

1015 Chapter 1015- Seraphim of Honor— [Barachiel] (12)

Just the invocation of their abilities was so powerful that the world itself groaned. What would happen if these ultimate forces collided?

The Edicts of Envy. The Divine Power of the Cherubim. The Ancient Symbol of True Silver.

In the midst of this cataclysmic standoff, a voice, deep and resonant, laced with amusement and absolute authority, suddenly echoed through the battlefield and even the plains.

The voice was not loud, nor did it contain any skill yet as if possessing some magical ability, it reached the ears of every being without exception.

"Ancient Symbol True Silver, huh..."

The battlefield stilled. A silence so heavy, so oppressive, descended upon everything. Even the furious roars of the demons and the chashing of blades between the two forces, all ceased. As if the world itself had submitted to that voice.

Agramon had spoken. His presence alone drowned the land in a suffocating oppression. The sky darkened further and a titanic shadow loomed over the battlefield.

When he stepped forward he exuded domination, sovereignty and absolute tyranny. Clad in flowing black and crimson robes that shimmered like the void itself, Agramon, the Demon Lord of Envy, had finally joined the war.

His deep, unfathomable eyes, filled with knowledge and desire, scanned the battlefield lazily before they landed on Vincent. A flicker of recognition and amusement crossed his face.

"It is indeed a powerful weapon. However, if you think it can stop my Edicts—then you are mistaken."

His [Edicts] weren't just any simple power, it was the very concept itself, a power that could temper with the laws of the world. Even when executed by his subordinates it could still display more than sixty percent of its power.

Agramon was yet to even display his power yet an unknown force began creeping into the air making it difficult for even the strongest of beings present on the battlefield to have difficulty breathing.

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Vincent was strong; however, in front of the power of the laws, even he was lacking.

Agramon was yet to even display his power yet an unknown force began creeping into the air making it difficult for even the strongest of beings present on the battlefield to have difficulty breathing.

Simon was no exception, all other beings had already fallen on one knee unable to even stay standing in front of Agramon. However, thanks to the intervention of the fragments within him, he was still better off than most people here.

'So this was the power of a Demon Lord huh' Simon muttered inside his head. To command such authority and dominance simply by showing their presence. This was the pinnacle of power, the realm that he was trying to reach.

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In the sky, having become bored after subduing the entire battlefield, Agramon lazily shifted his eyes towards the sky beyond Orlandos. A grin appeared on the corner of his handsome face.

"Isn't it about time you showed yourself, Barachiel?"

The entire plain was silent for a while with none daring to even breathe and then it happened...

CRACK— BOOOOMMM!!!

The sky ruptured. As if the heavens themselves were torn asunder, the dark veil was split apart.

A colossal pillar of light descended from the sky, crashing onto the battlefield with divine finality. The sheer force of the light erased the night, illuminating the war-torn land in a brilliance so vast, so overwhelming, that it even cast the Demon Lord's presence into contrast.

That was not all, as if the descent of the colossal pillar of light heralded something greater, numerous pillars of light started raining down from the sky, crashing onto the battlefield.

And through this light—they came.

"Angels" Simon muttered unable to take his eyes off from the mind boggling scene that was playing out in front of him.

Sky divided, one side was covered in the night while the other illuminated like the dawn of a new day. Figures of immaculate appearance descended from the radiant sky, their form seemed like they were sculpted by a divine craftsman.

They held weapons of holy powers and shields inscribed with celestial scripture. Their presence alone dispersed the darkness in the air, washing away despair like a purifying tide.

Looking at the descending army, both the demon horde and humans could only think of one thing... the Heavens Army was here. What's more, leading all those angels was... him.

From the heart of the colossal pillar, strode forward a single figure. Donned in a golden armor that gleamed like the sun forged into steel, a flowing white cape billowed behind him, untouched by the filth of the world.

His features could be said to be the epitome of nobility and beauty. His golden eyes burned with an unwavering resolve, like twin stars in a night sky. His sharp brows, like the edges of a divine blade, arched with an air of absolute authority.

Six colossal pairs of wings unfurled behind him, spreading wide like the banners of heaven itself. In his hand, he carried a spear of pure white fire, its presence warping space.

The figure looked at the battlefield with an unwavering gaze before shifting their eyes towards a single being that demanded their attention.

"Agramon"...

Who else could this figure who can utter the name of one of the Seven Demon Lords so casually and fearlessly be other than the Seraphim of Honor?

"Barachiel" the former smiled in delight "Heh... I didn't think you'd actually show up yourself. I thought you'd just send one of your loyal little birds to clean up the mess."

Agramon casually shrugged his shoulders "What's the matter? Did the heavens finally decide I was worth their full attention?"

Barachiel smirked, twirling his Spear of Radiance as if he were merely stretching before a casual spar "You look shaken, are you not happy to see me? And here I thought you'd be overjoyed to see an old friend. After all, it's

been what? A few centuries since we last crossed blades? Or have you finally started to feel lonely, Agramon?".

Agramon scoffed "Lonely? Hardly. I've had plenty of company— entire civilizations, in fact. Oh wait... they're all gone now... hahaha".

As Agramon and Barachiel exchanged words, the battlefield; no, the entire plains seemed to hold its breath.

Its finally here boys, the fight of the arc we are all waiting for...