

Earths GMagus 561

Chapter 561 - Momentum

Emery raised both of his hands and quickly accessed his new and improved nature core, as he quickly cast one of the spells in his repertoire. In a matter of seconds, numerous plant roots emerged from the ground and held down the newly created living corpses by entangling them from the legs to the whole body.

Craacckkk!!

Loud, crisp sounds of bone breaking resounded through the air, as the plant roots destroyed their respective target, bringing the living corpses down, unable to stand anymore.

Emery had no plan to underestimate the witch, nor took things nonchalantly. He mustered his spirit force till its maximum capability, as two dozen plant roots swirled fiercely from the ground. Within seconds, the area was completely clean from any standing corpse.

Now that the small fries were out of the way, he finally could focus his attention on the main enemy. Not wanting to see more tricks from the other party, Emery swiftly took control of the plant roots and willed them to attack the standing witch.

Swish! Swish!

Faint sounds of air being sliced through were heard, as the plant roots shot toward the witch at great velocity. Unfortunately, the roots were quickly cut down to pieces, as Meave fired multiple shadow blades from her palms, denying Emery's attempt to take her down.

Seeing the sight of the roots destroyed didn't make Emery falter. He immediately sent more of them altogether toward the witch. The roots flew through the air toward Meave, leaving no gaps in their formation like a great downpour.

Looking at the numerous sharp roots heading her way, Meave just raised her weird-looking staff in a nonchalant manner. After a brief glow at its tip, the plant roots that had almost reached and impaled her suddenly shriveled up and lost their vigor, lifelessly falling to the ground.

The sight unfolded before him reminded Emery of when Meave drained human's life force out of them. It certainly had a similar effect to that spell, but he assumed the staff in her hand had enhanced her spells.

Not giving up, Emery casted more of those plant roots. Dozens, nearly hundreds of sharp roots rose from the ground and shot toward the witch from all directions, but none of them managed to land on her body.

Seeing how Emery relentlessly tried to attack her in spite of the fruitless result, Meave wickedly laughed, as if what the former did was extremely foolish in her eyes.

"This is indeed the most impressive display of the entangled spell I've ever seen in my life." She said, "But, you won't be able to beat me, as I am now the master of life and death!"

Hearing that, Emery stopped his unrelenting barrage and said, "Thank you for the compliments.." He drawled before a faint smile appeared on his face, "But I've already achieved what I wanted."

Meave just realized something when she heard Emery's words. The shaman who stood behind her was already covered up by the plant, unable to move even an inch.

"Now no one can distract us now!"

After a simple analysis on the overall situation and what Meave said previously, Emery could safely assume that plant magic actually did contain the essence of life.

If what Meave said was true - that her spell was related to life and death -, he could assume that, no matter how fierce and relentless his attack was, it would be nothing but fruitless if he kept using plant element spells. Therefore, he had to adopt a different approach.

Emery was really tempted to just blink over to her and finished her by separating her head from the neck. However, he decided to shelve the idea for the moment. He chose to be more cautious and carefully observe the spell she used before he proceeded with such an aggressive approach. After all, he could not afford to be careless in this fight, or let her escape one more time.

The best case scenario was actually to successfully capture her alive, so that she could be brought before the High Priestess, or better, Killgrahah.

While Emery was busy mulling over his thoughts, Meave herself wasn't planning to remain still, to just stand and be attacked. In a span of seconds, shadow blades started to appear around her before flying toward Emery at breakneck speed.

Swish! Swish! Several shadow blades, that Emery extremely familiar with, rapidly flew through the air, intending to spell the end of his existence.

Seeing the menacing sight of dark-colored blades, Emery calmly moved his body and dodged them with ease.

When the barrage became too much and some of the blades were getting too close, he quickly touched the ground and immediately, a wall of stone rose to stop the incoming blades.

Craacckkk!!

The stonewall was quickly destroyed by the shadow blades, but it already gave Emery enough time to move out of the way.

Emery continued his evasive maneuver, casting [Mudwall] spells a few more times to see how long she could keep up her barrage as well as observing her rhythm.

From the observation, Emery discovered the shadow blades Meave threw had roughly similar strength and speed as his.

Amazingly that was almost twice the power she displayed last year; she definitely grew so much since then. After all, the current him had 600 in spirit force department, as well as his dark core that made his dark element spells stronger.

He hated to admit it, but there was indeed a huge possibility the other party had managed to cross rank 9. Hence when he has the chance he needed to be ruthless.

After receiving dozens of Meave's shadow blades, Emery knew it was time for him to launch his own aggression.

This time, he decided to use his water-based spells. As he ran and continued to dodge, swirls of water began to materialize on his palms. Emery started to collect and congregate his water spell, waiting for the perfect opportunity to launch the counterattack.

When the timing was right, he immediately propelled all his momentum and threw the water spell prepared in his two hands. A moment later, two large waves of water went toward the witch.

As expected, her death magic was unable to stop the waves from rushing at her. Meave tried to move out of the way of the two waves, but Emery commanded great control with nature spells. He twisted the movement of the water with his hand waves, causing the waves to swirl and head in the direction of his command.

And as he continued to channel more spirit power into the spell, the waves continued to grow as they passed through the terrain.

In the end, two grand streams of water ferociously rushed at the witch. Looking at the unbelievable sight before her, Meave started to become bewildered and partly dumbfounded.

"Huh?!!" She exclaimed, as she saw the previously one meter tall waves had grown twice the size "How can you cast it like this?! It's not possible!!"

Meave threw more shadow blades in the two waves' way in the effort of stopping them, but it had miniscule, if not nonexistent, effects on them.

The two water waves swirled from two sides and charged at Meave from back and front. Left with no other escape path, she was forced to jump into the air otherwise she would be crushed by the waves.

It was at this moment that Emery casted [Blink] and appeared in the sky, right on top of her.

Two raging waves of water were charging at her from the ground, and Emery was ready to launch his offensive from above. From any side, it seemed Meave had no possible solution from this precarious situation.

Within a split second, she cast her [Oak Flesh] and turned her body into a hardened state. At the same time, he also swung her staff to block Emery's attack that came from above.

However, Emery would not let such a golden opportunity go like that. He forced himself to cast another [Blink] at that split second moment and quickly took out the [Moon Dagger] , the tier 3 dagger that could give guarantee to cut through that hardened skin of hers. Appearing a few feet away from his initial position in the air, just enough to make Meave's staff miss its target, he used the dagger to cut her arm that was holding the staff.

Splat!!

Emery's attack had forced Meave to release her hold on the staff. Emery, however, wasn't finished yet. He proceeded to deliver a hard roundhouse kick to her, sending her straight down toward the raging waves.

BAAMMM!!

It was a hard one and Meave's body was forcibly went back and forth between the two waves before being violently slammed to the ground.

Knowing that combination of attacks simply wasn't enough, Emery quickly cast another [Entangled] spell midair, and used the roots to strangle her body while the staff was not in her reach.

Roots rapidly rose from the ground, creeping on the witch's body. She shouldn't be able to cast a spell when in that condition.

A few seconds later, Meave finally opened her closed eyes, which was then followed by a loud groan caused by the painful sensation she felt throughout her body. When she tried to see her surroundings, Emery was already in front of her.

"You have lost!" Emery said coldly. "Now tell me where Morgana is?!"

At that question, the witch was raging. "Huh?!! You are strong, young Emery. Very strong!!"

"But this won't be enough to stop me!"

Following the end of her words, Meave's body started to change. Black fur started to appear throughout her skin, while her fingernails and canine teeth began to turn sharp. It was her [Wolf Transformation] ability.

Emery quickly added another layer of [Entangled] to her restraint. He even added a layer of [Mudwall] to hold her down, but these measures were apparently not enough.

The witch swiftly broke out of her strangulation and her body rapidly grew as big as the wolf he saw on the island. However, there was a difference: spikes grew on Meave's four limbs.

Chapter 562 - Wolf Fight

What Meave showed at the moment was certainly a different kind of transformation than his. Seeing the monstrous figure before him, Emery promptly scoured through his memories before he landed on a name, the Fenrir Wolf.

It had similar features to the one he saw in his illusion. The pitch black fur, the spikes on its limbs. Emery also noticed small horns on its forehead and the much larger claws than its normal counterparts.

The wolf, or rather, the transformed Meave let out a roar loud enough to destroy a normal individual's eardrums. Strong gust of wind washed over him as Emery could clearly feel the strong power radiating from the other party.

There was even a voice that sounded directly to his mind, Meave's voice.

"You will learn the stark difference between us!"

He could clearly hear the witch's voice in his mind, something that shouldn't be possible. This could mean either she had reached the level similar to the High Priestess or that her [Wolf Transformation] had somehow related and had some connection to his [One Mind] skill. After all, no matter how much Emery wanted to deny the other party's existence, they were still related in blood.

Moreover, Emery's [Mudwall] and [Entangled], no matter how powerful those two spells had become due to the enhancement they received, were still considered as lower tier spells. They were clearly not enough to hold Meave's [Wolf Transformation], which was simply monstrous.

As soon as she broke out of her constraint, the transformed Meave immediately went charging to Emery's direction. Despite her enormous frame, it seemed to have no effect on her as she shot toward him at great velocity.

Emery knew the current Meave was something he couldn't underestimate. Such size, such speed; Therefore, Emery quickly used his [Fey Transformation - stage one].

With partial transformation, Emery turns his feet to give him a boost in speed to dodge.

However, much to Emery's shock, the huge wolf rapidly coming at him was more agile than he thought. It swiftly shifted its trajectory, following the direction his body was moving, and swung its massive claw at him.

Splat!!

Meave's claws, which were like blades of a sword, were able to cut through Emery with ease, causing a long streak of line across his body as blood spilled out of the wound like a rush. Fortunately, the wound wasn't that grave as Emery was protected with his [Stone Skin] spell.

Even though the spell managed to mitigate the damage the claws inflicted and not caused deep wounds, the momentum brought by the attack was able to throw Emery a few meters away.

While Emery was half kneeling on the ground bleeding, the wolf quickly took the opportunity to charge at him once again. Dust rose to the air as Meave rushed with the pure intent to kill.

ROARRRR!!! Accompanying the charge was a loud roar befitting a wild beast, as there was nothing else in Meave's eyes but Emery.

But this time, the witch only hit empty air as Emery had flickered over to another side using [Blink].

Realizing that her prey was gone, the wolf turned its head around looking for Emery. The moment it found him, Meave once again glared at him menacingly. Meanwhile, another voice came to Emery's mind.

"My young Emery, you cannot hide from me!" She said, "You must know that the Night Wolf, the son of Fenrir; was our original bloodline..." Emery could feel the other party's gaze on him intensified as another voice resounded in his mind, "An impure Feywolf, like you, won't beat me no matter what you try."

Emery's face remained plain as he heard Meave's ramblings. He, of course, didn't have the slightest bit of trust in the other party's words. This was because he had learned at the Bloodline Institute and saw for himself that even a higher rank bloodline could be defeated by the lower one.

The Fey Wolf was known as a rank 6 bloodline, and Emery had managed to boost his rank to rank 4, the Fey Shaman.

Hence, even though the witch said her bloodline, which was Night Wolf, was a much purer, higher rank of bloodline, he didn't believe that the other party had evolved her bloodline to stage 5. Even if he overestimated her, he was sure that her bloodline would only reach rank 4 at the most.

He had clearly seen the strength and speed the other party could display. Now, it was time for him to showcase his real strength.

Emery focused his concentration on his body's meridian points and quickly channeled his spirit force circulating in his body toward a certain one as taught by his master. A moment later, he roared as he utilized the battle art technique.

[Immortal Gate - Stage 5]

[Battle power increased by 32 points]

[Battle power 93 - 125 (110)]

The technique brought a large increase in his overall physical power. His muscles, bones, and skin density greatly improved. His strength, speed, and reaction time exponentially increased as well.

Emery then took out one of the swords he received from King Fjolrin. One hand with the prized sword, another with the exquisite dagger; he was ready for round two.

When the transformed Meave once again dashed at him, Emery was not afraid as he knew he could handle the other party.

Clank!! Crisp sound of metal clashing against something hard echoed in the air as Emery managed to parry Meave's sharp claws. He then used the dagger in his other hand for the counterattack, successfully scoring a wound on her body. However, it wasn't deep enough.

Nevertheless, this feat proved that Emery was able to match Meave's extraordinary strength and speed, and showed that he had no plan to be a sitting duck for the latter to be beaten.

HOWWLLLL!! Loud piercing sound came out of Meave's mouth as she became fiercer and lunged at Emery. Red glint was seen striking across her eyes, signifying that she was at the peak of her emotions.

Seeing the wild attack aimed at him, Emery quickly took the appropriate measure. Now that he was skillful enough to use two weapons simultaneously, he quickly shifted his body to the side and dodge the lunge before proceeding to make another cut on Meave's body. He also took the opportunity when it appeared to land another hit on her.

When the situation became too risky, Emery decided to stall his assault so as to not risk a battle of strength. Therefore, he once again retreated to the distance using his [Blink] spell. While Meave was

trying to find where he had gone to, he resorted to another approach on attacking the former, by using a trick he had done before.

A small spatial tear opened near Emery and he immediately thrust his sword into it. At the same time, a similar spatial tear materialized near Meave's right hind leg where a tip of the familiar sword appeared and stabbed on its target. All of this happened without Meave realizing it.

Splat!!

Blood splattered as the result was delivered. This time, the wound was deep enough to partially immobilize the hind leg, causing Meave to limp. Looking at the success of the trick, Emery nodded his head in satisfaction. This should be effective in reducing the mobility of the other party.

HOWWLLLLL!!

Meave wildly and loudly growled again. At first, Emery thought it was because of the several wounds he inflicted. But apparently, that wasn't the case. There, where the wounds were; he could see faint smoke rising, which was immediately followed by the closing of the wounds.

Emery was surprised at the sight. That must be one of the innate abilities the Night Wolf bloodline had.

The wolf, or rather, Meave glared at Emery again and spoke, "How.. How is this possible?!!" disbelief was evident in his voice. "You're a mere Fey! This is not possible!!"

Emery didn't have the chance to reply to her rhetorical question because she once again charged at him.

But once again, now that he knew what she could do, Emery adapted to her advance. Slowly but surely, he was able to follow her movements which in turn allowed him to inflict some more wounds on her.

This happened repeatedly until her body was covered with cuts. Meave had to use her regeneration ability three more times before she finally realized that he was more superior than her.

The moment that the realization hit her, Emery's mind was filled with her hysterical voice. "No!! I won't lose to a boy like you!! It will not end like this! Never!

The next thing happened was Meave was chanting a few words before it was followed with another howl, but not out of anger this time. Her body suddenly fell to the ground, trembling and shaking as if something happened to her.

The sight confused Emery, but it didn't take long for the questions to be answered. All of a sudden, he felt a burst of energy coming from her. The pitch-black wolf figure began to change. His fur quickly turned shorter and longer many times over, and he could even hear a loud cracking sound.

Meave's body was transforming; the previously massive figure started to stand on two feet as it slowly transformed into a humanoid wolf - much the same as Emery's second transformation.

She howled again, and Emery could clearly see the body changed. The muscles became conspicuous, the fur on the four limbs and back turned even longer, and the spikes on the body became even more prominent.

Through the transformation, Meave was still screaming in pain until Emery saw the area of her chest. Just below the neck, something was growing. A black crystal surrounded by many nerves.

Before he could wonder what the black crystal was, Emery suddenly felt the witch's power increase greatly. Turning his attention back at her, he saw her glaring at him.

This time, no sound echoed in his mind. Only the sensation of pure anger ready to devour his existence.

Chapter 563 - Unnatural

Looking at the figure in front of him, Emery could tell that the transformation this time was something unnatural. The shiny, black gem-like stone that could be seen on her chest was proof of it.

He could clearly perceive the overwhelming power radiating from her without utilizing his [Spirit Reading], and the feeling of oppression became even more prominent when he saw the other party through the lense of the ability. Tremendous level of power was perceived from the current Meave.

Her threat had just increased to another level, and Emery keenly understood it. As soon as he saw her about to dash towards him, Emery immediately proceeded away with his [Blink].

Swisshh! A split second after his figure disappeared, a streak of massive shadow went past where he previously was. If Emery was late, even for a moment, he would have been hit by the other party straight away and his fate would certainly not be pretty.

Meave's speed had been increased, incomparable to what she previously showed. If it wasn't because of the [Blink] spell that he had mastered, Emery definitely would not have been able to dodge the attack.

Emery firmly decided to keep his distance and attack the witch with the trick utilizing his [Spatial Gate] because he was sure he would be beaten black and blue if he got close and personal with the current her.

Thrusting his dagger into the spatial tear he made, Emery planned to stab the witch's neck from afar. Unfortunately, the result was disappointing to say the least.

Clank!! A loud metallic sound rang out in the air as the blade hit Meave's black fur covered neck. The sound signified the failure of the attack, and proof that the tier 3 dagger did not have that much effect on her. It simply couldn't pierce through the other party's fur.

Receiving Emery's aggression, Meave seemed to be enraged as she charged again at him. Alas, her attempt was fated to be fruitless.

[Blink]

Emery disappeared from where he was and reappeared at another location several meters away. Meanwhile, Meave once again was left with the empty air.

While Meave was becoming more furious due to her repeated failures, Emery was lost in thought. He knew that even though she couldn't hit him at the moment, it would only take him one moment of carelessness to spell his doom. Because of that, he had to end this fight as soon as possible.

Emery accessed his dark core and channeled his spirit core to it, casting the enhancement spell [Dark Infusion] at his tier 3 dagger. Immediately after, he cast [Spatial Gate] and sent the witch another attack of his.

Splat!!

ROARRR!!! An ear-deafening, animalistic roar resounded through the air as Meave attained her first injury after her abnormal transformation. The dagger successfully embedded itself deep into her neck, but before Emery could pull his hand back, Meave defied expectations and managed to bite his arm in that split second.

Splat!!

In the end, Emery was successful in recovering his hand. The muscle part of his arm that was bitten was torn off because he forcibly pulled his arm from her clutch, while the dagger was left behind and stuck in the wolf's neck.

A puddle of blood quickly formed beneath Emery's feet as blood dripped profusely from his arm. On the other hand, Meave roared furiously as she charged at his direction one more time.

With his current physique, Emery knew the seemingly serious wound that he currently had would not affect him much and would heal on its own fairly quickly. He was about to cast [Blink] and ran away when abnormalities suddenly appeared in his body.

He suddenly felt the spirit energy flowing through his body disrupted. As a result, he wasn't able to cast [Blink] fast enough and Meave's figure was nigh upon him. Her claws were brandished at him, intending to tear his body apart.

In such dire situations, Emery reflexively grabbed the tier one sword at hand and tapped into his one hundred plus battle power as he used [Heroic Slash], swinging the sword toward the incoming monstrosity.

CRACCKK!! The tier 1 sword was shattered into countless pieces when it received the claws. Because of that, an opening was created in Emery's defense which was quickly taken by the witch to swoop in for another attack, leaving a deep three-line gash on his chest as well as throwing him dozens of meters back.

While still in the air, although he was in deep pain, Emery didn't lose his focus and quickly opened [Spatial Gate] in the trajectory he was flung through the air. His body quickly disappeared into the gate, leaving the witch alone in the area.

Emery arrived a mile away from where they fought, and the moment he stepped out of the gate, he immediately fell to his knees. Blood spilled out of his torn out arm and wounded chest like crazy, and the healthy color on his face quickly faded away.

However, Emery didn't care about those things, not even one bit. His main concern was the sudden flow of his spirit energy being interrupted.

He quickly sat in the lotus position and circulated his spirit energy throughout the body to find out the reason. The moment he discovered it, he was utterly dumbfounded because it was something so shocking.

The reason his spirit energy flow was suddenly interrupted was apparently due to his wounds. Through a thorough examination, he discovered that his spirit energy was leaking from his injured hands and chest!

When he connected the dots, Emery was so shocked that no words escaped from his mouth. He couldn't believe how dangerous Meave's new transformation was.

With [Spirit Reading], Emery could sense that the witch was rushing toward him, and according to his estimation, she would arrive at where he was very quickly. Therefore, he quickly took out his [healing paste] and applied it on his arm and chest. He then tore his clothes, using it to roughly bandage the wounds before casting [Soothing Mist], the tier 2 water element healing spell.

This was one of the basic spells he bought before returning from the academy. But because his [Nature Blessing] spell was much more effective, he hadn't used this water spell. Now that he can cast tier 2 nature spells, this water spell suddenly becomes useful as his one and only healing spell.

Just within half a minute since he perceived her, Meave's massive figure could already be seen in the near distance. Knowing that his spirit energy was still leaking, Emery decided to play the battle cautiously and cast another [Spatial Gate] as he retreated another mile.

As soon as he touched the ground, Emery immediately cast [Nature Grasp] and filled his body with nature energy in the surroundings. While absorbing the rich energy, he could feel the leak gradually decreasing, especially the wound on his arm.

At least now he knew that the wound caused by the witch didn't have a permanent effect.

Emery's nature core reacted fervently as it was filled with nature energy thanks to the [Nature Grasp] spell. At the same time, his dark core was still leaking its spirit energy despite its reduced quantity. Then, Emery suddenly had an epiphany.

Ever since he managed to evolve his bloodline and upgrade his nature core to stage 2, Emery had felt substantial growth in his nature core. Now was actually a good time to once again attempt to balance the two cores.

This should be a good opportunity; with the spirit energy of his dark core leaking and that he needed another boost to his power to be able to combat the witch. Making up his mind on attempting the crazy, near-suicidal idea, Emery quickly got into action.

He cast another [Spatial Gate] and moved a little bit farther, creating more distance between him and the witch but not too far so she could still perceive him and vice versa. He then sat in lotus position once again and chanted the [Dao Divine Technique] as he started linking the two cores again.

Surprisingly, it seemed to work really well this time as Emery could feel the bridge connecting the two cores starting to enlarge. The problem was this process needed time, something that he didn't have that much because the witch could still attack him. And with the current condition, it would be problematic if she attacked him now.

However, moments later, Emery realized that the witch was still not in sight. Therefore, he took a glance at her whereabouts, only to be shocked by the result shown by his reading.

The witch was completely ignoring him and heading toward Camelot.

Emery gritted his teeth when he realized what she planned to do. The witch was not a fool, after all, to be lured away continuously. It looked like she would wreak havoc on Camelot if Emery doesn't show himself.

The situation became more critical as Emery couldn't stop his [Dao Divine Technique] at this important stage. There was simply nothing he could do other than to make the breakthrough as soon as possible. Hence, he did exactly that.

Each second felt like minutes and each minute passed felt like hours as Emery could only hope nothing bad happened before he arrived while his attention continued on this fragile balancing of the two cores.

Within Emery's body, the two different energies continuously charged toward another as the process went on. One was like a calm yet profound ocean, while the other was like a lively gushing river. One was full of life, another filled with nothingness. The two were opposite of another, but the [Dao Divine Technique] taught him the balance between the two.

Not to fight them, but to be the center of them.

After a while, Emery finally felt the two different energies blended together. The previous one tenth imbalance had now become only half. Emery felt both core able to easily synergize.

At the same time, a notification appeared in his mind.

[You have obtained a new understanding of Dao, stage 5]

[Spirit force increased exponentially]

Chapter 564 - Battle Of Camelot 8

A few miles away from the scene of destruction that Emery and Meave created, at the Britannia's greatest castle, Camelot Castle of the Logress Kingdom.

"Here they come!!"

King Arthur was standing on top of the great castle wall, watching ten thousand undeads marching closer to the castle slowly, but surely. The terrain was so overcrowded by those abominations that no gap was left open.

The living corpses encroached their reach upon the northern hills, as they ran and stumbled down toward the castle.

No apparent tactic, no intricate strategy. There was simply no trace of intelligence left in them. Most of them didn't even have weapons in hand. They were just like wounded, crazed beasts, who moved unconcerned with everything in their path to kill all living things presented in front of them.

"Galahad!" King Arthur shouted. "Prepare the fire arrows!!"

One thousand five hundred Demetea Archer who had returned from eastern battlefield had taken their respective positions on top of the outer wall of the castle. All these individuals in green banners quickly raised their bows at the cue, a few other knights would approach them while bringing burning torches. They then would light up the arrow whose tip had been covered with flammable material, before the archers finally released it to the air.

"FIRE!!"

Swish! Swish! Swish!

The sky was momentarily dyed crimson, as thousands of flaming arrows streaked across. The arrows made a beautiful arc in the sky, before raining the charging masses of undead with their existence, setting many of them aflame.

Arthur as well as those who were at the outer wall had a clear view of how the undeads slowly suffered the incineration.

The reason Arthur opted for flame arrows, which were usually used in siege battles, was because he knew normal arrows would not be effective on those living corpses who clearly didn't feel pain. It would even need the fire a minute for the undeads to be totally killed and finally dropped dead to the ground.

"Fire the arrows! Again!!"

Following Arthur's shout, another barrage of flaming arrows rained down upon the undeads, but most of them still continued their fierce advance toward the castle. It seemed the flaming arrows' effectiveness was not enough to stop these abominations.

Seeing that the undeads were near, Arthur shouted, "Knights, get ready!!"

Currently, outside the Camelot Castle, one thousand chosen knights and the three hundred Fey Warriors were ready with their shield and pikes brandished toward the living dead. Their expressions were filled with determination, though the undeads who were the definition of bane continued to move toward them.

They cut trees and shaped the wood into a three meter long pole with its tips sharpened. This was the pike they were using, they currently held it close to the ground. This action allowed them to make a line of sharp pikes across the castle, a barricade to put a hold on the undead's march.

This was another example of Arthur's ingenuity. Knowing the enemy they were fighting was physically strong and hard to kill, but a mindless creature, he decided to devise a specialized tactic for them.

Just like expected, hundreds of the first wave of undeads foolishly charged forward and impaled themselves into the pikes. However, as time passed the situation started to not look good on Arthur's side.

More and more undeads pushed those who were impaled from the back, the weight imposed upon the pikes started to break them. This resulted in some of the knights breaking off the line, causing the line on the verge of destruction.

It was at this time that Arthur shouted his next order!

"Sound the horns! Order them to retreat into the outer walls!!"

There existed two sets of walls with several meters worth of buffer zone, three gates acting as the entrance in Brittania's biggest castle. Arthur had decided to open all three gates to let the fight enter inside the castle.

Many of those who heard his plan questioned his judgement, as it would be easier to let those undead pile up outside, while they attacked them behind the protection the walls provided. However, the answer Arthur gave out quickly sent those dissenting voices down to the gutter.

"I cannot risk them to turn around and attack Camelot City! We must let them siege us!"

With that logic, all three thousand knight Logress Kingdom had were deployed inside the outer wall, creating a line of defense where they would be fighting the undeads. The archers scattered across the wall would continue to fire their barrage of arrows from above, while the knights would deploy shield wall formation to defend the three gates. This was the tactic Arthur came up with.

As for his other men - the one thousand plus hundreds wounded, they were sent to the city to assist and speed up the process of evacuating the civilians. The group was led by the two brothers and golden knights, Sir Bor and Dagonat.

The enemy had three to four times their number, but with this tactic Arthur was confident they could hold out until at least all the civilians were evacuated. He was also confident that the number of injured would be cut down to a minimum.

According to Arthur's arrangement, Sir Gawain led the handling of the undead at the north, Sir Yvain brought his group to defend the east gate, while the west gate was held down by Sir Percival and his men. Last but not least, Cavvi and the four Fey sisters would move around as an independent unit, assisting any location that needed immediate help.

Sounds of metal clashing into hard surfaces were heard throughout the outer wall, as the knights fought the waves of undead. These living dead were really durable individually, and it proved to troublesome as they continued to try to run over the knights in formation.

A congregation of them could break the shields after repeated bashings and the knights holding onto it would quickly wear out by their actions.

With thousands of these seemingly unkillable undead pushing in as they tried to enter the castle, the knights eventually couldn't keep their initial line of defense.

Realizing the situation, Arthur swiftly sent down his order.

"Open the line!!!"

As soon as the order was given, the middle of the defensive line immediately split up, letting the undead and bestowed the way for them. The gap between the line quickly attracted the undead, as the knights saw dozens of them entering. Then, the knights reformed their line and closed the opening.

The undead that managed to enter were quickly surrounded by the knights and killed one by one.

The plan seemed to be working in their favor, but Arthur noticed the undead were still coming endlessly. Fatigue began to catch up to the knights.

"Knights of Britannia, keep fighting!! Don't falter!!" Arthur shouted, as he clenched his fist tightly.

With Gaious next to him, Arthur couldn't help but ask, "Any news of Merlin? Did anyone catch sight of him?"

Gaious only dejectedly shook his head. "No, Your Majesty. Not yet."

Arthur sighed when he heard that. He knew it meant Merlin's fight was harder than he thought and he was still fighting. The fact it had been more than an hour, but there was still no sight of him could also possibly mean he was in trouble, or worse.

He also realized Gwen hadn't returned from her task, which was perplexing. The Fey people had come to the castle, proven by Cavvi and the Fey sisters, who fought to and fro across the outer wall. Then, why hasn't she returned yet?

Arthur couldn't help but to be worried about her.

Unfortunately, things began to turn for the worst when he saw something in the distance - something he wished he saw wrong. A huge black creature was approaching the castle and it was moving very quickly.

"What the hell is that?!!!"

The massive, wolf-like creature charged through the sea of undead, killing countless, unconcerned of the latter's fate, Arthur knew it wasn't friendly to them either. Knowing that, he immediately shouted, "Galahad!!!"

The golden knight, who also noticed the new arrival, swiftly told dozens of his men to light their arrow and fire. All the arrows shot by the well-known Demetea archers were right on mark, but other than the one fired by Galahad himself, none of the arrows managed to pierce the creature's fur.

Galahad shot a few more arrows, all of them hit the monster squarely. But it didn't seem to hurt it at all as it continued to charge forward. Eventually, it reached the castle walls.

The creature didn't go into one of the gates. It completely ignored them and decided to ram its body into the wall where Galahad and his men were at.

BAAMMM!!!

The 3 meter thick stone wall was destroyed immediately into piles of rubble. Dust and smoke rose to the air as the huge wolf howled loudly.

"HOWWWLLLLL!!!"

The long, ear-deafening howl as well as the sight of the obliterated wall brought terror to all the Britannia knights at the scene.

Chapter 565 - Battle Of Camelot 9

When the smoke had completely dissipated and visibility returned to normal, everyone could clearly see the figure of a massive wolf-like creature standing. The huge size of the creature, casting a looming shadow upon the ground. Meanwhile, beneath its gigantic feet were dead corpses of the Dementea archers.

The wolf was surrounded by dozens of Britannia's knights from all directions. However, the knights were the ones who were trembling in fear instead of the creature.

Then, in the middle of this tense situation, an arrow suddenly flew through the air and hit the wolf.

Everyone's eyes immediately turned toward the direction the arrow came from, and they all saw the culprit. It was the brave golden knight hailing from Dementae, Sir Galahad. The man was standing tall, though his body was slightly wobbly. His now tattered clothes were dyed red as blood from his wounds ran all over his body.

At the moment, he was still trying to pull the string of his bow in spite of his shakiness and gravely injured body. Even though his condition was awful, the man continued on his endeavor, as if he mustered all [Divine Power] buff he had into this one final shot.

But unfortunately..

CRACK!!

..The bow made a loud crack sound before it broke into pieces. The arrow, who had lost support, helplessly fell to the ground.

On the other hand, the wolf turned its head toward the golden knight who seemed to have only half of his life now. Its attention was fixed on Sir Galahad, completely ignoring the dozen knights around him.

The knights who were around Sir Galahad felt chill down their backs when the creature turned toward their direction, despite the fact it wasn't looking at them specifically.

Under the eyes of everyone on the scene, the wolf decided to pick up a boulder, or rather, a large stone that was once part of the wall in one hand and threw it toward the injured golden knight.

Its throw was so powerful that the boulder rapidly flew through the air, guaranteed to turn anyone it hit into a puree of broken bones and disfigured flesh. Everyone could only watch in horror as the boulder got closer to the golden knight.

Then, something unexpected happened. Just as the boulder carrying great momentum was about to hit the famous archer, a figure pushed him away from the side and saved the man at the last second.

Everyone whose mouths were literally gaping open immediately turned their heads to the savior.

"You've done enough, brave knight!" said the figure as he handed the heavily injured Galahad to the knights and ordered them to take the man to the rear. The figure then turned around, revealing its appearance. The ruler of the Logress Kingdom, King Arthur. "Gaious, take care of him!!"

While Sir Galahad was being carried back and cared for, Arthur turned his gaze towards the monster who was apparently staring at him.

The witch recognized Arthur, the man who stood in front of her. She remembered that the latter was close to that damned Emery. Hence, she immediately took action because she wanted to kill the man.

However, there were dozens of knights standing between her and Arthur. Even though they were scared and terrified, none of them dropped their weapon to the ground. It seemed they were ready to sacrifice themselves to battle her. Therefore, she decided to kill them all.

Splat!!

"My King!! Fall back!!"

Meave charged forward with only one goal in mind, reaching and killing Arthur. She killed every knight who was in her way without mercy, sending them flying away or straight into the ground.

In the end, Meave successfully rushed through the group of knights. And at this point, there was no one close enough nor strong enough to help Arthur.

Knowing that, he immediately braced himself. He planted his shield on the ground and put his entire weight on it, while preparing his mentality for an impact that could even destroy the thick outer wall.

Swwiisshhh!! Sounds of air being split could be heard faintly, as Meave ran at breakneck speed.

The knights who were trying to run to where Arthur was could only helplessly stretch out their arms as they watched the monster get closer to their ruler. They knew they were too late to do anything.

Fortunately, at the last moment before the collision happened, the wolf abruptly stopped in its tracks. Everyone was surprised and confused as to why, but their questions were quickly answered.

There, on the ground, they could see dozens of plant roots swirling on the wolf's legs and arms. The roots continued to creep upwards until they reached the latter's body.

Everyone wondered who could possibly be the one stopping the wolf when they suddenly saw a figure had unknowingly standing next to their king.

Arthur, who waited for the impact, was confused when he felt nothing happened. He then turned his head and saw a familiar figure next to him.

"Merlin!!"

"Sorry, I am late!" said Emery with a faint smile.

Feeling the restraint on herself, Meave immediately tried to break it by tearing all the roots apart. Unfortunately for her, Emery this time had much more confidence than before.

He raised both his arms where green and black glowing light could be seen. The two striking lights were quickly combined, and the brown roots with green leaves that wrapped around the wolf's body gradually turned pitch black with sharp thorns.

This was one of Emery's most mastered spells; something that he had practiced over and over with literal sweat and blood.

[Shadow Binding Root]

After he had successfully enlarged the channel between his dark core and nature core, Emery not only received a large 50 points increase in his spirit force. He also was finally able to combine the elements of his two cores, utilizing them to cast the combined spells that he never cast again after the situation with his core.

Of course, with his impressive 650 spirit force and the unhindered channeling of his nature spells, the might of the combined spell [Shadow Binding Root] he cast now was many times stronger than before.

The wolf, to be more precise, Meave was being held by more and more black roots with every passing second. The rate at which she destroyed roots was not comparable to the rate Emery produced them. Slowly but surely, she was pinned down to the ground.

Seeing that, Emery then shouted, "Clear the surrounding area! You all won't be able to fight this monster!!" Following his instruction, Arthur quickly ordered the knights to move away from the beast.

Then suddenly, Emery started to feel strong resistance coming from the witch. It was as if the other party's energy was building up, ready to explode.

At this time, the four Fey girls arrived on the scene and they quickly came to where Emery was.

"Brother! Let us help you!"

Even though Emery knew he needed help to handle the witch, the girls were simply still too weak to face this level of opponent. Therefore, he said, "Keep your distance from this place!"

The Fey sisters were dejected by Emery's rejection, but they still stopped in their tracks. They were about to retreat when something happened.

A loud howl suddenly came from the witch as she broke through the restraints imposed on her. Emery used this moment to rush and tackle the witch, quickly using the [Blink] spell to bring her away from this place as far and as soon as possible.

Alas, he only managed to bring her merely 10 meters outside of the gate. It certainly proved to be too difficult to move an unwilling individual, especially one as strong as Meave.

Meave in her wolf form once again fell into rage and ready to dash. Emery thought about transforming into his second transformation to handle the other party.

With his newly-improved stage 4 Fey Shaman, he might have the same strength with the other party which in turn would allow him to hold her down. Moreover, the [Beast Pendant] in his possession made him believe that he could control the second transformation enough not to kill those on his side.

However, the second transformation brought a rather severe drawback. In that state, Emery would lose his ability to cast spells. This was what made Emery hesitate. He felt it was such a shame, especially now, when he was utterly amazed by the spell strength displayed by his improved double cores.

Emery cast his [Shadow Binding Root] spell again, and immediately, numerous pitch-black roots rose from the ground and held down Meave's wolf form. But this time, it was only able to do its job for a second before the latter managed to break free again.

The truly enraged Meave let out a deafening howl as she utilized her speed to rush over Emery. She was certainly fast, but when her figure hit Emery's figure, she could only see his figure dissipated as Emery had secretly cast [Shadow Mist] to fool her.

Knowing that her sight was unreliable at the moment, Meave quickly used its sense of smell to chase after Emery. Unfortunately for her, Emery's 100+ battle power would surely make things harder than she thought.

Now that he had regained his ability to cast combined spells, Emery had recovered his confidence to defeat Meave in her wolf form. He just needed the best opportunity to finish this once and for all.

Fighting outside the walls made him realize that the undead were starting to appear around him and trying to enter the damaged part of the wall that Meave had caused.

Trying to help the knights as much as he could, Emery cast [Mud Wall] in the palace of the damaged section and the section was quickly covered by a wall made of dirt. While casting the spell, he also cast another [Shadow Binding Root] to stop the rampaging beast for a few seconds.

As Emery focused his attention on casting the [Shadow Binding Root] on one hand and [Mud Wall] on another, he suddenly discovered another epiphany and quickly stopped casting the [Mud Wall] spell.

This time, using both of his cores, Emery decided to cast a slightly different spell. A few seconds later, something seemed to rise from the ground. At first glance it looked like a stone wall, but upon closer inspection, one would find that it was not composed of ordinary stone. The wall was made up of shiny dark stones.

This was the result of Emery's spell.. He had just cast a new combined spell, [Granite Wall].

Chapter 566 - Final Attack

His new spell [Granite Wall] reformed the broken wall to make it into an even stronger one, making sure none of the undeads would be able to use another path to enter the castle.

Now that Emery had learned a strong new spell, he quickly found his solution to beat the powerful wolf.

The reason for his previous hesitation was not only because of how strong the wolf was, but also due to how each and every one of its attacks had the ability to affect his spirit energy. Because of this, he had no choice but to constantly keep his distance from the wolf.

But now that he had this he did not have to do that anymore.

Not wasting another moment, Emery used [Shadow Root Binding] to stop the wolf, putting both of his palms on the ground, causing a long, thin granite wall to rise from beneath the ground. Right after, he controlled the wall to quickly cover the black monster like a blanket.

With this, the monster was bound in place. And with the double restraints, Emery knew it was time for him to act.

However, the moment he let go of his two hands from the ground and stopped channeling his spirit energy, the two spells would be quickly weakened and the beast would be able to destroy it easily.

So once he let his hands go, he would only have less than a few seconds to execute his attack.

After briefly gathering his strength, he quickly used [Blink] to the top of the roaring monster, pulled the moon dagger that was still partly pierced into the monster's neck, and pushed the dagger with all his strength.

Roaaaaarr!!!

The monster roared in pain as the dagger stabbed deeper. However, it was not even close to enough. If only he had a much higher-tier weapon, he would have been able to defeat the beast faster and easier. But because he did not have anything of the sort, he had to find another vital area to target in order to finish the beast.

He forcefully pulled the stabbed dagger from the monster's neck into the air and quickly cast [Dark Infusion].

As the light from the moon shone on the dagger, Emery could see the moon dagger's blade also emitting a faint light as if it absorbed the moonlight from above. At the same time, his two hands that were gripping the dagger's handle could feel overwhelming power from the dagger.

The dark infusion was twice stronger than usual.

This took him by surprise. He managed to draw out the moon dagger's hidden power!

Not going to let this opportunity go, Emery used all his remaining strength into the strongest blow he could give.

Splattt!!!

Emery pierced the dagger deep into one of the monster's eyes. Seeing how deep the dagger went, he hoped that the stab managed to reach and destroy its brain as well.

The monster cried in pain as it tried to struggle. Blood splattered all over the surrounding area, before the monster was able to use the little amount of its remaining energy to break free. Mustering enough strength, the monster immediately tried to launch a counterattack, but Emery was not done yet.

He cast [Shadow Mist] and jumped around, while his hand cast his strongest spell. Soon after, a ball of dark sphere gathered in his hand.

The witch was wailing in pain, killing the numerous undead next to it in an attempt to run away, but Emery had no plans of letting her go.

Not again.

When the sphere of his [Dark Matter] spell fully formed, reaching its maximum power, Emery once again cast [Blink] to the beast's blind spot and hit it close to the monster's head.

Bammmmmmm!!!!!!

The hit was so powerful it threw the black monster a few dozen meters away, dyeing the area with even more blood.

This was the strongest spell Emery possessed at the moment. When it blew up in the monster's face, Emery knew he had finally won.

The witch was still trying to run with her last ounce of strength, but Emery easily followed behind her.

Using the shadow roots, he removed all the surrounding undeads and walked closer to the beast. As she weakly tried to climb out the hill, she finally fell, helplessly lying on the grass.

From the distance, Emery could see smoke emitted from the beast's entire body from its attempt to heal its half-destroyed face and body.

With such severe wounds, its self-healing would take much longer, and it would take a huge toll on the person's strength.

When Emery arrived closer to her, she had already turned back to her first transformation form. She was not fully dead yet, but her face was extremely pale. On her chest, the black stone could still be seen glowing, purple veins could also be seen bulging out from her chest, wrapping around the stone.

"You... are so strong now... Emery..."

As if he did not hear her, Emery calmly walked toward the crawling witch with the moon dagger in hand. However, instead of pleading for her life like one would expect from her in this situation, she laughed out loud, coughing blood in the process.

"Hahahah...! You're naive as always, Emery...! You're all fools...!? You're all being used by Gaia...!"

Her dying words took Emery aback.

The witch was full of trickery, Emery knew that. Even so, still on guard and ready to end her life, he chose to listen to what the witch had to say.

"You must know... our ancestor... was not chosen as Gaia's protector by choice... We were enslaved by Gaia... hahaha... And of course she would have so much interest in you... you are a very talented boy... her most important toy!"

The witch's eyes were filled with hatred and obsession as she looked at Emery.

He tried hard not to listen, but now that he had heard it, he could not stop his doubts from surfacing.

If the witch was telling the truth...

"Stop telling lies, witch! And tell me where Morgana is!"

The witch laughed even harder hearing his words. With more disdain in her eyes, she answered.

"You two really are special... You really want to see her that badly...? You're in luck... she's going to arrive here soon... Hahahaha...!"

Emery quickly used his spirit reading to check. To his surprise, it was really true.

Right at that moment, a powerful figure came dashing toward the battlefield. From its signature smell, Emery could tell.

It was really her.

A black wolf identical to the witch rushed from the hill. However, unlike her, this one had a patch of red fur on its back.

Although the witch was weak on the ground, she could also see what Emery was seeing. Seeing the vivid expression of shock on his face, the witch loudly laughed once more.

"Hahahaha! Look, she's here! Now... How are you going to deal with her?"

Chapter 567 - Mysterious Figure

When Emery heard Meave's words, his attention immediately shifted to the new arrival. He exhaled a deep sigh, as he knew the other party was who he expected.

The figure approaching so fast before stopping and standing on top of the north hill was a wolf-like creature just like the two of them.

It had similar black-colored fur and spikes on its four limbs. However, Emery could clearly smell and sense the familiarity to the beast. He hated to admit it and wished it wasn't true, but the reality said otherwise: she stood before his eyes.

Morgana slowly started to walk down the hill, gaze fixed at Emery. He could feel the sheer emotion behind her raging gaze, and he was bewildered. He was not sure why Morgana would be willing to listen to the witch, nor how she ended up being the way she was right now. But, he knew killing the witch could absolve the situation.

Hence, without the slightest ounce of hesitation, Emery swiftly cast [Enfeeble Blade] in rapid succession and sent them over to the root of menace. The blades flew through the air, heading toward the witch lying on the ground with different trajectories. This was to make sure there was no escape for the latter.

At the corner of his eyes, he could see Morgana tried to run down the hill as fast as she could, but he knew she would not make it in time. But then, something shocking happened.

Before the dozen shadow blades hit and ended the witch's life, suddenly all of them broke apart and dissipated. Emery knew for sure the attack didn't come from the witch or Morgana.

Therefore, he quickly poured his concentration in his [Spirit Reading] and noticed a weird shadow on the ground, near where the witch was lying.

"Who are you?!" He shouted, "Reveal yourself!!"

As if to answer Emery's prompt, the shadow on the ground quickly expanded. Then, it stood up and gradually formed into a figure of a man. When it revealed its appearance, Emery saw the figure of the northern shaman, the one with mask and stag horns.

However, this time Emery felt something odd. He could clearly see the person standing in front of him, but was unable to feel the other party's spirit force. Not even an inkling.

'Who the hell are you?!'

While Emery was wondering who this unknown party was, he saw the witch weakly stretch her shaking arm toward the man and said, "I will... do anything... for another chance... Help me."

And the next thing the man said shocked Emery

"Hahaha, As much as I'd like to join... I am not allowed to be involved in your fight." The masked shaman drawled, as he looked toward Emery. He then continued, "But this has turned even more interesting with each passing second."

Emery quickly tightened his grasp on the enchanted dagger. He had a slight notion about the identity of the other party. If his guess was right, it meant the situation had escalated into another level altogether.

"You... are you a Nephilim?!"

Instead of answering his question, the masked man slowly brought his finger to his face and gave a gesture of one finger covering where his lips were supposed to be. He clearly advised Emery to be quiet.

Even though the masked man didn't directly affirm it, the gesture he gave basically served as an affirmation. With this, Emery knew the fight had reached a level that was out of his capabilities. If the man really was a Nephilim, then he most probably a magus. A figure that he couldn't fight at the moment.

With his vigilance raised to the maximum, Emery warily asked, "What do you want?"

The man nonchalantly folded his arms over his chest and said, "I'm just enjoying a show here... You don't have to be bothered with me at all."

"Please continue," he added with a playful smirk on his face.

Emery didn't believe the man's words, not even for a second. He could only hope the man truly had many restrictions imposed upon him, for being involved in this.

Either way, whether the man's words of enjoying the show were true or not, Morgana had arrived in her new wolf transformation. She now stood next to the dying Meave.

The wolf form of Morgana appeared to be extremely hostile toward Emery, as she glared fiercely at him. Still, Emery needed to make sure she didn't do something that she would come to regret later.

"Morgana!" Emery shouted, attracting her already fierce attention to him even more. "Hate me if you must, but don't you listen to that witch! She will use you and hurt you!"

Alas, his words seemed ineffective, as there was no reply nor sign of Morgana listening to them.

At this point, the witch had got to her feet and stood next to the wolf form Morgana. The former leaned her head to the latter's ears, stroked her black fur and whispered, "Do not listen to that liar, my dear morgana... Follow me, and you shall have your freedom."

Not planning on letting the witch continue to poison Morgana's mind, Emery was further determined to just kill the witch right away. With her current condition, one stab to any part of her body would certainly spell her doom and send her on the way.

Making up his mind, he immediately cast [Blink].

But, to his complete shock, there was a distortion in space that failed the spell. As a result, Emery fell out of his spell halfway between. The shock he felt currently was clearly displayed on his face, as he really didn't know what just happened.

"What is going on?!!!"

Emery quickly tried to stand up, only to feel as if his body weight had increased tenfold. It took him a lot of energy and effort to just stand up. He knew his current condition wasn't optimal for fighting.

The spell he was currently affected by reminded Emery of the gravity spell used by that madman, Lodos. It didn't even take seconds for him to know the source of the problem. This was surely a deed done by the masked Nephilim.

"I thought you cannot get involved!"

Facing Emery's angry remark, the man once again casually answered. "I guess this much interference is okay. It doesn't matter really, as long as I don't personally kill you..."

Emery was annoyed by the man's answer, by the man's attitude, by the man's existence. To put it simply, everything about the masked man was annoying. It was undeniable this Nephilim had some screw loose in his head.

Meave, however, seemed a little surprised by the masked man's capability. But she quickly recovered, as she turned to smile and said to Morgana.

"This is your opportunity, child... Kill that man and be free from him once and for all!"

Emery could see Morgana wolf-form was glaring at him in unbridled rage. His mind even pictured every sequence of her attacking him. He couldn't believe it and was confused, as to why she hated him to this degree. "Morgana! Don't do it!"

The wolf girl took a step forward, her demeanor told him she was ready to kill. Then suddenly, four figures in wolf form came and stood next to Emery.

It was the Fey sisters. Their arrival surprisingly made Morgana take a step back, which was good news. It seemed the four sisters could communicate with Morgana through their minds, it appeared to be affecting her to some degree.

But, the witch suddenly said, "You are my pack!! You will follow my order!!!"

Morgana's body twitched furiously, as if she was possessed. She would take a step forward, then a step backward, and so on, seemingly uncertain on what action to take. The expression on her face was extremely disturbed, Emery was about to call her again when she suddenly howled and eventually forced her body not to do anything.

Meave was surprised as she looked at Morgana whose body was still twitching frantically. "Such a strong will..." She then sighed, "What a shame!"

She suddenly transformed her arm into her wolf claw and stabbed Morgana on her back.

"You cannot resist me, child!" she crazily said, "Now give your strength to your alpha, to me! Yes!! Yes!!!"

Seeing what was happening in front of their eyes, the Fey sisters quickly dashed forward to stop the witch. Unfortunately, the same thing that happened to Emery happened to them as well. They quickly found themselves banned from moving by the masked man's magic.

On the other hand, Emery couldn't stand seeing the girl being weakened by the witch anymore. It seemed there was no other way than to transform into his second stage. Even though the risk of him losing himself was still there, he really couldn't afford to mind about it right now.

But before he managed to transform, something happened.

Morgana let out a loud scream and suddenly her head turned toward the witch and bit a chunk of the latter's chest. Along with it was the black crystal, which was all eaten by Morgana.

The witch didn't even have the chance to utter her death cry. She instantly fell to her knees, her chest was bursting with blood before she suddenly stopped and lay still.

The witch Meave died with a shock on her face, unable to accept such an end.

Meanwhile, the masked man who watched the event all this time was shocked to see such an unexpected development.

Chapter 568 - Resist!

The girl couldn't control the emotions raging inside of her, everything she felt on that day.

She was angry, extremely so, she felt lost.

Ever since she saw the young man who brought chaos and uncertainty into her heart on that island, she had sworn a vow to herself - that she had to settle the trouble in her heart at all costs.

As instructed by the witch, she ate the wolf organs provided to her piece by piece. Even though she was disgusted by the taste, she quickly shoved her grievance down to the gutter. She continued to eat, no matter how sickened she was.

All for one sole reason, to regain her own self!

As she went on the practice, she could feel her strength increase drastically and exponentially. But ever since she consumed the wolf organ, she had not been able to return to her human form.

The anger within her raged on for days. It continued to build on, she almost lost herself until one day. For a brief moment, she could feel something or someone calling her.

The sensation was faint, but she felt it.

It was the warmth of family, and she felt left out. Because of that she slowly managed to recover her mind, which had been disillusioned bit by bit. Until eventually, she returned to her human form and got out of the cage that imprisoned her.

But by then, the witch and the northern tribe were gone, she then followed the track heading south. She instinctively knew her destiny was waiting for her there, on the battlefield.

As she continued to run, she heard a familiar long howl. It was the calling from the witch. This meant she was near.

Evidently, the witch was currently fighting. The howl once again made her blood boil and, once again, she turned into an abomination.

She ran, ran and ran. She followed the calling of the pack, and then, she was there.

She saw it with her own two eyes. The witch was losing against him.

It was him, again.

Looking at his figure, the girl's heart became chaotic again. Doubt, anger, apprehension, irritation, and many more emotions she couldn't put into words. A vortex of emotions rapidly swirled within her, as her eyes completely fixed on him.

Then the witch started to force her doing something she didn't want.

"You are my pack!! You will follow my order!!"

The reason she accepted and decided to follow the witch's demands was to get free from that person. She wanted to be independent again, unfettered from anything, master of her own fate. But now, she discovered the witch was just the same: she wanted to control her too.

The witch wanted to take away the thing she desired the most. Her freedom.

She had run from his influence, only to fall under hers.

And now, she wanted her to hurt her sisters? Hurt her own family with her own hands?

The witch obviously had the power to control, and that was exactly what she did to her. She was in pain, but she had to resist. She knew she couldn't give in, otherwise she would forever be plunged in regret for the rest of her life.

Then suddenly, it came to her. If she could resist the witch, then she had the power to resist him as well!

She must resist. She must.

When the witch attacked her, she knew now her life also depend on it.

Something within her suddenly snapped. It was as if a dozen nerve points were ripped apart through her sheer will.

She fiercely fought back the control imposed upon her, turned her head toward the witch and bit her right on the chest. Why the chest? She also didn't know. Her instinct told her so.

Blood splattered all around, as she took a chunk of flesh from the witch into her mouth and with it was the black crystal-like stone.

Her actions instantly killed the witch, but she couldn't care less.

HOWWWLLLLL!!

With this, she finally free!

Unconfined!

Untethered!

Unfortunately for the girl, her celebration didn't last long, as what followed was complete pain. An excruciating, agonizing and unbearable sensation wreaked throughout her body. It was as if her entire body of nerves was cracking and clashing with each other.

She tried to stand, but all her four limbs had lost sensation, as if they weren't there to begin with and She slowly returned to her human form.

But before her body could slam to the hard ground, a strong hand grabbed her neck.

Weakly raising her head, the girl saw who had caught her. It was the mysterious man with the mask.

"You... you ruined my plan!!" The masked man shouted with hatred in his voice.

...

Seeing the sight of Morgana, Emery was enraged.

"GET YOUR HAND OFF HER!!"

Emery and the four Fey sisters tried everything to move their bodies despite the difficulties, but their efforts were in vain. They hardly moved an inch.

Seeing them struggling to no avail, the man with the weird mask mockingly said, "You will never be able to break free from my tier 5 spell, [Gravitational Pressure]."

Hearing the man's words made Emery wonder. 'A tier 5 spell?'

The other party certainly was a rank 9, most probably a magus. Even so, he would not give up.

At this moment, Emery knew he needed additional strength to resist such a strong restrictive spell. In his entire repertoire of abilities and spells, there was nothing more powerful than his wolf transformation ability.

[Fey Transformation]

Within seconds, Emery's body started to change: grey fur began appearing on his body, his ears and hands started to change, while familiar tattoos materialized on his chest. He then gradually turned into his second transformation, as his body continued to enlarge.

His muscle mass doubled, Emery had almost no human features left. In the end, a gray beast was standing where he was before.

ROOAAARRRR!!!

Emery let out a loud roar as he struggled, but he was still unable to break through the spell, even with all that extra strength.

On the other hand, the masked man was startled for a moment by Emery's sudden changes.

"You are pretty special, huh... There is something about you... I really have to know..." he said, "But for now... I need to make sure all my years of hard work are not wasted."

The masked man thrust his hand towards Morgana's chest.

Spallttt!!

Then, he pulled out a chunk of her chest until he saw the shiny black stone Morgana previously consumed. Blood soaked the man's clothes, but he didn't care. His attention was completely fixed on the rock.

"There it is!"

Looking at the sight of Morgana's with a hole in her chest, Emery felt something inside him break. A beat of his heart was lost, before an unbridled rage exploded within and devoured him.

AARGGGHHH!!!

[You have just activated a new innate ability]

[Third Transformation - Shaman Form]

Chapter 569 - Shaman Form

Emery's body was filled with power, but strangely, this transformation was very much different from his usual one.

Instead of growing bigger like his enlarged second transformation, it felt as if all the muscles and energy in his body were compressed, reverting him to his human form.

The grey fur which previously covered his body was now almost entirely gone, only a small amount was left on the back of his hand. Following it, he could feel his ears and facial features on his forehead slightly distorted, with his two eyebrows joined together.

The black tattoo on his chest slowly began glowing green and raised up to his neck and the tattoo even started to show in his face making a shape of a fang under his eyes.

Most significant of all, Emery felt extraordinary changes in his spirit core. It felt as if both his nature core and his dark core were spinning wildly, filling his whole body with spirit force.

The symbol on his palm was glowing and a notification came to him

[Shaman form has increased your spell power.]

[Shaman form has increased your magic resistance.]

The message that popped up into his mind shocked him. At the same time, Emery could feel the binding that increased his weight tenfold was just reduced by half.

This increase in power and resistance allowed him to resist the masked man's [Gravitational Pressure]. Sensing this, Emery moved his hand and quickly cast a spell.

[Blink]

As soon as Emery arrived next to the masked man, he swiftly swung the moon dagger, which was infused with [Dark Infusion].

The masked man was taken aback. He certainly did not expect Emery to be able to resist his tier 5 spell's pressure at all, much less escape it entirely.

Swish—

Because of this, when Emery swung the moon dagger to the man's neck, the man was only able to dodge at the last moment, causing the dagger to cut the mask on his face.

The mask was instantly split in two and the dagger narrowly scratched the man's face, causing the masked man to drop the girl on her grasp and jump a dozen meters back.

Emery continued his attack raising both his arm and once again both his nature core and dark core wildly enhanced it, making the combined spell extremely powerful

[Shadow Binding Roots].

Dozens of roots suddenly emerged from the ground filling out almost all the surrounding between him and the mysterious man and this time, they moved much faster and fiercer than they ever before, forcing the man to jump even further back dodging the roots.

Emery, however, did not manage to catch the man, nor did he go after him. Instead, Emery quickly grabbed the red-haired woman that was lying bleeding on the ground.

As soon as he managed to grab her in his arm, he swiftly cast [Blink], instantly appearing next to the four Fey sisters.

The four Fey sisters simultaneously showed their concern when they saw Emery appearing next to them with Morgana.

The blood from the large puncture wound on her chest showed no signs of stopping or slowing down. Her internal organs could even be seen through the wound. Her face was pale as paper and her lips were blue to the point of almost seeming gray.

She was practically at death's door.

Without much thought, Emery cast [Soothing Mist] onto the wound on her chest.

The spell was highly more effective than it was before, but it still could not close the puncture wound or nor stop the bleeding.

"No!!! Brother Emery, please save Sister Morgana!!!" Glita cried in panic seeing the state of the wound.

Emery did not respond to her pleas. Instead, his eyes were fixed on the previously masked man. The man was visibly enraged, screaming in madness due to the moon dagger's scratch on his face.

Seeing that the man was currently occupied with his own thing, Emery focused his attention back on Morgana.

He needed to heal her as soon as possible.

While channeling the water spell toward her, Emery noticed that something from the wound was blocking his energy.

Emery decisively felt the wound with his hand and found out the dark stone was affecting her body. Her veins were being pulled by the black stone, and it beat hard between absorbing and leaking Morgana's life force.

This was what prevented his healing spells from doing their work.

Knowing he did not have much time, Emery quickly pulled the stone out of her chest.

Emery was sure that this stone was what that Mysterious man was after. Taking it away from Morgana would also mean taking her away from the danger it would bring.

But as soon as he touched the stone to try to pull it away, she trembled and screamed, as if her life force was being pulled away from her.

"Arrghhh!!"

Panicked and slightly irritated, Emery quickly told the four sisters to take care of Morgana. He then stood up and walked toward the mysterious man who had just calmed down from the rage of having his face injured.

Meeting the mysterious man's glare, Emery questioned with a shout,

"What did you do to her!? Tell me!!"

Despite clearly hearing Emery's words loud and clear, the man did not give a word of answer. Instead, he snapped and cursed back at him.

"You little bastard! You shall pay for what you did to my face!!!"

Even though the man had previously calmed down, he was enraged once again when he heard Emery's questioning voice. With his mask broken, Emery could now see more than just his braided black hair. From what Emery could see, the man seemed to be in his thirties.

Not caring about Emery's glare, the man raised his arm and pulled out a familiar-looking staff.

It was the same staff that the witch Meave used before.

Seeing how he held the staff, Emery came to a realization. This man was the reason Meave able to spike her power in such a short time

The man approach him in rage.

"You little bastard! You dare to lay your hand on your god!!!"

Previously Emery couldn't feel this man power, but now it was like the seal was open and the man was engulfed with fiery shadow.

With such power the man was definitely a magus.

"You and all your little friends shall receive punishment from your god. I am the unseen one! The king of the underworld. You shall feel my wrath!!"

When he raised the staff Emery could see the corpse of Meave rise, her body enlarging and breaking apart, spilling her muscle and blood forming into a three meters chunk of humanoid abomination.

With his spirit reading he could feel tremendous power from such a monster.. To make it worse Emery could feel dozens more of them were forming among the undead that were attacking the castle.

Chapter 570 - Battle Of Camelot 10

The night sky on top of Camelot was reeking with the smell of blood.

It had been hours since the Britannia knights held a siege at Camelot Castle. More brave knights fell fighting as they defended the three castle gates.

"The north gate needs more men!!"

Sir Gawain, who had been leading the fight to protect the North castle gate, shouted.

Clank! Clank!!

Out of the thousand men he had protected the north gate with, over a third of them had fallen and a hundred more were heavily wounded, with most of them rendered almost completely incapable of fighting any longer.

"Take the wounded to the back!!"

Sir Gawain instantly ordered when he saw that they were too wounded to fight properly. Although they urgently needed as many men as possible to aid them, more casualties would harm them much more tremendously long-term.

With just a little over 500 knights holding the defense of the north gate, the formation was gradually becoming more and more fragile. Their resistance against the wave of thousands of undeads was getting noticeably weaker and slower with every minute passing.

Not only were they overwhelmed in number, but every one of these undeads was just too hard to kill. Even with their limbs chopped off, these living corpses could still move, biting and scratching the surrounding knights with whatever of their dead bodies they had left.

At this rate, they might not be able to make it.

Just when things were getting severe for them, the men fighting heard strange noises from the direction outside the gate. One of the undeads that was standing at the gate seemed to be morphing. Distorting, the undead's body exploded out into an enlarged mass of flesh.

However, although it seemed as if it just self-destructed, none of the men present had the luxury of feeling relieved, nor was it something they could feel relieved for.

Right after it exploded, the mass of flesh from the explosion wriggled, turning into a three-meter abomination.

With one swing of its enlarged arms, the abomination crushed the surrounding knights into paste.

Neither their armor nor their shield was able to save them from such strength.

Roaaaaarrrr!!!

The creature screamed before charging toward the formation.

Bammmmm!!!

With a light swing of its arm, half a dozen knights were simultaneously flung a few meters away. An unlucky knight was grabbed by the monster, his bones crushed by its two hands and his head bitten off.

The horrific sight traumatized the surrounding knights, causing them to unconsciously take a few steps back as they trembled in fear.

Even Gawain, one of the stronger golden knights, was also rendered speechless, unsure of how they were supposed to fight such a monster.

No, forget fighting, it would be a miracle if they could survive!

At this moment, Gawain and his remaining knights could hear heavy footsteps heading their way. As they turned to look at the source of the sound, they could see a dozen knights coming out to the gate. And leading those knights was none other than the king himself, Arthur Pendragon.

"Gawain!! Retreat to the inner gate!! Retreat!!"

The order brought a certain relief to the remaining men. Although they could not be said to be weak, they were but mere ants against that monster, and they were aware of it. Without hesitation, they began to retreat toward the inner court.

Arthur, however, looked at the large abomination killing the knights with pain in his heart.

Seeing the monster was about to kill more of his knights, Arthur decided to charge forward.

How could Sir Gawain not notice the one person rushing the opposite direction from the rest of the running knights? When he saw the person rushing toward the monster, his eyes widened in surprise.

"Your Majesty, stop!!" Sir Gawain reflexively shouted. "Arthur!!!"

The king bravely charged toward the gate. When he arrived at his destination, he cast [Divine Power] on himself to enhance his strength and speed.

In this condition, none of the knights had the ability to match him, be it in terms of strength or speed. His body glowed as he ran past the other knights and toward the abomination.

Seeing the monster almost kill another one of his knights, Arthur screamed in fury. He picked up a spear from the ground and threw it with all his strength.

Swishhh—

Splat!!

With his strength enhanced by his [Divine Power], Arthur's spear throw managed to stab the abomination's neck, causing it to scream in pain and release the poor knight in its grasp to pull out the spear.

After the creature pulled the spear out, it quickly turned to the golden figure charging toward it.

When he got closer, Arthur quickly took out the Logress King sword, as he continued charging. He swung the golden-handled sword toward the monster's waist as he charged through.

Swish!

To his surprise, the sword only managed to graze the monster, merely inflicting a shallow, almost unnoticeable wound.

The Logress King sword was the best sword created by Britannia's best artisan using Roman steel. It was the highest quality weapon Britannia had ever made.

And yet, it still could not pierce through the skin of the monster in front of him. It felt like he was slashing stone with a wooden sword.

As if the abomination did not feel anything, it turned its whole body and swung its large arm toward Arthur.

Baaammm!!!

Fortunately, being agile enough, Arthur managed to dodge the monster's attack, making use of his large swinging radius and stepping around the monster.

Although Arthur managed to dodge, the monster's smash almost completely destroyed the stone wall of this north gate. However, thanks to that, albeit temporarily, the monster's arm was now stuck in the wall.

Not wanting to miss the opportunity, Arthur swiftly jumped and stepped on the monster's arm before dashing toward its head. He gripped his sword tightly and prepared to use his most powerful battle art skill.

"Arghhh!!"

[Sword Stream].

It was the sword battle art that had been passed down within the Pendragon family for generations, a set of sword combinations that used all the user's built-up spirit force into one charge.

Swish! Splat! Swish!!

One, two, three, four...

Multiple small cuts quickly accumulated, with each strike being stronger than the previous one.

Most of the ancestors of the Pendragon family were only able to do 4 consecutive attacks at most. It was great considering how difficult to master the sword art was, but Arthur could do better.

Five! Six!

His slashes managed to cut the monster's eyes and even half-cut its neck.

"One more!!"

He just needed to land one more to the monster's neck to cut it off. However, his last swing was blocked by the monster's other arm, and at the same time...

Crackkkk!!!!

The Logress King sword broke into pieces.

The monster swung the back of its arm at Arthur, due to the monster's momentum, he was unable to dodge this time.

Baaaamm!!!

He was flung far and fast. Fortunately, Sir Gawain caught him, also getting pushed back as he caught Arthur.

"Retreat!! Retreat!!" The golden knight urgently shouted, as he carried the wounded king.

Because of Arthur's attack, the monster was rendered blind, causing it to attack aimlessly and allowing the remaining knights to run away to the inner court safely.

All three gates were in similar conditions; several of these abominations popped out among the thousands of attacking undeads. Due to that, the defense of the three gates, which was already strained due to the overwhelming difference in number and stamina, was simultaneously broken.

"Retreat to the inner gate!!"

Sir Yvain from the east gate, Sir Percival from the west gate and Cavi, who led the fey warriors, could all be seen covered in the blood of both friends and foes.

Some of the Demetae archers who were shooting from the top of the wall could not retreat fast enough and died being surrounded. The rest of them who survived, led by Sir Galahad, had also run out of arrows.

Out of the initial number of 5,000 combined Britannia knights defending the castle, not even 3,000 now remained.

"How is the king!?" When the old wizard Gaius saw the king in such a state, he immediately rushed to help heal the wounded king.

Within those few minutes, the surrounding knights held their breaths, hoping for Arthur to recover.

As soon as he was strong enough to stand, the half-unconscious Arthur walked toward the wall and looked at the outer court of Camelot Castle.

Not only was it full of undeads, he even saw his men who died fighting bravely to defend the castle gates also rise as undeads.

'Does this mean they cannot be stopped?'

If that were the case, it would be a nightmare. Not just to Britannia, but to all mankind.

Arthur gritted his teeth.

'How can we win this!? How can I protect my people!?!'

He was frustrated at his weakness. If only he was stronger. If only he had the power to protect his people. Then perhaps...

It was at this moment, a familiar voice softly whispered to his mind.

"I will help you.... come to me."