

Side Story – Lord of Death

Eratemus Prideborn stood in his workshop, his hands hovering over the long slab of metal. In every one of his hands he held an engraving tool of his own design, or rather he wore them, since the tools were similar to gloves. The vessel he was currently using was Kreacean, an empty shell that had died a long time ago. The Formations engraved into the body of the Kreacean allowed for much better control, and Eratemus liked having more than one set of limbs when he worked in a hurry. The vessel had been a level 365 Heart Painter, and Lord on the Path of the Brushing Strokes. The body was fairly suited for his purposes. He had of course had to engrave the body extensively to prevent degradation, since it had not been an undead body. But there were also formations engraved on the chitin that did a variety of other things.

Eratemus turned his attention to the slab in front of him, or at least one partition of his mind. Every one of his fingers extended into a sharp tip that he could use to engrave, highly conductive to Qi and probably the most precise instruments ever created. At least as far as he was aware. He worked painstakingly, on the metal piece that will eventually be used as a heating conduit. His intent was to tie the formation on the slab with another that he would place in a fireplace. The Essence Formation will connect the two pieces, so that heating one will heat the other. It would work by taking in the Essence of fire created in the fireplace and transferring it through a sympathetic bond to the second slab of metal. This was a commission, one made by a High Ranker to the Grand Master Formation Maker going by the name of Rokal Sigut, an elusive figure that had never appeared in person and that only rarely took on commissions. But who had risen to become *the* name people turned to when they wanted custom Essence Formations built of the highest quality. Rokal Sigut was in fact one of Eratemus' aliases.

Few knew that almost half of the core's greatest Formation Masters were in fact him. He did not work for sale often, but when he did, it was always top tier stuff, even when the effects were simple. He didn't do it for Essence, although with the amounts he charged it was a great benefit. He mostly did it in order to keep his identities alive.

As his hands worked over the slab, every finger of his right hand was engraving a pathway in the material in the shape of a different script. While he kept his **{Shaping of Inscribed Will}** active and slowly used his left hand to fill the pathways that were created with his Qi, creating a hollow conduit. Only one partition of his mind was focused on that work, while others focused on other things. There was no need for more of his mental power. In a way, creating an Essence Formation resembled creating the conduit system inside of a body. In order for different effects to be achieved, one needed to translate that into the world, create a network of conduits, a pattern that would create a desired effect. Of course, that pattern had to be *inscribed* with Qi, create an empty vessel that would serve as something similar to Qi conduits only outside the body. Essence Formation was all about experimenting and coming up with new patterns, new scripts. It was very different than Array Creation that Classers could do, not that there were many Array Masters out there. Very few even understood the differences between a formation and an array.

Eratemus took great care to make sure that his engravings had a distinct style. Every, Formation Master had his own easily recognizable style, as Formations were not an exact science. But Eratemus could easily replicate different styles, adding the *signature* flourishes that would instantly tell anyone familiar with Rokal Sigut's work that this was in fact a genuine article. Which was quite a feat, since his type of scripts were designed around working mainly with death. That he could make a script that was unrecognizable from his own was a testament of his power and knowledge.

And then, in the middle of his work a Formation activated, sending an alert to his home. The ring that sounded through his fortress was unique, and he immediately recognized the source. He grimaced, as much as a Kreacean body could grimace, and stopped his work as all of his mental partitions joined together into one. He knew that he would need to go to the main hub of his fortress in order to see what the trouble was, but he also needed to finish the engraving. He glanced down on the slab of metal that was half finished, and at its twin that was still bare.

He sighed and pointed his hands at the two pieces of metal and focused.

|Perfect Engraving: My Touch, Memory of Opus|

Immediately engravings filled the two pieces, conduits were formed and scripts finished as he drew the script and engraved it from memory in an instant. He didn't like using his skill when he had free time, since he just enjoyed engraving and then inscribing, but more pressing matters called for it.

He waved his hand and a human skeleton walked over. Its bones were of a strange steel-like blue color, sturdy looking, for they were. The previous owner of the bones had been an Immortal Realm Cultivator on the Path of the Steel Wrought Heart, his True Body reflected that. The bones were covered with scripts, so tiny that one might not even notice them if they weren't looking closely. Its eyes were glowing with a dark orange light, and a black gem was embedded in its forehead.

"Here, Antaro. Send it," Eratemus said and the skeleton, Antaro the Steward of his fortress, bowed.

"It will be done, Master," the voice came from the skull, even though the jaw did not move. A script inlaid inside the skull allowed his creation to speak. Unlike most of Eratemus' minions, Antaro was unique, because he had a soul. The original soul that had inhabited the body had been long gone when Eratemus found the body, but that wasn't a big obstacle. He had simply captured another and bound it to his will. Mindless minions had their uses, but so did the ones that could think for themselves.

Eratemus had a few different types of servants, all of them undead. Some were raised through his Class perk, others he had painstakingly inscribed and raised with his Path. There many ways to achieve the same thing.

Eratemus walked through his fortress. Nestled deep inside the mountain top of a territory outside of the core, secret to all but one other. It used to be a wild dungeon, the Dragon Peak, before he conquered it and took it for his own. Even some of the previous occupants, now served him. He passed by the aerie and the massive undead dragon resting there, then entered the throne room. It was a large round room, with a massive throne in the center and eighteen smaller thrones set along the walls in a circle. There was no one inside, living or dead, but the room was filled with Formations. Eratemus felt them wash over him, testing, probing, and then

going silent as they recognized him. There was enough firepower in this room to wipe out entire territories of the face of the map, and all of it was there to prevent intruders. If anyone managed to get by the undead dragon that is.

The throne in the center was majestic, made out of white and black bones of the most powerful monsters Eratemus could find. Every bone inscribed with powerful formations. It was his greatest work, and the most valuable thing in his life. It was the vessel for his soul. Above the headrest, a vial pulsed with black and white Qi, a phylactery to which his soul was bound. Below it sat a massive body, a minotaur that had no hair on its body, with pale skin and long curving horns. His original body, sitting there and soaking in the Death Essence funneled to it by his formations, cycling endlessly.

He rarely used his original body, not because it was weak, but because there was no need to risk it. He had many vessels that he could afford to lose. But the body of an Ascended Realm Cultivator was priceless. Eratemus turned from the center throne, and looked at the one on his left side. The source of the alarm. He approached the throne, walking over the scripts that tied every throne to the center one and his phylactery.

As soon as he reached it, he sat down in it, relaxing and then using the Formations to cast his soul away. He left the vessel, complete nothingness engulfing him, threatening to swallow him whole. But then he entered a vessel, and opened his eyes. He was in another throne room, a smaller one. He quickly settled his soul into the new vessel and then triggered another formation, pulling Qi from his real body and his phylactery, filling his new vessel with Death and Soul Qi.

The vessel had once belonged to a Demasi warrior, it did not have a large Qi core and so he filled it quickly. Thankfully the body was powerful enough that it could survive his Qi flowing through it, although not even it would survive if he tried to use his most advanced techniques. The vessel he had occupied was one in a territory far away from his fortress, a territory that had not seen visitors in a long time. And yet his alarms had been sounded, and so he stood up and started walking. There were skeletons around, soulless guards with barely any will that still obeyed his last commands. He reached out to them with his **|Greater Mind Link|** dominating every

undead in the castle. Quickly he looked through their eyes, seeing who the intruders were.

There was a group of three, fighting with his undead in the courtyard of his castle. With a mental command, he froze all of his minions and waited. The three smashed a few more of his skeletons before they realized that the skeletons had stopped.

They whispered amongst themselves for a bit, and then one of them stepped forward. He was a green skinned human, his body wider and taller than any ordinary could be. A True body change that increased muscle mass perhaps. The human looked around, his weapon lowered but still ready, and then he spoke.

“Great Lord of Death! We apologize for the intrusion. We are here to trade!”

Eratemus felt his eyebrows rise in surprise. It had been a long time since anyone had come to this castle with the intent to trade. He had assumed that people had forgotten about it. It had been a few hundred years at least.

Eratemus ordered his skeletons back and started walking through the castle. Quickly he made his way to the courtyard. He exited the double doors and stepped out onto the balcony, looking down in the courtyard at the three visitors. One human man, a Drake woman, and a Razor man, looked up at him with awe in their eyes, but also surprise. They hadn't expected to find him here, he realized.

He narrowed his eyes on them and used his **Ruler's Eyes: Discerning** on them, feeling the effort on his vessel. He saw their screens, and in an instant realized why they had come. The three were obviously adventurers, based on their gear. But they were all in the ninth tier of power, all on the cusp of becoming High Rankers. But not all who achieve that tier of power become High Rankers. Or rather, not all achieve the strength of those who were called High Rankers. There was more to it than what people thought. High Ranker was not a real thing, it was an invented title, something that those who were powerful invented to call people who had gained a greater measure of power. High Ranker was a title given by others, it was in a sense a popularity contest. Their numbers were always around one hundred, and ranked by their power, or at least they were supposed to be.

The people who decided the rankings did so based on exploits that a person had done, on the demonstration of their power. Eratemus, or rather the Lord of Death was ranked as seventy sixth High Ranker. The ranking had nothing to do with real power, only perceived power. That was not to say that some of the High Rankers didn't deserve their rankings.

But people misunderstood what it meant to be in the ranks of High Rankers. There was one thing that separated them all from those below them: a Title. A personal and unique title. All High Rankers had it, but not all who had such a title were High Rankers. Not everyone showed their power publicly. There were many ways that one could achieve it, but Eratemus felt like he had grasped what these three intended. There was only one reason why they would come to him. Their personal power was lacking, but there was more to strength than just that. Not everyone could achieve greatness through their personal power alone. Some augmented their power with items. One of the most powerful beings in the world relied almost entirely on items. It was not a shame.

From one look upon their screens he could tell that they would not gain the title on their own. But there were two ways that one could embody an ideal. By personally embodying an ideal, or by gaining enough notoriety that you are perceived to embody an ideal. To this day, Eratemus cursed his past ignorance and the way that he had achieved his title. He wondered what it would have been if he had done things differently? For he had gained his title after a public display of power, when his summoned army had fought in the field watched by hundreds of thousands. It was not what he personally embodied, he was a Formation Master first, a necromancer second. Still, he had gained a lot of use from his title and perk that came with it.

The timing of why the three came to him now was not coincidental. The tournament grew near, an event that will be seen by many. An event where new High Rankers rose to join the ranks of the old. They intended to gain their titles there.

“Adventurers,” Eratemus said, his voice echoing through the courtyard. “How did you know to come to me? I have not had any visitors in a long while.”

He saw the three look at each other, and then the human stepped forward. “My grandfather told me stories. He told me that coming to you would give us a chance to rise higher.”

“I assume that your grandfather told you what my price was?” Eratemus asked.

“He did Great Lord,” the human said, bowing his head in sadness.

“I know why you have come,” Eratemus said, and he saw them startle and look up.

“You do?” The human asked, surprised.

“Of course, the tournament draws near. There is only one reason why you would come to me. You will need something really special in order to make it worth it to me.”

The human nodded his head. “It is so, Great Lord. We wish to ask for gear, for all three of us. To make us strong enough to fight in the tournament’s Rising category.”

Eratemus nodded, it was as he had expected. The category for those who had achieved the ninth tier of power, those who wanted to become High Rankers. “As I said, you will need something very special in order to gain what you wish for.”

The human took a deep breath and then knelt on the ground, then he pulled out a body out of his storage. Eratemus blinked as he saw a green skinned body, looking surprisingly similar to the man kneeling before it with a sad expression on his face.

Eratemus walked down from the balcony and approached. The human took a step back and bowed his head.

“Who is this to you, boy?” Eratemus asked.

“My grandfather, Great Lord,” the human answered.

Eratemus’ eyebrow rose in surprise. He used his eyes on the body seeing that it was a Peak Immortal Cultivator, one with the exact same perks and paths as the grandson. It was a body in perfect condition, preserved and without any wounds. Immortal Realm people rarely died without any marks upon their body.

“Did you kill him, boy?”

“No,” the human shook his head. “He took his own life... to give me a chance for this trade.”

Eratemus blinked at that. The man took his own life so that his grandson could advance further. A risk, but one that Eratemus could respect. Seeing the condition of the core and the overall age of the body, Eratemus deduced that the man had reached his peak as far as cultivation was concerned. He probably stopped having inspirations ages ago, and had been hard stuck on the same stage for a long time. He had seen Cultivators like that before. Some accept it, others die trying to overcome it, and some look toward the next generation, hoping to help them succeed where they had not.

Eratemus wondered if he had encountered the dead man before. He had to have, since he knew where to point his grandson, but he didn't remember. The grandfather had been right to send his progeny here, an Immortal Realm body was a rare find for Eratemus, especially in such a preserved condition. It was worth far more than what these three would want. His **Death Sense** perk told him that the man had died from poison that stopped the heart, the damage to other organs wasn't even worth mentioning. The soul of the body was long gone, but he could still use it as an animated undead, or he could convert it into another vessel. He always needed vessels for his aliases. With this one, he would be able to walk freely in the core without anyone realizing who he was. Or perhaps he could inscribe it, strengthen it with formations and then infuse it with another soul to create a servant like Antaro. The dead man used to be a warrior, and he had built his body to be powerful.

Eratemus knelt and put his hand over the body, he used his **[Greater Raise Dead]** ability, focusing it only on the body in front of him. The dead body twitched, much to the horror of the grandson and his comrades. The newly raised body stood, a vessel without any will. Eratemus reached out and ordered it inside the castle. He had no storage rings to store the body, and this seemed like the best way to get it where he wanted. The human and his friends watched as the body walked away and disappeared inside the castle.

“I accept your offer,” Eratemus said and then turned around. “Follow me.”

Several hours later, the three left his castle equipped with gear powerful enough to make them High Rankers without even the title. Mythic armor and weapons, rings and amulets, capes. He didn't keep a lot of gear in this castle, at least not compared to his other bases, but there was enough for the three adventurers. Even with all that he had given them, he still felt like he had gotten the better side of that trade. The body they had given him was priceless for someone like him. A true marvel.

He found the raised corpse and pulled the Death Essence inside of it out, effectively "killing" it again. The corpse dropped and Eratemus took a storage ring he had recovered from the armory and put the body inside. He gave it to the undead bird that he had raised from the bone armory in the castle just moments before, and ordered it to fly straight for his fortress.

It would take it months to reach it, but he really didn't want to work on that body in this castle. It had been hundreds of years since he had updated the workshop. Which meant that he probably should, but he had too many other obligations to bother with it at the moment. And it wasn't like he got visitors here often.

He retreated to the throne room, and sat on the throne. He activated the preservation formation in beneath him in order to keep the vessel from degrading and then he pulled his soul out. It snapped back through the great nothingness and then a few moments later he was inside his phylactery. He felt his core and his Qi swirling around through the vial and the formations around him on the throne, but he didn't spend much time on that, instead he sent his soul down into the body sitting on the throne.

He entered his original body and finally felt content. The other vessels were useful, but they constrained him, he had to control his Qi carefully lest he break the vessels and send his soul back to the vial. Only his real body could handle his full power. He had vessels that came close, but none could survive when he went all out with his power.

He partitioned his mind, and each started monitoring a different thing using the formations in the throne. One looked at a territory nearby, where one of his undead armies fought against monsters, farming materials and

Essence for him. Others looked in on the slumbering guardians in his other castles across the core and surrounding it. Another looked in at the status of his formations in the fortress, making sure that all was well in his main base.

The last partition looked inward, bringing up his screens to see just how much Essence he had gathered since the last time he had looked.

Name	Eratemus Prideborn
Race	Minotaur (Minom – Iteration 1

Titles		
Adventurer	Hunted more than 100 monsters	+5 to all stats, 5 000 Essence
Hero of Promise	Save more than 10 people with a single action	+5 to all stats, 5 000 Essence
First to Ten	First person in the world to reach level Ten	+10% to all stats, 10 000 Essence
Great Hero	Save more than 1000 people with a single action	+50 to all stats, 10 000 Essence
One Against Many	Fight against more than 10 opponents and win	+5 to all stats, 5 000 Essence
Cannibal	Kill more than 5000 people of your own race for their Essence	+10 to all stats, 50 000 Essence
Chief	Create an outpost	+3 to all stats, 1 000 Essence
Leader	Upgraded outpost to a town	+3 all stats, 2 000 Essence
Transcended	First Cultivator in the World to reach the Foundation Stage	+10% all stats, 100 000 Essence

First Body of Precision	First Cultivator in the World to forge their body	+20 dexterity, 10 000 Essence
Formation Crafter	Craft an Essence Formation	+10 to intelligence, 5000 Essence
One Against Horde	Fight against more than 100 opponents and win	+10 to all stats, 10 000 Essence
One Man Army	Fight against more than 1000 opponents and win	+40 to all stats, Indomitable, 500 000 Essence
Torturer	Torture a person for more than three months	+2 to all stats, 500 Essence
Lord	Reach Lord Realm	+5 to all stats, 500 Greater Essence
One Against Swarm	Fight against more than 10 000 opponents and win	+80 all stats, 1 000 Greater Essence
Ruler	Become the sole ruler of a territory	+5 to all stats, 5000 Greater Essence, Small Mansion (Town Upgrade)
Formation Master	Craft more than 1000 different Essence Formations	+20 to intelligence, 2000 Greater Essence
True Understanding	Evolve a skill to tier 6	+20 to all stats, 20 000 Greater Essence
Monarch	Reach Monarch Realm	+10 to all stats, 1,000 Greater Essence
Sixty	Reach level 60	+2 to all stats, 500 Greater Essence

Alchemical Tester	Use more than 10 alchemical concoctions to improve yourself	+2 to intelligence, 500 Essence
Monster Hunter	Kill 5000 different monster types	+50 to all stats, 50 000 Greater Essence
Alchemical Experiment	Use more than 100 alchemical concoctions to improve yourself	+10 to intelligence, 5000 Essence
Heavenly	Reach Heavenly Realm	+30 to all stats, 50 000 Greater Essence
Hollowed Mountain	First to clear the Hollowed Mountain Dungeon	+2% to all stats, 5000 Greater Essence
Immortal	Reach Immortal Realm	+50 to all stats, 100 000 Greater Essence
The Lord of Death (Unique)	Reach at least a combined power level of nine tiers. And embody an ideal.	+1200 to intelligence and wisdom stats, +5% to all stats, Death Touch 100 000 Greater Essence
Class Evolution	Evolved your class for the second time.	+5 to all stats, 50 Greater Essence
Broken Eye	First to clear the Broken Eye Dungeon	+2% to all stats, 5000 Greater Essence
Isolationist	Spend one hundred years without speaking or seeing another living person	+20 to all stats, 10 000 Greater Essence

Beyond Understanding I	Focus your understanding of a tier 6 skill. (1 skill)	+250 to all stats, 100 000 essence (per focused skill)
Evolved	Reach Evolved Realm	+100 to all stats, 200 000 Greater Essence
Dragon Peak	First to clear the Dragon Peak Dungeon	+2% to all stats, 5000 Greater Essence
One Against Legion	Fight against more than 100 000 opponents and win	+120 all stats, 10 000 Greater Essence
Monster Bane	Kill more than 5 000 000 monsters	+200 to all stats, Monstrous Aura, 50 000 Greater Essence
Ascended	Reach Ascended Realm	+200 to all stats, 400 000 Greater Essence

Perks	
Death Sense (Class Perk)	You are able to sense the nearly departed in a radius around you. You may gain insights about the cause of death. Radius depends on wisdom stat.
Animate Undead (Class Perk)	Once per day able to animate the recently departed corpse that still has its soul attached, regardless of its condition. The raised minion is considered undead and can survive indefinitely in Death Essence rich environment, otherwise it will slowly degrade. The minion will follow your orders and will remain raised until destroyed. The power of minion depends

	on the power of the target. Can have up to five minions raised at one time. Max strength of targets that can be raised depends on wisdom stat.
Precision Wrought Body (Path Perk)	Your body is enhanced for precision. Every movement tightly controlled. Allows for precise control of your body. +20% to dexterity. Strength of effect depends on dexterity stat.
Divided Mind (Path Perk)	You are able to partition your mind into several fully functioning units, each able to think separately. +20% to intelligence. Amount of units depends on intelligence stat. Current amount: 9
Death Forged Core (Path Perk)	Your core is forged by the Essence of Death. Increase core capacity by 20%, +20% to wisdom stat, able to draw in Death Essence from the recently dead. The amount drawn depends on the target's power and the amount of time they had been dead.
Death Qi (Aspect Perk)	Your Qi passively enhances your body with the Essence of Death. All decaying and death related attacks against you deal 80% reduced damage. Gain +20% to wisdom and intelligence.
Qi Controller— Precision and Focus (Path Perk)	Your Qi control is nearly perfect, able to finely manipulate your Qi and use up to 3 techniques at the same time. +20% to wisdom. Control depends on wisdom stat. You

	<p>focus and precision knows no bounds. As you inscribe, so the world shakes.</p>
<p>True Body—Flawless Coordination (Path Perk)</p>	<p>Your body has been reforged into your true self, adopting attributes that reflect your path. Your path is that of the precision, as such your body is designed so that you may perform any physical movement that your mind imagines without difficulty at great speed without the need for muscle memory.</p>
<p>True Body—Flawless Coordination Cloud (Path Perk)</p>	<p>Your body retains all the abilities granted by Flawless Coordination. Flawless Coordination Cloud is your truest self. Your body is soaked in Death Qi, and you may assume the state of Death Cloud. While active your body becomes a cloud of Death, giving of the Essence of Death, decreasing the regenerative effects of all living beings in your immediate surrounding by 120%. While in Death Cloud state, you gain a +80% increased resistance to physical attacks but you also gain a -40% to special attacks resistance. While Death Cloud is active you have none of your physical senses. You have total control of the cloud and can move it in any way you imagine. Running out of Qi while in Death Cloud will result in death. Entering the Death Cloud when your</p>

	<p>physical body is damaged allows you to regenerate it through the expenditure of Qi. You gain +10% to intelligence and +20% to wisdom.</p>
<p>Death Aura—Withering Presence (Path Perk)</p>	<p>By manifesting your Qi aspect in the form of an aura, the Cultivator creates a field around themselves filled with Death Qi in the radius depending on the Cultivators Qi output. Activating the aura at three meter radius around the Cultivator takes 1.2% (15%) of total Qi supply plus 0.4% (5%) every second after. Increasing the range by one meter requires additional 0.8% (10%) of total Qi supply. Increasing the intensity of the effect costs 0.4% (5%) of total Qi supply for every 10% in effect increase. Using Death Qi techniques will cost 80% (10%) less Qi while the aura is active, everything inside the field will suffer the withering effects of Death. You can narrow the aura to any part of your body, sheathing it in Death Qi. +20% to wisdom. Strength of effect and costs adjusted depending on the cultivation, Qi density, and advancement.</p> <p>All life withers in your presence. You are a bastion of death.</p>
<p>Bone Armor (Class Perk)</p>	<p>You may summon an armor made out of bones to shield you from harm. Requires a source of</p>

	bones. Strength of the armor depends on the quality of bones used and wisdom stat.
Fog of Death (Class Perk)	Once per day you may fill your surroundings with a miasmatic fog that causes health degeneration of all living things it touches. Health degeneration and fog radius dependent on wisdom stat.
Physical Appearance: Unchanging (Path Perk)	Effects of aging are not shown on your outward appearance. +15% to intelligence, +15% to wisdom, +15% to vitality.
Ruler's Eyes: Discerning (Path Perk)	Using the Ruler's Eyes: Discerning allows you to see the screens of those you look at. +10% to wisdom, +10% to intelligence.
Deepened Core— Death Well (Path Perk)	Your core is deepened, your current total core capacity is doubled. +20% to wisdom. Your core, a well of death. The death around you fills you with power.
Endless Source of Stamina (Path Perk)	Your stamina is strengthened, the effects of your endurance on your stamina are doubled. +10% to endurance.
Forging of Body and Aspect: Undead (Path Perk)	You are immune to all death related damaging effects. Your body is now considered undead, as long as your body has access to an influx of Death Qi or Death Essence, it will not decay. No longer able to regenerate damage through vitality. Vital body functions no longer necessary for survival. +20% to

	intelligence and +20% to wisdom.
Immortality: Phylactery (Path Perk)	You may designate an object as your phylactery, imbuing your soul and Qi core in it. You gain immortality. Allows you to possess different vessels by casting your soul into them. Physical stats, and capabilities dependent on the vessel in current use, mental stats remain the same as that of the original body. Cultivator may fill the vessel with Death Qi from the phylactery, but no more than the vessel's capacity. Able to use original body's abilities, techniques, and skills, but the strain on the current vessel varies depending on its capabilities. No longer affected by stat sickness. Destruction of the vessel sends the soul back to the phylactery. Destruction of the phylactery will result in True Death. Gain +20% to wisdom and +20% to intelligence.
Death Touch (Title Perk)	Once every three days you may touch a living monster and kill it instantly if it is not on a higher tier of power than you. You gain 50% of its total Essence as Death Essence.
Inscriber's Conduits (Path Perk)	Your Qi conduits are made for perfect precision. Allows for extreme control of Qi movement through conduits. +10% to wisdom.

Mind Library (Path Perk)	Gain perfect memory. You may store memories and knowledge inside an artificial construct inside your mind. +15% to intelligence.
Remake Undead (Class Perk)	Sacrifice one of your undead servants to fully heal an undead target.
Raise Greater Bone Behemoth (Class Perk)	Summon a Behemoth made out of bone. The Behemoth's power depends on the summoner's wisdom stat and quality of bones used for summoning. The summon will obey all of the summoner's orders and will last until destroyed.
Empower Undead (Class Perk)	Once per combat infuse an undead with power, increasing all of its stats by 100% for 10 minutes.
Capture Soul (Class Perk)	Once per day, allows the user to capture and dominate a weaker soul. Able to place it in any suitable vessel.
Siphon Life (Class Perk)	Once per combat siphon life out of an opponent and convert it to death energy that can heal and repair you.
Deathly Silence (Class Perk)	Expel a wave of silencing energy in a sphere around you. Silencing all abilities and techniques for 4 seconds.
Book of Engravings (Skill Perk)	You hold the memories of the engraving that you have made with your Engraving skill. My Touch, Memory of Opus allows you to recreate any engraving perfectly in a fraction of the speed it originally took. +20% to intelligence. Amount of

	engraving's memorized depends on the intelligence stat. Current: 233
Death Shield (Class Perk)	Create an armor of death energy around you, shielding you from harm. Strength of effect depends on wisdom stat.
Evolved Form: Bone Dragon— Death Soul (Path Perk)	Assume your Evolved form, that of a Bone Dragon. All techniques have their effectiveness increased by 150% while in evolved form. Gain +150% to all stats. +25% to wisdom, +25% to intelligence. You are Death Soul, for all that you touch, dies a True Death.
Domain (Path Perk)	You may craft an inner Realm in which you may transport your soul for a time.
Domain: Field of Bones and Souls (Path Perk)	Summon your Realm into the real world, bringing with you all living things in range. Field of Bones is a desolate landscape filled with bones and souls of those you have slain. +20% to intelligence, +20% to wisdom.
Master of Death and Soul (Path Perk)	You may exert influence on Death and Soul Essence around you. +20% to intelligence and +20% to wisdom.
Soul Qi (Aspect Path)	Your Qi passively enhances you with the aspect of the Soul. All soul based attacks and effects are 80% less effective against you. Gain 20% to wisdom and intelligence.

Class	Pillar of Death (L)
Level	179
Combat Ability	Greater Raise Dead
Combat Ability	Greater Deathbolt
Movement Ability	Necrotic Blink
Support Ability	Soul Binding

Cultivation	The Path of the Death Script (Ma)
Stage	Early Ascended
Aspect #1	Death
Aspect #2	Soul
Base technique	Shaping of Inscribed Will
Branch technique	Will Gem Creation
Fruit technique	Will Construct Creation

Cultivation	The Path of Death and Bone (Re)
Stage	Peak Evolved
Aspect #1	Death
Aspect #2	Soul
Base technique	Bone Shaping
Branch technique	Field of the Dead
Fruit technique	Harvest Death and Bone

Passive Skills	Active Skills
Energy Sight >> Greater Energy	Perfect Engraving: My

Sight >> Energy Sense >> Greater Energy Sense	Touch, Memory of Opus
Mind Resistance >> Greater Mind Resistance >> Mind Fortress	Telepathy >> Enhanced Telepathy >> Mind Link >> Greater Mind Link

Strength	2296
Dexterity	2485
Vitality	2440
Endurance	2399
Intelligence	7003
Wisdom	7991

There was quite a bit of Celestial Essence gathered, but not yet enough for his needs. He sighed, using his body's lungs, even though he didn't need to since the body was undead. One drawback of attaining as much power as he had, was that everything useful to him cost an insane amount of Essence.

Still, his Formations were designed to help him gather Essence. And he did gain Essence from his minions kills. Only a smaller percentage than what he would get if he had killed something himself. Still, he had entire armies out there in the world, harvesting Essence for him.

Finally, he turned his mind to one such army, one that was deep underground, digging. There were massive caverns down there, new territories in what most people called the Under. A world beneath the surface, and it too was filled with monsters, often more powerful ones than what there was on the surface. He had lost a lot of his army, but he had a vessel down there that he could use to replenish the army from the dead monsters, if it was necessary.

Seeing the situation he was glad that he didn't need to send his soul down there just yet, as his army was making sufficient progress. But he made a mental note to check again soon.

Seeing that he had nothing else pressing to do, he pulled his soul out of the body and threw it to the other throne, the one still holding his Kreativean vessel. There was time for him to do some more Formations.