

Evolution 153

Chapter 153: What Army?

Seraphis's brow furrowed, feeling the Hound's unrelenting resistance on his sword, shaking nonstop.

"You will obey..."

"I did." The Hound cut him off, each word ripping from his chest like torn flesh. "I obeyed when I begged in the streets. When I clawed at work I couldn't do... When I smiled through the rot of your silence."

He stepped closer. The golden aura flickered nonstop, akin to a candle about to be extinguished.

"But now? I carry no master... Only the screams of those you couldn't hear."

The golden light dimmed... Lionheart's Fang radiance shaken, as if recoiling from the truth.

"So cast your judgment, fallen king," the Hound whispered, his yellowish teeth flashing behind steel.
"But don't expect my knees to buckle... For I made them into nothing but weapons of liberation."

As the last word left his mouth, the Hound disappeared out of his place, and when he reappeared, his deformed knee was planted deep in Seraphis's gut, akin to a javelin.

Booom!

Seraphis groaned, his teeth tightened, but his legs remained affixed on the ground, sliding across it with the Hound's knee still buried in his gut.

Seraphis toughened through the pain and rolled his arms around the Hound's leg. Then, he gave one last look to Levi and the rest of his students.

"Survive."

Before the word could register in anyone's mind, Seraphis glared at the Hound and activated his peak ultimate ability... Dominion of the Crowned Lion.

Reality groaned... then tore. In a flash, neither Seraphis nor the Hound was seen. Only two mature spiritual trees were left behind... Their height reached five meters.

The first had a smooth golden bark that glimmered like polished brass. Its leaves were broad and sharp-edged, catching the light with arrogant brilliance.

Its trunk leaned backward, as if refusing to bow down to anyone or anything... This was Pride, growing tall on self-belief alone.

The second tree was shorter, its bark deep crimson, almost wet-looking. Its branches were twisted violently, while its leaves were shaped into screaming, harrowing faces crying bloody tears.

As everyone gazed at the two mesmerizing, strange mature trees, two words reflected on their minds.

Solarbound Dominion.

The ultimate ability bestowed upon Warden Daywalkers after succeeding in their evolution to Solarbound rank.

A dimensional-based ability created and awarded by the Shadowlife Seed after it grew into a Mature Tree.

At this instant, Seraphis and the Hound were inside a small sealed dimensional pocket built with laws favoring the owner's powers, called... the Rift of Binding Laws.

The moment one was caught in a Dominion-based ability, it was nearly impossible to escape it without having a much more powerful Dominion to summon... If one wanted to fight in it, they had to have their own specific Dominion to alter the laws in their favor.

Otherwise, it was an instant win.

"Stop stargazing and get in your damn formations! Sir Seraphis has pulled that monster inside his Dominion! He is sure to win his fight, but we can't let him return to a death trap!" Velmira shouted, taking the lead after Seraphis was gone.

Hearing this, everyone gathered their courage and got back in their position, their eyes locked on the charging army over the horizon.

"Levi, what do you see?" Velmira ordered sternly.

"About three hundred to four hundred nightcrawlers, most of them are Tier 1, led by a single Tier 4 nightcrawler with about ten Tier 3 underlings."

Levi shared his vision, leaving everyone to suck a deep breath in dread. They thought that they caught a break with the Hound gone, but their nightmare was only getting started.

'Shit, that monster has blown ten pathfinders instantly, leaving me with only third-stage Junior Daywalkers and Seraphis's students.' Velmira's expression was grim as she scanned what remained of their battalion.

She didn't count the dead Selene, considering her as nothing but a side casualty. In her eyes, not even established Junior Daywalkers would be much of a help against this tidal wave.

Three hundred nightcrawlers were already crippling enough... No need to mention the Tier 4 and Tier 3 nightcrawlers.

Realizing that it would be near impossible to survive with this kind of fire force on her side, Velmira swiftly reached out to Lord Idriss, relaying everything that happened.

He was the decision-maker, and if he told them to fight, they would... If not, the best decision was for the main party to retreat and deal with the ambushing army first... including the Hound if he somehow defeated Seraphis.

However, just as she was about to finish her update, the mountain suddenly shook, forcing everyone to look behind them.

Under their despairing looks, the mountain's entrance was sealed shut, buried under a surge of rubble, so much that it spilled out.

"Well, shit..."

...

Meanwhile, Lord Idriss and his main party had already arrived at Grave'Maw's city, standing hundreds of meters away from its gate. Grave'Maw and his elites were still on top of the wall, gazing at their guests with cruel smiles.

"Little Idriss, I have to say, I expected much more from you." Grave'Maw shook his head, disappointed. "How can you put your people in a war where you lacked the necessary preparation? I have an army on

the outside and an army on the inside... All you have is those poor, helpless Daywalkers, trapped beyond measure."

Shia and the rest of the Blood Hunters kept solemn expressions, realizing that they had been caught in a well-orchestrated trap.

They knew that it was near impossible for this kind of trap to be set up without their plans getting leaked.

After all, Grave'Maw was supposed to have no clue about their arrival until they had set foot in his territory, which might give him some time to fortify his territory, but not have an army prepared for an ambush... Especially not when a powerful entity like the Hound was involved.

'It must be the same damn mole.'

This thought coursed through Shia's mind as her eyes roamed across her allies' faces, knowing that one of them might be it.

Most of the Blood Hunters believed the same, their shifty eyes darting from one to another.

'Good, good, distrust each other...' Grave'Maw enjoyed this sight.

He wanted to plant the seeds of doubt in their hearts, leaving them incapable of trusting their backs to each other... This was the sinister poison of Sleepwalkers' existence. It left one doubting their oldest friends and family members.

Just as his plan seemed to work, Lord Idriss started walking toward the city walls, his body squirming nonstop while his heart started beating slowly; each one thundered noisily inside the mountain.

His skin kept turning red, releasing a faint, hot steam until it turned into a long pillar. He was so hot, the nearest Daywalkers felt like they got hit in the face by the sun of a summer noon.

He tightened his grasp on his greatsword's handle until his fingers dug into its cloth... Then, he pulled his greatsword behind him, a misty bloody aura surrounding it, so oppressive it twisted the air around it.

As he dragged his greatsword on the ground, Lord Idriss murmured under his breath, "Blood Fusion Arts: Ten Ton Slash."

With a hardened grimace, Lord Idriss swung his greatsword from the back into the front, smashing it on the ground, and hurling an oppressive, gigantic crimson blade!

BOOOOM!!

This slash carried enough kinetic force; it split the ground and the air in a fine line as it headed toward the stone city!

Grave'Maw's expression turned grim, feeling the overbearing force of the slash smash his face before it arrived... He understood at once, none of them were blocking it without injuries.

Still, he had no intentions of cowardly evading it in his own turf and under the eyes of his subordinates.

Grave'Maw stood in front of the crimson, earth-shattering slash and smashed his rocky hands into the surface of the wall.

"Petrification Stone Wall!"

The city's wall extended in height and width, rushing akin to a tsunami to block the incoming slash... Their surface seemed cracked already, releasing a faint, mesmerizing green light.

Kabooooom!

The crimson blade smashed against the wall and started splitting apart from the middle, just like anything that was on its path.

Grave'Maw's grimace twisted as he kept reinforcing the wall constantly, feeling firsthand the insane destructive force behind the strike.

He pushed, and the blade pushed harder... Until.

Shatter.

The wall collapsed, its petrifying effect failing to do anything against the oppressive kinetic energy.

The blade might appear crimson, but it was no elemental attack... It was a pure physical strike!

"Dodge it!"

Grave'Maw was forced to forsake his position, sinking into the ground and reappearing in a different location.

His elites escaped too; their cruel smiles turned aghast.

Unfortunately, they had it in them to evade in time, but their nightcrawler armies inside the city were left to eat the full impact of the strike.

Kaboom!!

The city was split in the middle, akin to a cake, while the hundreds of nightcrawlers infesting the city were pulverized into dust; their unbreakable crystallized seeds survived.

Only after the crimson blade smashed against the mountain's wall did its destruction end, leaving behind a city split in half and an army turned into a giant dust cloud...

rumble...

As the noise died out, Lord Idriss pulled back his greatsword from the ground and placed it on his shoulder... Then, he asked indifferently, "What army?"

Silence.

Neither Grave'Maw's elites nor Blood Hunters uttered a single word... All eyes were on Lord Idriss's supermassive body, bulging with heated, enlarged muscles.

The Blood Hunters knew that their leader was All Mighty, but this... This was too much.

"Tsk, show off..."

Shia clicked her tongue on the low, but then, she remembered that Levi and Arthur were currently in a tough situation... Her father's barbaric strength was their sole solution to finish this quickly and offer them help.

'He is nothing like his father... His strength, so immense, bordering a Tier 6 nightcrawler.'

Grave'Maw felt his core shake in dread, realizing that maybe he wouldn't have survived this invasion if he hadn't received Lord Darius's help.

But now, he wasn't too worried.

'We also have a monster of such caliber, I just need to buy some time until he finishes with his target.'

Grave'Maw smirked, recalling the Hound... The Bishop's proudest experiment.

"Kill them all!"

Without further ado, Grave'Maw launched his counterattack, having no plans to allow Lord Idriss to destabilize his troops' morale with his barbaric strength.

From the mountain's walls and ground, tens of Tier 4 and Tier 3 elite nightcrawlers emerged, their golem-like bodies allowing them to meld into the mountain!

It was an all-around ambush, forcing the Blood Hunters to enter a circular formation with Shia, Jamal, Sergio, and their weakest in the center.

"Activate Chain-Barrier Totems," Madam Naima commanded calmly, standing behind her husband.