

Evolution 164

Chapter 164: Bleeding Peaks.

Meanwhile, as war raged in the southern outskirts of Heliodor between the Sunstrike Agency and Mirethorn Hollow, Lord Darius let out a weary sigh.

'Is this fate? The descendant we discarded at the mercy of The Bishop to become a Sleepwalker, being the one setting me up for failure?'

He thought, his mind replaying everything that Levi had done so far to foil his plans.

Levi had indeed played a major role in ruining both Plan A and B... the ambushing army was meant as a done deal, led by the Hound to finish off the Blood Hunters.

He didn't even need to beg the Bishop to rent him the Hound... The moment Seraphis' name was mentioned, The Hound took part voluntarily, having a personal debt to settle with him.

Lord Darius predicted that Seraphis would use his Dominion against The Hound... It was standard in combat between Solarbound and Tier 5+ entities.

He also expected the Hound's disregard for Levi and the others, which was the reason he sent his personal low-tiered army, putting it under Grave'Maw's elites.

He believed that the army had what it took to finish off what remained of Seraphis until he was dealt with properly by the Hound.

If not, they could at least waste their time until the Hound came out and was in a good mood to grace them with his assistance.

However, what he hadn't expected was for Seraphis not only to survive the Hound inside the Dominion, but to emerge with news of his succeeding in imprisoning the Hound.

To make matters worse, the army was conquered by Velmira and Daywalkers still in school.

Lord Darius knew that if it were anyone else besides Levi or Arthur, even if they were replaced by Pathfinders, the outcome would have been different.

The Larson Brothers had single-handedly taken down a three-hundred-nightcrawlers' army... His own army, which was supposed to strike terror with its massive numbers.

Without them, Velmira would fail to deal with both the elites and the army.

Without them, Nurah, Jojo, and the others would have been run down.

Without them, the mountain's entrance would have been conquered, giving the elites the chance to kill Seraphis the moment he exited the Dominion's dimension.

With his death, the plan's success was guaranteed with the Hound's release.

Levi didn't just stop there... No, no, no.

He was again there to stop his assassination attempt, which should have been a done deal with everyone affected by his Dreamvault Field.

'Not once, twice...' Lord Darius couldn't help but smile in amusement, 'Fate does work in mysterious ways.'

Although Lord Darius was screwed royally, his emotions never faltered once.

Why? Plan C was still on.

Refine Blood was always guaranteed, Lord Darius simply wished that it would be the blood of his rivals instead of his own.

But, beggars can't be choosers.

'Alaric, contact Grave'Maw and tell him he is on his own... I will deal with Hal'vek.' Lord Darius ordered.

The last thing he needed was to hear him curse his ear off.

'My lord...'

Sir Alaric's expression turned gloomy, realizing at once that both of their plans had failed on the other side. Sir Alaric wanted to avoid Plan C at all costs, incapable of doing such a massive injustice to their agency after everything they went through to build it.

But, as he gazed at his lord's back, who was walking through the chaotic battlefield into the nest's depths, he knew... The decision was made.

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Back to Mountain Thurnak...

The mountain's heart was nowhere the same as before.

The medieval city was turned into rubble, and the mountain's walls were inflicted with all sorts of wounds... the ground was split open into tens of long abysses.

Petrified human bodies lay apart, motionless, next to stone fragments in shapes of limbs and heads.

Both sides suffered casualties, yet still, Grave'Maw was on the receiving end.

He was down to his last five remaining elites, and they were already on the verge of exhausting their energy pools.

Meanwhile, Lord Idriss and Madam Naima ensured minimal losses since the main force was mostly their agency's members.

'Where is that bastard... I am on the verge of losing everything!'

Grave'Maw growled as he held a gigantic stone-hard sword with green veins coursing through it.

He had been trading blows nonstop against Lord Idriss, and yet... He didn't seem to be exhausted, which kept scaring Grave'Maw straight.

He started to feel that even his Dominion wouldn't be enough to deal with Lord Idriss' Dominion.

He refused to use it before, knowing that if he left his elites alone, they would be smoked. But now? He no longer had the thought of using it, understanding that it might seal his fate once and for all.

Suddenly, Sir Alaric's voice invaded his mind.

We have failed, you're on your own... He stated, straight to the point, leaving Grave'Maw stunned for a split second.

'That's it? They lost? Just like that?'

Grave'Maw couldn't accept it, no, he refused to... He had lost so much, and he was about to lose much more, over what? Nothing.

He didn't report the unsupervised Raid, believing that his plan with Lord Darius was foolproof, allowing him to exterminate the Morningstars' Bloodline once and for all... But now, he started to wonder if he had made the wrong decision.

A faint, amused chuckle, soon followed by an incensed bellow... A roar so loud, so terrifying, it shook the entire mountain and everyone inside of it.

The skies above Mountain Thurnak darkened as a deep rumble echoed through the craggy cliffs... Birds fled. The stone trembled.

Inside the mountain, Shia and the rest froze mid-step, glancing at the ceiling as dust rained down like ash.

Then the quake intensified... walls split, the floors cracking wider.

"This... this isn't natural,"

Sergio reacted with a dreadful voice, his entire body covered in stone glowing green just like Grave'Maw. His contracted nightcrawler, O'thnir, shared some similarities with Grave'Maw's species, but not a lot.

This helped him survive the war, unlike many others.

"It's him... He is trying to bury us with the nest."

Shia narrowed her eyes coldly at Grave'Maw, who was digging his giant sword into the mountain.

"MORNINGSTARS!!! This is your final burial grounds!"

Grave'Maw confirmed it immediately as he twisted the sword with a grim expression.

As if obeying a buried command, the mountain roared... accelerating its inward collapse.

Rocks and boulders rained down, tunnels folded, and death seemed nothing but a guaranteed outcome to the despairing Blood Hunters.

They knew that the exit was sealed shut and they needed some time to open it, but that's the thing... they had none.

"Is this it..."

Jamal murmured, holding onto a broken shoulder. His eyes were fixed on the rain of stones from above, his legs too weak to evade everything in time.

Not in her watch...

"Blood Mantra Arts: Bleeding Peaks!"

Abruptly, Jamal, Sergio, and the rest of the gathered Blood Hunters were surrounded by towering, crystallized, ragged blood towers.

Instead of pointing into the skies, the crystal peaks met at a single point in the middle, making their shape appear as a crystallized giant dumpling.

Madam Naima and the rest of the Blood Hunters gazed at the shimmering crystallized blood towers with a tint of astonishment, noticing that the rain of boulders and rocks failed to crack them apart!

Then, they switched their gaze to Shia, who had her crescent-bladed glaive inserted in the center.

Her nose was bleeding, her breath short; such a massive construct with her latest perfect ultimate ability devoured an intense amount of solar energy, which she was already lacking after such a brutal war.

Yet, she still went for it even when she knew that it would devour some of her life force to offset the balance.

Thud...

Shia fell on one knee; her vision was spinning around... She was on the verge of passing out cold.

She tried her best to fight off the feeling, but alas... she had done too much in this raid, and this final protective blood barrier was nothing but the icing on the cake.

As her head was about to smash on the floor, a gentle arm took hold of her.

Through her foggy vision, she saw her mother's soft smile... Then, she heard her voice fading in the background.

"You did good, daughter... You may sleep now, leave the rest to your father."