared out of the shadows of the mills while some from the open fields of crops and finally broke the silence.

"Where is he? I can't sense him at all." spoke a demonkin assassin.

"No idea. We too saw him disappear right here just a few minutes ago. He's a mage, not an assassin or archer like us to disappear into thin air even if he were to be a grandmaster individual." said another one of the assassins in a rustic tone.

At this exact moment, dozens of black shadows revealed themselves in 500 meters radius, encircling this group and activated the artifacts they were holding.

Shing!

Suddenly, a dark dome appeared right above their heads and covered the 500 meter surrounding area in a matter of seconds, completely covering and isolating this group from the outside.

"Welcome to my hell!"

A ghastly and eerie voice landed on the ears of all these pursuers who were now trapped inside this dark barrier.

Just a hundred meters away from this group of assassins and archers, Loki revealed his figure and dozens of red archaic magical formations appeared on the ground around these people.

Crack! Crack!

The ground started cracking around the group and boney hands pushed themselves out of the soil.

Hundreds of noises of the ground cracking resounded as skeletons varying from humans to demihumans burst open the field and rose as if an army of creatures from hell was erupting in front of them.

From every single hole, dozens of skeletons in varying sizes jumped outwards and started encircling this group of guests.

All the members of the opposition were rooted on the spot, taken aback by fear and disbelief as they saw nearly 300 skeletons soldiers and walking zombies with burning red eyes staring at them.

"Since you've taken so much of your time in pursuing me... allow me to show my appreciation towards your hard work." said Loki as he chuckled in a sinister tone.

The next moment, he summoned a huge throne, made completely out of white bones and skulls of who knows how many creatures.

Loki sat comfortably as he looked at his army of undead that he had cultivated so far in the past 10 days. Although the number was only three hundred, every single one of these summons was at least a beginner rank creature.

This was an overkill to be exact. But what he wanted wasn't just to toy with these people.. But to show how it felt being in the presence of the grim reaper.

"Entertain our guests." he commanded and the soldiers started walking towards the group of fighters.

Thud! Thud!

The giant 5 meter tall undead monsters he created recently walked towards the group that was now surrounded and had taken a defensive stance.

Each of them showing immense fear on their face but still mustering the courage to fight against these undead. All their curses and warnings towards the army surrounding them landed on deaf ears.

This is what exactly Loki wanted. To crush their spirit first and then give them a glimpse of absolute despair.

"Now, come to me... I shall enlighten you about true aspects of life and death." said Loki in a sadistic voice.

"Arrh!!"

Screamed one of the female assassins whose leg was grabbed by a skeleton's hand that appeared from the ground right below her.

"No! Please let us go. We were only following orders." pleaded a snakekin.

"Spare us! We promise we won't dare to come in your way ever again!" said a human archer.

"Argh! My hand!" screamed one of the pursuers as an undead jumped at him and chew off his flesh on the forearm

Some of the new tall master rank monsters also attacked and incapacitated the enemies while the small undeads chew out entrails and skin these people alive.

Ceril was watching and enjoying the show, laughing maniacally as he ordered the soldiers to be more creative.

Their screams fill the dome as Loki sat on the throne, his maniacal laughs giving even more sinister touch to the scene.

The expression on his face turned ecstatic as he watched these people getting scared shitless, fighting for their lives and getting swarmed with the sheer numbers of undead soldiers who tore their limbs and ripped out their flesh one by one.

To their begs for mercy after getting outnumbered completely, Loki only replied in a stern and ruthless voice.

"Tonight... Let there be Carnage."

Chapter 222: The Summon

In an open field where not a single living being could be seen, a completely horrifying scene that contradicted this peaceful and quiet scene happened inside an invisible barrier that couldn't even be sensed from outside.

"Aaaaaaaaarrrrrr!!!" screamed a woman archer as beast skeletons with sharp claws cracked open her chest, breaking her ribcage and then chewed her heart while she was still alive.

"Hahaha!! That's a good one!" commented Loki as he was reveling in the wails of the people who were tailing him not long ago.

After being surrounded by 300 undeads.. These 20 people had no place to run or hide. And the barrier itself couldn't be broken or their teleportation scrolls worked here.

The mage in front of them had set a perfect ambush and they were not left with a single escape route.

Loki had already ordered his soldiers to take their time and kill them all in creative ways. All their weapons, bombs and skills barely killed 50 or so undeads but the problems were the big ones who weren't receiving any considerable damage.

One of the defenders accidentally blew himself up when he was trying to throw a bomb at the skeletons but they pulled his legs from below the ground and he dropped the bomb right below him.

To Loki, whether it was the pursuers or his own skeletons dying seemed like a fun activity as he was maniacally laughing and passing comments as if he was a judge of some competition and the most creative and cruel death will get a reward.

"Nooaaaaar!" wailed a female tigerkin assassin as her buttocks and tail was ripped out by a four-legged beast skeleton.

Next, a human's intestines were used to gag his mouth as hound-like skeletons chewed his legs from the thighs while both his arms were pierced through by an amalgamation of a centaur and mithrans who had spikey extension coming out.

His pitiful cries filled the surroundings but there was not a single soul who cared about the agony and brutality he was suffering through.

"Good. Now tear him in two and use his legs to beat the others." ordered Loki aka Ceril while he drank a glass full of red wine which looked like blood to everyone present here.

In just 20 minutes, 8 of them had fallen. Given the number of attackers, they wouldn't have lasted even 2 minutes but since Loki had ordered these undeads to take their time, the lives of these people were being toyed with as the mage dressed in black robes was enjoying this horrifying and bloodied scene.

"How the fuck is this possible? Wasn't necromancy abolished completely? Only the undeads from dungeons can use it. So how come this fucker is using it?" asked a male foxkin.

"How the fuck would I know.. How many bombs you have left? We need to create a path and escape!" replied a snakekin archer.

"But can we?... We can't even get out of this circle." replied the foxkin as he parried an attack from a monster with his daggers.

Stab!

Before more words could be spoken, the snakekin's throat was pierced through by a boney tail of a giant monster that seemed like a combination of a botir and mithrans.

These were the creatures none of the defenders had seen in their entire lives.

As the night went by, all of the defenders were brutally murdered and the place they previously stood was now covered in different colors of blood. Their mangled and torn bodies filled the surroundings as all of them were played with before their miserable and inhumane deaths by these undead monsters.

"Ah, what a pain." said Loki as he took out the restoration artifact after all of his summons returned inside the magic formations. The crops were trampled upon by his undead soldiers while the ground was painted in red.

So he decided to cover up tracks and bring back the surrounding back to how it was before the massacre started. He used the same epic rank artifact that he used while robbing graves in the first few days of grave robberies that removed every single track of a grave being dug out.

The pursuers were now part of his undead army so he was content with this little harvest as he too had some quality time.

TWO WEEKS LATER.

Ceril was already in his bedroom, looking at the morning sun through the window. Unlike the other subordinates, he didn't need sleep at all. But to keep his identity as a human, he had to put up some pretenses to not raise suspicions as instructed by his master.

For the past two weeks, he had been carrying on his experiments after receiving 3 thousand bodies in the first batch handed to him in large inner space rings. As if being fearful of him.. Hank, the right-hand man of Odin who was the one to deliver these rings didn't even dare to utter a word or ask about the people who went to tail Loki two weeks ago.

As if they already had a sense of understanding on what topic not to touch or put their nose in.

And Ceril had been carrying on his experiments as usual, improving and creating more stronger undeads and skeleton soldiers. His success rate also drastically improved and he now had 200 peak master rank monsters and soldiers after tiresome effort.

He already had his daytime duties so only the morning and night time was available to him. This also indicated his talent in magic and necromancy. Because inheriting someone's skills was one thing and completely mastering as well as evolving them into something higher was another.

Just like Kahn, he too had to work his way up with hard efforts.

When Kahn was continuing his morning practice sessions for weapons and magic, Ceril visited him in the training grounds that were in the opposite end of his research facility.

"Master, I wish to borrow something from you." said Ceril donned in his usual white and purple mage clothes.

"What is it? And why?" asked Kahn who was sweating profusely after an intense workout and training session that was his routine for nearly a month now.

First, he trained his body with regular weapons and combat techniques training that tired him out and then spent the rest of the day studying and performing various magical skills and spell which required him to sit down so his body would also get the much-needed rest.

And hence, he would end up training both the body and the mind. This form of discipline required a lot of commitment and tenacity. But Kahn knew that slacking off was no longer an option.

Ceril then told him what he had in mind and why he needed something from him.

"Are you certain? Because the way I look at it.. It's a very dangerous goal to accomplish even for a semi-saint rank fighter like me. If you want, I can provide help or send the other generals to help you.

Omega & Jugram can be a big help to you as well given the actions you wish to take." said Kahn solemnly.

Just now, Ceril had told him a very devious yet completely bananas type of plan and goal he wanted to achieve.

"No need, master. This is my personal operation. No help from anyone is needed. I can easily handle this on my own.

I just need the artifact." replied Ceril, his tone filled with absolute determination.

"Fine. But if you die, what about the undeads you created? I can revive you again but they're not my direct creations so I can't do the same for them." asked Kahn.

"They all will perish and I will have to start from scratch again. Please, do not worry. I have thought this through." said Ceril.

Kahn sighed and took out a familiar artifact from his space ring that he had used previously on a few occasions. After handing it to Ceril, he went back to his training.

He knew that he had to show some faith in his generals as well. Because in the future, they would be like his own vassals who served an Emperor.

So just like him, this was also a time for them to gain worldly experience and knowledge. They too had to learn from trial and error to be forged in fire and come out as someone capable of handling matters related to commanding others.

And Ceril was planning to do exactly that.

At that same night, Ceril in his Loki persona met Hank again. But this time, he passed a letter to Hank that was only to be read by his boss.

Hank delivered the goods and returned to their main headquarters at midnight.

Odin read the letter sent by the peak grandmaster mage and even he was gobsmacked after reading the context.

"Is he out of his mind?! Who the hell is his backer to pull off a move like this?!"

This is like putting all of the people who want to kill each other in the same room!!!"

Spoke Odin as soon as he read the final words of the letter...

SUMMON THE HYDRA.

Chapter 223: Summoning The Heads

Odin, the tall and ripped build thrall was seated in his office and going through the context of the letter as he was still finding it hard to come to terms with what he read just now. Because the words written there were something that not only baffled him but also completely unexpected.

He heaved a sigh with a solemn countenance and read the words again.

'I have a big business proposition. It is something too big for one person or an organization alone.

So I need you to contact the other 6 Heads of the rumored Hydra that I've come to hear about recently.

I'm fully aware of the complexity and how hard of a task it is to do it in just a week.

But it is more effective and time-saving if it is you who are doing the delivery than me personally visiting them one by one.

You can send a message to all of them saying that they will be paid 10 million gold coins just for attending the meeting. As for your cut for going through this ordeal would be 30 million.

Do mention that what I'm offering can change the futures of their respective organizations for the better. So..

Summon the Hydra.'

Odin put the letter inside the envelope with an unhappy face.

"What the hell is this psychopath trying to do? He wants all the 7 Heads of the Hydra to be present in the same meeting? Who the hell does he think he is?!"

"If not for the 30 million.. I wouldn't even do the job.

Who would've thought that one day, I will be the one to arrange the meeting with people I detest the most. Every single one of those bastards is no different than a blade in my gut." he said as his fists clenched tightly.

[Let's hope whatever he & the force standing behind him is offering to all of us is something worth all the effort or my reputation will take a big fall.] thought Odin and decided to proceed to the arrangements that he needed to do now.

The one-week period was indeed a short amount of time to get all the remaining heads together. So he had a lot of work to do.

ONE WEEK LATER

North-East area of the Rukon district, where a grand valley full of tall trees and wildlife was situated, a large open ground full of lavish green grass was left untouched.

Despite being so many small cities and villages surrounding a 6 kilometer wide forest, no one had claimed or inhabited this place as if it was an unspoken rule or command of someone powerful.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

The hooves of the multiple monster steeds resounded in the dark of the night amidst these tall trees and bushes.

A small army of 200 people varying from species to species strode across patiently. All of the members were highly geared individuals with a variety of weapons and armors, the luxurious carriages that were carried by the steeds leaked an oppressive aura from the inside.

As if a predetermined arrangement, there were 5 more of such forces coming from other directions of the forest at the same time.

When the envoys finally reached the exit that led towards the open ground, all the sides sent a flair signal up in the sky.

The next second, a pathway appeared in front of all these forces and they walked inside. Only to see a well-arranged open ground that had thousands of chairs and refreshments arrangements done inside an illusion barrier that hid the inner property from the public eyes.

One by one, all the forces reached towards the center and all the influential figures that sat inside the carriages came out from their respective ends.

As the 6 forces walked with their respective leaders, each of whom was a peak grandmaster being, the surrounding was filled with an oppressive aura and even the envoy from each of the sides found it hard to breathe.

The 6 peak grandmasters then walked towards a wide table that had 7 heads of a Hydra, a sea monster with seven snake heads carved out that pointed towards the respective seats.

The group of peak grandmasters consisted of a muscular black-haired elf, a female succubus, a red skin human, a purple demonkin, a black tengu and a green snakekin. All of them dressed in lavish and regal clothing since they were the figureheads of their respective organizations.

And there was one person who was already present near the table but still hadn't taken his seat as if he was waiting for all the other 6 figureheads to be present there.

All of them looked at each other and released their murderous aura and killing intent at each other as if wanting to rip each other's hearts out.

However, the next second, all of them raised their right palm in the air and spoke loudly at the same time...

"Hail Hydra!!"

The echoes of their voice filled the 2 kilometer space under the illusion barrier as all of them took a seat at the table.

The host of the meeting, Odin who awaited the arrival of his fellow members of this table let out a sigh.

In Rukon District, The Hydra represented the top seven rulers of the underworld organizations in their respective specialties and trades.

The moniker of one of the Head of the Hydra was given to each boss for different fields like brothel network, smuggling, gambling and money laundering.

Only the fighting arena, assassination, information gathering & mercenary organizations were left out as they traded in far open business compared to theirs which didn't see the light of the day.

All these figureheads were the undisputed rulers of their respective professions.

"The last time all the members of the Hydra gathered here was 5 years ago when I dethroned my predecessor. And now I am the one who has called out the other heads." spoke Odin in a kingly voice.

"This better be worth our time. Or I for one will take out all my anger on you." spoke the succubus peak grandmaster whose body barely had the sensitive spots & assets covered under small clothes.

Anyone who saw her would get enamored by the lovely, seductive and bodacious body of this beauty.

"Shut up, Violetta! Do you think I would call all of you here if it wasn't for a good reason? The one who wanted to meet all of us at the same time is someone worth all the effort. And what he intends to offer us is something beyond comprehension even for me." explained Odin.

"So where is this person you speak of? The letter mentioned that he comes from a great force that wants to cooperate with all of us together. Even those noble clans aren't as courageous as this person." asked the human swordsman.

Swoosh!!

"I'm here. Thanks for coming."

A ghastly voice resounded as if a ghost suddenly appeared out of nowhere and a mage donned in black robes came to be out of thin air.

[What the hell?!! I'm a peak grandmaster mage myself! How did I not sense him?!] thought the green snakekin mage with a bewildered expression on his face.

Not only him, but the rest of the heads except Odin, had a similar thought at the same time.

Despite being on the same level as the mage, none of them even felt his presence here when they came.

"My name is Loki, pleased to make your acquaintance." said Loki as he introduced himself.

"I've done my part. I hope you remember your promise." said Odin as he looked at the mage.

Loki nodded and gave a light smile to all the other members of the hydra.

This setting looked like a war table of generals surrounded by their respective forces gathering together the night before the battle.

"So tell us, mister Loki. Why have you summoned us all together? You even went as far as to have Odin contact us and use the only one chance he has to summon all the 7 heads of the hydra." asked the purple demonkin.

"It is very simple if I am to be honest. What I offer to all of you is a once in a lifetime opportunity.

It is something that great personages of your standing and authority in your respective trades would definitely want to grasp as soon as offered.

And all of your organizations would greatly benefit from this deal I'm offering you at a silver platter." spoke Loki in a grandiose manner as he gestured his hand and the scepter up in the air. As if he was bestowing the blessings of the gods on these seven heads.

"Let's not beat around the bush. Just tell us what kind of deal you're offering." said the tengu who had two black wings on his back as he folded his arms and looked at the mage with a suspicious gaze.

Loki on the other end took a deep breath and spoke in a magnanimous and joyous voice that filled the entire area, reaching to the ears of every single being present here.

"It's simple..." he said and quickly released all of his dark aura filled with dominance and bloodlust.

"From now on... All of you are my servants!"

Chapter 224: The Homage

The area under the illusion barrier was completely dead silent as soon as everyone heard Loki's proclamation. The one thousand two hundred soldiers and all the seven heads of the hydra were left speechless.

Not a single soul present here would've imagined that the one to call out for the meeting was so daring to say that all the peak grandmaster people were his slaves.

"Pfftt!! Pfft.... Hahaha ha haha!"

"Ha ha.. You're good at making jokes, mister Loki."

"Funniest thing I've heard this decade. Haha"

Laughed off the heads and following them, all their forces followed. This indeed felt like a big joke to everyone present there.

But as soon as the echoes of the laughs subsided, the place of the meeting was filled with an extremely chaotic and deathly aura.

"Oye.. That was neither a funny nor humorous joke. We will let you retract your words and rephrase what you said." said the elven swordsman as he directed murderous intent at Loki.

"What's the meaning of this? What kind of bullshit are you spewing?!" asked Odin in an infuriated tone.

"My my.. Mister Loki seems to overestimate himself. Doesn't matter who his backer is.. We are not some weaklings that can be oppressed or commanded like someone's henchmen.

Even those Saints & the nobles think ten times before saying such nonsense. The power we combinely wield can rival the majority of factions and clans." said Violetta, the succubus.

"There was indeed a force who tried to control to control us because they had a second stage saint in their clan. Do you know what happened to the Saint & her clan?..."

"They're all buried in the ground now. So you better watch your mouth!" warned the tengu.

To all these deathly warnings and giving in to the oppressive aura, instead of dropping on the ground or cowering in fear, Loki replied with a coy smile.

"And why do you think I summoned all of you here? The best way to kill a snake is to cut its head. And I have all the heads present here."

"Enough from the clown! I'm putting a word out. 500 Thousand for this bastard dead, a million alive so I can teach him some manner first."

The human from the seven heads banged his fist on the table. Putting a bounty on Loki's head after he was thoroughly infuriated.

"Why so serious?"

Spoke Loki, still maintaining his complete cool as if he had no fear of death.

"Forget the money, he put my name and reputation in the mud! I'm killing him with my own hands!" shouted Odin and charged at Loki as soon as he got up from his seat.

"Such a shame.." said Loki and the very next instant, completely dark space filled the area around the round table.

All the other peak grandmasters felt like their bodies froze on the spot in a microsecond and they couldn't even move from the place.

This was exactly the ability used by Ajak, The Dark Summoner when he killed Kahn inside the 12th floor of Bromnir dungeon in Flavot city.

VOID REALM!

The spell created by using black magic, one of the strongest magical elements in the world was something that could instantly stop an enemy for 10 seconds as if the time itself was frozen.

Odin shuddered in fear as soon as he noticed the changes in his body. He quickly tried to burst his aura and break through the physical pressure on him. But forget using his aura, he couldn't even use move his eyes at this moment.

Stab! Stab! Stab! Stab!

Four shadow blades, one of the abilities Ceril inherited after getting merged with the undead summoner were finally used after so many months.

The last time he used this ability was when they fought against the magma drake dungeon boss.

Two big holes were created in both Odin's shoulders and the other two in his thighs. Each hole was big enough to pass a man's arm right through them.

As soon as the 10 seconds passed, Odin's body dropped on the ground as a splatter of blood spread around the thrall.

"Impossible!! That's dark magic!" shouted the snakekin mage who was also a peak grandmaster mage.

All the other heads of the hydra felt an impending doom looming over their heads.

Loki was on the same level as them but none of them could even react or move a muscle after he used that ability as all of them were brought in a dark domain where they couldn't see or feel anything.

And as soon as the spell ended, Odin who was one of the strongest members of the hydra was lying on the ground, completely incapacitated.

"All you care about is money. This district deserves a better class of criminals. And I'm gonna give it to them.

Tell your men they work for me now. This is my turf." said Loki in a ghastly tone. As if he was a grim reaper giving the command to someone whose life he was about to take.

"They won't work for a freak." groaned Odin and spat blood out of his mouth.

"Freak?" asked Loki as he looked at Odin's two giant hounds, a black and white one who were charging at him from a distance as soon as they saw their owner injured and in a near-death situation on the ground.

Both of them were 2 meters in height, just like the pack of wolves that attacked Kahn as soon as he arrived in this world.

Loki cast two lightning spells and attacked both of the dogs in a second, killing them before they reached halfway.

But he didn't stop there either. He used the King of the Dead skills and quickly made both of the broken and charred dogs into his undead creatures.

"Grrrr...!" growled the white hound.

"Oh.. They say they're hungry." said Loki with a grin.

"Why don't we cut you up into little pieces and feed you to your pooches?"

And then we'll see how loyal a hungry dog really is?!" spoke Loki in a sinister tone as a wide and creepy smile appeared on his face.

After he telepathically ordered the dogs, the hounds charged towards his direction again but this time, their target was not him but Odin, their master who fed and raised them from so many years.

Odin was a hand-to-hand brawler but after getting caught by surprise and having his limbs decommissioned... there wasn't anything the peak grandmaster could do at all.

Forget using any skills, he could barely use any mana in his body as if the shadow blades that Loki plunged him with were stopping his body to harness any of his strength.

"Arrhhhh!!" screamed Odin as his hounds started tearing his flesh and biting off his body as if they were starving for decades.

Meanwhile.. All the other 6 heads were still rooted on the spot, not daring to attack Loki lest they themselves suffer the same fate as him. At the end of the day, he wasn't their comrade but just an acquaintance they had to tolerate out of obligations.

Loki turned his head and ask with a creepy smile as Odin's wails filled with agony resounded in the surrounding.

"Now then.... Who's next?"

He asked others, sending a shiver in their spine.

"You.. You're mad!" shouted the elf as he took out his sword and took a defensive stance.

"Ha ha.." chuckled Loki and replied in a mischievous tone.

"See madness as you know... is like gravity.

All it takes is a little push!"

Replied Ceril and his deathly aura erupted from his body. Quickly putting immense pressure on everyone present here.

"He can't use that ability quickly again! It must have used a lot of his mana. All of us need to attack him now!" shouted the snakekin mage and all of them pulled out their weapons.

A swordsman, an archer, a mage, a whip user, an assassins and a Spearman. All the remaining heads of the hydra got into battle mode and gave each other an understanding gaze.

Swoosh! Swing! Crack!

All of them used their job-specific skills and attacked Loki who was now surrounded by the group of peak grandmasters.

BOOM!!

But before their attacks could even land on the mage, a dense dark barrier appeared in a second and covered Loki from all sides.

The huge explosion threw off Odin's now dead body far away and obliterated the hounds just with the shockwaves.

"This... what the hell is this guy?!" asked Violetta, the succubus as she took back her whip after sending a long waves of mana attacks at Loki.

The Darkness Barrier which was a skill that Kahn and his 300+ subordinates failed to break during the fight with the undead summoner all those months ago was now used by Ceril.

"Use light elemental attacks!" shouted the tengu, the archer of the group. All of them were experienced veterans so they knew what was the weakness of dark magic.

BOOM!! BOOM!!

Another groundshaking ripple filled the surroundings as multiple aura attacks infused with light elements bombarded and cracked open the darkness barrier in a couple of seconds.

But before Loki even got a chance to attack, his body was wound in a whip with lighting element, and his heart was plunged by an arrow.

Stab! Stab!

A sword and a spear stabbed his chest and stomach the very next second. Not even giving him a chance to retaliate.

"Get away!" shouted the tengu archer and a charged shot full of compressed wind element left his bow and burst open Loki's head.

The seemingly dangerous mage who killed one of them swiftly was killed in a matter of seconds after the impeccable and perfectly timed coordination of these six grandmasters.

Ceril, the Necromancer subordinate...

HAD DIED.

Chapter 225: The Undefeatable

Inside the secret site where the meeting of all the heads of the hydra was held, one of the heads had fallen but so did the man who killed him.

Loki's headless body that was impaled with a sword and a spear dropped on the ground on both knees. His figure appeared like a fallen knight on the battlefield.

"Hmph! What a fool. Thinking that he could take on all of us just because he could use the dark magic." spoke the peak grandmaster archer who blew up Loki's head exactly when he was caught off guard and didn't have a chance to resist.

"Yeah.. He got Odin only by surprise. This guy was overestimating himself." said the elf.

One by one, all the heads started making fun of Loki who acted too impulsively and lost his life.

"Wait..." suddenly spoke the green snakekin mage.

"What?" asked the demonkin head.

"Something doesn't feel right." he said and the next second, his eyes were left wide open.

"Check his body and see if there's a core present in it?!" shouted the mage as a sudden realization hit him.

The elven swordsman who stood the closest quickly pulled out his sword and cut open Loki's heart, only to find it.. hollow.

"He he he.." suddenly, a familiar ghostly voice landed on their ears as all of their bodies jolted in fear.

"As expected of a mage. You sensed it so quickly."

Loki's eerie voice filled the area again, instantly petrifying all the soldiers who stood far away.

Even the grandmasters were unable to sense the source of the sound as if it was present everywhere.

"Impossible.."

"We already killed you! How can you still be alive?!" queried the succubus.

"Hahaha! How can you kill me when you can't even sense the real me?" asked Loki in a sarcastic tone.

"That was just a fake body I created using human corpses."

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Suddenly, the ground surrounding all the forces belonging to the respective heads of the hydra cracked open as dozens of crevices formed in few seconds.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Shing!

One after another, dozens of magical formations appeared on the ground under this two kilometer wide isolation barrier and completely surrounded the 1200+ soldiers.

"Wraaaaah."

"Kraa."

Hundreds of undead soldiers ripped open the ground and emerged like how an army from the underworld erupted before the doom.

Just in 5 minutes, more than 3 thousand undeads, out of which, three hundred were master rank skeletons & monsters given the aura they were emitting came to be and surrounded these forces who already took a defensive stance.

"Since all of you were shameless enough to attack one individual by six people teaming together.. I shall hold no more and fight you with my own numbers." Loki's grim voice filled the area.

BOOM!!

A big crevice was formed at the eastern end of this dome and a gigantic figure of a skeleton mage that was 15 meters tall burst out of the ground.

This enormous and towering figure with a skull that had burning red eyes terrified every single one of the soldiers.

The gigantic skeletal mage with red and white mage robes and a crown on its head looked at all the enemies.

5 grimoires were floating in the air beside this skeletal figure who appeared like a grim reaper gave everyone, including the grandmasters goosebumps all over their bodies.

"What the hell.. I thought he was only using the black magic to summon those dogs as undeads but he's actually an Undead Lich." spoke the snakekin mage.

The one before them was Ceril in his true form.

It had been nearly 5 months since he appeared in his real form and now, the 20 levels suppression in stats and mana capacity was finally lifted as he was no longer under the limitations placed by metamorphosis ability.

His entire appearance looked like a certain majestic undead lich who ruled the Tomb of Nazarick.

And as soon as Ceril in his full power released his dark black aura filled with bloodlust and darkness element.. Even the grandmaster felt like their legs were giving out.

It hadn't even been 10 minutes since they killed Loki only to find out that he was actually an Undead Lich. A very high-leveled one at that.

All these peak grandmasters felt like they were at least level 120 but the oppressive aura that was released by the undead seemed like it was from someone of level 130.

"Now let me show you my real power." he said and all the grimoires shone bright red and started rotating around his body in a clockwise manner.

"Everyone, in formation!" shouted one of the heads as all the forces consisting of every fighting class took got themselves in a defensive formation, ready to face the undead skeleton army under the command of their leaders.

"We just killed you. We can do it again." said the demonkin.

To his words, Ceril only let out a ghastly chuckle.

"You can not kill me. I am a being above your mortal lives.

I am entropy. I am death. I am a Dark Summoner." declared Ceril in his grim voice.

His eyes flickered red and from all the gaps in the ground that created a pathway to the skeletons to appear previously.. Jumped 5 to 7 meters tall monsters, following them were a dozen giant monsters varying from amalgamations of different monster species.

These were the peak master rank monsters he created recently. Some looked like dinosaurs while others like mammoths.

"Attack!" shouted the elf and all of their forces charged at the skeleton army for a full-scale battle.

Ceril's army of the undead, which consisted of varieties of species, let it be monsters, humans and demihumans that outnumbered the opposition by 3 times, frantically attacked the defenders without the care for getting damaged.

A volley of arrows and bombs, followed by the destructive magic spell and the defensive skills from the tanks and knights activated at the same time.

Boom! Crack!

Ear deafening noises filled the battlefield as soon as the first wave of attacks landed on the undeads.

This was an army of trained and organized fighters. Despite belonging to different sides, the forces of the Hydra were already well versed in coordinating and assisting each other as if this was something they trained for years.

Even the forces belonging to the fallen thrall's side were managing themselves well with just Hank, the right-hand wolfkin ordering them.

In just the first attempt, 500 undeads were broken to pieces, obliterated and burned on the spot. Their torn, splintered bodies and the sticking flesh lay across the battlefield.

"You alone can't stand against all of us!" spoke the tengu archer.

To this proclamation, Ceril whose towering figure had put the fear of god in the opposite side's soldiers already, spoke in a solemn tone.

"Who said I am alone?" replied Ceril as his skull let out an eerie chuckle.

Boom!!

The very next second, a chaotic blue aura suddenly filled the other end of the battlefield and jumped in between the defensive formation of the hydra soldiers.

A tall and ripped figure adorned in battle armor and gauntlets released its aura of a peak grandmaster fighter and suppressed the people fighting from the back.

It was none other than Odin who was now summoned by Ceril as one of his undead soldiers.

"Boss Odin!" shouted Hank.. But what stood in front of him wasn't his leader but an undead with lifeless eyes. Despite having holes put into his body, the undead Odin now stood as powerful and domineering as before.

Shatter!!

Odin punched the ground and shattered the 200 meter area with his skill, creating havoc inside the defensive formation as he targeted the healers of the group first.

The undead lich's army didn't have weapons or armors. They were simply dead species made into walking zombies by Ceril. So they only had the numbers but not fighting skills. Even the tall monsters only had the advantage of their bodies and brute strength, not job-specific skills.

Ceril then grandly gestured his boney hands towards the air.

The very next second, an ancient magic formation appeared in the sky and the entire battlefield under the illusion barrier was covered by the bright red magic formation.

"This world shall know pain."

Spoke the Necromancer and the magic formation made with mana dropped on the ground, let it be the soldiers or the army of the undeads, all of them were covered under it.

But unlike what everyone thought, not a single one of them was harmed or felt like anything happened to their bodies as the red glow around them disappeared into the thin air.

"What.. What is this?" asked Violetta.

Crack! Crack!

"Rahhhhh!"

"Baaarr.."

What happened next sent shivers even to the 6 grandmasters. Because the scene in front of them completely caught them off guard.

After the magic formation dispersed... nearly a thousand bodies rose up. These were all the fallen undeads their armies destroyed. But what boggled their minds were the new additions.

These were the dead soldiers who just died while fighting the undeads.. And now, they belonged to the enemy side!

"Fuck! That's cheating!" shouted the snakekin mage.

"Tormund, go! Handle Odin. We will take care of this bastard!" said Violetta to the tengu archer.

But instead of targeting the grandmasters charging at him, the ones he attacked with his dark magic spells were the hundreds of common soldiers.

He telepathically ordered his peak master rank monsters who were on standby to charge and break the first line of defense. Their job was to break the formation and let the weak undeads breach inside the enemy ranks.

The shadow blades skill assisted these forces and all the protection barriers cast by the enemy mages broke in seconds.

Ceril then quickly cast his Darkness Barrier.

BANG!!

Unlike before, even the light elemental attacks failed to destroy the darkness barrier. Rather than getting destroyed.. It only broke the outer layer of the barrier while Ceril spoke in a domineering and grim voice as if he was looking at mere ants.

"Hahaha! You still don't get it, do you? Inside this battlefield..." his burning red eyes lightened up far brighter than before as he spoke again...

"I am a God!"

Chapter 226 - Undying Enemy

The loud noises of the crackling ground, clashing weapons and bodies filled the battlefield as a bloodied scene of gore and chewed-off bodies colored the night red. ;

As soon as the peak master rank variant monsters created by the necromancer subordinate came into the play.. The once seemingly well-organized army of the hydra heads was discombobulated in a matter of minutes. ;

Ceril who was now being attacked by 6 peak grandmaster fighters who were as strong as him prior to the moment where he revealed his real form, now felt like a bunch of tryhards who were barely living up to their reputation. ;

"Impossible! I don't believe this! How can he be stronger than all of us combined?" said the elven swordsman who was using all of his highly destructible sword attacks that we normally blow everything to smitten and not even leave a single body part intact. ;

This was the same case for the rest of the heads of the hydra who were also bombarding the darkness barrier with their respective class-specific attack skills.

Huff! Huff! ;

The demonkin warrior breathed heavily after running out of stamina. ;

"Arrhhh!!" screamed Tormund, the tengu grandmaster archer whose heart was ripped out by Odin. ;

Just a minute ago, he was fighting the thrall undead on even terms by using his skills and long-range attacks but as soon as over a hundred unique rank monsters who were comparable to a peak master rank fighter came into the fray and completely outnumbered him. ;

The 1200+ trained warriors were now reduced to only 500 surviving members who were already on their last straw after their fallen comrades also became part of the undead army and attacked them instead. ;

All these people had proper fighting skills and abilities than being just mindless monsters. And after taking out the groups of healers & druids first.. Their losses kept increasing. ;

Only the peak master rank and beginner grandmasters of the group were barely managing to hold off the enemy while protecting their allies. ;

But another soul-shuddering scenario happened as all the remaining soldiers lost the will to fight as soon as the Undead Lich cast another ancient magic formation that previously turned the fallen dead soldiers as part of his army... Again! ;

"We're dead.. We are all dead!!" shouted one of the soldiers as he threw away his weapon when he saw the magic formation dropping from the sky again. A similar scene occurred on the different ends of the battlefield at the same time. ;

"How is that even possible? He's just a necromancer at the end. Even the records never said anything about an undead lich being this strong." said the snakekin mage. ;

Although this undead mage was on the same level as them being a peak grandmaster... he was thoroughly oppressing all six of them. And just now, another one of their group had fallen. ;

[Keep his body and core intact. I have other uses for him.] commanded Ceril to Odin. And then his gaze landed upon the five enemies in front of him. ;

"Like I said before, inside this barrier.. I am a God." said Ceril in his grim tone. ;

"Nonsense! Even a Necromancer can't become this strong!" shouted the snakekin. ;

"Yes. But I am a variant. Even my liege doesn't know this fact about me. ;

But the more people I kill, the more undeads I have in my army and the higher-ranked soldiers I have as my summons.. The powerful I become with time by using their cores and mana stored inside their bodies as a source to strengthen myself. ;

And you lot aren't just my enemies.. But you are all my benefactors who brought these high levels and ranked trained fighters for me. ;

At this very moment... I am as strong as a Semi-Saint mage. Ha ha ha!" laughed Ceril, his crackling laugh through his skeletal body sounding completely inhumane. ;

"Now, let's end this quickly." he said and for the first time, his target shifted to the grandmasters and all the undead soldiers who were fighting with the normal soldiers quickly changed their targets and started running towards the group of grandmasters. ;

Boom! Shrii! ;

One after another, the group was besieged by hundreds of monsters from different sides and the grandmasters were forced to fight as a team and use their most effective abilities to fend off the enemies.

The space was already locked by the undead lich and the horde of these three thousand monsters and additional soldiers from their side made it nearly impossible to escape. ;

Violetta, the succubus glanced at the lich who was just standing behind the darkness barrier which they couldn't even scratch at this point. His sinister appearance sent shivers under her spine again. ;

And from behind that barrier, the necromancer was throwing dark magic spells and blades at them which were cracking the protection barriers cast by the snakekin mage. ;

Not just her but all the other heads of hydra understood how terrifying Ceril aka Loki was as an enemy. ;

This guy got stronger over time, had an extremely huge supply of mana and his spells and skills increased in damage output as the number of the undead soldiers rose. ;

Although each of them could fight against a thousand enemies at this point.. The problem wasn't their lack of experience or skills.. But the unending horde of monsters attacking them. ;

And as soon as the numbers of the undead decreased, the lich would cast another one of those ancient magic formations and raise the fallen bodies to create more undead. ;

As if reveling and thanking them to kill the monsters, Ceril chuckled as he summoned the Calcium Throne aka the throne made out of bones and skulls. ;

A 10 meter tall throne made by using thousands bones appeared behind Ceril as he majestically sat and enjoyed the scene in front of him. ;

What was happening now took a lot of strain on the bodies of six heads and skills as they were depleting their mana and stamina with time. ;

Crack! Crack! Crack!! ;

Suddenly, the 100 meter wide protection barrier burst open after the constant bombardment of brute attacks from the enemy forces. ;

Swoosh! ;

The horned succubus whose assets were jiggling during the fight swoop her epic rank whip and destroyed over a hundred undeads with her powerful lightning element-infused attack. ;

Now that the protection barrier broke, all of them were forced to a close-range battle. ;

"I concede! I will serve you as long as you spare me!!" declared the green snakekin mage as he raised both of his hands in the air, to show that he was surrendering to the undead lich. ;

His mana had run out and unlike others, he wouldn't survive any longer. ;

All the other heads who also felt cornered at this moment felt indignant but they had no choice left either. ;

What's the use of pride if you're dead? ;

"I concede too!" ;

"I will serve the mighty lich! Please spare us!" ;

One by one, all the remaining heads surrendered in hopes that they will get to live on. ;

"Hahaha! Who said I need you alive to serve me?" laughed Ceril sarcastically. ;

"You're more useful to me dead than being alive." he said and ordered his army and the new undead warriors to attack the group of grandmasters again. ;

This time, Odin also jumped into the fray and the sheer pressure and impact it created on the remaining ones also broke their formation. ;

For the next 2 hours, Ceril thoroughly enjoyed and commented merrily on the struggle out up by the grandmasters. ;

Their skills and mana were proving useless as time went by and rather than having his undead kill them, he was using the soldiers to tease and exhaust the grandmaster. ;

And as a member of hydra fell.. He summoned them as his new grandmaster undead and his own strength increased with time. ;

Just like Jugram who got stronger over time with the more people he killed, Ceril was also a terrifying subordinate himself. ;

He was a force to be reckoned with because if put against hundred thousand enemies.. The Necromancer subordinate could turn all the enemies as part of his army and even when his undeads fell, he would still get a fresh supply with the enemy soldiers. ;

He was a walking talking hack who would turn your own forces as his and then use your allies to kill you instead. ;

Finally when he killed all the heads and made them his undead soldiers.. Ceril felt a huge burst of mana flowing inside his bones. ;

Other than himself, nobody else knew how he was becoming this strong, not even Kahn. ;

"Thanks to the undead lich my master used to create me.. I can absorb a small portion of mana and energy from all of my subjects. Now I will be able to even kill a semi-saint easily." spoke Ceril in his grim voice. ;

At this moment, even though he wasn't comparable to a bonafide saint, he was still half as strong as them. ;

Compared to all the other subordinates of Kahn.. Ceril was only second to Rudra in terms of combat power & skills. ;

Even Omega & Jugram had nothing on him despite them being very powerful variants themselves. ;

Ceril let out a content sigh and looked at the group of 500 soldiers he had left alive after he targeted the grandmasters. ;

They were all still surrounded by his monsters but there was no fight occurring. ;

And after killing their heads and making them his personal servants, the undead lich was no different than someone who had all of their lives under his palm. ;

Ceril's gigantic and mighty lich was now seated on his throne and had the 6 heads of hydra kneeling in front of their master.

"I demand an applause!" he ordered and the next second, all the new grandmaster undead warriors shouted in their hoarse and cryptic loud voices... ;

"ALL HAIL THE UNDEAD KING!!"

Chapter 227 - New Management

As the battle between the two sides stopped after a one-sided victory, a gigantic figure of an undead lich was seated on his throne made up of skulls and bones like an Overlord.

The remaining soldiers of the hydra group were now completely surrounded by the nearly 4 thousand undead soldiers.

Only those at intermediate & master rank managed to survive the onslaught. But many of them knew that it was because the enemy didn't attack them with all their numbers but rather kept them busy and toyed with them for some reason.

Ceril, the Necromancer's gaze then landed upon this group of remnants who barely had any strength and spirit left to fight back.

"Those who served as second in command to the heads of the hydra, walk forth! If you wish to live, that is." commanded the undead king.

His ghastly and tyrannical voice resounded in the battlefield, instantly sending shivers in spines as if it was a decree of an absolute ruler.

The undead army created a path towards their master and the remaining soldiers were left with no option but to follow this command.

Soon, seven figures walked out of this battle formation. 3 of them were intermediate rank grandmasters, were beginner grandmasters while the remaining 2 were peak masters. This group also included Hank, Odin's most trustworthy subordinate.

They all walked towards this grand figure of the undead lich while being scared to death. But had no choice lest the enemy leader decided to kill them on the spot. Their lives were now in his hands.

Ceril on his kingly throne had a solemn expression while being surrounded by the 6 peak grandmaster heads of hydra who stood like his own generals on right and left, three on each side.

All of their bodies were riddled with visible wounds and they no longer had any form of sentience on their countenance. Their eyes were glowing red just like the undead lich but they stood like his royal guards who would do anything to protect their king.

The right-hand men finally reached in front of the undead lich and knelt in servitude to their new master.

"You should've understood why I called you out, right?" asked Ceril in his grim tone.

The group of people only gave a nod, understanding the reason why they were spared.

The next second, the necromancer summoned a fist-sized, round-shaped lotus-like object in his hands.

It was exactly the Blood-oath token he asked for back then when he met Kahn in the training facility.

And now he was finally going to make use of it as if he already planned all of this ahead of time.

"I give you a choice. Bind your lives to me and become my loyal subjects who will work for me the rest of their lives or die right here.

But know this.. You will die just like these people and become part of my army. And even if you die, there won't be a heaven or hell for you. Your fates will be tied to me for eternity and you will never see the so-called afterlife." declared the undead lich.

"May I ask... what about the remaining soldiers?" asked a blue tengu species mage.

"Oh, I have no use for them. The fewer witnesses, the better." replied Ceril as his eyes glimmered bright red.

"Rawwwrrr!!!"

The next second, the undead army that was on standby and surrounded the remaining soldiers charged at them. This time, the full force of three thousands of undead monsters and soldiers attacked the remaining forces and just in a matter of minutes.. All the remaining forces were wiped out in a massacre.

And right in front of these 7 individuals, they too were turned into an army of undeads and skeletal soldiers.

This even terrified them even more as they too felt like the same fate awaited them should they choose to refuse.

"We will serve the might Undead King!" shouted Hank who had already seen Loki's power firsthand too many times.

After the blood-oath ritual was done, on the terms that completely restricted the seven individuals and had no form of rules imposed on Ceril, the undead lich decided to speak again in his domineering tone.

"From now on, you will handle the respective underground business. You will serve me like your life depends on it. And Hank, you will take Odin's place.

From henceforth, I want an ample supply of strong individuals who died recently. And if they're not part of any cemeteries you control, I want their details since morgue and burial services will still be used during the process." elaborated Ceril and gazed at the remaining seven living individuals..

"Know that all of you are alive as long as I have a use for you. I am neither your leader nor someone who cares whether you live or die. I spared you because it will save me a lot of hassle to control the already established forces and networks of the hydra in this district since you all served directly under these generals of mine.

If I see that you are failing in your tasks and can't keep up with the demands.. You know what will happen." he declared.

"As for the rest of the underground forces.. There will be new leaders who will take charge and replace the previous heads. Those will be people you will report and serve in my absence. Do you understand?" asked Ceril.

"Yes, my liege." spoke a female succubus who once served under Violetta.

"From now on, the Hydra no longer exists. This organization is under new management." spoke Ceril as he released his full aura of a High Lord and an immeasurably dense pressure filled the 2 kilometers of space under the illusion barrier.

"And from this day forth, it shall be called.." paused Ceril as all the seven servants froze on the spot after feeling the undead lich's murderous aura directed at them as their master uttered the new name of their organization that was made of seven crucial forces that controlled the underworld in Rukon district.

"The Seven Deadly Sins!"

Chapter 228 - The True Mastermind

On the same night after the hostile takeover and placing his new slaves in charge of the now gone hydra, Ceril returned to his original human form and entered the bedroom room after the easy peasy battle he had today.

Today, he also realized his own potential. If anything he learned for sure that if he's given ten thousand soldiers... he could fight and even take down an army of hundred thousand enemies.

The only things that restricted him at the moment were his levels and rank which limited his mana pool since summoning the undead took a lot of mana and the requirement grew with the number of undeads he could summon at once.

Currently, he could only summon a thousand soldiers & monsters in a single. But for the future battles where he needed more numbers, he had to steadily build his resources.

He laid on his bed despite having no need to eat or sleep, a part of him excited for the upcoming future.

"I reckon you've succeeded."

Suddenly, a black shadow emerged from the corner of the room and a tall and handsome man donned in black epic rank assassin gear appeared in front of the necromancer.

"Yes, I did. Everything went as we planned." said Ceril to the man with green eyes whose left side of his face was covered in a black mask.

It was Ronin, the rogue subordinate.

"Good. But I still think that Omega & Jugram should've been there as a backup." said Ronin with a solemn expression as he folded his arms.

"I wanted to test my thesis about my own strength. And it was proved to be true after the battle. Now compared to everyone, I only fall short behind that snake. In an open battle, maybe only Jugram has a chance to tie with me. And that too if I don't kill him too early." replied Ceril with an upstuck expression.

Ronin rolled his eyes in annoyance.

"What's with you trying to be our master's most powerful subordinate? You should focus on being more useful instead." he said.

"Ha! You don't understand.. Master and I both have a high affinity with dark magic and darkness elements unlike you guys. What I want to do is provide him with a greater source of power in the future." explained Ceril with a content face.

"You do you. I'll do it my way. But first, let's talk it out with others. I've already called upon them to meet in the training facility. That bull and the spider are already waiting there." he said and disappeared into the air.

This whole ordeal started way long time ago before the current event of Ceril fighting and overtaking hydra.

When Ceril was still dealing with Logan and had been receiving dead bodies from him, Ronin had been tracking him down without even the necromancer noticing.

He was a true rogue with skills of assassins & thief class jobs so even Ceril had a hard time sensing him. It wasn't because he had doubts about the mage trying to betray their master but to make sure that no unnecessary trouble came their way and nothing could be traced to their name or the company.

And on the very day when Ceril in his Loki form met Odin.. Ronin asked for an emergency meeting between the generals and Omega.

15 DAYS AGO.

A meeting in the open training ground that could hold 200 people fighting at once, stood all the subordinates including Blackwall & Oliver who had been practicing their skills here recently.

"So do you all understand why it must be done? We can't be negligent anymore. We all have a purpose and a meaning behind our existence.

Since Master is in his magic training period, we can't disturb him. This is also a very crucial time for him. So what do you all say?" asked Ronin to his fellow subordinates.

Omega nodded and spoke, "Yes, I agree. The last time, we managed to survive against the pressure from the chamber of commerce only because master is a semi-saint fighter and we had support from those vampire clan members. Otherwise, we all would be dead a long time ago."

A stoic voice followed behind the words, "And we can't openly kill people either. We are no longer fighting in dungeons and there are hundreds of people who can kill us easily just with their aura alone.

And relying on anyone's mercy or their help is not a good thing." spoke Jugram.

"I second that. I wish I had a human form like you lot. I can't even appear in public and fight beside master because I'm simply too big." said Blackwall in his deep and majestic voice. The guardian knight subordinate had the least of time to shine in battles recently.

The next moment, Ronin spoke in a serious tone.

"Let me tell you something... over the month when I was still hiding inside the shadow of that vampire heir, I came to see how big their clan is.. How many people they have under their command, how many resources and weapons they have.. Their clan ancestor didn't even blink twice before commanding to kill a 5th stage saint that day.

I was barely able to keep myself hidden from his eyes. Compared to them...

Even calling ourselves as ants would be an overstatement."

Gasp!

"Are you.. Sure?" asked Oliver in his creepy voice.

To his question, Ronin only nodded.

Hence, Ronin created a perfect plan on how to use Odin, whose background he found out after a few days of information gathering by contacting some intel-gathering networks and assassination organizations by paying a hefty amount.

And that was exactly why Ceril paid 10 million extra for the deal he made with the thrall grandmaster.

They wanted him to put Loki as a priority customer so it would possible for them to get all the other heads of hydra in the same place together.

Because one thing they realized after Ronin explained the vastness of the power balance to them..

Because of that, the consensus reached a conclusion that they couldn't just rely on wealth or the reputation of their company or noble clans they had partnered with.

That if they don't have a force of their own and a vast network of people and soldiers working for them, any one of the noble clans or factions could easily wipe them out and they won't even have a chance to struggle.

And with no other choice, they had to do a hostile takeover and run these underworld mafias and organizations with their own hands.

Rather than overthrowing hydra, taking over their established empire was the best choice.

And behind all of this planning & scheming..

Ronin was the true mastermind.

He was so cautious that without Ceril even knowing.. He, Omega, Jugram & Oliver were already present at the surrounding area of the battlefield in case Ceril lost and died.

"It won't be easy. And I hope all of you will play your part. It's about time we start..." spoke Ronin and took a deep sigh as he continued..

"Creating an empire for our master."

Chapter 229 - It's A Bird, It's A Plane..

A new day arrived and all the subordinates gathered again in the morning inside a luxurious and wide tea room inside the manor. All of them dressed in their formal attires, enjoying the aromatic tea served by the maids.

"So who is going to handle which department?" asked Ronin to his fellow subordinates.

"Wait.. Shouldn't we worry about taking command of all of their business network first? Because wouldn't other Semi-Saints or a Saint try to take over?" asked Ceril in his eerie tone.

"Not exactly. The reason why I even suggested taking over hydra was because Rukon District is only the 69th most important district in Rathna. And that's why the strongest people trying to control it are peak grandmasters at best.

All the stronger forces have their priorities set on the main districts where there are many resources and money to be earned. Also, a big power struggle and the majority of their strongest fighters are required to be present to keep their rule intact.

To powerful clans and Saint rank individuals, ruling this district won't even get them pocket money.

And that is why it's perfect as a starting point for us." explained Ronin.

After his explanation, a deep and echoing voice interjected.

"But that's still just 5 of us. And the Healer guy can't even fight let alone rule over a department. He's not made like us." said Jugram as he gave a look to Armin, the healer among the six generals.

"Yes, I agree. I'm no help when it comes to fighting or commanding people. I'd rather prefer to stay indoors and continue my alchemy practice.

There are still tons of potions and alchemy recipes I have yet to master and invent." replied Armin in his white and green suit.

"About that.. I did keep a souvenir from the fight with the hydra heads for our master to use." said Ceril with a light smirk.

Next, Omega spoke calmly, "Let's do this then.. Rather than taking one section under us, we gather all of the networks under a single rule.. Like a council overlooking an organization. And then we will assume command and expand when we all have gotten the hang of it." he suggested.

"Agreed. It's not like all of us are well versed in running businesses efficiently. All our knowledge comes from master.. But we do lack experience when it comes to running an underground criminal organization." said Ronin.

For the next hour, they discussed many things about how to quickly assume command and safeguard their positions as the new rulers who would control everything that once belonged to the hydra.

Inside the batcave, Kahn was exercising by lifting heavy weights while limiting his physical strength to that of a master rank person which also pushed his physical limits at the same time.

After watching his improvements while practicing various magical spells after studying them, he had noticed that rather than using all your strength & mana, limiting them while performing these training sessions actually created a very solid foundation for him and with time, he was seeing drastic improvement; let it be his weapons training or magical studies.

Tap! Tap!

"What is it?" asked Kahn in his calm yet regal tone.

A mage donned in white and purple robes stood in front of him and spoke..

"Master, I have something you could use." said Ceril and the next second.. A body that came out of his space ring lied on the floor.

Kahn was taken aback and quickly asked with a surprised expression, "Where did you get this? Who is this guy?"

Ceril looked at the body of Tormund, the black tengu peak grandmaster archer who was also one of the heads of the hydra.

"Someone who came in my way. Rather than making him an undead.. I thought it would be best to give his body to you." replied Ceril with an evil grin.

"Do not worry Master. There were no witnesses." assured the mage.

"Fine then." said Kahn and the next second, a three meter tall subordinate who had a skull for the head while 6 long and pointy spider-like legs came out of his back appeared in front of the duo.

"Oliver.. You ready?" asked Kahn to the Ranger subordinate.

Currently, Oliver and Blackwall were the only Lord Rank subordinates out of the Six Generals. Kahn really didn't get a chance to find suitable specimens to merge with them who also needed to be peak grandmaster rank beings for these two generals to rank up.

"Yes.. Master." said Oliver in his stuttering voice. Currently, he was the scariest looking out of all the others since he still retained the traits of the nymph dungeon floor boss Kahn had merged him with.

"Merge!" commanded Kahn as used the divine ability and began the synthesis process.

After 30 minutes.. A dreary screech filled the underground training facility as a 6 meter tall monstrous creature with nothing but a white skull and torso with spiky bones protruding from the limbs and six large feathery wings stood in front of Kahn.

This was Oliver in his new High Lord form.

"Looks like he evolved into a new variant species as well." spoke Kahn as he took a good look at Oliver who looked like a horrifying demonic creature that would even give grown-ups many nightmares for months.

The six black wings, the blood-red claws and legs and the glowing red horns on his head made Oliver a completely new form of being Kahn hadn't seen or read about before.

"System, give me his details." said Kahn.

[Following are the details of the subordinate named Oliver...]

The system provided the details but as soon as Kahn heard the new variant species Oliver had become.. He was rooted to the spot from the shock.

"Holy mother of.." said Kahn as soon as he regained his mind.

"Tell me again.. His species!" ordered Kahn to the system.

To his order, the system replied in its usual lifeless tone.

[Species : Horus (Variant Garuda)]

Chapter 230 - Soaring In The Sky

In front of the amalgamation form of Oliver, whose upper body looked like a mixture of a white-colored Xenomorph from the Alien movie franchise with six large black wings, Kahn stood with an awestruck expression.

After hearing the name of the variant species, he fell short on words about how to describe his amazement.

Unlike the majority of the ignorant people from earth who knew nothing about outside world cultures, Kahn was someone who liked learning and exploring different aspects of foreign cultures.

He often read about them in novels and watched references in Animes. And then his curiosity always led him to find authentic sources.

Although Kahn wasn't an expert, he knew enough superficial information such as common knowledge of Asian, Greek, Norse and Egyptian mythological creatures.

And Horus was one of the very famous Egyptian Gods. But on top of that, he was a variant of the Garuda species. In Asian mythologies, Garuda was also the ruler of the sky and the first primordial bird in many countries as per their cultural lore and beliefs.

[Could there be a connection to my previous world?] thought Kahn.

[Is it because I used a peak grandmaster Tengu that he invoked a rare Garuda bloodline?]

"System, show me all of his stats, abilities & skills again." ordered Kahn with a thoughtful expression.

[Following are the statistics for the subordinate named Oliver :

Name : Oliver

Species : Horus (Variant Garuda)

Job : Emerald Archer (Unique Class)

Rank : High Lord

Level : 121

Strength : 3759

Agility : 4690

Dexterity : 4237

Defense : 2619

Mana : 2380

Following are the Physical skills & abilities :

Jetstream (S Rank) (Active) :

Allows the subordinate to create air pressure in a 5 meter area to propel himself in the air with high-pressure wind.

Garuda Wings (A Rank) (Passive) :

Gives the subordinate a 200% buff in speed and agility while flying. The maneuver speed during flight increased by 100%.

Horus Eye (S Rank) (Passive) :

The subordinates can sense and locate everything in a 2 kilometer radius while flying. All the minute details will be clear and visible to the user.

Note : Previously gained Heat Sense & Sonar Radar skill by the subordinates have been merged under this skill and the rank has been raised.

Sky Lord (SS Rank) (Passive) :

The subordinate holds control over the wind element and magic. All the wind elemental attacks and spells can be controlled and negated by the subordinate regardless of the caster being an ally or a foe.

Guardian of the Squadron (S Rank) (Passive) :

All flying allies within 2 kilometer radius of the subordinate will receive 50% increases in speed and maneuverability. Allies capable of flight will receive a 30% increase in attack damage while attacking from the air.

Note : All of the listed abilities can be upgraded with rise in levels and rank of the subordinate.

Following are the Magical skills & abilities :

Arrowstorm (S Rank) (Active) :

Allows the subordinates to create hundreds of mana arrows and shoot in multiple directions. All the arrows can be individually controlled by the subordinate.

Descent of the Sun (S Rank) (Active) :

Subordinate receives 200% Attack buff and magical skill damage during noontime. The more time under the sun spent by the user, the more increase in attack damage.

Stormbreaker (SS Rank) (Active) :

Allows the subordinate to control the weather and cause storms, lightning and tornadoes in 2 kilometer radius. The direction & density of the tornadoes can be controlled by the subordinate as per his will.

Note : All of the listed abilities can be upgraded with rise in levels and rank of the subordinate.

The system recounted all the new set of skills of the now Emerald Archer subordinate who took a big leap in strength and abilities.

"Even if I had absorbed that Tengu's abilities first.. I still wouldn't have managed to get all these amazing skills. Maybe next time.. " spoke Kahn.

He knowingly didn't absorb the abilities as a test because he wanted to see if he didn't use Ability Absorption divine ability on the specimens before merging, how would that affect the subordinates while ranking up.

And to his surprise, Oliver ended up invoking a bloodline effect and even achieved a unique class just like Omega, Armin and Jugram.

After getting a gist of all the skills.. He knew one thing for sure that...

Kahn currently lacked an air force of his own and with the skills Oliver gained after being merged with the tengu archer, he was definitely worth investing in.

Jetstream & Garuda Wings ability basically made him a fighter jet when flying. In the future, Oliver had the potential to be like Superman as far as flying was concerned, creating sonic booms during the flight.

Horus Eye ability was similar like a surveillance drone doing a recon from the air. And with Hive Mind skills, Kahn could share the vision with the subordinate and see everything through his eyes while gathering information and looking for someone or something.

Sky Lord skill made Oliver comparable to Kahn who had Sword Battlemaster skill which was also comparable to a Saint Rank skill. The only difference was that Kahn could control the swords of the enemies while Oliver could control wind elemental spells and attacks.

Guardian of the Squadron was a perfect skill for a leader of a squadron who provided the entire troop with buff skills just like Jugram & Blackwall. The former gave attack damage buff to allies while the latter gave health and defense buffs to the team.

Arrowstorm was just like Kahn's Sword King skill which was comparable to a Saint Rank skill just with the arrows in Oliver's case.

Descent of the Sun skill made Oliver even a bigger threat in an open battle when they fought enemy forces during the daytime. And the more time he spent fighting under a bright sun, the deadlier he would become. Similar to Ceril, Omega & Jugram who got stronger with time with the number of enemies they killed in an open battle.

And then there was the Stormbreaker skill...

Oliver was Kahn's version of Storm from X-men who could also control weather at her own will. The only difference was Oliver's range was currently limited because of his levels and rank.

Luckily, he used Bow & Arrows and not an axe.. Otherwise, he would demand 'Bring me Thanos!' with that skill name alone.

Kahn was now content with the upgrade his ranger subordinate received after the synthesis.

"Take a human form." he commanded to Oliver.

A minute later, a mature and charming-looking man with hair parted from the middle that covered both sides of his face with luscious locks stood in front of Kahn. His height, build and appearance matching to his master.

But the most notable aspect was the two black wings on his back that made him look like a mixblood hybrid between human and tengu species.

Kahn took out an epic rank gear for the archer and handed it to the subordinate as well as the epic rank bow used by Tormund, the peak grandmaster archer.

Kahn looked at the now dressed subordinate who gave an aura of a honed hunter.

"Thank you, Master." spoke Oliver. His eerie and soul-shivering voice had turned into a pleasing and soft tone, contradicting his original appearance.

"Alright. Time for you to come out of hiding and get to work like others. There are no free meals. So you better prove your worth from now on." spoke Kahn.

"Yes, Master. I shall do so. It's also about time for me to..." spoke Oliver as he at his broad black wings and continued..

"Soar in the sky."