

## Evolution 161

### Chapter 161: Plan B

Everyone was left confused. If he lost, shouldn't his Dominion tree be the one erased? Why was he here instead of The Hound?

As they pondered such questions in confusion, Seraphis winced in pain, seemingly hurt from just the memory of what had happened there...

But soon, he spoke, his voice hoarse and faint, yet carrying a tint of urgency...

"I don't have much time... The Hound is imprisoned in my Dominion and won't be able to escape unless I die or he conquers the heavy burden of the throne."

"You have to get everyone out of here quickly... I don't know how long I am going to last."

As the last word left Seraphis' lips, his weary eyes closed at last, falling into a deep slumber... If it wasn't for the recovery totem's potency, that might have been the last time he closed his eyes.

Everyone glanced at each other, pure dread covering their faces. If even Seraphis was left in this deathly state, they couldn't imagine their ending... No delay... Velmira reached out to Lord Idriss and told him about the situation.

Lord Idriss told her that he would wrap it up in five minutes at most.

Velmira turned around and quickly ordered everyone to recover the dead bodies and put them on top of their nightmounts... Then, she took off on top of her mount with Seraphis back to the capital.

Meanwhile, Lord Darius had heard everything, and his expression turned from chilling to grim... He could see that his efforts to destroy the Blood Hunters were failing one by one unless he intervened.

The first thing he did was reach out to Grave'Maw.

'Reinforcement has been intercepted, and The Hound is stuck inside Seraphis' Dominion. You are on your own,' he shared.

The moment he heard this, Grave'Maw's expression turned dark.

He had been struggling against the Blood Hunters immensely, his tactics failing to deal with Madam Naima's counters.

If he used Vile Totems, she countered with the best possible Solar Totem. If he fought them directly, Lord Idriss was way stronger than him; his slashes were powerful enough that they had left scars on the mountain's walls.

As for the rest of his Tier 4 elites? The Blood Hunters' elites were just as powerful as Velmira.

Thus, although he possessed home advantage, he didn't feel it... Lord Idriss came fully prepared to win this expedition at all costs.

'You useless f\*cker! I am watching my people die, waiting for your reinforcement to make an appearance,' Grave'Maw snapped angrily. 'Now, you're telling me nothing is there?'

'The Hound's imprisonment is an unexpected variable, but I have warned you about Velmira and those children... You chose to ignore it,' Lord Darius uttered coldly.

'You know what? F\*ck off. It was my fault for trusting a failure like you.'

Grave'Maw added grimly while trading another blow with Lord Idriss, his petrification powers failing to break through Lord Idriss' insane defenses.

'I should have commenced with my original strategy... None of this would have happened.'

'You wouldn't dare...' Lord Darius narrowed his eyes. 'I need that refined blood, and the Bishop needs it more... If I fail, I will mention your name exclusively.'

'Heh... Feel free. I know the Bishop more than you...' Grave'Maw sneered. 'I might be punished, but you will get erased... It's your quota after all.'

Lord Darius went silent, understanding that he was telling the truth. The Bishop was putting major focus on the upcoming Silent Convergence, desiring to get promoted.

If he were to arrive missing short of his refined blood quota, his dream would be shattered, even if he had the priceless eyes.

'Fine. Buy me some time; I will get rid of Seraphis and free The Hound,' Lord Darius requested.

Grave'Maw wanted to curse him off and commit to his plan, but he was a bit reluctant... If he went for it, he knew that his nest would be ruined. He had spent decades building it to its current state, where he held hundreds of kilometers of surface area.

If it weren't for this drawback, he wouldn't have looked in Lord Darius' direction.

'You got five minutes,' Grave'Maw warned coldly. 'A second more, and you can kiss your refined blood goodbye.'

Lord Darius ignored him, getting to work immediately... He reached out to Mantis and swiftly ordered him to start Plan B.

Knowing that his life, agency, dreams, and ambitions hung in the balance, Lord Darius made sure to create not just Plan A and B, but also C.

Plan A was the death of the Blood Hunters.

Plan C was sacrificing his agency for the refined blood.

As for Plan B? Lord Darius switched to his wisp inside Demetris' Leywell and said, 'Son, I will need you to use the Whispering Decay on Seraphis...'

Demetris, who was flying on top of Nurah's raven, lost his color instantly.

'Yo... You want me to kill our Instructor?'

'Yes... You're our only salvation.' Lord Darius softened his tone. 'Seraphis' death will give one last chance to achieve our goal.'

'I... I... But, but I will be found out... Velmira is keeping a close watch.' Demetris gulped, not too fond of such a plan.

'Use the ability enhancement totem I gave you and put them all in Dreamvault Field, forcing them to descend... You can make your move then.'

'But, won't this void my contract?' Demetris was still unconvinced, feeling like he was being sacrificed.

'How useless... I will get it done.'

Lord Darius' patience ran thin, having no plans to rely on Demetris any longer... However, the plan still stood; the only difference was that he would be the orchestrator.

Before Demetris could wonder what he meant by that, he suddenly felt his eyelids become heavy, as if he had been awake for three days straight.

'What... Is... Happen...'

In an instant, Demetris' consciousness went dormant and was replaced by Lord Darius' wisp! He had taken control over his body just like a Sleepwalker, one of the quirks of his spiritual powers.

'I have about three minutes before Demetris' soul forces me out...'

Lord Darius glanced at everyone with an undisturbed look while his hand held the enhancement totem.

All of them were flying in the air, each one with a mount picking up its end.

He was at the back of the squad, which helped him avoid arousing anyone's suspicion... However, he had no idea that most of Levi's attention was on him, awaiting him to slip up.

He finally did...

'It's coming...' Levi braced himself, every muscle tense as he waited for Demetris to trigger the Whispering Decay totem.