

## D. Extraction 761

Chapter 761 Dominion

"Kyle Marshall?"

Lesley looked at the young man who had just arrived to save the Shamans. As her emotion was triggered, she released a baleful aura of the Death God and the chaos of the Wrath!

Nonetheless, instead of confirming his identity, the young man, who bore the name of one long thought dead, raised his hand.

A wave of purifying energy emanated from him, the power resonating with the very essence of balance and order.

It swept through the field like a cleansing wind, dispelling the chaotic energies of Wrath's power and the curse that was being emitted by the Death God's Aura.

The Mystics and Shamans watched in amazement as the dark miasma receded.

Their hope was rekindled by this unexpected savior.

"Our Savior!"

"Is he a Holy Priest!"

"He must be the young Saint of the Church of the Fortune Goddess!"

"We're saved!"

The Shamans exclaimed as they felt the Holy Energy being emitted by the young man. They had no idea that it was the Shadow Immortal!

Of course, Lesley was the one who was even more shocked as she knew this young man.

'How did he survive? He should've become a fuel!'

Lesley then had an idea as she paused for a moment.

'No, maybe he has a twin that entered the Magrath Academy?' Lesley thought as she also felt the strong Holy Energy from the young man.

This means that he was probably a student of the Holy Arts Academy, or a priest had probably taken him to become an acolyte.

Nonetheless, it was without a doubt that her confidence was shaken.

Seeing how he casually cleansed the Aura she released, she knew that this young man would be a tough opponent without her whole squad backing her up.

She took a step back, her mind racing with questions and the impossibility of what she was witnessing.

However, she had no time to investigate Kyle's revival or whether he had a brother...

Since he saved the Shamans, it means that he was an enemy... She had to be satisfied for now and attack again once this person left! But she knew that it wouldn't be easy!

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Bang!

Gareth, his form still echoing the might of Thorgrim's spirit, charged at Kyle with a ferocity born of desperation.

He also saw how the young man easily dispelled Lesley's Aura! It wasn't something that any Priest or Holy Knight could accomplish!

If he would make a guess, this young man was most likely a Half-Immortal of the Holy Arts Faction!

If his whole squad was here, he wouldn't be terrified of its presence as they could use Forbidden Arts to close the gap in their strength and summon a mystical being that could turn the tide.

Unfortunately, they were too rash to come here after just receiving the blessing of the Deadly Sin!

They weren't even that proficient in using its power!

"Haaa!"

His move shook the ground as he created a strong momentum to send the young man flying!

Moreover, it was his bid to protect his captain and turn the tide of an unwinnable battle.

'Captain Lesley! Escape now! This young man is most likely a Half-Immortal! If not, he must possess an Arcana to push away both Aura from your two Blessings! This is not normal! Hurry!' Gareth said through telepathy. He was about to use telepathy as he could still control a part of his body even with the possession made by Thorgrim's Spirit thanks to an Artifact he was using.

However, it doesn't matter to Kyle.

He stood unshaken, his black eyes fixed on the oncoming threat.

As Gareth unleashed a flurry of blows, each one powerful enough to shatter stone, Kyle moved swiftly to meet his attacks.

His agility was such that he seemed to drift between the spaces of Gareth's attacks! Without using any movement spell, Kyle was like a specter untouched by the brute force that sought to crush him.

With a swift step, Kyle closed the distance, his movements could barely be followed by the Mystics' eyes!

Bang!

He countered with a simple palm strike, a move devoid of any magical enhancement, yet it landed with the precision of a master martial artist.

The impact sent a shockwave through Gareth's body, halting his momentum and leaving him staggered.

"Y-you! Are you looking down on me?!"

Gareth roared, as he didn't feel any sign of Holy Power or any Arcane Energy from that strike!

Without a doubt, it made him even more mad!

He took a deep breath as he gathered more power. He refused to succumb to his enemy, and he lunged again with reckless abandon.

But Kyle, ever the immovable force, met each attack with effortless deflection. He bravely met the onslaught without using any magic and just relied on his pure physical prowess.

It was as if he was trying to prove something, or perhaps he was simply playing around with his opponent.

The clash was a sight to behold. It doesn't feel like a fight between two Arcanists!

It was a display of raw power against disciplined skill.

Gareth, embodying the untamed fury of the Giant's Realm, found himself outmatched by Kyle's innate superiority.

It was a close combat, something that he should excel at... However, he found himself being led by the young man. Indeed! The young man was dictating the flow of their deadly battle!

"You're going to die if I just hit you once!" Gareth shouted as his frustration was building up. Nonetheless, he was happy that the young man was taking his time, as this would allow Lesley to escape...

As the duel progressed, it became clear that Kyle was toying with his opponent, and his every move was a lesson in the art of combat.

"You'll regret this!" Gareth said, but Kyle simply smirked.

He struck not to kill but to disarm, to neutralize the threat that Gareth posed!

The other Mystics also noticed that the young man seemed to be planning to capture Gareth... Because of that, they immediately gathered their remaining strength and planned to help Kyle the moment an opportunity arose.

Soon, with a series of non-lethal blows, he systematically dismantled Gareth's defenses, leaving the warrior vulnerable and exposed.

Gareth, his spirit waning, fell to his knees, his breaths coming in ragged gasps.

At this time, the Mystics hesitated as they felt that binding Gareth with the Arcane Chains they prepared felt unnecessary.

Gareth was already too weak! Even Thorgrym's Spirit left, after seeing how Gareth's body had reached its limit.

Thud...

Kyle stood over him... He was like a figure of indomitable strength, his presence alone commanded silence to everyone in the battlefield.

"Stop resisting." He commanded. Along with these words, his aura was finally revealed. This was the first time he had done this!

Furthermore, it was a power of Holy Energy! It was as if he was about to cast his Holy Smite!

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In the meantime, Lesley had already escaped and had only left a Shadow Eye... This spell allowed her to witness the battle just now.

She had watched how the young man who resembled Kyle defeated her Vice Captain known for his physical prowess!

There was no doubt that her decision to escape was right!

With a final glance at the man she believed to be dead, she dispelled the Shadow Eye as it might be traced back to her location.

The Shamans and Mystics rallied around Kyle, their savior...

"Sir, thank you for saving us... We could bind this Dark Magician for you. If you want to bring him with you or imprison him, we could help you on that." Eldrin said as he observed the young man.

Yet, Kyle's response was not what they anticipated. With a benign smile, he inquired, "Were you among those who laid siege to Vermont Academy?" The question hung in the air, innocent yet laden with an unspoken weight.

Eldrin and his fellow Mystics, momentarily caught off guard by the question, quickly recovered their composure.

They stood a little taller, their chests puffed with a sense of righteous duty.

"Yes, that was our doing," Eldrin confirmed, his voice steady and sure. "At the behest of the Holy Arts Faction and the Church of the Fortune Goddess, we joined the fray against the Academy that brings darkness to the land."

The others nodded in agreement, their faces alight with the fervor of their convictions.

Without a doubt, all of them are proud of what they've done.

The group awaited Kyle's approval, expecting words of praise or at least acknowledgment of their shared cause.

But the warmth that had once graced Kyle's features was gone, replaced by a chilling sternness that seemed to lower the temperature around them.

All of them immediately felt something was off... They were sure that he would be happy as he was supposedly part of the Holy Arts Faction!

However, with a fluid motion that was almost casual, Kyle extended his hand, palm upturned.

The air seemed to thicken as heavy tension built up.

Then, Kyle whispered an incantation.

"Dominion Thirst..." He uttered, and a ripple of power surged forth.

Chapter 762 Vessels

"Dominion Thirst..."

Kyle said as he triggered the spell that he had obtained from Greed! This spell was something that he knew was better than his current Slave Mark Spell.

The Mystics and Shamans, caught in the web of Kyle's spell, felt an invisible force wrap around their wills. With their current level of Spirit Strands and amount of Mental Energy in their bodies, normal mind-controlling spells would no longer affect their bodies.

However, although Kyle didn't use his Divinity to cast this spell and felt quite a normal mind spell, they all felt that their natural defense could easily collapse in front of his spell!

Something was off!

"Not good!"

"A rare mind spell!"

"No! No! This—This one targets the soul! Protect your souls!" Eldrin shouted as he realized what kind of spell they were dealing with after realizing that his soul was protected by his magic artifact felt vulnerable!

Unfortunately for them, it was already too late!

Kyle's Dominion Thirst acted too quickly!

Their pride turned to confusion, then to horror, as they realized they were no longer masters of their own destinies.

They felt their control to their bodies slowly leaving as they realized that they would soon become puppets, their strings pulled by the very person they had celebrated as their savior!

Kyle's eyes swept over the assembly, now his to command.

"You sought to bring order..." He said, his voice rumbling to their hearts with a newfound authority, "but now, you shall follow mine."

The irony of their situation was not lost on them; they had become subjugated, bound by the same methods they had used to dominate their foes.

Kyle knew that these Mystic Arts Practitioners were the ones who were using more innocent humans to experiment on than the Dark Arts Practitioners.

It was something that he learned after having so many memory fragments being extracted.

Anyway, with the Mystics and Shamans now under his dominion, Kyle issued his first command with the authority of a ruler.

"Return to my castle in the Forbidden Forest between the Ruri and Milton Kingdoms" He directed, his voice leaving no room for dissent.

"You will be integrated into my forces and serve as my soldiers. Go now, and await further instructions."

"Yes, Master!"

As the group departed, Kyle couldn't help but smile as he confirmed that they were all flawlessly following his instructions.

Kyle turned his attention to the task at hand. Lesley, the Dark Arts Practitioner who had narrowly escaped his grasp, was his next target.

Actually, he already activated his Divine Sense the moment he had arrived, and he had already marked Lesley's essence. Right now, there was a spectral tether that would allow him to track her movements with ease.

With a thought, Kyle activated his Presence Shift, the world around him blurring as he teleported through the fabric of space. Once, twice, seven times, he shifted his presence, each leap bringing him closer to Lesley's location.

'Mhmm? She's getting too close to their headquarters.' Kyle thought as he noticed the presence of the Vessel's stronghold not too far from Lesley's area.

He couldn't help but feel impressed at Lesley's movement spell. He had actually traveled so far in that short duration! It was certainly impressive!

Whom~

Finally, he arrived at a desolate crossroads where the veil between worlds was thin.

'There was a Rift here before... I guess it was closed by the Dark Arts Faction.' Kyle thought as he sensed the remnant energy of the Abyss Realm in this region.

At this time, Lesley stood there, waiting for Kyle's arrival. It seemed that she knew all along that Kyle would follow her.

She didn't seem surprised at his presence as her eyes were filled with determination.

Sensing Kyle's approach, she called upon the forbidden arts, her voice a chant that pierced the silence of the dead.

Indeed, there was no talk needed as she immediately started casting her spells!

"From the world of shadows, I summon thee, Astaroth, the Reaper of Souls!" Lesley's body became a vessel for the mystical being, her form shrouded in an ethereal mist as the entity from the netherworld entered her.

'Astaroth? That sounded cool...' Kyle had no idea about the being Lesley had summoned. However, he knew that this would not be easy after he sensed the Corrupted Divinity from the Spirit that she summoned.

Kyle watched, unfazed by the display of Dark Ritual.

"Lesley, you tread a dangerous path... That Astaroth seemed a bit too strong. Your physique could also not handle too much Divinity. " He said, his tone was calm as if he was truly worried about his opponent.

"Why do you persist in this foolishness?" He continued.

Lesley, now imbued with the power of Astaroth, faced Kyle with a newfound ferocity.

"Kyle Marshall, or whoever you claim to be, your end comes now!" She declared, her voice echoing with the timbre of the dead.

Kyle sighed but he also felt a little excited to fight against Lesley...

'It's more satisfying to subdue you if you have the power to resist a little. Let's see your strength this time.' Kyle remarked in his mind.

Soon, the two clashed, creating a vortex of Holy Energy and Death's Power colliding in a spectacle of light and shadow.

Kyle actually used his Force instead of Shadow Divinity to fight against Lesley!

Furthermore, after canceling Lesley's death energy, Kyle relied on his innate strength and agility as he dodged the scythe swings and spectral assaults with his movement speed alone!

Of course, Kyle also started attacking Lesley with the moves he learned as a Combat Arts Practitioner.

Lesley, driven by the Reaper's might, matched him blow for blow, her attacks imbued with the chill of the dead.

"You cannot stop what is to come, Kyle! The realms will no longer have any Holy Arts and Mystic Arts Practitioners after this war ends!"

Lesley hissed, her form flickering as she got closer to Kyle while avoiding various tricks.

Kyle parried a particularly vicious strike, his counter a mere touch that sent ripples of purifying light through Lesley's form.

"That sounds interesting, Lesley. However, I think that you are still too naïve." He replied. His voice was calm amidst the storm of their battle.

Kyle's fingers were poised to cast the Slave Mark Spell, the incantation that would bind Lesley to his will.

He wanted to see whether Lesley's blessing could stop his Perfect Realm Spells!

However, as he was about to release his Spell, the air shifted, heralding the arrival of the other members of the Evanescent Vessels.

Anyway, he sensed them before they materialized—five figures cloaked in the aura of Sage Spirits, their power amplified beyond mortal's limits.

Apparently, they already had their bodies possessed before they arrived here! It seemed that they had a rough idea about Kyle's power!

Yet, Kyle stood unshaken. His guise as a Holy Arts Practitioner was a mere facade for the Shadow Immortal that lurked beneath.

The newcomers brandished an artifact of ominous origin...

"Ohhh... No wonder you guys seemed confident... Did you steal them from the Demons Saints you've fought so far?" Kyle asked as his eyes lit up.

He wanted those items as well!

Indeed, their Artifacts were formed from the bones of Dimensional Creatures. It pulsed with the potential to rend the very fabric of space, a threat that could consign Kyle to the void if he wasn't prepared!

"Are you the Young Saint? However, it doesn't matter. Whoever you are, your end is nigh..." One of the Vessels declared, his voice was filled with the wisdom of the Sage Spirit within.

Kyle's eyes narrowed, not with fear, but with the thrill of challenge.

"You presume much, assuming that mere artifacts can best a being of my caliber. Go ahead!"

Lesley, still thrumming with the power of Astaroth, smirked. "Your confidence will be your downfall."

The Vessels raised the artifact high, its eerie glow casting shadows that danced like specters.

"Behold the power of the Void!" They chanted in unison.

Space twisted around Kyle as the space seemed to eat him alive!

It was such a scary attack, and the vessels knew that no arcanist could stop this type of attack if they had no knowledge of space-type spells!

However, Kyle was prepared.

From his cloak, he drew the Rift Blade, its edge shimmering with a light that defied the encroaching darkness.

This Rift Blade was a weapon he extracted together with other Spell Models and Spell Lights from the Dimensional Creature he had killed before in the Celestial Realm!

"Your tricks are futile..." Kyle declared that the blade was slicing through the spatial constraints with ease.

Everyone could tell that Kyle didn't use any Spells from that and just simply relied on his artifact!

Lesley's eyes widened in realization. "Impossible! How did you

—"

"Acquire such a weapon?" Kyle finished her sentence with a sardonic smile. "Let's just say, not all creatures of the Dimensional Plane are unfriendly."

He replied mysteriously, confusing the other vessels.

The Vessels stepped forward, their forms blurring as they invoked the Sage Spirits' might!

"You haven't win yet... We are beyond your comprehension! Surrender now, and we may spare your essence."

Chapter 763 Physique

"Hahaha!"

Kyle laughed, a sound that resonated with the confidence of an Immortal.

"Spare me? You should be pleading for your own salvation."

With a flourish, he brandished the Rift Blade, its edge cutting an arc through the air.

Whoosh~

The Vessels hesitated, their certainty faltering in the face of Kyle's weapon.

"Enough talk..." Kyle said, his voice a low growl. "Show me the strength of your Sage Spirits."

Lesley frowned at this as she knew that even Demon Saints would cower in front of the five weapons with the power to alter space!



Furthermore, she was already possessed by Astaroth, and Sage Spirits possessed the five other vessels! They were a force to be reckoned with!

'I don't feel good about this...'

The man in front of her shouldn't be this confident while facing them!

Nonetheless, they had no choice but to fight against the Holy Arts Practitioner whom they suspected as the Church's Young Saint!

Boom!

The battle erupted once again. It was a clash of space-controlling techniques between the two sides.

Kyle met their attacks bravely and it was something that not even the Demon Saints would do.

His Rift Blade was surely doing its job!

Each swing of his Blade would shatter the Vessels' spells and the powers of the Dimensional Creature's bones became ineffective on him!

Nonetheless, the Dark Arts Practitioners of the Order of the Evanescent Vessels didn't give up!

Lesley and the other Vessels fought with desperate ferocity, and their combined might resulted in a storm of death energy that was slowly destroying the land they were at...

Well, the land was already in a terrible condition as it seemed that a Demon Horde had laid waste on it. But with the addition of their Death Energy, the place became even more inhabitable!

Nonetheless, even with their combined efforts, Kyle was the eye of that storm, calm and unyielding in front of the enemies...

Luckily, Lesley's squad hadn't given up yet and seeing that their opponent wasn't taking them too seriously, they were able to complete their rituals.

"You cannot win!" Lesley hissed, her form flickering with the strain of Astaroth's power.

Kyle met her gaze, his own eyes alight with an otherworldly fire.

"I do not need to win, Lesley. I only need to endure until you break."

Lesley frowned as she confirmed that she hadn't misheard Kyle's words a while ago. The man he suspected as Kyle Marshall had truly called her name! It means that she was really the target of this Young Saint!

'Did I kill too many Priests already? Ugh... It's not surprising that I became their target then...'

Lesley thought for a moment before she took a deep breath as she allowed Astaroth's Spirit to possess more of her body and allow the Spirit to release more power!

Whom~

Because of this decisive move that could even threaten her life, the visage of Astaroth materialized behind Lesley.

It was a spectral colossus; its form was closely similar to the god of death, but it was also like a Demon! Its eyes, twin abysses, seemed to draw in the very light around them. Chains of ethereal energy draped from its limbs, clinking with the sound of inevitability.

"Mhmm? This possession is really incredible... No wonder the other factions just couldn't defeat the Dark Arts Faction, even if they were fighting without the assistance of other factions. The Vessels' possession was just too absurd." Kyle couldn't help but comment after sensing Lesley's power increased by a huge mark once again.

To be honest, he already tried using his Slave Mark Spell and Dominion Thirst Spell on this woman. However, perhaps due to the two blessings she had received from two powerful figures, his Spell had completely failed without even damaging her mental defense.

'I guess I should just weaken you, huh...' Kyle thought as a plan occurred in his mind.

The battle escalated, the surrounding atmosphere was filled Arcane Energy from the two sides.

It was the collision of Kyle's Holy Energy and the unholy forces from the six Dark Arts Practitioners.

'Traceless Shift doesn't work either... I can't steal their weapons...' Kyle complained in his mind as he parried the attacks.

Kyle, with the Rift Blade in hand, danced through the voids torn by the Vessels' space magic.

There were times that he had to dodge since he wanted to counterattack with his Rift Blade...

At this time, many of his Spells would not be able to display their full might because of the Space Magic coming from their weapons. Furthermore, everytime he tried to gather his strength to cast a stronger Arcane Art or Celestial Art, Lesley would unleash a powerful attack back by the other Vessels with Sage Spirit.

As Kyle tried to cast his Meteor Summon Spell to surprise his enemies, he immediately sensed a danger aiming directly at his soul!

Apparently, Lesley, empowered by the Reaper of Souls, channeled Astaroth's formidable essence to directly attack him!

"Haha! Behold the might of the Soul Reaper!" She cried out, her voice resonating with the power of the entity that loomed behind her.

It seemed as if Astaroth's image became clearer!

Of course, Kyle had to use his other Spells this time. There was no longer any point deceiving them as a Holy Arts Practitioner.

Kyle first used his Spell Dispersion in an attempt to remove the targeted Spells that were made by the Vessels with Sage Spirits.

It was effective, and quickly, he met Lesley's attack with his Abyssal Fire!

After all, the Abyssal Fire wasn't just an unending flame but it also has a unique property that could destroy other Spells!

The Soul Repear's might was met by the Abyssal Fire and it was something Lesley didn't expect since Abyssal Fire should only be possessed by the Demon Saints!

"You're using a Demonic Artifact?!" Lesley's eyes widened as she didn't expect the Church's Young Saint would rely on such a weapon!

However, Kyle didn't stop his attack!

His Rift Blade moved and it was like a streak of purifying brilliance against the dark.

Whom~

It struck the surrounding space and completely shattered the might of the Soul Reaper!

This time, however, Kyle didn't just use the power of the Rift Blade, he added his Shadow Divinity to it!

This was something that the Vessels did not fail to notice at all! Furthermore, they knew that it did not come from his weapon but from his body!

"Divinity!" All of them said at the same time as they realized that the young man was indeed a Half-Immortal at the very least.

Kyle smiled after seeing their reaction.

"Impressive attack, but it's futile in front of me, Lesley..." Kyle declared, his tone even, betraying neither concern nor strain.

However, Lesley and the others just became even more desperate.

Once again, they drew power from their summoned beings...

This time, Kyle decided not to hold back as he allowed them to use up their power, hoping that the blessings they had, or the mysterious spells that could stop his Slave Mark, would wear off.

As the duel wore on, it became clear that Kyle's endurance was as impregnable as his resolve to enslave them.

Lesley's form began to waver, the strain of channeling Astaroth's immense power taking its toll.

At this rate, Astaroth might really take this chance to take over Lesley's body and mind, making her soul disappear.

Well, that would be the case if Astaroth was stupid... After all, he would just be enslaved by Kyle if he took that chance. Kyle believed that even if Astaroth had an opportunity, he wouldn't waste his Spirit at all.

'Ahh... I think this Rift Blade can help as well.' Kyle recalled the other effect of this blade. Apparently, aside from cutting space, it could also cut Arcane Energy.

'Let's try...'

Whoosh~

With a final, graceful maneuver, Kyle disarmed Lesley, the Rift Blade severed her connection to the Reaper of Souls!

Then, Astaroth's image behind Lesley seemed to look at Kyle for the last time before it flickered and then faded, its chains of power dissipating into the ether...

Thud!

Lesley dropped to the ground, feeling completely drained. The blessing of the Death God and the Deadly Sin Wrath had also weakened a lot.

Lesley, now bereft of her otherworldly patron, faced Kyle with defiance and resignation.

"What will you do with me now?" She asked, her voice a mere echo of its former strength.

She also looked at the five other Vessels and realized that they were already subdued by 30 or so Moonlight Specters!

'Dual Arts Practitioner, huh... No, this is Half-Immortal we're talking about. Maybe he actually learned 5 Arcane Paths. His body could surely take it...' Lesley thought as she couldn't help but envy the man for a moment.

If she also had the physique of a Half-Immortal, there was no way she would lose. In the end, she knew she was defeated because her physique wasn't good enough.

'Maybe even if my physique is as good as Cressida's... I won't be like this...' Lesley thought as she couldn't help but pity herself.

Chapter 764 Saved

Lesley sighed after reaching this thought.

The reason why she had tried to unveil the secrets of the Tier 3 Variants for so many years was because of her physique. She wanted to learn its secrets and apply it to herself!

Of course, she also had other plans to exceed the limit of her body, like stealing various techniques or robbing the physique itself! She actually obtained many candidates for it, but the problem was the fact that they were still too lacking and needed to develop for several more years before she could take advantage of them.

Clank.

Kyle sheathed his Rift Blade, his gaze softening as he looked at the woman who was previously brimming with life and confidence...

Since Lesley was already in a helpless situation and the other Vessels were already subdued by the Moonlight Specters, he knew that the battle was over.

Kyle took a deep breath as he asked Lesley...

"Do you remember me?"

Lesley's expression froze as this question meant one thing, the person in front of her, although several years had already passed, was definitely Kyle Marshall... He was one of the young men she had killed in the recruitment years ago!

She could never forget all the people she killed or people who died because of her doing, so she was sure of it!

"Are you really Kyle? How did you survive?!" Lesley couldn't help but ask.

"Mhmm?"

Before Kyle could respond, the fabric of reality contorted...

Kyle was barely able to sense the disturbance in space before it immediately heralded the arrival of three old and perhaps venerable figures.

His Magic Zone felt their aura and knew that these figures weren't simple...

'This...'

Their sudden appearance caused Kyle's brow to furrow, questions forming in his mind that were left unspoken as the trio acted with swift purpose.

He wanted to ask them who they were, but it seemed that they were in a hurry.

In a fleeting moment, the Moonlight Specters that had subdued the Vessels evaporated, whisked away by the arcane prowess of one of the elders.

'That's fast...' Kyle thought as he felt a breeze near his face...

Just like that, Lesley was spirited away, her form growing distant in the grasp of another elder.

The final elder simply stood, his gaze fixed upon Kyle, an unspoken challenge hanging between them. It was as if he would act the moment Kyle tried to stop the other two venerable figures.

'These old or maybe ancient men aren't simple....' Kyle thought as he observed them carefully.

Even if they didn't introduce themselves, he already had an idea about their identity.

The three sages wore robes that spoke of ancient lineage and formidable power.

The intricate designs and emblems adorning their garments were unmistakable. They were the insignia of the three families that Kyle knew very well!

They were from the Featherstar, Moontomb, and Ravinie Clan!

These were not mere Arcanist Families; they were scions of the founding families of the Dark Arts Faction, three of the five pillars that upheld their Dark Creed.

"Just what are these three doing here?" Kyle muttered under his breath. He couldn't believe that these powerful and ancient figures of the three families would come and corner him!

'No... Perhaps they just wanted to save Lesley?' Kyle thought as he felt that he genuinely had no idea about Lesley.

'Aside from being a genius and niece of the previous headmaster, I don't really know that much about her.' Kyle sighed, realizing how little he knew of Lesley's significance. He didn't expect that three of such formidable figures of the Dark Arts Faction would act to save her!

Their presence was definitely a testament to the gravity of the situation, a clear indication that the stakes had risen beyond the scope of a mere skirmish.

'Now... Do I have to fight them?'

Kyle, recognizing the sigils of their heritage, understood the depth of the conflict he was now entangled in.

Nonetheless, he wanted to ensure that he really understood what was going on.

'I can't use my Divine Sense on them... They must be strong.' Kyle thought as he tried to assess the strength of these three individuals.

In the meantime, the elders now stood before him, their visages etched with the passage of countless years.

The elder who stayed in his spot stepped forward, his robe was a deep midnight blue with silver threads that formed constellations across the fabric. Kyle knew this insignia very well as he had seen this from Maya.

"I am Sade..." He spoke. His voice was deep and old and seemed to carry a Dark Spell that he couldn't identify..."I'm from the Featherstar lineage."

To his side, a woman clad in a robe of purples and blacks, the emblem of a crescent moon cradling a tombstone woven into the cloth, regarded Kyle with an intense gaze.

"Morganna of the Moontomb clan..." She introduced herself, her tone sharp as the edge of a blade.

The last of the trio, draped in a dark green robe embroidered with thorns and ravens, had an air of solemnity as old as the forests.

"And I am Gavrie..." he declared, "of the Ravinie bloodline."

It seemed that it was only right to introduce himself after the three bothered to do so themselves.

'Well, I still have some manners, I suppose.' Kyle thought.

"Ahem... I'm Kyle Marshall..." He said after clearing his throat.

He then looked around and confirmed that Lesley and the other Vessels had already vanished. It seemed that they actually used a spell to control their bodies.

The elders' intent became clear as Sade spoke. "We seek to offer you a place among us, to become the Guardian of our Faction."

"Wield your might for our cause." Gavrie added after seeing Kyle's reaction.

"As a fellow Half-Immortal, we will give you the resources you need to increase your Divinity. Our family had already existed for many generations. We have various methods to accumulate Divinity and learn more Arcane Paths. You just need to become one of the Guardians that will protect the Dark Arts Faction." Morganna added.

'They want to recruit me? That's unexpected.' Kyle thought as he heard their words.

Of course, his response was firm, his resolve was unshaken by the offer.

"I walk a path of my own choosing. Your offer, while grand, is not my destiny."

He replied while shaking his head.

Morganna stepped forward, her tone laced with incredulity.

"Do you grasp the magnitude of what you refuse? We are Half-

Immortals and there are many other hidden Half-Immortals in our Faction. Our lineage is steeped in power. With us, you could achieve greatness beyond measure."

Gavriel's eyes narrowed, a silent understanding passing between them. "Your defiance is folly. We offer you a place among the legends of this continent... Consider well, young immortal.s"

Kyle met their gazes, one after another. Then, with his steady voice, he replied. "Then why not stop the invasion of the Abyss Realm if you have so many Half-Immortals?"

"It's not that simple... The Dark Arts Faction has to ensure that its main force would not be revealed to enemies." Sade replied.

Kyle understood where they were coming from, but he still had no plans to join them.

"I seek not legend nor power. My journey is one of balance, not dominion." He replied with a mysterious smile on his face.

The three elders obviously didn't like his reply.

The standoff was intense, as the tension in the air started getting heavier.

"Then you choose to stand against us?" Sade's question hung in the air. This was a challenge he laid bare!

"I stand for my principles." Kyle replied, "even if it means standing alone."

The elders or perhaps patriarchs of the three Clans exchanged glances, their expressions a blend of respect and regret.

They had encountered a rare fellow who was not easily swayed by promises of wealth and power.

Kyle's declaration hung in the air as the three Half-Immortals didn't expect that even with the three of them facing the young man, he was still too arrogant.

The elders' faces, once masks of ancient wisdom, now contorted with displeasure.

The atmosphere grew thick with the scent of an impending storm!

"You leave us no choice!" Eldric Featherstar intoned, his voice a low rumble. "We cannot allow a wildcard such as yourself to roam unchecked."

Morganna Moontomb's eyes glinted with a cold light. "You could have been a great ally, Kyle. Now, you shall witness the true might of the Dark Arts."

Gavriel Ravinie raised his hands, and the ground beneath them began to tremble. "The dead shall heed our call. Rise, servants of the eternal night!"

With a chorus of incantations, the three elders summoned forth their legions.

From the earth, spectral figures emerged, their forms were translucent and shimmering with an otherworldly glow.

In just a blink of an eye, the land was suddenly filled with the whispers of the undead, a symphony of the damned that chilled the very soul.

Chapter 765 The Three Elders

"This... All three of you learned Necromancy? Interesting." Kyle muttered as it was one of the Dark Arts Branch that he had not focused on.

He only had Corpse Explosion and couldn't even summon any Undead Creatures.

Anyway, Kyle watched as the phantoms of warriors in the long past took shape, their weapons forged from the darkness of the world of the dead.

The necromancers' power was certainly incredible. Furthermore, these three are Half-Immortals, so the Undead they summoned weren't simple!

Whoosh~

Just like that, the three elders only took mere seconds before a dark tide that threatened to engulf all in its path appeared!

"Are you ready?" Sade asked with a smirk on his face. He was certainly confident with their combined strength.

Yet, Kyle stood firm, his mysterious smile never wavering.

He was actually quite excited to fight against Necromancers!

"You summoned Undead Creatures as your ally, but these beings hold no sway over me."

Sade's eyes narrowed. "Then let us test your mettle, young immortal. Attack!"

The undead horde surged forward, and a wave of aura similar to despair and decay followed them!

"Hu~"

Kyle took a deep breath as he watched the undead creatures move forward, and many of them were still coming out of the ground!

Indeed! The ground itself seemed to groan and split, giving birth to the most fearsome undead warriors!

From the chasms of darkness rode forth the Abyss Knights. Their armor was dark, from which no light could escape! Their mounts were also spectral beasts with eyes similar to those of smoldering coals!

These beasts snorted with a contempt for the living that chilled the air around them. They weren't threatened at the sight of their enemy at all!

'Ho~ Abyss Knights... Let's see how strong they are.' Kyle thought as he could tell that these Abyss Knights were stronger than the ones he was able to summon through the Grimoire.

Anyway, among the ranks marched the Death Knight. There were dozens of them!

Their surprisingly untainted armor clanked with a rhythm that mimicked the heartbeat of the damned!

'Did they train these Death Knights to march like that? They're so organized...' Kyle couldn't help but remark in his mind. It was certainly impressive as he recalled Denise's androids!

What was even more surprising was that they were all carrying rune-carved greatswords!

The Mummy Lords had also shown themselves from their ancient crypts, their bandages inscribed with ancient curses.

They raised their scepters, channeling the ghostly energies of forgotten epochs, and the air around them seemed to be filled with toxic energy!

Aside from that, Kyle saw Specter Warriors.



They were barely visible, but with the glint of their ethereal armor, Kyle was able to observe them easily.

They moved with a silence that was more terrifying than any war cry. They were also carrying ghostly blades that were leaving trails of frost in their wake.

Riding alongside them were the Spirit Warriors, their translucent forms also glowed as they all looked at Kyle, their target.

Of course, many other Undead Creatures have appeared.

They were Wraith Commanders, Banshee Queens, Lich Enforcers, and the most numerous Undead, the Shadow Revenants...

"Hahaha! Very well! Show me what you got!"

Kyle drew his Rift Blade once more, its edge gleaming with a light that seemed to pierce the veil of death itself. The three elders noticed his blade and knew that it wouldn't be easy for the Undead alone.

An artifact that could cut through space was just too much.

The three looked at each other as they knew what they had to do before Kyle could attack their summoned Undead.

"Not so quick, young immortal."

Morganna chanted a spell of binding, attempting to shackle Kyle with chains of shadow.

But Kyle's agility was unmatched; he slipped through the bonds like water, and his blade even broke several ethereal links she created.

"Stay here!"

Gavriel's incantations brought forth a giant, a colossus of bone that towered over the battlefield. Its steps shook the earth, and it wasn't a giant that fights offensively, but with its tough bones, it could trap its target and force it to fight in a tight space!

'What's this?'

This was the first time that Kyle had seen such a summon. It was like a moving bone prison!

He tried to get away with his Presence Shift but Sade disrupted the surrounding space for a brief moment to halt his movement!

'So he's the one who used that teleportation to arrive here... He's probably also the one who arranged for Lesley and the other's escape.' Kyle thought as he analyzed the situation.

Kyle then frowned as he faced the giant...

'Let's see how tough you are...' Kyle thought as he used his blade...

Bang!

The Rift Blade met the giant's bones, and with a burst of radiant energy, the limb shattered into a thousand pieces. However, it actually repaired itself after a few moments!

Nonetheless, Kyle didn't stop as he added his Corrupted Divinity to his attacks!

As expected, it actually worked and the bone no longer regenerated!

'It probably wouldn't work with normal Corruption...' Kyle mused as he believed that only Corrupted Divinity could dismantle the bone's mysterious power.

However, it doesn't change the fact that he could no longer escape from being surrounded by the Undead!

The Giant Bone had already done its part in containing him in a cage!

As the Abyss Knights charged, their spectral steeds thundered as they reached Kyle in no time...

'Mhmm... I can't use too much Divinity right now. I have to reserve them for these three Half-Immortals.' Kyle thought as he readied his Rift Blade.

The Abyss Knights, emanating an aura of sheer malice, finally arrived. They weren't speaking, but their eyes were fixed with a singular purpose: to extinguish the life of their foe.

Kyle stood his ground, the blade in his hand humming with the power coming from his Aura... He seemed to plan to eliminate all these creatures with the smallest amount of energy he could muster!

As the first knight reached him, he deftly sidestepped its charge, bringing his blade in a sweeping arc that cleaved through the dark armor as if it were made of mist!

Whooshh~

The knight didn't even know how it was defeated as it faltered and dissipated into the void from whence it came.

One by one, the Abyss Knights met the same fate.

Their numbers mattered not, for Kyle fought with the experience of a master swordsman, he was unstoppable with the Rift Blade in his hands!

Each swing of his blade could easily cut through one of the most powerful Undead that could be summoned by any Necromancers!

This was simply an unimaginable feat to many! However, for Kyle, it was only natural as he wasn't wielding any type of sword.

It was a weapon from a Dimensional Creature that travels through various Realms or maybe the Universe. Furthermore, with his current Immortal Physique, Strength Strands, and Aura, he definitely did not lack power!

With five of the Abyss Knights vanquished, the Death Knights took their place!

They advanced in unison, their rune-carved greatswords raised high, ready to bring down death upon Kyle.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Surprisingly, the Death Knight's swords were able to hold up against his Rift Blade! It was confusing since the Abyss Knights should be stronger than them!

'Ahhh... Is that because of their swords?' Kyle's eyes widened as he realized that the rune of the greatswords seemed to cancel out the power of his Rift Blade!

'Impressive!' Kyle couldn't help but praise such a sturdy weapon! The rune actually stopped a blade that could cut through space!

He couldn't help but desire such a weapon! After all, he might be facing Dimensional Creatures in the near future as well! Such a weapon might be very useful for him, especially if he had someone accompanying him.

Anyway, Kyle didn't feel scared!

The Death Knights, though formidable, were not prepared for Kyle's abilities.

For a moment, he met their greatswords with parries and ripostes to get a better idea about the weapon's strength...

Sparks flew as runes clashed with enchanted steel... This time, Kyle realized that there are over 5 Runes on their greatswords!

It was definitely impressive!

However, Kyle triggered one of his favorite spells!

"Traceless Shift!"

With the activation of this spell, all their weapons disappeared and appeared beside Kyle!

Well, with those five Runes, none of them could defend against his Traceless Shift!

The next battle was no longer exciting.

One by one, the Death Knights fell before him, their armor clattering to the ground in pieces as their existence snuffed out like candles in a gale.

"This..."

The elders watched in disbelief as their undead army faltered under Kyle's relentless assault. One by one, the spectral soldiers dissipated, their essence returning to the void from where they came.

"You fight well, Kyle Marshall..." Eldric conceded, his tone laced with a newfound respect. "But this is far from over."

Chapter 766 The Eye

Morganna then stepped forward, her hands weaving a new spell.

"The night is long, and our full strength isn't shown yet. You cannot hope to stand alone against the tide of eternity."

Kyle's smile faded, replaced by a look of determination.

"Then let the night come. I am ready."

As Kyle said this, the bright sky had indeed turned dark like it was the middle of the night! Without a doubt, the Necromancers had become stronger together with their Undead Summons! Nonetheless, this could also be used to his advantage as a Shadow Immortal!

Whoosh~

What was even more surprising was that Darkness covered more than just the battlefield. It felt as if it was trying to cover the whole nation!

Indeed! The night unfurled its dark wings over the desolate land and the surrounding areas. It was like a canvas upon which the epic battle between Kyle and the three necromancer elders would be painted.

'Ho~ This is no longer just Darkness Manipulation... I wonder what kind of spell this is.' Kyle thought for a moment as he observed the surroundings. Even with his skills as a Shadow Immortal, he felt that he wouldn't have the ability to turn the day into night in such a huge area!

He could only believe that the Necromancers were using a special spell or ritual that could allow them to do this change.

Nonetheless, as soon as the Darkness embraced the land, the atmosphere changed as it was suddenly filled with the power of ancient Arcane Arts, and the earth itself seemed to turn cold as if awaiting the outcome of this clash of titans.

Sade Featherstar, his robe now swirling with the constellations that adorned it, raised his arms high, summoning the Darkness that seemed to be brought by cosmic energies that had birthed the stars.

"You face not just the darkness of the grave, Kyle, but the void between the worlds..." He spoke in an eerie voice as a strange power of Darkness seemed to contain Kyle's movement.

Morganna Moontomb's eyes glowed with a fierce light as she wove her hands through the air, her fingers tracing sigils on her body that pulsed with a malevolent purple hue.

"The night is ours, young immortal. You cannot hope to outlast the eternal Darkness..." She said as her eyes turned dark, and Kyle immediately felt the curses that were trying to enter his body! Without a doubt, the eyes she was showing must be the Cursed Dark Eye of the Dark Arts Faction!

Kyle knew about this spell thanks to the Forbidden Practice of the Unlighted Book!

'They're really trying to kill me now, huh...' Kyle took a deep breath as he felt his Incorruptible Body working tirelessly to defend against the unending curses coming from Morganna.

If the others only have Active Curse Break Spell to defend against her Cursed Dark Eye, they would surely fail after breaking ten or even a hundred curse spells aimed at their bodies.

After all, Morganna was actually casting one Curse Spell every second to attack Kyle right now!

If not for his physique that could fight against curses and corruption, he would be in trouble facing such a tricky opponent!

On the other hand, Gavriel Ravinie stood silent, his presence alone enough to bend the shadows to his will.

The thorns and ravens embroidered on his robe seemed to come alive, and soon, they indeed released themselves from his robe!

Gavriel seemed to have summoned a dark army of Shadow Limbs to accompany Kyle's night!

In the meantime, Kyle felt the pressure finally coming at him... He was able to tell that the three Necromancers just used a huge amount of Divinity together!

They were truly serious about this right now!

"Fine... Let's see what you can do."

Kyle muttered as he focused himself on the battle that was about to come. He gripped the Rift Blade tightly and eyed the Ghoul King who was sneaking behind him...

However, he decided not to bother with it as he summoned his Moonlight Specters!

Well, it wasn't only them who had Spells that could get a boost during the night!

His Moonlight Specters became incredibly strong due to the surrounding darkness despite having no moon in the sky.

With 30 Moonlight Specters being summoned at the same time, it allowed Kyle to hold off the advancing undead creatures and focus on the three Half-Immortal Necromancers!

The Rift Blade, forged from the essence of the space itself, glowed with a light that cut through the Darkness!

"You have to show more if you want to win against me!" Kyle declared, his voice steady and clear. "I stand with the balance that governs all things. Once I win this battle, I want you to stop the war against the Holy Arts Faction during this time while the Demons are invading our land! Do you understand?!"

Kyle spoke, but it seemed that his words fell into deaf ears as they seemed to have no plans to backing out!

"Then, I'll put some sense into you guys!"

With a cry that split the night, Kyle charged forward, his blade was like an arc of pure radiance.

Whoosh~

Sade met his charge with a barrage of dark stones as if he summoned them from space!

"This! Is there some kind of Rock Zombie?! How can he summon those of dark stones to defend against me?" Kyle was shocked as his attack was met by those mysterious dark stones.

However, an idea came up to his mind as he recalled that Sade knew space magic...

He couldn't help but think that Sade really summoned stones from the depths of space to crush any who dared oppose him.

This was definitely an absurd ability and something that a Necromancer shouldn't be capable of doing!

Luckily, Kyle still had various Spells he could use...

Kyle used his max agility and his Presence Shift Spell as he moved with the grace of the wind. While doing so, his blade sliced through the stones coming at him, dissipating them into dust.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

Morganna's spells, on the other hand, sought to bind Kyle. They were chains of curses that aimed to bind his soul as well as his body!

The curses were various diseases, curses that attack the soul, weaken energy, or curses like pain, blindness, and other curses continued attacking Kyle without any delay or respite at all!

Yet Kyle's will was unbreakable, and with a surge of light from the Rift Blade, he sent an attack that rift through space to Morganna, forcing her to stop attacking with her eye's ability.

Although Kyle was unaffected by the Curses, he was still forcing his physique to overwork while defending against those attacks! He should still take care of that woman!

Gavriel, seeing his companions falter, stepped forward, his own power was also like a silent devastation. He summoned the spirits of the dark forest, ancient and wrathful, to tear Kyle asunder.

Various evil treants appeared and attacked Kyle from the back of the Undead Creatures!

But Kyle's blade didn't stop moving! He finally mustered enough Divinity to use his Holy Smite to a huge area followed by his Exorcism Spell! One by one, the spirits, and most of the weaker Undead Creatures bowed before him and faded away. The holy light seemed to calm their rage!

It was quelled by the light that came from his Holy Spells!

However, the three Half-Immortals weren't over yet!

The three half-immortal necromancers, their faces etched with lines of dark intent, joined hands, channeling their formidable energies into a singular, devastating force.

Whom~

The very fabric of the sky ruptured, revealing a realm of unspeakable horror beyond. And there, amidst the cosmic void, a colossal eye opened—a mountainous, all-seeing orb belonging to a powerful being!

"Death God's Eye..." Sade murmured, his voice was now weak without a shed of its former might. At the same time, blood wept from his own eyes—a testament to the terrible cost of invoking such a power.

The necromancers, their robes billowing in the ghastly winds that now howled across the battlefield, raised their voices in a plea to the ancient deity.

"Oh, great and terrible eye, we beseech thee..." They chanted in unison.

"Cast down this defiant human who dares to challenge the eternal night!"

The Death God's Eye, vast and unblinking, turned its gaze upon Kyle. A pressure, heavy as the ages, bore down upon him, a crushing force that sought to obliterate his very essence.

From the abyssal pupil, a beam of annihilating energy surged forth!

It was like a torrent of oblivion that scorched the earth and turned the air to fire.

Kyle, his every muscle screaming in protest, raised the Rift Blade high. The dimensional weapon met the dark beam with a resounding clash. The ground around him shattered, the air screamed, and the very light of his blade seemed to waver under the incomprehensible might of the Death God.

Chapter 767 Recognized

'This is Death God's power?! Isn't this a bit too strong?' Kyle complained as he felt his body being crushed...

However, he wasn't giving up just yet as he released his Shadow Divinity and stood firm.

As the oppressive might of the Death God bore down upon him, Kyle's defiance seemed to create just a small ripple against the vast ocean...

"How can this guy be so strong?!" Kyle gasped as he felt as if his current Divinity could barely protect himself!

At this time, his body was on the brink of being crushed by the sheer force. Yet, he didn't just allow himself to die and used everything he got. He summoned the depths of his Shadow Divinity, Corrupted Divinity, and even his Immortal Essence as a dark aura enveloped him as he prepared for his last stand against the celestial Eye.

Boom!

The battle of power was fierce, and Kyle fought with the desperation of one who knew the end was near.

His hands, now disintegrating into shadow, struggled to maintain their grip on the Rift Blade, which began to show cracks along its once-immaculate surface.

"Tsk... This Death God is too strong... Is he at the same level as the Fortune Goddess and the Demon Lord?" Kyle thought.

It was clear that even with all his power, he was no match for the divine entity that sought his destruction.

From the sidelines, Morganna and the other necromancers watched with a mixture of satisfaction and relief.

"So he was indeed the Shadow Immortal..." Morganna whispered, her voice tinged with triumph.

"But he's too weak... The rumors of his strength were grossly exaggerated I guess..." Gavriel scoffed, unable to hide his disdain.

Yet, amidst their premature celebrations, Sade's intuition screamed that something was amiss. And in that moment of doubt, the unexpected occurred.

As Kyle's body was about to be disintegrated by the Death God's Eye, a figure arrived in front of the battered Kyle...

A mysterious four-legged creature emerged from the void, its form was enigmatic and its presence was like an enigma.

With a feeble but determined attack, it struck at the Death God's Eye in the sky, unleashing a power that seemed insignificant but carried the weight of anomalies.

The creature's assault, though seemingly weak, held a strange power that caused the Rift in the sky to tremble and begin to close. It was unfortunate that the Death God's Eye immediately acted and stopped the Rift from closing or blocking his sight.

"A creature of space?" Morganna pondered, recognition dawning upon her as she identified the being's origin.

Then, in a twist that none could have anticipated, another figure stepped forth from the shadows—a second Kyle, whole and unharmed, his eyes alight with an unfathomable fire.

"This..."

Gavriel's eyes widened in shock as the truth unraveled before them... Even Sade exchanged glances at his fellow Half-Immortals.

They all quickly realized what was going on: the Kyle they had been battling was nothing but an avatar, a incarnation conjured by the true Shadow Immortal!

"Not good..." Sade knew they had made a big mistake this time.

The real Kyle, now revealed, stood with a calmness that belied the chaos around him.

"You thought to defeat me, a Shadow Immortal, with your small tricks..." He said, his voice resonant and full of an authority that no one could deny.

With a swift motion, he drew his Stormbringer Sword, this one was gleaming with an even brighter light. He stepped forward, and the dimensional creature quickly moved to his side as if to provide support at what was about to come.

Kyle then released the full might of a True Shadow Immortal and faced the Death God's Eye...

Whom~

Unleashing the full spectrum of his Shadow Divinity, Kyle stood firmly before the Death God's Eye, a terrifying huge eye as big as a mountain that was in the sky peeking through the Rift it had created.

Kyle then raised the Stormbringer Sword high, and from its edge, a surge of Divine Lightning erupted, a tempest of Immortal Energy that clashed with the abyssal gaze of the Death God!

Boom!

The Death God's Eye, an entity unaccustomed to resistance, fought back with a relentless fury. From its deathly aura, it unleashed waves of dark power, seeking to smother Kyle's light. The sky became a battlefield of contrasting forces, lightning and deathly aura grappling for dominion.

'Mhmm? It's holding out longer than I expected...' Kyle thought, referring to the Divine Lightning that he used. He actually thought that this spell wouldn't last long against the Death God and planned to use other Celestial Arts.

Kyle then decided to stick to this spell for now as he strained himself to fight against the Eye with one Celestial Arts.

He merely channeled his Immortal Essence and Divinity through his sword to continuously cast his Spell!

Bolts of lightning tore through the night, each strike was like a challenge to the Death God's claim over the land.

'This Death God is definitely strong... Is he also considered as a Celestial or a different entity?' Shane thought as he was genuinely curious about the difference between the deities and immortals like him.

Although he already had an idea, he still couldn't help but feel curious.

However, the Eye had no plans of stopping its attack as the battle continued.



The Death God's Eye, relentless in its assault, sought to wear down Kyle's defenses, to shatter his spirit, extinguish his soul, and burn his body...

But Kyle's defense was holding up like the eternal mountains.

With each passing moment, his attacks grew more potent, his Divine Lightning started carving into the very fabric of the sky.

Indeed! Kyle decided to stick to his Divine Lightning to force the Death God's Eye! The reason was simple: it actually worked really well against Deathly Aura!

The Rift, assaulted by the relentless barrage, began to tremble, its edges fraying as the reality it had torn apart sought to mend itself.

The necromancers, once confident in their supremacy, now watched in a mix of horror and awe as the tide turned.

"He's too strong... This cannot be..." Morganna whispered, her voice a shadow of its former conviction.

Gavriel, his eyes wide with disbelief, could only stare as the avatar they had fought was revealed to be a mere diversion, a shadow play orchestrated by the true Shadow Immortal.

As soon as Kyle realized that he was about to win, he did something very unusual that confused the others...

It was him using his Darkness Manipulation to create a huge dark tendril to attack the Death God's Eye in the sky!

"What is he doing?" Sade was confused as he saw the Dark Tendril.

"Is he planning to mark the Death God and visit him once he enters the Underworld's Realm?" Morganna muttered.

"That's preposterous..." Gavrie replied as he shook his head in disbelief.

However, Kyle obviously had a different reason!

As soon as his Dark Tendril reached his target, he quickly activated his Divine Extraction System...

[ Living Immortal has been discovered. Would you like to start the extraction? ]

"Yes!"

[ Extraction Successful. Divinity +5, Vitality +0.5, Strength +0.5, Immortal Essence +100 ]

[ Extraction Successful. Divinity +5, Vitality +0.5, Strength +0.5, Immortal Essence +100 ]

[ Extraction Successful. Divinity +5, Vitality +0.5, Strength +0.5, Immortal Essence +100 ]

[ Extraction Successful. Divinity +5, Vitality +0.5, Strength +0.5, Immortal Essence +100 ]

...

[ Extraction Successful. Divinity +5, Vitality +0.5, Strength +0.5, Immortal Essence +100 ]

[ Extraction Successful. Divinity +5, Vitality +0.5, Complete Evolved Spell Light ]

[ Extraction Successful. Divinity +5, Vitality +0.5, Complete Evolved Spell Light ]

[ Extraction Successful. Divinity +5, Vitality +0.5, Complete Evolved Spell Light ]

[ Extraction Successful. Divinity +5, Vitality +0.5, Complete Grave Chill Spell Model ]

[ Extraction Successful. Divinity +5, Vitality +0.5, Complete Graveyard Shift Spell Model ]

[ Extraction Successful. Divinity +5, Vitality +0.5, Complete Eclipse of Oblivion Spell Model ]

[ Extraction Successful. Divinity +5, Vitality +0.5, Complete Doom Gaze Spell Model ]

[ Extraction Failed. ]

As soon as Kyle completed his extraction, the Death God realized what was going on and cut off the Dark Tendril that Kyle had sent out sneakily.

Then, it gazed at Kyle in shock as if it realized something...

Kyle was confused as he felt as if the Death God was shocked but also exhilarated by what he did!

'You're supposed to be upset. Why are you looking so excited?' Kyle thought as he shook his head.

However, it seemed that the Death God read his mind and spoke to him!

'So the Divine Extraction is indeed in the human realm...'

These words came from the Death God and it froze Kyle for a moment.

Kyle wanted to say something but then, as if the heavens themselves had decreed it, the Death God's Eye wavered in the sky.

Its once unwavering gaze flickered under the onslaught of Kyle's lightning.

With a final, resounding crack, like the breaking of an ancient chain, the Rift sealed shut, and the Eye receded, its presence fading from the world as quickly as it had appeared.

Kyle, his breathing heavy but triumphant, lowered his sword and looked at the sky where the Death God's Eye vanished.

It felt as if he made huge mistake just now.

Chapter 768 Sneaking In

As the dust settled from the retreat of the Death God's Eye, Kyle's gaze shifted to the three elders of the Dark Arts Faction.

As soon as he did this, they obviously felt threatened, and they swiftly acted.

Kyle didn't move as he watched them carefully. He doesn't feel threatened by them at all after they spent so much of their Divinity to summon the Death God's Eye.

'That must've taken more than half of their Divinity.' Kyle thought.

Nonetheless, the three emitted a powerful aura as the air around them started turning cold, before turning hot again and again.

Kyle frowned after sensing this fluctuation of energy.

'They're not serious, are they?' Kyle couldn't help but step back for a moment.

With a dangerous energy, Kyle knew what was going on. It was a prelude to their final, desperate gambit.

Sade, Morganna, and Gavriel stood united, their hands clasped in a circle, as they began to chant in a language that was ancient and forbidden.

The ground beneath them ruptured, and a dark miasma seeped from the cracks, swirling around the trio in a vortex of impending doom.

"We shall drag you to hell with us, Shadow Immortal!" Eldric's voice boomed, distorted by the power he was invoking.

'They're serious?! Aren't you rushing to your death too quickly! We should at least exchange a few moves before doing this...' Kyle was genuinely surprised at their rash decision.

Nonetheless, he could certainly recognize this kind of energy fluctuation.

Without a doubt, the energy they're emitting had the signs of a self-destructive spell! He knew that even with his true Immortal status, he would be tested against such a cataclysmic force!

The three Half-Immortals, with Divinity coursing through their veins, were prepared to sacrifice everything to take him down with them! This was not a small matter even for him!

With no time to spare, Kyle retreated, weaving several defensive spells around him.

A dome of shadow and light enveloped him, a barrier against the suicidal onslaught that was about to be unleashed. It didn't end there as Moonlight Specters formed around him, an Abyssal Fire attacked the three elders, Shadow Soldiers attacked them sneakily, and another meteor was summoned to crush them!

Just like that, Kyle used 5 or more Spells at the same time!

Nonetheless, the elders didn't care about his Spells.

Their bodies began to glow with an eerie light, their life forces burning like dying stars.

"For the Darkness!" They cried out, their voices merging into a single, haunting echo.

The explosion that followed felt apocalyptic. The land itself screamed as the energies released by the elders tore through it, a destructive force that sought to annihilate everything in its path.

Kyle, within his protective cocoon, felt the shockwaves battering against his defenses. He braced himself, channeling every ounce of his power into maintaining the spells that kept him safe.

'Mhmm? It's not eating up as much Divinity as I thought... I guess I've gotten too strong over the past few months.' Kyle thought as he let the time pass.

As the chaos subsided, Kyle emerged from his shield, expecting to find nothing but devastation in the wake of the elders' sacrifice.

But to his astonishment, the landscape, though scarred, was not the barren wasteland he had anticipated.

And there, where the three necromancers had stood, was emptiness.

They had vanished, leaving behind no trace of their presence. It was as if they had never been there at all.

'Is it an illusion? No... There's still remnant energy... They must've controlled it in a way that it will look destructive while it was actually just a show... How interesting.'

Kyle stood in the silence, his mind racing.

After a few moments, he shook his head with a helpless smile on his face.

"They really fled..." He muttered as the truth dawning on him. The entire display, the show of self-destruction, had been nothing but a ruse—a distraction to cover their escape.

A wry smile touched Kyle's lips.

"That was clever... I didn't notice how they left... That Elder Sade must be really good at Space Magic." He muttered to himself. The elders had played their hand well, using their knowledge of ancient spells to deceive even him.

'Extracting his memory fragments might prove useful...' Kyle thought for a moment as he could certainly do memory extraction with his current level of control with the Divine Extraction.

Nonetheless, the elder's departure changed nothing. Kyle would continue on his task and would take Lesley from them sooner or later.

Clink!

He sheathed his Stormbringer Sword and looked to the horizon, where the first light of dawn was breaking...

Well, it might not be the dawn, but at this time, the dark veil that the three elders cast in the whole nation was slowly disappearing as the sun light started coming back once again.

'I guess I have to worry about what the Death God mentioned just now.' Kyle mused as he truly felt bothered after the Death God uttered the word Divine Extraction.

That was definitely not a guess!

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In the meantime, as soon as Kyle's original body left his castle, someone else noticed this.

In the village of Elderglen, nestled at the edge of the Forbidden Forest, lived a young man named Aiden. His life was simple, his joys found in the humble tasks of village life. At sixteen, Aiden was known for his diligence and the meticulous care he took in crafting leather, a skill passed down from his father, the village tanner.

When the opportunity arose to supply leather to the grand castle of mysterious the Shadow Immortal, Aiden embraced it with both hands, swelling with pride at the trust bestowed upon him.

But such pride did not go unnoticed.

Lurking in the shadows, an entity of ancient malice set its gaze upon Aiden. It was Pride, one of the Deadly Sins, seeking a vessel to infiltrate the heart of power.

With Kyle's departure from the castle, the entity seized its chance, waking up from Aiden's being, after sleeping there for a while, cloaking itself in the young man's innocence.

As Aiden, now a host to Pride, approached the towering gates of the castle, he was met by an unusual guardian.

The figure before him was both imposing and exotic—a half-dragon, half-human sentinel named Chad. He doesn't have scales that would easily reveal his identity but his eyes held the depth of the ancient drakes.

'A half-dragon?' Pride didn't expect the existence of a half-dragon here. The Dragon Realm was probably the most difficult place to enter and if they left their essence here, he might've get a chance of being able to find the Dragon Realm in the future.

'These creatures are prideful... I will definitely have a chance.' Pride thought.

Anyway, Chad's duty was to protect the castle in Kyle's absence, a task he performed with unwavering loyalty.

"State your business..." Chad's voice rumbled, a hint of draconic power lacing his words.

"I am Aiden, from Elderglen. I bring supplies for the castle..." The young man replied, his voice steady despite the turmoil within.

Draven scrutinized Aiden, sensing an unfamiliar aura but finding no immediate threat.

"Very well, you may enter. But know that this place is under my watch..." He warned, stepping aside to allow Aiden passage.

Inside the castle, Aiden marveled at the grandeur that surrounded him. The halls were lined with mysterious artifacts and the air thrummed with the residual magic of the Shadow Immortal.

'Incredible...'

Pride, within him, stirred with anticipation, its essence reaching out to the castle's inhabitants, searching for a new host—one closer to Kyle.

As Aiden made his way deeper into the castle, he encountered the staff and residents who were taking care of the castle and their businesses outside.

Each interaction with them was a chance for Pride to leap into another. But the sin found no opportunity; the people here were fortified against such darkness, their spirits aligned with the balance the Immortal upheld.

Frustration grew within the entity as Aiden continued his delivery, the leather goods now a mere pretense for its sinister objective.

Pride immediately assessed her and realized that she was also a half-immortal! To be exact, she was half-immortal and half-

spirit! It was incredible! She was a perfect target!

Faith, unaware of the malevolent attention she had garnered, moved through the castle as she seemed to be heading to the library.

Her aura was like an ethereal light in Pride's vision. She was surely a perfect body to host! With her body, Pride knew that he would easily get the chance to meet the Shadow Immortal!

The Deadly Sin, emboldened by the absence of the Shadow Immortal, prepared to seize control, to claim Faith's form as its own.

It readied itself to strike with all the force of its ancient power, to overwhelm her defenses and ensnare her soul.

But fate had other plans.

Before Pride could enact its vile intent, the air shifted as a wave of power that even it could not ignore. He suddenly felt the presence of two True Immortals!

Chapter 769 Faith's Task

A day earlier, as the first rays of dawn pierced the veil of night, Faith awoke to the gentle warmth of sunlight filtering through her chamber window.

The soft light played upon her fair skin and cascaded over her flowing white hair, which lay spread across her pillow like a silken fan.

She rose after a few moments, appearing completely normal even though with her half-immortal, half-spirit nature...

After adorning herself in simple yet elegant attire befitting her station, Faith descended to the dining hall, where a modest meal awaited her. She ate with thoughtful appreciation as she confirmed that their daily lives had truly gotten a lot better after staying here for years.

'Is it my schedule to create Divine Talisman today?' Faith mused as she tried to recall her schedule...

'Right... I must have been really tired yesterday.' Faith shook her head as she didn't want to remember her yesterday's task where she had to assist another village that was infested by a disease that came from the remnant forces of the Church of the Eminence of the Sea.

That was a terrible experience since so many people died because of the disease.

Although Kyle had already killed the Eminence's Avatar and defeated their pontiff and Storm Knights, there were still a few of their fanatics who wouldn't stop from causing chaos!

Anyway, with her morning repast concluded, Faith made her way to the heart of the castle's arcane knowledge—Magnus' Laboratory.

The surrounding air here was thick with the scent of ancient tomes and the trace of alchemical reagents. Shelves lined with meticulously labeled vials and jars reached towards the high ceiling, and at the center of this sanctum of magic stood the crafting table, a site of countless mystical creations.

Faith was alone in this laboratory today, but everything had already been prepared.

During this Abyss Realm Invasion, Kyle didn't want them to go out as much as possible. Only when they were lacking personnel should they consider going out.

Well, it certainly happened a few times as the four Immortals were deployed in various places, and Lisa together with Faith, had to go to various cities and towns to assist the people there.

"Whew~ I hope I can make at least five Divine Talismans today." Faith whispered as she recalled Kyle or Vale's teachings about the method to create these Divine Talismans.

It wasn't easy since it requires plenty of things.

The forging of Divine Talismans are objects of potent magic that required both precision and a deep understanding of the divine...

Because of that, Kyle, the Shadow Immortal, had decreed that the four Immortals within the castle walls would contribute their blood, a sacred component in the talismans' creation.

The blood of the Immortal was obviously the main ingredient for this.

Faith approached the table, her fingers tracing the intricate patterns etched into its surface.

Just the table itself wasn't normal and it was one of Magnus' pride.

Anyway, Faith looked at her memories once again.

She was one of the few privy to the secrets of the talismans, a knowledge shared only with Magnus and Kyle. But with Magnus preoccupied with other pressing matters, the responsibility had fallen to her.

Faith wryly smiled as she believed that Pearl should be the one doing this instead of her. However, Shane only taught Magnus and her to create the Divine Talisman because Pearl 'had other things to do.'

After a few moments, Faith began the meticulous process.

She picked up the materials she needed, showing incredible focus and care as each step was a testament to her expertise.

The vials of immortal blood were handled with reverence; their contents were more than mere fluid—they were the essence of beings who had walked the realms for centuries.

Just by getting close to it, Faith was already having an urge to consume it in hopes of obtaining more Divinity. However, doing so rashly would harm her body to the point that she may no longer be capable of producing her own Divinity.

As she worked, Faith's mind was filled with incantations and invocations to calm the surrounding Arcane Energy.

Her hands moved with assured confidence, weaving the intricate Divinity and Arcane Energy that called upon various chaotic burst in the crafting process. A single drop of Immortal Blood was mixed with various concoctions to create a special ink to be used on the talisman.

The surrounding room shimmered with power as the first talisman received the processed blood...

'Looks good...' Faith mused. Her current success rate was only 60%. However, she felt that if she had succeeded on her first try today, she would have had a better success rate for the whole day!

After all, it would certainly affect her mood or motivation to work!

Hours passed, the sun reaching its peak and then beginning its slow descent.

Faith remained undisturbed, her focus was unbreakable. The talismans, now complete, glowed with a soft light, their surfaces inscribed with runes that pulsed with divine might...

From her 20 attempts, she was able to make 15 of them!

It was already his highest accomplishment in terms of Talisman Crafting!

Although she would probably be hated or maybe even skinned alive by many Arcanists for wasting 5 drops of Immortal Blood, she was still happy with this result!

Exhaustion tugged at the edges of her consciousness, but Faith felt a surge of satisfaction.

"I can finally rest for the day...."

She had achieved what few could—she crafted a talisman that could be used by even a 3rd-class Arcanist to fight a Demon Saint.

As the last light of day faded, Faith placed the talismans into protective cases, ready for distribution among the castle's defenders or wherever their leader planned it to be used.

Of course, she already had a few of them, and she was thinking of using the Divine Talisman she collected for a future tradable item in the new Dark Arts Academy that Vale would create in the future.

As her task was now completed, she allowed herself a moment of respite, her gaze lingering on the fruits of her labor.

Her white hair, now loose and cascading over her shoulders, caught the glow of the setting sun, turning it into an ethereal light that framed her wraithlike beauty.

As dusk embraced the castle, Faith's day was far from over.

Instead of seeking the solace of her chambers, she ventured deeper into the castle's corridors...

Well, she was curious of something...

Her destination was the chamber where Vale's enslaved Demon Generals were kept!

Gorath the Iron Reaver and Zarvok the Soulflayer, once mighty commanders in the demonic legions, now served a different master.

Their formidable presences were contained within the castle's enchanted walls so no one could even sense their presence from the outside.

Gorath was a towering figure, his skin the color of molten iron, muscles rippling like they were about to burst.

Chains draped over his broad shoulders, each link inscribed with runes. They weren't containing him but these chains were actually his weapon.

At this time, his eyes, once filled with the fires of conquest, now glowed with a subdued ember and even a slight sign of intelligence.

Beside him stood Zarvok, a being of a more sinister elegance. His form was thinner than Gorath and he had long, agile fingers ended in talons that could rend the spirit as easily as flesh.

In the center of the chamber, amidst the Demon Generals, moved the creations of Denise—the metal golems of the androids.

They were marvels of magic and mechanics, varying in size from human-like to towering constructs that rivaled Gorath in stature.

Their metallic bodies gleamed under the flickering torchlight...



"Those androids looked stronger than before... Is she still not satisfied with her creations?" Faith muttered as she watched the androids sparred with the Demon Generals.

Their combat was something that would rarely be seen in this world.

Watching a demon against an android was quite fascinating in itself.

The androids, programmed for combat and strategy, proved to be formidable opponents, pushing the demons to the limits of their enslaved abilities.

Denise, the architect of these mechanical wonders, observed from the sidelines, her eyes was filled with the thrill of innovation.

"Incredible, isn't it?" She remarked to Faith, her voice tinged with pride. "They learn with every bout, adapting and evolving. A perfect fusion of art and warfare. Vale helped me perfect them... It's incredible..."

Faith nodded, her white hair cascading over her shoulders, a stark contrast to the dark chamber around her.

"They are indeed impressive, Denise. But let us not forget the beings they spar with. Although they are enslaved by Kyle, they still have natural corruption in their bodies. It may affect android's components if they fight them for too long."

Denise nodded after hearing this advice.

"That's true... I have to always change my androids every hour to ensure that the corruption won't affect the parts too much... If we're in real combat, I won't allow these demons to survive for long..."

She replied after some thought. Then, as she was about to command her androids, a message appeared in her communication crystal, and she immediately checked it out.

As soon as she heard the message, she frowned and turned to Faith.

"It's an intruder alert."

Chapter 770 Pride

In the dimly lit chamber of the castle, Denise's frown deepened as the communication crystal in her hand pulsed with an urgent glow.

"The androids have detected an anomaly within the castle's barriers." She explained to Faith, her voice laced with concern. "It's a subtle energy signature, one that managed to evade our initial layers of detection."

She explained, referring to the three other layers of defense in their territory. She also didn't expect that only their final line of defense, or the one that Vale and Magnus created together, would detect this energy. After all, she thought that the last line of defense mostly worked against outside forces

It was very confusing for Denise.

Nonetheless, Faith's brow furrowed at the revelation. "Could it be some sort of disease that has breached our defenses?" She inquired, the possibility sent a chill through her.

Denise shook her head, her eyes fixed on the pulsing crystal. "No, this is different. The androids are certain that we have an intruder among us. If it's just a disease, the other three barriers would take care of it. It wouldn't reach the central area at all. The only problem in our detection is the fact that we can't locate our target in a very specific way unless we change our method of detection."

Faith nodded after hearing this, and she also recalled the incredible capabilities of the other barriers. "That's true...."

The gravity of the situation settled over them like a shroud.

The castle, a stronghold of safety and power, was now compromised by an unknown entity.

With swift efficiency, Denise and Faith initiated a silent investigation. Denise deployed the androids to discreetly scan every individual within the castle's walls.

Faith, as a half-immortal and half-spirit, also senses the surrounding spiritual energy to find the intruder. They checked everyone in the castle without

The staff, the guards, even the visitors and Lisa's summoned creatures—all were subject to the androids' meticulous scrutiny.

Their sensors, fine-tuned to detect the slightest aberration, swept over the castle's inhabitants in search of the source of the foreign energy.

Meanwhile, Chad, the half-dragon guardian of the castle, received the alert.

"Intruder? Under my watch?" Chad frowned at this since he had been guarding the gates all the time. His draconic sense should've warned him if he met someone who shouldn't be here!

Because of this, he realized that he must increase the amount of draconic energy he was mustering to ensure his Draconic Senses were keen and precise.

He then moved around the castle to find anything suspicious without catching too much attention. His eyes searched swiftly, while being empowered by his Dragon Sense.

As the time passed, the castle remained calm and no one could tell that tension was brewing.

The androids, their forms shifting and changing to adapt to their investigative roles, left no stone unturned.

Yet, the elusive energy signature remained just out of reach, a ghostly presence that danced on the edge of perception.

Denise, with her unmatched expertise with the androids, coordinated the search from her command center or her laboratory.

She used their communication crystals to provide various commands to the androids to expand their search.

"We must find the intruder before they have a chance to act..." She murmured, her determination to find this intruder could be felt since Vale was not in the castle right now.

She didn't want Vale to see that they were having trouble while he was gone for less than a day! She wanted to appear

Faith, her white hair a stark contrast against the shadows, stood beside Denise, while her own powers were also continuously searching for the intruder.

"We will find them." She assured as she knew that there were still four other immortals in this castle. Even if the Demon Saints entered the castle, she believed that there wouldn't be any problem at all.

"This castle is under our protection, and we will not let it fall."

At this time, Chad, upon receiving updates from Denise, intensified his search. His half-dragon blood granted him abilities beyond the ordinary, and he used them to their fullest extent.

His nostrils flared, testing the air for the scent of the intruder, while his ears picked up the faintest of sounds, any clue that might lead him to the source of the disturbance.

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Time passed and they were still searching for the intruder.

It was at this time, in the grand halls of the castle, Aiden, now a vessel for the Deadly Sin of Pride, stalked the corridors with a target in his mind.

His eyes, now glinted with a malevolent sheen, targeted a half-immortal that he believed he could control forcefully...

He just needed a surprise attack on her soul and he had to prepare it for a few seconds...

He was close, so very close to seizing control of Faith, whose half-immortal, half-spirit essence promised untold power.

But fate, it seemed, had other plans.

Without warning, the air grew heavy and it was filled with a sense of ancient might.

"This..."

Two Immortal Beings appeared behind his target, their presence was definitely an unassailable wall. Pride's ambitions was quickly destroyed.

"I didn't sense their presence at all! There are two True Immortals in this castle?! How did this happen?!"

Pride, taken aback by the sudden appearance of such formidable adversaries, felt a surge of panic. With his current power, he had no issues dealing with Half-Immortals but True Immortals were on a different level.

It was something that his current Avatar could never deal with! He must exert more effort to deal with them!

As expected, Pride's disguise wasn't effective against True Immortals.

The Immortals, their eyes piercing through the deception, cornered Pride with an ease that spoke of their timeless experience.

"So it's one of the Deadly Sin... No wonder you managed to sneak past through those incredible barriers. Unfortunately for you, you cannot hide from us, creature of arrogance..." One of the

Immortals declared, his voice laced with calmness as if Pride, the one they just caught, wasn't a powerful being that even the Demon Lord had to be careful with.

Pride considered for a moment whether he would just let this part of his soul be destroyed or fight seriously. After all, this soul was also too precious for him and he didn't want it to disappear just like that.

However, he also knew that even if he fights seriously, he would never win against two True Immortals.

Pride, trapped and desperate, knew that subtlety was no longer an option.

"Fine... Let's see what can you do against me."

With a rasping incantation that seemed to have destroyed Aiden's throat, Pride cast a Soul Descent spell, channeling a vast portion of its soul into Aiden's form!

Faith, who was surprised by everything that was happening stepped back and allowed the two Immortals to deal with the problem.

It was a great thing that they had already returned! After all, Vale would normally order these Immortals to disguise themselves as normal Arcanists and help various areas that needed assistance to fight against the Demons.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Faith's eyes widened as she actually saw Aiden's gruesome transformation. She had even forgotten to inform Chad and Denise about this situation. Luckily, the enemy emitted a strong aura of death, so the others should've sensed this as well.

Anyway, the transformation was immediate and grotesque; Aiden's body swelled and twisted, his features distorting into a monstrous visage that was both terrifying and pitiable.

"Ahahaha! Now! Immortals of this Human Realm... Fight me! You have probably never met another strong opponent in this realm where you can unleash your full power... I am here now to assist you! Come at me, both of you!" Aiden, or perhaps Pride, taunted the two Immortals.

However, the two Immortals didn't seem to notice his taunt and remained smiling.

Pride, the embodiment of arrogance, didn't take this lightly as he decided to attack first.

"Fine!"

Aiden, now a grotesque avatar of Pride, unleashed a barrage of deathly spells and vicious strikes against the Immortals.

Faith was worried about the castle's defense so she obviously reminded the two Immortals to take the battle outside!

She could only hope that the two Immortals would take her advice seriously!

Boom! Boom!

The castle's ancient stones shook with the force of their confrontation as Arcane Energies and Immortal Essence clashed in a maelstrom of destruction.

The Immortals, undeterred by Pride's ferocity, fought against the entity with controlled strength as they heard Faith's warning...

One of Vale's instructions to them was actually to listen to Pearl and Faith's instructions while he wasn't in the castle!

They moved carefully to protect the castle and maneuvered in a way that would force Aiden out of the castle!

The two Immortals dissolved all the explosive energy that the Pride emitted and slowly, they calculated to disarm and disable the Deadly Sin with their combined strength!

Boom!

After just a few moments, the two Immortals threw the Deadly Sin outside the castle by only destroying the windows of the corridor!