

D. Extraction 731

Chapter 731 Against the Vessels

As the Demon Saint pondered his next move, contemplating a return to the Rift to regroup and strategize, a sudden disturbance in the air signaled the arrival of the Order of the Evanescent Vessels.

"They followed me? How foolish..."

The Demon Saint's crimson eyes widened in surprise as he sensed their presence converging upon him. He deliberately made known his intention to leave the Human Realm as he headed to the Rift.

He was telling them that he wasn't planning to continue fighting.

He wasn't afraid of them at all, and he was simply not in the mood to fight... After all, he had already received a message about the unusual events in the other Rifts.

It appears that the Shadow Immortal had made its move.

He was worried that this place would be targeted by the Shadow Immortal. He wasn't prepared to face that Immortal since he believed that he would need at least 10 or 20 Demon Fiends to fight against such a monster.

"Since you want to die... I'll give you that..." The Demon Saint muttered.

He knew about the Order of the Evanescent Vessels.

The members of this enigmatic organization possessed a unique ability as Arcanists—they could channel beings from various realms to inhabit their bodies, transforming into formidable Vessels.

Whether from the Fairy Realm, Spirit Realm, Giant's Realm, Shadow Realm, or other mysterious dimensions, they could draw upon otherworldly entities to aid them in battle, enhancing their strength and abilities.

They were quite troublesome opponents since even the Demon Saints had no idea what beings they would call upon.

Luckily for him, these Vessels couldn't sustain the possession for a long time. If they exceeded the limit of their bodies, they would become truly possessed by the summoned beings, and their life would cease.

There was no way they would want to end their life that way.

"Come, Vessels... Show me what you got..." The Demon Saint muttered.

There were a total of 12 members of the Vessels that had chased the Demon Saint.

Their leader, Tyler, took a deep breath as he saw the Demon Saint, who was capable of releasing the Demon Fiends. From the perspective of the Dark Arts Council, this Demon Saint was the most dangerous one.

They only knew that his name was Azzak, a high-ranking Demon Saint, who could summon Demon Fiends.

"Demon Azzak, don't think of escaping from us..." Tyler spoke with a grave tone while observing the appearance of what supposed to be a Demon.

The Demon Saint stood tall and imposing, his human-like form exuding an aura of malevolence and Corrupted Divinity.

His features were chiseled and sharp, with eyes the color of freshly spilled blood that glowed with an unholy light.

Two twisted horns protruded from his forehead, spiraling upwards like darkened obsidian.

Clad in regal attire befitting a nobleman, the Demon Saint wore a cloak of midnight black, trimmed with crimson accents that seemed to flicker like flames in the darkness.

His garments were reminiscent of an ancient era, with intricate embroidery and ornate details adorning his attire. There was also a silver amulet hung from his neck, pulsating with dark energy and casting eerie shadows across his pale, angular face.

Each step he took resonated with the power of corruption...

What was troubling the Vessels from approaching was the dark energy or swirling tendrils of shadow dancing around his form like serpents ready to strike...

Sensing that the Demon Saint was about to attack, Tyler made his move.

With a quick decision, the Vessels encircled the Demon Saint, their eyes ablaze with an otherworldly glow as they prepared to confront the malevolent entity.

The surrounding air was filled with Dark Arcane energy, a heavy tension building as both sides braced for the impending clash.

"Hahaha! Go and call whoever you can... I'll take them all! I will show you the difference in our strength!" Azzak said as he laughed.

"You know my name, but you're not aware of my powers?! You're courting death!"

The Demon Saint, sensing the imminent threat posed by the Vessels, unfurled his tattered wings and unleashed a deafening roar that echoed through the battleground.

Roar~

The surprise attack wasn't enough to deter the Vessels.

Nonetheless, this action allowed him to create a strong defense. Evil energy and Corrupted Divinity coalesced around him, forming a shield of malevolence as he readied himself for the confrontation...

Without hesitation, the Vessels summoned forth beings from distant realms, their bodies shimmering with ethereal light as they became true vessels for otherworldly powers.

Wisps of magic swirled around them, a kaleidoscope of colors and energies converging to augment their strength for the battle ahead.

The battlefield erupted into chaos as the Vessels launched their first salvo, unleashing a torrent of elemental magic and spiritual energy at the Demon Saint.

The 12 members of the Order of the Evanescent Vessels had channeled their unique abilities, drawing upon beings from diverse realms to enhance their powers in the confrontation with the Demon Saint.

Six of the Vessels summoned similar entities to possess their bodies, while the other six called upon different beings, creating a diverse and formidable array of allies in the battle against the malevolent entity.

The first group of six Vessels summoned beings known as "Luminous Sylphs."

They were ethereal creatures from the Spirit Realm infused with the essence of light and air.

These graceful entities imbued the Vessels with agility and speed, allowing them to dart across the battlefield with unparalleled swiftness and grace. These beings were their Vessel's favorite when dealing against quick opponents.

"Block all the enemy's escape route!"

"We'll end this in 15 minutes!"

"Kill the Demon when an opportunity rises!"

Their forms glistened with lustrous hues, casting a radiant glow that illuminated the battlefield.

In contrast, the second group of six Vessels called forth were different types of "Shadow Sentinels" from the Shadow Realm, enigmatic beings cloaked in darkness and mystery. These shadowy entities granted the Vessels the power of stealth and deception, shrouding them in a veil of shadows that rendered them nearly invisible to the naked eye.

They were the Umbral Stalker, Duskblade Wraith, Nightshade Phantom, Twilight Specter, Shadowweaver Shade, and finally, Tyler, the leader, called for the Eclipse Assassin. The strongest Shadow Sentinel he could call forth in the Shadow Realm.

'We'll win this!' Tyler thought. The Eclipse Assassin of the Shadow Realm was a silent and deadly foe, able to move with supernatural speed and accuracy to eliminate high-priority targets with ruthless efficiency... This was his favorite Being to have when tasked to eliminate certain individuals.

As the clash between the two forces intensified, the Vessels infused with the essence of the Luminous Sylphs soared through the air!

"Kill!"

With a chant, an electrifying shockwave was released as sharp wind blades danced around them...

Whom~

Their attacks formed a dazzling display of power that destroyed the surrounding field! The sheer power of their spells destroyed the earth and trees!

Meanwhile, the Vessels possessed by the Shadow Sentinels moved with silent purpose, their movements masked by the darkness that enveloped them.

As soon as the Sylphs created an opening, they struck from the shadows in a blink of an eye! They did not waste any chance at all!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Unfortunately, their attacks were blocked by a thick layer of Corrupted Divinity!

Crash~

Nonetheless, this defense was still destroyed after the final attack landed!

Bang!

The Demon Saint was thrown to the ground and blasted several trees after getting hit!

However, Azzak didn't seem to be that hurt as he quickly stood up with a smirk on his face.

The surrounding air grew thick with tension as the forces of Darkness, Corruption, Shadow, and Malevolent aura clashed. Each side vying for supremacy in the heart of the chaotic battlefield!

"Hahaha! Not bad, Vessels! Not bad! If we could teach this technique of being vessels to the Captains, we would surely become a lot stronger." Azzak laughed as he seemed to be enjoying seeing the power of the Vessels.

It was as if he was analyzing them!

"Shut up, Demon!" Tyler shouted as he signaled the others to continue with the attack.

Arcane blasts collided with the shield of Corrupted Divinity that was surrounding the Demon Saint.

"Hmph! Is this everything you got, Vessels?!"

The Demon Saint laughed and retaliated with equal ferocity, his crimson eyes blazing with unholy fire as he summoned forth dark tendrils of energy to ensnare his foes.

Shadows danced and twisted around him, lashing out at the Vessels with evil intent as he sought to overwhelm them with his dark powers.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The Vessels fought valiantly, their bodies infused with the essence of beings from distant realms, each wielding unique abilities and strengths.

They countered the Demon Saint's attacks with their own spells, weaving intricate spells and incantations to disrupt his defenses and weaken his grip on the battlefield.

However, the Demon Saint's Corrupted Divinity was causing them too many problems... They had no choice but to have the others sacrifice themselves to activate the Arcana they had borrowed from the Dark Council!

Chapter 732 The Bureau's Strongest

As the situation grew dire, the Vessels made a fateful decision.

They knew they had to unleash the power of the Arcana they had borrowed from the Dark Council, even if it meant sacrificing themselves in the process. This particular Arcana was revered as the pinnacle of magical artifacts among Arcanists, surpassing even the Sovereign Rank Artifacts in potency and mystique.

The Arcana they currently have, known as the Eternal Eclipse Prism, shimmered with an otherworldly radiance as it emerged from within the ranks of the Vessels.

This artifact, said to hold the essence of a cosmic event that transcended time and space, possessed the ability to bend reality itself to the wielder's will.

It was a power that none of them could imagine. However, they knew, as experienced Vessels for beings of other realms, that there were plenty of things they had no idea about. Their knowledge as Arcanists with short lifespans was simply not enough to learn all the mysteries of this world.

"Do not hesitate! Killing Azzak is our priority... If we let him escape, more Arcanists of our Path will die!" Tyler said as he encouraged his team.

As the Vessels unleashed the power of the Eternal Eclipse Prism, the very fabric of the battlefield began to warp and shift.

"Mhmm? A Sovereign Artifact? No... Is it an Immortal's Relic?" Azzak muttered.

But suddenly, his eyes narrowed... He felt an unprecedented power coming from it!

"So it was like that... Foolish..." Azzak muttered.

His disdain wasn't directed at the Vessels or the Arcanists. Instead, he referred to the Will of the Human Realm.

Apparently, the Demon Saints knew this item very well.

"It must be an Arcana then..."

It was a completely different tier of item that could only exist in this world of Arcanist!

It was something that was born from the Will of the Human Realm!

As a high-ranking Demon, he knew the process of invading another realm.

Once they had a clear location of the realm they would invade, they would have to slowly corrupt the mysterious Will or Protector of the Realm itself.

It was something that only the Demon Lord could do and had to do for centuries! Furthermore, it was something that could not be defended no matter how they tried.

However, the reaction of the Will of this Human Realm was quite different from that of other realms. Instead of fortifying itself to slow down its corruption and bring more time to its people, it decided to grant the people the Arcana!

It was a desperate gambit to tip the scales in their favor.

It was an item that exceeded the Sovereign Artifacts and matched the Immortal's Artifacts! There were even Arcana's mistaken as Immortal Items because of it!

Nonetheless, the Demon Saints knew that Immortal or Celestial Items required the Divinity to use its power to its full potential, while the Arcana, which could also work with Divinity, still required talent and acceptance of this realm to be fully utilized.

Even with that qualification, using it would still bring you closer to the Will of the Human Realm or death itself.

As Azzak realized that they were using the Arcana, he knew he had to be careful. After all, the Will of the Human Realm hated their kind to begin with!

As the Arcana activated, it felt as if reality twisted and contorted, creating a dazzling display of light and darkness that engulfed the Demon Saint in a maelstrom of chaotic energy.

"You dare attempt to obliterate me by crushing me into the void?" Azzak's mind seethed with defiance as he struggled against the powerful onslaught of the Arcana, his Corrupted Divinity flaring in a desperate bid for survival.

In a last-ditch effort to ward off the encroaching oblivion, he grasped for a bone unlike any other—a relic from a Dimensional Creature that exuded an aura of primal power.

With a primal roar, Azzak unleashed the latent energy within the mystical bone, creating a barrier of raw, chaotic energy that shielded him from the destructive forces of the Arcana.

The battlefield trembled as the clash between Arcana's Void and the power of the Dimensional Creature intensified, each blow resonating with massive force as Azzak fought tooth and nail to maintain his tenuous grasp on his existence.

"This... How are they so strong?" Azzak was confused.

He had no idea that, at this time, the Vessels were fully utilizing the beings they've called! Because of that, their control over the Arcana was stronger than ever!

The only problem with this was the fact that they could lose their sanity and belong to the existence they've summoned forever!

However, the Vessels didn't care about this at all!

Their only aim was to kill the Demon Saint!

"You're willing to sacrifice your lives for me? Hahaha! I'm honored!" Azzak laughed, but he was truly struggling this time.

His Corrupted Divinity doesn't work well against this attack.

Summoning Demon Fiends or other Demons wouldn't work as well.

Despite his valiant struggle, the Demon Saint found himself pushed to the brink of annihilation, his form flickering and fading amidst the unbridled energies that threatened to consume him.

With a final surge of willpower, Azzak unleashed a burst of malevolent energy. The Prism's hold wavered, granting him a fleeting escape. But the cost was steep—the mystical Dimensional Creature's bone shattered into countless pieces, its primal energy dissipating. Furthermore, Azzak's body bore the brunt of the backlash—internal injuries that gnawed at his very essence.

With a defiant roar, Azzak mustered the last reserves of his strength and plunged into the gaping maw of the Rift, a gateway to the Abyss Realm.

The fabric of reality quivered as he vanished into the shadows...

"He escaped..." Tyler sighed as he saw the Azzak escaping with heavy injuries.

The aftermath of Azzak's escape was a somber scene.

The battlefield lay littered with the fallen—Vessels who had paid the ultimate price for their desperate fight.

"Janeth, Wilson, and Ves..." Tyler muttered the names of the dead.

Their sacrifice weighed heavily on the survivors, their breaths ragged, eyes hollow.

Tyler, their firm leader, stood amidst the fallen, his gaze fixed on the Rift—the gateway through which the Demon Saint had vanished.

Three lives extinguished.

Three souls were claimed by the Arcana's insatiable hunger.

Haa~

Tyler sighed. He had anticipated this grim outcome—the cost of wielding such cosmic power.

The Prism, revered as the pinnacle of magical artifacts, had exacted its toll. But it had also granted them a chance—a slender thread of hope against a foe who wielded Corrupted Divinity.

As the Vessels mourned, a distant hum echoed across the battlefield. The air shimmered, and several Airships arrived.

None of them were worried as they simply glanced at the colossal airships approaching them.

Whoever they were, none of these Arcanists, who survived against the Demon Saints, would be scared.

As they got closer, however, Tyler recognized the group.

The Arcane Bureau had arrived.

Soon, a group of agents appeared to approach them.

They were a formidable force clad in obsidian robes, their insignia etched with ancient runes. They moved with purpose, their steps measured, eyes sharp.

They certainly looked at how the agents of the Bureau should look like. Furthermore, they seemed to have gained more authority during this Abyss Realm Invasion.

Director Selene, a Half-Immortal with silver hair and eyes like fractured moonlight, led the Bureau.

Tyler knew this woman as one of the Councils.

Her presence commanded respect since her knowledge spanned centuries. Beside her walked Captain Stone, another Half-Immortal—a warrior with a blade forged from metal that came from the sky. His gaze held the weight of countless battles.

"Secure the perimeter..." Selene ordered the agents, her voice unwavering.

"No one enters or exits this Rift without our clearance from now on."

The Bureau fanned out, their Arcanists scanning the Rift.

Soon, several agents brought some devices that seemed to allow them to reveal glimpses of the Abyss Realm through a mirror!

It was definitely a Mirror Spirit that was stronger than Mennena! The Spirit was surely above an Arch Fey!

The Vessels watched, their grief momentarily forgotten as they saw legions of Demons on the other side!

"Ahem... What happened here?" Selene's eyes bore into Tyler.

"The Arcana..."

Tyler recounted their desperate struggle—the Demon Saint, the Prism, the sacrifice. Selene listened, her expression unreadable.

Captain Thorne inspected the shattered Dimensional Creature's bone—a relic that pulsed with primal energy.

"This is interesting... It must be a Dimensional Creature..." He muttered.

"Azzak, huh..." Selene murmured.

"A Demon Saint of the Sixth Rank..."

As she said this, two people emerged close to the Rift using a mysterious movement technique.

It was the Arcane Bureau's Half-Immortals once again.

Seraphina and Lucian.

They were Half-Immortal but that doesn't mean they were Half-Humans!

Seraphina defied mortal conventions. She had wings that were ethereal as they shimmered with hues of moonlight and stardust.

Lucian, on the other hand, was completely opposite. Clad in shadow, he seemed to merge with the very darkness.

It was said that he was the strongest in the Bureau, as his strikes could sever souls from the flesh, leaving nothing but echoes in their wake.

Chapter 733 The Other Side

"Mhmm... This is really the Dimensional Creature's primal energy," Lucian muttered as he sensed the remnant energy brought by the mystical bone that the Demon Saint used...

"It's a potent combination with his Corrupted Divinity... It's amazing how these Vessels survived. I wonder what beings they summoned." He added as he looked at Tyler and the others. It seemed that he couldn't sense the Arcana that they used at all.

Selene's gaze, on the other hand, remained at the Rift.

"Azzak's escape after being defeated by planned..."

Tyler nodded. "He'll return."

There was no way that the Demon Saints, who had claimed several Realm, would back out just because they were defeated in this skirmish. They all knew that the Abyss Realm possessed countless Demons they sent out once they were prepared.

"We'll be ready to face them, Vessels..." Selene vowed.

"The Arcane Bureau will care of it from here on." She added.

Tyler could only take a deep breath and accept this.

To be honest, the gathering of the Bureau's most formidable members in this singular location had indeed sown seeds of confusion among the Vessels.

They had anticipated that their forces would scatter across the continent to deal with the Rifts that had appeared in their Realm...

Yet, here they stood, a concentrated might at a singular breach.

'I guess this is also a good way to preserve their forces.' Tyler mused.

Well, he held his questions at bay, choosing instead to address the immediate concern.

"Are you not planning to close the Rift?" He inquired, his gaze shifting between Director Selene and the enigmatic Half-Immortals beside the Rift.

Selene's response was as calm as it was decisive.

"No, we have no intention of sealing it. I presume you're aware of the Rune Arts Faction's recent success? We aim to covertly delve into the Abyss Realm's mysteries..." She disclosed, her eyes reflecting a depth of unspoken strategy.

'Mhmm?'

The news did not come as a complete surprise to Tyler now that she had pointed it out.

Rumors of the Rune Arts Faction's audacious incursion into the Abyss, under the help of the Shadow Immortal from the Forbidden Forest, had reached his ears.

Master Thorne's pact with the Immortal, though costly, had lent credibility to their mission.

With a silent nod, Tyler acknowledged Director Selene's intent.

The recent breakthrough of the Rune Arts Faction—a Rune potent against demonic forces—had likely spurred the Bureau's interest in the Abyss. It was a logical progression, one that Tyler understood all too well.

With the Bureau's plans laid bare, Tyler signaled his team.

It was time to withdraw from the Rift's vicinity and regroup at the stronghold of the Dark Arcanists. Their steps were slow, each movement heavy with the weight of loss and the burden of war yet to end.

As they departed, the agents of the Bureau looked at them with complicated gaze.

Currently, the Dark Arcanists couldn't rely on their allies, whether it was from a small organization or from large factions. They were isolated, but because of the Holy Arts Faction and the Mystica Arts Faction's efforts, it could be said that the Dark Arts Faction truly fell behind the other factions.

Of course, with the Vessels around, this Faction could never be wiped out by other factions. The most they could do was weaken the forces of the Dark Arts Faction.

As for the Bureau, they didn't care about these battles of the Arcanist Factions as long as they didn't involve ordinary humans and their Forbidden Spells were kept under control.

Soon, the Bureau's agents, with their Half-Immortal guardians, began their clandestine study of the Rift leading to the Abyss while Tyler and his member carried with them the hope that their sacrifices would not be in vain.

They could only hope that Azzak would no longer dare to target their stronghold to give their Necromancers some time to prepare their counterattack against the Demons.

In the meantime, in the shadowy expanse of the Abyss Realm, Vale's Avatar stood concealed, his gaze, with the help of this Dragon's True Sight, pierced through the veil of darkness to the legions of Demons amassing before the Rift.

The atmosphere was thick with their malice. There was an aura of anticipation as they prepared to invade the Human Realm!

"Mhmm... I wonder what part of the continent is in trouble..." Vale mused as he believed that with these Demons, a kingdom might actually fall if he decided to ignore this.

Well, of course, that would happen unless they listened to Sage Merlin and the previous Pontiff of the Church of the Eminence of the Sea, whom he ordered to spread the news about the Abyss' invasion.

If those countries listened, they shouldn't be completely defenseless against these Demons.

Whom~

Suddenly, amidst the sea of malice, a figure emerged from the Rift—wounded, its aura dimmed but still formidable.

At this time, Vale had no idea, but it was Azzak, a Demon Saint of the sixth rank. At this time, this Demon Saint was bearing the scars of a recent and ferocious battle.

Unbeknownst to Vale, this was the very fiend who had narrowly escaped the Vessels' wrath.

Nonetheless, Vale found several clues after seeing the Demon Saint's form.

The clash of the best Arcanists of the Human Realm against the Demon Saint had probably happened from the other side of the Rift.

'I wonder where is that place...' Vale mused. Well, he could no longer get information from his main body after entering this Realm so he could only make a guess of the situation outside.

"I believe I should be helping them..." He mused, a decision crystallizing within him.

After taking a deep breath, he stepped from the shadows, revealing his presence to the demonic creatures...

Of course, as soon as he revealed his presence, the Demons were momentarily confused as they had no idea why a being that didn't have the aura of Demons was inside their Realm!

Furthermore, they could faintly tell that the figure was being rejected by the Will of the Abyss Realm!

In short, the one who had appeared before them wasn't a resident of this place!

"You!" Azzak's eyes widened as soon as he saw the figure.

He was being tended to by some Blood Creatures, but his immediate thought was to flee!

However, if he were the target of the Immortal, he would be in a dire situation since he was too weak and would be unable to escape in time.

At this time, it was better to stay with the legions of Demons near the Rift!

"Be careful! That aura! I can't be mistaken. That person is Immortal! He must be the Shadow Immortal!" Azzak shouted.

The Shadow Immortal, clad in armor that drank in the light, unsheathed his Black Sword.

The blade that seemed to gather all the darkness was imbued with his Shadow Divinity... There was no need to pretend to be Aura Master at this point. Especially after being recognized by the Demon Saint...

"It's good that you know me... You have to call for your Demon Lord if you want to survive..." Vale said as he laughed loudly.

He was actually instigating them to call the Demon Lord!

His sword then hummed with power as Vale wanted to show his might against these Demons and make them realize that only the Demon Lord could save them!

Whom~

As Vale charged into the fray, his sword danced...

There were all kinds of Demonic Creatures. However, none of it matters against Vale's sword imbued with Divinity. At this point, he was only worried about the Demon Saints working together against him!

Clash!

Each swing cleaved through demonic flesh. Each thrust would kill a fiend and turn their bodies into dark essence before dissipating!

Vale's movements with sheer Agility were like a blur in front of the lower-class Demons. He was like a shadow waltzing through the horde, leaving only destruction in his wake!

The Demonic Generals, who had been rallying their troops for the incursion, recoiled in shock.

Their plans for chaos in the Human Realm were unraveling before their eyes.

"You dare?!" A captain bellowed. His voice was filled with fury.

"A lone Immortal dared to come here?!" Another exclaimed. He was in disbelief at the audacity of the lone warrior.

But Vale was relentless.

His sword carved runes of shadow in the air... There were just too many of them, and he was preserving his limited Divinity and Force, so he could not use a very flashy Arcane Spell right now...

This time, he decided to just use his speed, a little bit of Divinity, and a few Arcane Spells like Arcane Armor, Presence Shift, Traceless Shift, and some Corpse Explosion if needed.

The arrival of his sword was like a death sentence for the demons it touched.

His form flickered, now here, now there, like a specter of vengeance against the abyssal invaders!

The Demonic Generals, once confident in their numbers, now faced the grim reality of their mortality!

Chapter 734 Control

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Several corpses of demons exploded almost at the same time, and they were scattered!

"Necromancer's Corpse Explosion?!" The Demon General recognized the Spell, but there was nothing he could do.

They had hoped to enter the Rift and spread terror, but now they fought for their very survival against the Shadow Immortal's wrath.

Thud!

Vale, the Shadow Immortal, stood surrounded by the remnants of demonic creatures he had decimated with his black runic sword.

The air was filled with the scent of brimstone and the growl of the remaining Demons waiting for an opportunity to strike.

From the ranks of the demonic army, two imposing figures emerged, their presence commanding even amidst the chaos.

"We'll take care of that Immortal... Sending more of our underlings will just be a waste." They were the Demon Generals—Gorath, the Iron Reaver, and Zarvok, the Soulflayer.

They weren't as strong as the Demon Saints, but if they worked together, they believed that they would be harder to kill than those Demon Saints in the fiftieth rank. As a matter of fact, the names they have were given to them by the Demon Lord himself!

Gorath was a towering behemoth, his skin seemed to be forged from the darkest steel. His eyes burned like molten lava, and his massive frame was clad in armor that had seen countless battles.

In his hands, he wielded the Hellforged Axe, a weapon that could cleave mountains and was said to thirst for the blood of the righteous. His single red horn was also something that could be easily remembered from his appearance.

Zarvok was his opposite—a tiny figure shrouded in huge bat wings like cloak of shadows.

His eyes were dark, and his fingers ended in talons sharp as obsidian.

He bore no weapon, for his mastery of the Demonic Arts made him a weapon unto himself. His very essence was a vessel for the souls he had reaped!

The battlefield fell silent as the two Generals approached Vale.

The Demonic Creatures knew the two Generals well, and they didn't want to overstep their bounds once they claimed their targets. They knew that they had to retreat and give space to their generals.

Whoosh~

The explosions of the Corpse Explosion spell had already stopped, and Vale was also assessing the two Demon Generals while also noting the actions of the injured Demon Saint that was being healed at the back.

Aaarrrghh!

Gorath roared, a sound that shook the ground, and charged with his axe raised high.

Zarvok then moved like a wraith, his form blurring as he prepared to unleash his ghostly powers.

Vale stood ready, his Black Runic Sword pulsing with Shadow Divinity.

As Gorath swung his axe, Vale parried with a terrifying burst of Dark Energy behind his blade.

Boom!

Sparks flew, and a shockwave emanated from the point of impact, sending lesser demons scurrying.

Zarvok's spells weaved a miasma of death around Vale, but the Shadow Immortal danced through these curses and corruption as his sword clashed with the Spells!

It was a Spell Dispersion, but just with the might of his Divinity!

With each swing, he cut through the spells, his blade seemed to be absorbing their dark energy and growing ever more potent.

"Mhmm?" Zarvok was confused as he realized that his deadly spells were ineffective against Vale.

Nonetheless, he believed that there was a limit to how much he could do this.

The clash between the two forces continued...

Gorath's brute strength met Vale's solid defense, while Zarvok's Demonic Arts tested the limits of Vale's agility.

"He's still being suppressed at this point... Just how strong is this Immortal?!"

"How can he possess so much Divinity even after entering this realm?!"

The Demon Generals, once confident in their dominion, now faced an adversary whose power rivaled their own. They also had the chance to fight against Celestials before.

However, all of them would become their food once they entered the Abyss Realm!

"Hmph! I know you can't last long, Immortal. You're not even using your Immortal Spells! Haha! You must be saving your energy!" Zarvok said.

"Haha! You're right, Zarvok... This Immortal will soon die in our hands." Gorath added.

The Demonic Generals realized they just had to continue pushing the Immortal to its limit and he would surely die on his own.

They just have to attack and make him slowly consume his Divinity!

'Right... You're just a mere distraction. You're not even our main target!' Zarvok reminded himself.

They had hoped to enter the Rift and bring chaos to the Human Realm. The Immortal in front of them was simply an obstacle they had to conquer.

However, the reality was different.

Vale, the Shadow Immortal, faced the two Demon Generals with a calm demeanor... He didn't show any signs of panic as he faced the two with measured steps.

His sword remained wrapped with his Shadow Divinity just enough to destroy the spells and parry the Gorath's Axe.

The Demon Generals had never before encountered a swordsman who could slice through their spells as if they were mere wisps of smoke.

Gorath's Hellforged Axe, imbued with the fury of the Abyssal Fire, met Vale's blade in a shower of sparks; each strike could shake a mountain, but Vale's sword would only vibrate a little!

Zarvok's demonic arts, were like tendrils of darkness meant to bind and suffocate, were severed with swift, clean cuts, dissipating into the void before they could ensnare their target.

Vale's strategy was clear: he wielded his Divinity sparingly, conserving his energy, letting his swordsmanship take center stage with a bit of Arcane Spells when required.

The Demon Generals, powerful as they were, found themselves outmatched, their usual dominance over lesser foes rendered useless against Vale's skill.

"This is impossible..." Gorath muttered after the battle took several more minutes.

"Don't falter... This Immortal can't kill us if we're working together. It's just a matter of stamina... If we lose ours, we can simply order the remaining soldiers to fight for us." Zarvok suggested.

As the battle wore on, the Demon Generals' strength waned under the relentless assault. Gorath's swings grew slower, his once-impenetrable defense now faltering.

Zarvok's incantations became erratic, his focus shattered by the constant need to shield himself from Vale's relentless attacks.

Finally, sensing their weakened state, Vale ceased his offensive.

The Demon Generals stood before him, weakened and defeated, yet alive.

They glared at him, their eyes burning with hatred and confusion. They had already ordered the other demons to help them, but these low-class Demons weren't actually moving!

If they would make a guess, the Demon Saints were ordering them to stay in their position!

They couldn't understand why the Demon Saint did this but they had no time to think about it.

They looked at Vale curiously.

Why had he spared them? They could die now with just a swing of his sword!

"You---"

However, the answer came not in words, but in the form of a spell.

Vale's eyes glowed as he triggered one of his Perfected Spells, the Slave Mark Spell.

The Slave Mark Spell wasn't a fancy spell. It would silently affect the minds of its target and the only hint would be the dullness in the eyes of the target for a brief moment...

Nonetheless, the Demons have strong resistance against mind-

controlling spells. However, they weren't immune to such Spells!

If the mind-controlling spell was strong enough and the target's mind energy weakened a lot, then it wouldn't have been impossible to control them!

Gorath felt the attack in his mind... Although he was weakened, he couldn't mistake this humiliating spell!

He'd rather die than be controlled by someone else!

"Aaahhh!"

He roared in defiance, and Zarvok hissed as he was also being attacked in the mind at the same time...

Azzak, who was watching this, swiftly realized what was going on! He knew that he had made a mistake and allowed the Immortal to do this!

He just thought he was about to kill the two Demon Generals and thought of using the Corpse Explosion!

That's right, he thought it would be fun to kill the Shadow Immortal with the Corpse Explosion he was using a while ago!

This was why he stopped the others from getting closer despite the two's orders!

"Not good..." Azzak clenched his fist as he gathered his strength...

However, the two Generals had already succumbed! Their efforts to defend were futile as the spell was unbreakable.

In the blink of an eye, the Slave Mark Spell was complete. The Demon Generals' eyes lost their luster, replaced by a hollow glow before returning to their normal state...

They were now bound to Vale, their wills enslaved by his command.

The Slave Mark Spell had turned them into unwilling servants!

"Mhmmm... This is good..." Vale muttered with a smirk on his face. He was surely proud of himself as he looked at the Demon Saint, who seemed to be about to escape!

He held his sword tightly as the battle wasn't over yet.

Nonetheless, he felt that he had already won.

The Demon Generals, now his to command, awaited his orders... Their own desires are now suppressed by the Slave Mark!

Chapter 735 Escape

After Vale's domination over the Demon Generals was completed, a ripple of fear spread through the ranks of the demonic creatures.

They felt the change in their Generals' aura...

They could not be mistaken. They had witnessed their leaders' fall from power.

Furthermore, the sight of the once-mighty Generals now bound to the will of an Immortal sent shivers through their malevolent forms!

Although they were demons and could slaughter humans without hesitation, they were still hoping to continue living and immerse in the pleasure of torturing other beings below them!

They were still afraid of dying!

This feeling couldn't be controlled at this moment since the Aura of the Demon Generals that could make them follow any commands had disappeared!

They couldn't help but think of escaping right now and let the Demon Saint handle this mess!

"Hmph..." Vale could tell what was in their minds, so he turned to the Demon Generals to order them.

Vale's command was simple and chilling...

"Cleanse this place of your kin."

The Demon Generals, Gorath and Zarvok, moved to obey, their weapons now turned against those they had once commanded.

It didn't take that long before the battlefield became painted with the blood of demons who fell not to an external foe but to their own turned leaders!

As Gorath's Hellforged Axe swung through the air, it found new targets in the bodies of his former troops.

Zarvok's demonic sorceries, once used to ensnare souls, now ripped them from their corporeal confines. The demonic creatures, who had anticipated a triumphant invasion of the Human Realm, found themselves facing an unexpected massacre!

Aaarrgghhh!

Vale watched the slaughter with a detached gaze, his mind already turning to the injured Demon Saint, Azzak.

A smile played on his lips as he contemplated the confrontation. The Demon Saint was also weakened, and if they battled, it would surely be in his favor as long as he aimed for their weakness.

'But that will be tough... A single mistake would kill me...' Vale thought.

With the experience he gained from battling a few Demon Saints, he already had an idea of how to deal with them. However, he was still suppressed and weakened at this point. He was only courageous because he was simply an Avatar. His death here wouldn't be his end.

However, Azzak had different thoughts.

"You---"? Azzak, sensing the shift in the tides, chose flight over fight!

Before Vale could even act, he slipped away into the shadows of the Abyss. His retreat was hastened by fear and the pain of his wounds!

"What?"

Vale simply had no way of chasing the Demon Saint, as his movement technique was too mysterious. It was as if he was being helped by the Realm itself to escape from him!

Unbeknownst to Azzak, Vale's strength was already low. It wasn't even 20% if Vale would give an estimate.

The Will of the Abyss pressing down upon him had already reduced his formidable power to a mere fraction! It actually felt that the suppression had gotten stronger after killing so many Demons!

"I guess it's better that he escaped... I'm sure he can tell that I'm being suppressed, but he still didn't take the risk... He really values his life, huh..." Vale muttered as he might also sacrifice this Avatar if they really fight to the death.

With that said, Vale decided to help the two Demon Generals...

With the three of them working together, the job was done much quicker.

"Whew~ It's time to sit down... Come here, both of you..."

With the battlefield cleared and the remaining demons dispatched, Vale and the two Generals took a moment to rest.

The silence that followed was heavy with the weight of what had transpired. Demon corpses littered everywhere, but Vale didn't mind them...

Vale then turned to his new servants, his eyes were filled with the expectation as he wanted to learn more about this Abyss Realm...

There was no one better to ask such questions than these residents of the Realm itself!

"Tell me of the Abyss Realm..." Vale began, his voice echoing in the stillness.

"Speak of the Demon Lord and the 72 Demon Saints. Leave no detail to shadow."

Gorath, his voice now a hollow echo of its former glory, spoke first.

"The Abyss is vast, a realm of darkness and despair. Our Lord reigns with an iron will, his power unchallenged by any save the Saints."

Zarvok continued, his voice still sounding like an assassin hiding in the shadows.

"The 72 Demon Saints are the pillars of our society, each ruling over legions, each a master of their domain. They are the architects of chaos, the harbingers of the Abyss's will."

'Oh? Those Demon Saints are really powerful, huh...' Vale nodded as he didn't expect that those he killed before were actually some sort of mayors or maybe governors in this land.

He couldn't help but wonder what would happen to their territories once they died...

'Will they assign a new Demon Saint? What's even the requirement for that?' Vale mused.

Anyway, Vale didn't ask this random question for now and listened intently, his mind weaving together the strands of information. He wanted to hear all important information first.

After some time, he finally spoke...

"And the Demon Lord, what of his plans? What designs does he hold for the Human Realm?"

"The Lord seeks dominion..." Gorath rumbled.

Vale nodded as this was too obvious. He remained silent as he allowed the Demon General to continue.

"His gaze is set upon the Human Realm, and he describes it as a jewel he wishes to claim. The creation of the Rifts and the massacre of mankind are but the first step in a grander scheme, a plan centuries in the making."

Zarvok's eyes, now dim, flickered with a remnant of cunning.

"The Saints are his instruments, each tasked with a role in this conquest. Saint Azzak's return meant a failure of one of the plans, but the Lord's ambition was undeterred. The Human Realm will soon become the Abyss Realm..."

"Oh? Is he planning to abandon this realm? Is there a problem here?" Vale asked.

"I am not aware of any problems in this Realm, Master Vale." Gorath replied.

"I only heard through the conversations of other Demon Saints that the Demon Lord requires a stable realm that could control its might..." Zarvok added.

"A realm that could control its might?" Vale frowned.

"Yes, the Demon Lord gets stronger the more Realms he conquers. We have no idea how he does it, but that is what we heard from the Demon Saints."

This revelation was certainly alarming... If the Demon Lord had already conquered many realms, then its strength should've been unimaginable already!

"How many Realms have you conquered already?" He asked immediately.

"We're only about two hundred years old, Master Vale. We only witnessed two Realms being conquered. Prior to that, we had no idea... This Human Realm we're trying to attack would be the third."

Vale gently nodded but his smile faded, replaced by a grim line.

"It seemed that this Demon Lord will be a tough opponent..."

The conversation continued long into the night, with Vale extracting every secret, every piece of lore the Generals possessed.

Surprisingly, there were no other Demons or Demon Saints who had bothered to come and attack him...

Anyway, Vale obtained a lot of information from these two...

Knowledge was power, and in this war between realms, it would be the key to victory or the harbinger of defeat.

After Vale obtained as much information as he could, with the enslaved Demon Generals Gorath and Zarvok at his side, he ventured deeper into the Abyss Realm.

They traversed desolate landscapes and shattered ruins, there seemed to be plenty of remnants of wars...

According to the two, there were always powerful figures in each Realm who would dare to enter the Abyss Realm and cause havoc. However, they would still be killed in a few days after staying here.

Anyway, their group had also encountered other demons...

Vale's prowess with his Black Runic Sword was unmatched, and together, they laid waste to demon squads and legions that dared to challenge them.

On the third day, as they stood amidst the ruins of a demonic citadel, the air grew heavy with a new threat.

The Demon Lord, having taken note of the havoc Vale was wreaking, dispatched five of his most formidable Demon Saints to quell this defiant Shadow Immortal.

'They're finally taking me seriously... I wonder why they took so long. Are they too busy fighting the Arcanists of the Human Realm?' Vale mused.

The Saints were a terrifying sight, each exuding an aura of malice that distorted the very air around them. However, none of these Demon Saints were using their humanoid form!

They were in a grotesque demonic form which seemed to be a form that would allow them to release their full might!

Whom~

They descended upon Vale and his companions and didn't even bother to communicate! They were only here to kill!

Vale had to send the two Generals away as they would simply become a hindrance...

The battle that ensued was cataclysmic... Vale almost died several times if he failed to use his Presence Shift in time!

"I guess it's really too much, huh..."

Despite his skill, Vale knew when a battle was unwinnable. He had to escape!

Chapter 736 Sinister Plan

"This is just too much... I can't die here yet..."

With a plan in his mind, Vale signaled a retreat, leading Gorath and Zarvok through the twisted paths of the Abyss towards the Rift that Azzak had used.

Standing before the Rift, Vale did not hesitate...

He hadn't met the Demon Lord yet, and barely knew the places of the Rift inside the Abyss Realm... He didn't even have a good grasp of its place yet. However, to stay would be to risk everything he had learned, everything he could still achieve with this Avatar.

With a heavy heart, he rushed to the Rift. The knowledge he had gained about the Abyss Realm was still too valuable to be lost!

Whom~

Vale stepped through the Rift, the Demon Generals in tow. The transition was abrupt, the chaos of the Abyss replaced by the charged atmosphere of the Human Realm.

But there was no respite.

As they emerged, a barrage of arcane energy and even celestial arts greeted them.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Vale had no choice but to deploy his Spell Dispersion hastily followed by Darkness Manipulation and Water Vortex to defend from the remaining Spells.

With his remaining energy, he even summoned his Ember Spirit and Wind Spirit! Just like that, Vale displayed five Spells at the same time!

Boom!

"That's enough!" Vale shouted...

The Arcane Bureau, alongside their most formidable Half-Immortals, had formed a barricade around the Rift.

Spells and weapons were unleashed in a relentless assault, a clear message that no entity from the Abyss would find easy passage here.

Vale parried and defended himself and the two Demon Generals.

As for the Celestial Arts thrown by Director Selene, Captain Stone, Seraphina, and Lucian, Shane had personally stepped in and used his Black Runic Sword to destroy them with Shadow Divinity...

Gorath and Zarvok could tell that the attacks aimed at them were too strong. They could only trust their new master to keep them safe until the bombardment was over.

"Hmph! A Demon Saints imitating an Immortal... Kill him!" Director Selene shouted.

The Half-Immortals of the Bureau, recognizing the prowess of their unexpected adversaries, redoubled their efforts.

Their attacks were more concentrated as they summoned a power that was perfected to subdue the greatest threats from the Abyss.

In the midst of the fray, Vale's eyes met those of Director Selene, her gaze sharp with recognition and surprise.

A moment of silent communication passed between them—a realization that the situation was not as it seemed!

"Wait!"

With a gesture from Selene, the Bureau ceased their attack, the air still vibrating with the echoes of their Arcane Spells.

Vale, seizing the moment of calm, spoke... "Are you that agitated, and you can't even recognize me? We are not your enemy. These two Demons are now under my command, and the knowledge we bring is vital..."

"Shadow Immortal?" Seraphina asked, her eyes widened in shock.

"That's me..."

"How--What are you doing inside the Abyss?" Lucian asked in confusion, but he immediately shook his head. It doesn't seem to be surprising that a true Immortal was able to enter the Abyss...

He even captured to high-ranking Demons in the process.

'So it's true that this Immortal excels in Psychic Arts...' Director Selene thought.

The revelation shifted the atmosphere from hostility to a wary alliance.

The Bureau lowered their weapons, and the Half-Immortals stepped back, their expressions a mix of curiosity and caution.

Because of this, Vale and the Demon Generals were escorted to the Bureau's stronghold, where they would share their intelligence and forge a new plan of defense.

The battle at this Rift was over, but the war against the Abyss was just beginning...

Meanwhile, amidst the continent-wide chaos formed by the Rifts, Vale's castle was still peaceful within the Forbidden Forest.

Its four outer barriers remained unbreached, a testament to the formidable defenses laid by Vale, Magnus, and the Immortals.

Within the castle walls, Vale's main body was still sitting cross-legged near the two Dragons. His presence was still so powerful that even the thought of an assault seemed folly to any would-be aggressors.

Of course, the castle was not solely under Vale's watchful eye. Four Immortals, each a Paragon of their own, had sought refuge there, slowly regaining their Divinity in the safety of its hallowed halls.

Their presence alone was a deterrent to any demonic incursion since they weren't hiding their Divinity!

Additionally, two majestic Dragons secretly lay in wait, ready to be unleashed upon Vale's command, just their dragon's breath would probably more than enough to destroy a horde of Demons.

There was also Denise, the castle's Golem Expert. She had fortified the defenses further with her Golems or what Vale would sometimes call as Androids—creations of precious stones, metals, and magic that patrolled the grounds tirelessly.

At this time, they were more than capable of handling the lesser demons that lurked in the forest's shadows from time to time.

On the seventh day of the Abyss Realm's invasion, as the morning sun cast its golden rays through the window of her laboratory, Denise was roused from her slumber by an urgent report.

'What is it this time?' Denise frowned. She would always receive reports in the morning whether urgent or not, so she wasn't too bothered.

Anyway, one of her androids, one that was dispatched to monitor the surrounding forests and settlements, brought news of a spreading plague.

"A plague?" Denise frowned as he thought that Vale's Avatar had already taken care of the Demons who were planning to spread the plague.

Anyway, she had to take this seriously. A plague that originated from the Abyss could be extremely dangerous for their Human Realm.

Denise then continued reading the report.

Well, the small villages had already evacuated to larger towns and cities capable of withstanding a demonic siege.

Right now, they only have to focus on a few areas to contain the plague.

'Tsk... Dealing with Demon horde is probably better than this...' Denise muttered as she couldn't help but pity the people who were facing this new, insidious threat.

Denise sighed as her mind raced with possibilities and solutions. She knew that time was of the essence and that the right medicine or potion could mean the difference between life and death.

Without hesitation, Denise reached out to Lisa the Vampire...

"Lisa, we have a situation..." Denise began, her voice steady despite the urgency.

"A plague is spreading through the towns and cities surrounding our forest. We need to identify the cause and find a cure before it's too late. There are many possible solutions to different plagues, but there's no all-in-one medicine for it. We have to study it..."

Lisa, was already getting bored in the castle so she wasted no time.

"I'll send a message to Vale then... Anyway, I just have to gather samples and question the victims, right? Then, we'll find the source of this plague..."

"That's right... Make sure not to make contact with them. Use your familiars so you won't get affected... Even if you're a Vampire, we don't know what plague it is, so it's better to be careful" Denise replied.

"Got it." Lisa replied.

Lisa then left the laboratory to report to Vale and to gather more information.

The androids' capabilities to gather information were just too limited. It wasn't that advanced yet since it hadn't been two years since she started the Golem Creation, after all.

Nonetheless, thanks to Lisa's familiars, the gathering of information didn't even take a day.

Denise, with Magnus' help, worked tirelessly in their laboratory, analyzing the data Lisa provided.

Their potions in the laboratory started bubbling as they brewed the medicine needed by the affected.

After a couple of days passed, the fruits of their labor began to show.

However, their investigation uncovered the plague's chilling origins.

They initially thought that it was a Demonic Curse or some sort of virus that was brought by the Demon's bodies.

Magnus also had the same thoughts. He believed that it was spread by the lesser demons that had slipped through the Rifts. That was why he aimed to use anti-demon ingredients as the main materials for the potion.

However, that wasn't the case at all!

The reality was far more sinister.

Apparently, Vale informed Lisa that something was off about this plague.

Lisa took it seriously and, with her continued pursuit of the truth, coupled with the Arcane Bureau's resources, unveiled a startling revelation.

The plague was not a byproduct of the demonic invasion but a deliberate act of sabotage by the Church of the Eminence of the Sea—a faction whose motives were shrouded in darkness.

The news sent ripples of shock through Vale's stronghold.

Even Vale, who had seen the depths of treachery the world could harbor, felt a cold anger at this betrayal of humanity.

With the urgency of the situation escalating, he issued a command to the two Immortals in his castle...

"Go forth and dismantle this malevolent Church..." Vale commanded, his voice tinged with a simmering fury.

Chapter 737 The Calm

The Immortals, bound by loyalty and a shared desire to protect the Realm, immediately answer Vale's call.

Their target was the headquarters of the Church, a place that had once been a sanctuary but now stood as a beacon of corruption.

The two Immortals, Nefrin and Gammebhel, stood outside the castle, their appearances as striking as they were serene.

They were clad in heavenly garbs that shimmered with an ethereal glow, with their long, blonde hair cascading over their shoulders.

They were genderless, and if seen by other people, they'd also be confused because they were all androgynous. Nonetheless, it wasn't an issue at all as they were embodying the very essence of their immortal nature.

After asking Vale a few more questions about their mission through telepathy, the Immortals made their move.

They set out from the sanctuary of Vale's castle, embarking on a journey to the western region where the Church of the Eminence of the Sea held its ominous sway.

Their path was long, but with spells of swift movement, bolstered by their Divinity, they traversed the distance with supernatural speed.

As they neared their destination, the atmosphere around them transformed.

The sky darkened, and the ocean roared with fury.

Thunderstorms raged, lightning cleaving the heavens, illuminating the tumultuous Sea.

The main Church of the Eminence of the Sea loomed ahead, perched precariously on a cliff that faced the churning waters below.

Despite the tempest, the Church was a hive of activity, its lights flickering like fireflies...

'A Celebration? No—A ritual at this time?' Nefrin thought after sensing the odd festivity around the Church in this kind of weather. They should be covering themselves from the rain.

However, it seemed as if they were enjoying this type of weather.

Inside the Church's domain, a ritual was underway.

Robed figures chanted in unison, their voices rising above the thunder, calling upon powers that seemed forbidden and felt like ancient arcane arts.

"Is this part of their ritual to create plague?" Gammebhel muttered. He wasn't an expert in rituals, but he could tell that the Church was gathering a huge amount of Arcane Energy from the chaotic atmosphere.

"Should we let them finish? They might actually summon a strong being based on change in the atmosphere." Nefrin suggested.

As Immortals, they have nothing to be afraid. In any case, Vale didn't give them absolute command that they have to destroy the Church and kill everyone as soon as they see them. They still have to assess the situation.

"Let's not waste our time... If they opened another rift leading to a higher realm, this Realm might really become unstable. You don't want that to happen." Gammebhel reminded.

"Fine... Let's see what they have."

The Immortals, undaunted by the chaos of nature or the darkness of the ritual, pressed forward.

Whom~

Soon, their divine aura repelled the rain and wind, creating an oasis of calm around them as they approached the Church's domain...

With a gesture, the gates flew open...

They soon witnessed the congregation in the midst of their sacrament.

It seemed that there was a thin barrier above them that protected them from the thunderstorm.

The Immortals stepped into the Church's domain, and their presence was commanding, as they immediately caught everyone's attention.

Gasps and murmurs rippled through the crowd as the ritual faltered, the energy in the Church's domain shifted and started trembling...

"Who are you?! Why are you interrupting our ritual?! Where are the Knights?! How come these two men managed to reach this place?!" The current Pontiff of the Church bellowed as the ritual was

interrupted. Although they could just redo the ritual, they had wasted too much energy already! They would have to rest for at least six hours to redo it!

Nonetheless, as he was shouting, he was simply ignored by the two Immortals.

"This is definitely the energy of the Eminence of the Sea... Did he really betray this Realm?" Nefrin pondered aloud.

"There must be a reason why he wanted many humans to perish... He might be collecting souls, or he just wanted to help the Abyss Realm. I wouldn't be surprised." Gammebhel replied as if he knew the Eminence of the Sea.

Without wasting any more time, the Immortals then raised their hands, and a light, pure and blinding, radiated from their palms. It washed over the congregation, purifying the corruption and severing the ties of the dark ritual!

"You dare!"

The congregation, once bound by corruption, now blinked in the sudden purity that enveloped them!

The Church's leaders, their visages contorted with indignation and dread, cried out in defiance.

"You dare challenge the will of the Eminence?!" They thundered. Yet, their commands were lost in the divine luminescence that now filled the room.

"Storm Knights!" The Pontiff howled.

Outside the Church's gates, a formidable force gathered... It happened almost in the blink of an eye.

Hundreds of Storm Knights, clad in blue armor that was infused with electric energy, stood in formation.

They were the Church's elite, sworn to protect its sanctity against all threats.

As the Immortals turned to them, the Storm Knights braced themselves, their swords drawn, shields emblazoned with the sigil of the storm.

"These two had Divinity in their bodies! My Artifact is reacting to them... They must be Half-Immortals... Be careful! We can't hold back in this battle!" The leader of the army of Storm Knights announced.

"Half-Immortals?" Nefrin smiled brightly after hearing this. He wasn't offended by those words, and he even found them amusing. After all, they actually have an Artifact that reacts to Divinity.

It was certainly not a very useful Artifact since there weren't many individuals who had Divinity in this Realm in the first place.

In short, that Artifact would rarely be of any use!

However, Gammebhel just smiled at this thought as he watched the Storm Knights surround them.

"Charge!"

Soon, the Knight Commander shouted.

The clash was immediate and thunderous.

The Storm Knights moved as one. It was a phalanx of fury and discipline...

Lightning arced from their blades, seeking to pierce the Immortals' divine protection. Yet, the Immortals stood their ground.

They weren't showing any signs that they'll dodge!

Instead, they burst with Divinity's unyielding barrier against the storm's wrath.

Buzz!

With each strike from the blades of the Knights, the Immortals countered with a wisp of their Divinity lashing out at their opponent.

They were truly showing the huge difference between their strengths!

"This is boring... Gammebhel, I'll take care of the Storm Knights... Go ahead and deal with the Pontiff. Let's move our bodies a bit, or our skills might really get rusted." Nefrin said as he decided to play around with the Storm Knights.

Gammebhel didn't dislike this idea. In any case, they had been sleeping for a long time and it's better to really move around. Although they would have duels against Vale from time to time to gain learning experience, battling to kill was still a lot different.

Just like that, the two Immortals made their move...

Their blonde hair flowed like banners of light, untouched by the storm that raged around them!

They wielded no weapons. Their hands were enough as they radiated with power... They started casting forth bolts of purifying energy that shattered the Knights' defenses.

Then, with their mighty physical strength, they started pummeling their enemies!

Clank! Clank! Clank!

The battle continued with the sound of clashing forces...

"These Half-Immortals have limited Divinity! Even if you sacrifice your lives, make them use their Divinity!"

With this command, some of the Storm Knights even decided to self-destruct as soon as they managed to grab the Nefrin's limbs!

"Die! Half-Immortal!"

Boom!

This self-destruction wasn't successful as Nefrin lived. However, the Storm Knights were able to tell that Nefrin spent a lot of Divinity to protect himself.

'Hmph... If Vale didn't take my strongest defense spell, I would not be spending my pure Divinity for that.' Nefrin thought as he recalled all the Spells that Vale had taken from him.

He doesn't hate Vale for that, but he certainly misses those spells during these types of situations.

"Kill! He must be weakened!"

The Storm Knights fought valiantly, their coordination was a testament to their years of training.

They formed chains of lightning, weaving a net of electricity that sizzled through the air. But the Immortals, were simply too powerful.

They broke through the electrified barriers or any attacks aimed at him... Their mere touch could even dissolve armor and disarm them...

As the conflict continued, the Storm Knights realized the futility of their resistance.

One by one, they fell to their knees, their strength sapped, and their resolve was broken... So many of them died in just a few minutes!

As the last of the storm energy dissipated, the Church stood silent... Any remnant of the previous ritual was long gone.

The Eminence of the Sea's aura had completely dissipated!

The Immortals, their task half-complete, gazed out at the Sea, now calming under the returning light of dawn.

The Church of the Eminence of the Sea had fallen, and its threat to the people was gone. However, another challenge awaited them...

At the same time, Nefrin and Gammebhel tensely looked at the calming sea.

Chapter 738 Recognized

Nefrin and Gammebhel, their mission only partially fulfilled, turned their vigilant eyes to the sea, which was beginning to calm down.

Whoosh~

It was then that a figure emerged from the depths, a presence both majestic and ominous.

The figure was clad in armor that gleamed with the luster of pearls and coral. This figure also held a trident that pulsed with the power of the ocean's depths. His hair, the color of the deep sea, flowed behind him, and his eyes held the relentless force of the tides.

These eyes seemed to drown Nefrin and Gammebhels Divinity with its own Divinity!

"So they still succeeded, huh..." Nefrin's voice was a low murmur, his gaze fixed on the figure of the Eminence of the Sea, who had risen from the waters with the authority of the ocean's ruler.

"Mhmm... They actually did it even after messing the ritual..." Gammebhel acknowledged, his tone betraying no surprise, only a steely resolve.

"But that's an incomplete Avatar... We can still deal with it..." Nefrin declared, a confident smile playing upon his lips.

Indeed, it was an Avatar, a manifestation of the Eminence's will. It stood before them, silent and imposing.

"Hey! Why did you betray mankind!?!!" Nefrin called out, his Divinity coalescing around him as he was readying for a fierce battle. The chances were small but this Avatar might answer the questions in Vale's mind.

Well, the two Immortals don't really care much if there were millions of humans dying. However, because of Vale's instruction, they had to investigate.

Unfortunately, the Avatar didn't answer.

Without a word, the Avatar struck, unleashing a barrage of water and lightning from his trident.

Whoosh~

The attack surged towards the Immortals, a tidal wave of fury and elemental power.

Nefrin and Gammebhel's faces grew serious as they sprang into action, their divine light flaring in response.

Boom!

At this point, the remaining Arcanists, who had managed to survive the attacks of the two Immortals, died from the clash of the two forces!

The three of them moved in a way that couldn't be detected by normal Spells.

Nonetheless, the two Immortals found themselves in a disadvantageous position as they were fighting in a nearby sea, the territory of the Eminence!

"We're just lacking some combination spells. Don't get too cocky now!"

Gammebhel muttered as their hands weaving patterns in the air, casting barriers of light that diffused the Avatar's assault.

"Mhmp! Your Avatar is nothing!" Nefrin taunted...

It seemed to be very effective, as the Avatar burst with power hoping to end this battle as quickly as possible...

'It's working...' Nefrin thought as they wanted a battle without too many Celestial Arts involved. After all, Vale had taken a lot from them!

Physical battles would certainly be a lot better for them!

The Immortals' counterattacks were swift...

They summoned bolts of pure Divinity that sought to pierce the Avatar's defenses!

The Avatar responded in kind, and his trident, a conductor for the sea's wrath, started gathering the power of the seas to fight!

In the meantime, as the Immortals were fighting against the Avatar of Eminence of the Sea, Vale had sensed this and immediately ordered one of his Avatars to help.

In the midst of a tumultuous battlefield, Vale's Avatar stood shoulder to shoulder with the Summoners of Frea Kingdom.

The air was thick with the stench of blood and mixed Arcane Energy of various Arcanists as a horde of demons surged forward...

Similar to other areas affected by the Abyss Realm's invasion, the Demons here were filled with malevolent intent.

Vale's Avatar, a figure who was currently clad in armor that gleamed with an inner light, raised his sword high. He was carrying the Stormbringer Sword with him and various Arcane Artifacts and precious talismans...

The blade had been bringing out several Divine Lightning already and cleared up numerous Demons in the path...

However, there was limit to how much Divine Lightning this Avatar could summon since he wasn't the main body and only had a fixed amount of Divinity inside its body.

With a voice that boomed like thunder, he called to the Summoners...

"Unleash your third summons!"

The Summoners, robed figures with grimoires clasped tightly in their hands, stepped forth.

Their chants rose above the roar of the demons, weaving spells of summoning. From the pages of their ancient tomes, mystical creatures began to materialize on the battlefield.

It must be said that these Summoners he was commanding were part of the Order of the Enlightened Threads. This means that they have specific summoned beings that are required to be part of the Order.

Because of that, it wouldn't be surprising to see them having similar Summons.

To be specific, they have four required Summons to be part of the Order.

Iron Panthers with hides as tough as steel and claws that could shred through demonic flesh leaped into the fray. Their roars were like the clanging of swords, and where they struck, demons fell in rows!

Festive Bears, larger than any mortal beast, charged with a ferocity that belied their whimsical name. Each swipe of their massive paws sent demons tumbling, their crowns soaked in the blood of their foes.

Exploding Mice, small but deadly, scurried unseen through the chaos. They darted between the legs of demons before detonating in bursts of light and sound, creating pockets of destruction amidst the enemy ranks.

This specific summon was actually Vale's favorite... The Exploding Mice were just too unpredictable, especially if they started digging the ground!

Lastly, there were Burning Sparrows, flocks of flame-winged birds, that soared overhead. They dove, leaving trails of fire in the sky, igniting the demons with every touch, their fiery plumage was like watching a meteor shower descending to their enemies!

The combination of the exploding mice and burning sparrows were an incredible sight to behold!

Vale's Avatar didn't just watch this combination of assaults.

Without care for the explosion of friendly fire, he charged forward!

His sword crackled with electricity as he killed demons one by one...

Each swing was cleaved through a demon hide, as if it were parchment!

Without the Demon Saints in sight, Vale was unstoppable, he was a force of nature that no demon could withstand.

'Seriously, why are the Demon Saints not here?' Vale was confused for a moment...

At this time, the other Avatar who had entered the Abyss Realm hadn't come out yet.

Because of that, the Avatar that remained here had no idea that the Demon Saints were pulled back to deal with the Avatar that entered the Abyss!

Nonetheless, there were simply too many demons as they could easily reproduce... It was truly quite confusing!

The demons still fought back with tooth and claw, while the captains and commanders with spells and swords.

They were legion, their numbers seemingly endless, but the combined might of Vale's Avatar and the Summoners' creatures held them at bay.

"This feels like it's not going to end... Just how careless are they? Can't they see they're not going to win? Are they seriously just hoping we'll get tired and stop defending?" Vale's Avatar mused as the attack seemed too reckless!

Even if their population could be easily replaced, this kind of strategy was just too thoughtless!

The battle raged on, neither side yielding.

The ground became a field of blood and fire...

But amidst the chaos, there was a figure that remained reliable from the sight of the Summoners. It was Vale's Avatar that had become a beacon of light in the darkness.

Thud!

As the last demon fell, the Summoners ceased their chants, their mystical beasts fading back into the ether from whence they came.

Vale's Avatar, his sword now still, surveyed the battlefield. Victory was theirs, but the war was far from over. With a nod to the Summoners, he turned his gaze to the horizon, where new battles awaited, where his presence was needed once more.

And so, Vale's Avatar set forth to join the Immortals in their fight against the Avatar of the Eminence of the Sea, ready to lend his strength to their cause.

Meanwhile, as the dust settled on the battlefield, a solitary figure was standing nervously at the rear of the Summoners, her eyes wide with the dawning realization of the identity of the Immortal who had just departed.

This was Avery, a fledgling summoner from Lakrine, the esteemed Academy of Summoning Arts nestled in the southern region of Milton Kingdom.

Unlike her more experienced counterparts, she had held her position at the back, her role more observational due to her novice status.

Yet, her gaze had been keen, and what she witnessed struck her with awe.

"That had to be Vale Chambers... The same Vale Chambers from Vermont Academy! I can't be mistaken. He's the renowned Shadow Immortal? How is this possible?" She murmured to herself, her voice barely audible over the lingering echoes of combat.

Avery's hands trembled slightly as she clutched her Silver Grimoire...

With a deep breath to steady her nerves, Avery made her decision. She couldn't keep this information to herself!

Chapter 739 Thank you, Vale!

Avery hastened to the grand tent that served as the council chamber for the Order of the Enlightened Threads.

Inside, the atmosphere was tense as they seemed to be in an important meeting. There seemed to be decisions yet to be made.

She wasn't able to enter immediately because of the guards, but after the guards heard that it was about the Immortal who had assisted their kingdom, she was immediately allowed to enter.

She approached the circle of high-ranking members, her revelation burning like a torch in her mind.

First, she addressed Grand Summoner Elric, a man whose presence was as commanding as the ancient oaks of the Eldwood Forest. His hair, white as the first snow of winter, fell in stark contrast to his deep black robes.

Next to him stood Mistress Illyria, her eyes shimmering with the wisdom of the ages, her silver-threaded cloak reflecting the light of countless crystals adorning the chamber.

Beside them was Master Cairne, whose scarred visage and piercing gaze spoke of battles long past. His hands, though steady, bore the etchings of summoning sigils, glowing faintly with residual magic. And finally, there was Sage Kaelin, the youngest among them, with auburn hair and a countenance that belied a fierce intellect.

They weren't on the frontlines just now, but their strongest Summons had been sent out to deal with other Demon Hordes. They were also able to observe the battlefield and command other Summoners from this grand tent.

Avery recounted her observation with earnest clarity...

"I believe the Shadow Immortal who fought so valiantly before us was none other than Vale Chambers, a student from Vermont Academy."

"Vermont Academy?"

"A Dark Magician?"

The council exchanged glances, the gravity of her words settling upon them like a heavy cloak. It was Grand Summoner Elric who broke the silence...

"If this is true, we must act swiftly. The Shadow Immortal's allegiance could turn the tides of this war. Our relationship with the Dark Arts Faction isn't that bad. We didn't participate in the Holy Arts Faction's incursion."

Mistress Illyria nodded in agreement... "Send for our scouts. We need confirmation, and if possible, an alliance must be forged."

Master Cairne's voice was a low rumble, "I'll dispatch my best. Vale Chambers is not one to be taken lightly. We approach with respect."

Sage Kaelin's eyes sparkled with intrigue, "And I shall delve into the archives. There may be more to this Shadow Immortal than we know. I don't believe that a student of the Dark Arts Academy would just suddenly become an Immortal."

'Vale had actually taken the Dark Ritual Branch...' Avery wanted to add this, but she didn't have a chance to speak after reporting. Well, she had actually researched more about Vale after he broke a few records in the Twelve Academies Competition before.

Anyway, it doesn't seem to be that important so she just watched the higher ups make decisions.

With the council's decision made, figures cloaked in the colors of twilight slipped away from the tent, their mission clear. They would find Vale Chambers, unravel the mystery of his presence, and, if the stars willed it, secure his aid for the Order of the Enlightened Threads. Avery watched these special summoners go, her heart flutter with the hope that her discovery might help the Summoner's Faction.

"Good job recognizing the Shadow Immortal, Avery. Our informants couldn't even tell this much..." Grand Summoner Elric commended, his voice echoing in the grand tent, and everyone could tell that Elric was happy.

"Now, it is time to choose your Summoned Being. Which do you desire to bind to your will?"

Avery's heart raced with anticipation. This was the main reason she didn't hesitate to come here.

She wanted to ensure that she was the first one to relay this information to get a reward!

'I really did it!' Avery's mind raced as she clenched her fist. This was a very rare chance, and she didn't have to be modest about it. She really wanted a reward that would be difficult to get even after many years of serving in the army.

She recalled her Silver Ape, the mightiest creature within her Grimoire in terms of physical abilities. Right now, she lacks a Summoned Being with Magical Prowess... However, if she requested that, she may not be good enough to use it since her set of Summoner Spells was meant to boost her Summons with strong physical abilities.

Because of this, she decided to let the Grand Summoner Elric think of a summoned being for her.

"Ahem... Thank you, Grand Summoner. I wish for a summon that embodies both strength and wisdom..." Avery declared, her voice steady despite the fluttering in her chest.

Elric nodded, understanding the depth of her request. He actually liked this even more since he only has about 80 summoned beings in his Grimoire.

Avery couldn't be too picky as he might not have the one she needed and had to ask the others to transfer it to her.

However, with the request she made, he had a lot more options to choose from.

He reached for his own Grimoire, its covers etched with runes that shimmered in the dim light of the tent.

With practiced hands, he flipped through the ancient pages until he came upon a summon that had not seen the mortal realm for ages—the Gilded Griffin, Aerolius.

He named the Griffin himself and had become part of his adventures when he was still young. However, it became too weak for him as he became a Grand Summoner that deals with high-ranking Arcanists from time to time.

"I have chosen a Summoned Being for you. Open your Grimoire..."

"Yes..."

Avery nodded excitedly as she silently prayed that it would be successful. Well, there were rare cases in which Summoned Beings would rather die than be transferred.

The chance was too low for it to happen, but it was still there! Furthermore, the Summoned Being of Elric shouldn't want to leave his Grimoire to be transferred to an average Grimoire like hers!

However, her worry soon turned into excitement as the Grand Summoner began the transfer ritual. Elric's voice was rising and falling in a rhythm that seemed to transcend language.

The surrounding air pulsed with energy as he chanted, and the page bearing the Gilded Griffin's sigil glowed with a golden light.

Slowly, the sigil lifted from Elric's Grimoire and drifted toward Avery's, embedding itself onto an empty page.

'Success! The transfer is even quick! He definitely skipped a huge part and didn't use the one I learned in class! Awesome! As expected of the Grand Summoner.' Avery was excited as new Summoned Being was now in her Grimoire.

Even Mistress Illyria, Sage Kaelin, and Master Cairne congratulated Avery for having a new summon.

"Now, Avery, call forth Aerolius and test your bond..." Elric instructed as he gestured for her to try summoning the creature outside.

Avery agreed to this as she stepped outside.

She took a deep breath, her fingers tracing the newly formed sigil in her Grimoire.

She then spoke the incantation, her voice growing in confidence with each syllable.

Soon, the ground outside the grand tent trembled, and a brilliant light erupted as the Gilded Griffin materialized before them.

Kraaaww~

Aerolius was a majestic creature, its feathers a radiant blend of gold and silver, eyes gleaming with intelligence, and a beak sharp as the finest blade.

'Whoa~ Did he really give me this creature for free?!' Avery's eyes lit up as she observed the creature.

Its talons which seemed to be capable of rending steel gently grazed the earth, and its wings—vast and powerful—unfolded with a sound like the rustling of autumn leaves.

"Cool..."

The Summoners nearby who had no idea why a majestic griffin had just appeared gathered around, their eyes wide with awe as Avery stepped forward to meet the gaze of the Griffin.

The guard who allowed Avery to enter the grand tent had obviously recognized Avery...

There was a moment of silence, a breathless pause, as a Summoner and Summoned regarded each other.

Although the Griffin had accepted to be transferred to Avery's Grimoire, it still possessed a certain free will that would make the Griffin decide whether to follow this Summoner or just give the bare minimum as a Summoned Creature... Or perhaps make a contract with the Summoner only to summon him in exchange of something...

That's right, he could make a trade for his service if the Summoner was pushover!

However, it seemed to notice Grand Summoner Elric's gaze, and suddenly, with a grace that belied its size, Aerolius lowered its head, allowing Avery to place a hand upon its gilded crest.

"Great! So that's why Grand Summoner Elric wanted me to summon it immediately." Avery thought.

Soon, a stronger connection between the two formed, a bond of magic and trust that resonated in the hearts of all who witnessed it.

Avery had done it. She had summoned and tamed the legendary Gilded Griffin, proving her worth not just as a fledgling summoner, but as a force to be reckoned with.

'Thank you, Vale Chambers! I will visit you later to give you a proper gift...'

Chapter 740 Fetch

As the clash of the Immortals roared across the sea, Vale's Avatar arrived upon the battlefield with the swiftness of a shadow in flight.

"So that's the Eminence of the Sea's Avatar..." Vale muttered after seeing the majestic Avatar holding a trident as his weapon.

He certainly emits a terrifying aura compared to the two immortals, who seem to be reaching their limits.

'Two Immortals were actually not enough... I guess these deities can't be underestimated, huh...' Vale thought as he assessed the situation.

The Immortals, Nefrin and Gammebhel, were locked in a fierce struggle against the Avatar of the Eminence of the Sea, their powers waning against the relentless assault of the Avatar.

However, their struggle will end now.

Vale's arrival turned the tide.

With a flourish of his cloak, he summoned the Astral Chains!

This is one of the Spells he obtained from a Dimensional Creature!

After activating this Spell, ethereal bindings that shimmered with starlight appeared out of nowhere.. They spiraled outwards, seeking to ensnare the Avatar of the Eminence, to bind it with the very essence of the cosmos.

Clink... Clink... Clink...

The chains wrapped around the foe, constricting with the force of a black hole, yet the Avatar's strength was such that the chains strained and sparked with the effort to contain it.

The Eminence's Avatar then looked at the Shadow Immortal that had just arrived. Finally, Nefrin and Gammebhel saw an expression from the Avatar... He was actually surprised and even a bit terrified upon seeing Vale's Avatar!

However, his expression immediately changed into a serious one as he prepared to fight!

'Did he recognize Master Vale?' Nefrin thought...

'I knew it... Master Vale isn't young at all. There's no way this Ancient Being could recognize him if he was just a lucky Arcanist who obtained Divinity.' Gammebhel thought, believing that Vale's real identity was also as Ancient as the Eminence of the Sea.

Then, with a roar that echoed through the dimensions, Vale's Avatar unleashed the Void Claw.

This Spell that was meant to be used by Dimensional Creatures was quite difficult to cast and required plenty of energy. Well, it wasn't that surprising since the enormous size of the Dimensional Creature was a huge factor for this Spell.

Anyway, the Void Claw was a manifestation of pure nothingness, the claw tore through the fabric of reality, a gaping void of darkness that sought to devour all light!

However, the Eminence's Avatar didn't stay still as he used everything he had to raise his weapon!

Boom!

The Void Claw clashed with the Avatar's Trident, a cataclysmic meeting of space rending power and sea's power.

The impact sent shockwaves through the water, creating whirlpools and tidal surges that threatened to engulf the land...

The Astral Chain was also completely broken because of the Eminence's Avatar surging with the power of the sea!

The two Immortals, even had to move back for a bit because of the clash of power. Nonetheless, they remained a threat to the Eminence's Avatar as they gathered their power...

Even if they weren't moving and just showing their might, the attention of the Eminence's Avatar was split between the three of them!

It was already a huge help for Vale's Avatar!

'I guess he got the advantage on the battlefield, huh...' Vale thought as he realized why the Eminence was still filled with power even after fighting the two Immortals.

Although he wasn't sure how the Eminence's Divinity worked, he could tell that it was related to the sea below them!

'This is going to be tough... I need to make him stop getting power from the sea...' Vale thought.

The battle between them continued, and it was a spectacle of chaos and beauty...

Vale's Avatar moved with the Ethereal Steps Spell that he got from the Demon Saint!

He would cast various Spells like Abyssal Fire, and Cursed Flame, including Vampiric Fist and Aurora's Embrace, but it wasn't enough.

His Divine Lightning even seemed like a nutrient for the Eminence's Avatar!

"You're still unpredictable, Paragon Atrius..." The Eminence's Avatar finally spoke, and this actually confused both Vale and the Immortals.

However, Vale's eyes narrowed as he heard this name. According to Magnus, Paragon Atrius was one of the Three Paragons of the Church that he had fought before!

"Unpredictable?" Vale repeated. He decided to go along with the misunderstanding.

"Yes... You still like using spells from different paths and not mastering a single path... You will never achieve the highest realm because of that..." The Eminence's Avatar said.

Vale wanted to ask more, but the Eminence immediately dashed forward!

He raised his trident and it was like a beacon of the ocean's wrath!

It summoned tsunamis and called forth lightning from the depths, his attack was filled with Divine intent.

"That's not enough to kill me..."

Vale muttered as his shadowy form flickered in and out of existence. He avoided the attacks that were filled with Divinity. Although he could defend from it, it would simply consume too much energy, so it was better to dodge them!

With that, Vale also released his Spells.

As the battle raged on, the sky darkened, and the sea roiled.

The temperature of the whole western region of the continent started dropping as a vast amount of Divinity was being used... The power unleashed by these titanic beings was just too monstrous!

As the two titans clashed, Nefrin and Gammebhel watched, their eyes sharp for any opening.

'We're going to get injured if we act now... Let's wait for a perfect chance...' Nefrin said through telepathy.

'I'm willing to make an opening even if it kills me. Just kill that Eminence's Avatar.' Gammebhel replied.

'Don't be stupid... The order didn't say that we have to sacrifice our lives. Don't waste your life in this winning battle.' Nefrin said, reprimanding his partner.

'Mhmm... You're right... We'll win this.' Gammebhel nodded as he continued monitoring the battle.

After some time, the two Immortals vanished from their spots!

The moment they've been waiting for came like the break of dawn, sudden and clear.

The Eminence's Avatar, focused on Vale's relentless assault, left himself exposed for but a heartbeat.

Without any need to communicate with each other, Nefrin and Gammebhel seized the fleeting chance. They surged forward from different directions!

Their Divinity exploded as they aimed to kill the Avatar in this attack!

Nefrin, embodying the fierce blaze of the sun, and Gammebhel, the unyielding strength of the ancient earth, combined their might!

The Eminence's Avatar turned, sensing the impending strike, but it was too late.

Nefrin's fire met Gammebhel's earth in a cataclysmic fusion!

The air crackled, the sea stilled, and for a moment, all was silent!

'This is not a Spell... They're also not using any Immortal Items...' Vale's Avatar thought for a brief moment as he witnessed that the attack didn't activate any Spell Models of the two Immortals!

They used something else that he didn't know about!

Then, with a sound coming from the shockwave, the combined force of Nefrin and Gammebhel's attack struck the Eminence's Avatar.

A blinding explosion of light and energy erupted, engulfing the Avatar in a radiant inferno that outshone the sun...

The shockwave of the impact sent waves towering high, rushing outwards in a ring. The very earth trembled, and the sky sent torrents of rain...

For a moment, Vale also saw the crater below before it was swallowed by the sea once again.

When the light faded, and the tumult subsided, there was nothing left of the Eminence's Avatar but a memory... Vale's Avatar stood amidst the aftermath, his shadowy form untouched by the devastation.

'I was planning to kill it by not destroying its body... I want to bring it back to be extracted... Ugh... Anyway, that's only an Avatar. I still have another chance. Especially if he'll continue supporting the Abyss Realm.' Vale thought as he looked at the two Immortals with a helpless smile on his face.

Nefrin and Gammebhel, on the other hand, were satisfied with their work as they joined Vale's Avatar as if they were waiting for a commendation...

'Well, I didn't give clear instructions...' Vale thought as he decided to praise the two for their work.

In the meantime, after Vale and the two Immortals defeated Eminence's Avatar, a ripple in the fabric of space marked the arrival of a young Dimensional Creature at the Headquarters of the Arcane Bureau.

The young creature that doesn't look like anything that would exist in the Human Realm shocked many of the Agents, including the Half-Immortals, who immediately felt its arrival!

With Director Selene's lead, they immediately created a defensive perimeter to contain its movement!

Nonetheless, there was still someone in the building who remained calm. It was obviously Vale's Avatar.

The creature had come with a purpose, to fetch him after his matter with the Bureau was finished. He had already done his best to help them, and they should work on eliminating as many Demon and Demon Saints as possible!

"We're leaving, Director Selene." Vale said as walk to the young Dimensional Creature together with the Demon Generals Gorath and Zarvok.

"Wait--But... This creature..." Seraphina wanted to say something but Lucian held her back.

"Time is of the essence..." Vale sternly spoke.

"We must join the others and turn the tide against our enemies."