

Evolution 165

Chapter 165: The Rift of Binding Law.

As her mother's sweet voice blended with her smile and gentle touch, the moment overlapped with a memory from when she was no older than five.

The same tone, the same touch, the same care... The same love.

At that moment, even when Shia's mind was already gone, she suddenly realized something... Maybe a story was behind her parents' lack of warmth, for they were not always this cold to her from birth.

"Not bad..."

Meanwhile, Lord Idriss also smiled at the massive protective construct of blood towers eating through the mountain's rage like it was nothing.

'I was planning to lift the weight of the mountain off you, but it seems you had it covered...' Lord Idriss murmured to himself as he ignored the rocks and boulders smashing over his unbreakable body.

He turned his gaze back on Grave'Maw and said calmly, "Now that we are alone... I have a personal surprise waiting for you."

Grave'Maw felt a chill course down his energy veins at the sight of Lord Idriss' head splitting apart a falling boulder, not budging an inch.

Lord Idriss pointed Fin'sho's greatsword at Grave'Maw and uttered coldly, "Dominion of the Crimson Forge."

Lord Idriss' wild spiritual crimson aura exploded, touching Grave'Maw in an instant. At first contact, both of them disappeared at once, leaving behind two spiritually mature trees.

One blood-red, but constantly releasing pressured steam, akin to being made out of boiling blood... Its leaves were shaped as concentrated blood drops, while its bark had Lord Idriss' name engraved on it with bold Illthorien runes.

The other was dark green... Its leaves resembled green cracked pebbles while its bark was as ragged as a boulder... It kept releasing a constant dark green mist.

Both trees stood strong under the weight of the collapsing mountain, their forms unchanging, unmoving.

Even Shia's crystallized fortress stood strong, buried deep under the rubble, but no one within had perished.

"Madam... do we call for reinforcement from the capital?" Rasin inquired solemnly, not trusting Shia's fortress too much.

It was strong, but the weight of a mountain was stronger. It was bound to break apart under it; it was just a matter of when.

"No... By the time they arrive, their support will be useless." Madam Naima ordered, "Dig a path to the surface, even if it means using your own hands."

"Yes, Madam!"

Although everyone was exhausted and wounded, they swiftly drank whatever recovery totems they had in their possession and got to work.

Even Madam Naima got busy, summoning a giant thorny rose flower with hundreds of vines. The flower dug the vines deeper into the ground, seeking the best possible route out.

Madam Naima understood that there must be a hidden tunnel connected to the mountain's underground... Finding it was their way out.

"What about Lord Idriss?"

Suddenly, Jamal's concerned voice resounded.

Madam Naima turned to him and replied calmly, "Save your worries for us... Your leader is in his favorite playground."

Meanwhile, in a sealed dimensional space known as the Rift of Binding Laws, the world was split in half by a glowing line of suspended green and red mists... The Dominion Borders.

On one side stood Lord Idriss. On the other... Grave'Maw. Between them lay an uneasy, unnatural stillness.

Behind Lord Idriss stood a towering red tree, resembling its spiritual mirror in the outside world... Only this one was physical and real.

At its base rested a giant, beating furnace, shaped like a human heart, with the tree's branches and roots connected to it, akin to blood vessels.

This realm was governed by the Laws of Blood... Or more specifically, Blood Fusion Aspect.

Across the glowing divide, Grave'Maw stood before a green, petrified tree. Its leaves were stiff, its branches unmoving.

The ground was dry, cracked stone, and the air was heavy and slow... as if time itself resisted movement.

This realm followed the Laws of Petrification... Or more precisely, the Aspect of Stone-based Petrification.

In Grave'Maw's Dominion, staying for too long turned anything into stone... slowly, then completely.

Even blood could crystallize with a single touch... Or so it was believed.

"Voice your last words..."

Lord Idriss uttered calmly as he stepped inside the furnace, sitting inside with a regal expression. His body was turning red in an instant while his muscles kept convulsing nonstop, seemingly devouring the sap of strength itself.

"Last words? Your deadbeat father was turned into stone right in this place, and so shall you."

Grave'Maw scoffed mockingly as he snapped his fingers, bringing out a statue of a wounded man brought to his knees.

Lord Idriss's deadpan eyes finally showed a flicker of emotion as he gazed at the petrified man... He recognized his father anywhere, anytime.

The instant his emotions wavered, Grave'Maw launched his attack.

"By the unyielding Laws of Petrification... I command you... become stone!"

The tree's leaves shook, the skies turned dark green, and the petrification mist rushed wildly, gaining ground on Lord Idriss' borders!

The blood mist kept crystallizing at a mere touch, resisting a bit, but not forever.

The entire Rift of Binding Laws was no bigger than two hundred meters... Yet, Lord Idriss' dominion was being devoured slowly, but surely.

Once the petrification mist reached him, it was game over.

Yet, Lord Idriss didn't seem to care, his emotional eyes affixed on his father's face... He was turned into a statue, but his face wasn't that of a defeated coward.

No despair, no fear, no dishonor... His face reflected a tough visage, tougher than the stone he was encased in.

"Father... You died for your family, your home, your people... Your death was that of a warrior, and my everlasting dream is to die as gloriously as you." Lord Idriss muttered, his body so hot, steam was pouring out of his pores.

With the same visage as The Great Chancellor Drest Morningstar, Lord Idriss stood at last, separating from the furnace.

Then, he walked in the direction of the tidal petrification green mist... unfazed.

Grave'Maw saw this sight, and his core tingled in dread. His mind told him that Lord Idriss would get petrified the instant his body was touched by the mist... Just like his father, and anyone daring to start a War of Dominions against him.

Yet, to his horror and shock... Lord Idriss walked through the petrification green mist... his body so hot, his bloodstream and cells agitated so much, the moment his skin began to petrify, it crumbled into pieces.

Then, it detached from him and was burnt into ash; new skin restored instantly.

In no time, Lord Idriss was a mere ten meters away from the petrified Grave'Maw, holding his greatsword on top of his shoulder, neither he nor Fin'sho was turned into stone.

"Ever since you killed my father, I have vowed to master arts that will defy your Petrification Laws..." Lord Idriss spoke, his skin falling apart and restoring simultaneously, never-ending.

"Impossible... Nothing can escape getting petrified... My laws are undeniable!"

Grave'Maw shouted as he stepped away until his back was against his mature tree. He knew that it was his duty to protect it, as the moment it perished, so would he...

The mature tree was connected dimensionally with its spiritual version, and the one sprouted inside his body, its roots and branches running through his energy veins.

And so he tried, he launched whatever attack on Lord Idriss, but to no avail.

He was unbroken, unpetrified... A Walking Disaster.

"Nothing is undeniable... Blood Fusion Aspect is my answer to your Laws... You can't ensnare what you can't catch." Lord Idriss said, his voice low, his greatsword raised to the heavens. "Old Nemesis... It's been a long run."

As Grave'Maw gazed at the greatsword, the aura was so thick, it sliced up the atmosphere... He knew his moment had arrived.

"Blood Fusion Arts: Hundred Ton Slash."

This was the last sentence Grave'Maw heard before his green mist, his dominion, his tree, and his life were sliced in half...